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FOREST AND STREAM.

A Weekly Journal of the Rod and Gun,

ANGLING, SHOOTING, THE KENNEL,

PRACTICAL NATURAL HISTORY,

FISHCULTURE, PROTECTION OF GAME,

—AND THE—

INCULCATION IN MEN AND WOMEN OF A HEALTHY INTEREST

—IN—

OUT-DOOR RECREATION AND STUDY.

VOLUME XXIII.

August, 1884—January, 1885.

PUBLISHED BY THE
FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING COMPANY,
NEW YORK.

1885.



FOREST AND STREAM.

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FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

TERMS, \$4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY.
SIX MONTHS, \$2.

NEW YORK, JULY 31, 1884.

VOL. XXIII.—No. 1.
Nos. 39 & 40 PARK ROW, NEW YORK.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. Communications upon the subjects to which its pages are devoted are respectfully invited. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. No name will be published except with writer's consent. The Editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

SUBSCRIPTIONS

May begin at any time. Subscription price, \$4 per year; \$2 for six months; to a club of three annual subscribers, three copies for \$10; five copies for \$16. Remit by registered letter, money-order, or draft, payable to the Forest and Stream Publishing Company. The paper may be obtained of newsdealers throughout the United States, Canada and Great Britain. American newsdealers should order through the American News Company, those in England, Scotland and Ireland, through Messrs. Macfarlane and Co., 40 Charing Cross, London, England.

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A BENCH SHOW ASSOCIATION.

THE postponed meeting for the purpose of forming a national bench show association will probably be held at Philadelphia at the time of the coming dog show. That such an association is greatly needed, no one at all conversant with the present state of affairs will deny, and we hope that prominent breeders throughout the country will attend the meeting and take such action as shall best serve the interests of all concerned. The circular which was published last May, and which was sent by the Westminster Kennel Club to all of the prominent clubs in the country who had held bench shows, called for a meeting of delegates from such clubs only. Pending this meeting the club received letters from several breeders and exhibitors, suggesting that the association should be composed of individuals instead of clubs; and wishing that the best possible course should be pursued, they postponed the meeting, in order that a free and full discussion should point out such course. We have no fear that associated clubs would trample upon the rights of exhibitors or public. Their interests are too closely allied; and an unjust and domineering course pursued by such an association would at once meet its just reward in the withdrawal of that support without which, of course, the clubs cannot hold their shows. Neither have we any doubt that an association composed of individuals can accomplish all that is required of it. There should be no antagonism between the clubs and individuals; their interests are identical; the object of each is to preserve the purity of the different breeds of dogs and to improve their quality. The meeting should be perfectly harmonious in all important points, and the society formed should be an association that will command the respect and support of every lover of the dog in the land. We hope to see some definite action taken at Philadelphia.

THE GROWTH OF TRAP-SHOOTING.

WE have not the statistics at hand to show how many hundreds of base-ball games are played by professional clubs in this country every year, how many millions of dollars are invested in the business, and what the profits are. It is well known that the national game yields handsome returns to the stockholders. This is because the public is interested in the matches on the diamond field, and is quite willing to pay gate money to witness the play.

The experiment is about to be made by certain enterprising gentlemen of attempting to inaugurate a system of trap-shooting matches which shall have charms for the public and receive the same support now given to base-ball. They reason that since base-ball matches are popular, shooting matches may also be so managed that the public will pay admission fees to witness them. The accomplishment of this end would, of course, be a highly desirable condition of affairs. The public would be instructed in the noble art of "shooting-flying," and what pastime might better engage its attention. Incidentally the manufacturers of powder and shells and targets, the gunmakers and the publishers of FOREST AND STREAM would be benefited.

Such a consummation is, we are quite ready to agree, one most devoutly to be desired; but we must yet confess that our faith is too weak to very clearly foresee its coming. On the contrary, it is extremely improbable that trap-shooting artificial targets can ever be made to interest any large number of individuals other than those who are directly concerned as participants. This is, however, merely an opinion, the fallacy of which we should be well pleased to see demonstrated by the event of the practical test about to be made in this city. And, then, trap-shooting is as yet only in its infancy. It is only within a comparatively short period that base-ball has assumed its present proportions; and it were perhaps rash to assume that trap-shooting may not some day be accorded a like important position in public affairs.

POLITICS IN FISCHCULTURE.

IF there is any position, either in the individual States or under the general government, which should be filled by competent men, irrespective of their political creed, it is that of Commissioner of Fisheries. The position is one that calls for a man who has not only a love for the work, but who also has an intimate knowledge of the habits of fishes and the waters inhabited by them, as well as of the needs of the people. If, in addition to this, he has some zoological lore, he should be valued too highly to be laid aside because his political convictions do not chance to agree with those who may be temporarily in power. Most fortunately the United States Fish Commission is not in any sense a political machine. Its head is not in political life, and its many and widely-scattered experts are selected for their fitness alone, and if they have views on politics they are permitted to hold them, the same as any other citizen. We regret to say that this sensible rule is not followed in some of the States, and, therefore, changes are made in accordance with the views of politicians, who know little, and care less, of the fishing interests.

Of the thirty-nine States having Fishery Commissioners, thirty of them pay no salary to these officers, two (Connecticut and New Hampshire) pay them three dollars a day while actually at work; one (Iowa) pays \$1,200 per year to the Commissioner and \$600 to the assistant; one (Maine) pays \$500 to each; three (Maryland, North Carolina and Texas) pay \$1,500; while Kansas pays her Commissioner three dollars a day for fifty days. It is therefore plain that the pay is not large enough to make the position a tempting one to political men of a class fitted to fill it, even in the few States which pay salaries. Yet there have been instances where Governors have removed men whose experience was of value in order to reward some partisan who came fresh to the work, but was entirely ignorant of the duties of the office. Certainly if the principle of Civil Service Reform is a correct one, then it should be applied in the case of the Fishery Commissioners, who should only be removed for neglect of duty.

Our attention has been called to this matter by the removal of Commissioner B. F. Shaw, of Iowa, one of the ablest fishculturists in the country, and one whose services have been of great value to his State. We have long known of his good work and have watched it with pleasure, noting his broad views and systematic endeavors to protect and increase the fish food supply of Iowa. Mr. Shaw is said to have been removed because he was not in political accord with the present chief executive officer of his State. We do

not know his successor, but hope that he may prove to be as good a man as Mr. Shaw has been, but it may take him years of hard work and study to arrive at the knowledge now possessed by his predecessor, and therefore this change does not seem to be for the best interests of fishculture in Iowa. Fishculture is something which cannot be learned in a year, and the men who have been engaged in it for the past fifteen or more years are still learning, therefore their knowledge and experience cannot be too highly valued, and should not be carelessly thrown aside for merely political reasons.

SHOOTING PROSPECTS.

IT is about time for the arrival of the shore birds, and those who gun along the beaches and on the salt meadows will soon be looking for their coming. No great flight is to be expected much before the middle of August, however, and even then it may fail. In fact, shore bird shooting along the New England, Long Island, and Jersey coasts is most uncertain. In old times one could rely on having a little of it, but new times have come, and what with the entire lack of protection at any season of the year, and the building of hotels and cottages all along the beaches, the birds have become so few and so wild that it is the exception for them to be seen in any numbers along our shores. Down on the Virginia coast there are a few localities where the birds still appear in something like their old abundance. We have seen acres of salt marsh there brown with jack curlew, and beaches where, at the right stage of the tide, the willets traded back and forth in numbers which were astonishing. It is years since we have shot there, but we are told that, if one hits the flight, the birds are still numerous. A list of these localities is given in our little pamphlet entitled "Shore Birds."

The easterly storm which prevailed along the Atlantic seaboard last Sunday was just such an one as we have often seen bring on the early flight of these birds, and we presume that during the week there will be some shooting along the Long Island and New Jersey shores.

We heard last week of a few yellowlegs and dowitchers being killed on the outer beach near Islip, and no doubt before long, further reports of this shooting will come in thick and fast.

All the indications now point to a good shooting year, a season when birds shall be plenty. From all quarters come reports of quail plenty, and the mellow ringing note of Bob White resounds from the old stone wall, the gray rail fence and the twisted branch of the gnarled old apple tree.

Ruffed grouse, too, have reappeared in something like their old time abundance. In covers long deserted by these noble birds you may this season find some broods, the young just large enough to flutter up to the low branches of the trees, while the mother stands straight and slim in the top of the alders near at hand or tumbles at your feet in a seeming death struggle.

Woodcock do not seem to be very plenty, yet we know of one gun which captured seventy-five on the second and third days of July this year.

Yes, the signs are certainly, so far, very favorable for a good fall's shooting, and although there are still some dangers to which the young quail must be exposed, we hope to find birds plenty when the crisp days of October and November shall summon us afield.

FORESTRY PRESERVATION.—The Commissioners appointed by the Comptroller to investigate and report upon a system of forest preservation for New York State, met at Saratoga on Wednesday of last week. About thirty gentlemen, representing the owners of forest lands, were present, and an informal discussion was held. Reference was made to the destructive effects of forest fires, which it was stated were very often due to the carelessness of camping parties; and special stress was laid upon the necessity of having a force of guardians to patrol the woods and prevent the setting and spreading of such conflagrations. The Commission will meet at Blue Mountain Lake, next month, and make a tour of inspection through the Adirondacks.

ALL ROADS LEAD TO ROME.—An illustration of the old proverb is the fact that within the past week we have been favored with calls from Mr. N. P. Leach, of Canada, Mr. T. G. Dabney, of Mississippi, Mr. T. S. Van Dyke, of California, and Mr. H. L. Mullen, of England. No. 39 Park Row is at the hub of a pretty big wheel.

WIMBLEDON—1884.

THE English riflemen have just completed their fortnight's work at the old shooting common, and from the latest mails, which bring us the story of the camp up to the middle of the meeting, we judge that the twenty-fifth annual gathering has been a very successful one.

It is a place of continual change, and with a solid substratum of very cautious conservatism the council have with each recurring meeting introduced changes enough to provoke discussion and set the scribblers busy with protest and comment. This year a curious ruling as to the standing of a volunteer puts the council in the position of disqualifying a member of a volunteer organization as not being a volunteer, even when his name appears in good standing on the roster. The "old uns" are indignantly aroused over the matter, and it is not unlikely that some modification of the rule will be made.

One of the most marked features of the present meeting is the concession on the part of the council that the Snider rifle is not a fit weapon of precision at this time. It has been pushed aside by a better arm, and this particular better arm is the Martini-Henry, which is now permitted in all military matches. It is not unlikely that the Snider, which is the recognized arm of the volunteer force, may be called in, and the better Martini-Henry used in its stead, a change which only paves the way to a later change when the rifle which is now being sought for by the regulars shall have proven its superiority to the present Martini-Henry. The permission to use the Martini in place of the Snider gives universal satisfaction, for besides saving the lugging of two weapons to Wimbledon there is an assurance of better scores under worse weather conditions than could possibly be made with the large-bored Snider.

The marking has undergone a modification in the way of simplification, and there is a constant approach to that coming perfect target which shall be self-marking, where the services of a man in the pit shall be dispensed with and the agency of electricity come in to tell the tale of each shot, promptly and accurately. The targets at Wimbledon for several years past have been made of canvas, with a dummy target which was pushed up above the parapet when a shot was made, and which carried with it a marking disk placed approximately over the spot hit and signifying the value of the shot. Then upon the raising of the real target a small patch is seen inserted in the shot hole, which, to the marksman with a glass, enables an exact record of the shot to be made. The new scheme does away with the dummy target as showing the place of the shot. The value only is given for the regular record keeper, while the small shot hole or Bland patch is retained as a guide to the man shooting.

The prize list, as usual, is a tempting one, and considerable care has been exercised in its make-up. There are valuable aggregate prizes which are not oft to be won by a fluke, and while class competitions are provided in plenty there are an abundance of all-comers matches, both for military and sporting rifles.

The range itself has its old arrangements, a plenty of regulars to assist in the butts and at general work, while the Canadians are at their old place with an Indian team from the service in that far away colony. There are changes in the personnel of the staff, Sir Henry Wilmot replacing Lord Brownlow as Chief of the Executive.

The first week of the meeting was not a very satisfactory one in a shooting way, for the wind was unruly and the weather generally mixed. The shooting went off without mishap, and while big scores were not the rule, the figures and the firmament taken together, showed good shooting skill. A tour of the camp by a military man would suggest many very good things, while the stay of a fortnight would enable a shooting man to pick up a thousand and one wrinkles about rifles and score gathering.

AN UNKIND COUNSELLOR.—Two Vermont Canucks, arrested for seining and convicted of the crime, are now pining in the Addison county jail. They were egged on by a prominent lawyer of the county, who assured them that they might net all the fish they wanted to and he would see them safely out of it. But instead of that he has only seen them in. A correspondent asks what we think of such a man. It would no doubt be a good thing if the counsel were keeping his client's company in Addison county jail. But perhaps the Canucks will have something to say to the legal luminary when they get out; so his punishment may be at hand.

CALIFORNIA DEER are killed by the skin-hunters at an alarming rate. Mr. N. E. White, of the Sacramento *Sunday Capital*, relates that within one week after the opening of the present deer season in that State he saw in San Francisco a truck-load of 450 well-dried deer skins from Michigan Bluffs, in Placer county. The skins were of deer which had been slaughtered by Indians, employed by hide dealers, in the spring. California sportsmen through their State Association are doing what they can to correct these shameful abuses, but it is plain that they need more help from the State.

UNCLE LISHA'S SHOP.—In response to several inquiries we reply that we hope to hear further from Uncle Lisha's Shop, perhaps in the fall, when the crops have all been gathered, and the author finds leisure to continue his sketches.

The Sportsman Tourist.

WITH THE PILCHARD FISHERS.

ALTHOUGH pilchard fishing has been so time-honored an industry in the southwest of England and along the opposite French coasts, and so much has been written and said on the subject, it would still appear to be a moot point what the pilchard really is. Some advocate his claim to be classed as a distinct species of fish, while others, and they are many, maintain that he is merely the juvenile representative of some denizen of the deep already dubbed with a name. The majority, perhaps, lean toward this latter opinion, and it seems to be generally considered that the pilchard, as a pilchard, is a delusion and a snare, and that when he grows up he will be recognized as a mackerel. His title of pilchard is, in fact, a superfluity from which the owner will seek to rise to loftier things, as the pickerel which devours his brother, hoping thereby to attain the dignity of being a pike. Does not the all-mentioning Shakespeare throw his quill, like the Goth's sword, into the disputed scales when he says: "A husband is as like to a fool as a mackerel is to a pilchard—the husband's the bigger"? Certainly the general appearance of the pilchard would justify his own portion of the simile, and it may well happen that in his maturity and the fullness of events, he may come to be hawked about the east end of London on the head of an itinerant mortal of the Bill Sykes type, yelling, "Yar fres-sh mak-r-rel."

But be the pilchard's descent what those having authority may agree upon, the industry that his catching, drying, salting, packing and exporting affords to the fishermen of those coasts which his fastidious tastes induce him to patronize, is a very great and profitable one. Indeed it is almost solely in one or other of the various items which the industry involves that the many fishing villages from Land's End to Torquay find the means of livelihood. All who have wandered in this out of the way limb of England will remember the quaint little cluster of houses which here and there peep from among the rocks of each bay and cove in this much indented coast. Seldom do they boast more than a dozen houses, wherein the rude forefathers of the hamlet dwell, but in tarry sheds for fish drying and a fleet of big-beamed pilchard boats drawn upon the beach their pride is centered, and the quality of the village proclaimed. Many of such villages, standing in amphibious contentment with "one foot in the sea and one on the land, to one thing (i. e. pilchards) constant ever," are perfect little gems for the study of an artist, and not a few of them have lent subjects for canvases in the Academy and Salon. Many a quiet nook is there along this coast which would laugh to scorn the fairness of their Normandy and Brittany rivals over the sea, and with their neat little white houses, thatched or roofed with red tiles which time and moss soon clad in somber tints, their nets festooning the winding streets, their tarry sheds and painted boats, and the many flowers which bloom in the mild climate of Cornwall, these fisher hamlets surrounded by some of the finest scenery in England are rich beyond comparison in coloring.

I am looking out now on just such a village as this that I have described, lying half hidden in the blue hollow of a landlocked inlet, and flanked by rugged precipices which shut out from it all the world save the sea in front. Down to it leads from the heights above a bridge-path, fraught with grave danger to the inexperienced, and a sight to have filled with elation the heart of any one being beneficiary expectant under the insurance policy on the descender's life. In parts it is so steep, and so eccentric in its sudden twists and turns, that to walk along it like a god of old story come down from the home of his rest, were impossible; you must content yourself with walking like a much bewildered and nervous mortal coming down to homes, which, if you ever reach in safety, you would thank your happy stars. It was here that I have just assisted for the first time at the catching of a school of pilchards; and it is with great delight that I have welcomed the experience of a new phase of the English fisheries, after awaiting it for many days. I have been staying in the neighborhood, and have made it my daily habit to wend down the narrow pathway to the village, at much risk to my neck and everything but my determination to witness some pilchard fishing. The village has been full of charm for me, and its life so simple and natural, that I have willingly passed the majority of my time among its scenes, chatting with the queer old fishing folk, as they mended their nets, painted their boats, gazed furtively at the signs of the weather, or philosophically smoked while they descanted on their views of things in general; and many strange "yarns" have they had to tell me in return for tales of the outer world, and in their company much ozone have I absorbed internally and much tar externally.

But the day of rejoicing came at last. Some inspiration had led me to seek my quiet haunt earlier than usual, and when I reached the beach its wandering spirits in much patched nethers and red ochre colored jerseys had hardly got well into the prefatory pipes of the morning. Some good-natured chaff about waiting to wake the sleepy pilchards up and tell 'em that London was bigger than all the towns of Cornwall put together had to be met in the encounter, and anxious inquiries as to whether I had walked down the "devil's slide" (as that fearsome path was aptly called) in a fit of somnambulism, had to be denied, and my mind sorely exerted for so early an hour in concocting repartee. But for all this it was lucky I was up betimes or I should have lost my pilchard experiences of the day. We had barely got off our salutations, and I had received my usual answer in reference to the state of the weather, "Weel, its muggy-like towards the hill, but there don't look to be no wind in the sky," when the faint echo of a shout from the crag above us caused us all to look up. Sure enough there on the cliff top, where a watchman was stationed to warn his comrades below when he should sight pilchers (whose location he could easily descry by the dark patch which the school makes upon the water), was the tiny figure of a man gesticulating wildly with the branch of a tree which he pointed seaward. No need for him to continue at his maniac dance long, for the chorus of hallooing which ascended to his olympian heights was a brave albeit discordant acknowledgment of the long hoped for signal, and once this babel of welcome had been given there was no further attention paid to him for the present.

In a couple of minutes all the village had turned out, agog with excitement and expectation—for with pilchards as with hares the adage holds good that you must first catch, then deal with them as you will. And now the village, which had heretofore been so quiet and peaceful, developed the most marvelous latent energy. Hurry and bustle were everywhere, and

the air was thick with orders, which no one but their particular progenitor dreamt of obeying, all being far too occupied with their own part of the business. St. Peter, as the patron saint of the fishermen, must—and I write it modestly—have fingered his golden keys to see the way his followers struggled, and panted, and labored to push the unwieldy pilcher boats into the water. For the pilcher boat is no light toy. It is more like the sort of thing which Caesar went Briton-fishing in than an ordinary boat, and has nearly a much beam as length. It will hold an indefinite amount of men, oars, masts, sails, nets, and with good luck, pilchards, and altogether is quite an unique craft. As soon as one of these had been successfully launched, we hastily piled up such necessities as were not already aboard, and then hurried off to another. There were four altogether to be run down the shelving beach into the water, and a variety of odds and ends to be placed in each, but from the moment when the warning shout of the watchman on the cliff had broken in upon our morning gossip to the time when everything was prepared for the start barely half an hour had elapsed. Directly things were ship-shape, the sailors got into the boats and as each crew seemed to have been previously arranged there was no time lost over this proceeding. Seeing that my favorite sailor—a bluff old subject of Neptune, who had lived all his life upon seaweed and pilchards, or his face could never have matched the ruddy glow of his trousers—was skipper of the "leader" boat, I tumbled in with him and his crew, and the nets, barrels, oars, and general assortment of animate and inanimate objects which made a delightfully chaotic mosaic at the bottom of the boat.

All was now ready, and so, with a long shove and a strong shove and a shove all together, we pushed ourselves off from the shore and got under weigh. But what wind there was hardly made itself felt in this landlocked bay, only lazily flapping the sail set forward with tantalizing weakness, and so we had mainly to trust to our oars. These we pulled with as much vigor as though the ghosts of galley masters were threatening us, and with their help soon reached the open sea, where "a wind that followed fast" eased our labors somewhat. Hither and thither the watchman on the cliff pointed our course with the leafy branch of a tree as the school of pilchards changed their playing ground, and a wearisome dance those finny players kept us at. For a long time we rowed and sailed about trying to reach the moving shoal, which as yet we had never sighted, and the position of which we could only judge by the watchman's faithful branch; but at length a shout from one of the boats announced that the occupiers had found its whereabouts. With renewed energy the boats now pushed forward in the direction indicated, and it was not long before all could see; still some half mile ahead of us, the dark cloud-like shadow on the water which told where the pilchards were playing.

And now as we neared the school much bustle was visible in all the boats, where everything was being made ready for a big take. Orders were shouted across the water and the men became more and more business-like and cool, although intensely excited by the sight of the broken water ahead, where the fishes were disputing themselves, or perhaps being chased by other fish, or may be waging war upon smaller fry in the battle of survival of the fittest. In the capacity of "leader" the duty of commencing proceedings devolved on us, and we were, therefore, allowed, on approaching the shoal, to sail ahead of the other boats, two of which brought to, while the third followed us to be of assistance in case of need. Slipping gently overboard one end of the enormous net which we carried, to which was attached a buoy, we sailed along the outskirts of the school, letting trail out behind us the coils of net which were stowed away in the bottom of the boat and ran out over a wheel in the stern. These pilchard nets are often of extraordinary length though of no very great depth, and are necessarily made very strong, while at the same time they have to be constructed of the most delicate materials, and with extremely small meshes. Such a net is, of course, a very expensive article in the outfit of a pilchard fishing village, and I have been told that four or five thousand dollars is by no means an unusual price for one.

But while we are making this digression, the buoy we had left in our wake has been picked up by one of the stationary boats, and we have sailed round three-quarters of the shoal, dropping the fateful net over our course. But at this crisis the net gives out. We could almost have reached the other end, but a miss being as good as a mile, the other boat has to be called alongside, and the task of finishing the circle is trusted to it. With its own net attached to ours, the remainder of the trap is soon laid down, and the two ends joined at the original starting point. There is thus completed a wide circumference of net, buoyed here and there to hold it up to the surface, and sinking down to a depth of seven yards. Inside this is playing the main portion of the school, all unsuspecting the perfidy of man and "silliness of little fishes." But their ignorance is not permitted to remain bliss long, for our boat, as the biggest beamed one, and therefore capable of withstanding the strain better, commences to gather in the ends of the net which imprisons them.

After a while the water grows rapidly more mottled, freckled, and splashed as the alarmed fish begin to show they are aware of the treachery around them, and at the sight of this the other boats join us in gathering in the heavy burden. What a time it is as the meshes, laden with fish, are dragged in over the sides of the boats! We wade in water, pilchards, seaweed, nets and the many strange things which live on the surface of the sea. We have apparently turned into finny monsters of the deep, like those we persecute, and from head to foot are befaked with the scales of our victims. The boats, which but a short time since had looked like tarry blots upon the bright sea, now sparkle and glisten with their freights, and seem to be loaded to the gunnel with mercury, which runs in streamlets into every cranny as the excited sailors draw in the full nets. What jovial congratulations as the last bend is taken in, and the depth to which the boats have sunk in the water tells to all the value of the catch.

We have soon freed the boats from one another and adjusted their cargoes, and then, with much shouting from boat to boat, make our laden way back to the little port in the cliff-sheltered bay. The village wives and all who were left have turned out on the beach to welcome us, for they have long since learned the news of our success from the watchman on the hill, and when the boats have been run ashore and their crews have landed there is a wild scene of triumph and pent-up jubilation. All the anxieties of the little village are temporarily ended, and the careful watching of the sea rewarded with the certainty that now they have in abundance food, a marketable commodity, and the wherewithal to ply the various trades connected with the pilchard industry. For not alone is the pilchard sent fresh to the

many eager markets, or salted for the island towns, or dried for winter use, or packed in barrels to be forwarded to the great hungry stores of London, but nowadays the pilchard may be found in all lands, lurking in a tin case in a sea of oil with a few brothers and bay leaves for company. An all-pickling age respects not his native choice, and it is whispered—though this I, as a partial enthusiast, and the pilchards as "above such things," are loath to believe—it is whispered, I say, that not a few of the *sardines à l'huile*, which purport to come from France, in reality looked their last on life as pilchards in the meshes of a Cornwall net.

KENANCE HAVEN, Cornwall, England, June 23.

J. B. A.

Natural History.

THE HUMMING BIRD.

(*Trochilus Colubris*).

THE shrill lisp of the crickets and the piping of the myriad insect voices, that have made the woods throb with their music during the night, is hushed; and all these little imps of darkness are tucking themselves snugly away among the weeds and grasses, and under the sticks and stones, there to snooze until the cool of the next twilight.

The sky is beautifully clear, and it seems as though the stars were burning with more than their wonted brilliancy. Venus is flashing splendor from the heavens, and now and again a thrill of admiration at her wondrous beauty runs through the grove, and reaches us in a faint murmur from the treetops. A heavy mist, that all night long has slept in the lowlands, is "folding its tents like the Arabs, and as silently stealing away" in long, white streamers, that vanish in the still air as we watch them.

The east is bright with the coming day, and shafts of pearl-colored light are already pointing toward the zenith. Where are the birds? the little "bright-eyed woodfolk?" Listen! And from out the shadows comes the plaintive voice of little Phoebe, with a few soft notes of welcome to the morning. The swamp robins, awakened by the sweet voice, are soon heard, and their rich sympathetic song is full of the secret charm of the woods. Voice after voice is now joining with its little mite of praise, until, from field and forest, is rising the matin chant of the birds. At last the sunbeams are glancing through the leaves, chasing the shadows that lurk there, and lighting up the dew drops that tremble and glisten from every twig. All nature is music! Another day is begun!

Cosily sitting in the very tiniest little nest, so soft and elastic that even her delicate plumage is unruined by contact with its moss-covered sides, we find our humming bird. High on the gnarled and twisted branch of a dogwood, she has built this fairy home, and therein, with the overhanging leaves for a canopy, the little sylph is brooding. How shall I describe the cunning little structure? A few weeks ago, the building it was commenced, but on such a small scale that the foundation was laid ere the site was discovered by us. Soft puffs from the blossoms of oak and chestnut, bits of the softest brown fungus, and scraps of gray mosses, that grow in secret places known only to these little fairies, were worked into the walls, and gradually the little cup-like house approached completion. Little flakes of lichen and bark, veritable diminutive clapboards, were next added, and the task was finished. There it rests, its mossy covering harmonizing so well with the tree bark, as to conceal it from all but the closest observer, and often, though knowing its location so well, I have missed it for an instant, so cunningly is it placed. A dead twig projects from the branch a few inches to one side, and here the little wood sprites frequently perch. There is the male now, his ruby throat all ablaze as a sunbeam covers him for an instant with gold. See him edge up to his little darling! And now as he snuggles close beside her, he is evidently telling her where her breakfast is waiting in the trumpet flower he tapped for her last night, and which is half filled with nectar this morning, accumulated drop by drop during the cool hours of darkness. Like a flash she is off, and he takes her place, to keep the chill from the tiny eggs.

These frail little creatures have gradually become accustomed to my presence. At first they were nervous and would cease work, while one or the other would dart down to within five or six feet of me, and there, poised on its whirling wings, closely inspect the intruder, uttering the while sundry peeps and curious little cries. Now that they are convinced that no harm is intended, they do not even leave the nest at my approach.

What a dream life is theirs! Gliding in zigzag lines over the flower beds, now suspended almost motionless over a lily bloom, now racing with the humble bees for a honeyed prize, or dashing at the sparrows and robins, and speedily putting them to flight with the fury of their onset. What they do or where they go when it storms I do not know; but at the first returning gleam of sunshine they are back again, with the rapidity of thought, sipping the rain drops from the flowers. And when bed time comes, what wonderful stories of the sunlight the little things must tell each other, as cuddling close up there in the dark, they listen to the croon! croon! croon! of the insects, and watch the fireflies guiding the moths among the trees by the light of their torches.

WILMOT.

NOTES ON THE FLYING SQUIRREL.

THE very interesting article on the flying squirrel, in a late issue, by Dr. Gibbs of Michigan, is very good, so far as it goes, but is, in some respects, liable to mislead the student. This little rodent, *Pteromys volucella*, is very abundant in this part of Illinois, though being a strictly night or twilight animal, it is not often seen unless disturbed. We boys, when out 'coon hunting of a warm night in early autumn, had a good chance to observe how plentiful it was when we built a bright fire so as to be able to "see the 'coon up the tree." When we did this, the air would at times seem alive with *Pteromys*, flitting from tree to tree, and uttering their querulous squeaks. I found some years ago the tails of twenty-eight of these little animals under one "stub" of a tree, that had been there killed and eaten by some enemy, probably an owl. They do not always nest, and rear their young in holes in tree stumps, as the Doctor's article would lead us to believe, for I have found several rearing their young in nests built by birds on bushes. I do not say forsaken birds' nests, for I do not know but *Pteromys* drove the birds from their nests and occupied them *volens volens*.

The so-called flying squirrel is not a squirrel proper any more than it is a rat or a mouse. It belongs to the genus *Pteromys*, the squirrel proper to the genus *Scurus*, with very

dissimilar habits. It would be just as proper to call it a flying mouse, but flying squirrel it will be called to the end of time, I suppose.

This little animal seems quite contented in confinement, if well fed, sleeping the day through, but very lively during most of the night. I have found all the rodents very fond of raw flesh; when in confinement, it seems necessary to their health. In fact nearly all the rodents eat more animal matter than is generally thought. The common little striped ground squirrels, both the timber chipmunk and the prairie gopher, genus *Spermophilus*, seem very fond of snails, at least I have often shot them with snails (univalves) in their pockets. When in confinement, the squirrels will dissect and eat a fresh-killed bird about as quickly as any animal of their size.

LAcon, Ill., July 21.

BYRNE.

YOUNG LIONS ON THE BOTTLE.

THOSE interested in lions may like to hear something of how the young ones are brought up in cases where from some cause the mother lacks the power to suckle them, or dies soon after their birth. I have had several cases of the kind under my own care and have also witnessed the experiments—sometimes successful, sometimes the reverse—of others, and will therefore give a chapter out of my own personal history.

At the Zoological Gardens at Leipzig (Germany) we once had four cubs brought into the world by a young lioness, and as is sometimes the case, she had not sufficient milk for her babies and we were obliged to lose them entirely or try what bottle nursing would do. It was with considerable trouble that the young things were gotten out of the cage, for the mother made furious resistance and gave me several tastes of her claws in spite of the assistance of two of the keepers whom I had stationed on the outside, each armed with one of the long iron forks used for feeding, with which to keep the beast away from me during the removal. At last I succeeded in getting all four out of the cage, and after placing them carefully in a basket, I took them home to my own rooms.

The next step was to get a large box in which I put some straw, covering it well with an old, soft rug, and after depositing my strange pets in their new nursery, stood it near the stove so that they could enjoy the warmth.

Then came up the feeding question. I took an empty wine bottle, bought several India rubber nipples—such as are used for human babies—and made arrangements with the milkman for the increased size of my family.

At feeding time I filled the bottle with milk slightly warmed, to which I added as much sulphur as could be taken up on the point of a penknife, and tried my experiment. To my delight the little beasts took lovingly to their new way of feeding and evinced a decided love "for the bottle."

At first I used to feed them every four hours, keeping this up until they were six weeks old, after which time every five hours was often enough as long as they were on their milk diet.

Knowing the importance of regularity in meal hours I bought an alarm clock, and every night set it to awaken me at the proper intervals, and if any observer had been at hand he would have smiled to see me engaged in my novel maternal experiment. Often have I sleepily turned out of bed at the sound of the alarm, donned my dressing gown, and seated myself on a low box, holding a bottle in each hand, while the cubs tugged at the ends, my own head nodding the while on my breast. As they grew older they became somewhat expensive, as they bit through over two dozens of the rubber nipples before they left off the bottle.

When first I took them in charge (immediately after their birth) they were about the size of Newfoundland pups, but in the course of six weeks they had nearly doubled in weight. They also began at this age to be very amusing in their antics, and used to fight so vigorously for their first turn at the bottle that I used to be obliged to take them singly out of their box in order to feed them comfortably.

As soon as their teeth were strong enough I gave them young chickens and pigeons to eat, which change of diet seemed to meet with their entire approval. Of course the birds were given in a raw state. At the Zoological Gardens of Dresden, where a similar attempt was made, the entire litter was lost through feeding upon cooked meats instead of raw. Naturally, in the matter of diet, one must adhere as closely as possible to the food they would have had in their native land and wild condition.

By the time the cubs were three months old I used to let them run round the room, and one cannot imagine anything funnier than the way they played together. They would roll over each other and tumble about as though there was not a bone in their whole little soft bodies. Sometimes one would manage to climb up on a chair, which was a signal for the others to rush and try to dislodge him from his stronghold, but he would frequently hold the situation for several minutes before they could rout him, and then, when he did come down, the "grand and lofty tumbling" would begin afresh.

When they had reached the age of four months, I returned them to the gardens, where they were put in a cage and amused and delighted many visitors by their playfulness. They were subsequently sold to another garden, where they are doing very well. My labors were often very arduous, and my anxiety great; for I loved my pets and had their welfare greatly at heart, but the abundant success that crowned my efforts more than repaid me for the trouble they had given.

The experiment has been tried of putting young cubs to a cat, but this has very seldom succeeded, as there is rarely milk enough for their wants, nor does it seem to agree with them. After a few weeks of such nursing they die from a softening of the bones, which is a very frequent and deadly disease among the young of all wild animals.

It would naturally be imagined that lions "brought up by hand" would be much tamer than those captured in their native homes, but such is not the case, and the most fierce and vicious that have passed through my hands have been those born in captivity.

J. S. W.

THAT FLORIDA "ORCHID."—A Jacksonville, Fla., correspondent says: "Your correspondent who seeks to identify a Floridian orchid by comparing it to the passion flower can hardly have enough of botanic knowledge to warrant him in saying that the plant referred to is an orchid. The two are about as dissimilar as plants can be. In remembrance the wide-spreading flowers of the *Epidendrum venosum* might have become sufficiently amplified to suggest the comparison, but he would have described that as a plant with bulbous roots growing upon trees. Its popular name is 'wild shallot.'"

A SEA LION ON A RAMPAGE.—Thousands of persons yesterday visited the sea lions in Druid Hill Park. The margin of the extensive pond in which they are kept was crowded several persons deep the whole afternoon, and the stretch of road overlooking the pond was packed with vehicles. The mother sea lion was belligerent, and tried to get out. Her keepers had repeatedly to thrust her with whips back into the water. She did get out Saturday morning and made it very lively in the park. About sunrise Mr. Fisher, the gatekeeper of the Green Spring Valley entrance to the park, notified Captain Cassell of the appearance of the sea lion in that vicinity. Captain Cassell, with assistants, hastened to the locality and found the animal trying to force an entrance through a flood-gate into the premises of Poole & Hunt. Spanish mackerel is a favorite dish with sea lions, and Captain Cassell used a quantity of the food in luring her up from the woods. She was very wicked and spiteful. She followed to eat the fish which were thrown down at intervals of about ten feet. The effort was to keep her from intermediate ponds, and get her back into her old quarters, but when she got near the first carp pond she dashed in. Before her body was all in the pond she caught a 16-inch carp, and in as many minutes had seven more of about the same size. She was very hungry, and it is thought she caught all the carp in that pond large enough to breed. As even Spanish mackerel would not lure her from such good fishing grounds, her maternal instincts were appealed to. Her cub was brought up and laid on an adjacent hill. He was made to bellow by tickling. She answered and followed across country as the cub was moved. On reaching No. 4 carp pond in this way she went into it, and would pay no further attention to the cub's bellowing. She grew even more ugly, and would rush at any one who came near the edge of the pond. She was very quick in her movements, and the snap of her jaws could be heard some distance. Captain Cassell at this stage went for Buck Taylor, the lasso man of the Buffalo Bill troupe. Mr. Taylor did some beautiful throwing of the rope, and lassoed the animal repeatedly, but whether at one or the other extremity, the rope slipped from her smooth surface. She was finally gotten out of the pond and went back toward Poole & Hunt's. The prescription of Captain Eastman, who brought her from the Pacific coast, was now given her by thrusting the straw end of brooms in her face. She was forced back into No. 4. pond and the lassoing repeated. On being forced from this retreat she followed her bawling cub to the pond from which she had escaped. She passed by a gap that had been made for her entrance and stood up on her tail flukes to the rail fence five feet high. She put her left front fluke on top of the fence, as an athlete would use his hand in jumping a bar, and then sprang over the fence into the water. The fence, made of three eighth inch stuff and put together with sixpenny nails, shook badly, but there was no break. She immediately took her cub in her arms and rolled over and over in the water with it and soon coming ashore gave it a good meal. The animal ate about sixty pounds of Spanish mackerel Saturday while being tolled, in addition to all the carp she caught in the ponds. Yesterday morning she ate sixteen pounds of Spanish mackerel, and in the evening a large crowd enjoyed seeing her consume sixteen pounds more of the same food. She caught many of the fish as cleverly as a "fielder" catches a ball. She seemed in excellent health, though possibly a little heavy from the big feeding of Saturday.—*Baltimore Sun*.

A LUNAR RAINBOW.—Utica, N. Y., July 24.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: The other night a party of us were on our way up West Canada Creek in this State. I was walking at the time for a change, as it was an all night's ride, by the light of a full moon, now and then coming in sight of the creek, with its water hurrying as fast as we to a destination. There was a thick fog filling the valley, and as we passed along through it I discovered a bow like a rainbow, not as distinct as by sunlight, but plain enough to discern the arch and some of its beautiful colors. Our course at the time was about northeast, with the moon at our back. I never saw the like before. Perhaps the lay of the land and valley would have something to do with it. I have read in *FOREST AND STREAM* of fog rainbows from the sunlight. I would like to know if any of the craft have ever witnessed the moonlight rainbow.—C. M. H. [In 1855 we saw a lunar rainbow in Iowa during a snow storm, and again in 1879 we saw one in mid-ocean.]

SWANS IN ILLINOIS.—Two fine adult swans were killed in this neighborhood last spring. One of them alighted with a flock of domestic geese within our city limits, and was sneaked up to and potted. It proved to be an individual of *Cygnus americana*, the whistling swan. It had great spread of wings, seven feet eight inches, and was seven feet two inches in length from tip to tip. The other alighted in a little pond right in the city of Peoria and was shot with a revolver. This was a fine specimen of *C. buccinator*, the trumpeter swan. The first I think had dropped out of a migrating flock from the weakness of old age, the other had probably been wounded. Swans now seldom alight in the Illinois River, but in "ye olden time" they painted it white each spring and autumn.—BYRNE.

HOW TURTLES LAY THEIR EGGS.—Allow me to answer the query of "M. M. B." in your issue of the 10th inst., as to how turtles dig the hole in hard ground in which to lay their eggs. My observation has been that on hard, clayey ground they dig it with their hind claws, stern foremost, wetting the hard clay with their urine to soften it as they proceed. This was the habit of many if not all species along White River, in Arkansas, where there are no beds of sand above overflow. Here, along the Illinois River, where beds and banks of sand are common, I have not noticed this moistening process. Here the mother will often travel for miles to find a suitable sandbed for a nidus.—BYRNE (Lacon, Ill.)

ALBINO BARN SWALLOW.—Hydenville, Vt., July 12.—On July 2, I saw a bird that, when flying, looked to be pure white, and it was being constantly harassed by some other swallows. It took a turn around near me, and I improved the opportunity to shoot it. Upon examination it proved to be a young barn swallow (*Hirundo erythrogastera horreorum*), and evidently not long out of the nest, but was in very fine plumage, a creamy white on belly, and upon the back more of a chalk white, but to the contrary of most albinos, did not have pink eyes.—A. J. JOHNSON.

A WHITE BLACKBIRD.—I received for mounting, July 21, a purple grackle in pure white plumage, feet and legs flesh color, eye of the regulation color. Taken twenty miles east of this city.—A. M. TURTS (Lynn, Mass., July 21).

Game Bag and Gun.

OPEN SEASONS FOR GAME AND FISH.

REVISED TO JULY 31, 1884.

California.

Grouse and quail, Oct. 1-March 1. Doves, June 1-Jan. 1. Wildfowl, at all times. Deer, July 1-Nov. 1. Unlawful to shoot female deer at any time. Elk and mountain sheep protected at all times.

Trout, April 1-Nov. 1 (unlawful to take any of less than six inches in length). Salmon, Sept. 1-August 1 (except weekly close time from 12 o'clock Saturday nights to 12 o'clock Sunday night).

WITH THE DUCKS AT RICE LAKE.

ON the 20th of October, 1883, after four months of anticipation, four of us, Frank, Will, Clare and Willard, all from the village of Rochester, near the city of Chili, N. Y., found ourselves aboard the train with baggage checked for Charlotte. There we took the boat, and pitching, tumbling and tossing in the roughest kind of a sea, fearful lest we should find a ducking before we got a duck, we ploughed our way across Lake Ontario, and 12 o'clock midnight found us on the wharf at Port Hope, Ontario. Routing out the Custom House officer (who, by the way, proved to be a perfect gentleman even at that trying hour, 1:30 A. M.), we had our luggage duly passed, and then, forming ourselves into a committee of four, we marched to the hotel of the town, St. Lawrence Hall. After knocking on the door until we expected to see all the windows fall out, we desisted, and began to skirmish around, when all of a sudden one of the party shouted out Eureka, and we rushed to where he had disappeared into the hotel through a side door which was found opened. Then commenced more fun; the porter's gong was rung, and nobody appearing, we marched upstairs with a lamp. Skirmishing around the halls we at last found the kitchen, and were just getting under good headway looking for a feast and working up an appetite, when somebody shouts "Look out, you will be taken for burglars and get shot," and immediately the kitchen was deserted. Proceeding to the second floor and finding two choice rooms to suit our tastes, we turned in about 3 P. M. The next morning we found the landlord, Mr. Mackie, in the office. Telling him of our exploit of the night before, his remark was, "I thought I heard a noise." Upon settling up we were allowed twenty-five cents off on each bill for acting as our own clerk and porter.

Procuring a carriage, with a wagon for baggage, about 11 A. M. we started for a fourteen-mile drive to Gore's Landing, Rice Lake, where, after a very cold drive, we were welcomed by Mr. and Mrs. Isaacs in true homelike style, and at last we are at our destination. After dinner, Tom Wallace is sent for and the prospects for the morning's shooting talked over. Finally, everything being settled satisfactorily, we turn in early, so as to be on the ground by 4 A. M.

Rice Lake is covered with rice beds, and wild celery grows very plentifully, so that it makes one of the best feeding grounds known for ducks on their way South. It is also covered with islands, so that a person can find plenty of good points for blinds. Monday morning opened bright and cold. The shooting was fair, and Frank and Will with Tom Wallace came in with twenty-six ducks. The party being separated, Clarence and Willard going with Isaacs, no count was kept of their shooting. They also left for home Friday, having only four days' sport. Tuesday, fair weather and warmer; score for the two guns, twenty-two. Wednesday, cloudy with little rain; score, thirty-six. Thursday, warm and bright; score, eleven. Friday, cloudy and rain; score, thirty-three. Saturday, warm and pleasant; score, ten. The hours between 11 and 3 we devoted to taking views, Frank having his camera, and succeeded in securing several good ones. Sunday was devoted to rest and inspection of the famous canoe works of Herald & Hutchinson, Mr. Hutchinson himself showing us around and exhibiting the models, etc. Monday, cold and rain; shot until 10 A. M., having seventeen. Total score, seven days' shooting, 155, mostly redheads and bluebills. We saw several flocks of mallards and canvas-backs, but did not secure any; we also had a number of whistlers. The redheads were large, handsome birds, and so were the bluebills. Several fine specimens of redheads were brought home, of which I have in my dining-room one mounted on a panel by our skillful taxidermist, Thomas Fraine.

EXPENSES OF THE TRIP.

Rochester to Charlotte and return	\$3 38
Charlotte to Cobourg and return	3 50
Cobourg to Rice Lake and return	1 00
Board, \$1 per day, 9 days	9 00
Guide, \$2.50 per day, or \$1.35 apiece for two, 7 days	8 75
Meals and lodging at Cobourg	75

Total.....\$23 83

This is for a ten-days' trip, with a guide to do your work. As a general thing, I do not believe in guides; but no one should attempt to shoot at Rice Lake without first securing the veteran Tom Wallace. They tell at the lake that wherever Tom goes, there go the ducks.

Starting for home Monday, we are delayed at Cobourg by a furious storm on the lake, so all we have to do is to sit on the pier and say "so near and yet so far," being able to almost see home, and yet unable to reach it. We begin to wish we were back at Mrs. Isaacs's, eating delicious duck potpies, also first-class roasts, with fresh eggs and plenty of nice butter and milk. That's the place for me. No hotel or tavern, when I can find a good home like the pleasant little brick house at the top of the hill, and such an excellent housekeeper as Mrs. Isaacs. We also sigh when we think of the charming paddles we had each morning, noon and night, for we took the canoe, and Tom the boat and decoys, he going on ahead to secure a good hunting ground, while we would follow, paddling along in the dark, singing, "One more river to cross."

Marching up town we find a scale, and discover that one has gained seven pounds and the other two. After satisfying ourselves on this point, and afraid to wait longer for the tub, fearing we shall pine away what we have gained, we decide to immediately start by train, so that we may reach home in time to exhibit our corporeity; and so we go around by the way of Suspension Bridge, which is a very pleasant ride along the shore of Lake Ontario.

At Toronto we had four hours; so hunting up friend Larry, with his aid we enjoy ourselves, and are only waiting for an opportunity to reciprocate.

One little incident happened while riding from Toronto to the bridge. An old lady, one of the mother-in-lawly kind, sitting opposite, observed my friend (who sometimes does

things absent-mindedly) take from his pocket and put into his mouth a cigar. Immediately springing from her seat the old lady shouted, "I beg your pardon, sir, but smoking is not allowed in this car." My friend, somewhat startled for a second or so, finally recovered himself and replied that he was not smoking; but said she, "I know better; I can see you." "I beg your pardon, madam, I am not smoking." "But I say you are; I can smell the smoke. O my poor nerves!" At which the laughter of the passengers actually drowned the hubbub of the train itself. When we reached Suspension Bridge the Custom House officer found nothing but duck decoys and baggage. We arrived home at 11 P. M. tired and sleepy. KOKOKONO.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

EXPERIENCE WITH A PANTHER.

I SPENT the entire winter of 1877-78 in Brown's Tract, with the well-known guides, Ed. Arnold and Jack Sheppard. We hunted panthers six weeks, and I killed three. The first one we treed I had to pick the ice off the lock of the rifle before I could shoot it. The bullet entered the right eye of the animal, killing it instantly. I told Arnold and Jack that I thought it pretty tame fun. "Wait till we find another one," they said, "and you can wound it and have all the fun you want with it."

Well, we started one a couple of weeks after, and the dogs treed it in a spruce tree, on the very edge of a rocky ledge about fifty yards high. In the meantime, the boys had talked so much about it being dangerous to wound a panther that I determined to give it a dead shot, but just as I pulled the trigger the animal raised its head and I shot it in the neck. It fell out of the tree and rolled off the ledge, followed by the dogs, and ran into a fissure in the rocks at the bottom of the ledge. Soon we heard the dogs howling and we scrambled down the ledge several hundred yards further on, where it was not so precipitous.

Then I advanced boldly toward the fissure. The dogs had by this time received several bad bites and scratches, and had drawn off. The ground sloped quite sharply up to where the panther was. I cocked the rifle and crouched along up within twenty feet of the fissure and then rose up; at the same time I saw the panther rise from a reclining position. It opened its great wide mouth, and gave the most hideous howl I ever heard. It sounded like the roar of a lion in a menagerie. For an instant I was paralyzed, then I shouted, "Gentlemen, I have seen enough," and started to run back to Arnold and Sheppard, but my snow shoes locked together and I tumbled into the snow, gun flying in one direction and hat in another, and expecting every instant that the panther would light on my back. Then Arnold and Sheppard came up, and looking cautiously into the fissure, saw the animal was dead.

In regard to panthers howling or crying, Arnold, Sheppard and other old panther hunters say that they never heard them make any noise except when wounded.

I wish I could have had an instantaneous camera with me that winter. Every time we treed a panther, we would sit down and smoke, and take a good look at it. The animals intently watched every movement of the dogs and kept their tails tremulously swaying to and fro, but didn't seem to pay much attention to us. J. W. S.

STALKING THE MOUNTAIN SHEEP.

ONE day last fall the boys thought that a mountain sheep would be a change from elk and deer, on which we had been living for the past few weeks. I was detailed to fill the bill.

About half way between the head and mouth of the Blue River there are what are called slaty points running to the river, and above them are tablelands, well covered with aspen and pine, and in the little parks among and on the edges of the cliffs the sheep graze, coming down to the river to the various licks; so it only requires a man to know their ways to circumvent them. On the right bank there is one place which forms a horseshoe, about half a mile across, with the ends resting on the river. I camped in a cabin on the left bank, about a mile from the above place, and the next morning as soon as I could see I was scanning the ground with my field glasses and saw some fresh tracks on the south of a small point. It had snowed about half an inch over night, and although snow may be a couple of feet deep around on the flats, yet it does not lie on the south on slaty ground; and the evening before the points were bare on that side, so there could be no mistake about the sign being fresh. I went up the river and crossed, and went around until I got on the hill above the horseshoe, on the top of which is some twenty feet of perpendicular rocks, up which no man could climb; but the sheep manage to get up and down. Above the rocks it is an easy grade up to another bunch of rocks, some 500 or 600 yards further up, and so on to timber line.

I took up the right side and on my way I saw lots of grouse, but they were too small potatoes, and when I stood above the cliffs I saw fresh beds made over night, so I took out my glasses and scanned the horseshoe below me, feeling sure I was above them and barring any accident of wind which chops and veers around in such places, the meat was mine.

Finally I saw them down almost to the river feeding quietly in a small gully. Two rams and one ewe came to my eye through the glasses in a small patch of grass a few yards in area. I had to look long and carefully before I could make up my mind which way the wind sucked in that particular spot. Looking at the tall weeds and wild rye I finally decided, I went down the right of the horseshoe, having almost to go to the river to get below the perpendicular rocks, and then had to climb so as to get above the sheep. I crossed several small gullies and points and came to where the sheep were feeding when last I saw them. I stalked them very carefully, but no sheep were there. I slipped out of sight over the ridge and worked the small gully to the head of it and saw no fresh tracks leading out that way. My confidence was stronger than ever and all I was afraid of was the wind. When I saw they were not above, I went back to where I last saw them through my glasses and worked the gully down. I had not gone over twenty steps before I saw them lying down in a small patch of grass not over forty yards off and somewhat below me. I had a small juniper bush before me, so I stepped a few inches to the right, when up stood a big ram. My Maynard found my shoulder, and at the crack the three broke for the point a little below them and across the gully. I ran down the point on which I was, and saw a ram and ewe looking down in the gully; they were about seventy-five yards off when I sent my ball to the ram, and her ladyship lunged around and acted as foolish as any tame sheep ever did, giving me every show to kill her several times had I

wished, but two rams were enough. I ran down to the gully and found I had made center shots, both through the heart. They were in prime condition, had pretty horns, but not extra large. I reached camp one evening and back home the next with two large mountain rams. This is what I call a successful hunt. RYON.

CAMP, MOUTH OF THE BLUE, 1884.

THE PERFORMANCE OF SHOTGUNS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Nine years ago I ordered a breechloader of one of our home makers. I ordered what I wanted and got what I wanted; it cost more than it would to have bought of second hands, but it is the way to get a good gun. I have tested it with both breech and muzzleloaders, so far it has not been equalled and it gives me perfect satisfaction. The test has been principally at short range, 24 and 40 yards. At 24 yards the target was 5x9 inches. Average of my gun for 14 shots, 11 1/4 pellets No. 6. The average of eight muzzleloaders was from 15 to 35 pellets. Some of them I know to be good guns, having hunted with them for years, the charge was 2 drams of powder, 1 1/4 ounces shot. At 40 yards, 30-inch circle, my gun, 200 pellets No. 6. Three muzzleloaders ranged from 60 to 132. A few shots were fired at a target the same as is used in gallery practice, it is the Creedmoor reduced to 70 feet; the outer circle is 7 inches; distance 24 yards with No. 6 soft shot—90 to 121 pellets in 7-inch circle. With No. 8, 108 to 212. I have four or five targets 5x9. At 65 yards with No. 6, 18 to 14 pellets, with BB, 5 pellets. I have tested penetration in this way, I used a pamphlet, say one inch in thickness for a target, shooting breechloader at one side and the muzzleloader at the other, both guns being 12-gauge, 28-inch, 8 3/4 pounds weight, and loaded alike from same powder and shot. There were three leaves penetration in favor of the breechloader.

I use this gun exclusively for wing-shooting, I do not shoot rabbits, nor squirrels; my reason for this is my rule never to shoot anything when out with a bird dog except what I want him to hunt. My charge for hunting is 3 drams powder and 1 ounce shot, changing size of shot according to game, distance, and season. I think many sportsmen load too heavy; 6 drams powder is too large for a 12-gauge, 8-pound gun, besides it will not shoot near as well, and is not as pleasant to manage. I can give some scores at birds in the brush, but never fired a shot at a trap and never attended a trap shoot. WING.

CANTON CENTRE, COLO.

TRUE STORY OF A DEER HUNT.

EARLY last November a party of would-be deer slayers found themselves in the mountains of Hardy county, West Virginia. One of my companions and myself had already been guilty of killing deer, though, speaking for myself many more had been scared than hurt. Of course none of us would miss such a big mark as a deer, and as to getting buck fever—I did not suggest such a thing as I was the lightest man in the party, and weight will tell. We were armed with shotguns and the proper loads were long debated and then each one loaded to suit himself. I shall not weary any indulgent reader with preliminary details but dive into my story.

After a couple of days with unpropitious weather and bad luck, I got a shot at a pair of fawns which tried to fit their noses into the muzzles of my gun. Of course I missed them. I always get the first shot at a deer. I always miss him. Then if you will believe my kind companions I had buck ague. Of course they would have killed them. I was condemned as a duffer fit for nothing but to drive deer out of a thicket and to such work I was set. In the course of my duties while I was separated from my companions, the latter had a chance to vindicate their skill. They walked upon a spike-buck and fairly cornered the poor fellow before either he or they knew it. The best shot of the party immediately missed his buckskin, another set to work to change his buckshot for something more effective, and the third gracefully put one buckshot into the animal's brain. Now, don't think that any one had buck fever, for all this happened under peculiar circumstances. The deer was in some laurel bushes.

Of course before leaving I missed another deer, this time at longer range. He was about thirty feet off. I have great talent for placing buckshot in a safe place. Our friend who tried to change cartridges also distinguished himself again, but did not miss. He only let a deer run away without shooting, "did not want to take him at a disadvantage, you know." And this is all. Perhaps the tale is not worth telling or rather I am about as qualified to tell it as to kill deer.

Allow me in closing to recommend our stopping place to any one desiring deer and turkey hunting in that part of the country. Our host, Mr. Thomas Wilson, of Capon Iron Works, Hardy county, West Virginia, was very kind and considerate, a good hunter, and being a Virginian of course most hospitable. I forgive him for saying, "Well, he did the best he could, but if you put a boy or a duffer on a stand the deer are sure to run out to him." Just as though I could not have killed those deer if I had wanted to.

It may interest some of your readers to hear that one of the party shot a quail weighing nine ounces, the largest any of us had ever heard of. Y. Y.

WHERE THE GAME GOES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Is it any wonder that wild pigeons are growing scarce? Some years ago I sent an item to FOREST AND STREAM relative to a nesting in Eastern Indiana. The next week I received a letter from a man in Central Ohio wanting to know all about the roost, and how to get at it. I gave him as full a report as I could, thinking that he probably was netting to supply the demand for live birds, but I was reliably informed that not a live bird was shipped from the station. From fifty to a hundred men were engaged in netting pigeons, and every pigeon had its neck broken, as it was taken from the nest. They were then barreled up and shipped to the best market for such game. Sportsmen have to bear the blame for the decrease in numbers of this pretty bird, when if the truth was known, the insatiable appetite of the people in our large towns and cities are at the bottom of it.

Again, sportsmen lament the small numbers of our waterfowl in their regular spring and fall migrations. A party of sportsmen will spend probably one week among them twice each year, and a party of four will bag in one week say one hundred, or if they are unusually plenty, two hundred, have a rattling good time, and go home feeling younger by some years, divide the game with friends, and immediately begin

talking up their next semi-annual hunt. The market hunter is fully equipped, and he will leave his regular business for what he considers his harvest. As soon as ducks first make their appearance in the spring he will go to the shooting ground, make camp, and prepare to "stay with them" until the flight is over, if it takes six weeks or two months. He will kill fifty to one hundred ducks in a day. And where do they go to? Just where the pigeons went. What does it matter if Iowa does have non-export laws? It is easy to cross the river and ship from the other side.

I don't know a better way to protect our game (of all kinds) than to utterly prohibit the traffic in it. States claim the right to legislate for the protection of game; why not the same right to prohibit the sale of it altogether. If the idea is a good one let us pound away at it until we get at least a uniform non-export law, or, what would be very much better, laws in all States that will totally stamp out the traffic.

MORNING SUN, IOWA.

A WORD FOR THE HORSE.

ONE day last fall my brother was driving a little mare of Messenger and Morgan breed, hitched double with one owned by my father. In the wagon he had his gun and hunting accoutrements, and in his outside coat pocket was a .32-caliber revolver with an eight-inch barrel, every chamber of which was loaded with short cartridge. On the road he overtook an acquaintance and invited him to get in. Passing through a piece of woods about eight miles from home they saw a grouse cross the road, and my brother took the gun and went into the woods after it, leaving the passenger in charge of the team. Before going he laid the revolver, a clumsy thing to carry in the pocket, on the wagon seat. Shortly after he left he heard the report of a pistol. When he started the team he noticed that the little mare did not respond as was her wont. Before he had gone a mile her disposition to lag was so decided that he got out to investigate, and he then found that a .32 bullet had entered her rump, parallel with and about eight inches to the right of the root of the tail, and had doubtless penetrated her vitals. His companion then confessed to having shot her while fooling with the pistol. They turned her loose, and gamely following her mate nine miles, she died in two hours after reaching home, "mourned by all who knew" her.

Though she was a granddaughter of Crown Prince, in his day the "third best" trotter in the world, and was one of the most gentle and intelligent roadsters I ever handled, I do not estimate her loss in dollars and cents; it is the manner of her taking off, and the impossibility of my replacing her that grieves me. But I owe firearms no grudge, and if this would only teach some of the "darn fools," who handle them carelessly a lesson, that would save the life or limb of some human being, the little mare will not have died in vain.

In a recent number of your paper, one of your most entertaining correspondents put himself on record against the horse, and though I do not wish to provoke any controversy, I trust you will allow me, while on this string, to say a few words in reply. I am no "sporting man." I have seen some horse racing, but except once, when I saw John H. and running mate, in attempting to lower the double team record, cover one-quarter of a mile in thirty-two seconds, on Beacon Park near Boston, I have always left the race course disgusted. I propose to consider the horse from the standpoint of a lover of nature, and as a source of legitimate pleasure. If I owned Jay-Eye See I would not put him on a race course, yet I enjoy holding the reins over a level-headed machine-gaited 2:50 to 3-minute roadster during a "brush on the road," where the unjust judge putteth not back, neither do "ringers" break in and steal. "The man who takes care of a horse is a slave." What is there in the world worth having, the possession of which does not entail trouble? Nothing that I know of. "When you are going like the wind behind a horse, you can't see anything but the horse." A horse is only flesh and blood, and cannot be driven fast all the time, though I admit that the way some of the "bloods" drive, when any one is in sight, might lead the uninitiated to form that opinion. I hate that way of showing off; though two very dear friends of mine will go through a village in saddle or wagon with a dash that would have done credit to the James brothers. Have some humanity. When you come to an inviting piece of scenery, pull up your horse, slack your reins and let him walk; and if you do not see more than if you were doing the work yourself, it is your own fault. If a walk carries you along too fast, stop him; if you wish to be alone, tie him up and leave him.

"A horse as a means of locomotion, has a value, and for that purpose one is as good as another." If the writer of the above had ever handled two such horses as our old Flying Dutchman and Canadian Charlie, he never would have penned that passage. I once drove Dutchman six miles in twenty-four minutes. Hugh McLean drove him from Woodstock to Salmon River, 100 miles, in a day. Dr. Flower drove him forty-eight miles without drawing rein, in five and a half hours. No one ever struck him in harness. On the other hand, Charlie could not be driven at a five-mile-an-hour gait, without as much work as would be required in a half a day's thrashing with a poverty club flail. There is a difference in the value of horses as a "means of locomotion." I admire a good locomotive as a splendid production of mechanical art—a good horse as a work of nature. The man who truly loves nature, has to take the horse with the rest of the dose.

It is strange how inconsistent are some men of science, profound thinkers, deep lovers of nature. Thoreau, who loved beasts and birds as few men ever did, sneered at geology as "a lot of old broken shells," yet his contributions to science were of no more value than those of Lyell or Murchison. But I suppose this inconsistency is a wise provision of Providence. It tends to develop learned specialists in some department of science, instead of sciolists, as men of my stamp, who are enthusiastic over anything they suppose to be beautiful, are only too apt to be. A good horse is almost as valuable an adjunct to the outfit of a sportsman as a good dog. Viewed from the standpoint of a lover of nature, he is one of the noblest productions of a great Creator, and less often casts reflections on his maker than some of his human masters. He is intelligent, obedient and patient, meekly bearing usage that would exasperate a man, when one blow from his hoof would send his tormentors into eternity. He is as far ahead of man in some qualities as man excels him in others. See Frank Wilkeson's account of the little white mare.

"Wells" thinks there is little pleasure in a sleigh ride, and had I never lived north of Boston I believe I would think so too. But with us northerners it is the institution for which we most sigh when we migrate to southern climes. Had I

space I could cite, as an example, a piece of Texan experience. Here the snow is hard and the rivers frozen nearly all winter. The driving paraphernalia are always clean instead of being covered with mud as in summer. As for cold, we wrap up and laugh at it. My last sleigh ride was on or about April 8 of the present year, and the scene is burned as it were, on my memory. A pair of small gray horses hitched to a double-seated sleigh, skimming over the frozen river at the rate of twelve miles an hour; silver dash rails and gongs glowing in the soft light of the most beautiful auroras, and the bells chiming even more musically than the rhythmical jingle in which Poe immortalized "the sledges with their bells, silver bells." Within that sleigh four light-hearted young people, who, thrilled by the weird grandeur of the swiftly passing scenery, sat motionless amid a silence only broken by the chimes, the telegraph patter of the horses' feet and the low, long-drawn, "steady-y-y" of the driver, as "Johnny," with his long stride, promised to lift his little mate off her feet. Such is the picture. "We are all changed." One of that quartette is in Chicago, one is on the brink of the deep, dark valley, one has crossed to the other side. One of the horses is dead, and "Johnny" and I remain like two trees of a different order that have been spared by the hurricane. I would give all my earthly possessions to be in a position to repeat that ride. "Sentimentalist?" Well, perhaps, yet take the sentiment out of life and there would be a bigger vacancy than some holding opposite opinions will say there is in my heart.

CLIFTON, NEW BRUNSWICK.

L. I. FLOWER.

CLUBS AND CLUB GROUNDS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

You once asked the meaning of the movement by clubs to acquire possession and control of desirable club grounds. It must be evident that a considerable number of the sporting fraternity, or at least some of the leading members of these clubs, have come to the conclusion that *bona fide* protection for game under ordinary circumstances is impracticable, and that "the game must go," and that quickly unless they can prevent its destruction by thus securing exclusive rights to certain favorite localities where it still frequents and may be protected by judicious management.

Some of these parties are, however, no doubt actuated by purely selfish purposes in seeking to monopolize the best hunting grounds, and do not care a fig for the general good of the public or for preserving the game, except so far as for their own temporary amusement and benefit. It may also be regarded as some evidence of the increasing number of the wealthy men in the country and the growing popularity of field sports.

Whatever may be the outgrowth of the movement, the responsibility, if any, rests with the people. Under our form of government unfortunately any legislation for regulating and restraining the indiscriminate killing and taking of game animals, birds or fish, is regarded with high disfavor and is unpopular with the masses, under the stupid and erroneous impression, that it is an unwarranted invasion and curtailment of their natural and inalienable rights in a free country. And hence the difficulty to be encountered in the way of getting stringent game laws enacted, or enforcing them or of educating the public mind to a sufficient understanding and appreciation of the value and importance of game protection. There is a time coming, however, when no doubt there will be a change for the better in public sentiment, but it may be deferred until most of the game is exterminated. Like most of the savages who inhabit this country, the game of nearly every species is certain to disappear before the advance of civilization. Against the threatened monopoly by clubs of the best game resorts, there seems to be no present remedy, and as to the amount of good or evil they may accomplish, time will show. They may serve to bring a more speedy solution of the question of "game" or "no game" in this country.

DETROIT, MICH.

J. W.

THE CHOICE OF HUNTING RIFLES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I was brought up in the country where there was plenty of small game, such as squirrels, rabbits, pheasants and a few turkey; and before I was able to hold a gun off-hand would steal off with the old rifle, and by resting the muzzle on a log or by the side of a tree, practice on the squirrels. My old rifle was about .38 or .40-caliber, shooting 80 round balls to the pound, and with it I could upset a ground hog at one hundred yards nearly every time, and once made an extra good shot and killed a wild turkey, which all of the old hunters of the neighborhood had been chasing for a week or more. After I was grown up, I was placed for ten or twelve years in a situation where I had no chance for hunting; but two years ago, moving to where I could spend a little time occasionally, I returned to my first love and purchased a muzzleloading rifle. While it was a good gun, and I could do good work with it, I was always reading in the columns of your paper discussions as to the relative merits of muzzleloaders and breechloaders, and it seemed to me that the breechloader had the best of the argument. I then, after a good deal of inquiry and studying the opinions of the correspondents of your paper, concluded that a .40-caliber rifle would fill the bill for a general purpose rifle. So I purchased a .40-caliber, double set triggers Marlin, 60 grains powder and 260-grain ball.

I had never fired a dozen shots with any breechloader, and unpacking my purchase, the first impressions were not good. While the gun handled well and was well made, the sights were too coarse and it kicked so I could not do good shooting, and I could do far better with my muzzleloader of equal caliber. The gun shot strong and occasionally I could put the balls where I wanted to, so I concluded the fault was mine. One great trouble was that if I sighted it with a fine sight such as my muzzleloader took I would shoot below the mark, and in shooting I had to place nearly all of the bead of the front sight in the hind notch to shoot high enough. In order to remedy this I knocked out the knife blade of the front sight and put in one of bone, which I made smaller and filed down so at thirty yards with fine sight I could shoot into the center. I have become accustomed to the recoil and can now at any distance from ten to one hundred yards with it beat my muzzleloader. I have on two different occasions at thirty yards off-hand, drove three centers in succession; while all were not true centers, they all cut the tack out. I have never shot at any large game with it, but have killed dogs, ground hogs, pheasants, crows and squirrels, and think it will kill a deer at any distance short of two hundred yards as well as guns of larger caliber. I killed a crow at one hundred and eighty-five yards, measured distance, and with my point blank at thirty yards. In shooting any dis-

tance up to one hundred yards, I take the same sight and do good work, and by taking coarser sight, up to two hundred, without elevating my hind sight. To sum up, I find that I can kill any small object such as a rabbit, squirrel, or woodpecker, from ten to one hundred yards as surely as with my muzzleloader of equal caliber, and for distances over one hundred yards the breechloader is far ahead.

The ammunition is easily prepared. At first I had the same trouble that some of your correspondents have, with the cartridges jamming in the magazine, the ball pushing in the shells so that the carrier block would not work. This I overcame by filling my shells full of powder, then rapping the side of the shell with my pencil until the powder was settled, placing the ball in and seating it properly. In this way you may shoot all day with the magazine full of cartridges, using the gun as a singleloader without shortening the cartridges in the magazine any. In the event of a cartridge jamming while hunting game, one can load as rapidly as any singleloader, as the gun will eject an empty shell without the carrier block working. I do not know how long the shells will last, but have reloaded some of them twenty times, and they still are serviceable. I reload my own ammunition, which reduces the cost less than one-third the price of new shells. I do not see where the singleloader has any advantage over the magazine gun, unless you except the danger of shells exploding in the magazine, and those accidents are so few and far between that they cannot be counted.

I have enumerated some of the advantages of the breechloader over the muzzleloader, and now for the disadvantages. With a muzzleloader you can vary your charges to suit your game. In hunting squirrels you can load with small charges of powder and round ball. If after larger game you can increase the charge of powder and use a long ball. With a breechloader it is the same charge whether you are after squirrel or deer. The manufacturer will say, "Use guns suited to each kind of game." This will do for those who can afford it; but I am speaking of a gun for general purpose, and the majority of those who use a gun cannot afford a gun for every kind of game. Why cannot a short shell be made to use a round ball and say 25 grains of powder, for shooting small game, and still be accurate enough for that purpose. I am aware that the short cartridge would not work in the magazine, but the magazine could be kept full of the regular cartridges and the gun be used as a single-loader, and in the event of wishing to shoot at anything at a distance, have the long cartridge always on hand. W. N.

JACKSON CENTER, PA.

[The short cartridge would not fit in the long chamber.]

[The following letter from "C. D.," in reply to communication of "W. DeV. F." in our issue of April 24, has been overlooked, and is now printed with this explanation.]

Editor Forest and Stream:

Our Government never had in the hands of troops any arms using a bottle-necked cartridge, consequently never used a bottle-necked shell. Whether "government experts" condemn it, I cannot say, for I am not posted as to all experiments or opinions they may have made or entertained. The "bottle-neck" is certainly in use by the Turks, as many a Russian found to his cost; and the British army use it in their rifles, which are practically the same as the Turks'. The Westley Richards falling-block rifle, nearly all the English express rifles, the Winchester .45-75, and many other guns besides the new .40-90, all use bottle-necked shells; so it hardly looks as though the "bottle-neck" is yet "a type of the past."

I would not advocate its use, however, except for special reasons, such as have already been given by myself and others, and that are not necessary to repeat; especially as the .40-90 rifle is already a fact, to be had for the buying.

As one of your correspondents has already stated, recoil depends much more upon the amount of lead to be thrown than the powder burned. I have fired the new .45-85-285 grain cartridge alongside of the .45-70-405 government, and can say positively that the recoil is much less, instead of greater. In fact, the recoil is not as great as with the .45-55-405 cartridge, judging only from its sensible effect, and not from elaborate experiments with balances.

As to primers, allow me to quote from an ordnance report: "Relative sensitiveness and certainty of fire—The following table shows the results obtained by dropping a one-pound weight, through the heights recorded, on the primers on their seats in the cartridge case:

FLAT ANVILS.	
Service cup anvil—height.....	Inches. 1.5 to 5.5
Lowell primer.....	1.5 to 6.0
Frankford Arsenal experimental primer.....	2.5 to 6.0

POINTED ANVILS.	
Berdan primer—height.....	1.5 to 3.0
Winchester primer.....	1.5 to 4.5

Taking for standard the service cup anvil for sensitiveness and Springfield rifle for igniting power, the latter has sufficient surplus power "to cover the range of all the above primers."

"The Hotchkiss gun will also cover the range if provided with a spring requiring 15 pounds to start and 28 pounds to bring to full cock. If less, it is prejudicial to the cartridge and there may be an occasional misfire.

"Only one misfire occurred in 16,000 rounds of the Frankford arsenal primer fired from the Springfield, Hotchkiss (with spring 15 and 28 pounds) and the Gatling guns. It happened in the latter, and is supposed to have been due to bad or burned composition.

"On the record of misfires the Frankford arsenal primer is superior to all the above primers and is better adapted to magazine guns (the italics are mine), being less sensitive to explosion when struck by the bullet of another cartridge held concentrically in a tube representing the Hotchkiss magazine, and dropped from various heights, as shown by the following record:

Berdan primer explodes when struck by cartridge falling 5ft. Winchester primer explodes when struck by cartridge falling 20ft. Service cup anvil explodes when struck by cartridge falling 35ft. Frankford arsenal explodes when struck by cartridge falling 40ft."

"W. DeV. F.'s" faith in his Winchester is certainly sublime; but there are other repeaters that have stood as heavy a test, and it is a significant fact that the Winchester repeater was not submitted to the Ordnance Board of 1881, recently mentioned by me, although I happen to know that they had a model that would take in the .45-70-405-grain cartridge as required by the Board. This fact I learned from the company itself in its refusal to build a special gun, not so very long ago, and before other arms companies, now in existence, had sprung up. Mr. Duane has my sympathies for the unfairness shown him in "Holding Wells" criticism; and the "point" he makes is just what I believe to be the

truth from both observation and experience. There are hosts of men in the service who shoot better than I, but I know—egotistical as it may seem to say it—that they can't tell the reasons why to save their lives—and I have to instruct some of these very men as a part of my duty. If the pen had been held as quiet as possibly he can hold the rifle, "Holding Well" would have held better, and not have written an unjust criticism. I, for one, thank Mr. Duane for his experiments and articles, and hope we may see more of them.

C. D.

FROG SHOOTING.—The frog is a homely creature, but every year it becomes more valuable intrinsically as a marketable product of the fresh water. It is now esteemed as game in restaurants, and three frogs fricaseed in cream call for forty cents. The restaurateur pays about fifty cents a dozen for them. They are sold like terrapins, and if under six inches from tip to tip they are not "counts." The American Encyclopedia says that the frog is a batrachian reptile of the anouroid order, embracing such thoroughbred groups as the ranidae and hylade. The ranidae is therefore, the "anouroid batrachian reptile" which we devour with cream sauce, and pay forty cents for. The hyla is a tree-frog, with warts on its back, and is not built for the table. The small boy used to kill frogs ten years ago on the mill-ponds with stones and trade them off in town for enough to buy "alley-taws" or "lignum tops" with. Now able-bodied men armed with shotguns go out and make a good day's wages by killing a couple of dozen or so. Sportsmen even go after them with cat-rifles, and shoot them as they squat on the banks of a stream or pond, with true sportsmanlike glee. Epicures devour them greedily. The ranidae are ordinarily known as bull-frogs, because when they attain old age they can raise as much fuss along a river bank at night as a herd of Texas cattle. The boys call them "bloodies," the name being an abbreviation of "bloody-nouns" the pronunciation of the compound word in a guttural voice being similar to a stave of the ranidae's evening serenade. The frog spends most of his time in the water, when he loafs under a stone, but he can hop across country when his native pond dries up in a style that would discount an Arabian camel making for an oasis. When he finds another pool of water he stays there and makes himself comfortable. Occasionally he will stop and spend some time in a moist locality, where there is nothing but ooze and damp leaves. He has four non-palmated fingers, a rudimentary thumb, and enormous extensor muscles in his hind legs. He lives upon bugs, and has been known to swallow small birds, but, like other amphibians and unlike the ward politician, he cannot drink. His tongue is fastened to the lower jaw at the tip instead of the base, and he slings it out after a cricket or June bug like a lasso. The encyclopedia states that the frog is peculiar for the presence of occipital condyles and the development of the transverse processes of the sacrum, but most people do not believe this. His greatest peculiarity lies in the fact that there is nothing to eat on his bones except the muscles of his legs. The number of frogs sent North during the spring and summer is enormous. From the tributaries of the Chesapeake Bay alone the frog crop averages \$100,000 a year. In the salt marshes of the South they grow larger than they do elsewhere, but the meat is coarser and not so edible. Frogs are as prolific as herrings. Millions of little black tadpoles infest every mudpuddle. The knowing fish esteem them very highly as food, but the tadpole who escapes consumption for three weeks drops his tail, which is only a temporary affair anyhow, grows four ample legs and goes out to be a "bloody" himself until he is shot or hooked to satiate the inveterate maw of the lord of creation.—*Baltimore Sun*.

SIDE-HUNT STRATAGEMS.—Several years ago the writer and a friend named Hodge (then boys) decided to have a shooting match on a certain New England Fast Day. A value was to be set upon everything shootable, including even common house cats. The day came raw and chilly, and the writer betook himself to the starting point at an early hour of the morning. Hodge soon appeared and produced the tip of the tail of a cat, which counted 25, explaining that a neighbor had asked him to kill it for her several days ago, but that he had kept it tied up until the day of the match, so as to get 25 points to start with. Of course I felt cheated, and meditated revenge. The day and place selected proved unpropitious, and after a weary tramp the shades of night found me without a thing to show for my hunting. At this point, while walking along the bank of a river, a skunk was discovered apparently lying down under a bush. A close examination showed it to have been dead but a few hours. A crashing in the bushes told of the near approach of Hodge, so the writer drew up his gun and fired at the defunct skunk, making some new shot holes in it. "Hello!" came from the woods in the voice of Hodge. "Hello!" was yelled back at him. "What did you shoot at?" "A skunk; come and see it," called the writer. The bushes opened and Hodge appeared, likewise minus any game. "I don't smell him," said Hodge. "I surprised him, and shot him before he had time to give out any odor," I replied. Hodge came up and viewed the creature, saying mournfully, "Well, then, I suppose I am beaten, as a skunk counts 50, while a cat counts but 25." The pair wended their way homeward in the chilly atmosphere, one sad at being beaten and the other feeling that the ends of justice had not been thwarted. Some months afterward the writer confessed to a congenial crowd, of which Hodge was one, and it cost him a treat for us all, and it was a long time before he heard the last of that shooting match.—*CURTIS*.

FISHER'S ISLAND CLUB.—Hoboken, N. J.—The secretary of the club has received very encouraging news from the farmers of Fisher's Island, N. Y., stating that about all of the 400 quail turned out were mated and doing well, whistling over the whole of the island. This will give the club one of the finest preserves to shoot over that can be found in any of the Eastern and Northern States, and insures the success of their field trials, to be held about the middle of November. These trials will be made a social gathering of the members and a friendly contest between their pointers and setters for a handsome prize in plate. In time, when the club grows stronger, public field trials may be inaugurated, a want sadly felt by the sportsmen of the Eastern States, who cannot compete in the trials held at present in Tennessee and other Southern States, for want of time and on account of the heavy expense. Besides the abundance of quail, the club has two coveys of English pheasants on their island, and proposes to turn out during this summer probably forty or fifty young hares, of a European breed, which are now being bred in captivity by a member. These will be used for coursing only, and the members of the club will shoot none for a few years.—*MAX W.*

PRIZE OWLERS.—Washington, Pa., has a society called the Hawk and Owl Association, now in its seventeenth year. The President of the society writes: We are strictly a sportsman's organization for the preservation of game, and who have waged war so long on the worst enemies of our game that I believe we are at last well paid. It is no uncommon thing to count 1,000 heads of hawks and owls at our annual meet, presented in competition for prizes offered by the society. The birds are for the most part captured in steel traps placed upon a pole on elevated ground. A bunch of feathers, a wing, a rabbit skin, or similar lure, placed within twenty-five yards of the traps draws them a long distance. They light on the pole to investigate. The pole should be set in the open field. Many depend upon shooting them but it is not so successful. John Crawford, in this county, turned in for count forty-seven, taken in the trap during the month of January last; that seems wonderful, yet it is true. He has quite a number of traps set. The men who participate in the contest for prizes are generally farmers. The prizes are for the largest specimens, from the Cooper hawk to the redtail, and from the barn owl to the great horned owl. Will report at close of this year.—*J. S. M.*

A GROUND HOG DAY.—Steubenville, O., July 25.—Our boys are starting for their camping grounds on Yellow Creek. Thomas Mears and his sons Will and Ed are camped near Nebo, and report squirrels very plentiful. Bob White is whistling around the wheat fields, and unless we are mistaken we are going to have some good shooting this fall. Some time ago one of your correspondents wrote inquiring if it was an unusual thing to see a ground hog up a tree. If he would come here I could show him one up a tree any day. Last season some boys were camping on good old Samuel Wallace's place on Yellow Creek. "Boys," says he, "the ground hogs are ruining my meadows. I will give you a quarter a piece for every ground hog you kill." The boys started out and formed a skirmish line. Bang bang all day, and in the evening they brought in the game, and you should have seen Wallace. Forty ground hogs, young and old, all in one heap. Of course the boys didn't want the money, but they had the old man solid on the ground hog subject.—*A. E. M.*

MASSILLON, O., July 26.—The sportsmen of this vicinity met last evening and organized the Massillon Rod and Gun Club, electing the following gentlemen as officers: President, E. W. Eckert; Vice-President, Frank Brown; Secretary, L. C. Cole; Treasurer, Jas. H. Hunt; Captain, Geo. O. Dobson; Executive Committee, Dr. H. C. Royer, E. W. Eckert, and John Ryder. The club intends to improve in shooting, and to see that the game and fish laws of the State are enforced, an undertaking in which they will find that they have their hands full, as there is plenty of room in this section of the country for action, several cases having already been discovered. Negotiations have been made with the Ligovsky Clay-Pigeon Co. for traps and pigeons, and the club expects to begin practice in a week or so.—*ROD AND GUN.*

TWO-EYED SHOOTING.—Glassville, Mo.—I think "Amateur," of Somerset, Pa., is a little "off" in his idea that two-eyed rifle shots do not observe the sights. It is impossible for any one to shoot a rifle at, say 200 yards, without sighting it, and sighting it fine. Now, the fact is two-eyed riflemen shoot just exactly as others do, i. e., they look through the sights with one eye, while the other is of no use whatever, it might as well be shut. I know whereof I speak, for I have handled a rifle ever since I was big enough to carry one, shooting sometimes with one eye open, sometimes with both, but I always take aim, and always with my right eye. No man living can look through rifle sights with both eyes at the same time. It is a physical impossibility.—*S. Y. L.*

CAME INTO THE BLIND.—Boston.—A party of duck shooters had last fall quite a curious incident, while shooting on one of the ponds near Sandwich. They had decoyed a flock of about seventy-five black ducks up to the stand, and were waiting till they could shoot to good advantage, the ducks being somewhat scattered, some being on the shore within two or three feet of the blind. The gunners had a number of live decoys inside, and one of the wild ducks hearing them call, flew on the top of the blind and jumped down inside where the shooters were, staying there for one or two minutes. It then went back into the water without seemingly being frightened in the least. The party afterward shot fifteen from the flock.—*H. J. T.*

HE EXPECTS FOUR HUNDRED AND FIFTY.—Easthampton, Mass., July 22.—The woodcock season opens Aug. 1 here, and as the birds are very plenty good sport is looked for. Last year I got 150 birds, and this year will get as many more, as the birds are three times as thick. Grouse are more plentiful than they have been for the last fifteen years, as large flocks have been seen close to the town. Gray squirrels are also very plentiful. I would like to see some sportsmen come here next fall, and I will warrant they will be satisfied with the bags of woodcock, partridge and quail.—*WOODCOCK.*

COLORADO.—Hot Sulphur Springs, July 25.—Some sportsmen are already shooting young sage grouse. The chicks are of good size and make a capital fry, but the law forbids their killing for some weeks yet. The people in this region still rely almost entirely upon game for their meat supply, and deer, antelope and elk are almost daily killed. However, very little meat is now wasted, and no one ventures to kill for market. The season has been and is favorable, the feed very fine, and in the autumn months all kinds of venison will be in superb condition and very abundant.—*W. N. B.*

PROSECUTE THE DEER KILLERS.—Wyalusing, Bradford County, Pa., July 28, 1884.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* What can be done in a case like this? On Saturday, July 19, 1884, two red deer (buck and doe) were killed in this county. The buck was skinned, and the meat used, but the doe was left until Sunday, July 20, when the party took the skin off and left the carcass to decay. The doe had two fawns running at her side. These deer have fed in sight of our home this spring.—*L. W.*

GAME WANTED.—Hampshire, Ill.—Will some of your readers please tell me through your valuable paper where good deer and turkey shooting can be had, nearest point from Chicago, Ill. How is it around Dodge Centre, Minn.?—*C. E. P.* New York.—Can your correspondents put me in the way of the best ruffed grouse shooting within ten or twelve hours of New York?—*H. B. G.*

WOODCOCK IN OHIO.—Wooster, O., July, 1884.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Mr. J. H. Mack, of New York, manager of Haverly's enterprises, spent the past week with me here, hunting woodcock. Considering the extreme dry weather we did remarkably well. On Monday we bagged nine and a half brace; Wednesday eight brace, and on Friday ten and a half brace—all fine, plump birds. We found them principally in the cornfields; some few in the alder thickets.—*JOHN BOLUS.*

RAGGED-LAKE ROD AND GUN CLUB.—A club with the above title has purchased fifty acres of ground and a house on Ragged Lake, Franklin county, N. Y. The lake is about sixteen miles southeast of Malone and four miles west of the Upper Chateaugay Lake. The members of the club are mainly from Syracuse, and among the number is the Hon. James Geddes. This club will materially assist in the preservation of fish and game in the Northern Adirondacks.

PENNSYLVANIA WOODCOCK SEASON.—Hollidaysburg, Pa., July 28.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Prospects for fall shooting through this section are fair. Woodcock have been quite plenty this summer, but a good many sportsmen here would be pleased to see the season open later, say Aug. 1. The birds secured then would be young double their number on July 4, and every young hobbled boy would be unable to cause their feeble wings to fold.—*T. E. D.*

TEXAS CHICKENS AND QUAIL.—Indianola, Calhoun Co., July 18, 1884.—Weather very dry since I wrote you last and birds of all kinds very scarce, although reports from the surrounding country say chickens and quail have bred well and are very plenty. When the first of August arrives I will be better able to report the truth of said reports.—*GEORGE ARMSTRONG.*

BAY BIRD MOVEMENTS.—Philadelphia, July 26.—Curlew, willets, and other shore birds, are beginning to show themselves as they pass down the New Jersey coast. No birds are stopping, unless those that are called down. The flight will be over by the end of the first week in August. Robin snipe come later. These and the calico bird are the latest comers.—*HOMO.*

CALIFORNIA.—Mr. N. E. White, late of the Sacramento Bee, has bought the *Sunday Capital*, of the same city. Mr. White is well-known to all California sportsmen, and his pen has had a great influence in promoting the interests of game protection in that State. The *Capital* will, of course, be sound on this theme.

MISSOURI.—Ironton, July 18.—Quail wintered splendidly. The outlook for fall shooting is the best for several years. Several flocks of wild turkeys have been seen within three miles of town. Young turkeys are very small at present, but are in considerable numbers wherever seen.—*W. E. B.*

ILLINOIS.—Lacon, July 21.—This has been a very fine season so far for the breeding of game and wild life of all kinds here, therefore if nothing happens we may expect fine shooting when the season opens.—*BYRNE.*

OHIO.—Seville, July 25.—Weather dry here and prospects good for fall shooting. A whooping crane (*Grus americana*) was shot near last week, something unusual for this locality.—*CHIPPWA.*

WISCONSIN.—Roberts.—The promise is good now for chickens this fall; was never better. Bass fishing is very fair. Have only been trout once; then got a good string.—*C. J. W.*

Camp Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

128.

"BOYS," exclaimed Sid one evening after we had eaten supper and were sitting around our little camp table, "did I ever tell you of my adventure out in Colorado, in '72, with a panther?" "No," "give it to us," "fire away," and the like greeted him.

"Well, you see, I'd been out out after turkeys and was pretty far from camp, when I was struck with the idea that a drink of spring water would go good, so I shouldered 'Old Maria' and set off to hunt up a spring. Just as I was emerging from a deep thicket I heard water drip, and looking around I spied a large rock and a tiny stream of water trickling down its side into a little pool below. I knelt down to take a drink when, to my horror, I saw reflected in the water from a limb just above me a panther's head and shoulders, and its eyes told me that it was just about to jump. I knew that if I tried to leap away it would spring, sure, so I instantly swung Maria up over my shoulder, took aim by reflection in the water and fired. I killed that panther dead'n a nit."

L. F. H.

OSWEGO, N. Y.

129.

It was quite late in the evening and had begun to grow a little dark. My dog, as usual, was off working the brush when all at once I heard a yelp, next a stampede, and then came face to face with a large flock of wild turkeys. The surprise was mutual, as well as the alarm, and before I could raise my gun and fire the flock had taken to the trees. I could count a half dozen within easy range, so selecting my victim, one which appeared to be a little larger and nearer than the rest, I fired. The turkeys all flew excepting the one I had fired at, which never moved. I fired the second barrel. The bird did not move. Then I tried again. It did not budge. Finally, I went closer to see what it all meant. I had been firing at a large hornet's nest.

VAIL, Ia.

E. B. B.

WHAT THEY SAY OF "WOODCRAFT."

"NESSMUK" is an old and valued contributor to *FOREST AND STREAM*, and his articles in that paper have been of great service to those who have undertaken a summer ramble in the forests. This writer has lately written a little volume ("Woodcraft," New York: Forest and Stream Publishing Company), in which are given in readable and entertaining form a vast deal of information and advice to those unacquainted with the ways of the woods. Not only does he tell how to pick out an admirable outfit, but he discourses on game, hunting, fishing, camp cooking, etc. No one can possibly do better before going into the woods than to read thoughtfully "Nessmuk's" words, acting upon his suggestions and remembering everything he says.—*Albany Argus.*

Sea and River Fishing.

CAMPS OF THE KINGFISHERS.

Black Lake, Michigan.—XII.

WE still had two days left, and Merrill insisted that before we broke camp he and I should have a bear hunt and a deer chase with the dogs.

Accordingly, on Monday he made his appearance at the camp with an old musket charged with a handful of bullets (something about his repeater was out of gear) and three dogs, 'Turk, the black dog, and another pensive-looking cur of various breeds, and announced himself ready for the grand wind up. I took the rifle, and "the five of us" followed the beach a hundred yards above when we struck into the tangle of swamp to make our way to the hill and out on to the plains beyond.

Before starting he said to the others, "Boys, get into the boats an' scatter along up the shore fur half a mile an' Hickory an' me'll run a deer into the water before we get out o' the green timber; yes, sir, we'll have one in the water in less'n five minutes by the watch, and then you'll see some o' the tallest swimmin' you ever see in yer life; a deer can out-swim a duck any day, an' I'll bet this ole gun that none o' you can run a boat over him; look out, now, an' you'll see some fun."

In anticipation of seeing some fun the boys did as directed, but I may say here that had they waited till we ran a deer into the water for them, they would no doubt have been there yet.

Out on the plains, we struck for the "beaver meadows" a couple of miles from the lake, with our best eye peeled for bear, but we saw nothing but a half a dozen families of "patridges" (grouse), ten to fifteen young ones and the two old ones in each family. The young ones were nearly as large as the old ones, but so tame and silly that they would scarcely fly out of our way. Had we been hunting "patridges" we might have bagged more than we could "tote" to camp, but we were after bigger game. Near the bank of the little stream where we found the beaver meadows, the dogs flushed a bevy of twelve or fifteen that flew up and settled on the bushes where they remained with necks outstretched and perfectly motionless, a half dozen or more in plain sight, and two of them not a dozen yards distant. Merrill said, "Try a shot at that feller sittin' on that limb there with yer rifle, an' le's see how you kin shoot." I suggested that the noise of the gun would probably scare the very bear out of the vicinity that we were looking for, but he said "Oh! no, they'll pay no 'tention to that, blaze away." To please him I raised the rifle and fired, but the young grouse never moved nor winked an eye. I am tolerably certain the ball passed two feet over its head. "Try him agin!" said neighbor M., and slipping in a fresh cartridge I fired again, and this time I am sure the bullet flew a foot under it. The bird never stirred. "You can't hit nothin'!" said Merrill. "Gimme that rifle and watch the ole man clip his head off." I put in another cartridge, and handing him the gun he took a long, steady aim, and fired, but at the crack the fool bird still sat there on the limb staring at us as though nothing had happened. The old man wanted to try again, as he said he wasn't used to the gun an' must 'a' overshot, but I had only four cartridges left in my pocket, and lest we might run across a bear, we concluded not to waste another on the simple-minded young grouse.

All this time the black dog and the dog of uncertain lineage were tearing around like mad, and barking aimlessly up every bush that came in their way; but Turk, who felt that his dignity and reputation as a bear dog was outraged by these senseless proceedings, had quietly stretched himself at the edge of the water, near the old beaver dam, and was gazing with reproachful eye at his master, and a look of supreme disgust on his honest countenance at the ridiculous spectacle his canine companions were making of themselves.

"Durn ye, I'll histe ye off'n that limb, see if I don't," said neighbor M., and, selecting a club to his pleasure, he tiptoed up to within four or five yards of the bird and blazed away. The club passed close to its head, but it did not fly; and picking out another, he took careful aim, and this time struck the limb a terrific whack a couple of inches from where the bird stood, knocking it a yard into the air, and, whirr-r; it was off like a shot, the others following in quick succession till all were out of sight in a flash.

"If I'd a hit that patridge I'd a knocked him clean out o' his fethers," said the old man, and then he broke into a great "hoss laugh" that seemed to come up from the very lowest cavity in his broad chest.

For a minute the two foolish dogs tore around worse than ever, but a sharp "shet up that yelpin', will ye?" silenced them, and when the noise was all over Turk got up, slaked his thirst in the waters of the dam, and looked around at his master with an expression in his eye that plainly implied, "If you're done with all this tomfoolery we'll go on and look up something that's not beneath my notice."

We walked down to the stream and followed Turk's example in the matter of slaking our thirst, but I was so full of laugh at the neat manner in which Merrill had "clipped that patridge's head off," that there was barely room in the old tank for more than half the regulation drink.

The old beaver dam was a solid looking-structure reaching from bank to bank of the narrow ravine, and looked as if it might have been built away back in the days of the red man. It was three or four feet high and nearly as broad, and was covered with a growth of moss and grass and weeds, and the backwater above was grown up with rushes and grasses, all having the appearance of having been unused by the intelligent builders for years gone by. It was a lonely, quiet scene, the only sounds breaking the stillness being the soft rustle of the aspen leaves, and the faint tinkle of the water as it found its way through the old dam, and it was a relief when Merrill shouldered his gun and said, "You'd better foller the crick—this is the same crick that runs into the lake where I first picked out yer camp—foller the crick down about a mile to a high knoll—the highest you'll see anywhere—and set down on the knoll an' wait till you hear from me. Me an' the dogs 'll strike across into the green timber an' jump a buck in less'n a half an hour an' he'll be certain to cross the crick an' come up the pint right past where you'll be settin'." Take my pocket compass an' if you get lost yer can find yer way back to camp," and taking off the cap he pointed out the direction of the camp and said, "foller that mark," indicating a point on the compass when the needle had settled, "when you start back, if I don't come to you, an' it 'll lead you straight to camp. If you hear me shoot or holler, come as straight to me as ye can, an' if I hear you shoot or holler 'll break for you. An' now le's be off. Set down on the knoll an' keep

yer eye on the pint comin' up from the crick; that's one of the deer's old runways an' you'll see a path along there as plain as a hog path in a woods paster. Hol Turk, look alive now," and springing lightly across the narrow stream he and the dogs scrambled up the low bank and were soon lost to sight in the green timber. (Green timber, to distinguish it from the plains.)

I followed the stream down to the high knoll overlooking the ravine, which was here deep and wide, through which it flowed, and sat down with my back against a hemlock where I could command a view of the point, and waited to hear the old man shoot or holler. I had sat there perhaps half an hour, when hearing a slight noise in the pine needles down to the right, I looked that way and saw the black dog come tipping up the hill with his tongue out and wet, as though he had been cooling himself off in the stream below. He came up wagging his tail, and lay down by me, looking as "tired as a dog." Soon he got up and trotted down the point a few rods and stood looking wistfully across the ravine into the woods beyond, as though expecting something, and I fully looked to see Merrill come walking up the point; but nothing came in view, and after snuffing the air a minute or so the dog came back and stretched himself again in the shade near by. But he seemed uneasy, and every now and then would make a short excursion down the hill, snuffle a few times, and come back and lie down again for a short time.

It finally "crep" into my nolledge box," as Ben would have said, that neighbor M. was hid in the woods somewhere across the ravine, watching me to see how I would perform in the woods alone; but in this I may be doing the old man an injustice, and if so he will please accept my apology here for the suspicion. At any rate, after waiting a couple of hours longer and hearing no shot or shout, and not even a yelp from the dogs, I concluded to go back to camp, and consulting the compass to be sure of the exact course, I started for the lake, the black dog ranging from side to side forty or fifty yards ahead, with head and tail up as though well pleased with the move. (N. B.—I saw no game going back except two or three families of grouse and—huckleberries. "N. B.," in every-day use, stands good for *nota bene*, but in this case it means "No Bear.") Of the berries it was no trouble to make a good bag, and by the time I reached the hill at the edge of the swamp I had loitered along, stripping a bush here and there, till I was "jest chuck full o' huckleberry juice." Down the hill and through the tangle, I struck the beach only a few rods above where we had left it, which the old man would no doubt have considered a good average guess for a tenderfoot, even with the aid of his pocket compass. The boys had waited in the boats for half an hour or more for us to run a deer into the lake to see some fun, but were now in camp packing up odds and ends, and getting ready to break up in the morning.

The old man came in an hour later looking fagged and sheepish, and the same load in his gun that he started out with, but he could not pass the opportunity to fire a parting broadside into us in the shape of a highly nickel-plated story about a big buck he had jumped in the green timber shortly after leaving the beaver meadows. "He was the biggest buck I've see this year," he went on, "an' had a reg'lar rockin' cheer on his head, an' when the dogs jumped him up I thought sure he'd strike for the crick and go up the pint where you was, but stid o' that he went sailin' over the bushes to'ards Black River, an' that's the last I see of him." He had evidently forgotten the fact that while waiting on the knoll I had not heard the dogs give tongue once, which they certainly would have done had they jumped a big buck or a medium-sized buck, and it struck Ben that "bucks don't always carry a first-class cheer fact'ry on their heads in July;" but in street Arab phrase the old man had "got his work in on us," and this wound up the grand wind up.

The next morning he came down to the camp with three of his boys and neighbor Stewart to help us across the lake, and by 9 o'clock we were off for the landing below the sand-bank, where Bush and one of Stewart's boys were to come around with the wagons. Fortunately, the lake was quiet, the first morning for three or four days, and we made the landing without trouble. The wagons loaded, we said good-bye to neighbor Merrill and the boys, waved our hats in adieu to the lake of the dark waters and were away for Cheboygan, one of the party at least full of regrets at the move.

We took but few bass during our stay at Black Lake. I believe it to be one of the finest bodies of water for this prince of game fish in all North Michigan, and I attribute our lack of success with them to the fact that we were there too early in the season. The latter half of September and on into October would, I think, be a better time for bass in this lake than when we were there in the last half of July. Mr. Charley Ramsey, a newspaper man in Cheboygan and a relative of Old Ben, told us that he had seen strings of small-mouthed black bass brought down from Black Lake in September, many of which would weigh six, seven and eight pounds, and one that weighed nine pounds on a reliable scale. This sounds very much like a big fish story, but as newspaper men are, as a rule, "voracious," we had no reason to doubt his statement. I asked Sid Merrill one day while in camp, about the thirty-one-inch string his father sent me as the measure of a bass, as I was inclined to think the fish must have been a pike-perch, but he said it was a true bass, found dead in the ice when it broke up in the spring. The lake affords the finest pickerel, and any one fond of this branch of the sport may get a surfeit of it here with either spoon, minnow, or frog. All along the south-west shore from our camp around to Sturgeon Bay we took them till we were tired of knocking them on the head, and had we stayed another week Merrill would have run short of bar'ls to put them in. As to the mascalonge, I can only speak of the three monsters we saw, but I am convinced that there are many others in the lake that, if not so large, are yet powerful enough to part an F line on a straight pull without making an extra flirt of the tail. If some brother will go up there this fall and capture the great fellow Dan and I saw off Pickerel Reef, I am sure it will be a joy to him forever, and we will promise to relinquish all claims on him and to not feel a pang of envy over his downfall at other hands.

While on Black Lake we had a pleasant time, a good camp and "stacks o' fun," as Ben said. I was sorry to leave "Camp Hilarity"—the Deacon's name for it—and was only reconciled to the move by the fear we were in that Dick might at any time take a notion to construct another huckleberry roll, but then Dick is a kind of "vegetinarian," as he puts it, and is not to be blamed, perhaps, for preferring huckleberries concealed in tough dough to fried fish and plain side meat.

And now a few words to any of the brethren who may wish to make a camp on Black Lake; Write to O. S. Merrill,

Cheboygan, Michigan (Black Lake box) for boats. He has enough to accommodate a party of eight or ten, and they are very fair boats to fish from, being dry and seaworthy. Have him meet you with the boats on any specified day at the sandbank, and from there you can go to any camp you may select. The camp we had is as good perhaps as any on the lake, but there are three others that would probably suit as well, one at the head of the lake, near the Deacon's spring, the Hughes camp, and another good one nearly opposite the mouth of Little Black River. Deer and bear are very plenty in this region, and a party of hunters might have great sport with the rifle in the proper season. When we were there the plains were alive with families of grouse, which later in the season would likely be found along the hillsides surrounding the lake and in green timber. Altogether it is a locality that will please the sportsman, be he a lover of the rod or the rifle, or both. The lake may be also reached by boats from Cheboygan by going up the river and making the portage at the rapids. For teams, write to Mr. Wm. Spencer, of the Spencer House, Cheboygan, and he will engage them to be on hand at any time wished. The charge is \$4 per day for double team and driver.

Arrived in town, we drove to the Spencer to separate the baggage, as only four of us were going over to Central Lake to the old camp, the others intending to spend a day or two at Mackinaw Island and Petoskey, and thence home. Frank and I went to the depot with the wagons to see our traps properly disposed of till train time, four or five hours later, and here we encountered the second hog it has been our misfortune to run across in Northern Michigan. This specimen in bristles sailed under the name of H. E. Worcester, local agent at that point for the M. C. R. R. He was uncivil and ungentelemanly from the first word we said to him when asking about the disposition to be made of our things till train time. We usually expect civil answers to civil questions, but Mr. W. appeared to be entirely lacking in two things so desirable in one placed in a position to serve the public—civility and courtesy—and from his manner we were led to believe he owned half the town, at least a hundred miles of the M. C. road, and most of the rolling stock. It is not necessary to enter into particulars, enough that we were snubbed and insulted till he probably found out he had made a mistake, when we were graciously allowed to place our trunks and rods in the baggage room, to be locked up until train time in the evening. I promised to "curl his hair," and if this serves the purpose, it will have done the brotherhood a service in warning them how to demean themselves in the presence of this swell head, should any of them ever chance to have dealings with him. But it would be much more to my pleasure to learn that the management of the M. C. R. R. had found it to their interest to give him the grand bounce. All I have said will be substantiated by Mr. Frank Frantz, of Bellaire, Mich., else I would not have written it, and I wish Mr. W. to understand, too, that the FOREST AND STREAM is at liberty to furnish him my name at any time, and the names of party if he desires them. That's all about Mr. H. E. Worcester, and I trust it may teach him to be more courteous to civil people in the future.

After a good supper at the Spencer—not counting the inevitable huckleberry—old Dan, the Deacon, Ben and the writer said good-bye to the others and boarding the train were off for Mackinaw City, where we arrived just in time to transfer our baggage to the G. R. and I. train in a driving rain which continued nearly all the way down to Mancelona. Here we were met by our old friend Charley Persons of the Mancelona House, looking "purtier" than ever, who tucked us away for the remainder of the night. In the morning while loading our traps on the wagon for a start we had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of an old time correspondent of FOREST AND STREAM, Mr. W. D. Toulin, ("Norman") who was just ready to start with his family and a small party of friends for a camp near the mouth of Spencer Creek, where they proposed spending a couple of weeks with the trout. We found brother "Norman" to be a pleasant, kindly gentleman, and we were sorry the time at our command did not allow us to sit down on some convenient log and have a genuine old-fashioned "fish talk." We gave him a "good luck" shake and watched him till out of sight hurrying to overtake his wagons which had driven off and left him. That the lines of brother "Norman," his good wife and the irrepressible youngster, may always fall in pleasant places is the sincere wish of the "Kingfishers," and we trust we may meet again, with more time to spare in which to exchange fish lies.

We left a good part of our camp furniture in charge of the gentlemanly station agent, A. J. De Larme, who took care of it without charge until we returned that way on our road home (I mention this only as a contrast to the treatment we received at Cheboygan).

We mounted the wagon and before noon were at Bellaire, where we hired boats and by nightfall were snugly in our old camp at the mouth of Sweeney's Creek on Central Lake, where we spent two weeks in solid comfort and content, which I may take a notion to write about some time in the future when the spirit moves me.

And now with a few turns of the reel, these chronicles of the camp will be wound up, for another trip to the North Woods is ripe, and by the time these (fish) lines reach the readers of FOREST AND STREAM the "Kingfishers" will be winging their way northward to a new camp.

If, in writing of the waters and the region about Black Lake, I have given any information that will be of future benefit to any brother of the rod, I am content, but if the letters have served to amuse and comfort any longing soul, yearning for a sniff of the odors of the pines and the balsams and the hemlocks, the time will have been well spent.

With good wishes to all the brotherhood and the rest of mankind, I gladly lay aside the pen to grasp in a few short days the more familiar and congenial companion, the well beloved old rod.

CINCINNATI, O., July 14, 1884.

KINGFISHER.

OPPOSED TO THE FLASK.—Seville, Ohio, July 25.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In reading your valuable paper I see a growing tendency toward the abolition of the pocket flask from the "kit" of the ordinary sportsman. "All hail the day," say I. Now I am no prohibitionist or temperance fanatic, but this I do know, that the less liquor and the more spring water we drink the better for us all. I have tried it for years both ways, and I know whereof I speak. I wish I could just get one good drink out of that spring that "Old Hickory" tells us about on Black Lake. I would walk five miles any of these hot July days for a cool draught of its waters. Don't laugh at the old man. He is right. Lots of bass in Chippewa Lake to any angler that can catch them. The large-mouth are native, small-mouth introduced.—CHIPPewa.

SALT-WATER FISHING.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The comments of "Fontinalis" on the article signed "Knebel," published in your last issue, seem to have been written by some one who has never had "salt on his fist." He says, "Knebel's" report contains "nothing instructive, no observations on the surroundings, except a reference to the bird called 'quack,' and is wholly destitute of the inspiration of the angler." A careful perusal of the article leads me to believe that the writer "Knebel," whoever he may be, has given us more insight into salt-water fishing than your interesting publications have given us for a long time. Many men in New York and Brooklyn, like myself, have been brought up outside of the limits of the cities named, and have drifted to these cities to "earn the loaf," but we can still bear in mind the remembrances of our experience in our boyhood days in fresh-water fishing, and in comparing "skittering," or trolling for pickerel or bass, or casting for trout, we do not find such sport or romantic surroundings as in salt-water fishing, whether trolling or still-fishing. If "Fontinalis" wishes to know about tackle, any reputable dealer will post him as to the proper outfit. He has not to go through college to learn what particular "fly" or "moth" to use. And as to surroundings, no mountain trout stream can show in its surroundings more soul-inspiring scenery than our bays and inlets, and grand old ocean itself.

To one who has ever trolled for bluefish and has had the luck to strike a school of that fish, bonita or Spanish mackerel, all talk of inland fishing seems insipid. C. G. B.

Editor Forest and Stream:

A friend and myself started from the float at Broad Channel this morning at 3:40, anchored at the old spot above the club house, commenced to fish at 5 A. M., and by 8 o'clock we had thirty-four fine weakfish, which I consider good sport for a few hours. The early morning beats all the rest of the day, for weakfishing has been poor lately. A great many go out with the first morning train and come home in the evening disappointed. Some lay their poor luck and sport to the stormy and changeable weather, others to too much "seine" drawing. I have been told by some old baymen that large schools of porpoise have frequented the bay of late, and surrounding the fish, feed on them and keep them at bay for hours, which of course scares and scatters them, or may drive them out of the bay; but my idea is that fishing will be good again as soon as the weather settles.

I saw in your last issue an article signed "Fontinalis," who tries to criticize my account of sport and luck combined. He says I mention nothing about tackle, etc. Now all I say is Mr. "Fontinalis" wants to go weakfishing, it would be advisable for him to leave his trout tackle at home, otherwise he might fare the same as did John Smith, of Pochontas fame. KNEBEL.

BROOKLYN, July 22.

There is now good fishing in all the waters about New York. Bluefish are plenty and of good size. They are quite plenty at the eastern end of Long Island, and small. Fish from one to two pounds are now coming into the Sound and have been caught as far west as Smithtown, Long Island. Weakfish are not so plenty, but some are taken about Staten Island. Striped bass are very scarce all over; there are but few in the market, and the fishing clubs in Vineyard Sound are not taking anything like their usual catch. Coney Island Creek does not afford the sport it did a few years ago, perhaps on account of the number of people to be found there now, or the drainage from the island. Drummfish have been too plentiful in Prince's Bay to please the oystermen, but their coming is as sudden as their disappearance; they are not usually angled for about New York. On the Great South Bay both bluefish and weakfish are quite plentiful, but are small. Some kingfish are taken, and bottom fishing is good. At Fort Hamilton some weakfish and kingfish are taken daily.

ONEIDA LAKE.

TWO or three weeks ago, while near Syracuse, N. Y., the weather was very warm and I went up to Oneida Lake to enjoy a quiet Sunday, and get some fresh air, as well as indulge an idle curiosity I have to inspect all fishing waters I may be near.

On arrival at Fish Creek station, the first stopping place on the lake, I made a start for the door to get off the train, but was met on the platform by a gang of young men reeking with perspiration, beer and poor whisky, who were evidently bent on having a big time, and making as much racket as a band of Comanche Indians. I saw that was not the place I was looking for and got on again, and when the cars reached North Bay I stepped off in a little station house with not a single drunken man anywhere about. That was favorable, anyway, so picking up my gripsack and rod I started off and pitched camp at Brayton's, a large new hotel right on the shore, only a stone's throw from the station, and was soon enjoying a good cigar and the cool breeze on the piazza.

Oneida Lake is a beautiful sheet of water. I was glad I had come, and sat a long time watching the glimmer on the water and the bright stars above. During the evening and late into the night the torches of the pirates who spear fish, could be seen up and down the lake, and about an hour before I turned in one boat came up to the pier in front of the hotel and I walked down to see what they had. They had come ashore to see if they could not get more coal oil, as their torch was growing dim. Mentally wishing they would not find a drop, which would put a stop to the murder for one night, I stooped down and examined the cargo. "Poor luck to-night," one of the men said as I looked them over. Fifteen or eighteen fine large bass, some of them three and four pounds, a good many bullheads, and one catfish of probably ten pounds, lay about the boat's bottom with gaping wounds of the spear in their backs. I said to them, "I thought spearing was illegal in this State." "Wall, we don't know nuthin about it, nor don't care, we spear all we want just the same. You can't catch nuthin here on a pole and line."

On the piazza I met the hotel proprietor and one of the "pirates," whom he had just supplied with more oil for his torch. I lighted a fresh cigar, sat down with him, preached a sermon upon the evils of such murderous practices, and tried to show him how he was helping to kill the very game fish that he ought to protect to his utmost, if for no other reason than the prosperity of his business. He was a good-natured fellow and I think had not realized before that he was really injuring his own interests by encouraging spearing, and I think when I got through I had made one convert to the cause of fish protection.

There are three points on the eastern or upper end of Oneida Lake—Fish Creek, North Bay and South Bay. The two former are reached by rail from Fish Creek station, whence a little steam launch runs to the mouth of the creek and thence over to South Bay, also across the lake about four miles to North Bay. The latter is also reached by rail, being the next station north from Fish Creek on the N. Y. O. & W.

I am not writing in the interest of any one but my brother anglers, who will find North Bay the most pleasant, as I investigated the three places during my three days' stay. The fishing is fair for bass and pickerel, and I have no doubt would be very good if the murderous work of spearing was stopped, but it was carried on vigorously every night during my stay, and I would respectfully call the attention of sportsmen and fishing clubs in that portion of the State to the practice in hopes some action may be taken to stop it. DORSEAL FIN.

ONE STATE GAME PROTECTOR'S WORK.—Reading, Schuylers County, N. Y., July 24.—Editor Forest and Stream: Since Oct. 18 I have made two arrests on Cross Lake, three on Canandaigua Lake, four on Oswego Lake, five on Keuka Lake, eight on Cayuga Lake, eight on Seneca Lake, two on Little Cayuta Lake; and have reported the District Attorney of Schuylers county to the Governor for refusal to bring six more suits for violations on the same lake, after I had furnished him affidavits of several good witnesses to prove the same. I think the violations in my district have fallen off at least one-half, and if justices of the peace and district attorneys would give me their full support I would have but little trouble to enforce the law; but I can see a change for the better even with them. I have two men under indictment and suits in Supreme Court for the recovery of \$1,500; have collected \$750 in fines and penalties; and pot-fishermen and pot-hunters begin to make up their minds that the game and fish laws are to be enforced. It is a great mistake that protectors are not allowed more for travel. Everybody knows that a protector cannot travel over six or eight counties on \$20.80 per month. It often costs that to attend one term of court at a distant county seat; and then the protector is left to stay at home the rest of the month, no matter what violations may be going on, or else pay his own expenses, which he can ill afford to do on a salary of \$500. I think every true sportsman, regardless of party, should use his influence to have this thing righted at the next session of the Legislature.—A. N. PARISH.

GIANT POWDER FIENDS.—Crested Butte, Colo., July 19, 1884.—Editor Forest and Stream: I inclose article from the Democrat of Gunnison, showing how we treat "trout hogs" in this country: "For several days past reports have been in circulation that the fish in the streams about Gunnison were being slaughtered by the use of giant powder. This was said to be particularly the case in the Black Canon, but instances were also reported from other parts of the county. The first actual case of the kind, however, was not brought to light until the day before yesterday, when James Maguire, of Mount Carbon, came to town and swore out warrants against Peter Cooper, John Bulger and Barney Carns, charging them with using explosives to kill fish in Carbon Creek. The two latter were arrested and locked up in jail that evening, and yesterday Sheriff Shores went to Mount Carbon and brought Cooper to the city. The three men were tried before Judge Wadsworth at the Court House last night and were found guilty and sent back to jail. The judge deferred sentence until nine o'clock this morning. The penalty for killing fish in this way is a fine of from one hundred to three hundred dollars, or confinement in the county jail for a period not exceeding sixty days, or both. District Attorney Rood and Mr. D. T. Sapp conducted the case for the people." Thousands of fish are slaughtered yearly by the use of giant powder and seines. However, this year we have taken the matter in hand, and the miserable curs who have to get their fish in this manner will find that they will be indeed "costly fish."—SPORT.

PENNSYLVANIA TROUTING.—Reading, N. Y., July 24.—Last week I took a few days for pleasure and went fishing for brook trout with friends in Pennsylvania. I went to Lock Haven, and accompanied Messrs. Chas. Wait, the depot master of the P. & E. road, and James Dunn, one of Lock Haven's merchants. Our fishing ground was Eddy Lick Run, reached via Beech Creek, Clearfield, on the Southwestern Railroad. In one day we took 245 of the speckled beauties. We had intended to stay two or three days, but Messrs. Wait and Dunn, being expert anglers, filled our basket in one day, and we returned fully satisfied. Deer and bear are reported plenty in that locality, also on Pine Creek. I am sorry to say deer are being hunted daily with and without hounds, entirely regardless of the closed season. One fellow was watching a lick on the run that we were fishing. I saw several cuts both on Pine and Beech creeks, chained up at lumbermen's camps. Lovers of beautiful wild scenery could find no better place to enjoy it than a trip over both the Pine Creek and the Beech Creek, Clearfield, and Southwestern Railroad.—A. N. P.

PHILADELPHIA FISHING NOTES.—July 27.—During the week there has been a run of bluefish at Barnegat Inlet, the fish, however, were not large, but many were caught. Weakfish and sea bass are biting well at the same grounds. At Cape May this week the Porpoise Fishing Company captured twenty-three large porpoises and two immense sharks at one haul. They were drawn up on the beach and their throats cut to prevent them from struggling. A fine black bass was taken in the Schuylkill River, under Girard Avenue Bridge, on Wednesday last, by a fisherman who was after "catfishes," the fish was a two-pounder. It is of very rare occurrence that a bass is caught so low down in the Schuylkill. From Betterton no news comes that the large perch have begun to bite. Later on they will appear.—HOMO.

PENNSYLVANIA.—An angler residing at Frankford informs us that numbers of white catfish have lately been captured in the Delaware at Bridesburg wharf and at the mouth of Frankford Creek. The latter place a quarter of a century ago was a favorite resort to fish for perch, and at times some fair catches are still made there. Dr. Burgin, of Germantown, tells us that he lately had some very fair black bass fishing in the Perkiomen Creek, a half mile or more above its mouth. He fished there with artificial flies on several days and took a number of good-sized specimens, the largest weighing one pound and three-quarters. He found a fly with a yellow body to be the most killing.—Germantown Telegraph.

COLOR OF LEADERS.—Paterson, N. J.—Editor Forest and Stream: I have read with great interest the various articles on the "Best Color for Leaders." I first made experiments in staining gut according to the recipes in a book on angling, but the recipes were so difficult to produce that I gave it up. This book stated that the gut should be soaked in a boiling mixture of three ingredients for several hours. What effect does boiling produce on gut? Simply this: It reduces its strength, and it frays and wears out almost directly when exposed to friction and moisture. After many experiments I came to the conclusion that ink answers best for staining gut. I hereby give two recipes, hoping that they may be of use to some of your readers. Slate (or neutral) color.—The ink sold by the American News Co. answers best. To one bottle of ink add a tablespoonful of vinegar. Soak the gut in the above mixture until the desired stain is produced. Blue color.—Arnold's ink used according to the above direction produces this stain.—FRED.

"MEAT-HAWK'S" RHYMES.—Editor Forest and Stream: Will you permit me to acknowledge through the FOREST AND STREAM the receipt of responses to my rhymes, from the following: "S. D. K.," Florida; "J. A. H.," Kentucky; "Tommy Hawk," Ontario; "Sangwillah," Maryland; "C. J. T.," Michigan; "E. R. W.," New York; "Mephistopheles," Pennsylvania; "Mud," New York; "Youngster," Massachusetts; "Ishnep Results," Virginia; "A. I. J.," Vermont; "H. C. M.," New York; "J. D. V.," Pennsylvania; "Reebuck," New Jersey; "Fish-Hawk," Pennsylvania. So soon as all are in I will send them to you to print.—MEAT-HAWK. [That was not the bargain. We will perhaps print a few.]

COLORADO.—Hot Sulphur Springs, July 20.—Editor Forest and Stream: Legally, the trout fishing season opened here July 1, practically, it began about the 10th, when the streams had for the first time fallen enough for the fish to take fly or hopper. Since that date it has improved rapidly, and sportsmen now come in daily with good strings of large, fine fish, in perfect condition. The largest catch I have heard of was one man forty pounds of dressed fish on Wednesday evening and all day Thursday last. The best sport is now in smaller streams, but many fish are taken from Grand River. The latter is yet rather full for first-class sport.—W. N. B.

"OLD HICKORY" BEWARE.—Ilion, N. Y., July 25.—The kingfisher business drags slowly; the sky is pretty well cleared of them. 102 killed in five years, and millions of fish saved for the fish hogs.—J. D. H.

Fishculture.

THE WHITEFISHES OF NORTH AMERICA.

[A paper read before the American Fishcultural Association.]

BY TARLETON H. BEAN, M.D., M.S.

Curator of the Department of Fishes of the U. S. National Museum.

THE whitefishes, properly so called, all belong to the genus *Coregonus*, which, however, admits of division into several minor groups, based chiefly upon the character of the mouth and the form of the body. We have, in North America, twelve recognizable species, one of which is now apparently for the first time distinguished by name. These species are usually of wide distribution, and subject to great variation with age and surroundings, making it difficult for the student to sharply define them by the use of characters which are generally believed to have specific value. An attempt is made to set forth the relations of these twelve species by calling attention to the peculiarities which seem to be most important and least subject to variation. The form of the mouth, the structure of the gill-rakers, the size of the species, and, in some cases, the length of the fin-bases, appear to serve the purposes of classification best; but it is difficult to apply any fixed formulae of definition and little to be wondered at that most of our common forms have been described over and over again since they were originally introduced into the literature.

I have placed along with the whitefishes that magnificent species, the finest of all fishes closely related to *Coregonus*, the *Inconnu* of the McKenzie and Yukon regions. This well-flavored species grows to four feet in length and is known to have reached fifty pounds in weight. From an examination of the Russian *Stenodus leucichthys*, I am inclined to think that the American *Inconnu* is identical with the species of Gildenstadt, and, if so, the range of the species is much more extensive than we have supposed. It may be, also, that several of the Alaskan species of *Coregonus* will prove to be identical with Siberian forms; but we are unable to state anything definite about this at present.

The whitefishes are among the most important, economically, of all fishes. I need refer only to the fisheries of our great lakes to verify this statement. In the northern regions of America, also, they constitute one of the chief sources of food supply. These fishes possess many natural advantages over other inhabitants of the waters—they do not prey upon one another and their movements are not checked by dams and similar obstructions. They yield vast numbers of eggs, which are readily developed artificially, and it has recently been demonstrated that the young fry can be reared in confinement. All of the species but two have excellent food qualities and they exist in great abundance. We may well protect and cultivate these fishes whose importance and possibilities can scarcely be overestimated.

NORTH AMERICAN SPECIES OF COREGONUS.

- A. Lower jaw included; gill-rakers about 30 or fewer, moderately long, or short and thick.
 - a. Gill-rakers moderately long; maxilla $\frac{1}{4}$ head, or more.
 - b. Tongue with teeth; gill-rakers 23....*labradoricus*.
 - bb. Tongue toothless, or nearly so.
 - c. Nape arched and thick; gill-rakers 26-30....*clupeiformis*.
 - cc. Nape arched and much compressed; gill-rakers 26....*nelsonii*.
 - aa. Gill-rakers short; maxilla 1-5 head....($\frac{1}{4}$ in *williamsonii*).
 - d. Mouth inferior.
 - e. Body elongate; maxilla about 1-5 head; gill-rakers 17....*quadrilobus*.
 - ee. Body oblong; maxilla about $\frac{1}{4}$ head; gill-rakers 23....*williamsonii*.
 - dd. Mouth not inferior, jaws nearly equal; maxilla about 1-5 head; gill-rakers 22....*kennicottii*.
 - AA. Lower jaw projecting, or jaws subequal; gill-rakers more than 30, long and slender.
 - f. Body deep; scales little convex behind; gill-rakers 48....*tulibee*.
 - ff. Body oblong or elongate; scales strongly convex behind.
 - g. Eye moderate ($\frac{1}{4}$ to 1-5 length of head).
 - h. Dorsal base longer than post-orbital of head; gill-rakers 36....*lauretta*.
 - hh. Dorsal base shorter than post-orbital part of head.

- i. Teeth on premaxillaries and tongue; gill-rakers 30-41
.....*nigripinnis*.
ii. Premaxillary and tongue toothless; gill-rakers 40-52
.....*artedi*.
gg. Eye large (2-7 to 1-3 length of head); size small.
kk. Anal rays 10; gill-rakers 55.....*hoylei*.
ll. Anal rays 14; gill-rakers 45.....*merlei* subsp.

1. *Stenodus mackenzii* Rich. *Inconnu*.
Lucioperca mackenzii Gunther, Cat. Fish, Brit. Mus., vi., 1866, p. 104. Mackenzie's River and its tributaries; Yukon River, Alaska.
A food fish of great value; the largest of the whitefishes. Growing to four feet in length and reaching fifty pounds in weight. "It is full of spawn from September to January, when it disappears."—Dall.

2. *Coregonus labradoricus* Rich. Lake Whiting.
Great Lake region; lakes of the Adirondacks, of mountains of New England and northeastward, preferring clear, cold lakes.
It is abundant in cold, clear lakes, and in Labrador the species frequently reaches the length of eighteen inches, but in New England the average size is somewhat below this. This species may be regarded as certainly nearly related to the common whitefish, *C. clupeiformis*, from which it differs chiefly in its somewhat more decided lingual dentition and its slender body. It seems besides never to reach so large a size as the typical great lake form. It would seem that the size of the species increases somewhat in the northern portion of its habitat. This species has been erroneously placed in a group characterized by numerous long and slender gill-rakers; as a matter of fact the gill-rakers are not more numerous in this species than in *williamsoni* and *kennicottii*. The oldest name for this species is the one here employed, but the New England form has since been described by Prescott in the *American Journal of Science and Arts*, 1851, under the name of *Coregonus neohantoniensis*.

3. *Coregonus clupeiformis* (Mitch.), Milner. Common whitefish. Great lakes; British America.
This is one of the most important of all the whitefishes; it has been extensively reared by artificial methods and distributed as widely as New Zealand. The Osego Lake form is said to be the most southerly in the United States, but *williamsoni* occurs in rivers of Utah.

This is the common whitefish, and is the object of the most important of the fisheries of the great lake region. We have the typical form of this species from Lake Champlain to the eastward, and from Manitoba to the westward. The range of this fish has also been greatly extended by artificial introduction. The maximum weight of the species is said to be twenty-two pounds, but the average weight will perhaps scarcely reach ten pounds. The reported occurrence of this species in the Yukon River, Alaska, is perhaps unwarranted, a re-examination of our Alaskan material showing that the supposed *C. clupeiformis* of the Yukon is really *C. kennicottii*, a species which grows to even a larger size than *C. clupeiformis*, but which is really not very closely related to that species.

It is worthy of mention that the young of *C. clupeiformis* have a much greater number of scales in the lateral line than the adults, some examples of which are here exhibited showing as many as ninety scales, while the average number in the adult is but seventy-five.

The following additional information about the whitefish has been extracted from the published writings of Mr. J. W. Milner:

The fishes are not evenly distributed throughout the lake, but range in large colonies and run near the shore at different points, while the majority of localities may be destitute of fish.

The statistics of nine principal fish markets on the lakes show the proportion of lake herring handled to be one-sixth, while the low rates herring command in the markets would produce only about one-thirtieth of the amount realized from the whole quantity of fish handled. This shows the small value of the herring to the fishermen, in the herring localities. In the whole product of the lakes it would be of much less consequence.

The whitefish is found in all depths in more or less abundance, not only in the spawning season, but at all times. Young whitefish seek the surface, and they are strong and vigorous from the time they leave the egg. In their early life, therefore, they are not much preyed upon by voracious fishes, and the swarms of cyprinoids and *Chirostoma* (h) which are abundant at the surface at the same time, form a large part of the food of such predaceous species as do come to the surface.

4. *Coregonus nelsoni* Bean. Hump-back whitefish. Bean, Proc. U. S. Nat. Mus., VII., 1884, p. 48.
Known from Alaska only, occurring from the Bristol Bay region northward to the extremity of the territory.

This species which was until recently undescribed, has long been known from Alaska, but it has been confounded with a Siberian species, *C. snyderi*, from which it is really very different. The Russian name of the species is *Korabati*. The Tinnah tribes of the Yukon call it *Kolokith*. Mr. Dall, in the report of the Commissioner of Agriculture for 1870, p. 386, speaks of it as a common species characterized by the strongly arched back and broad tail. He says it is rather bony and inferior in flavor, and that it is generally used for dog food, except in times of scarcity.

It is related to *C. clupeiformis* and *C. labradoricus*. From *clupeiformis* it may readily be distinguished by its greatly arched and much compressed back. The body is oblong and compressed; the head is one-fifth as long as the fish without the caudal; the maxilla extends to the front margin of the eye and is about one-fourth as long as the head; the gill-rakers are only moderately long, the longest a little more than one-half length of eye, and their number is about twenty-six. The greatest height of the body is a little more than one-fourth of the total length in the typical example, which is about fourteen and one-half inches long to caudal base. The adipose fin is large and scaled for nearly half its height. The ventrals are a little nearer the tip of the snout than to the root of the caudal. They are about as long as the head without the snout; D. 12; A. 12; scales 10-88-10. The type of the species is No. 29,903, taken at Nulato, Alaska, by Mr. E. W. Nelson, to whom the species is dedicated in recognition of his important zoological researches in that territory.

5. *Coregonus quadrilateralis* Richardson. Round whitefish: (h) Krug (Russian); Shad Waiier; Round-fish. Lakes of New England; Upper Great Lakes; Slave Lake; Kodiak; Yukon River; rivers of Arctic North America (Gunther).

C. quadrilateralis is apparently the most widely distributed of all the whitefishes, and naturally is subject to much variation. In the Yukon River region the form of the head is somewhat different from that of the ordinary Eastern type, and, strangely enough, this variation of the head is repeated in some of the Maine lakes. The appearance of this species on the Island of Kodiak, which is separated from the mainland of Alaska by a wide and deep ocean channel, is one of the most interesting of recent discoveries in the ichthyology of Alaska. *C. quadrilateralis* is a small and slender species, seldom exceeding fifteen inches in length, but its quality is excellent. It is noteworthy that this species has a smaller number of gill-rakers than any other species of the North American whitefishes. Prescott, in the journal already referred to, re-described this whitefish under the name *Coregonus novae-angliae*.

6. *Coregonus williamsoni* Girard. Rocky Mountain whitefish; Chief Mountain whitefish.
Coregonus couesii Milner, Rept. U. S. Comm. Fish. for 1872 and 1873 (1874), p. 88.

Clear streams and lakes from the Rocky Mountains to the Pacific, northward to Oregon; found also in tributaries

of the Saskatchewan and of the Upper Missouri. Recently received from Mill Creek, Oregon, whence it was sent by Col. I. R. Moores. This is an abundant and valuable food fish.

The size of *Coregonus williamsoni* is small, about equal to that of *C. quadrilateralis*, which it closely resembles; it has, usually, a larger maxilla and less elongate body, and the number of gill-rakers is somewhat larger. The Chief Mountain whitefish (*C. couesii* Milner) is now known to be identical with *Coregonus williamsoni*.

7. *Coregonus kennicottii* Milner. Broad whitefish.
Known in Alaska from the Kuskokwim Basin to Meade River in the extreme northern part of the territory.

This is the *mukson* of the Russians, a name transferred from a Siberian species of similar appearance. The broad whitefish reaches the weight of thirty pounds, ranking next in size to the *Inconnu* only. It has a short head, remarkably small subequal jaws, and its body is very thick. It is a food fish of great excellence. Dall states that it is abundant in both winter and summer, spawning in September in the small streams falling into the Yukon.

8. *Coregonus tullibeei* Rich. Tullibee.
Great lakes and northward into British America.

This singular and handsome species is said to grow to a length of eighteen inches. Its body is deeper than in any of the other whitefishes, and the scales are deep but very narrow, giving the fish a unique and unmistakable appearance. Richardson had a specimen from Pine Island Lake, in north latitude 54 degrees.

9. *Coregonus lawretta* Bean. (h) *Morskoi ciga* (Russian). Kuskokwim region, and northward to Point Barrow, Alaska.

This species is not large, rarely exceeding three pounds in weight, but it is a very important source of food wherever it occurs. It resembles the lake herring, *C. artedi*, somewhat, but has fewer gill-rakers and a much longer dorsal base. In the Yukon it is particularly abundant and is one of the best-flavored of the *Coregoni*, becoming the staple article of food in winter, according to Mr. Dall.

10. *Coregonus nigripinnis* (Gill) Jor. Bluefin; blackfin. Lake Michigan, in deep water; deep lakes in Wisconsin, from the vicinity of Madison, Wisconsin, whence it has been sent by Fish Commissioner Welch.

This species is locally abundant, as, for example, in Grand Traverse Bay. Milner reported as follows concerning it: *Coregonus nigripinnis* is most abundant in seventy or more fathoms and is seldom taken in the fishing season, even in as great a depth as fifty fathoms. At Grand Haven, Mich., where a line of steamers keeps the harbor open throughout the winter, the fishermen take the blackfin in quantities within thirty or forty fathoms in the month of December. The blackfin grows to eighteen inches in length, surpassing *C. artedi* in size and differing from it, also, in having evident teeth on premaxillaries and tongue.

11. *Coregonus artedi* Le Sueur. Lake herring; Cisco; Michigan herring.
Great lakes and northeastward to Labrador, the eye becoming larger and certain other characters varying to the northeastward. This species has considerable commercial importance.

12. *Coregonus artedi*, var. *sisco* Jordan. Cisco. Small lakes of Michigan, Wisconsin and Indiana. A form of the preceding modified by residence in small, deep lakes.

13. *Coregonus hoyi* (Gill) Jordan. Lake moon-eye; Cisco (Lake Michigan); Smelt (Western New York). Lake Michigan and Lake Ontario, in deep water; lakes of Western New York, where it sometimes dies mysteriously in great numbers.

14. *Coregonus merlei* Gunther subsp. *Nulatoski ciga* (Russian). Known from Yukon River and Hotham Inlet, Alaska. A small species, thin and bony, rarely exceeding a half pound in weight; little used as food in Alaska. It differs from typical *merlei* in several particulars.

15. *Coregonus lavareus* L. Marene. Great lakes of Switzerland, Tyrol, Pomerania, Mecklenburg, and Sweden.
This fine, large species, the type of the genus *Coregonus*, comes into the series containing our common whitefish, *C. clupeiformis*. It has about thirty gill-rakers of moderate length, and the lower jaw is included. In size and extent of distribution as well as in amount of variation, as expressed by the numerous synonyms of the word *lavareus*, the two bear a strong resemblance to each other. The *marene* in its adult condition is readily distinguished at sight by its numerous and rather deep scales; but I suspect that it will be difficult to separate the young of the two, especially since we have common whitefish from Lake Superior with as many as ninety scales, the usual number in some of the variations of *lavareus*.

Four hundred and nine were placed, April 14, 1877, in Lake Gardner, Otsego Co., Michigan. The history of the *marene* since its introduction into America by the U. S. Fish Commissioner is not known to me.

CARP IN THE SUSQUEHANNA.—About two weeks ago a curious crowd had gathered around a large tub in one of our hotels which contained a fish belonging to a species unknown to the oldest inhabitants of this town. The same was shipped to the Smithsonian Institute for identification, and proved to be a German carp. This is the first instance of German carp being taken in the Susquehanna. The fish was a fine specimen, weighing probably four pounds. He was taken in a set net below the Columbia Dam. Where did he come from?—A. C. KRUEGER (Wrightsville, Pa., July 22, 1884).

GROWTH OF CARP.—Lyles, Lancaster County, Pa., July 23.—On the 10th of last May I put sixty carp in my pond; they were of last year's spawn and ran from one and a half to two and a half inches in length. Just seventy-one days afterward, having occasion to draw off most of the water, I caught four leather carp. The largest measured eleven inches in length, the others from one to two inches shorter. This was not guessed or estimated length, but actual measurement with a rule. Was not that extraordinary for even a German carp?—J. J. C.

THE IOWA COMMISSION.—The Governor of Iowa has appointed Mr. A. W. Aldrich, of Anamosa, in place of Mr. B. F. Shaw.

THE FISH LINE ROBBER.—George W. Bennett, a bank janitor, of Elizabeth, who was sent to the State prison for robbing the bank, died in prison of consumption June 15. He was sentenced on November 11, 1882. When the circumstances of his case are recalled, the man will be well remembered. It was he who used a fish line and sinker and shoemaker's wax to steal with. He set the line down on the teller's desk, and the sinker being waxed was deposited on bills which clung to the sinker as he drew it up to the ceiling of the bank and through a hole into his own room. He was the first man ever heard of to use fishing tackle for burglarious purposes, and the newspapers at the time of its occurrence made a great ado over it.

WHY HE WAS POSITIVE.—"You swear positively that it was on Sunday morning that you heard the woman shout for help?" "Yes, your Honor, positively." "This affair occurred some months ago. Couldn't it have been Saturday morning, or Monday morning, instead of Sunday morning?" "Impossible, your Honor." "But why?" insisted the Judge. "Man's memory is not infallible. Why are you so positive that it was Sunday morning?" "Because when I first heard the cry for help I was out in the back yard digging anguloworms."—N. Y. Sun.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES. BENCH SHOWS.

Sept. 1 to 6.—Bench Show of the Lancaster County Fair Association Lancaster, Pa. Entries close Aug. 30. J. B. Long, Secretary, 6 West King street, Lancaster, Pa.

Sept. 9, 10 and 11.—Third Annual Bench Show of the Montreal Kennel Club. Chas. Lincoln, Superintendent. J. S. Wall, Secretary, P. O. Box 1,246, Montreal, Canada.

Sept. 16, 17 and 18.—Collie Bench Show and Field Trials of the Ontario Collie Club, Toronto, Ont. Entries close Aug. 23. Mr. H. J. Hill, Secretary, Toronto.

Sept. 16, 17, 18 and 19.—Bench Show of the Philadelphia Kennel Club. Chas. Lincoln, Superintendent. Mr. Benj. C. Satterthwaite, Secretary.

Oct. 5, 9, 10 and 11.—Third Annual Bench Show of the Danbury Agricultural Society, Danbury, Conn. E. S. Davis, Superintendent, Danbury, Conn.

Oct. 31, 22, 23 and 24.—First Annual Fall Bench Show of the Westminster Kennel Club, Madison Square Garden, New York. Mr. Chas. Lincoln, Superintendent.

FIELD TRIALS.

Dec. 8.—Sixth Annual Trials of the National American Kennel Club at Canton, Miss. D. Bryson, Secretary, Memphis, Tenn.

A. K. R.

THE AMERICAN KENNEL REGISTER, for the registration of pedigrees, etc. (with prize lists of all shows and trials), is published every month. Entries close on the 1st. Should be in early. Entry blanks sent on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope. Registration fee (25 cents) must accompany each entry. No entries inserted unless paid in advance. Yearly subscription \$1. Address "American Kennel Register," P. O. Box 2832, New York. Number of entries already printed 1407. Volume I., bound in cloth, sent postpaid, \$1.50.

POINTERS AT NEW YORK.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I don't propose to reply in detail to Mr. Mason's letter which appeared in your paper last week, since it is so full of false statements and insinuations, that it would compel the denial of each and every one. Justice to myself and others, however, compels me to deny his assertion that I ever had any pecuniary interest in the paper he mentions, or ever contributed one cent toward it other than my subscription and advertisements, for which I always paid the regular advertised rates. I feel confident the same can be said of Mr. Sterling. Mr. Pilkington of England, who bred Meteor, sent him to St. Louis saying he was by Garnet and out of Jilt. This is sufficient. Mr. A. C. Waddell of Topeka, Kan., writes me under date of the 24 inst. "Mr. Mason has no authority in any way to state that I sent Beaufort a better dog than Meteor." * * * I never said so. JOHN W. MUNSON.
St. Louis, July 26.

THE LAVERACK SETTERS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

It is very evident that "Rusticus," in reply to my hastily-written article under the above heading, which appeared in FOREST AND STREAM of July 17, intends that I shall better explain myself after using the following sentence in reference to the Laverack setters: "In the stud they are priceless, in the field useless." It was, perhaps, unfortunate that I was so emphatic in placing a great value on the dogs of this breed for stud purposes without more fully describing where I thought the greatest benefit would be derived from the blood. After having pointed out in my letter the faults of the Laverack setters I had imported and bred as I saw them (and I am free to confess every failing noticed should never be possessed by a field dog), the high-appearing quality of the breed, their fine texture of coat and general symmetry of outline are points to be desired in every setter, more especially in those that are being bred for bench show purposes. It was just here where I intended it to be known that the Laverack blood, in my opinion, was most useful if it could be utilized without carrying with it the baneful taint that would be hurtful in a field dog, and expressed myself that the breed was useless for working purposes. I am sure others who have had any experience with the Laverack setters will agree with me in reference to the faults I have named, and it surprises me when "Rusticus," who has seen almost as much of the breed as myself, makes it appear by writing "if 'Homo' is correct in his premises that he is of different opinion, I yield the palm to him as a much older and more experienced breeder than myself, and am sure the readers of FOREST AND STREAM would be greatly interested in learning his estimation of the Laverack setter and that of all unbiased sportsmen who have owned and tried them in the field." Come, "Rusticus." HOMO.

THE POINTER PROTEST.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The following extracts from a letter which appeared in a Western contemporary last week calls for a reply:

"New York.—I think, out of respect to the gentlemen who have been insulted by this protest and in justice to myself, I should make an explanation as to the manner in which my name became signed as one of the protestants against the pointer judging at the New York show. Mr. Mason called at my office and informed me that all the pointer exhibitors were going to sign a protest against Mr. Sterling's decisions and wished to know if I would sign it. I told him I would consider the matter. I needed but a short time for consideration, and sent him a letter saying that I would not sign the protest. I also wrote to my friend, Mr. A. A. Whipple (who was an exhibitor), and requested him not to sign the protest, and no one could have been more surprised than myself when my name appeared. I should have considered myself ungrateful had I consented to have my name attached to the protest after I learned the nature of it. I should have sent to you this explanation sooner, but on account of sickness in my family I was detained at my country home.—A. McCOLLUM."

First let me ask what Mr. McCollum means by "out of respect to the gentlemen who have been insulted by this protest." Unless Mr. McCollum is permanently blind, he must have seen that the protest was against the decisions of Mr. Sterling. Mr. McCollum says I called at his office. Mr. McCollum wrote me requesting me to call at his house (not at his office), as he wished to see me in regard to breeding a bitch (owned by Mr. Whipple of Kansas city, Mo.) to Beaufort. There is a slight difference between calling at a person's house and being sent for, at least I imagine so. Before leaving Mr. McCollum's house (not his office) I alluded to the protest. Mr. M. asked me for the names of those who had already indorsed it, and after hearing them told me to add his name. I asked him if he thought that Mr. Whipple would wish to indorse the protest, and he replied that he would write Mr. W. I took the precaution, however, to write Mr. W. myself, and that gentleman replied that though many of the decisions were altogether at variance with his ideas, he did not feel justified in allowing the use of his name, as he had not had a lengthy experience. That was honest. If Mr. McCollum ever wrote me to take his name off the list (which I don't believe he did), all I can say is that I never received his letter. Mr. McCollum says that Mr. W. is a friend of his. He may be, but one thing is certain, and that is that Mr. M. never saw Mr. W. but once, and that at the last New York show. Mr. McCollum would have sent his explanation sooner, "but on account of sickness in his family he was detained at his country home," etc. If Mr. McCollum will give himself the trouble to look into the columns of the paper

he refers to, he will find that his name was never alluded to, and the protest was printed but in two papers, *FOREST AND STREAM* and *Turf, Field and Farm*. How, then, can Mr. M. support his statement that because he did not get his paper he could not explain sooner? Mr. M. ignores the fact that he was not detained at his country house, for I called on him in New York July 1, and though he was out on business he was, or would have been, home in ten minutes, and had I had the time to spare I should have seen him; as it was, I was deprived of the pleasure. Mr. McCollom sees *FOREST AND STREAM* every week, also the other papers, whether he is at his "country house" or at his "house in the city," and it is a little late in the day to try to get out of adding his name to a protest which appeared six weeks ago.

What Mr. McCollom said about the judging of pointers at New York is known to a score of people. I will not write what he said, for you, Mr. Editor, would not print it if I did. I will simply add that he denounced it in the strongest language, and especially the awards in the champion large dog class and the small champion bitch class. Said Mr. McCollom, "I would not give \$25 for Meteor and Vanity together," and Mr. McCollom showed good judgment. There is really no perceptible reason why Mr. McCollom should toady to anybody, and I take him to be strong enough to resist influence. I can assure him that he has nothing to fear. He shall not be barred from exhibiting, neither shall he be excluded from dog shows, though he might be from "bench" shows. What once was cannot be again.

"The past is as a story told,
The future may be writ in gold."

The anonymous letters of "Pious H.," "Starring," "Ah-Pe," and "Il-Bore," in the same paper, are so much alike that we might conclude they are written by the same individual. They only can carry weight with people of the same social standing as the writer of them. Gentlemen and sportsmen hate cowardice, and supreme contempt is the reply of gentlemen to such productions.

"Affect a candor which thou canst not feel,
Clothe envy in the garb of honest zeal."

CHARLES H. MASON.

TOMPKINSVILLE, Staten Island.

ENGLISH KENNEL NOTES.

X.

YOU will have to decide for yourselves what sized beagles will suit you best—of course depends upon the work they are required for. I got the following letter in a round about way, and though for certain reasons I have not been able to ask permission to publish it, yet I hope should the writer see himself in print he will accept my apology for making use of his information:

"DEAR SIR—There was no need to introduce yourself with so many excuses, the fact that you are a sportsman is sufficient. It is a trouble I will always gladly accept to assist in raising interest in pure breeds, especially that one in which I take a particular interest, viz., the basset hounds. You are correctly informed that the two couples Lord Aylesford took out to the United States were from my kennel. Agreeably to your wish I made a call on his lordship to learn his opinion on the breed's future in America, and to find out what he thinks of beagles for hunting over there. 'Am I pleased with the basset hounds?' asked his lordship. 'Of course I am. I have had some good fun with them in Texas; they are the most amusing dogs I know, and as for hunting, well their love of it almost amounts to a fault, for when they are out doing it to please you, if you don't look out they'll be off to please themselves.'

"What do the Americans think of the breed, anyhow? I asked.

"Like them immensely, and want them badly; look here, that's a letter I received." It was from Mr. Chamberlain of New York, asking Lord Aylesford if he could not spare a bitch from his imported hounds. Mr. Chamberlain's hound Nemours, that took a prize in New York, he bought as a puppy of me when he was in England. His lordship told me he intended to take back several more to increase his small stock in Texas. I next asked about the beagles, and his description of jack-rabbit hunting opened my eyes a bit. If these American hares go to ground like our rabbits, then certainly the twelve-inch beagle, or better the basset hound, would do, but on the other hand, when you get a run with them, Lord Aylesford doesn't see anything less than harriers can be of use, such a rate do they go, and in fact his lordship intends to take out with him in the autumn several couples of harriers. Among his basset hounds will be Texas Fino, a full brother to Fino VI. He is a grand little hound and shows his pedigree. He is a son of champion Fino V., and so grandson of champion Fino de Paris. On his dam's side he is related to Guinevere and Theo, so Texas Fino is of the purest Count le Couteux de Couteux strain and Artesian type. I am sorry I cannot tell you more about beagles, they are a breed I have not studied, but I shall be happy to give you the address of a friend of mine who was lately master of a well-known pack, and whose writings over the nom de plume of 'Beagle' are familiar to the readers of the *Field*. If you write to him I am certain he would be pleased to tell you his experience."

There was a small but not uninteresting class of beagles at the Crystal Palace Show on the 1st of July. Mr. Beck showed three beauties, one of them taking first prize. This was Myrtle, by Minstrel—Handmaid. She has already taken honors at Warwick and is a sort that would fill the eye of your fourteen-inch men. To my mind she is too light for a hound, too much the style of a fox-terrier, inclined to be light, shelly, leggy, not substance enough to do a hard day's work but undeniably pretty and full of quality. I liked the same owner's Abigail much better. She is a Birmingham winner and though in excellent condition was only he, here. She has a far truer beagle hound type of head than her kennel mate Myrtle. Honesty II., from the same kennel, deserved the vhc. I only saw one of Mr. E. J. Carew-Gibson's entries, Sportsman II., an extraordinary cur, not worth his chain and collar, a little lumbering clumsy dwarf, he looked like a bad cross with a basset hound, and though stated to be only four years old is as gray as a badger. I saw a letter in the papers from Mr. Carew saying his other had run away, was too modest to show itself I should think.

Now, a puff is not a puff unless the writer makes something out of it, and as I don't know Mr. W. H. Parker from Adam, what I have to say about his two entries may benefit him and may benefit the breed, but I can't get anything out of it. I think his Freeland Countess and Freeland Duchess, second and vhc., are as perfect a little couple as ever I saw. I know not what they may be at the shoulder, but I should guess 12 inches. They are compact and substantial, with wonderful bone for such small hounds, and the very type, I fear, is being lost. Their pedigree runs through generations of fashionable strains, they are only a year old, and were catalogued at £12 each. I did not hear if they were claimed, but I consider they were the cheapest dogs in the show. My fingers itched to sign a check for them. They are a pair of models.

The show was a splendid sight, and all the celebrities of the canine world were there; but I am amazed to hear that the attendance was so poor that the club must lose some £200. What has come over the public, I wonder; dog shows used to be so popular, and now from all sides we hear of this falling off in patronage.

Has perhaps the continual harping on hydrophobia in the papers had something to do with it? If this is so the public are curiously illogical, for there is less chance of being bitten by a mad dog in a show of 1,500 dogs than there is in the street. Bench dogs have an average value of let us say £5,

that is putting it very low, most of them come from fanciers' kennels, and are accompanied by some of their mates, and the public may take it for granted that their cares and wants, sanitary arrangements, etc., are in all cases more efficient than those of the nightly slum inhabitants of our great cities. What the respective credit to the fancier and the "parish" may be, I leave for discussion to more serious writers than myself.

Most owners see all their own dogs every day, or this is just as effectually carried out by a responsible keeper, and if one of his charges shows a change in his demeanor, is moping or refuses his food—"There's something the matter with Floss; kennel her by herself." The dog's own value is considered and at once the safety of the rest of the kennel. I have never heard of the appearance of hydrophobia in a fancier's kennel that was not observed in its most early stage. In large hunting kennels, I regret to record, that my memory is against them. Some foreigners even reproach us with carrying attention to our animals too far, and jeeringly recall to mind the caricature that appeared when times were so bad in the coal districts, of a gaunt-looking miner affectionately watching his bull pup drinking the milk, while the rest of the famished household look on with hungry eyes. Even in this scene a philosopher, deep as the brutality may appear, might illuminate some fine trait of human nature concealed beneath the surface.

It is among gutter curs that hydrophobia breaks out, these wretched, ownerless, slinking creatures, that seem as frightened of a policeman as a street arab. I remember speaking to a large breeder on this subject, and he observed: "I bucket more pups than most people rear, but I never give any away, because I found that people thought nothing and cared nothing for what cost them nothing; but if they pay a fiver for their pups, they will look after their money on four legs."

I think I could win a champion prize for wandering from my subject. I have brought myself a long way from the Crystal Palace. Of course the show was in the grounds under canvas, the weather was made to order, all that was required was visitors. I saw fewer ornaments of the fair sex than at previous gatherings. Of course Lady Lamb and Mrs. Merrick Hoare were present to see their pets were not neglected.

Mr. Lort, the popular, complaisant, all-round judge, disappointed, so extra work was thrown on the others. There were one or two novices, among them Mr. Groom and Mr. Pirie. The first named looked happy when he saw the long line of boardwalks that had come to ask his opinion. I watched Mr. Pirie judging the collies, and though I can't say he appeared to be enjoying himself, yet there was a quiet determination about the chief of the North that said he meant to do his independent best; his own opinion was good enough for him whether it pleased friends or foes. Of such stuff doggy men can feel proud to know their modern judges are made of.

We have progressed in great strides since dog shows were freed from the beery patronage of Mr. Bung, but I don't despise those old fanciers who assembled Saturday nights at the "Spotted Dogs" and "Magpies" and in their sand-floor rooms held their little shows on the deal table, and where the prizes were silver collars and pewter pots. They hold to present times a position analogous to the "original members" of a modern social club. Their judges were "open to reason," of course, which sometimes took the form of "What'll you take?" and at others broken heads.

They were succeeded by the skimpole type of judge, anxious to oblige everybody. These were generally born in the North; theirs were happy natures. As they entered the ring their eyes would usually scan the exhibitors' faces, while they hummed to themselves "Should auld acquaintance be forgot, and never brought to min?" Eh, well, *autres temps, autres mœurs*—not that I can say the *mœurs* are much improved.

Mr. Shirley, as usual, was very busy. How much the Kennel Club owe to him they will only realize when he is gone. There was a Benedict air about him.

Mr. Ubiquitous Berrie was, as usual, judging half the show, "forjourns Berrie," the exhibitor sometimes sighs. I saw this toy-dog patriarch picnicking all by himself on the Heeting sandwich and bilious sherry, with a tent peg for his seat, "to save time." His "expenses" won't cost the show much.

Mr. Stephen, as manager, satisfactorily accomplished his duties and without fuss; I have seen other managers work as hard, but I have never seen one smoke more cigars.

The novelty class this time was composed of the Chinese edible dogs, chow chows they call them. If I had a kennel of them I should keep a sharp look out for moon-faced tramps from the flowery land. I read in the papers that they have founded a Chinese school of cookery at the Health Exhibition in London. Would not the exhibitors and breeders hurry through the turnstile to see Mr. Francatelli taunting in the spottish white of a *cordon bleu* dishing up the "friend of man" for the degustation of Mesdemoiselles Phryne and Aspasia.

Going through the benches at the Palace I was struck with the magnificent class of St. Bernards; mastiffs were also a grand lot. There was one serious slip in the judging in the bitch class (puppies), the second prize was 30 points better than the lucky recipient of premier honors. The report in the *Gazette*, which is the official organ of the Kennel Club, is written by the judges themselves, and I quite expected Mr. Sydney Turner would avail himself of the opportunity to admit he had slipped; but he has excused himself. You know the proverb about "who excuses himself," etc., but perhaps he is right; it would be rather weak, after all, to admit the blunder.

He has preferred to "face the music," to use an expression employed by your epistolary correspondent, Mr. Beaufort Mason.

This remark leads me to say I did not think much of our pointers in the open classes. In fact, I believe a team could be chosen from your side of the strack that would walk away from us.

Nor were the setters any better, and Mr. Foulteroy managed to "spot" the wrong ones with an exasperating consistency. Others may agree with his judgment in putting Sting over Sir Alister, I don't. Sting is a beautiful lemon and white and a pure Laverack, which Sir Alister is not, and Sting also had the pull in condition, but everywhere else Sir Alister is first fiddle.

All Sir Alister's pups bear a strong resemblance to their patrician sire; they generally inherit his belton color and ticks. Two of his produce won first and second in the open class—Sir Colin Kendal, a lovely dog with excellent legs, and Sir Kent, rather the reverse in that particular. The winner, Prince Fred, by Emperor, is also a grand setter. I was surprised not to see even a card over Mr. Salter's pretty bitch, Magic Lantern; she is a color rare nowadays, the liver belton, a little leggy, but to leave her unnoticed was a mistake. The second prize, Dashing Rose, is a common bitch, and got her honor by a fluke. Another one left out in the cold, Bonnie Bell, a pure Laverack and good enough to have won. Lady Westmoreland is a nice bitch and nearly as good as Bonnie Bell.

My old friend Boss III., deservedly added a bracket to his Warwick win, he is the best Clumber I have ever seen. The bulldogs were a sight to see, all celebrities were there, Monarch, Britomartis, Taurus, Big Ben, etc. Mr. A. H. Clarke spreadeagled the fox-terriers with his victorious little Result.

The coming shows are Cardiff, Darlington and Tunbridge Wells. Birmingham, too, is buckling on her armor, she will have to work hard to maintain her ancient fame. All the night of the Kennel Club will be brought into the field against her.

There are some of us who think the club would do itself good to be more generous and less small-minded in this struggle against independent shows.

LILLIBULERO.

LONDON, July 15, 1884.

THE DEERHOUND.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

Knowing the interest taken in the deerhound among many American gentlemen, and thinking it may save me several letters to American correspondents, as well as being interesting to some strangers, I venture to ask you to afford me the space to describe the inmates of one of our most noted deerhound kennels, also for a few remarks I deem may be of interest to your readers concerning this beau ideal of a sporting dog, guardian and companion. Miss Edrica de la Pole's kennel of deerhounds, located at her fine old place, Shute House near, Axminster, Devon, is likely to become our leading deerhound kennel, for, although Capt. G. A. Graham and H. Chaworth Musters, Esq., are still in the van, and Mr. Hickman won't be kept back, Miss de la Pole has taken the matter up of breeding this superb variety with not only spirit and enthusiasm, but what is far better, judgment, and I may say skill.

To commence with, Miss de la Pole secured Hector. In color he is a dark brindle, of great size, standing thirty-one inches at shoulder, and girthing thirty-five round the chest. Weight in ordinary condition about 112 pounds, but could be got up heavier for exhibition. He is a lengthy animal, with long tail, great bone and capital small ears, with good, thick, hard coat. He has proved himself a sure and successful sire, his puppies coming out large, and some of great excellence. Not a big winner himself, but his stock have been very successful on the show bench. Hector has been used as a sire by most of the English breeders of deerhounds, and is highly spoken of by the veteran breeder, Capt. G. A. Graham, in Shaw's "Book of the Dog," page 227. He was then the property of Mr. Dudley, head keeper to the Marquis of Bristol, and Capt. Graham states he is "good with deer and thoroughly well bred, probably the best bred dog now extant. Hector's pedigree runs back in parts to about 1845, but the strains were valued long previously.

The second to command attention is Belle, a black brindle standing 28½ inches at shoulder, girthing 31 inches, weight 85 pounds. She is rather short in body, but shows great quality. Her coat is a trifle too soft and scanty, but she has proved herself a good breeder, and being own sister and same litter as Capt. Graham's Clutha, her blood is very valuable. Her pedigree is well traced out as far back as her great-grand-parents. Among other prizes, she took first at Crystal Palace and second at Bristol shows in 1884. Her kennel companion Meg Merriees has been parted with through being a daughter of Hector's out of H. Chaworth Musters's Glen, Miss de la Pole not caring to breed so closely.

Leaving the older and turning to the younger portion of the kennel, we have Derrig, by Hector out of Belle, born October, 1883, fawn colored and standing, now just eight months old, 28½ inches at shoulder and 30½ round chest, weight 88 pounds, long in head, with a good forearm, dark eyes and lengthy body, very fast and active, but at present rather shy in disposition. If we could induce his owner to part with him, we would much like to send this promising puppy out to one of our American correspondents, as from his high breeding he cannot fail to prove a useful sire. Clover, sister and same litter to Derrig, is also a fawn, standing 25 inches, girth 28½, with good forearm, though somewhat small, good in shape, swift and high couraged. Berger, by Cupples's Bran out of a daughter of Hector's, now nine months old, is a blue brindle, standing 27½ inches, girthing 29½, weight 72 pounds, long in body and well made, high couraged and shows a lot of breeding. The two former are the last of old Hector's get, except a litter whelped out of Los Angeles, and have not yet been exhibited, but may be expected to make their mark eventually.

The kennels themselves occupy about an acre of ground, and are built in a circle, having a large yard, as well as a run for puppies in the center. Each dog has a separate compartment about six feet square. In some the floors are brick, but others are better, being stone overlaid with tar to keep damp out. The benches all fold up and the kennels are washed out and then sawdusted daily. The dogs are healthy and distemper is a complete stranger, as it always should be, when dogs are kept properly clean. The keeper has been there sixteen years, and would show the dogs to any callers I feel confident, although strangers should always write to the owner for permission to inspect any kennel, and this one is well worthy of attention. From the earliest age the puppies are accustomed to see railway traffic, lead singly and in couples, face water and be staunch on fur. I have now set forth such information as I think will be of interest and wish my notice could have been written before the large daughters of the high-bred, aristocratic-looking Belle had left and her giant dog puppy dispatched to a purchaser in Dundee.

I will now give a short history and description of the breed, although I should advise all breeders of this variety to read for themselves the chapters on the wolfhound and deerhound, written by my friend, G. A. Graham, for Shaw's "Book of the Dogs," published by Cassell & Co., for however one-sided and faulty the work in other respects and portions, Capt. Graham's essay is a useful historical compilation.

The deerhound, like other good things claimed by Scotland, cannot be considered indigenous to that country. The land of the shamrock, sweet Ireland, has the prior claim, although the breed has been raised as a Celtic one by the poets of all ages. It was beloved by Scotland's martial bard, who stands unrivalled yet in the way he played on our chords of feeling, and although Moore was silent on the subject, Erin's poets have sung the fame of this breed, and Spencer has most touchingly described the greyhound Gleret of my countryman, Llewellyn, Prince in Wales.

Pope and others have mentioned this noble animal, and Mrs. C. Phillips composed an elegant description of the Irish greyhound in verse about the year 1660, when the breed was still common in Ireland. The Irish poets termed the dog *cu*, signifying a champion. That eminent naturalist, Colonel Hamilton Smith, pointed out that the radical word *khan* and *can* in their acceptance of power, were evidently mixed up with the idea of a dog; and in ancient British, from *cu*, a dog, head or champion, we have the title *cy nobelin* and *cy nobelin*, the head king. The element *khan* and *can* is seen in Canute. I may be permitted to add that *can* is the Irish and Scotch for head, and *cán* is the Welsh for king, *can* or *kann*, *cán*, meaning the head king or sovereign over petty princes. All these words are plainly derived from the Greek *kuon*, a dog, and the well-known term *cu* is plainly the same word in another form. Many writers have been fogged and confused over the rough Celtic greyhound, from the various terms or names it has borne owing to the work it was kept for. The proper classical name for the greyhound was *vertebra*, as used by Grattius; and the same word in the Gallic was *vertagus*, which has been preserved to us through the writings of Martial. This name is seemingly derived from the verb *verto*, to turn, from the manner of pursuit peculiar to this group. The Latins used the term *agaseus* (much as we now use the German word hound), to denote a hunting dog of any breed, the word seemingly being derived from the Greek word *ago*, or in its older form *agao*, meaning to fetch, drive, bring or carry. We find the word used substantively by Livy and Plautus, the latter using *agaso* to denote "a driver of beasts," and again we find Horace speaking of the dog, using the word in its verbal form in his Epodes (Ode VI., line 7) *agam*—I will drive. I have entered thus minutely into the meaning of the term *agaseus* as many writers, overlooking its palpable meaning—simply a hunting dog—have fallen into the error of assigning it as a name for a particular breed. The greyhound belonged to the *Pedibus celeres* group, of Roman writers, the ancients naming the various breeds of dogs generally from the locality they came from, or the use they were put to. The true rough greyhound, however, has always been considered of Celtic origin, and that it hunted by sight and not by nose. Strabo mentions the tall greyhound belonging to the Pictish and Celtic nations. Pliny relates an account of a fight in which the Irish grey-

hounds took part, terming them *canes graii hibernici*. Nemesian says, "Distant Britain sends swift dogs fitted to course our fields." Oppian in his *Cynegeticus*, Lib. I. line 465, mentioned that the Greeks were acquainted with and valued that kind of dog termed *agassus*. Owing to the translators of Oppian rendering the word *baion*, small, writers fell into the habit of deeming the *agassus* a "small" dog, and a Latin writer wondered why Oppian called these British dogs *baioi*, "little," for, says he, "for in our age they are large." Youatt and others were led into the same error through the translation of this word *baion* as "little," whereas I hold, properly rendered, it means "slender." Oppian mentions that these dogs were lean and coarse-haired, and armed with deadly teeth—being in itself a correct description of the rough Celtic greyhounds. Symmachus, who flourished about A. D. 400, informs us, Scotch greyhounds (which may be rendered Irish greyhounds, as Ireland was termed *Scotia Major* and *Scotia Minor*) were famous at that time at Rome. "Rome beheld Scotch greyhounds on the day before the sports with astonishment, etc."

There is little question but that originally the Scotch deerhound and the Irish wolfhound were one and the same breed. From the ancient Irish and Scotch poets we have a fair description of what the dog was:

"The greyhound! the great hound! the graceful of limb;
Rough fellow, tall fellow," etc.;

also, from Ossian's poems, the "hairy-footed bran," showing the breed was always rough-coated, and not smooth, for, as Capt. Graham rightly says: "Although several writers have incorrectly confused the great Dane with the Irish wolfhound, it is probable that the two breeds were not unfrequently crossed," and he might have added that it is probable much great Danish blood runs in the veins of the purest of the modern deerhounds. The true rough Celtic greyhound was the windhound of the Germans; the Goathair, so named from Goath, the wind, on account of their speed, by the Celtic Britons, and the grewhounds or grighounds of the Anglo-Saxons, whence the English term greyhound or grewn'. The laws of the Welsh Princes of the ninth century mention heavy penalties laid down against any one injuring the Irish greyhound, as it was styled in the code, the "Canis Gratus Hybernicus," and in those days only Princes and chiefs might keep these dogs. Alfred the Great made a present of some wolf dogs to Tulos, Archbishop of Rheims. The whole passage is so unique a piece of scholastic metaphor that were it not for the space it would take up deserves translation. Roderick, King of Connaught, was obliged to furnish greyhounds to Henry II., and King John gave one of these greyhounds, the verse-renowned Gelert, to Prince Llewelyn.

Henry VIII. presented four Irish greyhounds to the Marquis of Desborough, a Spaniard. Caius, alias Dr. John Kay, physician to Edward VI. and Queens Mary and Elizabeth, rightly classed the deerhound under the name of "gazehounds" and in Latin "Agassus," stating that they were then even more used in the northern than southern parts of England for hunting. In November, 1566, Shane O'Neill forwarded to Queen Elizabeth, through the famous Earl of Leicester, two Irish greyhounds, and her Minister, Sir Francis Walsingham (who was educated at Cambridge and probably a friend of Dr. Caius), in 1553 had a brace of Irish wolfhounds sent him from Ireland. I have enumerated carefully these importations of Irish greyhounds to our English sovereigns, as it proves the Irish greyhound was well known in this country to our kings and their nobility, and that Caius actually saw existing specimens. Coursing the deer with greyhounds was a royal sport, mentioned in the treatise composed by the Master of the Game to Henry IV. for the use of his son, Prince Henry. It runs to the effect, "When the King would think proper to hunt the hart in the parks or forests, either with bows or greyhounds," etc. That this sport was continued until the times of Elizabeth and after we learn from various MSS.

In August, 1591, when Queen Elizabeth visited Lord Montagu, at Cowdray, in Sussex, Her Highness killed three or four deer with a cross bow, vide "Nichols's Progresses," Vol. II. The same author also informs us: "One day after dinner Her Grace saw from a turret sixteen bucks, all having fair law, pulled down with greyhounds in the park." Having personally visited Cowdray's beautiful ruin in the summer of 1883, and there seen the harp of the Lady Montagu, with the name of its Parisian maker still distinct, and also having inspected in its yards Lord Egmont's splendid herd of some thirty Alderney cows, one bull and several calves, all of pure blood and some of great beauty, I may be pardoned for here inflicting my readers with a few rough stanzas I thereon composed:

"COWDRAY."

Oh, could I tune my thoughts to verse,
Of crumbling ruins fair would I rehearse,
And sing of regal state and ladies fair,
Of sylvan sports and deerhounds rare,
Of glories past and mighty deeds,
Hentress and hounds should employ my reeds,
The Diana-like Queen, with martial air,
With her Erin-bred dogs, well matched in pair;
Their race and lineage would I descant,
Their pace so justly termed rolant,

Cowdray, the wind whistling through thy ruined walls
Now makes sad music to the poet's ear.
Where now the gentle kine loving in their stalls,
Once housed the horse and hound to England's Queen both dear.
Where now the splendor of thine ivied stair?

Where "Bess the Good" saw from thy lofty tower
Rolled o'er, 'mid courtiers bright and fair,
Many a buck, all having law, just aft' dinner's hour.
Thy lady's harp, sole remnant of the past,
Hangs rusting unto decay in thy kitchen hall.
In Paris framed, for 'musing ladies gay and lordlings fast;
Sad token of joys fled, memento of song and ball,
With ladies fair, bent on pursuing pleasure's fleeting wing.
I list unto story of thy fire and 'Laufen's deep,
Nor shall I forget thy fading beauties, and echoes ring,
And tale of fate's dark page, unto thy owners and their keep.

Coursing the deer with these large greyhounds was continued until the times of James the First, and continued until a much later date, and up to the middle of the last century the greyhound was common and numerous enough among the Celtic gentry. In 1615 the Irish greyhound was numerous enough, and the then Duke of Buccleugh and other nobles got dogs and bitches of the largest sort, and preferring the white ones, from Ireland. Idstone states that Taylor, in his "Penitential Pilgrimage," mentions the strong Irish greyhound employed in the Earl of Mae's chase of the red deer in 1618. Pennant, writing in 1769, calls the dog the Highland greyhound, and states they were in great vogue in former days, and used in vast numbers at the magnificent stag chases by the chieftains. Bewick, as late as 1792, terms the breed the Scottish Highland greyhound or wolfdog. These remarks will show my readers that the Irish wolfhound and so-called Scottish deerhound are one and the same animal, bred up to the requirements of their owners, and perhaps Bewick's title for the breed is the most correct after all.

In an excellent little work on dogs, by G. F. Pardou, published in 1857, in the frontispiece is an excellent engraving of the deerhound, greyhound, and Irish greyhound, by that

prince of canine artists, Harrison Weir, by far the best depicter of dogs we have, as, fortunately for the fancier, he knows what thoroughbred dogs are and the points they should possess. Such, alas, I cannot say for the immortal Landseer, whose early paintings show a decided love for mongrelism, if not vulgarity.

I have run my article to some length and must beg your pardon, Mr. Editor, for thus taking up so much of your valuable space, but when an Englishman gets on his hobby, the dog, and more especially a Welshman, if genealogy enters into the subject, he can generally spin a yarn.

THE ELUS, ROTILEY, Loughborough, Leicestershire.

A LETTER FROM AN IGNORAMUS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Wise men have had their say;
When comes the noodle's day?

Not that I presume to claim the proud distinction of being a real noodle. Oh dear, no. I'm only a dweller on the outskirts. Not even a pointer or setter man, and therefore ready to tremble at my audacity in claiming a place in your columns. I read your paper for information and beg you will kindly give me enough to set my mind at intelligent rest in regard to a few matters. There are to be several bench shows next fall, are there not? I hope to be an exhibitor, and hear mysterious whispers about "judges," "faking," "merits of a dog," etc. How are judges appointed; are they paid; do successful exhibitors make them presents; does etiquette allow them space in the newspapers when attacked; is it etiquette for them to give correspondents of the press points in regard to the dogs before or after their decisions; can they determine whether an animal is disqualified? What is "faking," is it a synonym for unfairness, cheating? For instance, is it "faking" to smear clay over a sore just before a dog is led into the ring, to throw sawdust over crooked or weak ankles to conceal them; to sear the root of an animal's tail to compel him to carry it low; to give an animal's age as six, when it is eight years or more—are these examples of the art?

What is meant by the term "merits of a dog"—has ownership any connection with them, or field qualities, intelligence, training, etc., or color, size, build, action, in short, upon what do they depend?

Perhaps you will say any noodle could answer these questions, or would not have asked them, but I am not a noodle, only an ignoramus. One more query. If, by any mischance, I have to join the ranks of disappointed exhibitors, bye and bye, upon what conditions, and for how many months can I have unlimited space in your kennel department in which to sing my song of woe and praise my precious pets? An answer will greatly enlighten an IGNORAMUS.

NOODLETOWN, Nowhere.

[Gallantry prompts us to say that our fair correspondent shall have all the space she may want.]

TRAINING TRICK DOGS.

"HES in here, a trainin' 'em," said the call boy of a well-known theater, showing the reporter into a small, dingy dressing room behind the scenes.

The visitor had just managed to hold his breath long enough to squeeze himself through the half closed door, when suddenly what appeared to be a small avalanche fell from the ceiling on the back of his neck, producing a smarting sensation, as if he had been struck simultaneously by four pin cushions.

"She's a jumper, ain't she?" smilingly said Professor Parker, as he disengaged the claws of a ten-pound snow white female cat from the reporter's shoulder, which he then shut up in a little box. "I was just putting the finishing touches on her. She's a flyer from Flyville and no mistake, but it's almost broken my heart to train her. She can jump twenty-five feet without trying, and the Lord only knows how much further if she took a notion. She's never appeared in public yet, but her mother here is an old stager. It took me four solid months to break the old one. I've been putting six months' work on this one. She's exactly opposite in disposition to her mamma. The old lady was always holding back; the young 'un would rather jump than eat. It's impossible to keep her quiet."

"How are cats broken to go through a hoop of fire? Why, I put the cat in a small box open at one end, where the hoop is held. The other end of the box is movable, and when pushed in the cat is so crowded that it has to get, so it goes through the fire. She soon gets used to it and don't mind the fire in the least. Yes, 'cats are ten times harder to break than dogs,' and unless perfectly broken they are always acting mean and uncertain. I have only broken two."

"Dogs," continued the Professor, "are far more satisfactory to work with than any other kind of animals. Since I first exhibited at the Tivoli I have broken a great number, some eighty dogs in all. Sixty of them were for my own use. I have now four troops—one with Ross; at Savannah, Ga., valued at \$2,100; one in charge of Wingfield, with Doris' circus, in Texas, and another with Charles J. Gregory, in Michigan."

"A breaker of trick dogs must find it difficult to make a proper selection of stock?"

"Yes. In the first place, I never touch a dog until he is between one and two years old. He has then had the distemper, and his body and mind have matured. I have tried all kinds of breeds, and my experience teaches me that the most discouraging dogs to teach are black and tan terriers. Pugs are always idiots. Setters and pointers are mean dogs to rely upon, and so are Scotch and Skye terriers. So no more of these kinds for me."

"What are the easiest dogs to break?"

"Why, Russian poodles, caniche, spaniels, greyhounds and all cross breeds."

"Mongrels?"

"Certainly. I can almost always get good work out of the cross-bred dogs. 'Why? Simply because they are generally very intelligent. I know mongrels are despised, but it is wrongfully. They have twice the brains and pluck of most the 'pure bloods,' that are frequently stupid and timid from inbreeding. Take a collie, for instance, the most intelligent dog in the world, and by inbreeding for five generations you produce an idiot. This has been demonstrated in England."

"When I began to break dogs years ago I used a whip, but I at once discarded it, for fear I might lose my temper some day and intimidate my pupil. One thing I can also say, I never once kicked a dog, as hundreds of dog owners do. Had I done so I could never have lifted my foot to walk that the dog would not have shrunk from me. I do all my breaking with a light check cord fastened to the dog's collar. It takes me from one to six months to thoroughly break a dog, the length of time depending entirely upon the disposition of the dog in hand. Some dogs are wonderfully quick to learn and immensely intelligent. I divide dogs in my business into two classes—jumpers and trick dogs. The former must have short backs, good loins and long legs. I have found greyhound bitches easy to break, even more so than the dogs of the same species, as the bitches seem to possess better dispositions. The trick dogs are selected for the act they are intended to do."

"Dogs to walk on their forelegs, for instance, must possess a natural balance. This is not found in but one dog out of three hundred. For clown dogs I always use poodles. They are always broken to work simply by the sight of certain objects, not by any special routine of programme. When my clown sees the hurdle he knows he is to crawl under it; when he sees the wicker hoop he sees he knows he is to creep through it, and so on. Some tricks are very easy to teach, while others are very laborious. Now, the strange thing of it is that the very hardest acts to teach a dog are those that are least appreciated by the audience. For instance, it takes a long time

to perfect a dog in putting on a collar and taking it off. But the most difficult of all is to break a dog to jumping on its hind legs, or walking on a moving object like a barrel. It has taken me months to put a dog in show order for the jumping act. It is far easier to break a dog to walk up Broadway on two feet than to get one to jump a hurdle or skip a rope on its hindlegs. I have spent whole weeks in teaching a dog to jump a hurdle standing up. I begin by making it stand on its hindlegs and follow me walking everywhere. I then place a low hurdle between us and call the dog to me, holding at the same time a piece of food high in the air. The dog will jump, but naturally tries to alight on all four feet. Before it can do so I catch it under the chin with one hand and give it the scrap of food with the other. This is repeated thousands of times, until the dog alights in a standing position."

"But one would think," said the reporter, "that the noise and confusion behind the scenes, and the glare of the footlights and applause of the audience in front, would distract the attention of the dogs?"

"So it would if I did not accustom the dogs to noise and the gas beforehand. After I have gotten a dog perfect in his business I take him on the stage, light the footlights and have two men with big drums and cymbals pounding away in the orchestra. At each exit in the wings I have a man stationed with a whip. Should the dog try to leave the stage he has to confront a man with a whip. He don't fancy this, and back he comes, thinking I am his best friend in the world. He never attempts to run away again."

"Dogs can be taught anything if the breaker only uses kindness and judgment. I am now breaking two dogs to spar with boxing gloves. I call one Sullivan and the other Slade. They sit up and knock each other out in the square style. It seems strange to me that sportsmen, as a rule, do not use better broken dogs. I am fond of shooting, but I rarely see a dog whose education has not been sadly neglected. But it's time for me to go on," said the Professor, bidding the reporter good afternoon, and the reporter went to the front of the house, where he soon heard the audience applauding vigorously the canines in their wonderful performance.—New York Herald.

NEWPORT FOX HUNTING.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your paper is usually so careful and accurate that I was astonished to find upon the first page of your issue of July 24 the following words: "No society could ever be formed in this country strong enough to bolster up the reputé of such exhibitions as, for instance, are occasionally given by the Newport huntmen in their chase of maimed foxes."

I cannot conceive what ground you have for intimating that the foxes are "maimed." Cubs have been used, and, being young and strange to the country, they are usually run into by the hounds within a very short distance after being turned down at the end of the drag, which affords the real run.

I have always ridden in these drag hunts and consider them one of the pleasantest additions to the summer life at Newport, and I have always strongly opposed the use of the fox at all, but the managers of the hunt have an idea—erroneous, in my opinion—that the hounds would not continue to run well without finding a fox at the finish.

This is a common belief among English fox hunters, but in the regular hunting of wild foxes in Pennsylvania the hounds very rarely kill, owing to the earths not being stopped, and they do not seem to be any the less keen on that account.

In old-fashioned bag hunts, got up at country taverns, foxes were no doubt sometimes crippled for the purpose of causing the run to end near the starting point, so that the crowd collected upon the occasion would come back for refreshments, and for that reason, among others, the well managed Pennsylvania hunt set their faces against bag hunts of all kinds.

Let the Newport hunt be responsible for its sins, whatever they may be, but do not accuse it unfairly.

With reference to the first part of your article I firmly believe that before long it will become necessary for horsemen and sportsmen to organize some society to protect themselves against the fanaticism of the societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals which in some localities seem to desire to regulate the lives of their neighbors after the fashion of the Puritans and in much the same temper. FAIRMAN ROGERS.

NEWPORT, R. I., July 25.

[We did not mean to intimate that the foxes used in the Newport runs were always maimed, and we are very glad to know that the maiming is so rare that our correspondent, who has participated in the runs, knows nothing of it. That maimed foxes have been turned out before the hounds at the end of a run at Newport we have been informed by gentlemen who have themselves witnessed it, and in whose positive statements respecting it, we have (with all due regard to our correspondent's negative testimony) entire confidence. It was upon such information that our remarks were based.]

CHAMPION BUSH.—Editor Forest and Stream: In your issue of July 17, Mr. A. H. Wakefield, the present owner of champion Bush, wishes to know if there are two English beagle bitches named champion Bush. I think I can explain the matter, as Mr. Frank Kent has not done so. I sold to Mr. Kent, Nov. 29, 1882, two bitches out of Bush, by Briar. The puppies I suppose Mr. Kent advertises are out of one or the other bitch I sold him. That being the case, Bush is grand dam, and not dam, as Mr. Kent has led some to believe.—W. H. ASHBURNER.

Monticello, N. Y., July 26.—Editor Forest and Stream: I would say in reply to Mr. A. H. Wakefield, in your issue of July 17, that the beagle pups advertised by me are out of my Gypsy Queen, by Mr. N. Elmore's imported Ringwood; Gypsy Queen is out of champion Bush by Briar, as per my advertisement.—C. F. KENT.

MASTIFF INFORMATION WANTED.—Verona, Pa., July 14.—Editor Forest and Stream: Can any one give me any information as to the address of a gentleman named La Fontaine, who lived in Charlestown, Mass., in 1837, and who owned a mastiff; or can any one give me any information as to mastiffs owned in St. Louis at about the same time, and which came from Montreal? My reason for the inquiry is that Col. Garner, the owner of Lion, the sire of Governor, writes that Mr. La Fontaine had a brother of Lion's, and that his parents remained in this country, and the best of their offspring went to St. Louis. I am trying to trace out our early mastiffs, and information on these points will be of material service.—W. WADE.

PHILADELPHIA DOG SHOW.—A great deal of enthusiasm is shown already by canine owners in regard to the bench show to be held here in September next, and Philadelphia alone will furnish a number of fine animals for the exhibition. Our city firms are subscribing liberally in the matter of special prizes of value. If the list of these prizes should be closed now it would be as large as that of any yet held. The building to be used for the exhibition is new and large, and the appointments will be of the best order. Applications are daily coming in. Judges will be appointed at next meeting, in August.—HOMO.

LANCASTER DOG SHOW.—The Lancaster County Fair Association will hold a bench show in connection with their annual fair at Lancaster, Pa., commencing Sept. 1, and holding six days. This is just three days too many for a dog show, and we can assure the management that owners of valuable dogs will not enter their dogs to be confined six days. If they will make their arrangements for the dogs to be exhibited the last three days of the fair only, they will be able to secure a much larger entry with a better class of dogs than would come for six days.

* Lord Montagu, the then owner of Cowdray, was drowned in the falls of Laufen, and the house was destroyed by fire about the same time.

MR. ASHBURNER'S BEAGLES.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In one of your late issues I stated I had entered my beagles (purchased in England) at the late Crystal Palace Show. I received a letter some days ago from Mr. Gibson, stating that he did not get my letter in time to enter them. Of course I was much disappointed. Please state the facts as several favors have been received asking how I made out by doing so, and greatly oblige—W. H. ASHBURNER.

T. M. ALDRICH REINSTATED.—*Memphis, July 25.*—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Upon the petition of a great many sportsmen asking the N. A. K. Club to reconsider the debarment of Thomas M. Aldrich, Mantion, R. I., the executive committee have acted favorably on said petition and reinstated Mr. Aldrich by a unanimous vote.—D. BRYSON (Secretary N. A. K. Club).

KENNEL NOTES.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Kenel notes are inserted in this column free of charge. To insure publication of notes, correspondents MUST GIVE the following particulars of each animal:

1. Color.
2. Breed.
3. Sex.
4. Age.
5. Date of birth, of breeding or of death.
6. Name and residence of owner, buyer or seller.
7. Sire, with his sire and dam.
8. Owner of sire.
9. Dam, with her sire and dam.
10. Owner of dam.

All names must be plainly written. Communication on one side of paper only, and signed with writer's name.

NAMES CLAIMED.

See instructions at head of this column.
Duke of Magenta. By Mr. H. Lee Clarke, Baltimore, Md., for white and orange ticked setter dog, whelped April 4, 1884 (Dr. Baer's Don—Lady Donna).

Pauline Markham. By Mr. Chas. H. Baker, Boston, Mass., for black cocker spaniel bitch, whelped Feb. 4, 1884, by Obo II. (A.K.R. 234) out of Cornell Ruby (A.K.R. 67).

To Ta, Tra-la-la, Tweedledum and Tweedledee. By the Chequassett Kennel, Lancaster, Mass., for pugs, two dogs and two bitches, whelped July 9, 1884, by Young Toby (A.K.R. 478) out of Tantrums (A.K.R. 230).

Count Zanz. Countess Zanetta, *Dashing Ditto, Dashing Dido and Dashing Tany.* By Mr. E. W. Jester's (St. George's, Del.) for lemon and white dog, lemon and white bitch, black and white bitch and two black, white and tan English setter bitches, whelped May 28, 1884, by his Zanzibar (A.K.R. 1182) out of Dashing Jessie (A.K.R. 315).

Black Pedro, Miss Ginger, Shina and Phousie. By Mr. J. P. Willey, Salmon Falls, N. H., for black cocker spaniels, one dog and three bitches, whelped April 19, 1884, by champion Obo II. (A.K.R. 432) out of Blackie III. (A.K.R. 428).

Trump Dale, Dash Dale, Rock Dale, Hafed, Baronet, Royalist, Nellie Dale II., Pansy and Hinda. By the Ravenswood Kennel, Boston, Mass., for four black and white and two liver and white dogs and three black and white English setter bitches, whelped June 7, 1884, by Dash III. (Blue Prince—Armstrong's Kate) out of Nellie Dale (John Staples—French's Daisy).

NAMES CHANGED.

See instructions at head of this column.
Dash to Bon Ton. Lemon and white pointer dog, whelped Feb. 19, 1884 (Sensation—Lill), owned by Dr. A. McCollom, New York.

BRED.

See instructions at head of this column.
June—Turk. Mr. J. B. Blossom's (Morrisania, N. Y.) Gordon setter bitch June (A.K.R. 234) to champion Turk, sired by June I.

Bonnie—Britton. Mr. John E. Thayer's (Lancaster, Mass.) English setter bitch Bonnie Pontiac II.—Buckeye Belle) to his Britton (Black Dick—Belmore), July 20.

Belle—Match. The Westminster Kennel Club's pointer bitch Belle (Flake—Lilly) to Mr. R. C. Cornell's Match (A.K.R. 210), July 18.

Blue Gown—Cashier. Mr. Wm. H. H. Hawkins's English setter bitch Blue Gown (Blue Dan—Flake) to Mr. J. J. Scanlan's Cashier (Dash II.—Lilly), July 20.

Budgie—Treasure. Mr. G. W. Dixon's (Worcester, Mass.) imported pug bitch Budgie (Tony—Judy) to the Chequassett Kennel's Treasure (A.K.R. 473), July 17.

Zoe—Sensation's Son. Mr. E. M. Crouch's (Thomaston, Conn.) pointer bitch Zoe (St. John—Folly) to Mr. J. Blakesteen's Sensation's Son (Sensation—Flirt), July 20.

Queen Vic—Glen. Mr. Geo. D. Macdonald's (New York City) black and tan setter bitch Queen Vic to Dr. H. F. Aten's Glen III. (A.K.R. 378), July 20.

Roxey's Boy's Girl—Zanzibar. Mr. J. C. Lassell's English setter bitch Roxey's Boy's Girl (Roxey's Boy—Gipsy Maid) to Mr. E. W. Jester's Zanzibar (A.K.R. 1182), July 20.

Bellissima—Tip. Mr. John E. Thayer's (Lancaster, Mass.) bull-bitch Bellissima to his Tippoo (A.K.R. 390), June 14.

Josephine—Tippoo. Mr. John E. Thayer's (Lancaster, Mass.) bull-bitch Josephine (A.K.R. 388) to his Tippoo (A.K.R. 390), June 29.

Jaunt—Mixture. Mr. John E. Thayer's (Lancaster, Mass.) fox-terrier bitch Jaunt (Joker—Torment) to his champion Mixture (Spice—Fairy III.), June 9.

Richmond—Oliver—Raby Tyrant. Mr. John E. Thayer's fox-terrier bitch Richmond (Oliver—Tari—Jess) to his champion Raby Tyrant (E.K.C.S.B. 11,179), July 22.

Belle—Lance. Mr. John E. Thayer's (Lancaster, Mass.) deerhound bitch Belle to his champion Lance, June 15.

Dashing Primrose—Pride of the West. Mr. G. R. Nichols's (New Haven, Conn.) English setter bitch Dashing Primrose (Dashing Monarch—Jess) to his Pride of the West (Count Noser—Lola), July 25.

Hornell Ruby—Obo. Jr. The Hornell Spaniel Club's (Hornellville, N. Y.) cocker spaniel bitch Hornell Ruby (A.K.R. 67) to Obo, Jr. (Obo—Nellie), June 22.

Miss Obo II.—Obo II. The Hornell Spaniel Club's (Hornellville, N. Y.) imported black cocker spaniel bitch Miss Obo II. to champion Obo II. (A.K.R. 432), July 7.

Scout—Laidlaw—Obo. Jr. Mr. Andrew Laidlaw's (Woodstock, Ont.) imported cocker spaniel bitch Scout (Laidlaw—Jess) to Mr. J. P. Willey's Obo, Jr. (Obo—Nellie), June 7.

Ruby—Obo II. Dr. S. H. Greene's (Newmarket, N. H.) cocker spaniel bitch Ruby (A.K.R. 734) to Mr. J. P. Willey's champion Obo II. (A.K.R. 432), June 12.

Black Garrie—Obo. Jr. The Cummings Cocker Spaniel Kennel's (South Acworth, N. H.) cocker spaniel bitch Black Garrie (A.K.R. 84) to Mr. J. P. Willey's Obo, Jr. (Obo—Nellie), June 29.

Blackbird—Obo. Jr. Mr. F. F. Fletcher's (Claremont, N. H.) cocker spaniel bitch Blackbird to Mr. J. P. Willey's Obo, Jr. (Obo—Nellie), May 24.

Black Bess II.—Obo. Jr. Mr. Harry Hammett's (Newport, R. I.) cocker spaniel bitch Black Bess II. (A.K.R. 834) to Mr. J. P. Willey's Obo, Jr. (Obo—Nellie), June 27.

Nan—Obo II. Mr. Harry Hammett's (Newport, R. I.) cocker spaniel bitch Nan to Mr. J. P. Willey's champion Obo II. (A.K.R. 432), June 24.

WHEELPS.

See instructions at head of this column.
Daisy. Mr. J. C. Harris's (Boston, Mass.) black pointer bitch Daisy, July 19, twelve (six dogs), by Mr. J. S. Davis's black Nat.

Nellie Dale. The Ravenswood Kennel's (Boston, Mass.) English setter bitch Nellie Dale (John Staples—French's Daisy), June 7, ten (six dogs), by Mr. A. M. Tucker's Dash III.

Nell Kelley. Mr. W. R. Traver's (Washington, D. C.) English setter bitch Nell Kelley (A.K.R. 286), July 17, six (four dogs), by Blue Gown (Frank—Victoria).

Ruby. Mr. F. C. Wheeler's (London, Ont.) fox-terrier bitch Ruby (A.K.R. 1209), four (two dogs), by Raby Tyrant (E.K.C.S.B. 11,179).

Whiskey. Mr. Charles Lincoln's (Detroit, Mich.) fox-terrier bitch Whiskey, July 23, four (three dogs), by Natty (Gamerster—Teefee).

Bizarrah. Messrs. Child Bros.'s (East Millis, Mass.) red Irish setter bitch Bizarrah (Eliz—Flora), June 28, eight (five dogs), by champion Nimrod (A.K.R. 63).

Tantrums. The Chequassett Kennel's (Lancaster, Mass.) pug bitch Tantrums (A.K.R. 230), July 9, four (two dogs), by their imported Young Toby (A.K.R. 473).

Roberto Laverack. Dr. J. R. House's (Watsonville, Pa.) English setter bitch Roberto Laverack (A.K.R. 1071), July 21, six (four dogs), by Mr. A. M. Tucker's Dash III.; all black and white.

Snowball. The Millbrook Kennel's (New York City) St. Bernard bitch Snowball (A.K.R. 415), July 2, two dogs, by Prince (A.K.R. 1053).

Critic. Mr. W. O. Partridge's (Boston, Mass.) spaniel bitch Critic (A.K.R. 303), July 20, twelve (nine dogs), by Obo II. (A.K.R. 432).

Fairy II. Mr. J. H. Goodsell's English setter bitch Fairy II. (Bailey's Victor—Blue Daisy), July 8, four dogs, by his Prince (Pride of the Border—Petrel).

Daisy Laverack. Mr. J. H. Goodsell's English setter bitch Daisy Laverack (Thunder—Peers), July 27, five (two dogs), by his champion Plantagenet (Dashing Monarch—Petrel).

Queen Petrel. Mr. J. H. Goodsell's English setter bitch Queen Petrel (Thunder—Petrel), July 28, nine (six dogs), by his champion Plantagenet (Dashing Monarch—Petrel).

Petrel III. Mr. J. H. Goodsell's English setter bitch Petrel III. (Carlowitz—Petrel), eight (two dogs), by his Don Juan (Tam O'Shanter—La Reine).

Pearl. Mr. E. W. Jester's (St. George's, Del.) Italian greyhound bitch Pearl (A.K.R. 758), July 19, six (four dogs), by Snap (Rom II.—Naughty).

SALES.

See instructions at head of this column.
Sensation—Flirt whelp. Lemon and white pointer dog, whelped April 11, by the Westminster Kennel Club to Mr. F. O. deLuz, New York.

Pauline Markham. Black cocker spaniel bitch, whelped Feb. 4, 1884 (Obo II., A.K.R. 432—Hornell Ruby, A.K.R. 67), by the Hornell Spaniel Club, Hornellville, N. Y., to Mr. Charles H. Baker, Boston, Mass.

Gemini. St. Bernard bitch (A.K.R. 579), by the Chequassett Kennel, Lancaster, Mass., to Mr. E. J. Siller, Cleveland, O.

Ree. Liver and white setter dog (A.K.R. 579), by the Chequassett Kennel, Lancaster, Mass., to Mr. E. J. Siller, Cleveland, O.

Jersey Belle. Black and white English setter bitch, Smos, (Brandt—Lola Belle), by the Clifton Kennel Club, Jersey City, N. J., to Mr. J. F. Chamblin, Middletown, Conn.

Reckardt. St. Bernard bitch (A.K.R. 413), by the Millbrook Kennel, New York, to Mr. N. S. Keay, Boston, Mass.

Robin Hood. Black and white English setter dog, age not given (Carlowitz—True), by Mr. Thos. Blyth, McIntyre, Pa., to Dr. J. R. House, Watsonville, Pa.

Rosa. Liver and white pointer bitch, 2yrs. (Bonne—Rena), by Mr. S. F. McCarthy, New Philadelphia, O., to the Clifton Kennel Club, Jersey City, N. J.

Donald—Grace whelp. Liver and white pointer dog, whelped April 1884, by the Clifton Kennel Club, Jersey City, N. J., to Mr. C. F. Cleveland, Windsor Locks, Conn.

DEATHS.

See instructions at head of this column.
Venus. Mastiff bitch (A.K.R. 453), owned by Mr. James Lenox Banks, New York, June 27, from distemper.

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

LIGHT IN RIFLE SHOOTING.

Editor Forest and Stream:

An incident occurred at a target shoot at Oak Island Grove Range, Revere Beach, July 9 last, which I deem worthy of mention, as from inquiry among riflemen I have been unable to learn that any have experienced anything approaching a similar condition of things. The match began well, three bullseyes being made on the first round (eight marksmen were shooting on the target), and the second round had begun. The second shot on this round was challenged and, after examination, pronounced a bullseye. This challenge consumed a little time, and when shooting was resumed there was an unaccountable wildness in the shots, they all going toward the top of the target. Good marksmen surprised themselves with 3s and 2s, and a few shot entirely over the top of the target. Some sights were lowered four points without getting out of the 3 ring, and most miserable scores were made all round. Just about the close of the match the conditions changed again, and one gentleman who had dropped his sight four points and got "high 2" still further surprised himself with a "low 2," and another who had dropped his sight ten points, being advised to adjust it to its usual position, did so and got a close 4.

Now, after thinking this thing over pretty thoroughly, and studying the condition of things as well as I have been able, I conclude all was owing to changing light from passing clouds. The day was warm and muggy; the air damp, with the appearance of an approaching shower, and the sun and light clouds chased each other overhead, which, to my mind, produced a mirage of the bullseye to the extent of from two to four feet, and the phantom we fired at was really that much above the object we were trying to hit. This will, perhaps, appear preposterous to those who have never had similar experience; but it is a fact, nevertheless, and I write this hoping some one may furnish a parallel, for you who did experience it, the language of Pinafore, that "things are seldom what they seem," was forcibly borne in.

Boston, July 19. ABRAM KEACH.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

MASSACHUSETTS SCHUETZEN.—The programme for the interstate shooting festival, under the auspices of the East Boston Schuetzen Corps has just been issued. The festival begins Aug. 11 and continues five days, at Oak Island, Revere Beach. The target of honor will be open to all comers. The first prize will be \$100 in money and a gold badge, the winner to be crowned "Shooting King for 1884." Other valuable prizes will be given in connection with the target of honor. There will be a ring target, entry fee \$2. Thirty shots, a score, any rifle; only one entry allowed. Creedmoor match, National Rifle Association rules—Five shots to a score, any rifle allowed of three-pound pull; entry \$1, re-entry 50 cents; sixty per cent. of the gross receipts for this match to be divided into twelve prizes. Man target—This target represents the head and body of a man, and is divided into half-inch vertical lines, center line counting 20. Open to all comers; three shots to a score, any rifle; first entry \$2, re-entry \$1; twenty-five money prizes to the value of \$350; first prize, \$60. Ring target—Open to all comers, three shots to a score; entry \$2, re-entry \$1; twenty-five prizes for \$388; first prize, \$70. Bullseye—Ten shots to a score; first entry \$1, re-entry the same; \$1 will be paid for the first and last bullseye each day; twelve prizes, to the value of \$130. Target of honor—This target represents the man in the middle of the festival; first prize, \$30. Shooting will commence Aug. 11 at 9:30 o'clock, and will continue each day of the festival until 7 o'clock P. M. Team match—Open to all organized clubs in the country; five men to a team; entry fee \$10 per team, five shots per man; German ring target; five money prizes to the value of \$170, and to each member of the winning team a gold badge, to be known as the "Champion of the Year." Shooting will commence at 9 o'clock P. M. on Friday morning at 9:30 o'clock, and will continue until 7 o'clock P. M. Secretary, S. Wolfsohn, 47 Court street, Boston.

PORTLAND, Oregon, July 10.—Yesterday afternoon several members of the Portland Rifle Club and the American Rifle Team invited Capt. W. Milton Farrow to a friendly contest at the South Portland range. Following is the score:
Stewart.....43444444444444444444—82 Curry.....454444455555444444—88 Tibbitts.....454444444444444444—86 Dodge.....454444455555444444—87 Farrow.....44444555544444444444—82 Halbrook.....334444444444444444—82 Moore.....444444444444444444—78 Buchtel.....334444444444444444—76

CHALLENGE.—New York, July 24.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Please publish the following challenge. Bird, of the Seppel's rifle club, says he will shoot any man in New York open-air rifle, 100 shots, target company distance, for from \$5 to \$100. Man and money can be found at the SEPPENFELD RIFLE CLUB.

LOCKLAND RIFLE RANGE.—Scores made by the Lockland (O.) Rifle Club, July 18, Massachusetts target, off-hand, 15 shots, possible 180: Bandle 170, Sticks 167, T. Smiley 167, Roll 165, Poole 163, Neiman 160, Dunn 160, Fruchey 155, P. Mace 154, R. Mace 153, Helwig 153, J. J. Smiley 151, Oakley 148, Richards 148, Shinkle 134, W. Stevenson 128. Several of the members have been reading the book entitled "How I Became a Crack Shot," by W. M. Farrow, and the above scores show the benefit derived from the contents. T. R. Roll.

Scores made July 25: Dunn 161, Neiman 161, Poole 160, Sticks 160, Roll 157, P. Mace 156, T. Smiley 153, Weston 152, Jennings 151, J. J. Smiley 149, Harrison 148, Richards 144, Shinkle 143, Oakley 143, W. Stevenson 142, Craig 132.

WHY?—Anenig, Ont., Can., July 19.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Will some of your rifle correspondents explain why a Remington-Heppner rifle, 40-45-238, I have, that carries the regular size bullet up to the center at 100 yds, drops it 8 to 10 in. when bullet is reduced by one quarter of length and powder is increased 10 grains? By the way, the Remington moulds, marked 265 grains, make a bullet weighing 320.—WM. L. COULTER.

BOSTON, July 26.—There was a very light attendance at Walnut Hill this morning, but in the afternoon the number was increased by a delegation of gunners from the office of Rockwell & Churchill, who had lots of fun trying to find the bullseye, which dodged them successfully. The weather conditions were fine and some good shots made. The association will send at least one team to the intended shoot at Oak Island next month, and to prepare for it a man target and a ring target will be opened at Walnut Hill Saturday next. The best scores were as follows:

Creedmoor Practice Match.
J. Francis.....4454444444—46 H. A. Lewis (mil.).....4434444444—40 E. M. Cross.....4444444444—42 S. H. Lewis.....4554444444—42 E. Sandford.....4444444444—40 A. F. Hall (mil.).....444933434—44

Creedmoor Prize Match.
J. B. Southers.....45455544—46 B. E. Smith.....4444444444—42 J. P. Bates.....4544444444—44 W. H. Oler.....4544444444—41 J. A. Cobb.....4444444444—44 C. H. Russell.....4444444444—39 W. J. Look.....4444444444—48

MANCHESTER, N. H., July 25.—A more favorable day for rifle shooting than to-day was never enjoyed by the members of the Manchester Rifle Association. The sun was clouded in, but not to such an extent but there was a good light upon the targets, and there was not sufficient breeze to move the flags, which hung limp about the staffs. The interest of the meeting centered in the team telegraphic match between a team selected from the local organization and the Lawrence Rifle Club, and when the men commenced, to shoot their team cards every shot was closely watched. The footing of 271 for the team was a surprise to all present, as the most sanguine had not counted upon so good a score, and the feeling that defeat about the certainty which was manifest before the shoot, gave way to one of confidence that the Lawrence boys had been outshot. One of the strongest members of the club, Mr. H. G. Bixby, who has hitherto shot in the team matches, was not present, and this had much to do with the local team anticipating defeat.

The record of the shooting in the various events is given herewith. A large number of cards in matches B and C were withdrawn uncompleted. All of the shooting was done upon paper targets.

Creedmoor Practice Match.—3 cards, 7 shots each, possible 105:
J. Barnette.....27 28 29—84 W. Graham.....25 —28
Creedmoor Target, Match B.—3 cards, 7 shots each, possible 105:
W. H. Hilditch.....29 29 30—84 A. B. Dodge.....30 32 —62

T. C. Williams.....29 30 30—84 J. A. Barker.....30 —30
B. Cline.....28 29 29—86 J. Lawrence.....29 —29
Creedmoor Target, Match C.—3 cards, 10 shots each, possible 150:
G. A. Leighton.....43 46 47—136 E. R. Angell.....43 44 —130

G. F. Drake.....44 45 46—134 J. A. Barker.....40 40 —122
A. B. Dodge.....43 45 46—134 M. S. Leighton.....41 42 —83
F. C. Paul.....44 45 46—134 F. B. Potter.....39 42 —81
C. D. Palmer.....42 45 45—132

Team Match.—Conditions: Teams of 6 men, rounds 10, distance 200 yds., position standing, with the rifle off-hand, rifle any within the rules:
Manchester Rifle Team.....45454545—47 Jewell.....45454545—46
G. A. Leighton.....45454545—47 F. J. Drake.....45454545—44
A. B. Dodge.....45454545—45 Howland.....45454545—44
E. C. Paul.....45454545—45 Frost.....45454545—43
C. D. Palmer.....45454545—44 Fisher.....44454545—42
E. R. Angell.....45454545—44 Elliott.....45454545—42

During the first half of the match the Lawrence Club shot an average total of 268 shots, which, if held up in the last half, would have brought them within three of the home team. One of their most reliable men broke the hammer of his rifle on the third round and had to finish with a strange gun, which was a serious disadvantage to him and his club. Then the Lawrence team had to contend with a strong and constantly fluctuating wind during the last of the match. Mr. J. E. Shepard, the secretary of the Lawrence Club, writes that the score made by the Manchester Club is a magnificent one, and that his club have the consolation of knowing that they were not beaten by scrubs. At the next match he hopes to make the margin less, and doubtless will, as the Manchester Club cannot hope to do as well every time, and their opponents of yesterday are sure to do better. Mr. Shepard proposes that the two clubs meet in a series of matches, one to be shot in Lawrence, one in this city, and one on neutral ground. The Manchester Club will doubtless accept this proposition.

THE KOLAPORE CUP.—The Canadian team won the Rajah of Kolapore's Cup at Wimbledon on the 23d, with a score of 665 against 660 for the English, and 576 for the Indian teams. The competition for the cup was for teams of eight selected from efficient volunteers of the mother country, and from the militia or efficient volunteers of any British colony or dependency. Since the institution of this cup in 1871, Canada has been successful in four competitions.

WIMBLEDON.—The Elcho Shield match on the 24th went to Ireland with a score of 1,583 against 1,476 for Scotland and 1,474 for England. There is a smack of an old-time American small-bore match in such a lead.

THE TRAP.

THE NEW YORK TOURNAMENT.

Editor Forest and Stream:—In your series, permit me, through you columns, to add the following to the programme of the interstate tournament. New York city, Aug. 14, 15 and 16, already announced in your columns, viz:

First—No purses guaranteed; all purses will be *pro rata*. (Judging by our Chicago tournament, and the great interest taken in this tournament, we think we shall have no trouble in finding volunteers.)
Second—Shooting Nos. 5 and 8 have been changed to use of both barrels, similar to shoot No. 2.
Third—10-bore guns shall be handicapped one yard. Shooters will be requested to give particulars of guns and ammunition, and cards for that purpose will be given to shooters on the ground.

J. E. BLOOM (for Exec. Com.).

PROVIDENCE TOURNAMENT.

Editor Forest and Stream:—A grand tournament was held to-day by the Narragansett Gun Club at their grounds, at Washington Trotting Park, in this city, and proved a grand success, many visitors being present from Massachusetts.

First event, 5 clay-birds, 18 yds.:
Cary.....11111—5 Palmer.....11110—4
Eager.....11110—4 Crandall, G.....11011—4
Allen.....11011—4 Perkins.....10111—4
Sampson.....11011—4 Hall.....11010—3
Wilbur.....11011—4 Bartlett.....11000—2
Ties on 4—Eager 3, Allen 0, Sampson 3, Wilbur 1, Palmer 0, Crandall 1, Perkins 0. Cary first, Eager and Sampson second and Hall third.

Second event, 5 clay-pigeons, 18 yds.:
Wilbur.....10111—4 Palmer.....11101—4
Sampson.....11011—4 Bartlett.....11101—4
Eager.....11011—4 Hall.....11011—3
Allen.....11011—4 Cary.....10111—4
Ties on 4—Allen tied again on 5 and divided first, Hall second and Cary third.

Third event, 5 birds, 18 yds.:
Wilbur.....10111—4 Allen.....10101—3
Sheldon, C.....10111—4 Crandall.....11000—2
Crandall, W.....10111—4 Gray.....10101—2
Cary.....10111—4 Perkins.....10101—2
Hall, T.....10110—3 Perkins.....11000—2
Hall, T.....10110—3 Bartlett.....10101—2
Eager.....10110—3

Cary and W. Crandall first, Eager and W. Sheldon second, G. Crandall third, Sampson fourth.

Fourth event, 7 birds, 5 traps, 18 yds.:
Kirkwood.....11111—7 Mathewson.....1010111—5
Allen.....11111—7 W. Sheldon.....1010111—6
Cary.....11111—7 Eager.....10111—4
Wilbur.....11101—6 Tinker.....100101—3
Payne.....11101—6 Butte.....001011—3
C. Hall.....11011—6 W. Crandall.....10110—3
Sampson.....11011—6 Roberts.....00110—3
Nichols.....10101—5 Bartlett.....101001—3
G. Crandall.....10110—5 Potter.....101001—2
C. Sheldon.....111010—5 T. Hall.....101000—2
Gray.....110110—5 Read.....001010—2

Ties on 7 divided. Ties on 6: Payne and Hall tied again on 3 and divided. Ties on 5: Crandall and Mathewson tied again on 3 and divided.

Fifth event, 5 pairs, 18 yds.:
Crandall, G.....11 11 10 11—9

Sampson first money, W. Sheldon and Wilbur tied again on 2 and divided, S. Greene and Allen tied on 6 and divided, Cary and Tinker tied on 4 and divided, Gray and Shippee divided.

Seventh event—7 birds, 18yds.: Wilbur.....101111-6 Crandall, G.....111101-5 Sampson.....101111-6 Crandall, W.....101111-6 Hall, V.....101111-6 Allen.....101111-6 Sheldon, C.....111101-5 Gray.....101111-6 Hall, C.....101111-6 Palmer.....101111-6 Eddy.....101111-6 Potter.....111010-5 Kirkwood.....101111-5	Cary.....111001-5 Gardner.....111101-5 Barney.....101101-5 Nichols.....110101-5 Tinker.....101101-5 Eager.....111001-4 Sheldon, W.....101101-4 Matheson.....110101-4 Sawyer.....101110-4 Cornell.....103010-3 Roberts.....101010-2 Tisdale.....000010-1
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G. Crandall and Wilbur tied again on 5 and divided; Gray, Palmer, Barry and Nichols tied again on 4 and divided; Sawyer and Tinker tied again on 3 and divided.

Eighth event, 10 birds, 5 traps, 18yds.: Wilbur.....11101011-8 Matheson.....01111110-6 Nichols.....10111110-6 Eager.....10101011-7 Cary.....10011011-7 Gray.....10101010-5 G. Crandall.....10011011-6	Tinker.....01010011-6 Sheldon.....00110110-6 Sampson.....10011101-6 C Hall.....00010101-4 Payne.....00110001-3 Sawyer.....00010101-2
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Ties on 8 divided; ties on 7 divided; Tinker and Sheldon tied again on 6 and divided.

Ninth event, 9 pairs birds, 15yds.: G. Crandall.....11 11-6 Sampson.....11 11-6 Wilbur.....10 11-5 Eager.....10 11-5 Roberts.....11 11-5 Cary.....11 10-5 Tinker.....11 10-5	Luther.....10 11-4 Palmer.....10 10-3 Nichols.....10 11-3 Barney.....10 01-3 Payne.....11 00-3 Gray.....00 01-1
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Sampson and Crandall divided first; Wilbur won on shoot-off of ties of 5; Tinker and Luther divided; Palmer won on shoot-off of ties of 3.

Tenth event, 7 birds, 18yds.: Matheson.....111111-7 Payne.....111111-7 Tinker.....111111-7 Sawyer.....111111-7 Cary.....111110-6 Brown, T.....111110-6 Wilbur.....111110-6 Bartlett.....101111-6 Crandall, W.....101111-6 Sheldon, W.....111110-6 Luther.....111111-6 Kimball.....101111-6 Crandall, G.....101101-5 Sheldon, O.....101101-5 Barney.....101101-5	Potter.....1101110-5 Sampson.....101111-5 Nichols.....101101-5 Hall, C.....101111-5 Hopkins.....000111-4 Roberts.....101110-4 Gray.....101011-4 Shippee.....101011-4 Tisdale.....101010-4 Ratliffe.....011110-4 Greene.....001110-4 Gardner.....001110-4 Aldrich.....000011-2 Cornell.....010100-2 Eddy.....100010-2 Elderkin.....110000-2
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Matheson, Palmer and Payne divided first, W. Sheldon and Cary tied again on 4 and divided, Sampson, Nichols and Eager tied again on 3 and divided, Green won ties of 4 with 7.

Eleventh event, 7 birds, 18yds.: W. Sheldon.....111111-7 Cary.....111111-7 Tinker.....111111-7 Payne.....111111-7 Sawyer.....111110-6 T. Hall.....101110-6 Sampson.....101110-6 Palmer.....101110-6 Perkins.....101110-6 T. Brown.....111110-6 Kirkwood.....101110-5 Bartlett.....111110-5 Eddy.....101110-5 Wilbur.....101110-5 Nichols.....101101-5 Matheson.....100111-5	G. Crandall.....000111-4 Shippee.....010111-4 C Hall.....101010-4 Greene.....011110-4 W. Crandall.....101000-3 Gray.....101000-3 Cornell.....010101-3 Potter.....001010-3 Chace.....010101-3 Hanley.....101010-3 Roberts.....010001-2 Gardner.....100000-2 Harris.....010010-2 Ratliffe.....001000-2 C. Brown.....001000-1 Butts.....0000 0-0
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W. Sheldon and Payne tied again on 6 and divided, Palmer and T. S. Hall tied again on 3 and divided, Bartlett, Tisdale and Wilbur tied again on 3 and divided, G. Crandall won ties of 4 with 2.

Twelfth event, 5 birds, 18yds.: Wilbur.....111111-5 C. Hall, G.....111111-5 Crandall, W.....111111-5 Matheson.....111111-5 Cary.....101111-4 Bartlett.....101111-4 Palmer.....111011-4 Chace.....101101-3 Allen.....101101-3 Eager.....101101-3 Sampson.....100101-3 Shippee.....111010-3	Brown, T.....001111-3 Butts.....111001-3 Hall, T.....101011-3 Perkins.....101011-3 Read.....111001-3 Sheldon, W.....100101-3 Gray.....100101-3 Hall, C.....100101-3 Nichols.....010101-2 Sawyer.....001001-2 Harris.....000101-2 Brown, C.....001001-1
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W. Crandall and Wilbur tied again on 1 and divided, Palmer and Chace on 3 and divided, Allen and Sampson on 5 and divided, Nichols on 3 and divided.

Thirteenth event, 7 birds, 18yds.: Crandall, G.....111111-7 Wilbur.....111111-7 Matheson.....111111-6 Gray.....101111-6 Cary.....101111-6 Bartlett.....101111-6 Palmer.....111011-4 Chace.....101101-3 Allen.....101101-3 Eager.....101101-3 Sampson.....100101-3 Shippee.....111010-3	Tinker.....010111-5 Payne.....101110-5 Palmer.....101101-5 Eager.....101101-4 Sampson.....101101-4 Roberts.....101101-4
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Wilbur and G. Crandall divided first, Matheson and Cary tied on 3 and divided, Palmer took third with 4, Sampson fourth with 2.

Trap-shooting is evidently looking up here. W. H. Sheldon, Providence, R. I., July 22.

THE SPRINGFIELD SHOOTING CLUB will have a field day on the club grounds, East State street, next Tuesday. Shooting open to all. Will begin at 10 A. M. Clays and glass balls. On the programme is a challenge match between the Springfield Club and the Spenser Gun Club, of Windsor, Conn.	
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NEW ORLEANS, July 22.—This evening, at Frogmoor, the first shoot took place for the valuable rifle put up by Mr. Rich. Rhodes. Besides the participants in the contest, there were a number of spectators present, who evinced a great deal of interest in what was transpiring. The scores for single clay-pigeons were as follows:

Chaudet.....11111010-3 E. F. Stevens.....000111010-5 T. L. Carleton.....000011010-4 E. Landry, Jr.....01011111-8 W. Mayronne.....100111101-7 H. B. Freiberg.....101101110-6 S. P. Jacquet.....011110101-7	J. O. Valette.....0000010000-1 L. Cucullu.....1011111001-7 A. Drouet.....11000101-5 F. Tabary.....0010110011-5 E. Drouet.....1011011011-8
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The scores at 5 double bats each, were as follows:

L. P. Chaudet.....11 11 10 10 10-7 E. F. Stevens.....11 10 10 01 01-5 T. L. Carleton.....10 10 01 10 10-5 E. Landry, Jr.....10 10 01 10 10-4 W. Mayronne.....10 10 10 11 11-7 H. B. Freiberg.....01 10 00 01 01-3 S. P. Jacquet.....11 10 00 01 01-4	J. O. Valette.....00 00 00 01 01-1 L. Cucullu.....10 10 10 10 01-6 A. Drouet.....00 10 10 01 01-3 F. Tabary.....10 00 00 11 11-4 E. Drouet.....01 10 11 10 10-6
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POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y., July 26.—Match between the Wappinger's Falls Gun Club and representatives of the Cottage Hill and Poughkeepsie Gun Clubs, 25 glass balls, 18yds. rise, 10 single rotary and 5 pairs doubles, Card's standard trap. After a pleasant drive of about eight miles we arrived at Wappinger's Falls. Baxter and other members of the Wappinger's club. The shooters were soon popping away, both sides doing their best and after the match was over Poughkeepsie was found to be ahead with an average of 11-7 to the 9-10 of the Wappinger's men. Below is the score in detail:

Single.	Double.	Total.	Wappinger's Falls.	Single.	Double.	Total.
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E Decker.....10	8	18	C Clapp.....5	8	13
J M Gomez.....3	7	10	T Crozier.....2	8	10
W Leary.....3	7	10	H Crozier.....6	4	10
Dr Mills.....6	3	9	D Pape.....3	6	9
M Condit.....4	5	9	C Van Dyne.....3	6	9
J Thomas.....5	4	9	Dr Baxter.....5	4	9
W Frank.....5	4	9	J Wakeman.....3	4	7
			C Van Dyne.....3	2	6

Average per man 11-7. Average per man 9½.

We have two good clubs here and the interest in shooting seems to be on the increase. We have been trying different kinds of composition balls and have at last settled on the Niagara ball as the best. We expect shortly to try clay-pigeons.

A. C. G.

BOSTON GUN CLUB.—The attendance at the shoot of the Boston Gun Club at Wellington, July 23, was not very large. A number of events were shot, principally for practice for the New York shoot next month. The winners in the principal sweepstakes were as follows:

First event, five single birds, eighteen yards rise—H. Evans first, D. Kirkwood second, N. Papanti third.

Second event, five birds—C. Stark first, R. Walker and Evans second, DeRochemont and Chambers third.

Third event, three pairs double birds—E. W. Law and Stark first, H. Warren and Kirkwood second, Papanti and Evans third.

Fourth event, seven birds from five traps—DeRochemont first, Walker second, Warren third.

Fifth event, five birds from five traps—Cousin first, Law and Stark second, Chambers third.

Sixth event, three pairs birds, five traps—Evans and Law first, Stark and DeRochemont second, Warren third.

Seventh event, three pairs birds, three traps—Warren and Evans first, B. F. Johnson and DeRochemont second, Kirkwood third.

Eighth event, seven birds; use of two barrels; a kill with a second barrel counting one-half of a bird—Evans first, Stark second, Warren third.

Ninth event, seven birds, single—Law first, DeRochemont second, Nichols and Kirkwood third.

Tenth event, five birds, five traps—DeRochemont and Evans first, Stark second, Law third.

Eleventh event, five birds, five traps—Snow first, Stark and DeRochemont second, Johnson third.

Twelfth event, seven single birds—Nichols, Evans and DeRochemont first, Stark second, Johnson third.

Stark first, Nichols second, seven birds, five traps—DeRochemont, Swan and Stark first, Nichols second, Johnson third.

A large number of miss and out matches, in which Nichols and Swan were the principal winners, in the order named, followed the completion of the programme.

MOHAWK, N. Y.—In the village of Mohawk, N. Y., July 23, the Mohawk Gun Club, for trap-shooting and the protection of game, was organized with the following officers: President, Dr. Eli Fox; Vice President, Seth G. Heacock; Treasurer, Dr. G. P. Rasbach, Secretary, R. B. Wrightman, Executive Committee, J. C. Morgan, A. Casler, Oscar Horton. The club shoots every Thursday evening.—R. R. W.

JAMESTOWN, N. Y., July 22.—At the regular weekly shoot to-day of the Jamestown Sports Club, at 15 glass balls, 18yds. rise, Card's revolving trap, the following scores were made:

L J Pennock.....1111101111-14	W S Carnahan.....001000101011-7
A A Walker.....1111101111-12	B K Soliday.....0101000100101-6
R H Burns.....001001111111-11	F A Pennock.....01100010100010-5
Dr G B Jones.....11000910101011-8	

MR. TUCKER BEHIND.—We have received from some one in Montgomery, Ala., a photograph which represents a mule making great speed with a cart. In the cart are Mr. W. G. Tunstall, who is driving, and Mr. "Andy" Meadows, who appears to be using a gun as a whip. "Cutting behind" is Mr. Tucker, the Barker gun agent, who appears to be "getting left." There is probably some deep meaning to this picture, which was designed and executed by C. E. Wallen, of Montgomery, but we shall not attempt an interpretation.

SHOULD HAVE BEEN AGREED UPON BEFOREHAND.—Moir, N. Y., July 15.—Editor Forest and Stream: At a recent shooting match two shooters made 20 each, and next highest 19, and so on. I contend that the two who tied on 20 should have shot off for the first prize, and that the one beaten on shoot-off was not entitled to anything, and that the next highest, 19, was entitled to second prize. But the judges here gave first and second prizes both to the two that tied on 20 and they divided first and second prizes. Had they either of them any right to second prize?—ANXIOUS.

WILLARD VS. RIVERSIDE.—The seventh match for the Ligovsky medal, between the Willard Club of Portland, and the Riverside Club of Topsham, was shot at Portland on July 22. The Riverside were the challenging club. The match was shot in a gale of wind blowing from behind the shooters which accounts for the small scores, many of the birds in the sun, and flying before the gun. The Barker gun agent, who appears to be "getting left," in the double shooting often being lost in the same way. The judges were Messrs. Carter and Davis of Portland. Referee, Mr. Pierce, also of Portland. The following are the scores:

Willards.	Riversides.
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McKenny.....1110130101	00 00 11 00 10-9½
Hall.....1110130101	00 00 11 00 10-9½
Todd.....1110130101	10 10 01 10 11-11
Randall.....1110112112	11 11 00 11 11-15
Farrington.....0110110111	01 10 00 11 00-11-54

Willards.	Riversides.
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Purinton.....1111131111	01 01 01 11 11-16½
Gould.....1111300101	01 00 10 10 10-9½
A E Hall.....1122110102	00 00 10 10 11-10½
M C Hall.....1020111101	01 00 00 10 11-10½
Alexander.....1100111101	10 11 11 11 17-63½

NEW YORK, July 27.—Pigeon shoot at Woodside, L. I. between Dr. H. Franz, of the North Side Gun Club, and Mr. Thomas Walsh. Dr. Franz gave Mr. Walsh 2 dead birds out of 10; 24yds. rise, one barrel; score:

Dr. H. Franz.....11111111-8	Thomas Walsh.....11011000-4
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Glass ball match, same place for \$35 aside and loser pay expenses. Dr. Franz gives Mr. Walsh 5 broken balls, 18yds. rise, the following is the score:

Dr. Franz.....0101011111-8	T Walsh.....11111000011-7
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WELLINGTON, Mass., July 26.—This afternoon was one of the afternoons for trap-shooting by the Maiden Gun Club. All the conditions were perfect, and the Wellington Range was accordingly well attended. The gold medal was taken by Goodnow twice, while Adams still continues to retain a firm grasp on the leather one. The leading event was at glass balls, nine men making a record of 44 out of a possible 45, as follows:

Glass Balls.	Adams.
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Evans.....11111-5	Adams.....11111-5
Snow.....11111-5	DeRochemont.....11111-5
Pratt.....11111-5	Short.....11111-5
Crosby.....11111-5	Shumway.....11011-4-44
Dickey.....11111-5	

CONNECTICUT.—Meriden, Conn., July 28.—The shoot for the individual state medal took place at Windsor, Conn., Wednesday, July 23, and was won by Tonsey, of Bridgeport, with a score of 44 out of 50 clay pigeons; Ben. of New Haven, broke 48, and Spencer, of Windsor, 40. The next shoot takes place at Bridgeport, August 13.—J. F. I.

Yachting.

FIXTURES.

Secretaries of yacht clubs will please send early notice of proposed matches and meetings.

Aug. 2.—Hull Y. C., First Championship.

Aug. 4.—Quaker City Y. C., Review and Harbor Cruise.

Aug. 9.—Boston Y. C., Annual Matches.

Aug. 11-25.—Quaker City Y. C., Annual Cruise in Chesapeake and Delaware Bays.

Aug. 16.—Sable Bay Y. C. Open Matches.

Aug. 16.—Hull Y. C. Open Matches.

Aug. 23.—Boston Y. C., Third Club Match.

Aug. 23.—Beverly Y. C., Open Match.

Aug. 23.—Beverly Y. C., Nahant Third Championship Match.

Aug. 23.—Beverly Y. C., Special, Marblehead.

Aug. 23.—Quincy Y. C., Fourth Match.

Aug. 30.—Hull Y. C., Second Championship Match.

Aug. 30.—Beverly Y. C., Open Sweepstakes, Marblehead.

Sept. 3.—Hull Y. C., Third Championship Match.

Sept. 4.—Salem Bay Y. C., Second Championship Match.

Sept. 6.—Beverly Y. C., Marblehead, Special Match.

Sept. 6.—Hull Y. C., Third Championship Match.

Sept. 11.—Quincy Y. C., Last Race.

Sept. 11.—Norton's Reef, Challenge Cup.

Sept. 13.—Boston Y. C., Ladies' Day.

Sept. 13.—Hull Y. C., Fall Matches.

Sept. 14.—Quaker City Y. C., Review and Cup Race.

Sept. 28.—Quaker City Y. C., Review and Harbor Cruise.

Oct. 5.—Quaker City Y. C., Closing Review and Cruise.

THE STEAM YACHT ATHLETE.

MR. RICHARDS of Boston, has lately had built for him a steam yacht to which he has given the name of Athlete. Her dimensions are over all 55ft., beam 31ft., 6in., depth 4ft. The engines are a pair of 6x8 vertical, with balanced valves, and are intended to run at 175 turns. The boiler is of steel, upright tubular, with 289 ½ in. tubes, and has over 300ft. of heating surface. A Hancock injector is fitted to supply the boiler, and an ejector is also fitted to the bilge. The wheel is four-bladed, 43in. diameter and 6ft. pitch, of composition, mounted on a 2in. steel shaft with a brass jacket, and the rudder, rudder and sternposts, and condenser are also of composition. The

house begins 13ft. from the bow, where there is a semicircular wheel-house, under which is a wine locker and refrigerator. The after cabin is 13ft. long, finished in mahogany, as are all the deck houses. It is elegantly fitted up with lockers, side board, closets, etc. The forward cabin is finished in ash, with perforated wood seats. The frame of the yacht is of oak, the plank fastenings being brass screws. She is also fitted with galvanized iron air tanks to aid in floating her if injured.

JEFFRIES Y. C. MATCHES.

THE second championship race of this club was held on Saturday last off Jeffries Point, East Boston. Although the weather was fine with a good sailing breeze from N. E., there were but few entries. The course for first class was nine miles, to and around Thompkins Island; that for the second, six miles, being around Apple Island. The first class started at 3:21 P. M., and the second 3:31 P. M., finishing as below:

CLASS I.	Length.	Actual.	Corrected.
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Judith, E. T. Pigeon.....23.9	2 00 37	2 00 37
Una, John Marno.....20.1	2 07 13	2 04 00

CLASS II.	Length.	Actual.	Corrected.
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Unknown, A. Martin.....19.5	1 30 46	1 30 37
Zetta, Warren and Fowles.....19.3	1 37 40	1 37 28
Hard Times, Geyer and Moore.....18.7	1 39 10	1 39 10

Captain Rood's new cutter (Elys) sailed over the course in company with the yachts, though not in the race, coming in second to Judith. The times were:

FIRST CLASS.	Length.	Actual.	Corrected.
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Joker, George Coffin.....20.4	1 32 15	1 31 49
Amy, E. W. Baxter.....20.10	1 33 55	1 30 00
Scamp, F. Gray.....18.04½	1 36 47	1 36 04
F. L. Dunne.....20.01	1 36 53	1 36 08
Myrtle, C. H. Post.....19.11	1 37 50	1 36 14
Elf, W. P. Barker.....19.11	1 38 39	1 36 45
Corsair, C. H. Whiting.....18.05	1 43 24	1 42 44
Water Witch, T. W. King.....19.05	1 43 10	1 43 42
Rena, H. L. Soule.....18.11	1 47 25	1 47 22
Madelon, W. A. Tucker.....20.07	Withdrawn.	

SECOND CLASS.	Length.	Actual.	Corrected.
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Mirage, H. J. & L. M. Clark.....17.5½	1 37 50	1 05 58
Queen, W. L. Dearborn.....17.07½	1 46 31	1 14 51
Yolande, C. H. Nute.....16.01	2 00 10	1 26 20
Ethel, W. H. Cutter.....16.08	1 50 30	1 26 32
Patience, A. A. Nickerson.....16.00	2 04 58	1 31 02

Any was disqualified for not having a club member on board, so Joker takes first prize and Scamp second. The judges were C. H. Whiting, H. B. Callender, and J. P. Norton.

KNICKERBOCKER Y. C. PENNANT MATCHES.

TUESDAY last, the date of the first pennant matches of the Knickerbocker Y. C., brought a different sort of weather from that in which sandbaggers delight, but the cold weather, chilly northerly rain, squalls and lumpy sea

Imperia sprung her boom and was towed in, and the steam yacht Isis, Mr. F. G. Higginson, of Boston, ran aground on Hen and Chickens, being towed in by the fishing steamer Humphreys, the revenue cutter Samuel Dexter also going to her assistance.

The times of arrival at Newport were:

Fortuna	1 50	Bidinger	2 30 00
Gitana	2 00	Bidinger	2 35 00
Rebecca	2 10	Romance	2 45 00
Meteor	2 14	Huron	2 48 00
Mystery	2 18	Haleyon	3 00 00
Addie	2 20	Edith	3 11 00
Wanderer	2 25	Active	3 15 00
Ladona	2 30		

Maggie, Meteor and Thiefs remained by the Isis to render assistance. It is intended to run to New London on Wednesday if fair.

LYNN Y. C. MATCHES.

FOURTEEN yachts started on Saturday last in the matches of the Lynn Y. C. held off the club house at Lynn, Mass. They were divided into three classes, the courses for first and second classes being from off club house, around Old Sunk Buoy, leaving Pines Point, Western Lobster Rock and Old Sunk Buoy on the port, and returning leaving Western Lobster Buoy on starboard to starting point, a distance of seven miles, and third class, from off club house, around Pines Point and Western Lobster Rock buoys, leaving them on port, to judges' boat, a course five miles in length.

With a wholesome breeze from the east, the boats got away promptly at gunfire, Magic, Kitty, Edith and Eyvor, in first class going over at 1:15. M. Ruth, Daisy, Pearl, Viola, Jessie and Jennie L., in second, and at 1:30, and Mabel, Daisy D., Georgie and Crest in third at 1:45, the Mabel taking a good lead.

Magic and Eyvor made a good race at first, Magic taking the lead after a time and increasing it to the finish. Pearl led the second class over the course, and Daisy soon took and held first place in her class, the race finishing as follows:

FIRST CLASS.			
	Length.	Actual.	Corrected.
Magic, E. O. Neal	30.01	1 42 20	1 33 20
Eyvor, W. S. Doak	30.00	2 06 00	1 47 23
Kitty, W. O. Wooldredge	28.09	Withdrawn.	
Edith, J. E. Davis	26.11	Withdrawn.	
SECOND CLASS.			
Pearl, Vice Com. J. F. See	24.04	1 40 00	1 25 21
Jennie L., C. H. Lockhart	23.09	1 42 30	1 19 04
Viola, E. C. Smith	30.00	1 43 10	1 16 16
Daisy, Wm. Hawkes	22.09	1 48 20	1 24 03
Ruth, Wm. Bassett	21.09	1 48 40	1 23 00
Jessie, Otis Pecker	20.07	1 49 00	1 22 42
THIRD CLASS.			
Daisy D., F. W. Martin	18.07	0 57 50	0 37 22
Crest, G. B. Gordon	18.06	0 59 50	0 39 27
Georgie, W. B. & F. E. Newhall	18.06	1 01 45	0 41 22
Mabel, G. H. Cushman	16.09	1 26 00	1 04 26

Magie takes first prize, Pearl first and Viola second in their class, and Daisy D. first, Crest second and Georgie third in the third class. The judges were Messrs. N. T. Davidson, W. M. Rand, J. W. Atwell, and the regatta committee were Messrs. W. B. Newhall, C. H. Lockhart, W. M. Rand, F. S. Newhall, W. Hawkes.

HULL Y. C. RACES.

THE matches of the Hull Y. C. for prizes presented by the guests of the Oregon House at Hull were sailed on Saturday, July 26, with full entries, thirty-four boats starting, their lengths running from 15 to 28 ft. A fine wind from the east allowed full sail to be carried, and made an interesting race, the finish being very even and hukes being few. The courses sailed were: For first and second classes—From judges' line to Steamboat Barrel buoy, off Seal Rocks, leaving it on starboard, thence leaving Sheep Island on port to Jack Knife Ledge Buoy, leaving it on port; thence leaving Sheep Island on starboard to Black Rock Buoy, leaving it on port; thence leaving Downer Landing Buoy, No. 2, red, leaving it on port; thence leaving Black Buoy off Point of Bunkin Island, on starboard, to Yellow Barrel Buoy, marked H. Y. C., off Strawberry Hill, leaving it on port; thence leaving Steamboat Barrel Buoy, off Seal Rocks, on starboard to judges' boat, passing between it and flagboat—10 nautical miles. For third and fourth classes—From judges' line to Steamboat Barrel off Seal Rocks, leaving it on port to Yellow Barrel marked H. Y. C., off Strawberry Hill, leaving it on starboard; thence to flagboat off Quincy Great Hill, leaving it on starboard, to Yellow Barrel marked H. Y. C., off Cleverley's, Petticks Island, leaving it on starboard to judges' boat—6 nautical miles.

In spite of a blunder over the firing of the first gun, and the consequent delay, a very even start was made, the intervals between the classes being five minutes. The contests between the yachts in each class were very close, as will be seen by the following times:

FIRST CLASS—SLOOPS.			
	Length.	Actual.	Corrected.
Bannerett, J. F. Brown	23.08	1 57 01	1 23 26
Transit, E. H. Ingalls	35.09	1 56 30	1 25 51
Kitty, Tarbell & Adams	22.08	2 46 30	1 32 07
Gen. Osmond & Savage	25.02	2 07 34	1 35 41
Thelza, A. P. Thayer	21.03	2 21 26	1 44 47
Zulu, C. A. Brayman	26.09	withdrawn.	
SECOND CLASS.			
Queen Mab, cat, Burtwell & Adams	31.06	2 03 53	1 24 34
Black Cloud, sloop, Brown & Cunningham	22.00	2 01 52	1 26 13
Sea Bird, sloop, G. S. Furbush	22.02	2 05 04	1 29 38
Alba, sloop, W. H. Wilkinson	23.01	2 06 23	1 32 22
Lizzie Warner, Thos. Stutland	24.06	2 04 39	1 32 01
Amy, E. W. Baxter	20.06	2 12 20	1 34 39
THIRD CLASS.			
Joker, cat, George Coffin	19.07	1 23 18	0 59 03
Niobe, cat, F. L. Lunne	19.07	1 25 45	1 02 20
Myrtle, C. H. & R. C. Poor	18.06	1 27 25	1 02 58
Viva, P. M. Bond	18.06	1 29 26	1 04 54
Hornet, Harding & Merrill	18.11	1 30 57	1 07 50
FOURTH CLASS—CATS.			
Sheerwater, M. M. Morrill	16.06	1 36 23	1 09 14
Hooket, B. F. Bassett	16.10	1 39 46	1 05 23
Mirage, A. J. & L. M. Clarke	17.07	1 31 41	1 05 49
Wildfire, H. A. Keith	17.03	1 33 56	1 07 08
Imogene, B. T. Wendell	17.07	1 31 19	1 05 57
Spray, H. M. Faxon	17.07	1 31 41	1 06 19
Kismet, H. N. Curtis	17.10	1 33 41	1 08 34
Zip, G. W. Montross	17.00	1 36 20	1 09 14
Charlotte, G. G. Garrovoy	17.07	withdrawn.	
Idlewild, Henry Taggart	16.07	1 37 07	1 10 29

In the first class, keel sloops 21 and under 28 ft., Bannerett takes first prize, \$25, and Transit second, \$10; in the second class, center-board, 20 and under 25 ft., Queen Mab takes \$25, and Black Cloud \$10; in the third class, cats of 16 and under 20 ft., Joker takes \$20, Niobe \$10, and Myrtle \$5; while in the fourth, Black Island, leaving it on the port hand, and around a mark displaying a red flag anchored about two miles and five-eighths west-southwest from the lighthouse on West Island, leaving it on the port hand, and thence back to the lighthouse, passing to the southward of it and between the ship and the judges' boat. The letters S K V of the international code will signify a course from Brenton's Reef Lightship to and around the buoy on the north end of Block Island, leaving it on the port hand, and around a mark displaying a red flag anchored about two miles and five-eighths west-southwest from the lighthouse on West Island, leaving it on the port hand, and thence back to the lighthouse, passing to the southward of it and between the lighthouse and the judges' boat. The measurement of yachts not already measured should accompany entries.

NEW YORK Y. C. CRUISE AND RACES.

BESIDES the steam yacht races to be held during the cruise, a race for the Goelet cups will be sailed at Newport, the particulars of which are given in the following circular issued by the Regatta Committee.

NEW YORK, July 28, 1884.—Particulars of the race for the Goelet cups: Open to schooners and sloops of the New York Y. C.; schooner prize, \$1,000; sloop prize, \$500. To take place in the early part of the cruise; probably on the day after the arrival of the squadron at Newport, the day to be named by the flag officers. To be sailed under the rules and with the time allowance of the N. Y. Y. C. The course for this race will be triangular and about forty-five miles long, starting from Brenton's Reef Lightship or its vicinity, and will be announced by signal from the judges' boat on the morning of the race, and if possible from the flag ship also, as follows: The letters K V of the international code will signify a course from Brenton's Reef Lightship to and around the buoy on the north end of Block Island, leaving it on the port hand, and around a mark displaying a red flag anchored about two miles and five-eighths west-southwest from the lighthouse on West Island, leaving it on the port hand, and thence back to the lighthouse, passing to the southward of it and between the ship and the judges' boat. The letters S K V of the international code will signify a course from Brenton's Reef Lightship to and around the buoy on the north end of Block Island, leaving it on the port hand, and around a mark displaying a red flag anchored about two miles and five-eighths west-southwest from the lighthouse on West Island, leaving it on the port hand, and thence back to the lighthouse, passing to the southward of it and between the lighthouse and the judges' boat. The measurement of yachts not already measured should accompany entries.

Entries will be received by the secretary at the club house, No. 67 Madison avenue, up to Friday, Aug. 1, and on the flag ship, addressed to the commanding officer, up to 8 o'clock A. M. on the morning of the race. Owners are requested to send in their entries as early as possible, to facilitate the labors of the Regatta Committee. The preparatory signal will be given at 9:45 o'clock, and the starting signal

at 10 o'clock precisely, if possible. The signals for starting will be given from the judges' boat, as follows: Preparatory Signal—One long blast of the steam whistle, and at the same time the United States ensign will be lowered from the bow staff and a blue peter set in its place. The Start—Fifteen minutes later there will be a second blast of the whistle, the blue peter lowered and the yacht club signal set in its place, when the time of each yacht will be taken as it crosses the line. Ten minutes later there will be a third blast of the whistle, and this time will be recorded as the time of any yacht starting in the race thereafter. If practicable, short blasts of the whistle will be given when each yacht crosses the starting line. There will be no limit as to the time of performance. Yachts sailing the race must carry their private signals in the main peak. In case the judges' boat from any cause is not at the finish line yachts will pass close aboard Brenton's Reef lightship, each owner or representative taking the time of his vessel when the foremast is on a line drawn at right angles to the straight course from the last mark and passes the bow of the lightship.

J. F. TAMS,
CHARLES H. STEEDINS,
J. A. MORGAN,
Regatta Committee.

The proprietors of the Pequot House at New London have offered a cup for schooners and one for sloops, to be sailed for while the fleet is at New London.

BEVERLY Y. C. SECOND CHAMPIONSHIP.

THE club had its usual bad luck with the weather for the eighth regatta, held at Swampscott July 26, the morning opened with the merest trace of an air from the N. E., which was expected to haul to S. W. but did not. The calm prevented Gem, Hornet, Mirage and several other boats from arriving at all; and the start had to be postponed half an hour in order to get any entries. At that time the second class boats, Witch, Holden, Spider, and Rita, the Countess and Atlanta of the first class, and Bluebell and Psyche of third class were on hand, and the preparatory gun was fired at 12:28:30.

As Eugenia was sighted about a mile out, Countess and Atlanta decided to wait for her and the steam launch Florence ran out and towed her in, the judges agreeing to start them when she arrived. As Psyche had no club member aboard, she was not started, without one and Bluebell's owner had to act as judge, it was decided to start third class with the first.

Second class got off at 12:38:30 in a light S. E. by E. air, Spider and Holden together immediately after the gun, Witch just astern and shooting to windward of them, and Rita, who was unused to one-gun starts, ten minutes late.

The course took them round a stakeboat 1 1/4 miles E. by S. of Egg Rock, a boat off Little Nahant and return, 6 miles. In reality the stakeboat was placed more than 1 1/2 miles out, and course was fully 6 1/2 miles.

At 12:48, Eugenia having arrived, and Psyche having profited by the delay to ship a club member to steer her, the preparatory gun was fired for first and third classes. At 12:53 when the order to fire was given, Atlanta and Bluebell were just on the line, Countess and Psyche three or four lengths astern, and Eugenia behind, the cap snapped and as Eugenia did not hear it they turned back with notice to go in 3 minutes.

This time Bluebell was a second or so too quick and had to go back. Psyche got off at once with Atlanta and Countess close to her, then Bluebell dozen lengths behind Psyche, then Eugenia. The first class left Egg Rock, Graves Bell Buoy, and a stakeboat off S. W. Breaker on port and return, 13 miles, the third class sailed same course as second.

The race in both small classes was a surprise, in second class Rita fairly outtailed and outpointed the others and won safely, while Bluebell did not appear to be in good shape. In third class Bluebell, though not footing with Psyche on first tack, outpointed her badly, crossing her bow the first time they met, and increasing her lead all the way to Little Nahant, but on the run home Psyche gained about a minute.

The first class race soon came down to a match between Countess and Atlanta. Eugenia dropping astern. It was watched with interest, as Atlanta had come round the Cape to race, and this was her first appearance in Eastern waters. On the beat out to the Graves she passed Countess and rounded first, on the run to S. W. Breaker Countess gained and finally took the lead.

Here the race was spoiled by a piece of outrageous stupidity on the part of the man in charge of the stakeboat. His orders from the committee were plain and distinct to stay at his post and let the boats round him. When they were about two miles off he deliberately got the stakeboat under way and deserted his post. Such a thing has never occurred before in the history of the club, and certainly could not have been foreseen by the committee, as the man had given no previous evidences of insanity.

Countess, finding no boat where it ought to be, and knowing the position of the S. W. Breaker Buoy; but Atlanta saw a fishing boat well in shore of the buoy and rounded her, thinking she was stakeboat. Eugenia gave it up, not finding the boat, but she was far astern.

On the return of the boats, every one, including Mr. Thomas, agreed that Countess would have been first boat home if stakeboat had been in place, and the persons for her second time would have been Rita.

In regard to the prizes, with allowance, no one could say how it would have been, each boat was sure she had the race; Countess's times were 3:14 better than Atlanta's but the latter sailed over more ground.

The judges consequently ordered the race re-sailed, but it was found that no rate could be fixed and the matter was dropped. It was finally agreed by Messrs. Thomas and Chase that Atlanta should take first prize and Countess second prize and the pennant. Summary as follows:

FIRST CLASS.			
	Length.	Actual.	Corrected.
Countess, sloop, Geo. B. Chase	31.6	2 49 20	2 41 46
Atlanta, cat, Isaac R. Thomas	32.7	2 44 45	2 45 00
Eugenia, cat, Irving S. Palmer	33.3	withdrawn.	
SECOND CLASS.			
Rita, cat, H. B. Richardson	20.6	2 15 30	2 05 00
Witch, cutter, B. B. Croninfield	22.6	2 15 46	2 06 51
Spider, cat, Walter Abbott	21.0	2 17 06	1 06 09
Holden, cat, P. C. Severance	20.0	2 23 52	1 44 20
THIRD CLASS.			
Bluebell, cat, W. Lloyd Jeffries	18.7	2 18 10	2 05 49
Psyche, cat, R. D. Sears	19.4	2 20 01	2 08 24

Atlanta, Rita and Bluebell take first prizes; Countess and Spider second prizes, and Countess, Rita and Bluebell the pennants, being with Thialfi, Witch and Mirage. Judges—F. E. Cabot, W. Lloyd Jeffries. Judges' boat, D. BLUE WITH A GOLD CASTLE.

THE SENTINELS OF OUR COAST.

AS off-shore cruising becomes each year more common, yachtsmen must take a deeper interest in all that pertains to the safety of vessels on our coast, the foremost feature of which, of course, is our light-house system. We copy from *Iron* the following interesting summary of the organization and work of this most valuable branch of the public service.

The lighthouse service of the United States is a branch of the public administration in which every citizen can take pride. The entire amount appropriated for maintaining the service during the last fiscal year was only a little more than \$2,000,000. For the guidance and warning of navigators, the Government maintains 755 light-houses and beacons on the sea and lake coasts, besides 674 beacons on the New England rivers. There are 20 lightships anchored or moored at spots where it is impossible to lay the foundations for brick or iron towers. The most exposed of all these lightships is that which rides at anchor over the Davis New South Shoals, 27 miles from the coast of Nantucket. There the currents are so strong and the seas so enormous in stormy weather that the vessel is sometimes driven off her station, and during the year a heavy gale swept her all the way to Block Island. The Trinity Shoals Lightship, west of the mouth of the Mississippi River, broke from her moorings in the storm of last September, and cruised for two days in the Gulf before she could be worked back to the post of duty. The perils and hardships of the service are at their greatest aboard these lightships, which are tossed and pummeled mercilessly by the waves in heavy weather and exposed to danger from ice and collision. It is a singular fact that these floating beacons are not infrequently run down by other vessels. The Handerkerchief Lightship, in Vineyard Sound, was run into and somewhat damaged twice within twelve months. In one instance the colliding schooner was sunk.

Besides the light-houses and lightships the board maintains 352 unlighted beacons for day use, 66 steam or hot air fog signals of different sorts, 33 automatic whistling buoys, 33 bell buoys, and about 3,500 silent buoys of the varieties known as nun, can and spar. Many of these channel guides have to be taken up when winter sets in and replaced in the spring, and they all require constant inspection and frequent attention. This work, together with the distribution of supplies to the light-houses and lightships, is performed by a busy little fleet of steam tenders. They continually patrol the Atlantic and Gulf coasts from West Quoddy light, which throws some of its beams across into the Province of New Brunswick, to the Brazos Santiago and the Point Isabel lights, which illuminate a corner of the Republic of Mexico. They run up and down the Pacific coast to San Diego to Cape Flattery, and they are everywhere on the Great Lakes, and on the

Ohio, Mississippi, and Missouri rivers. There are 30 of these tenders, including the boats engaged in the work of construction and repair. The service employs about 2,600 men, of whom nearly 2,000 are light-keepers.

Every lighthouse district has one or more manufacturing and supply stations. The most important of these establishments is on Staten Island. They contain a complete laboratory for testing oils, a workshop for repairing lamps, and an electric department where experiments are in progress to determine the practicability of employing electricity instead of oil in the light-houses. Lard oil is going out of use as an illuminant. Mineral oil has taken its place in all but a few lights of the first order, and even in these the board are substituting the mineral oil as fast as the necessary changes in the apparatus can be effected. No money spent by the government is better invested than that which keeps the beacons burning on the coast and riverbanks.

The operations of the service are conducted in fifteen districts, each in charge of an officer of the navy as inspector and an army officer as engineer. The First District includes the Maine and New Hampshire coasts; the Second reaches around Cape Cod, the Connecticut boundary; the Third to Squam Inlet, N. J., including the Hudson River and Lake Champlain; the Fourth to the Virginia coast, and so on to the Eighth, which extends to the Mexican boundary. The Tenth and Eleventh Districts cover the lake region; the Twelfth and Thirteenth are on the Pacific coast, while the Fourteenth is the Gulf of Mexico, and the Fifteenth the Mississippi and the Missouri. The light-houses, lightships and beacons are distributed as follows:

Atlantic coast and Lake Champlain	483
Gulf of Mexico	70
Great Lakes	193
Pacific coast	55
The great rivers	972

Total.....1,733.

ATLANTIC Y. C. ANNUAL CRUISE.

ON Saturday last the fleet was anchored at Black Rock, Conn., preparatory to their annual cruise. The programme was not adhered to, as (in consequence of light winds) the fleet was late in assembling, and did not call at Norwalk, as intended, to the disappointment of a large crowd of spectators gathered there to see them. The fleet consisted of the following yachts: Phantom, A. Smith; Stella, Tourist, Venture, Nomad and Viking arrived from Whiteside, and Enterprise and Roamer from the eastward, also arrived on Saturday, the Crusader, Water Witch and Thistle arriving on Sunday afternoon. Sunday was rainy and cold. Divine service was held on the Grayling in the morning, the Rev. Dr. W. H. Thomas, of Norwalk, officiating. All the afternoon and evening the rain continued, with a strong easterly wind, soaking all who ventured ashore or on board other yachts.

Monday morning broke fair, and the fleet, increased by the arrival of Phantom and Viola, prepared for an early start for New London. At 6:10 A. M. a gun from the Agnes gave the first signal, and at the second, 6:32, the smaller boats—the Tourist, Venture, Gleam, Wilful, Phantom, Nomad and Viking—were off, the larger craft waiting until 6:45.

The fleet at this time included the following yachts: First division, schooners—Grayling, L. A. Fish; Crusader, J. R. Maxwell; Agnes, Commodore Hogins; Water Witch, C. H. Mallory; Haze, M. Hogan. Sloops—Enterprise, Vice-Commodore Moffat; Roamer, J. W. Cooper; Stella, J. L. Maxwell; Viola, G. N. Vayland; Thistle, William Ziegler. Second division, sloops—Nomad, Rear-Com. Winttingham; Viking, Frank C. Swan; New London, H. G. Peabody; Phantom, A. Smith; Wilful, H. W. Coates; Gleam, N. D. Lawton; Tourist, Benjamin Aborn, Jr. The wind was light from the northeast, and the weather clear and pleasant, though cool for July.

Calm throughout the day robbed the race of any special interest. The fleet was scattered over the Sound from Long Island to Connecticut, the Nereida and Rena joining them in the afternoon. Grayling was first into New London, Water Witch second, then Crusader, Roamer, Viola, Enterprise, Haze, Thistle.

For once Long Island Sound has repudiated its summer reputation as a duck pond, and shown yachtsmen what it can do when it really tries, even in summer, sorting out the fleet in a way that was far from pleasant. The programme for Tuesday morning was to run, for the first time, a short, but heavy sea and heavy sea were suffered to cloud several of the division in New London Harbor, while no report was heard of the doings of the smaller boats.

Grayling decided to stop and haul out to scrub for the Goelet Cup race, and Tourist withdrew, a fortunate thing for her.

At 10:30 A. M. the harbor was full of coasters, taking refuge from the storm, bound to run Cape Cod, and at 10:53 A. M. the fleet fired the starting gun, all being soon under way on port tack. Once outside there was wind and sea in plenty, Elephant and Thistle, the only ones carrying topsails, were glad to stow them, and Crusader lowered foresail and double reefed main.

At noon the wind was east northeast, and the sea worse with heavy rain, all the yachts reducing sail as much as possible. Elephant, with her big spars aloft, was having more than she wanted, while Thistle was not much happier.

Off Bartlett's Reef, while attempting to reef, Elephant lost her mast and behaved so badly in the sea that the crew were obliged to cut away everything, losing spars and sails, finally coming into Greenport under a jury sail with wind and tide. The others had arrived at Boar's Cove previously, the Crusader being first at 12:52, Haze 1:05, Agnes 1:32, Enterprise 1:32, Wilful 1:50, Thistle 1:10, the latter anchoring near the town.

THE WEATHER STAKEBOAT.

YEARS ago when that antiquated piano box, the scow Randall, used to "beat everything on the bay," the "Master Mariner's Regatta," on the Fourth of July, was a sight worth seeing, but of late years the yacht clubs have rather taken the shine out of the Mariner's, and they have held no regatta for some five years. This time though there was a chance; the big yachts had gone to Santa Cruz, and the small ones to Napa, so, not the coast, but the bay was clear. From time to time, we outsiders who take an interest in such things, were informed that the prospects were good, and that the committee were like Mr. Riley of hotel-keeping fame. Three of us taking time by the forelock, others were waiting for the weather to break before she left the wharf, and accompany her to her station.

Bright and early then on the morning of our glorious anniversary, about 9 A. M., I waved a fond adieu to the better moiety and smaller fractions of my domestic establishment, and in company with a camera, tripod, big umbrella, some other odds and ends, and a bag of sandwiches, I went down to the wharf, and there I found a callow youth to keep one or more boats thereabouts, and the same is therefore as familiar to me as my catechism (some people might say more so).

I arrived first upon the ground and found the Yosemite and another scow in possession of a very good natured dog; so, having made friends with him and convinced him that I was a good deal that sort of fellow myself, in fact, a cousin of his somewhat removed as it were, I deposited my belongings in the dock, and turned about to find the right craft; a fact which was somewhat difficult of determination, since a regard for economy limits the display of name boards, etc., strictly to the requirements of the law, to wit, on the stern, and in order to read her name it would be necessary to walk down a block or so to the next pier or ask some one. That was what I did. I asked a young fellow who showed himself up on the dock of my own ship, and he said it was so I turned my attention to captivating my cat as I had the dog. I didn't succeed so well with the cat; there isn't that sort of whole-souled good fellowship about a cat that you find in dogs not too highly bred; we've had "Dogs" at the Bohemian Club, but we've never had "Cats," and then there was a particularly talented cat, for when she came down like a thunder bolt, just as the three of us were in the air, came down like a piece of velvet, and with dignity to the conclusion granted by a pile of boards, where she modestly kept out of reach lest she should be made to jump again, so she couldn't, of course, be expected to take up with strangers, like a commonplace dog.

Presently the other chaps have in sight laden down with cameras and things, and waiting anxiously for the moment of departure. By dint of much pulling and hauling we at length got our craft under way and drifted slowly down the narrow channel while we hoisted sail. It is really wonderful, the skill with which these skippers, who are mostly Danes and such, manage their great unwieldy craft in tight places, and squeeze through all sorts of narrow gaps, bumping and thumping occasionally, but never getting stuck. The entire crew consisted of the skipper and only one man, who was mate, steward, cabin boy, cook and deck hand all in one, to manage a schooner from eighty to one hundred tons capacity.

As I had taken my "trick at the wheel" on at least one specimen of almost every kind of craft that floats, from a canoe to an ocean steamer, I was anxious to add to my experience by guiding this rag crew of wretchedly equipped skippers and their one man, who was mate, steward, cabin boy, cook and deck hand all in one, to manage a schooner from eighty to one hundred tons capacity.

ventured to hint the skipper that his owners would probably be something in pocket, and the race less liable to disappointment, if he, for a time at least, assumed the direction of affairs. With the wind from nowhere and an ebb tide setting us down on the bowsprits, he leaved the old hooker in toward the wharves, got her around, twice her speed, and with a breeze, while we looked on in silent admiration. Then he resigned in favor of a younger man while the big brown sails swelling out "spread their broad bosoms to the lusty wind, like lass that woos a lover." The Yosemite pushed her square bow thumpety bump over the sparkling waves, and I grasped the spokes of her weather-beaten wheel, and thought the weariness of the day's office were not so bad after all since they made this pleasure so keen. For a moment the skipper's (highly old) stumped the deck and puffed his pipe, thinking of the days when we were skipper and mate of our little craft and courted danger (so the grannies said) every chance we got.

As we sailed down, a couple of three-masters were being cast by tugs to get under way for the race, while smaller classes by the dozen made the water gay in all directions. We slid along past the Battery, where the boats were crowded with spectators, and saw many pleasant and peaceable, and the guns on the batteries not over warlike, and presently, as it happened to be noon, the guns from all about us—from the island, from the fort, from Black Point, from Fort Mifflin, from Johnson and the Hartford in the stream—fired the annual salute, which I am just enough of a tomfool American to delight in listening to.

The race was started at 1, and we were expected to be at our station by that time. The question was, should we do it? There was an ebb tide and a breeze, both facts in our favor, but it was getting on 1:15, and the boat was not yet in sight. The question was, what it should have been in the channel on a July day, but we did our best and pounded away to windward as well as we could. Then a compass made its appearance. I was surprised to find one aboard, and I was surprised to find that the compass was not on the same scale as the others. While we got our ranges, everybody aboard taking a trick at that time, the skipper thought we should do, and sung out to "lower the 'yib'."

We had provided a sort of luncheon for ourselves, but the skipper regarded the proceeding with so much grave disapprobation that we rather slighted it, even what there was, and waited to join him at his repast to which he had invited us in his bix cabin. As we could not leave him to wait, we waited before the dingy boat hove in sight, and the canners were got in order and the tripod set up, and then to the deck in about sixteen different places, while I, who intended that this my maiden effort in the field of photography should be something to brag of, arranged to have the fort and sloping hills for a background for all my pictures. I fortunately had time six, alas for the fall of the tide, to take a few photographs of the Yosemite, being anchored in thirty fathoms of water with the wind on our bow and the tide another swing to every point of the compass in about ten minutes without the slightest regard to my wishes.

Presently we discovered a fleet of Whitehall boats, bearing up for us, every one with three men on the weather rail, and ever mother's son soaked to the skin, shining like blackbirds on a fence. As the leader approached, buried in a cloud of spray, I lastly dismounted the camera entrusted to my care, and hurried aft to take my first photograph. "What were you anxiously asked if we were the stakeboat for the Whitehall race?" "No, no, no, master mariners!" remarked the skipper, "these marks were borne upon the breezes in regard to the boats of which that particular stakeboat, that were at least emphatic. Whether they ever found it or not I've no idea, for our birds began to flock about this time and we were all alive for the fun,

The first comets was a barkentine, which could, I suppose, carry half a million feet of lumber, and wasn't she a beauty just then. She stood far enough up to be sure of clearing us, then tacked, and with every stitch set and drawing like a team of horses, tore down upon us with the rush of a locomotive. The foam curled high up on her bows, rolling and tumbling in a wilderness of froth past her lee channels, while she was tearing up some water on their own account, the sloping decks glistened with the seas and swarmed with people, who above the shouts of the men and the shrill cheers of women, the jolly wind whistled and yelled as he scampered through the rigging. Then with the rattle of blocks and creak of spars, as the sheets were eased off, the first of our visitors left us amid cheers and cries and waving of handkerchiefs, while the spray, churned to the finest mist floated all about us.

Next a three-masted schooner, straining everything to overtake her rival, and she, too, roared past us, while her crew gave us our quota of thanks, in ringing shouts and waving of handkerchiefs. And so, sometimes singly, sometimes in bunches all in a potter, they bore up and rounded, and no one forgot that the stakeboat should have a hurrah, until the last fellow shouted, "Up killick, you fellows, and go home, we're the last."

and so our duty was done, and now came getting the anchor. The wind was strong now, though there was no fog, and the water was blue as a summer sky should be, but isn't always in the channel, and the tide was flood, with sixty fathoms or so of cable to get in. "Man the gipsy, boys," and the cabin boy, with the kerosene can, began to lubricate in all directions. We got it after a while, but as I sit and write this I hear again the everlasting clank of the windlass pawls and still feel the aches and pains that half hour's job gave. "Then up sail, pull away the sparas; give some more coffee; Fred, and, pull to mouth, I take the wind again. We're home and sound."

We all agree that the windward stakeboat is the place to set a face; that's where the struggle takes place and where the main interest centers.

Phantom and the other chap, who are shining light among the photographic amateurs, got fifteen good pictures of the passag vessels out of a possible sixteen; while I—well, I got one passable one out of a possible six, and that broke the first time it was printed from. Phantom very learnedly explained to me why I hadn't done better, and I was very sorry, but I was very well, and anyway I didn't think much of photographs; there isn't any life in 'em; you miss the sweep of the waves, the whistle of the winds, the shouts of the men—and the smiles of the girls.

AN OCEAN SCHOONER RACE.—Considerable talk was indulged in among shipping men at Second and Walnut streets yesterday when it became known that a bet of \$5,000 had been made between two prominent vessel owners on the speed of the new schooner Francis L. Cooper, of Philadelphia. She is now loading a cargo of locomotives at Willow street wharf for Brazil. The wager is that she will beat the record between the Delaware Breakwater and Rio de Janeiro in the quickest time ever made between these two points by a sailing vessel in ten days. It now takes 40 miles from the Delaware Breakwater to Rio de Janeiro. The Francis L. Cooper will receive the remainder of her cargo at Noble street wharf on Thursday next. She will leave at noon and be towed to the Breakwater, where her time of starting will be taken. Captain R. V. M. Cooper, the master of the vessel, said yesterday regarding his route: "I shall keep east southeast until I strike latitude 30, longitude 22, when I shall strike the southeast trade winds. I will then keep on a bearing of east by south, when I shall steer southeast, and keep this course till I round Cape St. Remy, the extreme eastern point of Brazil." "Do you think you can beat the record of forty-five days?" "I do not know, but hope so. The vessel is a new one and will not make as good time as one that has been running for a year or two. A craft has to get her ropes and canvas stretched, but as she is a keen-built boat I think I can go there in less than that time. She is 100 tons, 135 feet long, 27 ft. beam and 11 ft. depth. She has 100,000 in her pockets out of the water." "How did this bet happen to be made?" "There are a great many vessels idle at present, without cargoes out, and as the rates to Brazil on freight are high, shipmasters like to get voyages there. Now, as I am booked with a good cargo for that place, there is a little jealousy among some of the captains, and it is well known that I had my vessel built on my own plans. My rivals call her a tub, and one of them has said that he would like to bet with me that he could plank up \$5,000 that she would not beat the record. A friend of mine 'saw him' at once and the money is in a stakeholder's hands." "Your friend has considerable confidence in the boat, Captain?" "He knows her and me."—*Philadelphia Times*, July 30.

IRON SHIPBUILDING ON THE PACIFIC.—Some time ago published a description of an iron shipyard then under construction at San Francisco, Cal. News has just been received that work has begun at the shipyard, the ways having been completed for the construction of a collier for the Newport Coal Company. "There is no longer any necessity," said Irving M. Scott, general manager of the works, "for a representative of a local paper, 'for sending orders to the Cranston Shipyard for iron ships, and for every facility that they have, and we can compete with them in work and speed.' The first contract and the first vessel on the ways is the caisson for the dry dock at Mare Island. While this is used as a gate for the dry dock, it is practically an iron ship, 80ft. long, 17ft. beam and 35ft. deep, of which 17½ft. is keel. It will be built of iron and steel, with gates for admitting and discharging water, and fitted with the most powerful engines in the dock. The date is not yet fixed. In front of this caisson, upon the same ways, will be built the steam collier for the Newport Coal Company, alluded to above. This will run between the harbor of San Francisco and the Newport mines at Coos Bay, also touching at Empire City. The dimensions will be 30ft. long, 30ft. beam and 16ft. depth of hold, and the vessel will be fitted with engines of the compound surface-condensing type, cylinder 24 and 18 inches diameter, and a 24 inch wide 850 horse power piston will carry 200 tons of water ballast, and will be built entirely of steel, and fitted with the most modern appliances for receiving and discharging a cargo.—Iron, July 17.

BOSTON Y. C. — The matches of the Boston Y. C. on August 9, will start at 10 A. M. Commodore Pfaff, and Vice Commodore Conford have presented two silver cups as prizes and several cash prizes will be offered besides a silk flag to each yacht going over the course. The race will be sailed under the following conditions: The first class open to yachts measuring 32ft. and upward sailing length. Yachts under 32ft. may sail in this class by calling themselves 33ft. The second class open to yachts under 33ft. sailing length. Schooners will receive an additional allowance of 10 per cent. The class to which a yacht shall be decided by the judge to be windward work that is to say, on such windward work schooners shall be reckoned only four-fifths of their real sailing length. A yacht must win three out of five cups, in thirty minutes before the signal to come into line. The flags bearing the numbers of the yachts to be sailed will be hoisted on the judges' boat, and the yachts in each class will come into line about regard to size. A steam whistle on the judges' boat will be sounded at 10 o'clock sharp, which will be the signal for all classes to start. The signal will be sounded again, and a flag lowered, which will be the signal for the yachts to start. When in position for starting, yachts must have their jibs down. Boats will sail in a class between the judges' boat and a flagboat. The several races shall be sailed within eight hours from the time of starting, and all yachts intending to sail should be in position before 10:30 o'clock A. M. Entries may be made at the office of W. L. Wellman, 18 Post office street, until Friday, August 8. The entire management of the race is in the hands of the committee, composed of C. F. Loring, chairman; J. P. Pinney, Charles L. James, George H. Tyler, and W. L. Wellman, secretary. The judges are: Thomas Dean, Eben Denton and Coolidge Barnard.

PETROLEUM AS A FUEL FOR STEAMERS.—One of the most potent effects, to our mind, of the development of the Caspian oil mining is the use of oil for fuel in steamers, and the all-important question is, whether liquid fuel can be exported at such a price as to make it profitable to the producers in the East. If this be done, the effects upon trade will be almost incalculable. The use of oil used in the crudest kind of furnace will go as far as two of coal; and in good arrangements, such as one recently patented by R. Robert Walker, it is claimed that one ton of oil generates as much heat as four tons of coal. If such be the case the profitable area of the employment of steamers will be greatly extended, and for the Eastern trade there will be the additional advantage of the nearness of the source of supply. The system in use in the Volga steamers is that oil and steam are together injected into the furnace. The use of the steam causing the oil to form a spray. The use of oil for fuel in steamers has been the subject of experiments by the British Admiralty as long ago as 1858, and the result is described in papers by Admiral Schoyn, in the Transactions of the Institution of Naval Architects for 1868 and 1859. The method was similar to that now used on the Volga, and the experiments gave a good result, but the method was not successful in a commercial way, and it was found that at the price of American oil had much to be said in favour of a refined liquid fuel can be obtained from Russia, it will certainly find a good market in the Mediterranean.—*Nautical Magazine.*

NEW SCHOOLER FOR SAN FRANCISCO.—A full-rigged ocean motor schooner, the Carmelita, has just reached that gentlemen's office from New York. It is the handsomest piece of yacht-modeling we have ever seen. The original design is by the celebrated marine architect, A. Cary Smith, of New York, and the mechanical work of the model is from the hands of G. Graham, of the same place. The Carmelita is a keel boat, flush deck and no riggers, and her lines are in sharp contrast to anything afloat for these waters. With a beam of 20 ft. and a draft of 8 ft., she is a most graceful and trim vessel, and her hull is so well proportioned at 65 ft. on the waterline, giving her an immense waterline, that looks as beautiful as it is remarkable. Her beam is only 16 ft., and she has a draft aft of 10 ft.,—another feature that will surprise our local yachtsmen, who have all along held out for plenty of beam. Of her sailing qualities, judged by her model, opinions will vary. We think she will prove as fast and weatherly as our own beamy craft. Her spars are lofty, mainmast 46 ft., main topmast 30 ft., and main boom 20 ft. Her foremast is 36 ft., fore topmast 17 ft., and her topmasts are all housing. To make her keep her feet well up, her mainmast has these spars will carry, she will have 11.5 tons of lead ballast in her keel, and 20 tons of lead inside. Aloft and below she will have everything which mechanical skill and good taste can suggest to make her a perfect yacht.—*San Francisco Newsletter*, June 14.

NEW FRENCH YACHT.—One of the brightest of our yachting changes is the French paper *Le Yacht*, published in Paris, and devoted to French yachting and naval interests. A most interesting feature of the paper is the illustrations, of which there are always a number, and in the issue of July 12, we find, besides a sketch of the pirate Regatta of June 22, the lines and sail plan of the *Henriette*, a new 19-ton cutter, now building for Mr. A. M. Pilon, former owner of the *Surf* and *Cuckoo*, by Camper and Nicholson, of Gosport. This yacht, designed by Mr. G. L. Watson, is 50ft. on waterline, 9ft. 6in. beam, and draws 9ft. 3in., with a lead level of 19 tons. The same number also contains the plans of a cruising yacht of the same length as the above, but of very different proportions, having 12ft. 10in. beam, 10 ft. 7 in. draught, 19 tons on deck, 20 ft. 6 in. waterline, and 8 ft. of draught. The accommodation is a cockpit, the accommodation below includes an after or ladies' cabin with four berths, forward of which is wide companion, with closets on the sides; and still further forward is the main cabin, with room for twelve persons at table, forward of which is the owner's stateroom. This yacht, which is about equal in cubic capacity to a large class of our centerboard yachts, has a small amount of room below, with no house on deck, that would astonish those familiar only with the average centerboard sloop.

THE YAWL, WHITE CAP.—This yacht is reported as doing much better this season under a larger mizzen, though still using the old mainsail she had as a schooner. The loose-footed mizzen formerly used has been abandoned by her owner, as it was found that a heavy strain was needed on the foot of the sail to keep it flat, and make it lie in a work proper, by which the strain on the boom, long and heavy as it was, was increased, bringing too much strain on the mizzen mast. To overcome this difficulty the boom is fitted with two grooved jacks oak, the foot of the sail having brass travelers attached, sliding in the grooves, the arrangement being the same as that sometimes employed in place of the mast hoops. By this means the sail is kept perfectly flat without undue strain on the boom, while it may be hoisted and dished in the usual manner. The White Cap has been desired to set a lug mizzen trysail. The success of the White Cap has proved the feasibility of the yawl rig for cruising, and we hope that with new canvas she will do still better.

NEW HAVEN V. CRUISE.—The fleet left New London at 6:15 P. M. on Wednesday, and anchored about 5 P. M. in Newport harbor. Sail being slow and tedious, owing to light winds. Brunetta, guerette and rival left the fleet at New London. The fleet left on 24th for New Bedford. The race for the Commodore's Cup took place on Friday, Nov. 12, 1886. The course was from Elevation Fort Bank, round Bush buoy, thence around buoy on Wilkie's Ledge and thence to wind was very light from the east, finally shifting to southwest. 11 A. M. the yachts started in the following order: Ceres, 11:34; Wild Pigeon, 11:29; Rajah, 11:52; Vixen, 11:37. Wild Pigeon soon took first place and kept it to the finish, the others alternating as follows: Rajah, 11:52; Vixen, 12:00; Ceres, 12:56; Vixen, 2:59; Rajah, 3:06. After the race, the yachts sailed for Onset Bay.

OPEN BOATS ON THE SOUND—The jib and mainail boats and M. and Orland R. Phenex, sailed a race from Whitestone to Longway Buoy and return, on July 21. Maud M. winning by four minutes. The catboat Belleville, of Bridgeport, capsized off Block Island on the 27th, her crew of four being rescued by boats from the lights anchored near by. In a race on the same day between the known and Daisy, New York jib and mainsail boats, the former capsized near Sandy Hook. The crew was unable, in the sea running, to obtain assistance, for several hours. The men spent over two hours in the water, the crew, eight in all, were rescued by Lt. James Gibbons, the Hell Gate pilot, in an exhausted condition.

IMPORTED YACHT.—Among the recent importations classified by the United States tariff as "manufactured articles of wood" the English-built cutter yacht *Daisy*. Duly entered and appraised the Boston Custom House as a part of the cargo of a British freight ship, she was shown to the collector of the port, who, after he had duly viewed her, and seen that she bore the British ensign, and that she had duly waved Her Britannic Majesty's ensign, and lowered into the waters of Boston Harbor under the flag of this great Republic, twenty-eight hours later saw her with her mast on end, her rigging in tatters, her hull in shreds, her deck a mere board, and everything ready for a race to New York. *—Heron, July 24.*

GREEN.—When Heen was anchored in Marblehead Harbor a short while ago, it was discovered that the copper was torn loose on one side, and was protruding some inches above the surface. The full extent of injury could not be ascertained without docking. When on the sw dock preparatory to the Marblehead races in June, she was tied off in a hurry to allow Wenonah to haul out on the same tide, it is supposed that one of the bilge blocks was not drawn back enough, tearing the copper loose.

SINKING OF A STEAM YACHT.—The steam yacht Warwick made excursion from Norfolk to Fortress Monroe on July 23, having a party of thirty gentlemen on board, and on her return ran into a torpedo boat Alarm, striking the ram bow of the latter, and sinking in about twenty minutes in ten fathoms. Her passengers and crew were taken on board the Alarm and landed at Fortress Monroe. The boat was the property of the Newport News Company, and will be raised at once.

AMERICAN Y. — Commodore George S. Scott, having sold the *Titian* to Samuel J. Tilden, and gone abroad, *Price-Commodore Alfred de Cordova*, steam yacht *Promise*, will take command on the cruise. The first race will start from Larchmont on Aug. 7, at 11 A. M., for a 100-mile steaming race to Newport on the following day. At Newport races between yachts will be held. The prizes for the pair-oared, \$50 and medals to each of the crew; pair-oared, \$30 and badge; single sculls, \$10 and badge. The iron steamboat *Cygnus* will start on the morning of the 7th, leaving East Twenty-third street, New York, on

YACHTING ON THE LAKES.—The Kingston Y. C. w. hold their matches on Aug. 24. The prizes are: first class—First \$120, second \$60, third \$30; entrance fee \$10. Second class—First \$30, second \$40, third \$20; entrance fee \$7. Third class—First \$40, second \$20, third \$10; entrance fee \$3. The Belleville matches will probably take place the 31st. Atlanta will not enter. Alleen has already entered, and Boston is not yet in shape. A yacht club has lately been formed in Nananogue, C. E. Britton being elected commodore and S. R. Brough secretary.

YACHTING IN SAN FRANCISCO.—All the yachts are home from their cruise, Halcyon leaving Santa Cruz in company with Lady Line, at 3:30 A. M., on the 6th, and reaching their moorings at 11:30 A. M. on the 7th. Most of the yachts were becalmed on their home, Lurline and Fleur de Lis arriving on Monday afternoon, Nellie coming on Friday from Monterey, arriving at 10:30 A. M. on Saturday, and Casco, Annie and Aggie coming up the early part of the week.

NEW BEDFORD Y. C. CRUISE.—The New Bedford Y. C. started on their annual cruise on July 23, at 9 A. M., running to Newport, where they anchored at 5 P. M. The fleet includes the following yachts: Adolent, Commodore Rhodes; Azalia, Rear Commodore F. A. Sawin; Jowler, Henry LeClark, M. D.; Iolanthe, J. Henry Lee. The Princess, Starling and Glimpse joined the fleet at Newport.

YONKERS Y. C.—While the larger clubs are enjoying their cruises in the Sound and Atlantic, this club content themselves this year with braving the perils of the Tappan Zee, and the squalls that howl about Dunderberg and Anthony's Nose, and will start on Aug. 18 on a cruise up the Hudson to Albany, stopping at the towns on the way. The fleet will probably number twenty-five sail.

Canoeing.

CANOEISTS are invited to send us notes and full reports of cruises, club meets, information about canoeable waters, and other communications of interest.

Secretaries of canoe clubs are requested to send to FOREST and STREAM their addresses, with name, membership, signals, etc., of their clubs, and also notices in advance of meetings and races, and reports of the same. Canoeists and all interested in canoeing are requested to forward to FOREST and STREAM their addresses, with names of the clubs, and information concerning their local waters, drawings or descriptions of boats and fittings, and all items relating to the sport.

FIXTURES.

Aug. 1 to 15.—A. C. A. Meet, Grindstone Island.

THE A. C. A. MEET.

M. R. WHITLOCK, having resigned as chairman of the Regatta Committee, Commodore Nickerson has appointed Mr. Vaux to fill his place. Races will be arranged in addition to those on the programme, to accommodate the cruising boats. Five of the Hartford regatta boats from Springfield left in a special freight car on Thursday last for Clay City, where they arrived yesterday morning. The guide wrote us that the weather has been very unpleasant at the camp, heavy winds and rain squalls. He has obtained some help and at work clearing up, and expects to have all ready in good time. The regatta will start on Saturday next, with the New York, Ontario and Western Railway. They expect to muster 17 men. The Knickerbockers will leave about the same time.

TOLEDO C. C. CHAMPIONSHIP RACES.

THE third championship race of the Toledo C. C. was sailed on July 19, six canoes entering. The wind was very light at the start, but freshened into a good blow at the end. The Kitty was first over the line, Daisy and Hetty, with Viola, Julia and Fawn in a bunch behind. Kitty led to the first turn, Hetty being second around, with Fawn third. On the beat home Fawn took the lead, but was disabled and withdrew, Daisy following. Near home Hetty closed up on Kitty, while Julia withdrew. The times of the race were:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
itty.....	1 41 00	4 02 30	2 16 30	2 16 30
etty.....	1 46 15	3 56 30	2 10 15	2 09 11
iola.....	1 47 00	4 04 00	2 17 00	2 15 00
ilia.....	1 47 10	Withdrawn.		
awn.....	1 47 10	Withdrawn.		
aisy.....	1 46 10	Withdrawn.		

The club has now 20 members and 11 canoes. They will hold an open regatta next month, in which outside canoeists are invited to compete.

CRUISING CANOES.

At almost all spots, there is a point where improvement and complications become so numerous that those who would keep up with the leaders can only do so at a large expenditure of time and money, so that the real amateur, seeking only recreation and amusement, is forced to give up. In the case of the English, the numerous canoes in England, together with some local conditions seem to have at an effectual stop to canoeing there, it being mainly confined to half a dozen racing men on the Thames; and looking at the course of canoeing abroad for the last few years, we may seek to avoid a like danger.

There are many safeguards in this country which do not exist in England, the much greater distances that canoes are transported by rail or wagon, the increased length of cruises, the small intrinsic value of prizes, and the abundant facilities for cruising and camping in all sections of our country; but above all these, the most important point is the encouragement of the cruising canoe.

point is the encouragement of the Cruising cadet.

As noticed last week, the tendency of the present Association Rules is to encourage sailing and cruising, which for sailing and cruising, the exclusion of the all-round boat, and it is possible that unless some modification is made in favor of the cruisers, we may see another Order of Cruising Canoeists," with a strict limit for cruising canoes, which a possibility may be avoided by the creation of a special class for cruising canoes, with a definite limit of size and weight, the other classes being retained as at present.

These being stated, and the details of such a class definitely and there could be no trouble in drawing up a rule, which, if built up to, would be the best possible canoe for general work. The beam can be set at 30in., neither more nor less, as the best average for sailing and paddling; the length at from 14 to 15ft., certainly not under 14 and not over 15. The depth amidships of such a canoe should not be less than 9½ or more than 11; perhaps the best limit being 14 instead of 15, and the deck being 15 in. deep. The depth of the keel, the size of the rudder, and the position of the mast, are all matters which can be infinitely worked upon, without hampering model. The question of keel or no keel, and whether the keel should be left open, the limit of depth of a keel being 8in., as was; but a limit should be placed on the weight of the board, say at

A most important point is the weight of the hull without the movable fittings, or the least weight to which the boat can be reduced for pulling out and portaging, and this, in order that the canoe may be easily handled by one man, as every cruising canoe should be, requires a limit of 90 to 100lbs., which should include the centerboard junk, an excess of perhaps 10lbs. being allowed when the board is a lure.

One offer as a rough draft of such a rule, the following: Cruising vessels shall not be over 30in. extreme beam, including heading, or over 15ft. length between perpendiculars, the depth from underside of deck at fore end of well to inside of garboards, not to exceed 44in. The weight of the hull without movable fittings shall not exceed 100 pounds without centerboard, or 110 pounds including centerboard. The centerboard, if movable, shall not exceed 35 pounds in weight, including hauling up gear, if permanently attached to the board.

els shall not exceed 3in. depth below outside of the garboards. There are many canoes already whose canoes would come within the above regulations, and it is probable that the next season we will be into a good cruiser, to whom we recommend the above suggestions for their consideration and criticism. If such a rule is made, it will be a great benefit to the canoeing community, and we shall not but what it will be passed, and it rests with those interested to see the matter.

The Mohicans seem to have struck the true idea of canoeing; accommodation, portability are all found in their canoes, and they are better being one of the prime requisites. We have not forgotten that

there are also a very large number of cruisers 14x23 in dimensions but the craft we have outlined are the ones bound to become most popular, while in addition, the 14x23 boats do not come as closely into competition with the extreme canoes as the 14x30 do. There will still be places for all, from 18x24 to the 14x23 boats, but the inducements will be to build boats capable of cruising everywhere.

Of the construction of the ideal boat, and the minor details much is to be said. To attain the maximum lightness and ample strength, she must be lapstreak and copper rivetted, as no other mode can equal it. Her planking and decks, if she is to receive ordinary care, can be a trifle under 1/4 in. thick, timbers of oak or elm, and gunwales, coaming and deck frame as light as possible, or much lighter in some parts than is now customary. Superfluous material must be avoided. Every part being so shown as to material, quality and shape, as to give the greatest strength without weight. The perfection of construction seems to have been reached in the modern bicycle, every part, no matter how small, being carefully selected and proportioned to the work it must do, and we may hope some day to see a canoe that shall compare almost as favorably with our best boat of to-day as the newest Columbia does with a "homeshaker" of '83.

In continuing the series of articles on canoe building, we shall offer some plans of new cruisers for the criticism of canoeists and shall be glad of any hints or ideas that may aid in the evolution of the perfect cruising canoe.

THE LAKE GEORGE MEET.

THIS purely local affair occurred on the Canoe Islands, Lake George, July 20, 21, 22, and 23, and the "true canoe" Sunday the 27th still, though it was to be a joint meet of the Whitehall and Lake George Canoe Clubs, but unfortunately the former club for various reasons could only turn out one man. Six of the latter were present. Messrs. Fowler, K. C. C., Proctor and Webster, Howard C. C. and Mr. Puyanna added pleasure to the occasion by their presence.

Saturday was selected as race day, and soon after dinner merry boating parties commenced to arrive from the neighboring hotels. The course was off the north end of Lorna Island. First race was 1/4 mile paddling, any canoe. Following are the entries and first three in order in which they finished:

Name.	Canoe.	Club.
Jas. Knight.....	Uncas.....	L. G. C. C.
E. W. West.....	Uncas.....	L. G. C. C.
Edwin Fowler.....	Nettie.....	K. C. C.
A. G. Webster.....	Germaine.....	Harvard C. C.
Frank S. Proctor.....	Harvard.....	Harvard C. C.
J. A. Puyanna.....	Flying Dutchman.....	
John Clendon.....	Hawkeye.....	L. G. C. C.
C. H. Wilson.....	Le Renard.....	L. G. C. C.
SECOND—TANDEM PADDLING.		
Knight & West.....	Jap.....	L. G. C. C.
Webster & Puyanna.....	Germaine.....	H. C. C. &—
THIRD.—1 MILE SAILING—CLASS B.		
E. W. West.....	Jap.....	L. G. C. C.
Edwin Fowler.....	Nettie.....	K. C. C.
CLASS A.		
Frank S. Proctor.....	Harvard.....	Harvard C. C.
Jas. Knight.....	Uncas.....	L. G. C. C.
A. G. Webster.....	Germaine.....	Harvard C. C.
C. H. Wilson.....	Le Renard.....	L. G. C. C.

Fourth—Special paddling between Puyanna and "Tug" Wilson; course around Lorna Island. The race was called, and only Puyanna appearing at the starting point, the referee declared him the winner and awarded the prize, a tin horn. "Tug's" trainer soon after called upon the representative of FOREST AND STREAM and implored him to omit the facts from his account, for fear that his reputation would become worse than Courtney's, but 'twas finally ascertained that "Tug" was "knocked out" in the "first round" and was minus the necessary "sand." A noticeable feature about the meet was the attention which the makers of the canoes attracted. At the Canoe Islands, Lake George, there have registered since July 3 Newman and Neide, Dr. Parmele and wife, Messrs. Stevensons Hands, Webster and Proctor, all cruising north enroute for Thousand Islands. HAWKEYE.

A SIMPLE CANOE OUTFIT.

MAKE a box 18x15x4 of 1/4 in. pine, fit a rim 1 in. in depth to cover, no hinges are needed, procure a waist belt, cut in two pieces, buckle and lay across cover of box, nailing each end to sides and bottom of same. This gives you a fastening to hold cover on, and a handle to lift with; shellac inside and out.

Now make some little bags of heavy stuff, stuff drilling will do these will hold flour, hominy, corn meal, etc. The bags may be 4x5 in. or 5x10 in. Some tin boxes for tea, coffee, and sugar, a small, deep frying pan, two tin plates, tin cup, knives, forks and spoons. A piece of enamel cloth to rub bacon and pork in, is very convenient. The box will hold all that is necessary for a short trip and can be replenished when empty.

For cooking kit, in addition to the frying pan mentioned above, two tin pails of one and one-half quarts respectively, to boil potatoes, eggs, make stew, soup, cook hominy, grits or rice, Graham, oatmeal, etc. To prepare the last five, put in small pail, add equal quantity water, a pinch of salt, put on cover, and put small pail inside of the large one, fill large one half full of water, and put over fire, then you will not be annoyed by your mess burning, sticking to the kettle, etc.

For stores much will depend on personal tastes, trip and means at disposal. One thing, "Don't forget the pork." Call it bacon if you like, but don't forget it. Many things might be called luxuries and dispensed with, but pork is essential to a well regulated canoe cruise—it can be used in an endless variety of ways, and many dishes would be a failure without it.

You will need a tool chest, and the following is as good as any: Take a piece of light canvas 34 in. x 18 in., turn up inside and outside, with sides. This makes a pocket which will hold beeswax, nails, screws, brads, coil of copper wire, ball of twine, spare cleats, mast rings, a small block or two, etc. Now make small pockets for each of the following: Hammer, compass saw, bradawl, screw driver, gimlet and pliers. Sew a piece of strong tape on the top end and it is done. When packed and tied snugly it takes but little room. Can be opened in a moment and everything is at hand. For a clothes bag, piece of rubber or enameled cloth 3x4 ft., and a shawl strap makes a very good one. Roll tightly, fold the ends snugly—it is as near waterproof as anything you can get—and it is just the size of your wardrobe, whatever that may be.

For bedding, one good heavy woolen blanket and a light rubber blanket will fill the bill; folded properly they make a good seat through the day; placed on top of your camp chest, you will know that you have two articles that are out of the way, and where they will do the most good, besides you can paddle easier if your seat is moderately high.

A rubber air cushion makes an excellent pillow, but not much good for a seat; no man can sit on one for an hour without breaking his back. One word more, don't try to canoe by a recipe; strike out on your own hook, make a failure once, try and see where you made it, and you will do better next time. Canoeing is a noble sport, but it can't be taught like bookkeeping, still a hint or so may be of use to a novice, and if so you are welcome to the experience of TAMRON.

A BAD DAY FOR THE DOG.

THE warmth of a July afternoon was tempered by a light, unceremonious breeze from the south. At the time when offices are being locked up and a little relaxation before supper is in the minds of most properly constituted men, some seven or eight canoes slid one after another off the float in the Albany basin and glided out into the river. Next day the wind was from the west, and the day was a new one. Naturally, the fleet made for the scene of the anticipated contest and ran and beat over the ground, some trying fragmentary bits of racing, others drifting with only little blue curls of smoke to afford comparisons of speed, and when a fellow smokes he can afford to let the little clouds roll on ahead. Some big portentous clouds of another kind were piled up in soft-looking masses away in the south, but they might have nothing to do with the day's work.

The river was charming, and the smart wing-like sails just lifted and curved with the wind and looked as pretty as pictures. The Marlon was there and the Thetis with their new single lateen sails, and the ex-commander's lateen-rigged Annie O. too; and the Snake with the jib drawing finely, and the new champion Lasca with her nickel fittings flashing the sun, and the mist of white, the challenging of the Snake's. And the other new boats were about, the Uncas and the Arno, not quite so new as they were once, but none the worse for their age yet; and—but this is not a catalogue.

The big cloud rolled over a bit and squirmed uneasily, but no one watched it, for a splendid little breeze freshened up and turned the ripples into wavelets. There was more movement and more life, the canoes beating the water, and the mist of white, the challenging of the Snake's. The newly hatched club dog came out from beneath his hatch, and with forepaws on the coaming recognized his several patrons as they skipped past. He was aboard the Snake and he saw something happen. She was close hauled on the starboard tack, heeling a little and going grandly when he peeped under the boom and saw the Annie O. coming on with the wind gulper. Then a half "I have the right of way" and the Annie sheered off, but two seconds later a big shout introduced a bow inscribed "Thetis" right

ahead at a distance of one yard, and before the poor dog could understand it the Snake's bowsprit was thrust into a confusion of rigging and summarily thrown overboard, and a hard stem charged into a not quite so hard gunwale with a dreadful jolt. Then there was trouble, the floor was less level than ever, the dog was first strangled in a running sheet and then squeezed flat upon a cushion that seemed hard as iron, it never did before, and finally disappeared temporarily under the hatch. When order was restored the jib and dandy were both foiled and the canoe was rushing through a good deal of spray under reefed main.

Then Sob, the pup before mentioned, put his paws on the coaming again and took a look over the lee bulwarks. The fleet was all at a little distance. He saw a strange vanishing of sails and the appearance of two or three paddles, looking to where they steered with business-like purpose, he saw a canoe prostrate, lying most ignominiously on her side, and on her upper side a man, and at one end a gleam of nickel plate revealed the rudier of the Lasca, it was all the nickel plate she showed just then but it was very wet and bright. She was soon up, sail and all, mad as a wet hen, no doubt, but her captain was still dry from the waist up and was able to inform the inquiring crowd that he had capsize. They seemed to believe him and made certain suggestions; one was that he should sail to shore and bail out but it appeared to be the opinion of the person most directly interested that sails were undesirable things. He divested the craft of all such dam and dragged superfluities as quickly as possible; he was not wet except a little way up, and had little sympathy with the wet sail.

But the waterlogged Lasca seemed to be more unsteady without them, or perhaps the squall culminated, for some reason the canoe heeled over and the crew took a plunge which settled once for all how much of him was to remain dry. Sob withdrew with a shudder and a whine; he fell overboard once quite recently, and knew what it meant.

There was much "chinning" and splashing and bailing and sponging, and some sailed home and some could not, and the carpenter is at work on a broken spar, and the new Mohican champion is baptised, and does not seem to mind it.

"WHERE'S FRIDAY?"

WHEN all are gathered round the camp-fire at Grindstone Island next week at least one familiar face will be missed by those present last year at Stony Lake, and more than one from Canada and other distant places will ask of the New York men, "Where's Friday?" a question best answered by the following letter from Birney P. O., Custer county, Montana:

There are only two of us on the ranch now, as the boss and three men have gone to drive the cattle up here. My companion is a German called John, a carpenter by trade, a jack-of-all-trades by practice, and a rifle shot by nature. Our cabin, or "shack," is built like all others in this country, in the true log style, with a heavy dirt roof. The cracks between the logs forming the walls are filled or "chinked" with mud, strengthened by strips of wood nailed in the chink where they appear. The range for the mud filling to be packed easily. The shack is 16x14x10 ft. In this we eat, sleep, cook, work and lounge, besides keeping our provisions stowed away somewhere inside of the four walls. It faces the creek, which is about 75 yards distant.

On the right-hand side (facing the front from within) is the door, behind which tools, chains, ropes, etc., are piled up. The door itself is made of heavy boards with "gunny sacking" stretched across the outside. On the back of the door hang bridges, "chaps" (leather riding pantaloons), "slickers" (waterproof coats), lariats, etc. The cook stove or range occupies the front left-hand corner of our mansion. On one side of the stove, ranging along the front of the house, hang the cooking utensils, dish-rags, etc., while on the ground is the firewood and water-pails.

Back of the stove along the left hand side of the house are three shelves each about five feet long. On these shelves are piled the miscellaneous small articles belonging to the cook's department. A box standing on end on the top shelf serves us for a cupboard. Then comes the window which is supposed to be in the middle of the wall. Under the window is the table of unpainted pine, three feet long, by two feet wide. The two bunks or beds stretch along the back of the shack. They are made of saplings supported about two feet from the ground and covered over with hay. Over the bunks is a shelf upon which are heaped clothes, hats, papers, cartridges, etc. Just about where my pillow would be, if I had one, hangs my revolver and cartridge belt, while beside the same place stands a repeating rifle. Over against John's end of the bunk stands his trusty rifle in company with his double-barreled shotgun.

There is a confused pile of things under the bunk, John's clothes bag, or war bag, as he calls it, my saddle, a pair of boots, and a wash tub, occupying the most prominent positions. The right-hand side of the shack is almost entirely given up to the provisions, consisting of flour, bacon, tea, coffee, sugar, salt, rice, oat and corn meal, beans, dried apples, ditto peaches, and molasses. Some cans are stretched across the top of the roof to prevent the dirt from falling in.

The inhabitants of the shack are: mosquitoes, flies, ants, rats, mice, John and myself, the order of the supremacy beginning with the first-mentioned and ending with

FRIDAY.

CHICAGO C. C. ANNUAL REGATTA.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The first annual regatta of the Chicago C. C. took place on Lake Michigan off Douglas Monument Park last Saturday afternoon, the 19th, and was quite a success. The regatta was held on the 19th, and was quite a success. The regatta was held on the 19th, and was quite a success. The regatta was held on the 19th, and was quite a success.

The sailing course was triangular, about 3 1/2 miles, being S. E. 1 1/2 miles, thence S. W. 1 mile, and back to starting place, 1 mile. It was 4 o'clock before the opening race, class B, commenced, but all the boats got off nicely in the following order:

1. ————	No Name.....	N. B. Cook.
2. ————	Psyche.....	H. B. Cook.
3. Sandy Hook.....	Spray.....	W. Keogh.
4. Shadow.....	Artful Dodger.....	J. H. Ware.
5. Racine model.....	Saranac.....	I. F. West.
6. Racine Shadow.....	—————	A. E. Havens.
7. Racine Saranac.....	—————	F. S. Waters.

The Psyche and No Name were built by Mr. N. B. Cook, and are perfect in every detail, and this taken in connection with the sailing experience of both father and son, gave weight to the general opinion that it would be better than any that would capture the prize. This opinion proved to be correct, for the Psyche took the lead, closely followed by the No Name, with the Spray and Artful Dodger close together in the rear. The Spray soon shook off the Dodger and took third place, and these positions were not changed until the homestretch, when the No Name passed the Psyche and took the first place and the race. Time, corrected—No Name, 1:12:15; Psyche, 1:13:41; Spray, 1:16:30. The others were distanced and did not round the second buoy. The Psyche and No Name being outside the limit had to allow the other canoes one and a half and three minutes respectively. The prize in this race was a beautifully engraved gold medal valued at \$25, presented by the club.

It was now almost a dead calm, and as the waves had subsided, the class 2 canoes were out for the paddling race. The men were: Ed. H. B. Cook, viz., Com. G. M. Munger, Thos. Kane, and F. S. Waters, had presented three very beautiful gold medals to be contested for at this regatta, and as the finest one, valued at about \$50, had been designated as the prize for this race, the greatest interest of the regatta seemed to center upon it. There were eleven entries, but when the signal to start was given, the number had diminished to four—Ed. H. B. Cook, Thos. Kane, George E. Sherman, and Racine Roy J. B. Keogh; Racine Birdie Kane, A. W. Kitchen.

The course was one mile with a turn, and a splendid start having been made, the boats held pretty well together until the half mile was reached, when the extreme light weight of the canvas boats began to have its effect and they drew steadily to the front. They had a close race between them, however, Phillips winning by about two feet, followed by Sherman second, and Kitchen third and Keogh bringing up the rear.

The next event on the programme was the paddling race for classes 3 and 4, and the starters were: Psyche, H. B. Cook; Artful Dodger, J. H. Ware; Racine Shadow, G. Hesser; Spray, J. W. Keogh. Cook took the lead from the start and maintained it to the finish, with time, 1:12:15. Second, Hesser, 1:13:41. Third, Kitchen, 1:16:30. Fourth, respectively. Time, 1:15:00; prize, gold medal.

The lateness of the hour compelled the postponement of the tandem. But for the annoying delay in getting the sailing race started, everything would have been satisfactory, but the wait of an hour and a half rather took the enthusiasm out of the spectators, and out of 500 of whom had assembled in the park, and many of them left before the start was made. Taking into consideration, however, the fact that it was our first attempt at a regatta, and that the participants came from points on the lake extending from Hyde Park on

the south to Evanston on the north, a distance of twenty miles, I think we did very well. We will endeavor to start next Saturday's races on time.

CHICAGO, July 31.

MOHICAN C. C. RACES.

Editor Forest and Stream: The summer of 1884 will be remembered by the Mohicans in later years as the period during which they evolved their racing propensities. Their first race for the Gibson champion badge has already been reported. Their next race was held on the 14th inst., it was a friendly paddling contest from the upper railroad bridge to the lower, half a mile, between the Thetis, Wackerhagen II., and the Annie O. The latter, however, was won by several lengths by the Thetis, whose skipper thereby became the owner of a valuable Waterbury watch, presented by F. L. Mix.

After the race all the Mohicans present put in time to wind the valuable Waterbury. Wind and water were both unfavorable, and on that account the race was quite interesting. The strong west wind blew across the course and ruffled the water considerably. The other canoeists out had to exercise their paddles also, to prevent their crafts from going ashore in the strong breeze.

The next day, Tuesday, 15th, brought the same squally west wind, which, however, did not prevent the sailing of the race for the tasteful Oliver cup. Sail limited to 60 ft., no ballast, triangular course, above the upper railroad bridge, about 1 1/2 miles, to be sailed over twice. At 5:19 P. M. the captain of the club, R. W. Gibson, acting as starter, gave the word, 20 seconds later Thetis, Wackerhagen II., crossed the line, followed within 15 seconds by the Lasca, G. H. Thacher, Jr., and 20 seconds later by the Annie O., L. Thomas. The latter made such a beautiful start that her captain's friends predicted the victory for him. She was closely followed by the Uncas, H. R. Peterson, and the last to cross the line was the Marlon, R. S. Oliver, at 5:23. Something in her rigging had refused to work smoothly, hence her delay.

The Thetis turned the starting buoy on her second round at 5:36, Lasca at 5:36:35, and Annie O. at 5:37:35, the latter having lost the wind while turning the third buoy close to the dock in the lumber district. They crossed the line at the finish in the same order, Thetis at 5:54:40, Lasca at 5:54:45, Annie O. at 5:58:50, and Marlon at 6:00. The Uncas, having broken a rudder chain, had dropped out of the race on the homestretch. In making her last turn the Marlon very nearly came to grief for the same reason which made it late at the start. The race, on the whole, was an exciting one both for participants and spectators. The wind was strong and squally, and the course, unfortunately, was one possible for Albany canoeists, is a part of the river much infested by tugboats, tows, and the passenger boats to and from Troy.

Next Tuesday, the 22d, the Mohicans will have a genuine race, no limits as to sail or ballast, each skipper entering has to pay \$1 to buy a flag as prize for the winner, and eight entries have been made so far.

The Tuesday following, the 29th, Geo. H. Thacher, Jr., Lasca, will have to defend his championship insignia, won June 19, as reported in FOREST AND STREAM of July 2.

W. B. Wackerhagen, who first floated a North River canoe, of the Smith build, has sworn allegiance to Rushton and purchased a new Henrietta, of a modified Ellard pattern, which he is now trying to make reliable. The Thetis, a canoe of the same pattern made their point in the Albany waterway some day, but they are not owned by Mohicans, bad luck to them may happen, if they do not join the turtle tribe as apprentices.

FOR DA LICE.

THE GALLEY FIRE.

CANOE AND CAMP COOKERY.

VI.—VEGETABLES. ALL vegetables must be carefully looked over, the unripe or decayed parts removed, and then they must be washed in cold water. When to be boiled they should be put in boiling salted water, and the water to be replaced before the cooking is complete, so that boiling water should always be used. Keep the vessel covered, and drain the vegetables as soon as done. Do not let the water boil long before the vegetables are put in. Old and strong vegetables sometimes require boiling in two or more waters.

The following is a time table for cooking vegetables that I have found reliable, and is not original, and I do not know its authorship; so, for lack of better knowledge, will credit it to my scrap book:

Potatoes, old, boiled.....	30 minutes.
Potatoes, new, baked.....	45 minutes.
Potatoes, new, boiled.....	20 minutes.
Sweet potatoes, boiled.....	45 minutes.
Sweet potatoes, baked.....	1 hour.
Squash, boiled.....	35 minutes.
Squash, baked.....	45 minutes.
Shell beans, boiled.....	1 hour.
Green peas, boiled.....	20 to 40 min.
String beans, boiled.....	1 to 2 hours.
Green corn.....	35 min. to 1 hr.
Peas, green.....	15 to 30 min.
Spinach.....	1 to 2 hours.
Tomatoes, fresh.....	1 hour.
Tomatoes, canned.....	30 minutes.
Cabbage.....	45 min. to 2 hrs.
Cauliflower.....	1 to 2 hours.
Dandelions.....	2 to 3 hours.
The greens.....	1 hour.
Onions.....	1 to 2 hours.
Beets.....	1 to 2 hours.
Turnips, white.....	45 min. to 1 hr.
Turnips, yellow.....	1 1/2 to 2 hours.
Parsnips.....	1 to 2 hours.
Carrots.....	1 to 2 hours.

* If the unopened can is put in boiling water, only about ten minutes are necessary.

If a piece of lean salt pork is boiled with some of the above, they will be sufficiently seasoned. If not season with salt, pepper and butter.

Mashed Potatoes.—Small or medium-sized potatoes are preferable to large ones. Choose those with small eyes, as those with large eyes are generally about to sprout and are of poor quality. Do not pare unless they are very old, and then lay in cold water half an hour before cooking, or put in cold water and allow it to boil. If they are of unequal size cut the large ones, so that they will boil evenly; wash, cut out bad places, and eyes, and slice off a piece of skin at each end. Put into enough boiling salted water to cover them, and simmer steadily till a silver will easily pierce the largest. Strain when done, and set the pot near the fire, shaking them occasionally to dry them.

Mashed Potatoes.—After boiling, peel and mash thoroughly with the bottom of a large boot, working in pepper, salt, butter, and sufficient milk to make them creamy. When done, add a bit of soft dough. If mashed in an iron pot they will be discolored, but will taste just as good as if mashed in tin or earthenware.

Baked Potatoes.—Wash and wipe them dry, and cut off the ends. Bury them in the ashes and hot coals till a silver will easily pierce them.

Fried Cooked Potatoes.—Peel and slice cold cooked potatoes, and put them into enough "screaming hot" lard or pork fat to cover the bottom of the pan. Stir frequently and fry slowly, seasoning with pepper and salt.

Fried Raw Potatoes.—Wash, peel, and slice very thin. Put few at a time into enough boiling fat to float the slices. If too many are put in at one time they will chill the fat and will not fry evenly. Turn over a light brown on both sides. When done remove with a fork, leaving as much grease as possible, and shake them up in a covered dish to eliminate the grease still further.

Steamed Potatoes.—Cut cold boiled potatoes into pieces the size of a hickory nut, put them into enough boiling milk to cover them, and let them simmer slowly till the milk is nearly exhausted, stirring frequently to prevent burning. Season with pepper, salt and butter.

Sliced Potatoes.—Are cooked the same as Irish potatoes, but require longer time. (See time table.)

Boiled Cabbage.—Remove the outer and all bad leaves, examining carefully for insects, and halve or quarter the cabbage, according to size. Wash, soak a short time in cold water, and put in a covered pot of boiling salted water. When done, drain, and season with salt, pepper and butter. The latter should be omitted if it is boiled with pork.

Cabbage and Legumes.—Cut out the center of a large cabbage, and fill the hole with small potatoes, onions, parsnips, beets, etc. Cover with a cloth and boil till tender.

Fried Cooked Cabbage.—Have enough lard in the pan to just cover the bottom. Chop the cabbage, put into the melted lard and stir frequently till the cabbage is piping hot, when it is ready to serve.

"Vegetables" will be continued in the next paper. SENECA.

THAT SNEAKBOX AGAIN.—Mr. Rushton writes us that he will have a 12x4 sneakbox, with a balance lug sail of 105 ft., at Grindstone Island. An opportunity will thus be given for the test which the advocates of the box declined last spring.

N. Y. C. C.—Members intending to visit the A. C. A. camp will rendezvous at the club house at 2 P. M., on Saturday, Aug. 2. Canoes will cruise in company to the Knickerbocker club house, foot of 155th street, N. R., will proceed on the following day to Weehawken, where a car of the N. Y., O. & W. Railway will be in waiting to receive them. Train leaves Weehawken at 7:15 P. M.; New York, foot of West Forty-second street, at 7 P. M.

HARTFORD C. C.—We have received a copy of the constitution and by-laws of this club. They will send six men to the meet, Commodore Jones, and Messrs. Clark, Crowell, Francis and Dodd, besides Dr. Parmele, who is now cruising with his wife on Lakes George and Champlain, and who will meet the others at the camp on Aug. 1.

BUCKEYE C. C.—This club was organized in Newark, O., on July 12, 1884, with five active members. The commodore is D. H. Lewis, Secretary and Treasurer, Chas. E. Thorne. Burgee, white field, blue border and red letters, B. C. C.

Answers to Correspondents.

No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.

T. E. D., Hollidaysburg, Pa.—The rifle named will suit admirably.

J. L. S., New York.—What is the best book on amateur fly making? Ans. "The American Angler's Book," by Thad. Norris.

V. S. C.—Will the large fresh-water sunfish take the fly, and if so what kind? Ans. Yes, they will take almost any fly, but we think that they rise best to the red ibis.

Snow Goose, Missoula, Montana.—The bird you describe is the coot or mudhen (*Fulica americana*), a bird of the rail family, found almost everywhere throughout the United States.

Inquirer, Machias, Me.—1. By what method can the common open V-sight (back sight) of a rifle be colored or made dark, so as to pre-

vent blur as much as possible while sighting? 2. Is the work entitled "Hints to Riflemen" old or one of recent publication? Ans. 1. Smoke it. 2. Been published some time, but a valuable book.

TABBY, Detroit, Mich.—We printed the story about the bear, the cubs, and the man in the hollow tree some years ago, and one of our correspondents reported having read it fifty years ago in the school books. If you will send us your proper address, we will send you story, which, it appears from your account, is still being told about the winter fires of country stores.

W. C. T., Bethel, Me.—I have a rifle with knife-blade muzzle sight and cloverleaf rear sight at present on it. With the cloverleaf down to lowest notch in scale it will carry too high at any distance less than 100 yards. What shall I do to the sights to have them right at lowest notch for any distance under 100 yds? It is a .40-65-285 rifle, with very flat trajectory. Ans. A locksmith will lower the sights; or hold a little low.

R. R., Hamilton, Ont.—The sketch of the fish caught in the weir at St. John, N. B., is clear enough to enable us to recognize it as one of the sauries, *Scomber esox*, one species of which is common to our coast and one to California. It is probably the eastern form, *S. saurus*, and is called in different parts saury, skipper and bill fish, according to Jordan. It differs from the gars, *Belone (Tylosurus)* in having small finlets behind the dorsal fin.

G. H. J., Lancaster, Mass.—1. How can I best obtain information of the value, kind of land, etc., near the town of Albion, Fla.? 2. If a person used to the climate could go and settle there; having 100 acres, how could it be used to the advantage of a person who has never seen it, but who does not want to sell it? Ans. 1. Secure some competent person to go and look at it. 2. If the land is suitable for oranges, it might be improved on shares; but in this case very great caution must be used to secure a good partner.

J. H., Port Hammond, British Columbia.—1. What is the best oil I can use to keep my gun from rusting? 2. We have a fish in our trout rivers but it won't take a fly. Some call it a chub and some a grayling. I have caught them with a grasshopper for bait. Small scales, very dark on back. Is the grayling in season now or in the winter? Ans. 1. Use vaseline. 2. The description is too meager to

decide upon species. The grayling has an exceedingly large dorsal fin of eighteen to twenty-two rays. It is in season in Michigan from June 1 to November 1. It is a fish that spawns in late winter or early spring.

O. C., Woonsocket, R. I.—Can you tell me who owns or has charge of the land around the Rangeley Lakes? Ans. It is a big country and the land is owned by many different owners.

A sympathetic chord pervades the nature of Charles Fisher, a reputable citizen of South Baltimore, which, strange to say, entangled him in the meshes of the law at the Southern police station yesterday. Mr. Fisher, according to the testimony produced at the hearing, sauntered out for a stroll along the banks of the Spring Gardens a day or two ago. His gaze from the ground was suddenly riveted on a small pen from which the hideous but appealing howls of a dog issued. An examination of the structure revealed the nose of a cur protruding between two bars and scenting his rescuer from afar. The sympathetic chord which pervades the breast of Mr. Fisher was touched as it had never been touched before. He removed the bar, and the imprisoned cur bounded out. A second later a brother followed, and for the next five minutes Mr. Fisher says that dogs of all kinds, from the ugly cur to the fondled pug bounced out of that hole. The liberator was astounded at the contents of that pen, and still more so when he was informed, after the canines had escaped, that he had set loose the twenty-four dogs for the capture of which the city had paid \$6. Keeper Hamlin's anger arose and fell alternately as he thought of the irreparable injury which had been done. He finally got out a warrant for Fisher's arrest, on the charge of destroying property of the dog pound to the value of \$1.50. Justice Abbott dismissed the case.—Baltimore News.

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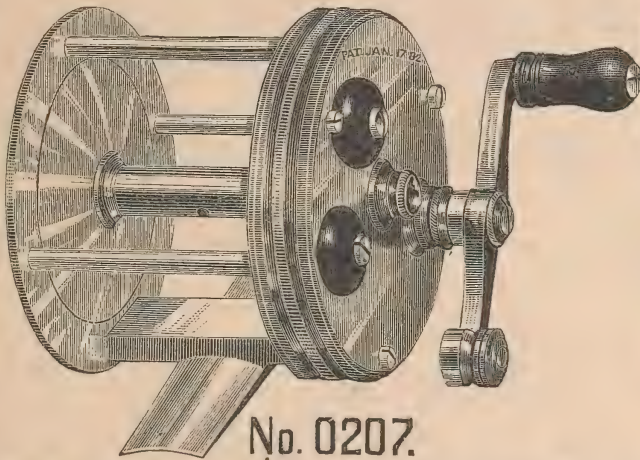
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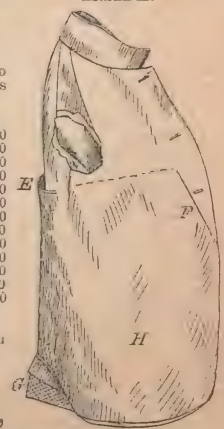
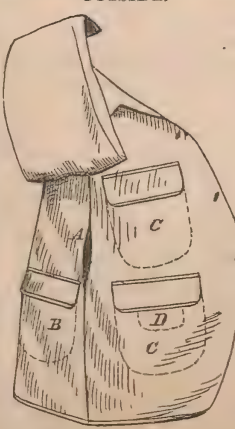
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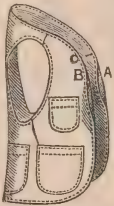
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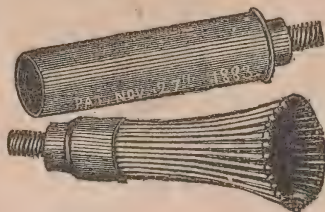
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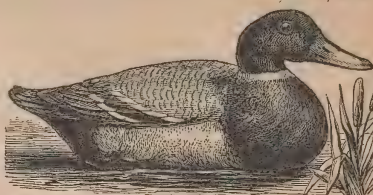
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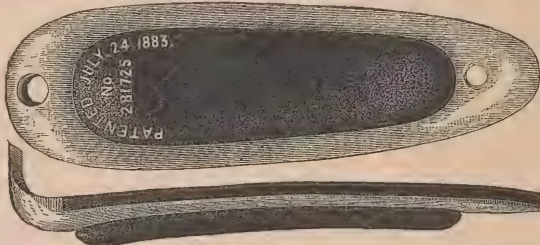
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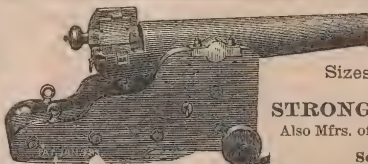
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THE SACRIFICE OF SONG BIRDS.

THAT a lady should adorn her bonnet with bright feathers is almost as much a matter of course as that she should wear a bonnet at all. The employment of birds' plumage for such a purpose is so much an accepted feature of the civilization of the day that it fails to excite notice or remark. A moment's reflection is sufficient to show that the universal adoption of the custom, which is thus so familiar, is also the very best evidence of the enormous sacrifice of bird-life that must all the time be made to supply the constant demand for feathers.

Where do the birds come from? Where is this never-ceasing slaughter of feathered life being carried on? In South America, or Africa, or somewhere in the uttermost parts of the earth. It is not known, nor does it matter just where. This is what the average person thinks, if he or she thinks about it at all. But the average person is mistaken. The startling truth is that the supply of plumage does not come to us through the Custom House. Of the wild birds slaughtered to go for the trimming of dresses and hats, hundreds of thousands are American song birds. They are the bright-plumaged creatures that make up the musical, joyous, beautiful feathered life of our own yards and orchards and pastures and meadows and "wood lots." Instead of viewing with indifference the insatiate rage for feathers, which is growing until it will lead no one knows whither, we ought to be filled by it with the gravest concern and alarm.

The destruction of American wild birds for millinery purposes has assumed stupendous proportions. The unholy work gives employment to a vast army of men and women, and this army wages its campaign of destruction with a diabolical perfection of system. From Florida to Maine the bird butchers are shooting, netting, snaring and poisoning, seven days in every week and every week in the season. Middlemen gather up the sanguinary harvest and forward it

to the milliner-taxidermists' shops, where the skins are prepared and then sent to the dealers. In our natural history columns will be found some statistics concerning this work, which is nothing less than one of song bird extermination. The figures there given do not fully show the magnitude of this industry, but they show enough to fill with alarm every lover of bird life and every intelligent reader who knows enough of the ways of nature to comprehend what such a destruction of birds cannot help but mean.

This is not purely a matter of sentiment. But suppose it were. It is the sentiment of those who are cheered in their pursuit of pleasure and at their toil by the grace and beauty and melody of the birds, a sentiment shared by millions of men and women and children who dwell in the country. For it and for them we propose to proclaim the magnitude of this slaughter, and the enormity of the offense of these bird butchers, who are indecently outraging the rights of country dwellers. There are sentiments more powerful than cupidity. Would that we could array the sentiment of bird lovers in this country against the greed of the league who are waging war on the birds. Unless we have very greatly erred in our estimate of the strength of that feeling, such an awakening of public indignation would end, once and for all, the occupation of the song-bird skimmers; and we would not care to ask for the FOREST AND STREAM a more honorable task than to voice the feelings of its country readers on this subject.

But it is yet very far from being wholly a matter of sentiment. He is an ignorant and sadly deficient tiller of the soil who, in these days, lacks appreciation of the services of the birds on his land, as faithful friends, in their unwearied war upon the insect hordes that prey on tree, and grain, and fruit; but just how many millions of dollars we owe to the birds for such services is not known, nor can be known to the most earnest students of the subject. It is beyond all estimate.

This milliners' campaign against the birds strikes directly at the farmer. Diminution of insectivorous birds is always surely and swiftly followed by an increase in the hordes of noxious insect pests. By one of the immutable laws of nature, destruction of birds means the destruction of crops. The shiftless fellow, too lazy to earn an honest living, who skulks about the fields and woods, killing swallows, larks and pewees, should be treated just exactly as we treat the wretch who burns barns and steals horses. His dastardly work is altogether too expensive. It is a hard price for farmers to pay for feminine feathered finery.

DISHONESTY AT THE BUTTS.

TWO very enterprising, but very rascally, marksmen are now under arrest in Hanover, Germany, charged with obtaining leading places on the lists and consequently valuable prizes by a well-planned conspiracy with the markers in charge of the targets. The facts of the scheme are given in the *Sun's* foreign notes, quoted in another column, and in some respects they recall the scandal which fell upon Wimbledon but a season ago by the discovery of an extended plan of beating the record without the necessity of making bulseyes to do it.

In Germany as in England, the discovery of such a scheme of plunder as this is a much more important event than it would be with us. In both those countries there are extensive rifle meetings with valuable prizes, and many of them for all comers, or at least for natives. These meetings are so arranged as to form a sort of grand circuit, and a rifleman of skill may find it to his profit to attend a series of them. If then, by some cleverly designed plan of bribery a pair of rogues may go about snapping up the fat morsels at each tournament, it would at once be evident that all rivalry, all interest in the sport would drop dead at once. A mere suspicion is chilling, and the bringing to light of these frauds will have, at least, a temporary dampening effect on this extensive form of German sport.

It is perhaps unfortunate that one of the thievish couple should be entered in the account as an American. He surely did not catch the idea of his money-making plan on this side the water. There are not rifle gatherings enough to make such a scheme practicable, nor prizes enough to make it profitable. Still, no doubt, America will get full credit and blame for sending to Europe this latest short-cut method to easy honors and rich profits.

Back of all that may be said remains the fact, that the great Schützen Fests, apart from their merry-making features, are merely aggregations of mug-hunters. Established through long periods of time, these organizations have gained strength and wealth, which enables them to present long

lists of rich prizes. This may stimulate rivalry to a certain point, but beyond that the tempting purse remains to be grasped at by scheming cupidity. The sport, in short, is not a healthy one. The men do not strive for the sake of victory so much as the fat trophy which accompanies it. Such sportsmen must not be surprised if sharpers come in and accept the wide-spread invitation to compete for a prize, only the sharper does it after his own method, which is a very objectionable one.

The coming electric target gets another vigorous call in these developments. It is the target of the future, and one which could not be manipulated in the interests of pencil-made scores. To us the affair may be regarded as a remote warning. The day may come when America shall have its series of rifle meetings, which it will pay the mug-hunter to attend, but the prospects are that it is not very near.

GAME WARDENS.—By a suggestive coincidence, we are this week in receipt of communications from three States so widely separated as Vermont, Michigan and California, in each of which the writer makes an earnest plea for the appointment of proper game officers to enforce the provisions of the law by making examples of those who violate it. These correspondents are not asking to try any experiments. The time of experimental game wardenship has gone by. The system has been practically tested in Maine, New Hampshire and New York. The result is favorable. It has demonstrated to the satisfaction of all, who have studied the subject closely, the utility of a force of game wardens, appointed and paid by the State to take care of the interest of the State. There are good wardens and bad; but the system itself has been demonstrated to be right. There is then no good reason why other States should not follow the example of those named, and provide the proper officers. It is high time that the public should be roused from its apathy on this subject. The day has come when the burdens of game protection should be lifted from the shoulders of individuals and clubs and borne by the State. The farcical enactment of stringent laws, with no adequate provision for their execution, has gone on far enough. The close season means nothing, simply because it is no one's business to see that it shall mean something. If it is worth while to prescribe such a season, it is certainly worth while to provide a way for securing the benefits attaching to it.

NEW TRAP-SHOOTING PRACTICE.—The more closely shooting at artificial targets can be made to approximate the actual incidents of a day in the field, the more valuable, of course, is the practice thus obtained, as a preparation for field shooting, or to keep one's hand in during the off-season. It has always been objected, and with much reason, that trap-shooting is materially different from field shooting, so different in fact that proficiency in the former does not of necessity insure skill with the quail or grouse. At the recent clay-pigeon tournament in Chicago, in the so-called "walking match," an effort was made to imitate field shooting by the use of several traps, which were sprung as the competitor was walking toward them. This proved to be very successful under the circumstances, and now the experiment is to be tried on a somewhat larger scale at the tournament to be held in this city next week. It is proposed to fix a number of screened traps, which shall be sprung at irregular distances from the shooter, and on different sides of him, as he advances toward them from the score. This, if successfully carried out, will more nearly resemble the flushing of wild birds in the field than any other plan of trap shooting has succeeded in doing, and as the clay-pigeon's flight is birdlike, this novel trap-shooting ought to prove a more satisfactory test of a field shot's skill than the ordinary modes.

ROYAL PHELPS.—By the death of Royal Phelps, in this city on Wednesday of last week, the cause of game protection loses one of its most earnest supporters. Mr. Phelps was an active member of the New York Association for the Protection of Fish and Game, and its monthly meetings were usually held at his residence.

FOREST AND STREAM FABLES.

A MILLINER'S Bird Butcher, having shot a beautiful Oriole, was about to pick it up, when the dying Bird asked him why he had done so cruel an Act as to kill a harmless Singer, who must now leave his Mate to care alone for their Helpless Young.

"It is that you may adorn a Lady's Hat," said the Man, "and you should rejoice that it is your privilege to make Beauty more Beautiful."

"Ah!" said the Oriole, "if such a destiny is mine, I die Happy," and expired with a Smile on his Bill.

The Sportsman Tourist.

HUNTING IN THE HIMALAYAS.

Lights and Shades of an Indian Forester's Life.—I.

I CAN claim acquaintance with the Blue Danube and the busy Thames. The castellated banks of the fabled Rhine are more familiar to me than the banks of its western rival, the Hudson. The St. Lawrence, the classic Indus, the Sutlej and the Jumna have all their associations in my memory; but more deeply intertwined with my past, and recalled with fonder regret than all these, is the sacred Ganges, on whose bosom a hundred generations of brave warriors and fair women have glided calmly into the unknown land.*

Yes, I love the Ganges. Not the muddy, lukewarm, mighty river of the Bengal plains, but the foaming, rushing, roaring crystal Ganges from its source in the icy jaws of the "Cow's mouth," for the first hundred miles of its career, during which it descends twelve thousand feet through some of the wildest, grandest scenery in nature, cutting in this short distance every climatic belt from the eternal snows to the sub-tropical Sewalik.

I know the Ganges in mountain and plain, not merely with the casual acquaintance of the sportsman or traveler, lured to its banks in quest of game, but as one who held it, for the time being, as his own especial reserve—as the forest officer in charge of the forests which the Moslem and Hindoo axe had spared.

The Sewalik belt, a strip of jungle at the foot of the Himalayas, is in British territory. From the point of view of the sportsman it is perhaps the nicest little shooting reserve in the empire. The elephant still roams wild through its solitudes, the tiger makes night musical to the sportsman's ears with his roar. The spotted deer roam through the Sal forests in troops of a hundred or more; the reedy banks of the small streams are stocked with hog deer and wild boar; the Gerao, and the Nyl-guai, or blue cow, roam everywhere over forest and plain; the panther glides through the long grass; and for small game, there is the hare, the peacock, the pheasant, the wild bantam, the black partridge; and, when the sportsman is satisfied with slaughter, or his larder is so well stocked that nothing but the chance of a tiger can lure him from his camp, he can put his rod together, select his fly or his spoon, and casting for mahseer (one of the *Salmonidae*) in the clear, cold waters of the pebbly Ganges, may look for as fine sport as ever gladdened the heart of any devotee of the gentle craft. The mahseer generally runs from five to fifteen pounds, and fights gamely; but one occasionally hooks a fish of thirty pounds or over, the landing of which requires some patience. If you let a mahseer break away with your best gold spoon, the chances are that you have lost both fish and spoon.

I saw one exception in the case of a sporting doctor who got a week's leave, and came down to me with rifle, gun and rod, for a few days' sport. Letting a big fish break away with his sole gold spoon, he bent on another cast, got it entangled in the first and landed his fish; but he was a very exceptional sportsman—that doctor. I saw him take a steady aim at a gerao at a hundred yards, and the great stag bounded away unharmed, but advancing three hundred yards, I saw a hare indulging in his last struggles, with the doctor's express bullet in the back of his neck; this we all pronounced a very clever shot. The next day, having come unexpectedly on a couple of tigers on a "kill," and disturbed them by our want of precaution, we began to beat the adjoining long grass. I got a moment's glimpse of one at a hundred yards, and reserved my fire for a better chance, but the doctor had sighted the other, pushed on, and put him up at five yards in front of his elephant, fired at him on the bound, and shouted wildly to me to come to his assistance to finish the wounded beast. I came. The doctor pointed out the clump of reeds in which the beast fell—it was about fifteen feet high—and putting in my elephant, I commenced systematically, and laid the whole clump level with the ground. There was no sign of tiger, but the doctor's shot never missed its mark; there lay his express bullet enveloped in the body of an otter. If that doctor had become a sportsman by vocation, what adventures might he not have narrated!

But we must away to the mountains. One cannot linger later than the 15th of April in the Sewaliks. The fever king then holds sway until the 15th of October; and I promised to take my readers with me for a summer's tour of duty in the Himalayas.

My starting point was always the camping ground two miles above Mussoorie, on the confines of British territory, and nearly 6,000 feet above the plains right below. Here I arrived about the 20th of April, pitched my camp for the day, got in supplies of canned provisions from the "Europe shops," ordered a score of coolies (forced laborers) for the first day's march, got all my baggage packed in suitable packs, and the next morning at daylight, while I take my coffee in a folding chair, my tent is struck. I see my little flock of twenty sheep, a mile off on the road, my trusty hill pony saddled and ready, a nearly thoroughbred filly, which I intended to familiarize with mountain travel, in the hands of another groom waiting for the pony's lead; and the coolies shouldering their several loads—camp kettles, chairs, bedstead, portemanteaux, baskets of cooking pots, cases of stores, tents, poles, everything necessary for civilized life in the mountains; then came the office records and books, English and vernacular, the baboo, or head of the English office, the sheristadar, or chief of the vernacular office, and his clerks in spotless linen; the chuprasses or messengers with sword and badge, carrying my shooting irons, the cook, washerman, valet, water-bearer, sweeper, and prominent among them all, the khansamangli, or chief butler, carrying a six-foot roasting spit, which was regarded by the mountaineers as so formidable and yet so exceptional a weapon that they were impressed with a high sense of its bearer's importance, and always attached the "giri" to the end of his title.

Thus in irregular marching order we made the first day's march, rising from 6,000 to 8,000 feet and covering about ten miles. Above the road was hardwood forest, principally oak, to the crests of the ranges, but below the road there were numerous oak clearings planted with potatoes. The road cut in the side of the hill was four or five feet wide, and being the first march out from Mussoorie, was kept in good order. Beyond this to the great suspension bridge at the confluence of the Indian and Tartar branches of the Ganges, erected by my predecessor, the road was in charge of the Forest Department, the several villages along its course having, by arrangement with the Rajah from whom

the British leased the forests, agreed to contribute the necessary labor at the demand of the forest officer or his subordinate. Beyond the bridge above mentioned there was no made road, but he who had nerve enough to cross the bridge fearlessly, would hardly shrink from the perils beyond—it was a suspension bridge 300 feet long, 300 feet above the roaring, deafening torrent, and 3 feet wide.

The second day's march led down to the valley of the Ganges, there about four thousand five hundred feet high. On the third day's march up the valley, the sun shone down as fiercely as on the plains. The valley was for the most part under cultivation, but on the overhanging ranges, dotted with a scanty crop of Scotch fir, the soil was too thin and parched to raise anything else. On the fifth day we crossed and recrossed the Ganges in the temperate belt, the road now running for a mile a few feet above the stream and again rising a couple of thousand feet above it to avoid some otherwise impassable rugged points. Our suspension bridges here were six to eight feet wide, and although the fury and din of the raging torrent and the swaying of the bridges were trying to unaccustomed nerves, the average traveler soon familiarized himself with them, and my filly "negotiated" them so unconcernedly, and had shown so much coolness and judgment in the bad spots, that I determined to put the saddle on her the next day.

Starting early, with the syce, or groom, leading the way, and a chuprasse following with my rifle, we soon clambered the first hill and descended to a mountain stream then nearly dry, but its bed full of large boulders, waiting their turn to be rolled down to the Ganges. Here the syce attempted to take the filly's head, but she did not like it, and I sent him ahead, leaving her to pick her own course, which she did as creditably as though "to the manner born." Another ascent, which left the Ganges nearly two thousand feet below, and the road swept on a dead level round the face of a mountain, following every indentation, so that, while you could frequently trace the road like a rope a mile beyond, you were unable to see it twenty feet ahead of you. Turning one of these sharp turns, I came suddenly on a boulder projecting some eighteen inches over the road, which was only four feet wide, and at this very spot the edge of the road had broken down more than a foot, leaving me a bare eighteen inches between the point of the broken boulder and the precipice. I was within two yards before I saw it, and tightened the rein. The filly reared up immediately, and plunged to follow her syce, who had passed the place heedlessly. There was no room for circus performances on that narrow platform, so I gave her her head, and, taking my foot from the stirrup, faced the difficulty. She took the edge of the road; there was just room for her to pass. I raised my knee above the projection, but the saddle caught it; she pressed forward; the next instant her hindlegs were over the precipice, her chest was on the edge of the road, and so was mine. I sprang as she fell, got my hands on the edge of the road well clear of her, and as I clung there, I looked over my shoulder and saw her sliding away down, tail foremost, pawing the ground in a vain attempt to stay herself and recover her feet. Then she disappeared, and my servants running to my assistance, I sprang to my feet. The first fifteen yards below the road, was a pretty steep incline, so steep that if I had let go my hold to go to the filly's assistance, I should probably have lost my footing and shared her fate, yet not so steep but that a man on his feet might keep his foothold, might even have gone to the poor brute's assistance, and getting her bridle in one hand and a tuft of grass in the other, have enabled her to recover her feet; but it would have been rash to attempt it from my position as I clung to the edge of the road. A few minutes' watching and then far away below I saw the poor beast roll out on the green bank of the Ganges and disappear in some long grass. She had left her viscera, her saddle, and her hoofs on the way, and if it had not been a life habit with me to spring from my saddle, without using the stirrup, I suppose I should have had a very good chance of reaching the Hindoo heaven.

Another couple of days and we reach Lacca, where the tents are pitched for the summer, the office opened, postal communications established with the plains and with each forester in charge of a forest tract. The timber contractor gets his instructions as to what railway ties to get out and where, and the business of the season commences, unbroken by thought of sport for the present, for the wild sheep and chamois, and all their kith and kin, will be little better than skin and bones until the June sun shall have rendered the mountain grass nutritious.

Here at this spot in the valley of the Ganges, ten thousand feet above the sea level, is my headquarters for the summer. Here I have my garden, which is soon stocked with vegetable and flower seeds. On the right bank, on which is my camp, the slopes are comparatively easy, and a great deal of the land is cultivated in terraces, but across the river, which at this point is wide, shallow, and with but little fall for a mile of its course, the bare face of the broken rock rises almost perpendicularly for fifteen hundred feet. Looking a little further down stream, the eye reaches above the timber limits, above the topmost stunted birch and juniper, to an emerald tableland, the summer pasture grounds of the shepherds and haunt of the wild sheep, the Tare, the Gooril and their kindred, and of the black and brown bears. Looking up stream, the hardwood forest is supplanted by the somber foliage of the deodar, or cedar of Lebanon, which rises tier on tier, to the foot of the everlasting snow peaks, for which they form a magnificent setting. This is the only timber in the region deemed of any value by the Forest Department. There is walnut, oak, and other valuable hardwoods, but they cannot be floated down to the plains, and of all the conifers, the deodar is the only one whose timber does good service as railway ties.

The Ganges forests of which I had charge were supposed to be inexhaustible at our rate of felling, and I was instructed to interview the Rajah and prepare him for a renewal of the lease when the current lease should expire. I had then to temper the brilliant reports of my predecessors in office and announce that I had every available timber tree marked and numbered, and that instead of a hundred and fifty thousand, as wildly estimated, there was something short of five thousand.

These forests have shared the fate of all the deodar forests of British India which twenty years ago were pronounced inexhaustible. They want a hundred and fifty years to recover themselves, but the grand old stems of thirty and forty feet girth, cutting a hundred broad-gauge ties each, if they are not already traditions of the past, soon will be.

In this camp as my headquarters, I devoted two or three mornings a week to office duties. The great bulk of the correspondence was in the vernacular, being weekly reports and general correspondence with my native foresters, these were read to me; the munshi took an abstract of my orders, and

later in the day I had another hour's sitting to hear his replies read to me; then I had to keep an eye on my English office, examine the prescribed forms, and look to the stock and cash accounts, keep a record of all trees felled, logged, converted and floated, and tally these with the returns from the catching depots below. The intervening days were mostly spent in inspecting felling and sawing operations, sometimes camping out a day or two; and later in the season, when the work was well in hand, the ready villagers would be summoned, and a shooting excursion organized, and sometimes protracted to a week's absence. The game is hard to stalk in these mountain regions, but if you can steal on it unobserved, the noise of the rifle as it reverberates from hill to hill so nearly resembles that of the ever-recurring avalanche, that it scarcely startles the animals.

This region was a very favorite one with forest officers. The camp at Lacca was only two days' march from the Tartar boundary, immediately within which were the feeding grounds of the *Ovis ammon*, the father of all the muttons, for whose head many an enthusiastic sportsman would gladly have bartered a month's pay. The bear and wild sheep and chamois on our own side of the boundary gave excellent sport for one hardy and daring enough for mountain climbing; the musk deer, and the moonal pleasant were also plentiful.

The sense of freedom, of room, experienced in these mountain solitudes, the stillness unbroken save by the occasional rumbling of the avalanche, all tended to raise the beholder above the level of every-day life and divert the current of his thoughts into harmony with the surroundings. Professionally, too, the charge was almost a sinecure. There were no nurseries to raise, no planting, no thinning, no stock to be taken, or working plans to be framed; in fact, no conservancy. It was outside British India, and from the time it was leased until I was forced to dispel the illusion, it was fondly believed that the forests would reproduce themselves naturally as fast as they were cut over; but it was a charge which gave the forest officer a chance to recover his stamina after long years of toil below, enabling him to go back with renewed vigor for a winter's work in the Sewaliks, where every effort was being bent to inaugurate systematic conservancy; where the forests were cut up into blocks by fire lines, the blocks numbered, their standing stock estimated and data established for the felling operations of future years. In this lower region, too, there was a very large trade in bamboos, and while in charge of it I had the credit of clearing the Ramgunga, an affluent of the Ganges, for nearly thirty miles of its course, and of utilizing the bamboos as floats for the heavy Sal timbers from forests which had never previously been tapped for either timber or bamboos, but I am charged with having spoiled the mahseer fishing. It was the first river channel cleared in India. A.

CAMP LAK KAH, Upper Ganges, Northwest Provinces, India.

A "TWELFTH" IN PERTHSHIRE.

IT is near the twelfth of August, and everybody talks about the grouse prospects. A few days more, and the heather-grown moors far and wide will be shot over, and the ring of the breechloaders will wake long-dormant echoes in the Straths and Bens of the old Scottish Highlands. By every north-bound train scores of sportsmen are arriving, and the guns in their leather cases are brought out on the platforms of railway stations, coupled dogs, fine silky coated setters, beautiful intelligent pointers, reliable old retrievers jump out of baggage cars, weary with the long journey. Killed gamekeepers welcome their masters back once more, and the parties drive off to their shooting lodges. With the sportsmen come their wives, daughters, some friends, every one who is going to make the stay up North pleasant, and help to combine delightful society with the glorious shooting. Everywhere is animation, laughter, welcoming old friends back again, pleasant anticipations and general happiness.

Look at the sportsmen, here you see members of the highest nobility, there merchant princes from all the big towns, and old captains, and majors, and admirals, and generals, who have shot everywhere from Sweden and Norway to way beyond the tropics. Woe to the old cock-grouse that rises in range of them, far better it is to sail away after hearing the doubled crack of the young man from London, who has to rely mostly upon talk for huge bags. And once you have reached the shooting home, how the keepers put the guns in order, and make the dogs comfortable in the old kennels, to the bars of which many a hawk and owl, many a crow and raven, and weasel and stoat has been nailed, to prove that Duncan and Angus look sharp after vermin.

Then a long talk after dinner, with the inevitable fragrant weed, and many inquiries are made of the old game watchers who for months before have been jealously watching the moors, and they report that last season there has been but little grouse disease, and that the broods are large and strong on the wing. Outside we hear a noise, bye and bye the sounds approach, the village piper has come to welcome the owner back, and we hear "Jennie's Bawbee" and "The Campbells are Coming" and many other old "reel" and "piroch."

The next day is the day before the 12th, and impatience reigns as a master, and shells are counted, and the guns all stand in bright, polished rows, dear old friends; the companions which have gone through so much, seen so many climates, and killed so many a noble bird.

At last the day is over, and beds are sought again, it is hard to go to sleep, but when you do, visions come over you, and you go through many a far away day of sport in dream, when you suddenly wake, and the rising sun sends golden beams in your chamber. Up and out of bed at once, there are no laggards on the 12th, there is bustle in every room, and as the inmates all join in the dining room every one is happy, for the morning is beautiful, spirits are high, and the grand old day has dawned at last.

Breakfast is on the table. How I wish that every reader of our favorite FOREST AND STREAM could take a real good Scotch breakfast, crisp oat cakes, warm scones, delicious smoked Finnan haddies, and jams, and marmalades, and cold rabbit pie, a meal to tempt a hermit back from his cell into the busy world again.

We are through, and the ladies bid us good bye, and wish us good success, and we are off, quite a party. The kind owner of the shooting, a grand specimen of a fine old Scotch gentleman, on the old white pony, for we have a mile or so to walk and climb before we reach the moors, and he cannot walk as much as he used to, and wants to save himself for the tramp on the moor. His two sons, the older a genial Oxford oarsman, the other a promising young Rugby cricketer, an elderly major, who can tell us all about tiger shooting and bear spearing in India, and who has killed

*It is a pious custom of the Hindoos to consign the bodies of their dead to the Ganges, to secure them a safe passage to that better land supposed to be behind the veil. Those living at a distance burn their dead and convey their ashes to the sacred stream.

game in myriads. Two other invited guests from London, and the writer and the list of sportsmen. Then the two gamekeepers, and a couple of boys to help, besides those having charge of the two ponies that are to carry the game, form the rear guard of the party. After winding up the old road that leads to the peat bogs near the little trout loch we reach high ground after a while, a rest of a few minutes is taken, and far away before us we see the undulating ground, with the red-brown patches of heather and the black spots where the heather has been burnt to give room to a new growth, affording more green and tender food for the birds. Everywhere we can hear the peculiar cry of the grouse, a queer guttural sound, unlike any other cry I have ever heard. The dogs are let loose, the line is formed, the ponies behind us, and the keepers and helpers between the shooters, to pick up the game and work the dogs. Everything is ready and on we march. Hardly a hundred yards have been gone over, and after a splendid point, a covey rises, bang, bang, and two fluttering birds, the first brace of the season, are down, credited to the unerring aim of the major. On we go, and we get in the thick of it; birds rising every moment, and after a sharp crack here and there, and everywhere, the retrievers and helpers are busy picking up the dead and the wounded. Onward still, and a blue hare springs from the bog, a short run, for he is bowled over by the Yankee chokebore. Further still, and coveys and packs keep rising, and firing is steady all down the line; an old duck flies out of a bit of marsh, and she goes to swell the bag. A snipe twists away, having uttered her cry, a bang, a miss, and off she goes rejoicing. The shooting goes on steadily, many birds are missed, and many are killed, and from way off, one might have thought a little battle was raging. Pretty soon more cartridges are needed and bags and pockets are filled again from the boxes carried by the ponies.

The slaughter goes on, a fine black-cock rises between myself and the major. As the younger one of the two I wait, and the cock goes down with a thud; another one jumps up, and now my turn has come, and next day his curved black and white tail feathers adorn my shooting cap.

We continue our walk, and suddenly, over a sloping hill, we see another little loch, a little shepherd's hut is near and an agreeable surprise is in store for us, for we see a carriage is there, and the ladies we left in the morning come out to greet us; lunch is laid out for us, a few trout have been killed in the loch, and they are cooking. The guns were unloaded, and we threw ourselves on the soft springy heather, the sheep all around us seemed to be gazing at us in astonishment, and the collie dog belonging to the shepherd wagged his tail and made friends with us all. What a luxury is such a picnic in the heather, after a good tramp, good shooting and a fine time generally; the bag was counted, and the birds admired and talked about. One hundred and nine brace of grouse, one brown hare, twelve blue hares, a few rabbits that were killed below the moor, one duck, two black-cock and one snipe lay on the heather. Pipes are lighted, the guns are swabbed, and after the gillies and helpers have had their lunch, off we start again, for on the 12th of August they always try for a big score on all the moors, for all England and Scotland will look in the papers and read the reports of the shooting.

The birds are plenty again, and we go to work with a vim, and soon the shot is whizzing through the air, and the fine old brown grouse again are accumulating in the saddle baskets. Good shots, bad shots, shots of all kinds. The major swears he killed this bird at eighty yards, that other one at seventy, and so on; every one is happy; now and then the guns get warm, and still we are picking doubles out of the packs that whirl away in front of us now and then. This was kept up until about six o'clock, when a turn was made for home, the guns cracking still all the while, until we reached the old peat road again, and the day's sport is ended to begin again next day, and to be kept up until the birds are made so wild by the shooting that they have to be driven. Next time I write again, I will relate how I went on a grouse drive later on, if readers of FOREST AND STREAM care to hear about it.

Well, this fine day had an end, like all good and bad things, and on the fourteenth, the *Scotsman* had among its notes something to the effect that, "At — moor, two hundred and five brace, with seventeen hares, one duck, three snipe, two black-cock, and seven rabbits were bagged, seven guns." G. V. S.

New York.

NOTES FROM TENNESSEE.

AFTER a pleasant sojourn in the metropolis of the new world, I have just returned to Memphis. I entered a sleeper at Jersey City, and stepped out of the same within a few blocks of my lodgings here, after a fifty-two hours' run. The run north from here is only forty-six hours, over the same route. I spent the time very agreeably in transit, reclining on pillows in my sleeper, reading the charming recitals in FOREST AND STREAM of "Kingfisher," "Reignolds," and others, not forgetting the "Plickerings," with their spicy jokes. "Uncle Lisha's Shop," also, comes in for a large share of commendation. The transition from the train of thought inspired by the pages of FOREST AND STREAM, of which you had kindly furnished me with several late numbers, to that excited by every glance from the car windows, to the beautiful scenery along the route, was easy enough.

Up the Cumberland Valley along the Pennsylvania Railroad, was a continually shifting panorama of beautiful and highly cultivated farms, with a range of mountains bounding the horizon on either side. The mountainous feature became more pronounced along the Shenandoah Valley, with frequent enticing-looking trout streams. But the climax was reached on the Tennessee River, below Chattanooga, where the ever-varying forms of forest and stream, amid the rapidly evolving and bold mountain scenes, passed before the eye like the insensible transformations of the kaleidoscope, from the windows of the flying train.

While in New York I visited some of your parks, particularly Central Park. It is certainly a beautiful place, and doubtless of incalculable value to the citizens of the metropolis, especially the working people, but such scenes soon grow monotonous to one whose path of life lies chiefly through cane brakes, swamps, and forests, and I might add, through cypress brakes, sloughs, and bogs, which is the common experience of civil engineers in this country.

Right in the heart of Memphis is a single square, known as Court Square, which is appropriated to the purposes of a public park. It is filled with splendid trees and the ground is covered with luxuriant green grass. There is a pretty fountain in the middle, to which a number of paved walks

converge. It is a pleasant place to step into from the hotels across the street, to read the daily papers and smoke a post-prandial cigar. But the principal charm about this little park is that it abounds in squirrels. There are several dozens, perhaps a hundred, chiefly gray squirrels, with a few red ones. They are fed every morning by a man appointed to do that office by the city authorities. I have never witnessed the proceeding, but am told that they flock to the feeding place at the appointed time from every quarter to draw the day's rations. They are fed on nuts of some kind. Many persons, especially children, carry nuts into the square to feed them for amusement. The small children thoughtlessly chase them, which makes the little fellows somewhat shy, but I can easily coax them to climb up on my knee and go into my pockets for the nuts, and even to sit on my shoulder and eat them. When the little rogues have eaten enough, it is amusing to see them carry off the surplus nuts and hide them in the grass. This they do with great caution, frequently rising up on their haunches to see if any other squirrel is watching his maneuver, in which case a new hiding place is sought. Why cannot the parks of New York be peopled with these frisky and attractive little denizens of the woods? Their presence would add greatly to the attractiveness of such places.

I remember that at one time during the war, in the Southern army, there was a rage among the soldiers for catching young squirrels. As soon as a brigade bivouacked after a hard day's march through the hills of Georgia, and mayhap after a brush with the Federals, all hands set forth with clubs and axes, to capture squirrels. I have seen a brigade marching, with dozens of squirrels skipping about over the soldiers, or sitting on cap or shoulder. I think it would not be a difficult matter to stock the parks of New York with squirrels from our Southern woods. Here there are boxes nailed up in the branches of the trees to afford them shelter, which they take to very readily.

Fishing has been unusually fine in the lakes and bayous of the Mississippi and Arkansas bottoms this season. The spring floods of the Mississippi River amply replenished the stock of fish in these waters. Our most valuable varieties are the white perch, black and striped bass, all of which are very abundant. I heard of one party, consisting of four Memphis gentlemen, who captured 120 pounds in one day in Beaver Dam, a lake forty miles by rail, below Memphis.

The completion of the Mississippi Valley Railroad, from New Orleans to Memphis, which will be accomplished within a month or six weeks, will give easy access to a vast area of the best hunting and fishing grounds in the South.

MEMPHIS, TENN., July 27.

[There are now quite a number of gray squirrels in the Central Park. They have at times been so numerous there that they did great damage by destroying some of the shrubbery. Some months ago the park officials made a vigorous war on the little fellows and reduced their number.]

PODGERS CRUISES ALONGSHORE.

WE read in the FOREST AND STREAM of cruises in yachts, canoes and all sorts of things pertaining to matters nautical, but seldom if ever of yachtsmen's cruises ashore. A bold departure from rigid rules may serve as a change, and now you shall have the experience of a "Corinthian" ashore by way of variety.

You may remember that last Thursday and Friday it was sultry, hot and uncomfortable in the city; thermometer at 94; result, along toward the latter end of the day (to be nautical, about two bells) one of the new Broadway cab company's yellow yachts might have been seen heading north-west for the good steamer City of Worcester, at which port the yacht arrived and proceeded to discharge a gentleman in a straw hat, a small leather trunk and a bundle of fishing rods. The cab itself was then discharged, and after a conference with the "gentlemanly purser," exchanging \$2.75 in greenbacks for a brass key (a good deal for a key), the gentleman ascended to the upper saloon, consigned his traps to his room, walked out on the forward deck, and mopped his noble brow with a sense of relief as the gentle zephyrs fanned it.

This semi-aquatic, semi-terrestrial cruise had no special purpose or object except to get away from the city and do a little fishing—it might be said a good deal of fishing if possible. And yet there was another reason—a friend wants to buy a small yacht, large enough to be comfortable for two or three Corinthians. We had chased those *ignus fatuis* brokers' advertisements and spent time and money in the pursuit, until we were sick and disgusted. They were a delusion and a snare. Yachts described as fast, sound and well fitted out were mostly rotten old hulks, worn out and worthless, and so slow they could not get out of their own way. And such prices! Whew! Fifteen hundred and two thousand for boats that never cost it now. The folly of people wanting to sell boats in asking such prices is apparent from the fact that nobody buys them. There are two species of property that depreciate rapidly—horses and yachts. You can seldom sell out at cost. When you want to buy either, especially yachts, everybody wants them; can't find them—at the price you will pay. When you want to sell, a sudden apathy falls on the market; nobody wants them—the illustration of the difference between tweedle dum and tweedle dee. Well, my friend commissioned me to look up a yacht in my cruise, and that was why I determined to take it coastwise.

The steamer City of Worcester is a magnificent boat, splendid in appointments, and her rooms are elegant; beds unexceptionable and invite early retiring, with the certainty of a good night's rest. The officers are obliging and polite; but the charges for meals are exorbitant and the cooking bad. No worse than the other Sound boats perhaps, for they are all bad—not much variety in their badness. One sighs for the good old days, when you could get a good *table d'hôte* meal for a dollar, before the advent of the fashionable *à la carte* or European style, which is simply robbery.

A gentleman of the colored persuasion tapping at my door at 7 o'clock the next morning for my ticket was the first intimation that we were at the wharf in New London, and the banging of that Chinese abomination, a gong, soon after, was a hint to get ashore. I would have gladly paid the hotel price to have been allowed to stay aboard all day, but that was against rules, so I bundled ashore and took up my quarters at a hotel, and after breakfast sauntered down to that most attractive of all places to a yachtsman, the wharves, to see what was to be seen in the way of boats. Yachts were few and scarce; a few catboats completed the list.

Seeing two or three small steamboats at the wharf puffing and blowing, apparently going somewhere, I got aboard,

cairing very little where I went. For the small sum of ten cents I was treated to a round trip down the harbor to the Edgecomb House, Pequot, Osprey Beach and back. It was a good deal of sail for ten cents, so I took another one, and saw at anchor in front of the Pequot several yachts.

In looking over a local newspaper after a midday dinner, I saw a yacht advertised, and on inquiry learned she was at anchor off the Pequot, so treated myself to another ten-cent voyage. I arrived at the Pequot wharf just as it began to rain.

It is said no one dare venture within the aristocratic portals of the Pequot without exhibiting credentials and a pedigree that won't run you into soap-making or shoe-making a generation or two back. Not being particularly well dressed, it occurred to me that I might assume the hot-potato-in-your-mouth accent of a British tourist, and inquire about rooms and get temporary shelter. I had fortunately broken my eye glasses, and had but half a pair. Sticking the remaining glass in my eye, and assuming the tourist slouch, I made my inquiry for rooms. The gentlemanly "clerk" was all politeness and condescension, and I got a good hour's storage out of that dodge.

But still the storm did not abate, and I returned to town and the dreary office of mine hotel and looked out the window at the down-pouring rain, until the brilliant idea struck me that I could while away my time by writing up my trip for the FOREST AND STREAM, and that is how you are indebted (?) for these notes. Thanks to an easterly storm and a dull, rainy Sunday, say you? You don't say it? Well, never mind, we will play that you do. Some other people will experience the unfortunate result of a dull evening, also as I wrote sundry and numerous letters, and inquired of every dropper in about the yacht I saw advertised. I got a deal of information about her. One said she was a good one but didn't know her dimensions. Others did; and she appeared to have elastic properties, as she ran all the way from thirty to fifty feet. Commissioning every fellow to tell the owner to call around, I smoked my night-cap cigar and retired.

When I came down to breakfast the next morning I found the owner of the yacht awaiting me, from whom I obtained the desired information, and posted a letter to my friend, the first blood, I might say, on the trip. With a feeling of satisfaction I betook myself down aboard the Block Island boat, where at the present moment I am to be found by anybody owing me anything; and hope I won't be by anybody I owe. But as this first chapter is quite long enough, we will cut the log off here, turn over a new leaf, and date the next Block Island. PODGERS.

BLOCK ISLAND BOAT, Newport, July 28.

EL CAZADOR'S FIRST BEAR.

THE nite's wood's noises ar mitey sulthin a sleepy-makin to them wats used to em an keers to sleep out in the free breathin fresh air ov the mountains. Even the howlin songs ov the coyotes is not scurse ov musik an I luv to listen to em amusin ov themselves with the Jack Rabbits. The sound ov Rocks rollin down the mountain is also sugestiv ov wild animals to be hunted an highly gratifien. What I am doen this pen writin for, Mr Editur, is just about this, last nite me an Tom was settin on a log smokin and torkin, an I was sayin "what a heap ov nice redin thur wus in yo paper" an Tom ses to me ses he "ole man yu has so much fun at this yer newspaper pik niky wher doz yu not kontribrate yo sheer ov the provishuns" which the saim I am now proceedin to do by tellin yu the storis ov too bares my own first bare an Toms first also.

Way bak in erly dais befor the Ritkles on "Choice of Hunting Rifles" in FOREST AND STREAM was writen wen thar was but one good huntin rifle to sum thousands ov good huntin men, I tuk down my Hawkins 14 powdws, 32 to the pownd, all the poudr yu wanted, an a gude purcushun cap to the lode, an shated out for a bare. I kneeded a bare badly, of the uthur fellers had killed um sevrul apiece (roun the kamfire at leest), an they kord me a deer hunter an sade "In the fall yu kan sel dried meat an bi enuf pison to kill wun." I sune trauk a fresh trak an f it did not seem large at first it groed considerable while I was follerin it, for sum distans it kep down in the kanyon an then turned up a ridge whar thar is sum roks, whar I got stung by 2 bes it haven eet the bee kave young bes honey komb an all. Wen I got oven bein stang, I follered along an the bresh got thiker an thiker as the traks got fresher. Sune I perseewed the bare lied on the groun asleep an about a milyun flis flien aroun it an eten hony on its hed an eers when I fust seen it it wur not larger than a large horse but when I tried to hole my rifle on it to shute it it wur more large than a hows then in a littul wile I kud not tel whar the hill left off an the bare began. Then I saw it was very poor an very happy at bein ful ov hony an I kaim away an did not disturb it eny moar. This was the first bare I ever saw an it was mine becoz I diskovered it altho I did not okupi it.

(Tom ses he be doggoned if he will let me tel his bare story after this, but I will do it nex time sure), so no moar at present from your fren EL CAZADOR.

LOS ANGELES, California.

A QUAIL INCIDENT.

Editor Forest and Stream:

A little incident which occurred a day or two since gave me much pleasure at the time, showing, as it did, that my lessons and instructions had not been entirely thrown away. I have a most promising young setter (now thirteen months old) which I am trying to train. A day or two ago he was noticed coming across the yard from the fields with something in his mouth, which he carefully deposited on the ground, then backed a few feet and came to a dead stand. Upon going up we found an old cock quail sitting there, unhurt, and apparently incapable of fear, as he allowed me to take him up and carefully examine him without attempting to escape. Finding that the bird was perfectly sound and unhurt, I took it out to the orchard and, tossing it up, it flew off as strong and as fast as one ever sees a bird fly. The dog had probably brought the bird a mile or more, as the quail grounds are fully that distance, and had not bruised it in the least nor rumped a feather. The bird must have been sitting, and Ponto probably found him there, capturing him before he could make his escape. The seeming absence of fear must have been caused by numbness from being in the dog's mouth so long, though it had perfect use of its wings when tossed in the air. I am fully satisfied now that my dog has a perfect mouth and worth any trouble I may take to make a good retriever of him. A. F. R.

BELVIDERE, N. C., Aug. 1.

Natural History.

THE DESTRUCTION OF SMALL BIRDS.

MUCH has been said and written of the destruction of our large game in the Adirondacks and on the Western plains and mountains, but how little is known of the enormous numbers of small birds that are daily being killed for purposes of decoration.

It is difficult for one who has not made a special study of this subject to realize how much harm in every way is being done by this means. The farmers, above all, have deep cause to regret this extermination of our small birds. Bird life exists almost wholly through the death of some other form of life, and by destroying insects, worms, and other noxious creatures, the bird is of the greatest use to the farmer by protecting his crops. The vast slaughter that is going on among our birds is already a source of serious anxiety to all who take an enlightened interest in agriculture.

It is only by means of figures that one can comprehend how invaluable is the help given by these creatures. Insects produce and reproduce with such marvelous fecundity that in one season a single parent may be the progenitor of many thousand offspring. It is easy to see, therefore, how prodigious would be the increase of insect life were not these creatures destroyed and kept down by some efficient check.

This is what the birds do for us to a much greater extent than is generally understood. The number of times that a pair of birds will visit their nests in a day, each time with an insect, is very large, as was shown by a recent record in these columns, and their work lasts through the season when insect life is on the increase.

Unless some active measures be at once taken to stop this wholesale slaughter it will not be long before their ranks are greatly thinned. We must realize how important this matter is, and must realize it now. The number of birds killed every month for millinery and other purposes is immense, and the number of people engaged in their pursuit is constantly increasing. We shall lose all our small birds unless something is done.

Aside from the agriculturist's point of view and the merely practical side of the question, we must reflect on the pleasure all derive from the presence of birds. It is a great delight not only to hear them but to watch them, and to understand, as we can by careful observation, their ways and life. When we consider the enjoyment they have given us and the good they are constantly doing, should we not make every effort to prevent their extermination?

While no exception can be taken to the killing of birds for truly scientific purposes, the wholesale slaughter which is taking place in many localities is deserving of the severest condemnation. This destruction goes on mainly about the great centers, but it is by no means confined to any one section. We know, for example, of one dealer residing on Long Island who, during a three months' trip to the coast of South Carolina last spring, prepared no less than 11,018 bird skins. A considerable number of the birds killed were of course too much mutilated for preparation, so that the total number of the slain would be much greater than the number given. The person referred to states that he handles on an average 30,000 skins per annum, of which the greater part are cut up for millinery purposes.

This in the past. At present the trade is growing, and at a rate which is startling. We are told by people who have the best facilities for knowing, that there are, and have been since early spring, hundreds of people on Long Island, shooting birds for the middlemen, who supply the taxidermists and dealers.

During the past spring and summer and up to the present time, large boxes of birds "in the flesh" are coming into New York. They are delivered to taxidermists, who employ girls to skin for them, and then sell the prepared skins at ten or eleven cents each. From a single locality on Long Island, one man, who buys from the local gunners, sent in during the week ending July 26, over \$300 worth of birds. As the prepared skins sell, as stated, for about ten cents apiece, the number of birds must have been considerably over 3,000, and the total destruction was probably at least one-half greater. This same man has sent, during this season, from the early spring until the present time, an average of 300 birds a day to a William street taxidermist, 200 a day to a Bleeker street man, and from 100 to 150 per day to a dealer in New Jersey; or an average of between 600 and 700 birds daily for a period of four months, making a total of not far from 70,000 birds in all. This, he it remembered, is from one single village on Long Island. It should be added that, besides these birds sent to the dealers, this same individual sends in a vast quantity of snipe to the New York markets.

Of all the cases which have come under our notice since we first set on foot inquiries in regard to this subject, this is the most appalling, but there are others that are only less so. A father and two sons shot for three weeks near Rockaway, and made over 2,000 skins; there is a man at Sag Harbor, and another at Shelter Island, who are preparing skins; a man near Bath does the same. In fact, there seems to be a great opportunity for Game Protector G. W. Whittaker, whose jurisdiction extends over the counties of Kings, Queens and Suffolk, to do a lot of missionary work in enforcing the statute for the protection of insectivorous birds. If that gen-

tleman will call at our office he can obtain names and figures which may aid him in his work.

The evil to which we are calling attention is not, however, confined to any one section of the country. The water birds, perhaps because they are larger than our insectivorous birds, seem to be quite as eagerly sought after as the land birds, and are shot literally by myriads. The dealers complain that there are "no sea-swallows now." Strange, is it not, that there should be none? The following extract from the Baltimore *Sun* may suggest an explanation of the mystery. Read it:

During a recent trip with the Orpheus Sailing Club, of Baltimore, to the well-known Cobb's Island, the following facts were ascertained and created a very unpleasant impression: An enterprising woman from New York has contracted with a Paris millinery firm to deliver during this summer 40,000 or more skins of birds at 40 cents a piece. With several taxidermists she was carrying out the contract, having engaged young and old to kill birds of different kinds, and paying them 10 cents for each specimen not too much mutilated for millinery purposes. The plumage of most of the birds to be obtained at this island is plain, but with the assistance of a little dye it is soon transformed into that of the gayly-colored tropical birds. The birds comprised in this wholesale slaughter are mainly the different species of gulls and terns, or sea swallows, of which many species in large numbers could formerly be found upon this island. But now only few of these graceful birds remain upon Cobb's Island itself, and the pot-hunters, or rather the skin-hunters, have to go some distance to carry out their cruel scheme. If we consider that with each old bird killed—and only old birds have a suitable plumage—also many of the young birds, still unable to take care of themselves, are doomed to starvation, this wholesale slaughter becomes still more infamous and criminal.

We happen to know that the above is no exaggeration but is strictly true. Is this not a rather alarming state of affairs? On the whole it is about as bad as what is taking place on Long Island.

Now what is the public, and especially the great army of bird lovers in the United States, going to do about this? What do the farmers and the fishermen think of the destruction of their friends and allies, the birds?

It is an easy matter to sit still and do nothing. It will be some trouble to call the attention of one's friends and neighbors to the subject, and to urge each one of them to do what he can to stop this butchery; some trouble to warn off from one's premises every man who carries a gun; some trouble to go a little out of your way to speak to the local game protector, or to write him a letter.

We feel sure that one class of men will put their shoulder to the wheel with earnestness, and will by every means in their power strive to bring about the result which is so desirable. This class includes those men who best know the birds, and who by their interest in nature are brought so close to her creatures that they regard them with a tenderness and an affection which many men could never comprehend.

But we believe that there are many besides the ornithologists who love our birds as truly and deeply as they do, and on all such we urge the importance of this subject.

FRUIT-EATING BIRDS.

THE robin, so far as the fruit grower is concerned, is very easily managed, especially if the fruit gardens are somewhat isolated. All one has to do to protect his fruit from the robins is to shoot a few pairs when they begin to mate and nest in the spring. This will frighten the others from your place and vicinity, and as they are a very domestic and local bird when breeding they will give no trouble that season. If this is not done—the small fruit farm being a permanent institution—from the well-known habit of the robin to return to the same vicinity year after year to nest, they would so increase as to well nigh get all the fruit.

At my present home, where I located twenty years ago, it being in the center of a small prairie, fairly exposed to the fierce winds of winter, I planted a great many evergreen trees for wind breaks and shelter. There are many of them now thirty feet tall, with very thick foliage, thus making an evergreen island on the bleak prairie in early spring. In this grove the robins, in their northward spring migration, find a secure shelter and roosting place, and they frequent it by thousands and tens of thousands from two to three weeks every spring. They commence to come into this grove of evergreens about 5 o'clock in the evening and keep it up until it is quite dark, coming from every direction. They leave in the morning from the first peep of day until, by sun up, they are all gone. This robins' roost is of very great benefit to the surrounding country, for they destroy vast numbers of noxious insects, especially the field cut-worms. Suddenly they nearly all leave for further north, leaving behind only enough of the vast multitude to fairly "settle" the country. I seldom trouble them until the flight is gone and they begin to pair and build their nests, but sometimes I shoot enough for a pot-pie with my .38-caliber shotgun and No. 12 shot.

The catbird I consider the most injurious of all birds to the grower of small fruits. He gets the first strawberry that ripens, and sticks to it manfully until he has gobbled the last grape on the vines. He is an unmitigated nuisance, and the fruit grower does just right if he kills him on sight every time. So bad have I found him that I think they should not have the protection of the law at any time nor season, but be killed without compunction by all who wish at all seasons. The catbird, like the robin, comes back after migrating to the same vicinity to breed. I am isolated from timber and making a business of growing the fruits the catbird so dearly loves to devour, and if I did not kill them about as fast as they appear in the spring I would not be able to supply the catbirds, let alone the markets, with small fruits. I have stood in a little blackberry patch on my place and killed twenty-two catbirds at twenty-three shots with my .22-caliber Ballard rifle, loaded with breach caps, without moving from my tracks. The present season being very busy and having, as I supposed, such a vast quantity of small fruits that there would be a great plenty for me and the catbirds both, I did not shoot any, but I now see that I made a very costly mistake, for they are so numerous that they are taking nearly all my raspberries, and badly injur-

ing the gathering of the crop that they leave, and they will also spoil my blackberry crop. Such is the prose of the catbird. Some sentimental individual gave us the poetry of this soul-inspiring and berry-gobbling bird in a late issue of this journal. Were he a cultivator of the small fruits he would as soon think of finding poetry in the flea, bedbug, potato bug or plum curculio. Coues, in writing of the catbird, says: "Who could hope to rise in the world wearing a pepper-and-salt jacket, a black velvet skull cap and a large red patch on the seat of his pantaloons." I have no respect at all for the bird, and therefore shall continue to welcome him with bloody hands to a bloody dose of No. 12 shot on all occasions hereafter.

LACON, Ill.

BYRNE.

GROUSE OF THE PACIFIC SLOPE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I see the boys have been talking of game birds abroad, so I will tell them of some we have in Washington Territory. The largest grouse found in this Territory is the sage hen. These live in the vicinity of Walluba, Ainsworth, and several places on Snake River. The next in size is the pine hen, on the eastern slopes of the Cascade Mountains. They are called by some blue grouse, although they differ somewhat from the blue grouse on the western slopes of the Cascades, for on the east side of the mountains they are somewhat lighter colored, and when hooting only give one hoot, while those on the western slope give five hoots, and are called hooting grouse. Their flesh is white and sweet. The prairie hen is found all over the eastern plains. They are light-colored, long pin-tailed, and fly very swiftly. They are found in large numbers around Spokane Falls, though I think the Pallouise country can't be beat for them. Fool hens may be found all over the eastern slopes of the Cascade Mountains. I have never seen any on the western slopes. The white grouse can be found near all of the snow mountains. They are found where they are not likely to be molested, for by the time one has climbed up to where they live, he will have all he can do to crawl back. They are, to some extent, nocturnal in their habits, for I have heard them after it was too dark to see them, flying around, whistling incessantly, calling each other. They live on a short kind of moss that grows on rocks wherever there's no snow. White grouse are about the size of a ruffed grouse. Their legs have long feathers on them even down to the toes, and in soft snow they make a track nearly like a cat. Pheasants, or ruffed grouse, are very numerous on all of the western slopes of the mountains, and along the rivers even more so. In the fall of the year one can kill all he wants in a short space of time. They are found best with a small dog.

WHATCOMB, Wash. Ter., July, 1884.

MESATCHEE.

RARE BIRDS ON LONG ISLAND.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Several noteworthy captures of birds have occurred during the past spring on Long Island, a few of which I wish to record.

Porzana jamaicensis.—Little Black Rail.—1. A bird of this species was taken last spring by C. Sargood, of Williamsburgh, L. I., near Canarsie or East New York. It was on the upland when first started, and was shot at ineffectually. The same or another bird was then flushed from near the spot where it had alighted and killed. The specimen was identified by J. Wallace. 2. Another rail of this species was killed Aug. 1 or 2, near South Oyster Bay, L. I., but I have learned nothing of the circumstances of its capture. I examined the bird, which proved to be a male in good plumage. The only other individual of these species taken on Long Island, of which I have any recollection, is one secured by a man named Simpson five or six years ago, near Canarsie, and now believed to be in the possession of Mr. Robert B. Lawrence, of this city.

Rhynchops nigra.—Black Skimmer.—A full plumaged adult male of this species was taken near South Oyster Bay on Saturday last (Aug. 2), and sent into this city, where I saw it. The appearance of this bird recalls the remarkable flight of skimmers which took place a few years ago along the Long Island and New England coasts.

Herodias alba egretta.—White Egret.—A bird, which was described to me with such detail that I am convinced that it was this species, was seen near Fire Island, Long Island, July 27, by Mr. I. P. Martin, Jr. The species occurs not very infrequently on Long Island, and it would be interesting to learn whether any of your correspondents have observed it this year.

Gareta candidissima.—Little White Heron.—Mr. J. Wallace informs me that he has received during the past spring and summer about a dozen birds of this species "in the flesh" from the vicinity of South Oyster Bay, Long Island.

These occurrences would seem to indicate that there has been a somewhat unusual movement of Southern water birds northward along the Atlantic coast this summer, and it would seem desirable that collectors and observers should at once put on record their observations of the occurrence of species unusual in their vicinity.

GEO. BIRD GRINNELL.

New York, August 5.

HOW TURTLES DIG THEIR HOLES.—Berlin Heights, O., July 21.—Editor Forest and Stream: Regarding that tough turtle, I will say that it would move when irritated forty days after decapitation. The fortieth day the movements were so feeble that I gave it no further attention. I have seen the note from Mr. Burr H. Polk, of Lincoln, Neb., stating his observations regarding the manner in which the turtle digs holes in hard ground to deposit her eggs. His observations were the same as I once witnessed. However, I do not think the moisture a urinary secretion, for I do not believe they have kidneys more than a hen, but think they fill themselves with water for the occasion. This is only my opinion in the matter. If some one knows, let him come to the front and enlighten us.—M. M. BENSCHOTER.

RECENT ARRIVALS AT THE PHILADELPHIA ZOOLOGICAL GARDEN.—Received by purchase—Two wildcats (*Lynx rufus*), four sparrow hawks (*Falco sparverius*), four pairs of crested pigeons (*Cephalophaps*), and five pine snakes (*Pituophis melanoleucus*). Received by presentation—Two woodchucks (*Arotomys monax*), one red fox (*Vulpes fulvus*), one raccoon (*Procyon lotor*), one opossum (*Didelphys virginiana*), one Swainson's buzzard (*B. swainsoni*), three screech owls (*Scops asio*), one American crow (*Corvus americanus*), one booby gannet (*Sula fiber*), one red-headed woodpecker (*Melanerpes erythrocephalus*), two peafowl (*Pavo cristatus*), one summer duck (*Anas sponsa*), seven alligators (*Alligator mississippiensis*), one black snake (*Bascasin constrictor*), one milk snake (*O. dolatus trian-*), one pine snake (*Pituophis melanoleucus*), one gila monster (*Holoderna suspectum*), and one horned toad (*Phrynosoma cornuta*). Received by exchange—One tigrine snake (*Tropidonotus tigrinus*). Born in the Garden—One mazame deer (*Cervus campestris*), two fallow deer (*Cervus dama*), three Virginia deer (*Cervus virginianus*), one elk (*Cervus canadensis*), one eland (*Oreos canna*), and one peafowl (*Pavo cristatus*).

Game Bag and Gun.

"BULLET VERSUS BUCKSHOT."

I HAVE read, with no little interest, the letter of your correspondent "Piute," who writes from the far-off occidental land, on the day immediately succeeding the one which all patriotic men regard as hallowed by a nation's birth. Doubtless the mind of "Piute," when he penned his communication, was still resting pleasantly on the celebration which he had given "the glorious Fourth," and felt that, as humanity had been blessed by the practical adoption of certain "resolves" made on that day in 1776, it was but just that one of the recipients should, in this age of intellectual and moral advancement, evince his appreciation of benefactions by pleading the cause of all animal comfort. I heartily sympathize with him in his utter detestation of "cruelty to animals" and his horror of all needless slaughter of game. He touches a tender cord in my bosom when he protests against the inhumanity of destroying life by the slow process of physical torture. But, with all respect for a gentleman of his evident intelligence, I am forced to say that his article on "man's inhumanity to"—brutes and fowls is entirely deficient in logic, or leads him to the entire abnegation of what I take to be a favorite pastime. And now, with becoming humility, I beg leave to enter my dissent from certain positions which he has taken in the communication to which I refer.

I confess I was poorly prepared to expect that the "abhorrent practice, a relic of barbarism, which ought to have been relegated to the past centuries ago," was the habit which some of the readers of FOREST AND STREAM have adopted for gratifying their love for field sports, and delighting their own palates and those of their friends with a piece of delicious venison. To my profound astonishment I find even myself the subject of "Piute's" caustic objugation, because I have been guilty, oftentimes, of the "abhorrent practice" which he denounces, and did not suppose I was committing an offense against the judgment of any intelligent portion of mankind. I can only plead "confession and avoidance" in this and other barbaric practices in which I have indulged. I "exist in this nineteenth century, so little advanced beyond savages," that I have, with as much "deliberation" as an occasional attack of "buck ague" would allow, "many a time and oft" discharged a shotgun (not a hand cannon) loaded with from twelve to twenty-five buckshot at "the most beautiful animal in creation" as he or she was taking "brave bounds" to escape the mortal foe which was in pursuit. I am sorry to say that I did not always kill, nor even wound, the game. It has sometimes happened that I inflicted a mortal wound, but failed to get the deer. But will "Piute" say that because of this I must not use a shotgun at all? Does he not see that such an argument will, carried to its logical conclusion, stop all shooting at game, and especially when in flight? Does he never wound a running deer which he fails to get, even when he hunts in a country destitute of timber? And does he never shoot at a deer when it is standing, utterly unconscious that such a lurking foe, a high-minded specimen of the very best race of men God, in His wisdom, has ever made, is holding his deadly rifle, perhaps at a rest, with the view of taking its innocent life?

Did "Piute" ever hunt ducks? If so, did he use a rifle or an 8-bore shotgun? How many could he get with his favorite weapon? Did he ever engage in grouse shooting, and if so, did he use his rifle or a shotgun? If a rifle, he got no birds, unless he shot at them while perched on a tree. But that style of hunting is too unsportsmanlike for such a gentleman as "Piute" proclaims himself to be, and I take it that he has stealthily and scornfully avoided it. Did he ever go into the fields or brush with a well-broken setter or pointer, and beat around hoping to find a covey of Bob Whites? If so, did he use a weapon which would certainly kill or miss the game? I take it that he was around with a shotgun, and that oftentimes he has been dismayed to see the poor bird fly feebly away, to die in the agonies of a slow death. If "Piute's" argument is good as to deer, it is good as to all game; and on this I shall have something to say before I conclude this communication.

"Piute" tells us, in his zeal, that if a weapon could be devised which would either surely kill or leave untouched, it should be adopted. That I will not deny. But he says human ingenuity has not yet produced such a gun. It has not, and probably never will achieve that success. The next thing to this *chef d'œuvre*, he insists, should be the only weapon which a decent man should take into the forest or field. If this advice is taken, we shall have to travel back to the day of traps and snares and dead-falls. Or, perhaps, instead of troubling ourselves and emptying our purses to get a good gun, it would be wise to purchase one which would not hit a barn door at thirty yards, thus insuring the escape of all game unharmed. Now, I beg leave, with all respect, to suggest to "Piute" that his argument leads to just that result and nothing else, and we shall be obliged, to escape the charge of barbarism, either to stay at home, or else load our guns with powder alone, or use a broadsword at every short range, and kill the animal stone dead. But even with this deadly weapon we should never strike unless the animal is tied—because we might only wound, and thus subject ourselves to the mortification of "committing a deed which would trouble our conscience all the remainder of our days."

One would suppose, from reading "Piute's" article, that he, at least, was so skillful with a rifle that he never failed to plant his ball in the most vital part of the game. If he ever fails, he stands condemned by his own judgment. But is a man to be denied all participation in field sports because he is deficient in equal skill? The time was when I was respectably adept in the use of the rifle, but now, alas, I feel sure that it would be quite doubtful whether I could hit the largest deer, even standing, at a distance of fifty yards, unless I had a gun with barrels forty-eight inches long and the advantage of a rest on some convenient fence rail. This would exclude me from hunting deer, and it would exclude thousands of others who are so "barbaric" as not to have acquired extraordinary skill.

Let us examine, somewhat, the case which "Piute" gives as an illustration of his humanitarian ideas. That deer which was wounded by both shotgun and rifle, ran, according to the statement, fully a mile, in "corporal sufferance," and was tracked up by the trail of blood. Is it possible that the true sportsman's gun was so unadroitly handled as to allow such a flight as that? Could "Piute" have recovered, unaided by a dog, that deer in a wooded country, intersected by streams? Why, even he fails to kill cleanly. He only allows the deer to run over a mile. Now, a crack shot

with a good 12-bore, if he has the discretion not to shoot unless he has a fair chance, will, under fifty yards, kill and get three out of four deer, and not be obliged to follow even a half mile. With great respect, the case cited by the California advocate upsets his position, and it is strange that he did not see he was "hoist by his own petard."

The fact is, "Piute" has written a sort of post-prandial letter, and has taken positions in it which even his forensic skill cannot maintain. His purpose, no doubt, is "sweet and commendable," but his views are so extreme that they degenerate into absurdity. They are entirely impracticable. If carried out all gunning would end, there would be no further use for sporting weapons, and our gun makers would be obliged to close their shops or devote them entirely to the manufacture of implements exclusively devoted to the humane business of taking human life, as a means of preserving the peace of men and of nations. Then "farewell, a long farewell" to all our joys of the forest and field—for a possible wounding, not immediately fatal, would stamp us as unfit to live in an age of delicacy and refinement, and relegate us to such pleasures as would not, by any misadventure, do hurt to a living thing.

Until the sportsman is perfect in the use of his gun, and never shoots unless he knows that the game will surely instantly die, there will be languishing death, whether the weapon be a rifle, a shotgun, a pistol or a cannon. There always have been and always will be wounded as well as dead victims in all species of warfare, and no ingenuity will ever enable us to avoid this result.

WELLS.

ROCKINGHAM, N. C., July 24, 1884.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your issue of July 24 along comes a correspondent "Piute," from California. He dubs us all as of "pot-hunting proclivities," and calls the shotgun "a relic of barbarism," the men who use it "little advanced beyond savages," and declares "the brutality of the shotgun man deserves to be denounced by all sporting journals." "Angels and ministers of grace defend us." What next! With an intolerance characteristic of the entire article, "Piute," who seems to be the owner of a cheap rifle, denounces every one who does not also procure a cheap rifle and make that his choice weapon. Let "Piute" exercise a little charity, and once for all allow me to suggest to all such gentlemen of refinement who seem to have no method of evincing that refinement but by calling all others "pot-hunters" and "savages" who fail to follow their favorite pursuits and methods, that there is an old and somewhat threadbare adage, true in sportsmanship as well as other matters. "When in Rome do as Rome does." The methods of taking game legitimately and lawfully are many and varied. Locality and surroundings govern in a great measure the means.

Trout are taken in many of our narrow mountain streams with a worm, the overhanging brush from either side and the drift rendering a cast with a fly an impossibility in many places.

Deer are sometimes sprung on our brushy and heavily timbered mountain sides, at close range, when very fair shots can be obtained with the shotgun; under the same circumstances and surroundings a rifle would be of as little use as a fence rail.

The shotgun within the limit of its range and power is as immediately destructive on a deer as a rifle. The chances of inflicting a wound not necessarily fatal, whereby the animal may crawl off and die unprofitably, are, under the circumstances I have indicated, no greater with the shotgun than with the rifle. In fact my experience in that line is largely in favor of the shotgun.

Were I to hunt the same animal on the Western plains, where the shots would be in the open and at long range, beyond the powers of a shotgun, I should use a rifle.

WEST VIRGINIA.

BACKWOODS.

THE CHAMBERLIN LOADING MACHINE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have been much interested by the discussion in your columns during the last six months regarding the performance of shotguns, and often have been amused at some of the very queer claims made. As I have not yet made a debit and credit statement of facts presented, I am not prepared to say which side is entitled to the balance. Two facts, however, must be apparent to all; that there exists a vast diversity of opinion, and every one is positively correct. There seems to be really no standard for loading, but a kind of happy-go-lucky, go as you please plan; hit when you can, and when you miss swear at your gun and kick your dog.

While groping in darkness I happened to see the Chamberlin machine for loading shells. Suddenly the sunlight of a great invention broke through the clouds of doubt, and suggested to me the idea,ureka for sportsmen. This is truly a wonderful machine, and I think some description of it may interest your readers. I quote from their circular: "It is not an implement, but a machine, complete in all its parts, that performs all the operations of loading shells, and does the work with absolute accuracy, giving uniform charges and even pressure upon the wads. Each wad is put separately into the shell and forced home in a level position. The rammers are graduated, and adjustable to any pressure from five pounds to one hundred." The shells when loaded are all the same size and beautifully crimped. It seems to me that this machine must cause a revolution, and eventually bring us a standard fixed ammunition for breech-loading shotguns. It is well known that the highest explosive force of powder can only be obtained by the requisite amount of compression. If the manufacturers will study this and apply just the amount of pressure necessary, which their machine can make uniformly the same, they have accomplished a most important feature in loading; that cannot be done by hand. I find that they use every means to guard against deterioration from age; and from my examination of their methods and appliances I see no reason why these cartridges should not be fully as durable as the fixed ammunition now in use for rifles and pistols.

We who shoot all know the difficulty in obtaining reliable cartridges loaded by dealers. We all prefer, when we can, to load our own, for this reason. If we can have a standard make, with the guarantee of a reliable manufacturer, whose interest is to have them the best, it will be a grand thing. Two years ago, being very much hurried, I had a large number of shells loaded by a dealer in whom I had confidence. When I went into the field I found them worthless. I was forty miles from any place where I could get more. Imagine my feelings, in the midst of plenty of game with such ammunition. I discovered that instead of ducking grade of powder, which I specified, my shells were loaded with the meanest kind of common, cheap powder, though I had paid

for the best. When I took the cartridges back to the man who loaded them, he had to acknowledge the corn, and with many profuse apologies for the mistake, refunded the money, and, I have no doubt, sold the cartridges to his next customer. Life is too short, and profanity too demoralizing, for more than one experience of this sort. I believe that most dealers who load shells do so to the best of their ability, and honestly try to please, but there must always be some doubt when it is hurriedly done; especially by boys, or help that desire to get through as quickly as possible. I have not yet been able to thoroughly test the shooting qualities of the Chamberlin cartridge, but intend to do so. Meanwhile I can but be favorably impressed.

BEDFORD.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Aug. 1.

SNIPE IN THE SWAMP PASTURE.

WE have a sportsman's club here, and good work has it done, too, in the protection of game. We cannot reach the potshooters. The fences of this country are, for the most part, osage hedges, which make splendid cover for quail. It is here that the pot-shooter finds his opportunity. Only yesterday I overheard one of them telling a "pard" how he once found three coveys and killed twenty-one at three shots. When I remonstrated with him, his reply was, "When I shoot I shoot for meat." Such work as this is fast thinning out the quail in this section. Every boy that can raise \$5, and is large enough to carry a gun, has one of the breech-loading muskets, and woe to the covey of quail that they find bunched in the hedges.

We have near here one of the finest snipe marshes in the world. Sitting in my office one bright day in April, 1881, I heard quick footsteps on the outside, and in a moment the door was thrown open and in rushed my friend and shooting companion, J. K. L., with the news. "Sam Eyrse's boy says his father's pasture is full of snipe. Let us give them a whirl." We had sixty-five shells each, and, to "make it interesting," put up a little wager as to which should have the most to show for his work at the close of the shoot. It was 10 A. M., and we had three miles to drive, with no time to lose if we reached home in time for our 12 o'clock dinner. At 10:30 we were entering the aforesaid pasture. The field contained thirty acres, and is what the owner calls his swamp pasture, lying as it does on the outer edge of a large tract of unredeemed swamp land. The grass had only been partially eaten off the year previous, thus leaving a good cover for the birds. We had not fairly entered when there were two reports from my gun and two of the longbills lay on the ground as the result of my first two shots; and I turned just in time to see my companion make a beautiful double. The fun had commenced. J. K. L. taking the left and myself the right, we started across the field. It was one succession of shots for the next hour and a half, when, to our dismay, the shells gave out. After a careful count we found that I had 51 birds, while he had an even 50. When we arrived in town it was 12 o'clock, having been gone just two hours, driven three miles, and come back with 101 snipe. This was the best snipe shooting I ever had; and there was no "Flickering" electric light dodge about it either.

SAN JOSE, III.

D. G. C.

TO PRESERVE KILLED GAME.

THE preservation of dead game is a matter of much importance. Particularly is this true as to prairie chickens, as they are killed during the hottest time of the year. Ice is usually resorted to, but it is not always obtainable, and is bulky and cumbersome at the best. A friend and myself, who have been shooting chickens together for the past ten years, have never lost a single bird during that time. Our method is to take a supply of paper sacks (such as grocers use), just large enough to put a chicken into and tie snugly. Draw the birds and hang by the head until they have thoroughly dripped and the natural heat has left them. Stuff fresh leaves or grass inside; put into the sacks head first, and tie sack tight enough to exclude the air. Put them in a cool, shady place until ready to ship. Birds packed in this way have kept over fifty hours, and when used were sweet and fresh, and this during the hottest weather of August. Never put game on ice unless you can keep it there until ready to use, for it spoils in an almost incredible short time after being taken off.

The prospect for quail in this vicinity is most promising. They wintered well, and reports from different localities agree as to their having hatched out their broods and are doing finely. Ruffed grouse are also reported as being more plentiful than for several years. They are, however, a comparatively rare bird.

BRAZIL, Ind.

DICK.

MASSACHUSETTS GAME OUTLOOK.

INDICATIONS point to a good shooting season in New England this fall. In Massachusetts grouse are reported "plenty," as the word goes—that is, plenty as compared with several seasons past. An abundance of berries of all kinds furnishes plenty of food for the chicks, although the unusually wet weather has been against them. But at the nesting season there were two weeks of fine weather extending into the season when the broods would first be brought out, and it is believed by those familiar with the habits of this noble game bird that the season has been favorable. This idea is confirmed by several country boys interviewed on the subject. They say that the partridges were drawn hard upon last fall, by reason of the non-export law forbidding their shipment from Maine. The market men "had to have them," and consequently paid a better price. Besides, the woods were invaded by more sportsmen than usual, with more and better trained dogs.

The farmers' boys would generally favor the clause in the proposed game laws—defeated last spring—which would empower the owners of lands to prevent shooting on the same by simply posting and advertising due notification. They want the birds themselves, or at least the privilege of deciding "who shall shoot on father's land." But after all, they think that they can hold their own with outside sportsmen; for, knowing the ground, and having driven the cows and hunted the sheep over it all summer, they have had every flock of partridges mapped out from the time the old bird lowered her wings and fluttered through the brush to "cheat" them away from her brood not bigger than little balls of dried leaves and about the same color, till they have begun to feed on the blueberry patches at the edge of the pasture, or on the stray blueberry vines beside the wood road. The boys will keep track of each flock of "bob-tailed sinners" till Sept. 1, when they will be full-fledged and the law will be off. But the trouble will come a few weeks hence, at daylight on the morning of Sept. 1, when two boys creep up with gun in hand, to the

flock each supposed he alone knew about, and had kept secret. But such troubles are usually settled between such boys by a good-natured "How in thunder did you come to know of my partridges?" "Your partridges! wal, I guess I've watched them all summer!" And then they agree to hunt together. So much the worse for the poor birds. There will be but few left for the sportsman who comes later.

Concerning quail, the reports are meagre and conflicting. The cry of Bob White was to be heard on every pond along the south shore at the nesting season, and even up to July 4, but the month of July has not been so cold and wet within the recollection of that "oldest inhabitant," still those best posted in the habits of the quail are of the opinion that the chances for fall shooting are good, since the birds will have ample time to pick up by the opening of the season, Oct. 15.

For the poor woodcock the hunter is already abroad, though with what success it is too early to tell, since the open season began Aug. 1. Woodcock have already been seen in market, with the suspicion lurking about them that they were killed too early; but the law is off and who knows.

SPECIAL.

ON CALIFORNIA LAGUNAS.

"AD, let us take a run up to Santa Margarita Valley next week," said Paul S. one beautiful evening in January of last winter, as we sat trying to kill time and recounting former scenes of sport in the upper country, "I've never been there, and they say that ducks and geese are overrunning the valley. Can't we get a few by going up there?"

"Well, I should smile," I replied, "am glad you spoke of it as I've been wanting to propose going for some time, and didn't want to be disappointed by your refusing. You make all the arrangements, Paul, and I'll arrange my shop work so that I can get away for three or four days of next week, if that will suit you." "All right," he said, and the matter was ended—as far as preliminaries went.

One foggy morning just a week later, an early riser might have seen a light wagon, occupied by three muffled up figures and loaded down with guns, tent, and camping outfit, slowly leaving town in a northerly direction—and the evening of the same day found us just riding down into San Luis Rey Valley, distant forty-five miles from San Diego. We were looking for a lake or a lagoon, as Californians term it, near San Luis Rey Mission, owned by a Frenchman, Begare, and said to be the best known ground for geese and ducks. We found the lagoon, which comprised about ten acres of very muddy ground, in the center of which was probably about four acres of water about two feet deep. The lagoon was situated in a little valley, and an ordinary observer would have said that not even a frog would have staid there, it looked so forbidding.

"Well," I said, as we slowly got out and released the tired horses, "this is about the worst I ever saw. What idiot told you we could find geese here, Paul?"

"Well, this is one of the lagunas, and according to Begare there are plenty of geese here every night, and ducks too," he said, "and I for one propose to camp right here and find out."

"All right, old boy."

We picketed our animals, cooked supper, and had about made up our minds that we were "left," as we could hear nothing that sounded like geese, when Morg jumped to his feet. "Hark," he said, and we held our breath and quietly reached for guns and cartridges, as away off somewhere we heard the *honk-honk* of many highflyers. "Hunt cover," and no sooner said than men and dogs were out of sight in tules and salt grass. We waited, it seemed to me, an hour, and then away over the hills against the crimson sunset in the west I could see a fast thickening line, momentarily growing larger and longer.

"Here they come," I whispered exultantly, as I looked around to see how everybody was located.

"When they settle give 'em Hail Columbia," says Morg, and you can just calculate we did. Bang-et-ty-bang-bang went barrel after barrel, as goose after goose came swirling earthward, and the dogs were frantic. Well, I thought I had seen geese, but for a solid half hour the feathered beauties came flying in until the air was full of moving feathered bodies, and their cries were absolutely deafening; but the noise of our guns kept them higher than we could reach, and they circled round and round until the eye became bewildered in trying to follow their movements. We tried keeping still, but it was no go. They were too smart. They wouldn't light or come within range, so we reluctantly gathered up our spoils and went back to camp. It was by that time nearly 9 o'clock, and so dark that we could hardly find our way back to the camp.

"Paul, did you ever see anything like it?" I asked, as we sat over our pipes later on.

"No, by thunder," he replied, "I never did, but went we get to them in the morning," and he got up and again picked up his gun and fondly patted it.

"Oh, stuks, you fellows don't know what geese are," spoke up Morg from out the darkness, "on the river Platte I've seen a thousand geese to every one we saw to-night in one band, and it was a durned poor goose year too."

Paul groaned aloud. "Why don't some one put him out," he said, as Morg came forward and took a seat near the fire and propped himself up against a big sycamore log, preparatory to unravelling about the river Platte.

"You needn't laugh," he growled, "I tell you for each and every goose we saw to-night, I've seen a thousand in one band."

"Draw it mild, Walt," I said, "as we want some sport to-morrow, and if I thought some fellow on the river Platte was getting a hundred geese for each one I got, I believe I should go back to town."

"Oh, go to sleep," says Morg, as he pulled himself off into the brush, and soon a heavy snore from the darkness told us that Morg, the "boss of the black brant" was wrapped in oblivion.

"Wake up, boys, the geese are all leaving the lagoon," was the first thing I heard about daylight, and poking my head from out the blankets I found everything as wet as water and every object hid by a dense fog.

"No goose would be fool enough to fly off this kind of a morning," I growled, "why did not you let us alone?" and I did feel growly, too, for every bone in my body ached with a cold, which seemed to have settled all over me.

We crawled out, rubbed our hands until they felt limber and took our guns and, followed by our whining dogs, started for the scene of our last night's glory. We hadn't gone a hundred yards until *honk, honk* we heard, and *swish, swish* went many heavy wings as an immense flock of geese soared heavenward, startled by our voices or scent. They were followed by the cries of hundreds upon hundreds who

were resting on the water or feeding around on the muddy banks. Just then the fog lifted ever so little and we stood spellbound for an instant, for not thirty yards in front stood a goose, and beyond him the ground was gray with geese, and they seemed to be as much astonished as we.

It is hardly necessary to say that those geese were in the air almost as soon as our guns came to our shoulders, but some didn't get away at all, as nine we picked up could show. It seemed wonderful that we only killed nine with six barrels where there seemed to be thousands of geese; but a goose is a large object, and once he is in the air, a gun to get more than one must do it as they get in line or a head shot strikes. However, we felt well paid for our trouble, and went back to breakfast hungry and happy.

"Well, Morg, how do you feel now about geese?" says Paul, after we had breakfasted and were discussing where to go next.

"Pooh! that's nothing, once in Nebraska, near Beatrice, I killed eighteen geese with one shot; scooped 'em in in a cornfield; got their heads all lined up and picked up eighteen, and I'll swear I saw a dozen more wounded."

"That wasn't on the river Platte, then."

"Never you mind the river Platte. If the boys had you back there, they'd teach you how to shoot," retorted Morg, to whom the "river Platte" was getting rather tiresome. While in town, Morg had so often regaled us with "goose hunting on the river Platte," that we were disposed to joke him a little when we could; but as Morg was a rattling good "pard" on a hunt and good fellow all around, we were careful not to rub him too hard.

We "hooked up" our team and decided to pull across the mesa to Santa Margarita Valley—Don Juan Foster's home. The jovial old Englishman, who had located there some thirty years ago, and who had his thousands of herds all over these hills and beautiful valleys, and who, although counted one of the wealthiest men of Southern California, lived in a "doby" or adobe house with dirt floor until late years, when, the country around settling up, Don Juan built a fine mansion house on an eminence overlooking the valley for miles around; and eastern tourists coming down the valley on the California Southern Railroad, often remarked what a fortunate man he was to own the beautiful ranch and house.

Santa Margarita is a beautiful spot, well watered, wooded and stocked; and the Californian who passed its door without partaking of the hospitality of Don Juan or Donna Isabel must be indeed unfortunate. Since the death of the old Don, in 1882, the ranch has been owned by a rich firm in San Francisco, who have wire-fenced it and posted "No Shooting" all over the ranch, and advertised \$500 reward for the conviction of parties hunting on it without permission from the present owners. Rather a gloomy outlook for goose hunters this; but Mr. O'Neil, the manager, never fails to accede to the demand of a *bona fide* sportsman, who goes to him in the right way; and many a good day's sport can be credited to the kindness of Richard O'Neil by Eastern and California sportsmen. The notices and rewards were posted in order to keep off ruthless marauders, who, while camped on a man's property, will burn his fences, leave open his gates, and shoot his stock with as little concern as they would ground sluice a bevy of half-grown quail.

We drove down to the ranch house about 9 o'clock, and meeting a dark-colored vaquero mounted on a fiery broncho, Paul asked in Spanish as to the whereabouts of Mr. O'Neil. Quite a conversation ensued, during which Morg and I kept silent. Suddenly Paul turned and said in English, "He says O'Neil went up the road we came down, did either of you see him?" "Yez must have met him, fur he went to San Luis this mornin'," broke in the vaquero in such broad Milesian that we all three roared out in laughter, and were joined by Pat, who relaxed his features into a broad grin after he saw the joke. "Begob, I thought yez wur powerful white fur greasers," said he, "an' I don't blame ye fur mistaken me fur one with this toggery on." After finding out that we could neither buy nor steal some hay or barley for our tired team, we drove down to the upper lagoon and pitched camp for an indefinite time.

In every direction we could see ducks flying, and as the valley was covered with little ponds of water and small running streams, we knew that duck hunting was plentiful, while in almost any direction flocks of geese, brant, and sandhill cranes could be seen grazing on the hillsides or flying through the air, and a beautiful sight it was to see thousands of white brant feeding on the green hillsides, and looking in the distance like myriads of snow-white sheep browsing on the beautiful hills.

"Somebody must drive back over to San Luis Rey and bring over a bale of hay," broke in Paul, and we pulled straws to see who was to be the unlucky one.

"Just my luck," I groaned, as I prepared to "hook up" again for a nine mile drive and back after hay. "Well, you fellows take care of yourselves," and with on long, lingering look at Morg, who was bucking on his armor and putting No. 6 shot shells into his belt, I drove off. On arriving at Goldbaum's store at San Luis, he quickly loaded on a bale of hay, and I went to the store to get some No. 1 and BB shot in case we ran short. I tarried a while to talk goose and get posted as to the best part of the valley to find the honkers, and was fully enlightened by a "native," who informed me that he and a brother had "slewed a wagon full last month, down by the ocean, and you can find a few swan there too; I killed one," he said, while I was mentally noting all the roads he was telling me of. "Sauntering out after an hour's chat, I found that a herd of cows were having a *fiesta* on my bale of hay, now growing beautifully less, while a crowd of natives were languidly reclining on a fence across the way and looking too lazy to spit.

"Why couldn't some of you have driven off these cattle?" I asked, indignantly, as I filled the air full of clogs, stones and clubs.

"Ye want to know, do ye?" said one, with a grin, "case them cows is mine, and what durned fule wouldn't gin his stock a feed when he could," and his compatriots all smiled in sympathy.

Muttering a blessing on all such apologies for men, I drove off, followed by the laughter of all of San Luis Rey and about a thousand cur dogs. I arrived in camp late in the afternoon and found it deserted and with an addition of a dozen brace of ducks. Then I took my gun for a short stroll up the valley, where I could hear every once in a while a faint bang. I got up duck after duck, and after knocking down two or three I decided to go over among the trees, where I could see band after band of Canadas flying to and fro over a certain line of flight.

On arriving near to the place I spied a large tree with an immense bunch of mistletoe near the top, and I happened to conceive the brilliant scheme of climbing up and getting into

that mistletoe to see if I couldn't "get to" some of the geese flying over so invitingly near and just out of range from the ground. What a climb it was; but I got there, and waited and waited until I had almost made up my mind that the flight was over, when, happening to turn, I saw heading directly for me, not more than seventy-five yards off and no more than thirty feet higher than my perch, about twenty Canada geese. Waiting until they were nearly over me I raised my gun suddenly, and as I did so every individual goose seemed to be climbing an imaginary ladder straight up in the air, and very anxious to put a deal of space between him and that tree in as short a time as possible. I laughed to myself as I glanced over the barrels and gently pressed the trigger as the head and neck of a gray old "honker" met my eye, and swiftly turning I caught a glimpse of another as he climbed heavenward. Well, I killed from that bunch of mistletoe that afternoon, in about two hours' time, five more, and got back to camp in good time to welcome Morg and Paul, who had each his load.

We shipped back to San Diego by rail that night just 180 pounds of ducks and geese, not bad for a two days' hunt, and we had only just begun to learn the ground. After supper we decided not to go to the lagoon that evening, although we could hear thousands of geese splashing the water, but to wait until the ensuing night, when we could take our time and organize a systematized hunt after them as they came in at night to find a safe refuge from coyotes, foxes and wildcats.

About daylight the next morning I was aroused by the deafening report of a No. 10 gun in the hands of Paul, who had awakened just in time to see a band of honkers as they had taken flight from the lagoon and had headed directly for our camp. Morgan jumped to his feet with a yell of delight as Paul discharged the left barrel; and a second goose came down with a broken wing.

"Hurrah for us!" yelled Morg again, as he tore frantically around the camp, scattering things "end west and crooked" as he vainly endeavored to find his belt containing his No. 1 shells. Bang! bang! went my gun at a band of "sprigs," which came sailing down with the wind, ready to light and failing to see us through the trees until a double charge of No. 5 shot came hurtling through their flight and bringing three down to our welcoming arms.

"Good enough before breakfast," said Paul, as he picked his geese up and commenced to kick the fire together, while I went to work among the bedding and Morg fed and watered the horses and brought the water for coffee, and we all hit the "chokebore" one for luck for an appetizer for our breakfast of goose livers fried in lard, home-made bread and excellent coffee. After that we felt equal to tackling anything from a cinnamon teal up to his royal highness, the king of them all, the grizzly, and I intimated as much, regretting that the last grizzly had been killed in this country some ten years ago. Paul smiled as he asked me if I remembered a black bear I had once seen on "Old Baldy," among the pines of the San Bernardino range, and I—subsidized.

We spent the morning cleaning up generally for a grand hunt that afternoon and evening, intending to finish the next morning and then start for home; and after eating dinner, we started out with the understanding that the lowest number of ducks and geese brought into camp by one hunter by 9 o'clock that night was to stand the oysters on our arrival home. We had a .38 Kennedy along, and no one as yet desired to use it as we had brought it with the expectation of hunting deer; but that afternoon I saw so many geese feeding on the hillsides and plains that we were unable to reach with our guns that I decided to take both and try solid lead on the beauties. Morg and Paul decided to go up the valley one on each side, and I then said I would take the lower end of the plains. I struck out, loaded down with two guns, about one hundred shotgun shells, and a box of cartridges for the rifle. I hadn't gone over half a mile from camp when I spied, about two hundred yards off to my right, quietly feeding, some thirty or forty white brant, and dropping on one knee, I commenced to pump the bullets into them, and was delighted to find that I had "left" two on the ground; and on examination found that I had shot them both square through the body, and I am satisfied the same bullet killed both birds, as I saw none drop after my first shot.

I marked the place and cached my game and went on, and ere long struck another band of geese, safe this time, they were the old time "honkers," the regular Canada geese. They were on a small pond well covered on one side with tules. I crept up and was delighted to find that after about ten minutes hard work, the geese, about eighteen in all, were directly in front of me and within fair gunshot distance. By chance I got two with my first barrel, and as they climbed upward I brought the leader down with a thud which would have made your eyes dance. As the boys had taken the dogs, I was compelled to wait until my two geese drifted within reach, which they did in the course of half an hour, and in the meantime killed a couple of brace of canvasbacks which came swirling by within easy gunshot. I could hear every once in a while, gunshots up the valley, and could imagine the sport Morg and Paul were having, but consoled myself with the reflection that my best hunting was yet to come by waiting until dark when the geese would come into the lower lagoon to rest.

I waited patiently, getting an occasional shot at a band of ducks or at a stray goose, but meeting with only ordinary luck until just about sundown, when the fun commenced. I got shot after shot into whirling bands of geese, which came in so rapidly that their numbers were astonishing, and I actually got tired of loading so rapidly, and the continued report of my gun had made my head ache fearfully. Besides it had grown so dark that I could not tell when I hit anything at all, as the geese were so high that it was possible to see them only very faintly, and an occasional thud or splash told when one or more would come to terra-firma. I skinned around as well as I could, and retrieved twelve geese in all, and if I remember rightly, either six or seven ducks, making fifteen geese and twelve ducks I had shot at the one pond. I cached them in among the tules and started back for camp, picking up my game which I had left early in the afternoon. I was rather surprised to find them undisturbed by coyotes or wildcats, as I had feared the latter, being very numerous, had found them. On arriving in camp I was greeted with a yell of laughter by Paul and Morg as they saw my two brant, and Morg says, "You're a good one, old boy. Where's your game? I heard you shoot about a thousand times."

"I didn't get any, Morg, where's yours?" I asked. "Come over here and I'll show you," and he took me to an immense sycamore tree, and hanging from a limb which grew almost in a horizontal position, was the prettiest lot of honkers, brant, and big ducks I believe I ever saw. "Where'd you buy 'em?" I asked, "and how many have you got?"

"Just 32 geese and 19 ducks," he laughed, "and we had fun getting them, too."

"Well, I'm going to take the team after I get a bite, and go after mine," I said, as we returned to the fire, and Paul laughed as he said, "I thought it queer if Ad had only got those two miserable dyspeptic brant; how many have you got, and how far off are they?" he continued, as we went over to the team and hooked them up. "I don't know exactly," I replied, and in a few minutes we went off. After a brisk drive through the darkness, over logs, boulders, etc., we arrived at the laguna, and crawled up as I had in the afternoon, as we could hear the geese distinctly on the surface of the water.

"I'm dashed if there aren't a thousand geese there," says Paul, in a whisper, as we cocked our guns (of course we had them along), and bang, bang, bang, bang, went four barrels into the demoralized bands of geese, brant and ducks which rose clamorously from the laguna. "This beats it all," Paul continued, as the dogs commenced to retrieve them, and in a few minutes had laid at our feet 4 fine geese and 3 brant. "Good enough in the dark," I rejoined, as I commenced to uncover and carry my 27 geese and ducks over to the wagon.

"Well, you did 'get to 'em," said Paul, as he assisted me, and we had the wagon just comfortably filled when we finished. On arriving in camp, we astonished Morg by piling them out on the ground, and on counting up found altogether fifty-six geese and twenty-seven ducks—a good enough afternoon's work for anybody.

"Well, Morg, how's the river Platte now?" "Oh, this place will do to pass off time," says Morg, trying to appear as indifferent as possible, "but this ain't a big hunt. Why, I've killed over fifty geese a day myself, and brought whole wagon loads into town and couldn't get ten cents a piece for them. The farmers only use them for their feathers. You couldn't hire me to eat goose while I was in Nebraska and Iowa."

"Why don't some of those fancy sportsmen East take a run out there and kill a few thousand," says Paul, "if they are counted a nuisance and are so thick?"

"Well, they do organize systematic hunts once in a while, but the geese seem to be as thick as ever immediately after, and nothing can thin them out it seems."

"Well, Paul, let's all go to the Platte next season," said I, jokingly, "and get some goose hunting; this is rather small business anyhow," I continued, where three men go out in an afternoon and only bag eighty-three geese and ducks," and Morg got sulky again as he caught my jocular tone, and I could see that he felt almost like getting "hot," but it was late and we felt tired, and soon dropped off to sleep.

The next morning we looked up and drove down to Soledad station on the California Southern, where we found a woman and about sixteen children guarding the station house. Riding up I asked, "Is there a station master here?"

"No," she replied, "the road is too poor to afford one, and they let us live here for taking care of things."

"Can you receive some freight?" I asked again.

"No, I can't receive it for the company, but you can leave it and when the train comes by maybe they will stop and take it on."

"Don't the train stop here then?"

"No," she said, "only when they have freight or know that some has been left for them."

"Well, how can we let them know that there is freight here?" I asked.

"I don't know," she replied, "unless you stay here and signal them?"

"But we want to get into San Diego to-night and it's forty-five miles off, and the train don't get along here until about 4 o'clock this afternoon."

"Well, pile up something on the platform and put your game on that, with the direction and I guess they will get it," she suggested, and I tore around and found about half a dozen dry goods boxes and piled them upon the track and put the game on the platform with a card for Conductor McNeal, and left them with the sincere wish that that evening would find our game safely in town.

We drove down the valley, toward the ocean beach where we were told we could drive along for thirty miles, as far as Loup's watering place, distant about fifteen miles from town, and getting an occasional shot in geese or ducks as we disturbed them along the road.

On arriving within about a mile of the beach, we came to an immense marsh, on one side of which ran a slough about 200 yards wide and extending down to the beach. The marsh was literally covered with ducks feeding—I never saw anything to beat it. We could see thousands of them in every direction and could have killed, it seemed like thousands more by staying by them, but we were bound for home and couldn't stop.

"What are those away off there?" suddenly said Paul, pointing off to our left.

"They are swan," said Morg, and I grabbed the Kennedy, as Paul stopped the team.

"Can you reach them?" said Paul as I commenced to fill the magazine.

"I don't know, but I am going to have some swan's down for the women at home, if this gun can shoot," I replied.

"Away we go," said Morg, as the beautiful white birds came swinging along about a foot above the water, and Paul said, "They are coming this way. Try them on the wing, Ad," and as they got directly opposite to us I dropped on one knee, pulled up the rifle, and judging the distance ahead and the elevation as well as I could, I let her slide and—flip—came the middle swan, end over end on to the water, shot square through.

"A scratch," yelled Morg, but I was too busy firing bullets at the remaining two, which were just making the air hum as they cut through it, on their way to safer climes. To say that I was delighted would not express my feelings. But there lay my swan in the marsh grass and shallow water, about a hundred and fifty yards off, and we couldn't, for some reason, get the dogs on to it. They would go so far and return, and as the slough formed a curve and to go around would probably take an hour or more, I decided to peel my clothes and swim it, for to have that swan I was determined. As I had never seen a wild one yet, and they are very scarce in our section of the country, so in I went. Cold! I guess not—middle of January, too. Why, I never was so cold in my life, and before I had swam across and back I had repented me of my rashness; but I retrieved my bird in good shape, towed him clear across by the neck, having an excellent grip with my teeth, and you ought to have heard Paul and Morg laugh as I floated up to the bank, plumb exhausted (but I had my swan).

Well, the boys rubbed me down well and I dressed, and after "hitting" the "chokebore" deep I felt better, but Morg still jokes me about my "darned fool swim after a pelican,"

as he terms it. But I had the chap nicely skinned, and secured a beautiful piece of down which I yet have as a memento of my first swan.

About noon it commenced to blow a gale, and riding along the beach as we were, and the wind blowing directly from the ocean, it was far from pleasant. Finally it blew so hard that I was afraid we should be compelled to seek shelter from it until it abated, as the velocity was so great that the horses couldn't travel faster than a slow walk.

"How's this, Morg?" I said, after a long silence.

"Oh, this is pleasant; suppose one of our old eastern cyclones should strike this place, you would take all such little breezes as this as a summer zephyr."

"Did you ever see anything to beat this?" I asked in disgust.

"Beat this?" he rejoined, lifting his eyebrows, "well I should smile. Why, in Nebraska, just before I came out here, a cyclone struck the village in which I lived, and in one house they were just cooking dinner, when everything turned black and—presto—no more house, village, and only three-fourths of the people were left. And where do you suppose they found the stove that was in this house where they were cooking dinner?" he continued.

"Quen sabe," Paul said.

"Out about a hundred yards from the remains of the house, right side up, and the tea kettle was still on it and the water boiling."

"This didn't happen on the river Platte, did it?" I asked again.

We halted at San Dieguito for water and dinner, and drove slowly down to Loup's and from there to town, getting in about 7 o'clock. Tired! oh, so tired, but thoroughly satisfied over the biggest and one of the most enjoyable hunts I ever had. We look forward to another next winter, which we hope to make more successful, as we now know the ground and how to hunt it. To-day I look back and see and hear the geese and ducks again, as we kill once more (in memory) our 226 ducks and geese in a three days' hunt on the Santa Margarita Rancho, in Southern California, during the winter of 1883.

SAN DIEGO, CAL. NOS-RA-EP.

THE CHOICE OF HUNTING RIFLES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Having in a previous communication spoken of some of the points of a hunting rifle as affecting the trigger stock, etc., let me now resume by calling attention to the barrel and its fittings. Heretofore in all the discussions, nothing has been said about the rifling. Everything has been caliber and ammunition, and all the experiments, so far as I know, have been with invariable twists, which twists may and probably have been calculated for a different ball and different powder charge than that finally adopted.

I would therefore invite discussion on this point, *i. e.*, have we the right twist for the short and light hunting bullet? Have we not the same twist that was adopted for a long-range rifle, shooting a long and heavy bullet that had to have a high rotary velocity to keep it from tumbling? And is such a twist needed for the shorter bullet, meant for shorter range, whose trajectory needs to be as flat as possible? And cannot the requisite rotation be given by a less rapid twist, the bullet being driven out of the piece so much quicker by the heavy charge of powder, and greater velocity and flatter trajectory result? In all the rifles I am familiar with, the twist is very great, being a uniform twist of from one turn in eighteen inches, to one turn in twenty-two inches. These guns are all intended for accuracy at long ranges, and of course are accurate within certain limits at short ranges, but have too high trajectory for successful use as hunting guns. The adoption of the lighter bullet and heavier charge of powder is of course a step in the right direction; but cannot a step further be taken, and a twist be adopted especially calculated for the light and short ball, and higher velocity and flatter trajectory result, through the less resistance that the longer or less rapid twist gives to the ball? In some English express rifles the twist is very slow, being one time in from 100 to 150 inches, or even greater length. I am not familiar with the twist of either the Winchester or Bullard express, or with that of the doublebarrel rifles built by the Colts, but I am inclined to believe they are more rapid.

The character of the rifling has also a great influence upon the velocity of the bullet and its consequent trajectory. The tendency appears to be to shallow grooving, and I think this is right, for a very little resistance is all that is needed to give the bullet its rotary motion. With shallow grooves there is less tendency to leading, and if they are made right there appears to be but little danger of stripping. The gun can also be more easily cleaned and kept clean, and the bullet will have a much tighter and more accurate fit than with the deep grooves.

Every one is familiar with the "shoulder" at the mouth of the chamber, and how vexatious this is in many guns from not being of the proper shape. I have seen guns whose chamber was so badly constructed as to leave the ends of the landes as sharp cutting edges, that cut their way through the ball as it was forced into the barrel. Have we yet the proper shape for this throat from the chamber to barrel? Would not greater velocity result from having the thickness of the landes vanish to nothing, on the surface of a long cone, toward this throat, to have their full thickness at the muzzle? Would not the bullet then start on its path easier and quicker, gradually "take the grooves," as it is called, and have its full rotary velocity when it left the muzzle? There is one objection to this being carried to its fullest extent, perhaps, and that is that the sudden jump of the ball, under the impulse of the burning powder, might cause it to strip across the landes partway before its inertia had been overcome by the landes and rotary motion set up. But could not this vanishing extend from a short distance in front of the chamber, backward to the chamber, say for 3, 6, 9 or 12 inches, as experiment might determine to be best, so as to get effectually rid of the shoulder? Experiment only can determine these points, and have such ever been made?

How many rifle shooters have not been bothered by extractors? And have we yet the best form for them, particularly with magazine guns? Are not these extractors nearly always so placed and of such a form as to give a side pull, instead of a straight and direct pull backward? And do not extractor hooks frequently slip off or cut through, and so disable the gun from this very side pull? I have had a Winchester so disabled on the target range, the rifle having been first perfectly cleaned, the shells properly cleaned also, and the gun taken out purposely to test for this very point, from its having failed me in the field. Experiment there showed me that it was not from dirt nor foulness, but from an improper extractor principle, and I sold the gun as soon as possible to get rid of it. Improvements since then have made

better and stiffer extractors, but the principle is the same, and the hook is on top, there is only one; there is a side pull, and only a little stud underneath to hold the head of the shell against the extractor hook. Cannot two hooks be put in, one on each side of the bolt, and yet be so arranged as to let go of the shell at a certain point?

With singleloaders I know of but two models that have double extractors. All the rest have but one, and I have seen rifles thoroughly disabled from the shell refusing to extract, or the extractor cutting through. In one Indian fight we captured an Indian whose carbine (a Springfield from the Custer massacre) was so disabled, and he had dug off the entire head of the shell in his efforts to get it out with his knife. I have yet to see the singleloader that cannot be fitted with double extractors, and I know they will prove beneficial, not only from the straight and direct pull, but also from the greater strength and less liability to a breakdown. Suppose one does break? The gun would not be helpless, for it would then be as good as all are now.

Let us look at the exterior of the barrel. We have them round, half-round, half-octagonal and full octagonal. Which is the best, or is it a matter of fancy? The element of weight first presents itself, for here are the weights and different balances, depending upon the weight we select. The round will be the lightest as a rule, and may have the same balance as the full octagonal; the half-round and half-octagonal will be the next in weight, and will have a different balance from either the round or full octagonal, from the greater weight of metal next the breech, and then comes the full octagonal. But independent of weight and balance, does not the round or octagon form have some influence upon the shooting qualities? With the round barrel we have an equal distribution of metal around the axis of the bore of the piece, and all of the same thickness, section by section, from breech to muzzle, and we have the stiffest form that can be given for the same weight of material. I do not mean to say that there will be as much metal or the same thickness at the muzzle as at the breech, but that in any one cross section there will be no iron on the surface of the barrel at one point further away from the axis than at another point. With the octagonal barrel, however, there will be metal unevenly distributed about the axis, the form is not the stiffest, for the same weight of iron in a round form will be stiffer, and do not the eight "ribs" that lie around the barrel cause unequal expansion as the gun warms up, and therefore cause deflection that would not be found in the round barrel? Every target shot knows that his gun when hot shoot differently from its work when cold. Which will show the least difference, the round or octagonal form?

Aside from mere form of barrel exteriorly, are there not other points that have great influence upon this even or uneven expansion? Are the fittings to the stock always so placed that they do not pinch and bind when the gun warms up? Do not the front and rear bands sometimes become too tight from the wooden fore-end swelling from moisture? Are there not lumps and excrescences that have their effect, and that can just as well be dispensed with as not?

Who in shooting at game in the blazing sun has not been troubled with the radiation from the top of his gun barrel? I have seen my front sight look as though dancing a jig, because of this wavering of the air. Can nothing be done to prevent or overcome this? Suppose we "check" the top of the barrel like a "dead smooth" file, as I have seen on some English rifles, would not this overcome it to a great measure? Round barrels as well as octagonal ones could be so checked along their top line, and I have no doubt with a good result.

Who has not wished that they had something on the fore end to give a good grip for the left hand as the pistol grip does to the right hand? Cannot this be done by cutting out the places where the thumb and fingers naturally lie, so that each has a resting place in the wood, to be checked or roughened to prevent slipping?

It is said to be a "poor workman that quarrels with his tools," but have our rifles yet arrived at that degree of perfection that nothing further is needed or wanted by any one? We have been improving for the last 500 years, but more particularly in the last twenty-five, and yet I think there are some points that still need attention. I probably have not mentioned all, but I have sought to call attention to a few of the points that have come to my notice, hoping thereby to induce others to also mention any they may have found to be faulty.

I leave the matter of different style of breech mechanism for others to discuss. Doubtless many are good and some bad; but this I think to be mainly a matter of taste and safety, and not as seriously affecting the shooting qualities of the gun. Each have their preferences, and I for one have mine and do not desire to force them on any one, as familiarity with my favorite movements would cause me to prefer what some one else may think abominable, and *vice versa*.

So it is with sights. I have never seen an Eastern-made sight that suited me yet, and doubtless the sights I use would not be liked by the majority. For a hunting rifle I want no changeable rear sight at all, but a rigid fixed sight with plain open bead front sight. I think all fancy and changeable rear sights or combination front sights an abomination for hunting. When we go to target shooting then it is another matter.

C. D.

WYOMING.

THE PERFORMANCE OF SHOTGUNS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I had hoped some able and experienced correspondent would have summed up the results of the discussion on "The Performance of Shotguns." But it seems that "Major Joseph Verity," by a little innocent irony, has alarmed the whole of them.

The subject seems to have degenerated into a variety of kindred subjects—who can stuff the greatest number of wads into a shell? two-eyed shooting, cross-firing or firing from the left shoulder, pulling triggers before the gun is in position at the shoulder, or while in the act of bringing it there (this last is particularly brilliant), and various other topics which I might touch upon. If not in error, I think Mr. Greener is the original author who has ventilated some of these matters. It will not detract from the merit of Mr. Greener as a maker of guns, nor from his authority as an author, to say that some of his dicta concerning the use of guns and how to become an expert shot, etc., should be taken *cum grano salis*. I would not go to Mr. Greener's shop to learn how to stop a pheasant, as with impetuous rush and whirl he scudded through a laurel brake; nor yet to stop a canvas-back skimming along at his best at 40 yards, with the wind in his favor. Hundreds of sportsmen know infinitely more about that than Mr. Greener does. They know exactly

how to do it, how they have done it repeatedly. There are numerous establishments in this country that manufacture saws and planes and other tools for the carpenter; yet had we a job of nice paneling or other work to accomplish, we would employ the skilled carpenter and joiner to do it. It would be somewhat out of the line of business for the manufacturer of the tools used to instruct the workman.

Not content with a diversity of instruction advising two, three, and I know not how many wads between powder and shot; the last outgiving, directed seemingly to the owners of full-choke guns, is to divide the charge of shot by partitions of wads; this, they tell you is to insure distribution; otherwise the whole charge might ball up and go in a body, as it were. The plain inference to be drawn from this is that you have a gun that shoots so close that in short-range shooting and at game that is easily knocked over it is absolutely necessary to make the gun scatter. Like Proctor Knott's "model statesman," this is the "model gun" that we have all heard about from time immemorial—put the whole charge in the crown of your hat at a hundred yards, you know. It is the old standard lie that the sporting world has been struggling with for years. Modern refinement simply steps in to give it a new garb.

Then, we have "two-eyed shooting." I infer from the tenor of the articles on this subject that every one who presumes to close one eye in the act of aiming his piece at the game, is an antiquated fogey, an old-school sportsman and all that. True, you are doing exactly what the vast majority of your companions are doing, and always have done; but then, we are told, we are using but half the power with which nature has endowed us. Indeed! Do we not use both eyes in discovering our game and watching its flight or movement, and in calculating with critical nicety the proper moment to put in a shot? The gun is placed to the shoulder, an instantaneous sight taken, and before you can recover the arm both eyes are in full play to discover the effect of the shot.

Akin to this we have cross firing or shooting from the left shoulder. The majority of folks look upon left-handed people as laboring under a disadvantage. Left-handed people there are and those too who are ambidextrous, but the meagre few who are such, either through some freak of nature or acquired habit, can scarcely claim an advantage over the rest of the world.

Next we have a set of double-triggered, electric flash, sharp set of fellows, who pull trigger while in the act of bringing the gun to the shoulder—to save time, you know. I take it that this instruction was for those who used the outside hammer guns. The hammerless is said to be so much quicker in its action that I fear those pupils who have learned the knack of quick trigger pulling will have it all to unlearn. The advocate of this snap shooting gets ahead of "Frank Forrester." Frank tells his pupils to blaze away ten feet or ten yards ahead of the quarry, according to its speed of flight or movement, etc. As well blaze away ten miles ahead, so far as chances of obtaining the game is concerned.

BACKWOODS.

PENNSYLVANIA GAME.

AS notices of the prospects for next autumn shooting are the order of the day, I will inform your readers that I look for a more than usual share of sport at the opening of the season.

Quail and rabbits are plenty, especially the latter. When out in the evenings, training my beagles, they seldom fail to start from four to six in less than an hour, very near our town. Right here allow me to say a word of praise for my imported beagle Minstrel; he is one of the best trained dogs I ever followed, possessing the best of trailing powers, sure and reliable, and an indefatigable hunter. I expect some rare sport with the beagles after November 1, and hope to give you an account of a rabbit hunt with beagles some time next fall. Squirrels are reported numerous, and I shall, with the aid of my new Baker, try to get my share of them. Very few snipe were seen or shot here this season, and their familiar "scalpe" and erratic flight will soon be among "the things that were" in this vicinity. The writer has at last, after considerable hard work, succeeded in interesting a sufficient number of our sportsmen in the organization of a gun club. A meeting will be held this week, when the necessary committees will be appointed to draw up a constitution and by-laws, etc., etc., and officers elected. Although among the members there are some fine field shots, yet I think that our first score at the trap will be remarkable for its numerous goose-eggs.

A. C. KRUEGER.

WRIGHTSVILLE, Pa., July 30.

HE AIMED AT THE HEADS.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Having been used to a gun all my life, I have, as all other sportsmen, made some crack shots. While out squirrel hunting one day I saw two wild pigeons in the top of a tall oak tree, one sitting above the other. I crept up under the tree and, getting them in range, touched the trigger of my old rifle, and almost instantaneous with its whip-like crack down they came, one with the side of its head off and the other one shot through the neck. In another instance, some quail were sitting under a currant bush. I managed to get three of them in line and took the heads off two of them, and caught the third one low down in the neck. I also shot the head off of a ruffed grouse on a run preparatory to taking its flight. I aimed to take the heads off of all the above. They were no chance shots.—BUCKEYE.

WOODCOCK ABOUT ROCHESTER.—Rochester, N. Y., Aug. 4.—Woodcock shooting began here, under the law, the 1st inst., and the reports from men who went out are satisfactory. It is the general belief that fellows of the baser sort had been shooting before the close season was over, as only scattered birds, and they very wild, were found on certain grounds where numerous broods were known to have been reared. Two well-known gunners brought to market on the 2d thirty-eight birds, another couple who drove out from the city returned with nineteen, and from these figures the record runs down to nothing. One man bagged four woodcock and a snipe.—E. R.

MINNESOTA GAME.—Pillsbury, Minn.—Game prospects are excellent. Every little slough has broods of young ducks, now more than half grown, while coveys of pinnated and ruffed grouse are frequently found. Bears are reported more numerous and far more bold than for years past. Within a few days three have entered as many door yards in broad daylight. Owing in part, perhaps, to the absence of snow during the last open season, deer sign is plenty.—J. FRANK LOCKE.

NORTH CAROLINA.—Belvidere, Aug. 1.—The outlook for game in this section seems very favorable for next fall. Old quail are extremely abundant, and unless the recent heavy rains have seriously injured them the coveys of young ones will be full. Deer are generally increasing, though several cases of killing out of season have been reported. We have a State law prohibiting the killing of deer at certain times, though it is "hard lines" to some of the old-timers and not respected by them as it should be. After the 15th of August the open season begins, and I am looking forward to a week's hunting in the Alligator River section, where deer and bear are quite plentiful.—A. F. R.

INDIANA GAME.—Fairland, July 30.—Woodcock have been fairly abundant—that is to say a bag of six to ten birds might be easily made in an evening's walk by the sportsman, if acquainted with the habits of the bird. The dry weather in July concentrated them in a few favored localities. The prospect for quail is very good. Many old birds are even left over, and the season has certainly been unusually favorable for hatching and rearing the young chicks. The law, too, I think, was fairly observed in this vicinity by gunners during the close season. There may have been some trapping by farmers' boys, but not to any considerable extent.—C. W. W.

"Woodcock."—One afternoon we were going through the woods, when we met a man who inquired what we were shooting. I told him that we were hunting woodcock. When we had gotten quite a distance from where we met him I heard him calling me to come. I went back and inquired what he wanted. "Come on," he said, "here is one of them woodcocks." I went up to him and asked him where it was. "Look on that old dead tree." I did, and saw a red-headed woodpecker. I told him that was not a woodcock, but he knew better. I then showed him a woodcock, but he said that was a snipe.—G. W. B., (Washingtonville, O.).

BAY BIRDS AT BARNEGAT.—A week spent at Barnegat satisfies me that the day has passed when bay bird shooting can be had at that point. Being there during a flight of curlews, yellowlegs and "fat birds," I saw that the flocks were passing ones and would not stop. Unfavorable winds directed their course in such a direction on their southern journey that it was impossible to get in the line of flight near enough to decoy them by whistles or stools. Some few birds were killed, but only enough to remind one of the seasons gone by.—HOMO.

Sea and River Fishing.

TROUT IN OREGON.

HOME again, and this is how it happened. A friend of mine who was making the camp-fire his home during the summer, thereby seeking to secure that boon we so much covet when once deprived of it, and which we so little prize when 'tis ours—health—called upon me during the rattle and clatter of the "glorious Fourth," and at my request stopped with me a day or two to rest himself and team. So after the din and noise was over, and the smell of powder from sky rocket, China bomb and fire cracker was gone, and we were quietly seated at home, after recounting to me the enjoyments of his trip, our conversation naturally turned to bygone days and sport with gun along the coast, and of our success among geese, mallard and canvas-backs. At length my friend abruptly said to me, "Fred, I never yet caught a trout." I was astonished, as I knew him to be a good shot, and recalled the manner of life he was now leading, camping on the bank of streams that were literally alive with these delicious beauties. But he stoutly declared that trout would not bite his hook, though he had often tried to catch them both with well baited hook and tempting fly without success, while others had caught them all about him. He said, however, that he at one time came very near capturing a fine prize, but just as he was about to grasp the fish it broke loose and bid him good-bye.

He said: "I had been fishing from a log which stood in a splendid pool where the water poured over a huge rock, making just the nicest ripples imaginable, while my wife was busy gathering beautiful specimens of ferns and mosses from the rocks along the water's edge. I had cautioned her that she would scare the fish with her big straw hat, but she laughingly said, 'There is no danger of that as the fish all know me. But now,' said she, 'instead of scaring the fish the shadow cast by that hat will make them think a shower is coming and they will come out to feed. So look out or you will get a bite.' My hook had been carelessly drifting during this speech when, great Jerusalem! I had a bite. Away went hook and line through the water as I tugged stoutly at the rogue that was trying to steal the march upon me, and rob me of that choicest fly for which I had paid a fabulous price at a country store the day before, and in my excitement I came very near plunging into the pool headlong, to drive off the audacious robber. Just then I thought of the big hat and called loudly to Sarah Ann to come to my relief with the hat as a landing net. She just laughed outright at the thought. In my excitement I had clambered down to the water's edge and was reaching out my hand to take in the prize when he let go, and in the most tantalizing manner imaginable waving me an affectionate adieu both with fin and tail, departed, leaving me dejected to mourn the inconsistency and fickleness of all things beautiful. This was my first and last bite."

After some further consultation, it was finally agreed that we should take a trip to a well-known forest stream and spend a few days capturing these coy denizens of the ripple. This being settled to the satisfaction of all, we retired to rest.

After a day spent in getting things in readiness for the trip, July 8 found our company—consisting of Ed. H., Mrs. H., your correspondent and Mrs. C.—nicely robed in camping attire, with all the paraphernalia for a fishing excursion, rolling along over one of the finest roads to be found in any country, past fields of waving grain just turning to yellow, past farmers busy hay-making, the perfume of the curing grass mingling with the ever balmy air of Oregon, making the ride enjoyable beyond description. Our destination was the McKenzie River, or the north fork of the far-famed Willamette, an almost ice-cold stream that has its origin in the Cascade range of mountains and flows out from the ice glaciers at the foot of the Twin Sister, whose lofty peaks, clothed in the white of eternal snows, stand forth in bold relief against the blue sky directly ahead, distant about sixty miles and in plain view. The day was glorious, clear as a

bell and balmy as the "Spicy Isles." At 12:30 we reach the river bank and halt for lunch.

While Ed. cares for the horses and builds the fire, I hastily adjust my rod and line, and with a single brown hackle attached to the leader, started for the stream. I had made but few casts at the head of a fine ripple, when a splash, a strike, and the war begins, but the combat was unequal, and after a short fight a fine trout lies at the bottom of the creel. Two more soon follow, which are handed over to Mrs. C., and in half an hour we sat down to a meal fit for a prince, the three fish being sufficient to satisfy a good appetite after our morning's ride. The McKenzie trout average large and are very fine; they are the rainbow, or as we call them, the "red side" species, and are truly delicious, and I know what I am talking about, having caught the brook trout of the Atlantic States from many waters. This species caught in the Willamette are not so good, being softer and coarser grained.

"All aboard," and away we go up the river; now through bottom land in places quite rough. At 3 P. M. we cross the river on a ferry, and again halt to catch a few fish for supper, as we shall go into camp about three miles above. A short walk up stream brings us to a nice gravel reach, along which are rapids and pools, making excellent fishing ground. Assisting Ed. to adjust his rod, reel and line, and giving him some instructions about casting, etc., I turn my attention to getting my tackle ready for work, when an exclamation from Ed. calls my attention to him, and, lo! he has a fine trout hooked, which he succeeds in landing in good shape. Then comes a lusty hurrah for the first trout, which, by the way, was not the last, as he soon became quite an expert fisherman. After catching plenty for our use, we return to the wagon to find that the ladies have not been idle, but have gathered a nice lot of black raspberries, which grow wild here in abundance, and with the prospect of a feast, we start for our camp ground.

The next two days we fished from a boat with fair success. Our dinners are just superb; trout nicely broiled, fat and crisp, California quail broiled, the results of rod and gun, and not the least among our delicacies are berries fresh from the hillside, gathered by fair hands.

Thus time flies swiftly, and the moment has arrived for our departure and return home. With reluctance we bid farewell to the old camp ground and return to the plain realities of every-day life. How sweet have been the moments spent here, and how we shall treasure them in memory.

Before closing this sketch let me relate an occurrence that will go to settle a question much discussed in *FOREST AND STREAM* some time ago, to wit: how a trout takes a fly; whether he takes it directly with the mouth, or whether he dashes the fly into his mouth with his tail. While fishing from the boat a fine large fish made a rush for the fly and missed it. At the next cast he made a desperate plunge and away went the line at almost lightning speed, fifty, seventy-five, eighty feet of line, out before his speed could in the least be checked, and I began to think that fish, boat and all, were bound for salt water to be food for sharks and whales, when lo! he changed his course and came for the boat as though he expected to sink it, but veering to the right, started for the ice glaciers with a determination that seemed unconquerable. So the battle raged for some time, and I cannot tell what the result might have been had not a lucky dip with the landing net captured the valiant warrior as he passed near the boat. And now behold, the whole thing was made plain and the vexed question decided, for the hook was fast in the flesh just above the tail fin, showing conclusively that the mode of taking the fly was by striking with the tail, but in this case he struck above the mark in his impetuous haste, and therefore took the fly at the wrong end. I claim the honor of settling this problem.

The trout of the McKenzie, as I before intimated, are superior to any I have taken on the Pacific slope, the water being so pure and cold and the amount of food so abundant they are always in the finest condition, fat and solid. In the summer, when there is no surface water running into the river, its waters become so perfectly clear that a ten-cent piece would be plainly visible at a depth of over thirty feet, where there is no rippling of the surface. There are no muddy banks, and the bed of the stream is composed of loose rocks, from the size of the huge boulder to the small smooth-washed pebble. The stream is very rapid, and in places rushes over these rock barriers with an almost deafening roar. One cannot force a boat up over these rapids, and it is hardly safe to descend them except by the most expert boatman.

After you pass up the stream, about twenty miles from its mouth, the valley becomes narrow and rocky and hemmed in by lofty mountain ranges, covered chiefly with cedar and fir down to the water's edge. Deer are very abundant in these forests. This valley is really the hunter's paradise. The trout of the McKenzie are the gamiest fish I ever dived a line upon; they make some of the wildest dashes when hooked, vaulting several feet into the air, then going to the bottom, usually making several of these desperate plunges before leading off, and then fight long and well, and will average from one-half pound to one and a half pounds, and sometimes reach two and two and a half pounds weight, and are truly a fine and gamy fish.

F. W. A. C.

EUGENE CITY, Oregon.

WHY NOT THE WORM?

Editor Forest and Stream:

"Kingfisher's" letters are exceedingly interesting, giving a natural account of camp life and fishing and traveling experience. I read them about the first thing when the *FOREST AND STREAM* comes to hand, and agree with him in his views, especially on the cold water question; of course it don't make any difference whether I do or not. But I must say I think he strains things considerably in his last letter when he speaks of the utterly ridiculous idea of baiting for bass with "worms." He puts on a minnow or frog and drops his bait into the water. The other fellow puts on a worm or worms; and likewise drops in.

Now, if "Kingfisher" hooks a bass (which he didn't) like the other fellow, it is to be supposed that K.'s bass, knowing that he has been properly baited for and that it is incumbent on him to make things hot, immediately opens the show. The line cuts the water with a ziz-z-z—the bass makes for the weeds—the tough and pliant little 8-oz. bends to the last second of endurance—the nerves are strung—the bass yields—here he comes—look out—turn the boat—there he goes—see him jump, shake his head, show his teeth—down he goes—give him line—sings the reel—back he comes—look out for slack—under the boat—give him butt—over and over—

around and around—landing net—belly up—see him gasp—lift him in—twenty minutes—three pounds—A-h-h-h!!! Wasn't that a glorious fight. That's the way bass do when the proper bait is used—and "Kingfisher" catches one in four or seven days.

The other fellow puts on the ignoble worm, and day after day the fish are caught. But it is not to be supposed that they make any fuss about it. Oh, no! They sneak into the boat and into the fish box as fast as their legs will carry them. Why, certainly!

"Kingfisher" has a right to his frog and one bass to balance a week of superb pickerel fishing—certainly! But I submit if these views of just what should or should not be done are not sometimes far-fetched.

Pardon me for saying that I believe I have caught as much weight of black bass as "Kingfisher." I prefer the minnow, but when minnows won't do, and I want bass and sport, a frog, or phantom minnow or plebeian worm will answer. S.

SALT-WATER FISHING.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Some weeks since one of your correspondents complained of the few references in your columns regarding salt-water fishing. In the past I contributed many articles on this subject, and will furnish another, based on the recent experience of my piscatorial friend, A. J. Pryor, of this city. If your correspondent is desirous of indulging in the perfection of salt-water fishing, let him visit this city and he will find disciples of Old Izaak, who will direct him to points where he will become surfeited with piscatorial sport.

Mayport is situated on the St. Johns River, about two miles from the ocean. One mile up the river from Mayport is "Mile Point," a noted "drop" for channel bass. Two weeks since, P. anchored near the point, and in a short time landed two drum weighing 40 pounds, next a channel bass weighing 33 pounds, and soon after another tipping the scales at 45 pounds. To keep his fish alive, P. attaches every four feet large ringed hooks to a stout cotton line. As soon as his captures are unhooked, he passes one of the cod hooks through the upper jaw and allows them to tow astern. In this way he keeps large fish alive for a lengthened period.

A hungry shark captured drum No. 1. As No. 2 was a stranger, he took him in. As soon as these were comfortably disposed of, he appropriated the 33-pound bass. P. deemed it advisable to secure bass No. 2, and proceeded to pull him in, but before this was accomplished the shark seized and amputated the tail half of the fish, and P. secured his fish.

Disgusted with the conduct of the shark, P. hauled up anchor and beat a retreat to a point about one-eighth of a mile further up stream. He anchored, baited his hook with a piece of mullet, and by the time his sinker reached the bottom he was rewarded with a lusty bite, and as he failed to hang the fish, he pulled up his line and found that the snood had been cut off above the hook. To circumvent the critter, P. took a piece of stout copper wire six feet long, and doubled it four times, making a snood eighteen inches long. He attached a large ringed hook to one end, and his line to the other. He baited his hook with a piece of bass No. 2. The bait descended to the bottom, and the result was a bite and a yank. There was a rush, and in a moment traction ceased. An examination revealed the fact that the line had been cut off above the wire.

Becoming disgusted with the one-sided business, P. made a longer wire snood, and baited with a piece of bass. The bait had scarcely disappeared beneath the surface before it was appropriated, and he answered the summons with a terrific yank. The captive started off with a full head of steam. P. up anchor, and after a lively tow of some minutes, the fish started down stream. P. hauled in his line until only about forty feet was out, and seizing his oars he beached his boat above Mile Point, and succeeded in coaxing the overloaded fish into shallow water, where he grounded. P. kept a taut line, seated himself on the edge of the marsh grass, and like patience seated on a monument he watched and waited until the ebb tide left the man-eater high and dry. With a hatchet he dispatched his stranded foe, which measured ten feet in length. An autopsy revealed the fact that the fish had appropriated two drum, one channel bass, the tail half of another, a mullet bait, a bass bait, one copper snood and two large hooks; the aggregate weight of the meal being about 96 pounds. As evidence that this is not a fish story I inclose a tooth taken from the mouth of the shark. AL FRESCO.

JACKSONVILLE, Fla., Aug. 1.

BUILDING FISHWAYS.

WITHIN the past year there has been great activity throughout the Eastern States in building fishways. It has taken a long time to convince the public that those living above dams have rights that dam owners are bound to respect, and also that the fishes which are seeking upper waters to spawn must reach them or become scarce or extinct. Judging by the number of fishways built last year and those now building, or contracted for, we believe that the benefits to be derived from a properly constructed fishway are much better understood than they were ten years ago. This may be due in part to the increased knowledge of the rights and needs of both the people and the fishes. Whatever may be the cause, it is a fact that the building of fishways has increased greatly, and within the next ten years it is safe to prophesy that there will be one over every dam in this country where a fishway is desirable.

The McDonald Fishway Company, of Washington, already have so many orders for building fishways on hand that they have declined to contract for more at present, and Col. McDonald is absent putting up works in Scotland. New Jersey wants several and is negotiating with the company for them; New York wants more on the Oswego and Salmon rivers, while other States are contemplating building new ones or substituting the McDonald way for older patterns. The plans for the large fishway at the Great Falls of the Potomac have been accepted, and work will soon begin on the monster fishway under Government engineers.

New York needs fishways on the upper Hudson in order that the fish may ascend not only to spawning but also to feeding grounds. The million young shad placed at Glens Falls by the United States Fish Commission last spring will find feeding grounds that are unoccupied by their species, and therefore will not find competitors in the struggle for life, and as the shad originally ascended the Hudson as far as Miller's Falls they might do so again if suitable fishways were provided. A good fishway benefits those below the dam as well as those above, and no person or corporation should be allowed to bar the ascent of fish in a great river,

or small one either, in order that he or they may make money. Certainly the State of New York should build a broad fishway over its dam at Troy, which was constructed to furnish water for canal navigation.

It is to be hoped that the McDonald Fishway Company will increase its facilities for building ways and keep pace with the demand. It is young and will no doubt grow so that it will seek business instead of declining contracts for want of workmen. It may seem rather late to advocate the building of fishways, but there are persons who have not yet fully realized the advantages to be derived from them.

THE CUTTYHUNK CLUB.—This striped bass club, which owns the island near New Bedford, Mass., from which it takes its name, has had fair success this season, but has not taken as many or as large fish as in former years. On the boat up I met Judge H. P. McGown, of the club, and the chairman of the committee of arrangements of the National Rod and Reel Association, who showed me the following memorandum of his catch: July 19, three fish of 16½, 6½, 5½. No fish were taken again until the 29th, when the Judge took one of 5½ pounds. The next day he took the largest catch of the season, a "lunker" of 43 pounds, and one of 64 pounds. On Aug. 1 he captured three of 14, 10½, 5½, while on the same day other members took fish of 16½, 29 pounds. Again on the 2d he took fish of 13½ and 5½ pounds. The large fish of 43 pounds measured 49 inches in length, 30 inches in girth, and spread of tail 15 inches. The best indications for bass were observed about July 15, when a member of the club observed several bass rise to the "chum" thrown in, thus showing that there were not only fish left in Vineyard Sound but that they were hungry. Coming down on the Fall River boat I met Mr. Fred Mather who had been the guest of the Pasque Island Club for the past week and he reported the fishing poor. The largest bass taken at Pasque for the week included between July 21 and 26, was 17½ pounds, which was taken by Mr. W. H. Phillips. The bass had not been biting at Pasque Island and he had not had much success. Since writing the above I have seen the following in the New York Local Reporter, headed "The Ninth District Court on Deck": "Judge McGown, who is spending his vacation at Cuttyhunk, made the largest catch of the season, landing a bass that weighed 43 pounds, thereby winning the diamond hook presented by the Cuttyhunk Club to the member catching the largest fish of the season. Judge McGown has expressed the fish home, and it will arrive this morning, when the clerks and attaches will assemble in solemn convocation at the Judge's house on Madison avenue to inspect the great catch of their honored chief."—POKE-O-MOONSHINE.

WEAKFISHING AT BARNEGAT.—Weakfishing is better at Barnegat than at any other point on the New Jersey coast, and the fish run larger. Abreast of Clam Island your correspondent had the best of sport with very large fish when the tide began to run in, but as soon as the water rose high enough to let them out on the flats the fun ceased. Soft shell crabs and shadders was the favorite bait, and nothing else would be touched at this point. On the main fishing grounds between Barnegat Island and Barnegat village the weakfish took shrimp well all through the day and the catches were enormous. Sea bass were not being fished for during the week, as all the bottom fishermen were sheepsheading, many of which are being caught at or about the inlet. It would be useless to attempt to give the number of fish taken by the different boats that started from Barnegat village last week. The count was enormous, and not one party returned unsatisfied with the catch. Capt. Lew Mitchell, of the village, is one of the most attentive baymen of the place, and gave us all the sport desired. I do not state this to advertise him, as he has all he can do, his time being monopolized by one party succeeding another. I mention him, however, as the best man to engage if he can be secured.—HOMO.

JULY FISHING AT MIDDLE DAM.—Angler's Retreat, Middle Dam, Me., July 27.—Editor Forest and Stream: The fishing at this place this month has been almost equal to that in the spring. Many people have been here since the first of the month, and all have had a good catch of fish. Among several of the later visitors were Mr. Charles Sturdevant and sister, who took a very handsome string of trout averaging about a pound each; Mr. Chas. H. Ouen and wife, from Baltimore, Md., fished mostly at the pond in the river, and took in one day twenty-four trout that weighed twenty-eight pounds. Messrs. A. G. Bonsall and John A. Hayes, of Philadelphia, carried home thirty-two pounds of trout, one of which weighed five pounds, and two others respectively two and three pounds each. Another gentleman took one of three pounds, and several others yesterday, and also had a good catch to-day. The continued cool weather seems to affect the fishing very favorably, and those of your readers who were not enabled to take their customary spring fishing trip, would do well to pay a visit to the Middle Dam at this time, and spend a week or two at the Angler's Retreat.—SPECKLED TROUT.

TENNESSEE.—Savannah, July 31.—The Klaw Hammer A. A. returned from their third excursion this season on last Friday. Owing to reports of large bass being seen by the natives, they concluded to encamp four miles above their usual location. Results proved the move a good one. Many fine bass were taken. The three largest were caught by Mr. E. Cherry, and weighed four and a half, five and six pounds respectively. The six-pounder was of the small-mouthed species (*Micropterus salmoides*) and measured twenty-eight and a half inches in length. He was very game and resisted capture, making many leaps from the water, yielding only after a long struggle. This is the largest bass of either species that has been caught in Horn Creek for ten years past. At present, much rain is falling and the creek is high and muddy.—WILL.

CHATEAUGAY LAKE, N. Y., July 29.—Last week Game Protector Liberty employed a man to go to Chateaugay Lake to watch a female fish poacher, who for years had defied the law in many ways, but more by continually drawing a seine. The detective went to the good fishing grounds as an invalid and summer boarder. After a few days the lady of the house proposed to her daughters and farm help to get some fish. The net was drawn, the fish were counted by the detective, and Mrs. B. was compelled to pay between sixty and seventy dollars fine. On the 11th of August the people interested will meet at Mrs. Ralph's to organize a game and fish protective society. Mrs. B. and others will have to use their nets and seines for lawn tennis or mosquito nets.—OLD GUIDE.

THE LARGEST BLACK BASS YET.—A black bass was caught in Greenwood Lake, Aug. 1, by Mr. H. Folsom, of Orange, N. J., with Ben Hazen as guide. It was an Oswego, or large-mouth bass, weighing 7½ pounds, post-office weight; that is, he barely raised the beam at 7½, but overweighed the notch lower, so he was entitled to a record of 7½ pounds, as he was not weighed for several hours after being taken from the water. This is said to be the largest bass ever caught in that lake, and is larger than any bass we ever heard of being caught elsewhere. He was taken with a light rod and reel, casting with small bait, which may have suited his appetite better than a larger one, for when we opened him we found inside of him a yellow perch (very little digested) that measured from end of nose to the tip of the tail 11½ inches. There have been a great many large bass taken from this lake this season, but this caps them all, and gives to Greenwood Lake the palm for bass fishing.—MICROPTERUS. [This is certainly a large fish of this species to be taken so far north. In Florida, however, they grow up to nearly twice the weight given. The National Museum has a cast of a Florida big-mouth which weighed 14 pounds, a copy of which may be seen in the office of Mr. E. G. Blackford, Fulton Market.]

"NESSMUK" IN FAVOR.—Norwich, Conn., July 25.—I have just received your paper of this week, and your letter from "Nessmuk" leads me to say in opposition to the criticism of the Evening Post, that a lady of refinement, after reading his excellent book, said "Nessmuk's" appearance on the title page of his book, combined with his description of bringing the cool water to the sick children, fully made up for any woods eccentricity in the way of toilet articles.—UNCAS.

MINNESOTA.—Pillsbury.—As usual, fishing is superb. I am just returned from a two days' camp at Long Lake, where myself and three companions caught fully three hundred pounds of bass, walleyed pike and pickerel, one of the latter measuring thirty-nine inches in length, seven and a half in depth, and weighing seventeen pounds. Visiting brethren can find fair accommodations at a reasonable price.—J. FRANK LOCKE.

INDIANA.—Fairland, July 30.—Fishing in this part of Indiana is almost destroyed. The dynamite fiend is abroad in the land, night and day, seven days in the week, and the "gentleman with the net," as "M. W. R.," of Denver, formerly of Indianapolis, happily expresses it, may always be found wandering along the streams.—C. W. W.

WE NEVER OFFERED SUCH A PRIZE.—Chardon, O., July 29.—Editor Forest and Stream: I have been informed that in a recent issue of your paper there was a reward offered of quite a large sum for a black bass that would weigh more than six and one-fourth pounds.—A. D. D.

THE ANGLERS' ASSOCIATION OF THE ST. LAWRENCE RIVER held the first annual meeting at Clayton, N. Y., yesterday, and to-day the members and their friends are going on an excursion on the steamer Island Belle, to picnic on St. John's Island.

Fishculture.

NOTES ON LAND-LOCKED SALMON.

[A paper read before the American Fishcultural Association.]

By Charles G. Atkins.

NOMENCLATURE AND RANGE.

THE term "land-locked salmon," though it may be, and probably is, a misnomer so far as it implies any forcible detention of sea-going salmon in fresh water, has come to be generally accepted as applicable to all those salmon of Eastern North America and of Europe that pass their entire lives in fresh water. They are all, according to the most recent conclusions of our American ichthyologists, members of the great species, *Salmo salar*, the common river salmon of the tributaries of the North Atlantic. In America they are found in a number of restricted localities, of which, besides several in the Canadian provinces, there are four in the State of Maine, namely: first, the waters of the St. Croix; second, of one branch of Union River, Hancock county; third, of Sebago River, a tributary of the Penobscot; and fourth, of Lake Sebago and tributaries in Cumberland county.

The results of some inquiries that I have made relative to the salmon of lakes Champlain and Ontario indicate that these, also, should be added to the list, though I believe that the salmon of Lake Champlain are now extinct.

I have little knowledge of the salmon of any of these localities, but those in the State of Maine, and their descendants in other States, and any general remarks I may have occasion to make must be understood as applying especially to them.

A COMPARISON WITH ANADROMOUS SALMON.

To the anatomy of the land-locked salmon I have given none but the most superficial attention, and am not able to say whether there exist any distinguishing marks by which they may be unerringly separated from the normal *Salmo salar*, or from each other. The general impression made upon the fish-culturist who views them in their separate haunts is that the external difference of form and color are sufficient to enable him easily to separate those of the several districts should they be presented in a promiscuous heap, but I confess that I should not dare to indicate the points of difference; and granted that the impression of dissimilarity is correct, it still remains in doubt whether when bred in other waters, either variety will retain its peculiarities.

However, when we came to place the land-locked salmon of either district by the side of the normal form of *Salmo salar*, and to include in our survey other than anatomical features, there are not wanting data for an interesting comparison.

In the first place, we find a general resemblance in form and color. The young fry are so closely alike that the eye fails to separate them if mixed together. As they grow we find further that the reproductive functions of the males are in both forms active at a very early stage, while yet in what is known as the parr-stage, marked externally by the presence of bright red spots and dark transverse bars or "finger-marks" upon the sides; and at Grand Lake Stream may be observed several other stages of growth closely resembling those of the migratory salmon. The adults have identical habits in the spawning season, and the same remarkable external changes take place in the adult males at that season of the year—the deepening of the body, the lengthening of the head, the curving of the jaws, the growth of the wonderful hooked bony process on the tip of the lower jaw, the assumption of brighter colors—though these changes are generally not quite so marked in the land-locked as in the anadromous varieties. The color of the flesh is also the same, and there is a similarity, though not an identity of flavor.

On the other hand, we find certain well-marked differences. Some things favor the theory of an arrested development. For instance, the dark bars on the sides, which are very prominent marks in the young fish, but entirely disappear in the

adult migratory salmon, are always retained on the inner skin of the land-locked fish and may be found by stripping the skin off. I have also observed among the Sebago fish some cases of a retention of the external bars in at least one individual thirteen inches long; whereas, normally they become invisible from without when the fish is about eight inches long.

As might be expected, the inferior size of the land-locked salmon is accompanied by a lower rate of fecundity, but this would not lead us to expect the individual eggs of the smaller fish to be of a larger size. This is, however, the actual fact, the difference being quite noticeable, and amounting to say twenty per cent. in weight. Among the migratory salmon of the Penobscot, ovarian disease is very rare; but with the land-locked salmon of the Schoodic lakes it is very common. In 1883, by careful observation we learned that eighteen per cent. of the female fish were affected with some disease of the ovaries, resulting in defects of the eggs which were apparent to the eye—in some instances involving the entire litter, but in general a very small number of eggs. This phenomenon was observed before artificial breeding began at Grand Lake Stream, and does not appear to be influenced thereby.

The habits of the two forms of salmon afford the strongest contrasts. The anadromous salmon has its home in the sea, and there, exclusively are its feeding grounds: it visits the fresh water only for the purpose of breeding, and during its stay there abstains from food and constantly falls away in flesh. Its young on attaining the age of one or two years and a weight of two or three ounces, descends to the sea to complete its growth. The land-locked salmon never visits the sea except accidentally, and makes its home in the fresh water lakes. It has its feeding grounds in the lakes and rivers and instead of fasting six months or a year at a time, curbs its ravenous appetite for but a few weeks at the spawning season.

My observations on the date of spawning lead to the conclusion that it is a week later with the land-locked than with the anadromous salmon. In approaching the spawning ground, the land-locked salmon move either up into an affluent stream or down into an effluent stream, being governed, so far as I can see, by the peculiar circumstances of each case. There are not wanting some indications that they prefer an affluent, but I think that the phenomena admits of a different explanation. The young fry in most instances move up the stream to gain the lake which is to be their future home, but in some instances quite the reverse. It does not appear that in any of these phenomena we have uncovered any essential difference in habits and instincts, but when the sea salmon attains the age for the seaward migration, an instinct begins to govern his actions to which the land-locked is forever a stranger.

Of less theoretical but more practical importance is a comparison of size. The average of adult Penobscot salmon is about thirteen pounds, though there are some fluctuations from year to year—the mean for a season being sometimes above sixteen pounds, and sometimes below twelve pounds. If we excluded the Ontario and Champlain salmon, we know of no land-locked salmon in America that average half as large. The Sebago fish are the largest; a score of thirteen taken with hook in the Sougo River in 1880 averages five pounds, and this is probably about the usual size, though individuals of great weight are sometimes taken. The above score contained one weighing ten and three-quarter pounds. One thirty and one-half inches long and weighing fifteen and one-half pounds, was taken with hook in May, 1883. One found stranded and dead in Rogers Brook in Bridgton in 1883, was thirty inches long and weighed twenty-five pounds. The Reed's Pond salmon are next to those of Sebago in size—in fact, possibly, are fully equal. The salmon of the Sebago region vary very much in the different waters of the system, as do also those of the St. Croix, but the average growth may be taken to be about the same as at Grand Lake Stream, where some hundreds were measured in the autumn of 1883, with the result that the mean weight of the males was 3.2 pounds, and of the females three pounds, while the salmon taken in May and June are perhaps a quarter of a pound lighter.

AN AUGMENTATION OF MEAN SIZE.

In connection with this part of the subject I have some very interesting statements to present, with reference to a dreaded change in the mean size of the Grand Lake salmon.

A Philadelphia sportsman who fished at Grand Lake Stream nearly thirty years ago, furnished Mr. Thaddeus Norris memoranda from which the following averages may be deduced: In June, 1856, the average weight of 634 salmon was 1.38 pounds; in June, 1857, the average of 432 salmon was 1.49 pounds; in the same month of 1858, the average of 575 salmon was 1.42 pounds. In May, 1865, Hon. Harvey Jewell, with one companion, took 379 salmon weighing 502½ pounds, and averaging 1.33 pounds, and remarks that this was the average weight of those taken by other parties in each of the years 1864 and 1865.

In 1867, I personally visited the fishing ground and know that the size of the fish had not materially changed since 1858. The maximum was then believed to be 4 or 5 pounds, but the capture of so large specimens was extremely rare. The autumn weight may have been a little above that of June (which corresponds to a length of 16½ inches), but did not exceed 1½ pounds.

In 1875-6, the average weight of some hundreds of males taken at the spawning season was 1.6 pounds and 1.8 pounds respectively, and of the females 1.9 pounds each year. In 1878 the males averaged 2.3 pounds and the females 2.2 pounds.

In 1882, the males and females weighed respectively 3.1 and 3.08 pounds; in 1883, 3.2 and 3.0 pounds. There has been a corresponding, but perhaps not equal augmentation in the size of the fish caught in May and June; seventy salmon taken in May, 1883, averaged 2.7 pounds, a little more than double the weight of Mr. Jewell's fish of 1865. Accompanying this increase in size, we have found a corresponding improvement in the fecundity of the salmon. The eggs are no larger, but nearly twice as many as now obtained from a single fish.

These figures apply only to the salmon of Grand Lake Stream. In other parts of the Schoodic waters the fish are of various sizes—some larger and some smaller than those described. At Dobbs Lake, in the spring of 1873, a score of Mr. Jewell's shows that twenty-six fish taken below the dam in water communicating with Pocompus Lake, averaged 1.4-1.6 pounds, while eighteen taken above the dam, in the waters of the Dobbs Lake averaged 2.6-10 pounds. In after years this distinction was maintained, and indeed, emphasized. In the Dobbs Lake in 1876, they were about as heavy as they are now in Grand Lake. In West Musquash Lake they are larger than in either of the above. In the lakes of the east branch of the St. Croix (the Chopedneck Lakes) they are generally larger than in any of the waters of the west branch, with the possible exception of West Musquash, and there has been known a single specimen of ten and one-half pounds. In Pleasant Lake, on the west branch, are the smallest specimens of all the Schoodic region. In February, 1883, I obtained thirteen specimens said to represent fairly those that winter through the ice, except that some very small ones had been excluded from the lot. These had the form and color of adults, but the largest of them weighed only eighteen ounces and measured only fifteen inches in length, and from this size there was a very regular descending series down to ten and one-quarter inches in length and five ounces in weight.

It is much to be regretted that we do not possess the data requisite to the discussion of the causes that have led to this diversity of size between the fish of different parts of the same lake system, or to the recent increase in the size of the Grand Lake fish.

RATE OF GROWTH.

At Grand Lake Stream, at the spawning season, we have found six distinct classes of salmon, distinguished mainly by size, as follows:

First Class.—This is equivalent to the "parr" or "pink"

stage of anadromous salmon. It is characterized by the presence of dark transverse bars and brilliant red spots on the sides. In size they are very uniform. Of nineteen of them captured Oct. 15, the smallest was 2.9-16 inches long, the largest 3½ inches long and the average 3¼ inches. Their weight was not ascertained, but must be about 2-10 ounce. They have thus far been observed only on the gravelly shallows of the stream. They were present before artificial breeding began, and undoubtedly represent a normal stage of growth. Parr of about the same size are also found in the stream at the beginning of summer, and occasionally in great numbers. Such was notably the case in 1882, and also, though not to an equal extent, in 1883. Mr. Munson, our foreman, who is very careful and exact in his statements, reported that in June, 1882, at the time when the driving of logs through the gates was in progress, there were great numbers of these little fish below the dam. While the gates were open and the stream full of water, they were little inclined to bite, but when the gates were closed and the water fell they eagerly pursued any line, crowding each other and leaping out of the water after an approaching fly or other bait. Meeting one day a young fellow crossing the dam with a long string of these little fish that would more than fill a peck measure, Munson took out his rule and measured about half a dozen of them, and found them to vary little from three inches in length. These young fish were taken that season in numbers that threatened to seriously affect the abundance of the adults, and upon petition, the Legislature at its next session forbade their capture. The occurrence of parr of the same or nearly the same size in the fall as in the spring, is a noteworthy and at first a puzzling circumstance. Spawning takes place but once a year, that is beyond question. Do the young fry grow unequally, part of them attaining in six months the same size that others do in a year, or is there a lapse of six months in their lives without any considerable growth? I think the first supposition is not admissible, because we have never met with the intermediate sizes that must have been present. It seems possible, therefore, that their growth is almost wholly accomplished in the warm season and is nearly suspended in the winter.

Second Class.—Seven or eight inches in length and weighing 3 to 4 ounces. Bars and red spots still plainly visible, and nearly as distinct as in the first class. They yield a copious supply of milt, and a few of them are found commonly on the spawning beds, attending or seeking to attend the female salmon in the act of spawning. They occur at the same time, though not commonly in company with the smaller fish of class one, both in fall and spring.

Third Class.—A little larger than class two, measuring about 10 inches, and weighing 7 or 8 ounces. Bars and spots still visible but very faint. All males, and yielding milt copiously. Observed occasionally in October and November. This form approaches closely the "smolt" of the river salmon.

Fourth Class.—About 13 inches in length and 1 pound in weight. Reproductive functions dormant, organs little developed and sex unknown. They are uniform in appearance as well as size, but are not numerous and appear irregularly, rarely more than half a dozen of them in a single season. Barren individuals of larger size, sometimes as large as 17 inches in length and 30 ounces in weight, met with rarely, and only in autumn. Whether there is a corresponding class in May and June, I am unable to say, but judging from the weights of captures shown by some scores submitted to me, I think it quite likely.

Fifth Class.—Adults. There is a great range in size, and doubtless some are of advanced age and belong to an additional class, but as there seems to be an unbroken series from the smallest to the largest, I am unable to separate them, and were a separation possible and the fish classified according to age it is not unlikely that the different classes would be found overlapping each other in respect to size—that is, the larger fish among those that are in their first year of adult-hood may be larger than the smallest of those that are a year older than the smallest adults on my record were.

Now what conclusions are we to draw from these data? On the supposition that each of the first four classes represents a separate stage of growth, with intervals of one year in each case, the fifth or adult class must be, when caught in November, five years of age from the date of the deposit of the egg, or four and a half years from the date of hatching. I have, however, some doubts as to the validity of the distinction between classes two and three, the former being equivalent to the male parr of the British salmon and the latter having not yet fully attained to the "smolt" stage, which should be distinguished by entire absence of any external bars or spots. The position and significance of class four (13 inches, barren) is also not entirely free from doubt. It is possible that such fish are of adult age, but barren from some unknown cause, and on the supposition that such is the case there will appear to be no intermediate form between the third class (that has almost reached the smolt stage) and the adults, and hence the interval of time separating these two becomes more than ever a matter of conjecture; but as we are tolerably certain that a year (from impregnation) is required to attain three inches in length, and another to attain eight inches, it is hardly reasonable to suppose that the growth from eight inches to the adult stage would be accomplished in a single year.

My conclusion is that the following is the most probable outline of the life of the Salmon of Grand Lake; taking the time of impregnation as the starting point, the embryos hatch at six months of age, attain a length of three inches at one year; of eight inches at two years; of thirteen inches at three or four years, and of complete maturity (fifteen inches or more in length) at four or five years. Specimens twenty inches or more in length and weighing three pounds or upward, I am inclined to regard as fish on their second visit to the spawning grounds, and on the assumption (of which there is, however, no direct proof) that they are like the anadromous salmon, biennial spawners—such fish are six or seven years old.

Whether the same rate of growth prevails among the land-locked salmon in their own native haunts, there are no data to determine, but it is very probable that the entire period of growth is about the same, and accordingly that in the case of the larger salmon of the Sebago the rate is greater.

GROWTH IN NEW HOMES.

When introduced to new haunts they have often grown to an unwonted size and sometimes at an accelerated rate. I will cite some instances:

In Salspice Lake, Connecticut, in May, 1881, was captured a specimen twenty-two inches long and weighing three pounds fourteen ounces. This was the growth from Schoodic fry, the first of which were planted in 1874. If this specimen was from the first planting it had grown to an unusual size for Schoodic fish. Sept. 23, 1881, another specimen was taken in the same lake, weighing six pounds two ounces. One of six pounds eight ounces was reported to have been taken about the same time from one of the Twin Lakes in Salisbury.

In Shrewsbury Pond, near Rutland, Vermont, specimens have been taken, I am told, by Dr. C. H. Barber, weighing six and three-quarter pounds. One party caught twenty-three in one day, the smallest of which weighed one and one-half pounds and the largest six and one-quarter pounds. This lake is one mile long, one-half mile wide and 160 feet deep.

Woodhull Lake, Herkimer county, N. Y., was stocked with fry of Schoodic salmon in the summer of 1870. In the spring of 1881, soon after the disappearance of the ice, several specimens were taken, one of which weighed nearly a pound. In the winter of 1882, a number of specimens were taken by fishing through the ice, and some of them were eighteen inches long, probably weighing two or three pounds. In the fall of 1882, a specimen weighing over four pounds was taken in the stream below the lake—this fish was thus four years old from impregnation, and had attained a size double that calculated for a Schoodic salmon of that age in Grand Lake.

In the Rangeley Lakes in Maine, about fifty domesticated Schoodic salmon about two years of age were introduced from breeding ponds in Alaska; fry of Sebago salmon were introduced as follows: 2,000 in 1874; 5,000 in 1875; 3,000 in 1877; 18,000 in 1877. In 1877 a single specimen weighing five pounds was captured. As to further results I will quote Mr. Stanley's letter to the FOREST AND STREAM, Oct. 26, 1882: "I am happy to state that the salmon put in an appearance in the Rangeley stream this fall in considerable numbers and for the first time. Some of them were very large. I saw five of them in a pool which I estimated would run from 4 to 10 pounds each. Over forty were taken last June in the Rangeley Lake alone of from 2½ to 4½ pounds each. They have also been taken in the lakes below. For the short time that has elapsed since they were introduced, and the small number of eggs, the success has been remarkable." As it is impossible to determine absolutely whether these captures came from the early planting of Schoodic fish, or the later planting of Sebago fish, nor yet their age, we can only remark that the size attained is very satisfactory, and from the numbers captured and seen it is quite evident that the species is established as an inhabitant of the Rangeley Lakes.

Another instance from the same State may be added in the case of the Weld Pond, which I will give in Mr. Stanley's language:

"The most reliable information I have in regard to growth of land-locked salmon or the time it takes to reach a certain size is what I get from the Weld Pond in Franklin county. This pond is about five miles long and two miles wide; is fed by numerous large brooks which take their rise back in the wilderness among the mountains, to which the trout and salmon (the former are plenty) have free access to their head waters. Also the outlet of the pond, Webb's River, about the size of the Presumpscott, is a rapid stream, five miles after it leaves the pond, with clean, gravelly bottom, and unobstructed by dams. This pond is famous for its trout and pickerel—the angler catching about as many brook trout as pickerel. It is plentifully stocked with smelts and minnows. * * I give you the number and dates of the plantings of Sebago salmon: 1875, 2,000; 1876, 3,000; 1877, 10,000."

The first 2,000 were put into the Bowley Brook; the other two lots were turned into the river, with the exception of perhaps about 2,000 more, which were put in the above brook. A friend of mine, who is reliable, told me he saw weighed one that was caught in this brook that tipped the scales at 11 pounds. Last fall they came into the brook and river also in considerable numbers and of large size, some, undoubtedly, of 10 or 12 pounds. Last summer the small salmon 6 to 8 inches long were quite plenty in this brook, also some in the river. Parties fishing for brook trout would in half a day's fishing catch fifteen or twenty of these little salmon, which, however, they put back. None have been taken in any of the streams except the river and Bowley Brook and the pond. Quite a number have been taken fishing through the ice this spring, but none over 3½ pounds.

Quite remarkable results have been observed in some of the waters of New Hampshire. I will quote Commissioner E. B. Hodge. Under date of April 25, 1884, he writes as follows:

"In regard to the Schoodic salmon in this State, I am happy to state that they are doing well, and good reports are being received from various parts of the State. In some waters their growth has been remarkable, particularly in Squam Lake. The first plant was made in this lake by Col. S. Webber, in 1877. In June, 1880, a land-locked salmon was taken in the outlet of the lake that weighed 6½ pounds, and one was killed by going through a mill wheel that measured twenty-seven inches; weight not taken, as it was decomposed when found. In November of 1883, six years after the lake was stocked, two salmon were speared on their spawning beds at the outlet, one of them weighed 10 pounds and the other 15 pounds.

"In Lake Sunapee their growth has been greater than in Squam. First stocked in 1880, by Commissioner A. H. Powers. The largest fish taken in 1883 weighed 7½ pounds, and one reported to weigh 8½. Several of 5 and 6 pounds were taken during the season, and the large ones all got away."

"The figures I have given you are all from reliable persons and are authentic. Even in small ponds I have seen fish that weighed 2½ pounds, when two years and two months of age. I could give you many other instances where large land-locked salmon have been reported to have been taken, but the above is enough to show that they are a success in this State, and to warrant the Commissioners in following up, the planting of them in such waters as are adapted to them."

Under date of April 28, 1884, Mr. Hodge writes further: "Since my letter to you of last week, there has been taken at the outlet of Squam Lake, a land-locked salmon, twenty-eight inches in length, and weighing nine pounds. This fish was measured and weighed in presence of several reliable persons."

REQUIREMENTS OF LAND-LOCKED SALMON.

It is to be regretted that there are no adequate data at hand from which to discuss the question of the requirements of Schoodic salmon. We ought to know definitely the size and depth of all the lakes that they naturally inhabit; the quality of the water; its temperature at surface and bottom during the heated term; the quantity and variety of food afforded; what enemies they have successfully combated, and to what ones they have succumbed; the character and extent of their spawning grounds, etc. The data at hand will enable us to lay down only general rules, which will, nevertheless, it is hoped, be of some service in directing future effort.

It does not appear that the matter of area is important. Land-locked salmon appear to thrive as well, other things being considered, and attain as large size in lakes of a few hundred acres as in those covering thousands of acres. For instance, the largest salmon of the Grand Lake region are found in West Musquash Lake, whose area is less than a thousand acres; and among new localities we may instance Shrewsbury Lake, in Vermont, only one mile long and one-half mile wide, where such signal success has attended the introduction of these fish.

The depth of water is apparently a more important matter. I think the rule will hold good that large fish of the salmon family generally inhabit deep lakes. Of the native haunts of the land-locked salmon, the deepest is Lake Sebago, where 410 feet of water have been found, and in this region we find the largest land-locked salmon in Maine; it must, however, be noted, as a possible exception to our rule, that the salmon of Long Pond, a tributary of Lake Sebago of much smaller size, and it is, supposed, much shallower water, are not much, if any, inferior to those of Sebago itself, and have actually furnished the largest individuals on record. West Musquash Lake, which produces the largest salmon of that region, is known to be in some places over 130 feet deep, while Grand Lake is not known to be over 115 feet. Shrewsbury Lake, in Vermont, is 160 feet deep.

I am not, however, prepared to say that there can be no success in lakes of moderate depth. It is known that land-locked salmon were once abundant at Princeton, at the outlet of the lower lakes of the Schoodic Chain. They must have inhabited Lewy's, Long or Big lakes, all of which are in general, shallow, and in which there is good reason to believe, though by no means certain, that a depth of more than sixty feet cannot anywhere be found.

As to temperature, I am only able to say that the phenomena observed indicate that on the approach of hot weather the salmon forsake the streams and surface waters and retire to the depths, where it is always comparatively cool. It is likely that they will not permanently thrive in waters where they are compelled to endure through the summer a surface temperature, of say upwards of 70 degrees Fahrenheit. Very likely this limit will have to be moved a few degrees up or down when data are obtained. The latitude in which nature

has placed these fish indicates roughly the climatological conditions required. It is not likely that they will thrive much further south than their natural range, unless in elevated, and therefore cool, regions.

As regards qualities of water other than temperature, I do not think land-locked salmon are specially fastidious. Muddy water is undoubtedly objectionable, but among their native haunts are many lakes whose water is strongly colored with peaty and earthen solutions.

Gravelly shores and bottom are not essential, except on the breeding grounds, which must be ample to insure a great degree of success. A good-sized brook, abounding in gravelly rapids, will meet the requirements. Whether it should be an inlet or an outlet may be properly brought in question. It seems to me well proven that these fish are endowed with instincts of locality that impel them to deposit their eggs in their native streams, to the extent of selecting one among several streams connected with the same lake. On no other supposition can we explain certain phenomena at Grand Lake. Junior Stream, at the head of the lake, is a fine gravelly stream, offering excellent locations for spawning beds, and more easily accessible from the lake than is Grand Lake Stream, and was formerly much resorted to by the salmon. Of late, however, it is almost entirely deserted, notwithstanding the salmon are abundant in the lake, and thousands of them yearly resort to Grand Lake Stream at the other extreme of the lake. Whether this instinct will interfere with the use of fry from Grand Lake eggs for the stocking of waters whose only spawning grounds lie in their affluents is a question deserving consideration, but which we shall doubtless have to leave to the solution of experience. It is interesting to note that in many of the lakes where they have been introduced we hear of them first in the outlets. Such is the case at Woodhull Lake, in New York, and Squam Lake, in New Hampshire. Some of the new inhabitants have made themselves known by running down into mill wheels. At Woodhull Lake, "from appearances," writes Gen. R. U. Sherman, "the whole stock went out at Woodhull Dam through the open gates, and gathered in the stream below to spawn."

The question of enemies must be regarded as one of the first importance. I am inclined to attribute the disappearance of land-locked salmon in recent times from some of their old haunts in different parts of the Schoodic lakes, to the attacks of pickerel which were introduced from the Penobscot waters. I think it is capable of demonstration that in each instance where this has occurred the existing conditions were more favorable to the growth of pickerel than of land-locked salmon. A case in point is that of Junior Stream mentioned above. The lower course of this stream is a broad, weedy, semi-stagnant piece of water, full of aquatic weeds, a most admirable place for the reproduction and growth of pickerel, which could here lie in wait for the young parr, and down whose capacious throats the entire brood may have slipped. The presence of pickerel is not, however, necessarily fatal. If the conditions are sufficiently favorable the salmon will maintain themselves, as at Grand Lake Stream. In general, any lake in which trout maintain themselves against pickerel may be considered suitable for land-locked salmon. It is quite possible that in some cases the salmon will succeed where trout have yielded to their foes, but there is nothing in experience to warrant the expectation.

The growth attained in some of the instances cited above, lead to the hope that introduced to conditions more favorable than those of their native haunts, they will become permanently increased in size and in importance. It is not too much to hope that in suitable tributaries of some of the great lakes, especially those of Lake Superior, Michigan and Huron, they may even become what they have never yet been in their original homes in Maine, the objects of pursuit of an industrial fishery.

Prof. GOODE: Mr. President, I am sure we have all listened with great interest to the paper read by Mr. Atkins. It certainly is a magazine of new facts concerning the land-locked salmon. I should like to take advantage of the presence of Mr. Atkins to ask one or two questions. The land-locked salmon is, I suppose, universally admitted to be a descendant, through modification in habit, of the sea-running salmon. (To Mr. Atkins) Have you in your studies of this fish been enabled to judge how long it has been since the land-locking took place; or, rather, when the oldest and most recent land-lockings occurred? I would also ask whether, in your opinion, the land-locking has produced an hereditary tendency in the fish to remain in the head waters of streams, so that if obstructions are removed, fish descended from land-locked fish will also be likely to remain in the head waters. I would also ask, in the special interest of the fish-culturists of England, who at the present time are doing a great deal of work in the way of hybridizing various species and races of *Salmonidae*, etc., whether our land-locked salmon could not be transported to England and crossed with the large brook trout or the char? It would be a great advantage, for they would thus secure a heavier and better fish than the trout which they now have; and, moreover, a fish which would be likely to remain in the head waters of the streams. Such is the theory of certain English experts, but it occurs to me that their theory is without very good foundation. If Mr. Atkins can throw any light on any of these questions, we shall all, I think, be greatly interested.

Mr. ATKINS: I do not think we have any evidence that the land-locking of the species under consideration has occurred during recent geological periods. There is nothing at present to prevent any of these salmon from going out to sea from any of these waters where they are now found. There are obstructions to their coming back, if they once went to the sea, and these same obstructions would hinder the sea salmon having access to the upper waters where the land-locked salmon now live. It is possible that at some very remote period there were obstacles which prevented their descending to the sea. I think it possible, also, that the change in their habits and instincts occurred gradually. The male salmon will live in fresh water until their reproductive organs are developed, which occurs at an early stage of their existence. I do not know that it has been proved (excepting in the case of some other species than *Salmo salar*) that salmon can be kept from making migrations to the sea until the eggs of the female become pretty well developed; but I think it possible that such proof may be furnished. One salmon may have stayed over the proper time—perhaps from compulsion, perhaps from some natural weakness of instinct—and she may have developed eggs without going to salt water, and her descendants may have inherited the tendency to remain in fresh water. That is, of course, mere speculation, without any observation to base it upon, excepting the absence of obstructions at the present time. That the lack of instinct to migrate seawards is hereditary, is unquestionably true. The salmon have an opportunity to go to sea, and do sometimes run down as far as the mouths of weirs, but apparently not with the intention of going to sea. As to the hybridization suggested, I have never seen any evidence of its occurrence naturally among the salmon or any other species of fish. I have had no experience in the matter of artificially breeding hybrids, but the general testimony from those who have attempted to raise them, is that they grow well and probably make good fish.

The President: Is a great depth of water necessary to the welfare of the fish? I ask this because I have noticed that on Long Island in some small ponds they never come to anything.

Mr. ATKINS: I think probably that the depth of water is the most important point to be considered. They will not thrive if compelled to sustain a high temperature of water. They

must in the heated season be allowed to go into deep water where they can keep cool.

Prof. GOODE: Mr. Atkins, have you ever seen any indications of hybridization under natural conditions between sea salmon and land-locked salmon?

Mr. ATKINS: I never had an opportunity to observe anything of that kind. I have taken only four or five anadromous salmon in company with land-locked salmon. In Grand Lake Stream we have on several occasions taken sea salmon that ascended to the lake and came to the same ground as the land-locked salmon for the purpose of spawning. Two of the above four or five were mated—male and female, and the others we took and made use of without waiting to see what the action of the fish would have been if left alone.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES. BENCH SHOWS.

Sept. 1 to 6.—Bench Show of the Lancaster County Fair Association Lancaster, Pa. Entries close Aug. 30. J. B. Long, Secretary, 6 West King street, Lancaster, Pa.
Sept. 9, 10 and 11.—Third Annual Bench Show of the Montreal Kennel Club. Chas. Lincoln, Superintendent. J. S. Wall, Secreary, P. O. Box 1,246, Montreal, Canada.

Sept. 16, 17 and 18.—Collie Bench Show and Field Trials of the Ontario Collie Club, Toronto, Ont. Entries close Aug. 23. Mr. H. J. Hill, Secretary, Toronto.

Sept. 16, 17, 18 and 19.—Bench Show of the Philadelphia Kennel Club. Chas. Lincoln, Superintendent. Mr. Benj. C. Satterthwaite, Secretary.

Oct. 5, 9, 10 and 11.—Third Annual Bench Show of the Danbury Agricultural Society, Danbury, Conn. E. S. Davis, Superintendent, Danbury, Conn.

Oct. 21, 22, 23 and 24.—First Annual Fall Bench Show of the Westminster Kennel Club, Madison Square Garden, New York. Mr. Chas. Lincoln, Superintendent.

FIELD TRIALS.

Dec. 8.—Sixth Annual Trials of the National American Kennel Club at Canton, Miss. D. Bryson, Secretary, Memphis, Tenn.

A. K. R.

THE AMERICAN KENNEL REGISTER, for the registration of pedigrees, etc. (with prize lists of all shows and trials), is published every month. Entries close on the 1st. Should be in early. Entry blanks sent on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope. Registration fee (25 cents) must accompany each entry. No entries inserted unless paid in advance. Yearly subscription \$1. Address "American Kennel Register," P. O. Box 2832, New York. Number of entries already printed 1407. Volume I, bound in cloth, sent postpaid, \$1.50.

DOGGEREL.

HE was a city swell, and as he sauntered by
With his lovely Laverack setter, so timid and so shy.
His get up was tremendous and regardless of the cost,
And in self-admiration he seemed completely lost.

A mighty smasher of glass balls, who dare his honors trench?
His dog a trial winner on many a hard-fought bench.
What matters tho' he ne'er had sprung the woodcock in the swale,
Or roused the booming grouse, or flushed the whirring quail.

His hammerless is Blank's best brand, his dog the choicest strain;
Now country bumptkins stand aside, or meet with deep disdain.
October's woods, in brown and gold, gleam in the morning light;
'Tis there he hopes to drop the grouse, or stop the woodcock's flight.

And there he winds his eager way, his setter close behind,
When lo! ye gods! what's this he hears, like roar of rushing wind?
Uprising at his very feet, a startled bevy springs,
The air seems full of flying forms, and rapid, flashing wings.

Our sportsman, dazed, in frantic haste fumbles his gun in air,
Uncertain at which bird to shoot, he points it here, then there;
At last, in desperation sheer, he fires both right and left,
But not a bird or all the lot was of his life bereft.

The covey out of sight had flown ere the shot had left the gun,
While the lovely Laverack setter to his distant home had run.

APOSTROPHE.

These are the men and these the dogs we meet in dress parade
Each pleasant afternoon on the fashions' promenade;
Heroes of the club-room, they trumpet forth their fame,
(Euchre, Brag and Poker, their more familiar game).

But work in field and thicket (I tell you this incog),
Needs another breed of man and another breed of dog.

RUSTY CUSS.

POINTERS AT NEW YORK.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The following intelligible and intelligent reply to my letter in your issue of July 17, appeared in your columns last week, under Mr. John W. Munson's signature. It is what a lawyer might term "a plea by confession and avoidance."

I don't propose to reply in detail to Mr. Mason's letter, which appeared in your paper last week, since it is so full of false statements and insinuations, that it would compel the denial of each and every one. Justice to myself and others, however, compels me to deny his assertion that I ever had a pecuniary interest in the paper he mentions, or ever contributed one cent toward it other than my subscription and advertisement, for which I always paid the regular advertised rates. I feel confident the same can be said of Mr. Sterling. Mr. Pilkington, of England, who bred Meteor, sent him to St. Louis, saying he was by Garnet out of Jilt. This is sufficient. Mr. A. C. Waddell, of Topeka, Kas., writes me under date of the 23d inst.: "Mr. Mason has no authority in any way to state that I said Beaufort is a better dog than Meteor." * * * I never said so."

Beaten in argument, faced by conflicting statements of very questionable appearance, unable to meet the serious charges brought against him, Mr. John W. Munson endeavors to extricate himself from the difficulty by accusing me of presenting your readers with false statements and insinuations. This novel style of argument may be well adapted to those that hope by such means to avoid just and well-earned retribution. But I can assure Mr. Munson that in this case there is no chance of escape through such a channel. Before I proceed let me remind Mr. Munson that when gentlemen join in a discussion they retire therefrom as they enter—gentlemen. Unless argument, logical and sound, is introduced to support a charge of falsehood, it is not allowed as evidence by persons either intelligent or ignorant. That Mr. Munson's case has been a lame one from the outset is an undeniable fact, and so he once more resorts to the old, old argument of abuse. No defense! Abuse the plaintiff! Unfortunately (for Mr. Munson) the plaintiff in this case likes abuse, every ounce of which adds a ton of weight to his case; and when a verdict is reached the sentence likely to follow it will, I have every reason to suppose, be as severe as any yet rendered by the dog lovers' tribunal of this or any other country. Mr. Munson does not appear to realize that when he denies my letter he either convicts himself of falsehood or charges me with fraud. Such being the case, I propose, by your courtesy, Mr. Editor, to vindicate myself, and leave Mr. Munson to do the same—if he can. Mr. Munson wrote in your issue of June 13: "I am willing to

go on record as saying that Meteor and Bang Bang are (barring the head of each, which, I think, could be slightly improved) the best pointer dogs in America, and the only type of the pointer to breed to." Two months previous to this Mr. Munson wrote me two letters, as follows:

St. Louis, April 9, 1884.

Chas. H. Mason, Esq., N. Y.:

DEAR SIR—I expect to catch fits in the papers for passing Bang Bang by at Cleveland, but I am sure I put the ribbons where they belonged. I am not pleased with Bang Bang. * * * I am told Beaufort is a remarkably handsome dog.

Yours truly,

JOHN W. MUNSON.

St. Louis, April 15, 1884.

DEAR SIR—Your favor of the 12th to hand. If I had thought Bang Bang the best dog at Cleveland he would have won first. I thought him good enough for second only. I don't fancy his head, especially his front face, and eyes. The latter are black and cocked, showing the inside white of both when he looks at you. I don't think his tail good, nor his throat. In fact, I don't think him a first-class dog.

Very respectfully,

JOHN W. MUNSON.

Mr. Munson denies having written these letters, and therefore I inclose them herewith, and in justice to myself will ask you, Mr. Editor, kindly to say whether they are in Mr. Munson's handwriting or not, and I now call on Mr. Munson to explain the meaning of such work. [There is no doubt that the letters referred to were written by Mr. Munson.—Ed. F. AND S.] I do this in the interest of pointer breeders and exhibitors. Mr. Munson, I believe, has officiated as judge at several dog shows, and it is only proper that those who have submitted their exhibits to his judgment, should know exactly who judged their dogs. Mr. Munson somewhat evasively denies that he has money in the only paper that indorsed Mr. Sterling's decisions and conduct at the New York show. Notwithstanding his negative reply, I am assured by those in whom I have confidence, that, if Mr. Munson looks through his cash book he will again find himself mistaken. I will, however, cheerfully accept his statement when he has cleared up several other matters in a satisfactory manner, but not until. May I now ask Mr. Munson what moral right he and his friends have to twist my writing into such shape as to suit themselves? I have never said or written that Mr. Waddell "said Beaufort is a better dog than Meteor." What I did write was that Mr. Waddell said Beaufort was the best large pointer he had ever seen. He said it to me and I believe he said it to others. What Mr. Waddell said about Meteor I am not at liberty to repeat. To say that Beaufort was the best large pointer he had ever seen was not to say that he considered him a better dog than Meteor. In the first place, Mr. Waddell might not consider Meteor a large pointer, and in the second place he might share the opinion of a good many other people and not consider him a pointer at all. Why, when I challenged Mr. Munson to name one judge who considers Meteor a better dog than Beaufort could he not reply? I will tell him. He does not know one. I gave him the names of the oldest and best judges, such as Mr. Steel and the Messrs. Orgill, in support of my own judgment, and I showed him clearly that every independent paper had denounced the decision. Surely such and the like evidence ought to be substantial enough for Mr. John W. Munson, who considers dogs had looking one month and the best in the country two months later.

A very sensible writer in a contemporary last week, offers some very sensible suggestions. Says he, "Why do not bench shows follow the example of the field trial clubs and disbar any one making unjust and uncalled for remarks about their judges?" This is what they ought to do, but unfortunately they refuse to do it; they rather prefer to do that which they ought not to do. It is a pity this intelligent writer forgot to say that exhibitors as well as judges have a claim to protection against unjust decisions, and questionable conduct in general. I have been accused of slandering Mr. Sterling. If adding my name to a protest against his decisions was slandering him, why then I am proud of being charged with such a dreadful crime. A great noise has been raised about that protest by those who delight to blind the public to serve their own purpose, but people are getting tired of that sort of thing and will not forever tolerate it. The questionable conduct of others cannot be hidden by throwing mud at me.

I find myself unable to agree with Mr. Munson when he says that because "Mr. Pilkington, of England, who bred Meteor, sent him to St. Louis saying he was by Garnet out of Jilt. This is sufficient." Mr. Munson will excuse me, but it is not quite half sufficient. Mr. Pilkington is a man of honor and a gentleman, and the pointers he sent to the St. Louis Kennel Club in the spring of 1881, would doubtless be bred as certified to by him. Let it be understood that I do not question the correctness of their pedigree. Let it also be understood that I do very much question the correctness of the pedigree of the two dogs Meteor and Maxim, exhibited by Mr. Munson at the New York show this spring, and entered in the catalogues as by Garnet out of Jilt, age three years. Such being the case I now summon Mr. Munson to state and solemnly swear in the pages of FOREST AND STREAM that the two dogs now being exhibited by him are the dogs Meteor and Maxim sent to this country by Mr. Geo. Pilkington, three years ago. When Mr. Munson replies I will have something of interest to say to him. In his last letter Mr. Munson alludes to justice. Far be it from any intention of mine to deprive him of it.

A friend of Mr. Munson has suggested I be barred from exhibiting my dogs at bench shows, because "I disturb the harmony and am prejudicial to the best interests of all concerned." Nobody regrets more than myself that I am compelled to "disturb the harmony" or that I am prejudicial to the "best interests of all concerned." But, Mr. Editor, it must be done, and I have clad myself with armor of steel, and am prepared to face the dangers likely to be encountered by those who attempt to "disturb the harmony" or interfere with the interests of "all concerned."

"The time is out of joint; O cursed spite,
That ever I was born to set it right."

CHARLES H. MASON.

TOWPINSVILLE, Staten Island, Aug. 4.

THE PROPER SIZE OF BEAGLES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Being much interested in articles in FOREST AND STREAM, as to "the proper size" and "shooting over beagles," I venture to give my experience with them, and my opinion as to their proper size, I having owned probably more of different strains than, with one or two exceptions, any member of the beagle club.

My dogs are kept for private shooting and sport, and have ranged from eighteen down to eleven inches, and I most emphatically indorse the smaller dog for sport, with or without the gun.

A large dog, I find, runs too fast and overruns the doubles too much and far, he sometimes runs fifty or one hundred yards before he finds his mistake, he then circles until he finds the trail and so on at nearly every double of the game in a close or woody country, if in the open it is one straight dash to the nearest hole, the nearer the hole the less sport we have.

A small dog will not overrun as much or as far, because he is slower in his pace, he keeps a double better, does not circle as much as a large dog; he keeps the game on the move about as fast enough to follow with or without the gun, and will give you more shots, because the game does more doubling and does not take to the earth until shot at, or very near tired out, therefore, in my opinion, he is the best dog for sport with or without the gun.

I have always found three dogs a plenty, and over four too many, for in a larger number there are always some that are inclined to have too much tongue, and will keep on crying when the trail is overrun and will bring the others to them,

keeping them in a constant whirl of excitement; from experience I must indorse three or four small dogs.

I am unlike Mr. Phebus in my experience. He says in his romantic article of July 17 that the practice of shooting rabbits before beagles is pernicious and will render a pack useless. I have had dogs refuse to go out without the gun, and I think there are more like me. A beagle will soon learn the difference. I am sure mine are always prouder than I when I kill the game. He says a pot-hunter goes for quantity. I would ask what kind of sport it is to stand by and see a rabbit torn or mounded in pieces? Would not the pot-hunter have made better use of it? I take it as a wholesale waste of game, something the FOREST AND STREAM has been trying to stop for many years. As to his bagging fifty-six out of sixty starts, and nearly all run down, I would say I have never in all of my experience, and I was in the field before Mr. Phebus run down ten rabbits, when they had any kind of a chance; I do not know what kind of country or rabbits there is in Berkeley county, Virginia, but this I do know, that eighteen or eleven inch dogs can't run them down in Pennsylvania in less than forty-five minutes, if they can do it then, and make out the doubles, and he has done it, one in nearly every twenty minutes for two whole days. I would ask some other beagle man that runs down rabbits if they can do this.

I have had some of the very strain that Mr. Phebus writes about, and a friend close by who has three more, and although they are good dogs, above the average beagle in hunting, we could never equal his record. I would say in conclusion that if the beagle men want good dogs, give them plenty of work without the gun, but if you want better dogs and better sport, give them plenty of work with it. LOUIS SLOAN.

PHILADELPHIA, July 23.

NATIONAL BENCH SHOW ASSOCIATION.

A CALL.

WE publish below a call for a meeting to be held at Philadelphia, Sept. 17, for the purpose of forming a National Bench Show Association. We received the call last week from Major Taylor, who requested us to withhold its publication until this week. We complied with the request, as we were in honor bound to do, but why he should wish it to appear in FOREST AND STREAM a week later than in other papers we do not understand. The call is addressed to all kennel clubs and associations in this country and Canada, under whose auspices bench shows have been held. We hope that every one will respond and send delegates, or designate proxies, whose names should be sent to Major J. M. Taylor, Lexington, Ky., or to Mr. Elliot Smith, New York. The secretaries of all associations taking action in the matter will confer a favor by at once informing us of the result.

As the propriety and necessity of forming a National Bench Show Association has been discussed, and a general agreement arrived at that there should be one, we hereby issue a call to the kennel clubs and associations, under whose auspices bench shows have been held, throughout the United States and Canada, to hold a meeting at once and elect a delegate to represent them at a convention to be held at Philadelphia, Pa., Wednesday, Sept. 17, at 10 o'clock A. M., it being the second day of the Philadelphia Kennel Club show. If it is found impossible to send delegate, if name of any proxy elected to represent is mailed to J. M. Taylor, it will be attended to and the person notified. When meetings are held secretaries are requested to notify promptly the press of their action. (Signed) J. M. TAYLOR.

WESTMINSTER KENNEL CLUB.

WISDOM FOR "IGNORAMUS."

Editor Forest and Stream:

"Ignoramus" stands self-confessed and self-proven. The wise men have not "had their say." I have not said a word. The simplicity of the inquiry as to the appointment of judges! That is the very latest triumph of the clairvoyant's art. The spirits of Montargis, Prince Llewelyn and St. Hubert are consulted through a medium, and the voice of the majority decides the selection.

"Faking!" Why that is a weak invention of inexperienced ones, unable to do it themselves. Plastering up sores, doctoring tails, etc., is "high art," generally imported (duty free). Dogs ages are never given wrongly, but sometimes stud books do lie.

Judges are paid, well paid, by the privilege of looking wise in a ring.

"Merits of a dog" is a technical term for the length of the owner's tongue.

If "Ignoramus" had consulted either of the canine authorities above-named, full exposure of ignorance would have been avoided.

CATUS (with approval of Dame Juliana Berners).

WESTMINSTER ABBEY. No time.

PHILADELPHIA BENCH SHOW.

THE list of special prizes already donated by the leading firms of Philadelphia for the exhibition to take place Sept. 16, 17, 18 and 19, is a very valuable one—a rough estimate made of its worth places it over \$1,000, while more will be added before the show takes place. Superintendent Lincoln is expected here in about ten days, when all arrangements will be completed. In connection with the display of dogs, various dealers in sporting goods, etc., have expressed a desire to exhibit their wares, a feature which will add much interest to the show. Before FOREST AND STREAM goes to press again the Philadelphia Kennel Club will have held a stated meeting when the judges will be selected.

Satisfactory progress is being made by the field trial committee of the Philadelphia Kennel Club in regard to the trials of the association, a number of entries for which have been made. Homo.

LAVERACK SETTERS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

"Homo" is certainly well up on the Laverack setter. So far as field work goes, I would not fancy his selection for stud purposes.

If he wants to breed dogs for bench shows under a standard not fitted for field purposes—the latter being the real object for which all setter dogs have heretofore been bred—he had better enter them in the non-sporting class, as all bench show standards for setters are supposed to cover all points of form necessary for a perfect field dog.

"Homo's" scale of points for a stud dog would run something like the following:

High-appearing quality.....	} 100.
Fine texture of coat.....	
General symmetry of outline.....	

OBSERVER.

BEAGLES AT THE PHILADELPHIA SHOW.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I send you the list of classes for beagles at the Philadelphia bench show in September. I do so that those who are interested may know in time what classes they will be able to enter their favorites in, and get them in proper form. The Philadelphia Kennel Club have considered the claims of the American English Beagle Club and kindly given us the classes asked for, and I hope that all of our beagle owners will make an effort to have such a display of our little hound as never has been seen before in this country. The prizes are liberal, all the classes, and there should be a grand response from lovers of the beagle. Besides the regular prizes there will be specials, among which the American English Beagle Club will donate two cups, one for the best beagle entered below 12 inches. The

awards will be made according to the scale of points adopted by the club.

Below are the classes: Champion dogs, champion medal, bitches the same; open, dogs over 12 inches, \$10, \$5 and medal, bitches the same; under 12 inches, dogs the same, bitches the same. W. H. ASHBURNER.

MEETING OF EXHIBITORS AND BREEDERS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

During the past few days I have been in receipt of a number of signed circular letters from gentlemen, many of whom are well known as exhibitors and breeders, asking me to call a meeting for the purpose of establishing a kennel club. These read as follows:

Editor American Kennel Register:

In view of the conflicting actions of the Westminster Kennel Club and of Major Taylor relative to the inception of a National Kennel Club, and the danger of the proposal failing through thereby, we respectfully ask you to issue a call for a meeting of exhibitors and clubs to form such a kennel club, and that you prepare a plan of organization, work, etc., for such a club, to be considered at this meeting. It seems very desirable that the co-operation of so respected and experienced a judge as Major Taylor and so old and influential an organization as the Westminster Kennel Club should both be secured to this object.

Since these circulars were sent out by the original signers, Messrs. Wade, Kirk, Burgess and Perry, I have been informed by Mr. Elliot Smith that, in conjunction with Major Taylor, the Westminster Kennel Club has called a meeting of dog-show clubs, to be held at Philadelphia on Sept. 17. This call Mr. Smith read to me, and it contains no reference to exhibitors or breeders; and he further informed me that, in his opinion, individuals could not form a club to have any control over dog shows. It struck me that, if individuals were not wanted, it was rather strange that one of the two signers of the call should be a private individual.

With all due respect to the gentlemen asking me to call a meeting of exhibitors and clubs, I think it would be better to allow my call to be addressed to all interested in breeding or exhibiting, so that clubs may be represented if they so desire, otherwise it would appear as if there was antagonism. I therefore desire to notify all such that a meeting will be held in Philadelphia on the evening of Sept. 16. The time and place will be duly announced later on.

Yours truly,

EDITOR AMERICAN KENNEL REGISTER.

BREAKING SPANIELS.

SO little trouble is taken generally in breaking this, one of the most useful of the sportsman's canine friends, that a few words on the subject may not be out of place. Most people are contented if a dog will work within gunshot and push out the game for him to kill. Almost any mongrel, with the necessary practice and experience will do this, but I am supposing that the sportsman takes a pride in his dogs, likes to have good looking and well-bred ones, and if he wishes to shoot in comfort and in good form when he uses spaniels, it is quite as necessary to have them well trained as it is for any other breed of sporting dog. I will therefore proceed to give such few directions as my experience has taught. I know no dog that more repays the trouble of breaking yourself (that is, if you have the requisite knowledge and patience) than the spaniel, who, from the natural love and affection he has for his master more than any other dog, should be more ready to work for him than any one else; but the fact is, from the spaniel's winning ways, and his beautiful pleading eyes, it requires a little hardheartedness on the part of the breaker, for the spaniel will bear and requires a good bit of whipcord, notwithstanding "Actæon's" dictum, as advocated in an article in a contemporary, that he will bear less than any other dog. I speak from considerable experience—the spaniel's natural love of and ardor in hunting, require a firm hand over him until he is matured. There is an old saying that "a spaniel is no good until he is nearly worn out"—there is a great deal of truth in this, for very few spaniels are good for much until they are at least three or four years old. I recollect an old bitch that belonged to an "old Devonshire sportsman"—by the way it was not that gentleman who was in the habit of opening a conversation with those words, and who used to buttonhole you so at certain dog shows—who used to boast that he could kill more game to "old Fan" than three parts of the men with their teams of spaniels and numerous keepers; the fact was, as I found out afterward, that she was so cunning that she used to catch as much as he shot. When the old man died I bought the bitch, as she had a great reputation, but she was far too much of a pot-hunter for me. I could have backed her against a moderate gun any day, and to prevent her getting into other hands I shot her. Spaniels get very knowing in working to the gun after a few seasons, and it is astonishing what efforts they will make to maneuver the game out to the shooter. I have seen numberless instances of this, particularly in hedge-row shooting, when I have frequently seen a clever old dog on winding game, not make a rush at it, which would have had the effect of sending it out the other side, but pop through the fence and push it out to you. This, as I have said, is only acquired by experience, and a young, vigorous spaniel will push up the game when he has a chance irrespective of lending any aid to the gun. A really good spaniel, even when he is busy questing and bustling about, should always have an eye to the gun, and work to it instead of for himself and his own gratification and amusement.

You cannot well begin too early to train young spaniels to go very close down and to hunt close; to work thoroughly every bit of ground and every hole and corner that can possibly shelter a head of game is what the spaniel is required to do when he is grown up; and in order to inculcate this habit in him, and to discourage what they are so prone to do, namely, go ahead, you should begin by flinging small bits of meat or boiled liver into small patches of turnips in a garden, or small patches of thick bushes, or any kind of covert that will cause them to seek for it with their noses and not with their eyes. By no means enter your young spaniels to rabbits if you can possibly help it; they take to them too soon unfortunately when they get the chance, and there is no fear about their having the opportunity quite soon enough; enter them to winged game by all means, and for this purpose get an old cock partridge, cut one wing (if you cut two he will still be able to make some sort of a fly of it), and put him into a small patch of thick covert. A really well-bred spaniel ought to prefer the scent of winged game to fur; but how rarely this is found to be the case, and one reason for it is that the puppy is generally first introduced to the scent of rabbits. Ninety-nine keepers out of a hundred enter their young spaniels to rabbits because it saves trouble, as they are easily found, but it ruins the dog.

Never take young spaniels into large or thick coverts where they can get away from under your eye, which they will be pretty sure to do. Confine your working ground to small bits of covert, patches of turnips, bushes, bits of gorse, anything, in fact, where you will be likely to have enough control over them, and where they are in reach of an attendant, whom you should always have with you to turn them out to your whistle. I have found it a first-rate plan to take them out on the sides of rivers and ponds, where there are lots of moorheens, and plenty of sedge and rushes; let them hunt in the rushes till they are tired, and a morning's work at this fun will do them more good than anything I know of; they very soon get fond of the work; it teaches them to hunt close, and they are perfectly under the control of yourself and a lad. It is said the scent of the moorhen is very like that of the woodcock. I do not know how any one could tell this, but at all events it is a bird whose scent they enjoy, and it is

far preferable to letting them hunt rabbits. Teach them early to drop to hand and shot, and spare no pains about it; this is a part of a spaniel's education which is generally neglected, and it is a *sine qua non* for a team of spaniels, if they are to be worthy of the name of being called broken. I know many men, who, instead of making them drop to shot, make them come to heel, using the word "come round" or "heel;" it answers every purpose. And as it brings every dog to you, and he has to work right away from you again when he gets the signal, it has its advantages in keeping them under control, but on the whole I prefer the dropping to shot and wing instantly; it is difficult to make spaniels drop to fur, and if you can keep them free from chasing, merely putting up hares and rabbits, but not following them after they are started, rest satisfied that little more is necessary or desirable. I once saw a very pretty thing of this kind. I was shooting with a gentleman near Southampton in one of his coverts to a nice team of small Clumbers; we were both standing in a ride, and saw a charming little bitch feathering near to us toward the ride. Just as she got to it out popped a rabbit and scuttled down the ride, followed out of the covert by the bitch, but directly she had cleared the wood and was clear in the ride close on to the rabbit, which she had not seen till then, down she dropped, entirely of her own accord, as she had not seen either of us, neither did we know that we were each observing this pretty bit of work until we compared notes a few minutes after, and agreed that we had never seen anything better. It is rather difficult to describe, but to me it was worth all the afternoon's shooting, and it made an impression at the time which is as fresh as ever now; she was, I need scarcely say, thoroughly broken.

If it is desired to make young spaniels take the water, and they show any disinclination to it, the best plan is to take them to a stream which you can wade through; walk through to the other side and they will probably follow you at once; if they do not, walk straight away from the opposite side and go out of sight, they will come after making a little fuss about it. If you have not a suitable shallow stream, but are obliged to make use of a deep river for your purpose, get an attendant whom they do not know to hold your puppies while you go around by a bridge out of their sight, and come down opposite to them, and follow the instructions I have given above; but remember many young dogs have at first a great fear of getting out of their depth all at once, but will freely dabble into a shallow stream, so it is best to lead them on by degrees. Once having got off their legs, and finding that it is an easy matter to swim there will be no further trouble. Always choose warm weather for this teaching. There is, however, no better plan of teaching them to take to the water than letting them hunt moorheens. As to whether spaniels should be taught to retrieve or not will depend upon what your requirements are, the number you see, and so on.

If you are a one-dog man, by all means take all the trouble you can to perfect him in this business, and for this purpose you should choose your whelp from a strain that retrieves naturally.

If you work three or four spaniels together, unless they are thoroughly broken, they all want to retrieve, and it is often the cause of much foul language and great trouble. Nothing looks worse than to see several dogs all tugging at one bird, except perhaps the bird itself afterward. If your dogs are sufficiently broken and under command, and will drop to shot or come to heel, and you can direct either one of them to find the wounded game, while the others remain down or at heel, you can let them take it in turn which shall be allowed the pleasure and honor of recovering the wounded; but how rarely one sees spaniels so well under command as this. In the case of a team of spaniels, I think it better that they should not be allowed to retrieve, and this duty is better confined to a regular retriever. A team of Clumbers should never be allowed to retrieve. I recollect a Clumber I had called Joe, one of the best markers of a wounded bird I ever saw, and he would be sure to find it too, go where or what distance it might; but if Joe could break away from me, I had to go with all my might to get up, for as sure as fate if he had time he would break every bone in the bird's body before he brought it to me.

It is a good plan with young spaniels to walk round a covert toward the evening when pheasants are out at feed in the stubbles, having an attendant with you to prevent them getting into covert, and walk in a zigzag way about the stubbles; you can generally give them plenty of practice in this way, and enter them well to the scent of winged game. It is difficult to find high and thick stubbles now such as we used to have, but suitable bits can be found here and there. If your puppies do not readily turn to your whistle, but show a disposition to go on, turn your back upon them and go the other way, which will generally have the desired effect and a rate or a crack of the whip from your attendant will greatly aid it. If a puppy is too fast, put up a foreleg in his collar, or tie a strap tightly round one hindleg just above the hock, but neither of them must remain very long without changing, or you will produce swelling and inflammation. Apart from the pleasure and satisfaction there is in shooting to dogs of your own breaking, there is this advantage, that they learn to understand your ways, and to know thoroughly your every look and motion, while you at the same time perfectly understand them.

In selecting young spaniels to break, if you do not breed your own, be most particular in getting them from a thoroughly good working strain, of a sort that a friend of mine designates as "savages for work." This is most difficult to do at the present day, as owing to most of the handsomest spaniels being bred and kept entirely for show purposes, the produce from them is rendered soft and useless. This, of course, is not always the case, but that it is the case too often, if not generally, is beyond dispute. To work spaniels in thick, large woods, you should always go with them to work them, or send some one they are accustomed to do so to, or they will either become wild or slack. And with the spaniel of the present day I believe that wildness will be found the lesser evil of the two, as they have become soft and deficient in pluck, without which a spaniel in a rough country is useless. — "An Old Judge of Spaniels" in Land and Water.

CURRENT DOG STORIES.

XXXV.

Sergeant Geo. Osborne, of the Yonkers police, is a noted sportsman. Next week the Sergeant is to take his vacation, and, by dint of much persuasion, he succeeded in borrowing Commissioner P. U. Fowler's hunting dog, a beautiful setter with big brown eyes. It was valued at \$200. Sergeant Osborne proudly led his prize down to the police station, and, after exhibiting him to everybody, went and chained him up in the police stable. That evening one of the policemen brought in a big black dog that had bitten somebody, and tied him up in the stable next to the brown setter. The Captain sat in judgment on the black dog, heard all the details of his crime, and ordered Detective Patsy Quinn to go out and shoot him. Quinn took a revolver and lantern and went out to the barn. The setter had broken loose, and jumped upon him to caress him, whereupon Quinn shot him through the neck, made sure that he was dead, and went back to report that he had killed the vicious brute just in time. Next morning Sergeant Osborne went to the stable and found the beautiful setter lying dead at one end of a broken chain, while the black dog was dancing up and down at the end of another chain, ready to go hunting. The black dog has since died. — N. Y. Sun.

XXXVI.

A good story of a dog's ability to find its way from a strange place to its former home comes from Flat Rock, O. A young farmer named McCauley emigrated from that place to Kansas. He put his goods on the cars at Bellevue, and with them put a

shepherd dog. On his arrival at his destination he drove from the railroad station to his brother's house, the dog following. The team was cared for, and the young man went into the house leaving the dog outside. The next morning the animal could not be found. He wrote back to Ohio to his friends, and mentioned the disappearance of the dog. Three weeks afterward he received a letter announcing the arrival of the dog at its old home. The animal refused, however, to make up with any one, and in a short time died.—*Cincinnati Enquirer*, July 31.

MASTIFFS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I was much pleased to see an article from so distinguished an English authority as M. B. Wynn, Esq., in your last, but I am sure we would have enjoyed an article from him on mastiffs much more than one on deerhounds, as Mr. Wynn is one of the very few mastiff breeders now living who knows anything about the early dogs, their characteristics, breeders, etc. His article on black mastiffs in *Live Stock Journal* would well repay republication, as it opened a flood of light on the great variety of color that has appeared in a race that we are accustomed to think of as only fawn or brindle. It is much to be desired for mastiff interests that the threads of information still existing on this subject should be gathered up and put in permanent shape. We need a "Book on the Mastiff," not a chapter in "Tom Collins on the Dog," but a whole book, and we have at least one English breeder in this country who could add much of value to such a book. W. WADE.

VERONA, Pa., Aug. 1.

TRAINING DOGS ON TAME QUAIL.—Pittsburgh, Pa., July 21.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Inclosed please find \$1 for copy Hammond's "Dog Training." I can verify your remarks by the experience of myself and friends in having dogs "broken" by some professional breakers. They were "broken" indeed. I have an eleven months old puppy, Fauntelroy (Fair Prince—Flirt) that I wish to try to train by Hammond's book. Do you know where I can purchase a pair of quail? It would be inconvenient to go the necessary distance just at this time to find quail enough to give the puppy work.—B. [Your dog should not be allowed to work on quail, or in fact on any bird until his yard education is such that you have him under control. We learned many years ago by sad experience, that birds that have been handled should never be used while training a dog. The olfactory power of hunting dogs is something marvelous, and the taint of human touch upon the bird is as evident to them as is the scent of the bird itself. It is this ability to distinguish the difference between a wild bird and one that has been handled that causes a dog to become unsteady on point to them, and if the practice is continued he will soon fail to point, unless perhaps at sight, and the result will be that he will follow the same course when you take him afield, and you will have a hard task, and may not even then succeed in bringing him back to where he was when you commenced with him.]

SHINER.—The Labrador dog Shiner, which was brought back in the Loch Garry from the Arctic regions, has been lost or stolen from the Brooklyn Navy Yard. The dog was brought home by Lieut. Chambers as a present to Capt. Kirkland, the captain of the yard.

KENNEL NOTES.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Kennel notes are inserted in this column free of charge. To insure publication of notes, correspondents MUST GIVE the following particulars of each animal:

1. Color.
2. Breed.
3. Sex.
4. Age, or
5. Date of birth, of breeding or of death.
6. Name and residence of owner, buyer or seller.
7. Sire, with his sire and dam.
8. Owner of sire.
9. Dam, with her sire and dam.
10. Owner of dam.

All names must be *plainly* written. Communication on one side of paper only, and signed with writer's name.

NAMES CLAIMED.

See instructions at head of this column.
Beppo. By Mr. H. W. Smith, Worcester, Mass., for black, white and tan fox-terrier, age not given, by Mr. W. Tallman's Quickstep out of Apple (A. K. R. 149).

Cherry Blossom II. By Mr. J. A. Doolittle, New Haven, Conn., for liver and white cocker spaniel bitch, whelped July 28, 1884, by his Don (A. K. R. 1309), out of his Cherry Blossom.

Meteorite and Meekness. By Mr. J. W. Munson, St. Louis, Mo., for liver and white pointer dog and bitch, whelped July 19, 1884, by champion Meteor out of his champion Vanity.

Four and a Half. By Mr. J. W. Munson, St. Louis, Mo., for liver and white pointer dog and bitch, whelped July 13, 1884, by champion Meteor out of Flash III (Bang—Pride).

Maxim and Minnie. By Mr. J. W. Munson, St. Louis, Mo., for liver and white pointer dog and bitch, whelped July 25, 1884, by Maxim (Garnet—Jilt) out of Spinaway (Garnet—Kewick).

Duke of Britain. By Mr. Charles F. Corbin, New Britain, Conn., for red and white setter dog, whelped Nov. 5, 1883, by Holt's Sam (Sam—Nell) out of Bailey's Vesta (Dana—Bellevue).

Dandy Lion, Warwick II., Lady B., Countess B. and Lady Lion. By Mr. A. E. Burche, Washington, D. C., for English setters, two white and black ticked dogs, and one black, white and tan and two black and white ticked bitches, whelped May 1, 1884, by Dashing Lion (Dash II. Leda) out of his Victoria (A. K. R. 1338).

Lady Glen. By Mr. George L. Wilms, Jersey City, N. J., for liver and white pointer bitch, whelped June 7, 1884, by Glenmark out of Bessie.

Happy Thoughts, Highflyer, Highlander, Highland Queen, Honey Moon, Hazzi Kirke and Haida. By Mr. H. W. Huntington, Brooklyn, N. Y., for black greyhounds, three dogs and four bitches, whelped July 15, 1884, by his Bouncing Boy (Walton Lad—Cremore) out of his Begonia (Bona a Demon—Bella).

Alma, Alton, Vedette, Anorma, Asphodel and Lorraine. By the Essex Kennel, Andover, Mass., for orange tawny, white with markings, St. Bernard, three dogs and four bitches, whelped July 29, 1884, by Caesar (A. K. R. 22) out of Daphne II. (A. K. R. 489).

Hazelhurst, Honeyuckle, Hopewell, Happy Boy, Harebell, Harlequin, Honey Bee, Handsome Maud and Huntress. By Mr. H. W. Huntington, Brooklyn, N. Y., for one red and five black dogs and one blue and two black bitches, whelped July 15, 1884, by his Bouncing Boy (Walton Lad—Cremore) out of his School Girl (Schofield—Sol-Fa).

Pilot II. By Mr. C. L. Schember, Yonkers, N. Y., for liver and white and ticked cocker spaniel dog, whelped May 20, 1884, by Pilot (Sam—Daisy Dean) out of Beauty (imported Racer—Daisy II.).

Dot. By Mr. F. S. Wetmore, Yonkers, N. Y., for liver cocker spaniel dog, whelped May 20, 1884, by Pilot (Sam—Daisy Dean) out of Beauty (imported Racer—Daisy II.).

Beaumont. By Mr. R. P. Greene, Jersey City, N. J., for lemon and white pointer dog, whelped June 12, 1884, by Glenmark (Kush—Romp) out of Girl (A. K. R. 637).

NAMES CHANGED.

See instructions at head of this column.
Tony Lava Rock to Lava Rock II. Blue belton English setter dog (A. K. R. 201), owned by Mr. M. D. Dewey, New Haven, Conn.

BREDS.

See instructions at head of this column.
Belle—Faust II. Mr. H. Clay Glover's (New York) imported pointer bitch Belle to Faust II. (A. K. R. 606), July 13.

Queenstown—Dan O'Connor. The Milwaukee Kennel Club's Irish water spaniel bitch Queenstown (Barney—Irish Nell) to their imported Dan O'Connor, June 21.

Erin—Dan O'Connor. The Milwaukee Kennel Club's imported Irish water spaniel bitch Erin (Connaught Ranger—Quail II.) to their imported Dan O'Connor, July 4.

Peggy—Dan O'Connor. The Milwaukee Kennel Club's Irish water spaniel bitch Peggy (Dan O'Connor—Irish Nell) to their Dan O'Connor, July 4.

Kate O'Connor—Tim O'Connor. The Milwaukee Kennel Club's Irish water spaniel bitch Kate O'Connor (Dan O'Connor—Irish Nell) to their Tim O'Connor, July 7.

Lyde II.—Fritz. Mr. John Wanstall's pointer bitch Lyde II. (Lyde—Sport) to champion Fritz (A. K. R. 1351), July 29.

St. Kittie—Beaufort. Mr. H. D. Towner's (Nyack, N. Y.) pointer bitch St. Kittie (Gilly's Ranger—White Lilly) to Mr. C. H. Mason's Beaufort (A. K. R. 694), Aug. 5.

Lodin—Hero II. The Ashmont Kennel's (Boston, Mass.) imported mastiff bitch Lodin to their imported Hero II. (A. K. R. 545), July 23.

Oma—Hero II. Mr. Wm. Mellis's (Lucknow, Ont.) mastiff bitch Oma (Pluto—Junio) to the Ashmont Kennel's Hero II. (A. K. R. 545), July 25.

Edna—Bannerman. Dr. L. H. Twaddell's (West Philadelphia, Pa.) beagle bitch Edna to Mr. L. D. Sloan's imported Bannerman, July 7.

Beta—Meteor. Mr. J. W. Munson's (St. Louis, Mo.) imported pointer bitch Beta (Garnet—Sybil) to champion Meteor, July 25.

Joan of Arc—Cambridge. Mr. John Schriak, Jr.'s (Cincinnati, O.) English setter bitch Joan of Arc (Leicester—Pearl) to Cambridge (Gladstone—Clip), July 28.

Dolly Varden—Hero II. The Ashmont Kennel's (Boston, Mass.) mastiff bitch Dolly Varden (A. K. R. 75) to their imported Hero II. (A. K. R. 545), Aug. 2.

WHEELPS.

See instructions at head of this column.
Cherry Blossom. Mr. J. A. Doolittle's (New Haven, Conn.) cocker spaniel bitch Cherry Blossom, July 28, three (one dog), by his Don (A. K. R. 1309); dog since dead.

Gaily. Mr. Howard Hartley's (Pittsburgh, Pa.) English setter bitch Gaily (Hesper—Polly), four (two dogs), by his champion Royal Ranger (Royal IV—Novel).

Daisy Queen. Mr. Howard Hartley's (Pittsburgh, Pa.) English setter bitch Daisy Queen (Rock—Flame), six (four dogs), by his champion Royal Ranger (Royal IV—Novel).

Breda Girl. The Milwaukee Kennel Club's (Milwaukee, Wis.) imported Irish water spaniel bitch Breda Girl (Wallace—Duck), July 24, nine (six dogs), by Kelly's Drake.

Honor Bright. Mr. H. W. Smith's (Worcester, Mass.) black greyhound bitch Honor Bright (A. K. R. 302), July 29, six (three dogs), by champion Friday Night (A. K. R. 302).

Lucia. Mr. D. S. Gregory, Jr.'s, 2d's, pointer bitch Lucia (A. K. R. 209), July 25, eight (three dogs), by Bang Bang (A. K. R. 394); two dogs and one bitch liver and white, the rest lemon and white; one bitch since dead.

Daphne II. The Essex Kennel's (Andover, Mass.) St. Bernard bitch Daphne II. (A. K. R. 489), July 29 eight (three dogs), by imported Caesar (A. K. R. 149).

Lady Mab. Mr. H. C. Miller's (Hudson, N. Y.) pointer bitch Lady Mab (A. K. R. 1044), July 27, eleven, by champion Knickerbocker (A. K. R. 19); two since dead.

Mollie. Mr. H. C. Miller's (Hudson, N. Y.) white bull-terrier bitch Mollie, July 2, seven, by Mr. M. Gifford's Brandy.

School Girl. Mr. H. W. Huntington's (Brooklyn, N. Y.) greyhound bitch School Girl (Schofield—Sol-Fa), July 15, nine (six dogs), by his Bouncing Boy (Walton Lad—Cremore).

Clio. Mr. H. W. Huntington's (Brooklyn, N. Y.) greyhound bitch Clio (Badger—Fan), June 11, eight (five dogs), by his Doubleshot (A. K. R. 78).

Cricket. Mr. Arthur M. Wood's (West Philadelphia, Pa.) beagle bitch Cricket (Bingle—Pitts), July 30, four (three dogs), by Mr. L. D. Sloan's imported Bannerman.

Madge. The Ashmont Kennel's (Boston, Mass.) mastiff bitch Madge (Sultan—Queen), July 25, eleven (four dogs), by their Hero II. (A. K. R. 545).

Flora II. Mr. Charus M. Wray's (Shelter Island) cocker spaniel bitch Flora II. (Snipe—Flora), July 29, seven (five dogs), by Black Prince (A. K. R. 64); four black and three liver.

Begonia. Mr. H. W. Huntington's (Brooklyn, N. Y.) greyhound bitch Begonia (Bona a Demon—Bella), July 15, seven (three dogs), by his Bouncing Boy (Walton Lad—Cremore).

Vanity. Mr. J. W. Munson's (St. Louis, Mo.) imported pointer bitch Vanity (Bang—Pride), July 19, five (two dogs), by champion Meteor.

Spinaway. Mr. J. W. Munson's (St. Louis, Mo.) imported pointer bitch Spinaway (Garnet—Kewick), July 25, seven (five dogs), by Maxim (Garnet—Jilt).

Beauty. Mr. J. H. Rushforth's cocker spaniel bitch Beauty (Racer—Daisy II.), May 20, seven (five dogs), by Mr. C. E. Scott's Pilot (Sam—Daisy Dean).

SALES.

See instructions at head of this column.
Dashing Lion—Victoria whelps. White and black ticked English setters, whelped May 1, 1884, by Mr. A. E. Burche, Washington, D. C., a dog to Mr. J. W. Marsh, Fredericksburg, Va.; a dog to Mr. George W. Moss, Washington, D. C., and a bitch to Mr. James Rogers, same place.

Dandy Lion. White and black ticked English setter dog, whelped May 1, 1884 (Dashing Lion—Victoria), by Mr. A. E. Burche, Washington, D. C., to Dr. Chas. Neilson, Devil's Lake, Dak.

Glenfloss. Black, white and tan English setter bitch (A. K. R. 588), by Mr. T. G. Davey, London, Ont., to the Merrinac Kennel Club, Boston, Mass.

Gaily. Lemon and white pointer bitch, Smos. old (Guy—Grace), by the Clifton Kennel, Jersey City, N. J., to Mr. A. Quick, New York.

Claire. Liver and white ticked pointer bitch, Smos. old, pedigree not given, by Mr. A. E. Burche, Washington, D. C., to Mr. W. H. Hoffmann, Quincy, Ill.

Alma. Black and white-coated St. Bernard bitch (A. K. R. 928), by the Essex Kennel, Andover, Mass., to Mr. J. H. Hinton, New York.

Shandon. Orange and white pointer dog (A. K. R. 702), by the Knickerbocker Kennel Club, Jersey City, N. J., to Mr. W. P. Bowers, Clinton, Mass.

Harmony. Black greyhound bitch, whelped June 11, 1884 (Double-shot, A. K. R. 73—Clio), by Mr. H. W. Huntington, Brooklyn, N. Y., to Mr. C. S. Wixon, Idaho, N. Y.

Dot. Black and white greyhound bitch, whelped June 11, 1884 (Double-shot, A. K. R. 73—Clio), by Mr. H. W. Huntington, Brooklyn, N. Y., to Mr. A. D. Swan, Lawrence, Mass.

Hard Cash. Black greyhound dog, whelped June 11, 1884 (Double-shot, A. K. R. 73—Clio), by Mr. H. W. Huntington, Brooklyn, N. Y., to Mr. W. Blockham, same place.

Pilot II. Liver and white and ticked cocker spaniel dog, whelped May 20, 1884 (Beauty), by Mr. J. H. Rushforth, Yonkers, N. Y., to Mr. C. L. Schember, same place.

Dot. Liver cocker spaniel dog, whelped May 20, 1884 (Pilot—Beauty), by Mr. J. H. Rushforth, Yonkers, N. Y., to Mr. F. S. Wetmore, same place.

Highland Boy and Harefoot. One red and one black greyhound dogs, whelped June 11, 1884 (Double-shot, A. K. R. 73—Clio), by Mr. H. W. Huntington, Brooklyn, N. Y., to Mr. P. F. Coe, Pawtucket, R. I.

PRESENTATIONS.

See instructions at head of this column.
Beppo. Black, white and tan fox-terrier dog, age not given (Quickstep—Nipper, A. K. R. 149), by Mr. H. W. Smith, Worcester, Mass., to Miss Mary E. Bigelow, same place.

Lady Glen. Liver and white pointer bitch, whelped June 7, 1884 (Glenmark—Bessie), by Mr. W. F. Steel, Piermont, N. J., to Mr. Geo. L. Wilms, Jersey City, N. J.

POT LUCK FROM XFCHANGFS.

A "droll dog" is a wag with a funny tale.—*Pittsburgh Chronicle*.

The Charlestown (N. H.) Selectmen have paid bounties on 732 woodchucks this year.

Fashion is said to be a tax imposed by the industry of the poor on the luxuries of the rich. Probably the present fashion of keeping big dogs does not benefit the industry of the poor to a very large extent, but it is certainly a tax imposed by the luxury of the rich on the convenience of everybody else.

A dog who is four feet high and as heavy as a man is no longer a dog—or, at all events, not such an animal as the word dog has usually signified in our language, and the sooner a progressive tax on such animals, raising a shilling for every pound over a stone, is imposed, the better for the revenue and the public. If people who are fashionable wish to inflict their monstrosities upon us let them pay for it, although it seems utterly unreasonable that one class of the community should be allowed to keep brutes that frighten our children, bump up against our wife's dresses, and jostle us off the pavement, for any consideration whatever. In Kensington Gardens, where there is a public notice that no dogs are admitted unless led by a string, I counted some seventy dogs of all sizes on Sunday afternoon in ten minutes, under no control at all, a fact which shows pretty well the view dog-owners take of their responsibilities. To use the words of Horace, a dog-owner "Jura negat sibi nata, nihili non arrogat armis"—that is, a walking-stick if any one comes between him and his dog, or remonstrates in any way.—*Indignant correspondent Pall Mall Gazette*.

ONE IN SEVEN of those insured under the accident policies of the Travelers, of Hartford, Conn., in 1883, was killed or injured by accident, and received cash benefits.—*Adv.*

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

THOMASTON, Conn., July 26.—The weekly shoot to-day was very thinly attended, most of the club members being out of town. Canfield's new badge with a very fine score:

G O Canfield..... 12 12 11 8 11 11 10 10 11—106
G P North..... 7 10 9 9 11 12 8 9 8—87
B W Pease..... 12 8 9 6 7 11 6 11 6—85

BULL'S HEAD RIFLE CLUB, July 31.—Regular weekly shooting, 12-ring target, possible 120: A. Lober 118, G. Zimmerman 117, M. Dwyer 115, C. Keim 113, G. D. Johnson 111, J. Schneider 110, J. Jordan 108, A. M. Hesser 106, S. F. C. Webber 103, J. Campbell 102, D. Loutzki 100, B. Walter 100, J. Shaw 87.—A. Lober, Secretary.

BULL'S HEAD VS. SEPPENFELDT.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Seeing a challenge by Mr. Bird in your last week's edition, I will say that Mr. Gus Zimmerman is willing to shoot Mr. Bird, of the Seppenfelt Rifle Club, 50 shots, target 60yds. distance, open sight, \$25 a side, any time convenient after September 15. Mm and move can be found at the Bull's Head Rifle Club, Twenty-fourth street and Third avenue.—A. Lober, Secretary.

BOSTON, Aug. 2.—There was a good attendance of riflemen at the range at Walnut Hill to-day, and the day proved excellent for the sport, the light being good and a moderate west wind blowing. During the day several members practiced at the ring and man targets to prepare themselves for the coming tournament to be held at Oak Island. Considering it was the shooters' first attempt at the new targets, excellent results were obtained. The ring target has a 12-inch bullseye with 1/4-inch center, surrounded by three-quarter inch rings, counting from 1 to 25. The man target represents the head and shoulders of a man marked by vertical lines half an inch apart, counting from 20 in the center to 1 on the outer edge. Below is the summary of the day:

Creedmoor Prize Match.
E B Souther..... 45454545—46 C B Edwards..... 55445444—44
F W Perkins..... 55554445—46 S E Briggs..... 44454444—44
J Wallace..... 54555444—46 J P Bates..... 34454445—48
C E Berry..... 44554445—45 J A Cobb..... 54444445—42
R Reed..... 44444444—41 J L Lark..... 54444444—41

Creedmoor Practice Match.
C E Berry..... 54454455—45 B Damon..... 43444444—38
J F Parker (Mil.)..... 45444455—42 J A Lark..... 44334444—37
J E Darmoddy (Mil.)..... 44334445—41 J B Low..... 34435334—37
H A Lewis (Mil.)..... 45443334—39

Ring Match.
H Worthing..... 10 10 9 10 10 7 9 10—94
J A Backus..... 6 10 9 9 10 8 10 9—89
J A Halsey..... 10 10 10 10 8 8 7 8—108
J A Lark..... 2 10 9 10 7 8 10 10—85

Ring Target—Possible 350.
C M Jewell..... 33 19 24 30 10 23 19 21—210
G Warren..... 31 20 18 24 25 25 21 13 19—204
R Reed..... 21 15 22 21 20 22 18 22 20—202
J Francis..... 22 18 22 21 23 19 19 15 23—202
J N Frye..... 23 17 20 21 19 18 20 24 18—199

Man Target—Possible 200.
J Francis..... 19 16 20 18 19 15 12 15 18 12—164
R Reed..... 0 19 18 12 20 19 15 16 17—155
G Warren..... 8 12 15 15 16 16 16 17 15—147
C A Hunt..... 16 18 16 16 16 16 16 16 16—137
C E Berry..... 17 20 0 19 14 19 15 16 0—37
H A Lewis..... 18 12 0 18 14 20 11 9 17—129

NEWARK.—The thirty-second annual king shooting festival of the Newark Shooting Society will take place at the Shooting Park, on South Orange avenue, to-day. The shooting, which will begin at 9:30 A. M., will be for members only, and they will shoot at the ring and main targets.

COLORADO.—Carson, July 20.—The Tribune says: "Fourteen men of the Carson Guard averaged 85 3/4, which has never been equaled by a company team in the United States. The ten best men beat the score made in the Inter-State match last year by one point, 873 to 878. Ten men from the Carson Guard also made the following marvelous score at the 200yds. range:

Saffell..... 54555555—48 Heritage..... 44554554—44
Alley..... 54545555—47 Thaxter..... 44455544—43
Lalng..... 54445445—45 Cheney..... 44444545—43
Stewart..... 44445555—44 Cewing..... 44444544—42
Kennedy..... 45444445—44 Borges..... 44455544—42—442

GOVERNOR'S PRIZES.—The N. R. Ave. have established a Governor's Match, to be held each year during the fall meeting. The opening match will take place at the meeting next September on Creedmoor. Each Governor has been invited to contribute a prize, which will be named after him and shot for in this match.

CALIFORNIA.—There is much rivalry in California to beat the record for 100 shots off hand, at 200yds., now held by Lieut. Kuhnle at 437 in the possible 500, and the Shell Mound Park range is occupied each afternoon by ambitious marksmen working up toward a better score.

FOREIGN SHOOTING SCANDAL.—Bremen and Hanover are agitated by the greatest scandal which has ever disgraced their sporting annals. In the recent Bremen rifle competitions the principal prizes were won by M. Wangersheim, a resident of Hamburg, and Mr. Winter, an American. The wonderful regularity and accuracy with which these gentlemen made bullseye scores astonished the native marksmen, who had never witnessed such marvelous shooting. The strangers were envied, and fêted like heroes, and coaxed to make the grand tour of the different prize meetings. They attended the rifle competitions at Hanover on Saturday, and there maintained their reputation as phenomenal marksmen by taking most of the prizes. The scores made on Saturday were so extraordinary as to raise suspicion among some of the defeated contestants, and an investigation was started. This has just resulted in the fact that the big records of both Wangersheim and Winter were obtained by collusion with the targetmen, who had been bribed to assure certain of the prizes to the adventurers. Wangersheim and his targetmen have been arrested, and will be placed on trial for fraudulent practices.—*For. Cor. N. Y. Sun*, July 30.

THE TRAP.

INTERSTATE CLAY-PIGEON TOURNAMENT.

Editor Forest and Stream:
Permit me through your columns to request that the clubs intending to compete in the club-team contests at the above New York City Tournament, Aug. 14, 15, 16, will kindly notify me at once, to enable me to make arrangements accordingly. Entrance fees can be paid the first day of the shoot.

Shortsmen residing in or near New York City are respectfully invited to meet at the office of the undersigned at 3 P. M. on Monday Aug. 11, with the view of organizing a reception committee, designating referees, judges, etc.

It is one of the possibilities of the near future that a team will be selected from the contestants at these tournaments—which call forth a man's nerve as well as his expertise—as an accurate shot—to be sent to England to contest for the international clay-pigeon championship abroad.

J. E. Bloom, 59 Murray street, N. Y. City.

FIELD TRIAL OF SHOOTERS.

THE novelty at the late Chicago clay-pigeon tournament was the so-called Ligovsky "walking match." In this the pigeons were sprung from traps concealed in the field as the shooter advanced toward them. The attempt was made to approximate the conditions of field shooting. The "walking match" was a great success, and called out much favorable comment, especially from the older sportsmen present. We learn that similar matches, only on a moderate scale and so much more nearly approaching the actual condition of real field work, will be shot at the interstate clay-pigeon tournament in this city next week, Aug. 14, 15 and 16.

Ten traps will be placed at irregular points in the field, and the shooter will be required to fire six shots while advancing toward them—six single birds being sprung in succession. If the shooter fires both barrels at one bird, a hit with the second barrel will be scored 1/2. When he has fired both barrels, he will stop, reload his gun and again advance along a general central line. The traps will be arranged in two series or fields of five each; three traps in the first field will be pulled first, and then three traps in the second field, the shooter walking at least 5yds. between the pulling of the first trap of the latter field. The traps to be pulled will be determined by the pool balls and will be the number of steps to be taken by the shooter before the pulling of traps.

For the second field, the number of steps must be counted after the shooter has advanced five steps since firing the third shot. All these numbers will be drawn by a judge and recorded and shown to the puller only, just before or as the shooter goes to the score. Otherwise present rules to govern. This is a system suggested by Mr. J. E. Bloom. It is his opinion that some such means as this is requisite to prolong and retain the interest of the spectator, and that by its use the



SAIL PLAN OF YAWL "WINDWARD."

We publish this week the sail plan of the yawl Windward, the lines of which were given in FOREST AND STREAM of Feb. 7, 1884. The interior plans and description will appear next week.

some force, and the work for first place being very pretty. Guenn took the lead, but near the mark Dot overhauled and passed her, and was soon off on the long run to Buoy 18, with the last of the flood under her in mid channel and a good breeze for a small boat. Guenn came second, then Freak and Psyche, Siren having come to grief, her lugs, borrowed for the occasion, proving too much for her. At Buoy 17, Dot still led, turning at 4:38:15, Guenn being second at 4:44:03. After hauling on the wind, Guenn attempted to reef, but the gear giving way, was unable to do so, and as she could not carry full sail to windward, she made for home, close by. Freak and Psyche rounded soon after, and all came down with the tide, now a strong ebb, the wind being dead ahead. Dot finished first at 5:22:33. Psyche's performance, with new sails, more ballast, and mast stepped in the bows, astonished all, and although one of the oldest boats in the club, she promises to roll up a racing record equal to her cruising one. She was formerly rigged with a jib, the masts being well inboard, but has sailed with balance lugs for several seasons with the masts in the same positions. This season, her mainmast has been shifted a foot further forward, greatly improving her sailing. The full times were as follows:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Meteor.....	2 40 51	Not timed.		
Cruiser.....	2 42 33	4 13 12	1 30 39	1 28 46½
CANOE CLASS.				
Guenn.....	3 00 00	Did not finish.		
Siren.....	3 00 00	Did not finish.		
Dot.....	3 00 00	5 22 33	2 22 33	
Psyche.....	3 00 00	5 33 42	2 33 42	
Freak.....	3 00 00	5 36 25	2 36 25	

CRUISE OF THE YONKERS Y. C.

AN event which many members of the Yonkers Y. C. are pleasantly anticipating is a cruise up the river to Albany. The yachts will spread their white wings early on the morning of Monday, Aug. 18, and sail away for Peekskill, where they will remain over night. The state camp will be visited, and on the following morning the fleet will weigh anchor and continue the cruise to Newburgh, where that night will be spent. Here the fleet will be illuminated with Chinese lanterns and brilliant lights, and a display of fireworks will be made. On Wednesday morning sail will be made for Rondout. For want of a good anchorage no stop will be made at Poughkeepsie, and the inhabitants of the "Queen City" will have to be satisfied with seeing the yachts skim by. On Thursday the prows will be pointed for Hudson, which, wind and water favoring, will be reached early in the day. At this point the fleet will be met and welcomed by the Albany Y. C., and escorted to that city. At the capital city the yachtsmen will be entertained by the Albany club, and in all probability races will be arranged to give relish to the occasion. The yachts which will participate in the cruise will be the Inez, flying Commodore Prime's pennant; Newton P. Quick's Racket, A. W. Serrell's Glance, W. H. McVicar's Spray, J. Howard Clapp's Ella C., Halcyon Skinner's Hawthorne, John Nesbitt's Kitty N., John H.

Thora's Rambler, John Dixon's Little Spray, and J. W. Goodale's Cutty Sark.

Invitations to take part in the cruise have been extended to the Columbia, New Jersey, Harlem, Jersey City and Knickerbocker clubs, and the fleet will be augmented by representatives of those organizations. Some of the invitations have already been accepted and the owners of the steam yacht Elsie V. and the Clarita, of the Columbia Club, have sent word to count them in.

The indications are that the fleet will be a large one, and that the cruise will be in every way a success. The sight of a score of yachts bounding along together through the white caps, or idly moving with the tide, is a novel one up the river, and the yachtsmen will be the sea lions for the time being.

At Albany the fleet will disband, and the sun-browned sailors will return home as best suits their convenience or pleasure.—Yonkers Statesman, July 29.

NEW JERSEY Y. C. OPEN MATCHES.

THE New Jersey Y. C. have issued the following programme for an open match on Oct. 2:

A union regatta over the club course will be held under the auspices of the New Jersey Y. C., on Thursday, Oct. 2, 1884; and hoping to make it an event to be remembered by the numerous yachtsmen in this vicinity, we cordially invite you to co-operate, by entering any and all available yachts and catamarans that will conform with the classification given below.

There will be cash prizes for four classes, as follows: Class A, for catamarans 30ft. and over, \$30; Class B, for all yachts 25ft. and over, \$20; Class C, for all yachts 21ft. and under 25ft., \$25; Class D, for all yachts under 21ft., \$15. The entrance fee will be, for Class A, \$5; Classes B and C, \$3, and Class D, \$2. The starting place will be from Bedloe's Island, and is within easy access of the different clubs in, around and near New York harbor; hence, we have great expectations of their being a large number of boats entered, and of having a very interesting race. Entries are requested to be made at as early a date as possible, and, to insure correct classification, please give the measurement of boats, with name of owner or sailing master, when entry is made. Entries close Sept. 30. Communications addressed to E. A. S. Barkeley, P. O. Box 880, or 25 Park place, New York city, will receive immediate attention. E. W. Ketcham, H. C. Dilworth, E. A. S. Barkeley, Regatta Committee.

The start will be a flying one across an imaginary line between a stakeboat and the dock on Bedloe's Island.

The Course.—For Class A (catamarans) will be to and around buoy on Robbin's Reef, thence to and around Southwest Spit Buoy No. 8½, leaving both on the port hand; returning to westward of Robbin's Reef Buoy and to finish at starting line. For Classes B and C, same as Class A, except to and around Buoy No. 13, off Hoffman's Island in the Lower Bay instead of Buoy No. 8½. For Class D, same as above, except to and around Fort Lafayette, in the Narrows, instead of Buoy No. 13.

The rules governing this regatta will be as follows: Measurement—Length on waterline and one-half the overhang. Time Allowance—Class A, 1 minute; Classes B and C, 2 minutes, and Class D, 1½ min-

utes to a foot. Ballast.—To remain stationary from start to finish. Sails.—Catamarans, jib and mainsail; cutters, jib, mainsail, staysail and working topsail; sloops 30ft. and over, jib, mainsail and working topsail; sloops under 30ft., jib and mainsail; catboats, mainsail only. Crews.—One man to every 5ft., and one additional for a fractional part of 5ft.

OPEN BOAT SAILING.

THE Knickerbocker and Harlem yacht clubs have arranged for an open regatta at Oak Point on Aug. 25, open to all yachts under 35ft. The following prizes will be offered:

First class—Cabin boats, under 35ft.; first prize \$40; second, \$20. Second class—Open jib and mainsail boats, over 25ft. in length; first prize, \$40; second, \$30. Third class—Open jib and mainsail boats, 21 to 25ft. in length; first prize, \$40; second, \$30. Fourth class—Open jib and mainsail boats, under 21ft.; first prize, 25; second, \$15. Fifth class—Catboats, over 20ft.; first prize, \$25; second, \$15. Sixth class—Catboats, 20ft. in length and under; first prize, \$25; second, \$15.

The course for the first four classes will be from Oak Point to and around Fort Schuyler buoy and return twice over. Time allowance, two minutes to the foot. The course for the fifth and sixth classes will be a triangular one sailed twice over, making fifteen miles in all. Time allowance, one and a half minutes to the foot. A pennant is also to be given to the boat making the quickest time over each course, without regard to time allowance. The entrance fee in the first four classes will be \$5, and in the others \$2.50. Entries are to be made to Joe Golding, foot of East 12th street, New York.

The committee is composed of the following gentlemen: Commodore J. W. Thorp, Harlem Y. C.; Commodore G. R. Hobb, Knickerbocker Y. C.; W. R. Morse, James T. Lalor, J. B. Arnold, W. J. Parker, A. Weide, G. R. Rosenquet, Thomas R. Smith and others.

The races are to be started between 11 and 1 o'clock. On Aug. 20, a sweepstakes race will be held at New York, under the following conditions: The start, which will be a flying one, to take place at 12 o'clock, and the race to be sailed over the Centennial place—a distance of about twenty miles—on a time allowance of two minutes to the foot. The yachts entering are to be classified as follows:

First class—Jib and mainsail, 25 to 28ft. in length. Second class—Jib and mainsail, 22 to 25ft. in length. Third class—Jib and mainsail, 19 to 22ft. in length. Fourth class—Jib and mainsail, 19ft. and under. Fifth class—Cat-rigged yachts, 20ft. and under.

Prizes will be awarded the winners in each class, and a valuable special prize is offered by Mr. George Bechtel to the yacht making the best corrected time over the course irrespective of class.

The Regatta Committee are Messrs. Charles A. Kullman, T. Brown, and B. McAloon. The judges will be selected by the boat owners on the morning of the race.

LAKE YACHTING ASSOCIATION.—The race of Wednesday was postponed on account of a calm which prevented a finish. On Thursday it was sailed in a gale which scattered the fleet, bringing several to grief and landing the two cutters, Aileen and Verve, in ahead. The details of the race will appear next week.

ATLANTIC Y. C. CRUISE.

AFTER the blow of Tuesday came a rainy night, which stopped effectually the fireworks and other amusements prepared for the arrival of the fleet at Greenport, and on Wednesday the weather was the same. At 2 P. M., however, it was determined to start for Stonington, and a little later, the Agnes, Haze, Wilful and Wivern, were under way, being followed later on, by Thistle, Viola and Mary O. Stella, who had left the fleet at Thimble Islands, also coming up. With spinnakers set and a west wind, all stood over for Stonington, which was reached at 7:30 P. M.

Here Enterprise, Venture, Tourist and Phantom were found awaiting the others. After a quiet night at anchor a meet was held on board the flagship, at which it was decided to start at 11 A. M. for Newport, and shortly after that hour all were under way. The times of passing the Breakwater were:

Thistle.....	10 44 50	Haze.....	10 45 58
Enterprise.....	10 45 32	Viola.....	10 46 12
Agnes.....	10 45 40	Phantom.....	10 47 50
Wivern.....	10 45 52	Wilful.....	10 48 20
Stella.....	10 45 55	Enterprise.....	10 48 50

The night enterprise and Agnes were the only ones ending with victory for the schooner, after a hard day's sailing. Under the light southwest wind the yachts carried their kites until afternoon, when off Point Judith they were taken in. Agnes was first in, with Enterprise a quarter of an hour behind, the full times being:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Agnes.....	10 44 10	2 43 10	3 57 30
Enterprise.....	10 45 32	3 00 00	4 14 28
Haze.....	10 45 58	3 00 30	4 14 32
Thistle.....	10 44 50	3 00 00	4 15 10
Viola.....	10 46 12	3 05 05	4 18 53
Stella.....	10 45 55	3 15 25	4 29 40
Wivern.....	10 45 52	3 17 05	4 31 13
Phantom.....	10 47 50	3 40 20	4 52 30
Wilful.....	10 48 50	3 57 10	5 08 20

On Friday, the last day of the cruise, a start was made at 10 A. M. for New Bedford, the fleet having diminished to six yachts, the Roamer joining them and making seven. A fresh north wind made a quick run, Roamer being first all the way. The yachts Roamer, Viola, Agnes, Haze, Phantom, Stella and Wilful arrived at New Bedford at about 4 P. M., and on the following day the fleet was disbanded.

AN IMPROVED SHARPIE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

There was a good deal of discussion in your paper last year in reference to the working of the sharpie as the extreme type of shallow boat, and among the disadvantages which were developed in the case of mine was a tendency to steer hard and to yaw badly in going free. I then said that I intended to remove the balance rudder, which seemed to me an abomination, and replace it with one of the ordinary kind, and that in addition I should put on a skag to prevent the difficulty in steering when off the wind. I had these alterations made during the winter, and have tried the boat sufficiently this year to be able to report the result. The change has been a benefit in every way, and now a pleasure boat to do one more comfortable one for shoal water can hardly be imagined. We have had some sailing weather, but she is no more troublesome to handle than any round-bottomed vessel of her size, while she has that contempt for flats and sandbars which is so desirable in most of our inland bays and sounds. She works perfectly. There is a boom on the jib, and she stays all standing even in the lightest air and forges ahead while doing so in a manner that she never did before. Her motor, when we put the helm down she slewed her stern to leeward with a force which would almost toss an unwary mariner off her deck. Now she shoots up into the wind like a framed vessel. Instead of having to throw our whole strength on the wheel, it can be moved with one hand, and a single spoke is ordinarily enough at a time. I will add that the same change has been made with the Ellie, the first large sharpie which was built on this model, and the same beneficial results have followed. I hope, therefore, that the balance rudder is a thing of the past, except for small, cheap flat bottoms, where it works well for the price. It is true that the Hearsease is a little slower than she was last year, but that is due to the fact that we have rather over-balled her, as we expected to do some outside work. She is now so swift that she can carry all sail in half a gale of wind. For speed I should like to see her sail on a sharpie, which has been previously carried. I saw by the FOREST AND STREAM of a past issue that Mr. Frank Osmond had anticipated me in an experiment which I had on my mind, namely, the use of a keel in his sharpie. I understood that he had a keel of 2 ft., which, as his boat was over 70 ft. long, would probably give him quite 130 ft. of keel surface beside the centerboard which she carries so well. I should like to see her gradually go to windward better than any round-bottomed boat of twice her draft. I should like to hear his experience, for results do not always bear out anticipations.

ROBERT B. ROOSEVELT.

HULL Y. C. CHAMPIONSHIP MATCHES.—The forty-third regatta and the first championship race of the Hull Y. C. took place yesterday, and, notwithstanding the light air from the eastward, the race was very interesting, especially in the smaller classes, as they kept well together until the finish. The first class race, of 330 ft., was the Nubius ahead, followed closely by the Lillie. In the second class the Banneret crossed the line first, closely followed by the Transit and Gem; in the third class the Seabird was first, followed by the Saracen and the Thelga close behind. In the fourth class Queen Mab crossed the line first, as usual, followed by the Amy, Joker and Niobe, the Niobe having to recross the line on account of being partly over when the gun was fired. The fifth class race, the Viva, crossed first, followed by Spider, Harriet, Kismet, Spry, Myrtle, Rocket, Scamp, Wildfire, in a bunch. In the sixth class the Mirage crossed first, followed by the Idlewild and E. S. At the buoy off Prince's Head the sixth class caught up with the fifth, and at the buoy off Bumpkin the fifth caught up with the tallenders of the fourth, first one boat leading and then another, the well-changing continually blowing first from the east and then from the north, the wind gradually died out and made it impossible for the boats to return in time, and it was declared no race. No summary can be given, as no time was taken.—South Boston Inquirer, Aug. 3.

A BUSY WEEK.—This week promises to surpass in interest any similar length of time in American yachting, owing to the number and variety of the events. Monday is the opening of the New York Y. C. cruise; Tuesday is the occasion of the Gulet Cup Race, one of the first events of the season; Wednesday will probably see the race from Brenton's Reef to Sandy Hook and return for schooners and sloops; Thursday is the opening day of the American Y. C. cruise and the beginning of steam yacht racing in America; Friday is also devoted to steam yacht racing, and Saturday to boat races between yachts' crews at Newport, while the races for steam yachts of the New York Y. C. for the Bennett Cups will probably take place the last of the week at Newport. The yachts gathered at Newport, including the New York, Atlantic and Eastern, is one of the finest ever collected in our waters, and numbering, as it does, such cracker as Bedouin, Venonah, Fortuna, Mischief, Maggie and Oriva, is one of which American yachtsmen may well be proud.

YACHTS FOR SALE.—We would call attention to the advertisement of Messrs. Burgess, who offer for sale the cutter Maggie, now the property of Mr. Warren, and the schooner Azalea, belonging to Mr. J. M. Forbes. Mr. Warren will build a larger cutter and Mr. Forbes is the owner of the new Harbinger, built last winter.

Canoeing.

CANOES are invited to send us notes and full reports of cruises, club meets, information about canoeable waters, and other communications of interest.

Secretaries of canoe clubs are requested to send to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with name, membership, signals, etc., of their clubs, and also to send in advance of meetings and regattas reports of the same. Canoeists and all interested in canoeing are requested to forward to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with logs of cruises, trips, and information concerning their local waters, drawings or descriptions of boats and fittings, and all items relating to the sport.

TORONTO C. C. SAILING CUP RACE.

THE Toronto C. C. raced for the all-round sailing cup on Saturday, in a single reef breeze, over a triangular course; total distance, miles. Following are the entries and the result:

Mr. F. M. Nicholson's Sadie N.....	1
Mr. Robert Tyson's Isabel.....	2
Mr. John L. Kerr's Ada.....	3
Mr. S. Mason's Whimble.....	4
Mr. Hugh Neilson's Boreas.....	5
Mr. Arthur H. Mason's new canoe.....	6

There was a bad start owing to the signal not being distinctly heard, Sadie N. and Boreas led the fleet for two rounds, keeping close to one another. When rounding the turning mark, a wave threw the Boreas against it, wrenching off her side flap, and placing her at a disadvantage in sailing. Sadie N. then took and kept the lead. Isabel, which had been last at the start, gradually won her way to second place. In order of time Mr. Neilson was third, and Mr. Arthur Mason fourth; but they were ruled out for accidental fouling, leaving the result as above. In addition to the cup, Mr. Nicholson wins a spirit-stove, presented by Mr. Tyson. The time of the three first arrivals at the stakeboat was 37 min., 38½ min., and 39 min., respectively.—Toronto Globe.

HOW TO GET TO THE MEET.

WE copy the following from the Toronto Mail, as it will be of interest to canoeists from Canada and the lakes:

The arrangements for the meet of the American Canoe Association at Grindstone Island, near Gananoque, Thousand Islands, from 1st to 15th August, next, are now complete. The secretary, Dr. C. A. Neid, is in camp on the island, and will be glad to give any information. His address is Clayton, N. Y. Membership fee is \$1.00, and \$1.00 for annual dues.

Railway and steamboat arrangements are as follows: Canada Southern Railway Co.—Fare and one-third for the round trip from any point on their lines to Buffalo, Niagara or Toronto to any other point presenting a certificate, which can be procured from Dr. Neid or myself. Canoes and kits free if ordinary cars will accommodate. Tickets will be on sale from now until August 10, good to return up to August 20.

Northern and Northwestern Railway.—One fair for the round trip on presentation of A. C. A. membership certificate; canoes and kits free.

Canadian Pacific Railway Co. (Ontario Division) and the Grand Trunk Railway Co.—One and a third fare for the round trip on presentation of certificates; canoes and kits free. Tickets good to return up to Aug. 23, inclusive. G. T. R. will issue tickets to Gananoque, Brockville, Kingston or Prescott, as may be desired.

R. & O. Navigation Co.—Single fare for round trip, meals and berths extra; canoes and kits free. The steamer Rupert will carry canoeists and canoes to Clayton and return for \$5. Other steamers and railway lines will generally carry canoeists free, even if they charge full rates for members. Persons not members of the A. C. A. will not be allowed to camp on Delaney's Point. Ice will be supplied to members every morning. Plenty of firewood on hand. A wharf has been built for the use of members. The races take place on the 12th, 13th and 14th of August.

HUGH NEILSON,
Member Executive Committee A. C. A.

A NEW LATEEN RIG.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Among the many ingenious improvements in canoe sailing, I have seen none to equal a late invention by Capt. George Prince, of Boston. The Prince rig consists of a lateen sail suspended between a double mast hinged at the top, with the spreading feet stepped into each side of the boat about one-fifth of her length from the stem. The center of the boom is hooked to the forward deck amidship between the feet of the spreading masts by a pivot hook; the halliards are rove through a single block on the yard and lead up through a fore and aft sheave (b) fitted into the head of the mast, thence down by the starboard mast and aft to cleat. In a large sail the halliard blocks would be double.

It will be seen that this novel plan of a double mast allows the lateen to work as a fore and aft sail when close-hauled, and also as a square-rigged sail with the boom extending equally over each side when going before the wind with yards square. The Prince rig has also a handy contrivance for reefing, which avoids the great objection to the lateen in the matter of shortening sail. By a simple brail-line within reach of the helmsman the sail can be reefed in ten or fifteen seconds. The halliards being also within reach, the sail can be hoisted or lowered without letting go the halyards. In case of a sudden squall, let the halliards go by the run and the yard falls to the deck instantly, the masts and the lifts keeping the yard and all parts of the sail inboard. There is no complicated gear; everything is as simple and effective as any sail can possibly be. I send you herewith a diagram, which will exhibit the novel features of this ingenious contrivance and represent it more completely than any description can do. In the diagram the boat is 14 ft. long by 3 ft. wide; the yard is of bamboo, 18 ft. long; the boom is 14 ft., the leach 14 ft. and the mast 11 ft. above the deck.

- aa—Double mast, hinged at top to block.
- b—Lateen yard, jointed.
- c—Boom, jointed.
- d—Halliards.
- e—Double topping lifts and screweyes.
- f—Reef line.
- g—Mizzen.
- h—Hinges.
- i—Sheave in masthead.

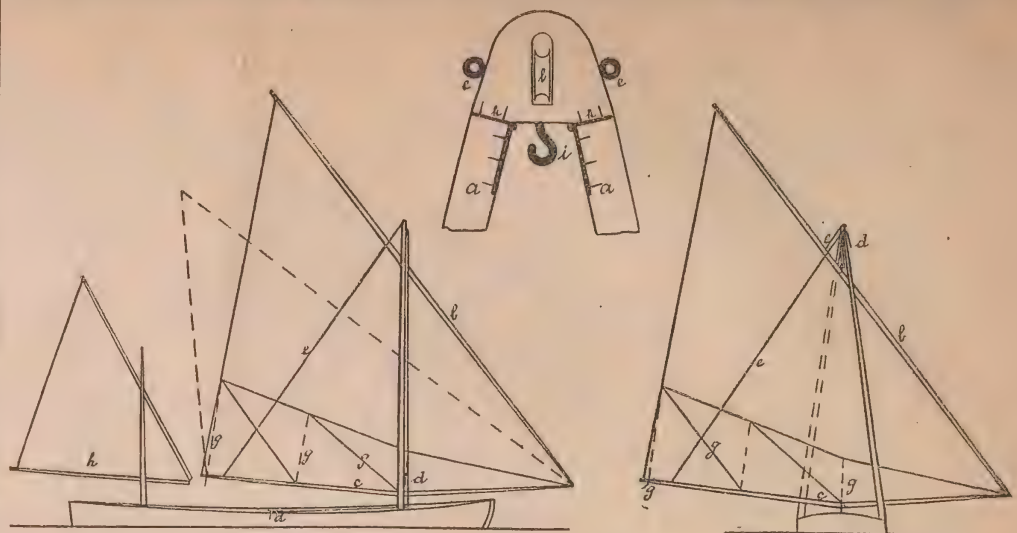
C. J. LAWRENCE.

MOHICAN C. C. CHALLENGE FLAG SAILING RACE.

THE monthly race for the sailing challenge prize and championship, took place Wednesday, July 30, having been postponed from the previous day for want of wind. Wednesday afternoon at 5 o'clock the weather was most propitious, bright and sunny, with a moderate canoe breeze from the south. The course up the river and return was therefore decided upon. The conditions of the race are as follows: Sail limited to 700 sq. ft.; ballast limited to 70 lbs.; course about 3 miles triangular, or to windward and return or equivalent.

The start was made with a one-minute warning, and the five canoes entered crossed the line before the wind, Lasca leading, at 5:28. The entries were: Lasca, Rushton Ellard, Class B, G. H. Thacher, Jr.; Thetis, Lansingburgh, Class B, P. M. Wackerhagen; Snake, Rushton, Class B, R. W. Glosien; Marion, Rushton Grayling, Class A, R. S. Oliver; Annie O., Everson Shadow, Class B, H. L. Thomas. None carried ballast. In the order named they went up the river well together, the Annie O. drawing gradually ahead to third place, and the Snake falling back to the last. The buoy was rounded first by the Lasca, Thetis next, then Annie O., Marion and Snake, all within a few feet interval. On the beat back there was a good deal of variation in the lead, the wind veered occasionally, and gave now one, now another a favorable lift or a set back. Annie O. held her position well during the first tack or two, and then suddenly came to the front. She carried only one lateen of 51½ sq. ft., while all the others had the new reefing mainsail of settee shape, and dandies, and the Lasca and Snake carried 110 sq. ft. in addition.

The Snake was much out of trim, having had to discard her usual dandy and use a borrowed smaller sail to get within the 75 feet. With a lee helm and poor staying qualities she did her best. The Marion showed to great advantage. The wind and water were just to her liking, and she carried her smaller sails (buff) up her 28 inches of beam with a good effect, which was very satisfactory to her crew.



FULL SAIL AND REEF.

PRINCE'S LATEEN RIG.

BEFORE THE WIND.

But the lesson of the race was given by the Annie O. That single lateen could set flatter and eat up closer into the wind than the battened sails, and so long as the steady breeze holds to just the right pressure so that no reefing or furling or other maneuvering is in demand, there is without doubt no smarter sail. It seems that when the boom is hauled in close the yard comes up too, not dragged by the tension of the sail, but pushed up by the leverage of the hinge connection with boom, so that it (the yard) forces the peak up to the wind instead of being dragged by it as is the case when the yard is not directly connected with the boom. This was the Snake's experience at Stony Lake, and is thoroughly confirmed by this event. Theories apart, the fact was that the Annie O. came in first, crossing the line at 6:14. Thetis second at 6:14:30. Then an interesting combination occurred. The Snake on the starboard tack met the Marion on the port tack, both close-hauled and very near to the line, and right abeam on the port side of the Marion came Lasca. It was as nearly as possible an even possibility as to which should get third place, except that the Snake had the right of way. But the Marion could not go about unless the Lasca should do so first, and Lasca did not see the Snake or the situation quickly enough, so, all being in a bunch and a collision imminent, the Snake luffed up and retired to the rear. Lasca crossed third at 6:15:40, Marion 6:15:42 and Snake at 6:16.

From start to finish the race was extremely close and exciting, and served to show that unless the weather is heavy, a limited sail area is a good way to handicap the bigger boats and give all sizes and rigs an opportunity to compare merits. And it has warned us not to forget altogether our old friend, the lateen. Why cannot it be made to reef in a practical manner?

RACINE CANOES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Will some of the owners of the Racine boats give me their opinions as to the best boat of that manufacture for all around work in lake and river, with any suggestions as to alteration in rigging, etc.?

And has it not been found that they are capable of carrying more canvas than is shown in their catalogues? I would like to see more articles on this subject in your columns, and no doubt there are many canoeists who could give valuable suggestions for the benefit of those of us who contemplate purchasing a canoe. F. S. C.

THE GALLEY FIRE.

CANOE AND CAMP COOKERY.

CHOWDER AND FISH.

TO make the chowder, you will want the following ingredients: One-half a peck of clams in the shell, one quart of potatoes thinly sliced, a two-inch cube of fat salt pork, two onions, one teaspoonful of salt, one-half a teaspoonful of white pepper, one large tablespoonful of butter, one quart of milk, two eggs, eight or ten butter crackers. Clams in the shell are always better for chowder, as in opening them yourself you save all the clam liquor. Dip and wash your clams to get all the sand from the shells, washing them in salt water. Open them by steaming, put them in a large kettle with half a cup of water, just enough to keep those on the bottom of the kettle from burning, and set them over the fire. When the clams have opened take them out with a skimmer, and when they are cool enough to handle, take the clams from the shell, remove the thin skin, cut off all the hard black end, and cut the "leather strap" as the connecting membrane is called, into small pieces, leaving the soft part whole. Use an old pair of scissors to cut the clams open, and pour off carefully. Use half water and half clam liquor for the chowder. Cut the pork into very small bits, and fry; remove the scraps, then fry the onions, which have been thinly sliced, in the hot fat; add the clam liquor and water, and when this is boiling, put in the potatoes, which shall have been peeled, sliced, and soaked in cold water. When the potatoes are tender, add the seasonings, and the clams. When the clams are hot—boiling would harden them—put in the hot milk and crackers, and just before serving, after the kettle is off from the fire, add the eggs well beaten.

Whatever else you may forget in selecting your camp stores, don't forget a good supply of crackers, cheese and chocolate. Crackers are easily carried, always ready, and enter largely into the composition of a good variety of dishes. They are a necessity for a chowder. Butter crackers are good for nearly every purpose, but from the endless variety now made every taste may be suited. Cheese contains all the elements of food but starch, and that the crackers supply; so, if you have crackers and cheese in plenty, you will not starve, no matter what else you lack. Except for those who have some weakness or idiosyncrasy of the digestive organs, cheese is nourishing and healthful. A little of it will satisfy the cravings of hunger, and give force and strength sufficient for hard work or protracted fasting. Chocolate also has wonderful sustaining power, and a cake of sweetened chocolate is a good traveling companion.

One of the favorite modes of treating fish, especially the salt-water fish, cod and haddock, is to make it into a chowder, as that is easily done, and is a palatable dish to most persons. To make a successful chowder, clean thoroughly and skin the fish; as the average weight is about five pounds, the proportions given are for a fish of that size. Remove the bone and cut into small pieces. Pare and slice one quart of potatoes and put them to soak in cold water. Fry four slices of fat salt pork, cut into fine squares, in the bottom of the kettle in which the chowder is to be made. Then add the fish, slowly fried until the fat is all out of the pork and it is crisp and brown, but great care must be taken not to let it burn, as all the work will have to be done over again, since the chowder would be spoiled by the scorched taste which would communicate itself to the whole dish. Skin out the pieces of crisp pork and put into the hot fat two onions sliced, and an old pair of scissors to cut the onions together with the fat. Add one tablespoonful of salt, one-half a teaspoonful of pepper, and a tablespoonful of butter. After seasoning in this manner, put in the fish and cook eight minutes. Add one quart of hot milk, and one heaping tablespoonful of flour wet in cold water; if you happen to have a small saucepan with you, which you can set over the fire, you may cook the flour and water together by melting the butter, and when it is bubbling stir in the flour until it is perfectly smooth before adding it to the chowder, or, if you prefer, you may omit the flour altogether, and add two eggs, which should be well beaten and added to the chowder after it has been taken from the fire. This makes the dish more delicate than when it is thickened with flour, although a hungry party would not disdain it, which is the way it was cooked for my dinner before the chowder and served with the chowder. At home or in camp, this chowder or the clam chowder is a great success.—Boston Herald.

A CANOE ACCIDENT.—Accidents to canoeists have been very few, especially as so many young boys are interested in the sport. The following account of a fatal one, copied from the Cork, Ireland, Constitution, only shows that young children should not be trusted alone on the water. "A very sad accident occurred to-day in the river

off the gas works and the Lime Kiln Point. A canoe containing two brothers, Cecil and Louis Platt, sons of J. J. Platt, United States Consul for the Port of Cork, was upset and Louis was drowned. These two young gentlemen, from the information that can be gathered, started on a little sailing expedition some time after 11 o'clock in what appears to have been a badly constructed canoe, measuring in length eight feet and not more than nineteen inches wide. In this frail craft a mast was erected, and a sail about the size of a large pocket handkerchief was attached thereto by a miniature yard. Having embarked, the occupants used the paddle as a steering apparatus; but it appears, although no person actually saw the accident, that the canoe became unmanageable and the squally northwest wind which was blowing at the time took effect on the sail that was set and cap-sized the tiny craft, precipitating the two occupants into the water. The boat must have immediately righted itself again as, fortunately for the survivor, a laborer who was working in a field not far from the river where the fatal event occurred, saw the canoe upright, but deep in the water, as if she had been half full. This laborer, named McCarthy, noticed that there was no one in her, and saw two caps floating in the water close by. He immediately with another man, named Flanagan, proceeded to the strand, and there saw floating five or six yards from the shore a body, which proved to be Cecil Platt, aged six years. McCarthy waded to the apparently lifeless lad, and after bringing him on shore, discovered life, and soon after, with the valuable assistance rendered by Mrs. Curtis, the child's condition improved, every want being supplied at Mr. Donaldson's residence, where Mr. Downing quickly arrived. The little fellow is now progressing favorably. A diligent search was instituted for the elder brother, who was aged nine years, which proved futile until half past one o'clock, which would be about an hour and a half after the occurrence, when Head Constable Courtenay and a party while searching in a boat discovered the body lying in six feet of water. The lifeless remains were at once taken home to the bereaved family. It is needless to add that the most heartfelt sympathy is felt for Mr. and Mrs. Platt by the inhabitant of the town.

DOWN THE RICHELIEU.—Ex-Commodore Alden, the father of American canoeing, has returned with his party from his nineteenth personally-conducted tour down the Richelieu. For danger and

thrilling incidents this voyage rivals the other eighteen, but thanks to the skill, experience and personal bravery of their leader, the party, which consisted of Messrs. Stevens, Messiter and Morse, reached home safely. The question has lately been asked by many whether the results of the Greely exhibition were worth what they cost in hardship and privation, and the same question may be asked in regard to these cruises. Valuable as the results must be to science, the dangers incurred by the venturesome cruisers are too great, and we hope that next season their friends will persuade them to choose a less perilous route.

THE A. C. A. CAMP.—Canoeists are arriving from all points, and many are now in camp. Pittsburgh and Warren, Penn.; Hartford, Conn.; Springfield, Mass.; New York city and Rochester, N. Y., and Peterboro, Deseronto and Brockville, Canada, all have delegates. The New York C. C. left on the 3d via New York, Ontario & Western Railway.

CHICAGO C. C.—The races set for July 26 were postponed on account of a heavy storm which prevailed during the day.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

N. N., Philadelphia.—Write to Chas. Gilchrist, Port Hope, Ontario.

M. M. S., Excelsior, Pa.—1. Suckers will not take bait. 2. We believe it to be. 3. We know of no book that will instruct you how to train pigeons for the trap.

H. W. A., Pottsville, Pa.—Will you please let me know where I can obtain a lot of young trout for stocking a stream and how? Ans. Write to James Annin, Caledonia, N. Y.

B. T. S., Rock City.—Please inform me of the best work on fish hatchery and trout raising, and where to get them and how? Ans. Get "Domesticated Trout," by Livingston Stone, price \$3. We can furnish it.

B., Concord, Mass.—Can you tell me whether the party that usually goes west on a special hunting car from Worcester is a strictly private one or is there a chance for an outsider? Ans. We believe

that the party is not what you probably mean as a "strictly private" one. Write to Jerome Marble, Worcester, Mass., the manager of the company.

MITCHELL.—The fish sent for identification is the trigger fish (*Balistes*), so called because of the trigger-like arrangement of its spinous fin ray. It is common in tropical parts of the Atlantic and occasionally visits our coast in summer.

J. T. McK., Albany.—Do you know of any physicians in Iowa or Nebraska that are fond of sport that would be inclined to give a brother a few days good shooting during his vacation in August. Ans. We presume that there are many such, but must confess inability to name them.

AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHER, Detroit, Mich.—In your issue of March 29, you have an article on amateur photography and give formula for developer. Please give me information in regard to mixing the chemicals to make developer. 1. Whether hot or cold water is used. 2. If filtered. 3. What scale is used. 4. You say 90 parts, 200 parts, etc., is this weight or measure? Ans. 1. Cold water. 2. Not necessary to filter. 3. Apothecary weight, proportion as follows: In one bottle, 16 drams pure carbonate of potash, 4½ ounces of water. In another bottle, 4 drams pyrogallie acid, 1 1-12 ounces of sulphite of soda, ¼ dram citric acid, 2 ounces water. 4. Take from 40 to 60 drops of each to 3 ounces cold water, soak your plate in cold water for from 3 to 5 minutes, then pour it off and apply the developer.

SUSQUEHANNA, Wrightsville, Pa.—Which is preferable for carrying loaded shells in the field and over hills, a belt or a vest? Give your reasons. Which is the proper way of crimping shells? Is it generally done by hand, if so, please give me instructions to perform this properly. Ans. 1. We prefer a vest; it distributes the weight more easily. One is apt to tire of the belt before the long day's tramp; and sometimes we have known it to lead to colds in the region of the waist. 2. Paper shells may be crimped by pressing in the ends by hand; but there are numerous simple mechanical contrivances which crimp much faster, more rapidly and better than can be done by hand. Instructions for their use accompany the machines which are to be seen in the gun stores and are described in the catalogues of sporting goods dealers.

HUMPHREYS' HOMEOPATHIC VETERINARY SPECIFICS

OR THE CURE OF ALL DISEASES OF HORSES, CATTLE, SHEEP, DOGS, HOGS, AND POULTRY.

FOR TWENTY YEARS Humphreys' Homeopathic Veterinary Specifics have been used by Farmers, Stock Breeders, Livery Stable and Turfmen, Horse Railroads, Manufacturers, Coal Mine Companies, Trains, Hippodromes and Menageries, and others handling stock, with perfect success.

Humphreys' Veterinary Manual, (\$39 pp.) sent free by mail on receipt of price, 50 cents.

109 Fulton Street, New York.

NERVOUS DEBILITY HUMPHREYS' Vital Weakness and Prostration from over-work or indiscretion, HOMEOPATHIC SPECIFIC No. 28, full remedy known. Price \$1 per vial, or 5 vials and large vial of powder for \$5, sent post-free on receipt of price. Humphreys' Homeo. Med. Co., Illust. Catalogue free, 109 Fulton St., N. Y.

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We have given particular attention this season to the manufacture of Rods, etc., for Maine fishing, and we have taken great pains to obtain the most KILLING FLIES for the different waters in that State, including the celebrated patterns of the late LORENZO PROUTY.

We also beg to call the attention of sportsmen to our new light-weight Fishing Jackets, made of a new and absolutely waterproof material. Price \$7.00.

If your dealer does not keep our goods in stock, or will not order them for you, send us 50 cents for our 180-page illustrated catalogue.

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Manufacturers of

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Calls the attention of the trade and dealers in fishing tackle to his extensive assortment of Valencia Silk Worm Gut in all grades, long and extra long, and from Extra Heavy Salmon Gut to Extra Fine. Sample thousand, 10 different grades, from extra heavy to fine, \$5.00. For price list address

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OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

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Our new Franklin Bat cannot be surpassed. Price \$5.50. We are sole makers of the regulation Ball, adopted by the U. S. N. L. T. Association, April 5, 1881, and by the Intercollegiate L. T. Association May 7, 1881. The Playing Rules of Lawn Tennis, with complete catalogue of our popular goods, by mail, 10c. stamps. PECK & SNYDER, 123, 125, 130 Nassau st., N. Y.

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Harrison's Celebrated Fish Hook.

Registered.



Whereas, It having come to our notice that some unprincipled house, to gain their own unworthy ends, and to attempt to damage our good name having spread reports to the effect that the manufacturers of the above hooks are defunct, we now take this opportunity of informing the American and British public that such reports are utterly false. The same efficient staff of workpeople is employed as heretofore, and we challenge the world to produce a fish hook for excellence of temper, beauty and finish in any way to approach ours, which are to be obtained from the most respectable wholesale houses in the trade. Signed, E. HARRISON, BARTLETT & CO., Sole manufacturers of Harrison's Celebrated Fish Hooks, Redditch, England.

Manufacturers also of Fishing Tackle of every description. Sewing and Sewing Machine Needles.

Eaton's Rust Preventor.

For GUNS, CUTLERY and SURGICAL INSTRUMENTS. Specially adapted for salt water shooting. For sale at all principal gun stores. Western trade supplied by E. E. EATON, 53 State street, Chicago, Ill. Cannot be sent by mail. Manufactured solely by

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Brass Multiplying Reels with Balance Handles, first quality and fine finish, 75ft., \$1.25; 150ft., \$1.50; 240ft., \$1.75; 300ft., \$2.00; 450ft., \$2.25; 600ft., \$2.50. Any of the above Reels with Drags, 25 cts. extra; nickel plated; 50 cts. extra. Brass Click Reels, 20yds., 50 cts.; 30yds., 75 cts.; 60yds., \$1.00; nickel plated, 50 cts. extra. Marsters' celebrated Hooks snelled on gut, Limerick, Kirby Limerick, Sproat, Carlisle, Chestertown, O'Shaughnessy, Kinsey, Aberdeen, Sneak Bent, and all other hooks. Single gut, 12 cts. per doz.; double, 20 cts. per doz.; treble, 30 cts. per doz.; put up one-half dozen in a package. Single Gut Trout and Black Bass Leaders, 1yd., 5 cts.; 2yds., 10 cts.; 3yds., 15 cts. Double Twisted Leaders, 3 length, 5 cts.; treble twisted, 3 length, 10 cts. Trout Flies, 50 cts. per doz. Black Bass Flies, \$1.00 per doz. Trout and Black Bass Bait Rods, 9ft. long, \$1.25 to \$3.00. Trout and Black Bass Fly Rods, 10ft. long, \$1.50 to \$10.00. Also forty-eight different styles of rods for all kinds of fishing. Samples of hooks, leaders, etc., sent by mail on receipt of price in money or stamp. Send stamp for catalogue.

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Patent "Perfect" Brass Shells,

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KYNOCH & CO., Birmingham, Eng.

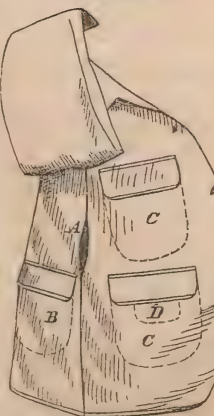
These shells are made of extra fine thin pliable metal, with reinforced base; are adapted to either Winchester or Wesson No. 2 primers. Can be reloaded as often as any of the thicker makes. Cost only about half as much. Weight less than paper shells. They shoot stronger and closer, and admit of a heavier charge, as owing to the thin metal, inside diameter is nearly two gauges larger. Load same as a brass shell, using wads say two sizes larger than gauge of shells. Or can be effectively crimped with tool and straighten out to original shape when discharged. The crimping tool also acts as a reducer, an advantage which will be appreciated by all experienced sportsmen. Sample shells will be mailed (without charge) to any sportsmen's club or dealer, and prices quoted to the trade only. For sale in any quantity by gun dealers generally, or shells in case lots only, (2,000), and crimpers not less than one dozen, by

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GUNNING COAT.

INSIDE.



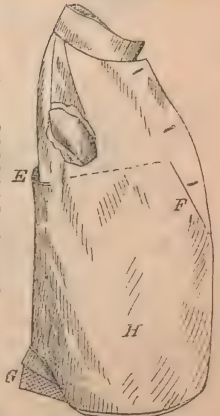
Edge of game pocket turned up to show the net bottom, which permits ventilation, drip and distention. Right and left sides alike.

Corduroy Coat.....\$10 00
" Vest..... 3 00
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Sent everywhere in the United States on receipt of price.

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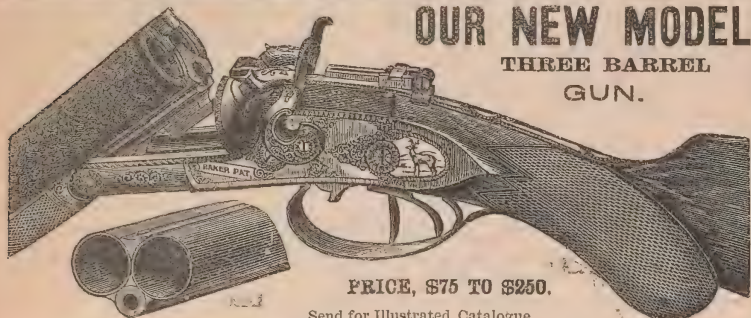


A—Openings to game pocket.
B—Pockets for empty shells.
C—Pockets for loaded shells.
D—Pockets for caps, etc.
E—Exit from game pocket.
F—Entrances to game pocket.
G—Net bottom game pocket.
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Brass Multiplying Reels with balance handles, first quality and fine finish. 75ft., \$1.00; 120ft., \$1.25; 180ft., \$1.50; 240ft., \$1.75; 300ft., \$2.00; 450ft., \$2.25; 600ft., \$2.50; 750ft., \$2.75; 900ft., \$3.00. Nickel plating and Drags extra. Brass Chick Reels, 25yds., 50 cts.; 40yds., 75 cts.; 60yds., 55 cents.; 80yds., \$1.00. Kiffe's Celebrated Hooks-nelled on gut. Single gut, 13 cts. per doz.; double, 20 cts. per doz.; treble, 30 cts. per doz. Single Gut Trout and Black Bass Leaders, 1yd., 5 cts.; 2yds., 10 cts.; 3yds., 15 cts. Double Twisted Leaders, 3 length, 5 cts.; 4 length, 10 cts.; treble, 3 length, 10 cts.; 4 length, 15 cts.; extra heavy 4-ply, 4 length, 25 cts. Trout Flies, 50 cts. per doz.; Black Bass Flies, \$1.00 per doz. Samples of our goods sent by mail or express on receipt of price. SEND FOR PRICE LIST.

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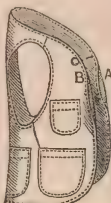
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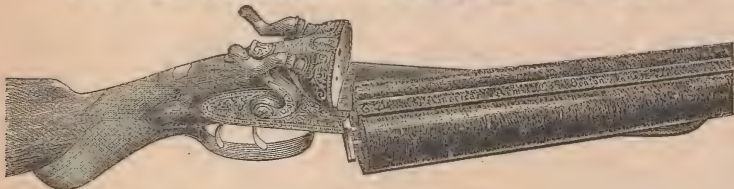
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No. A 1, Barnard Canvas Shooting Coat,	\$5 00
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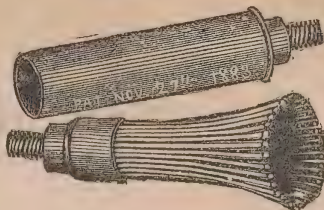
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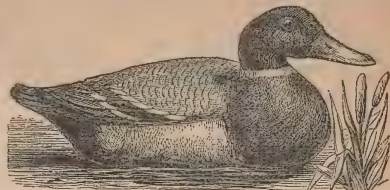
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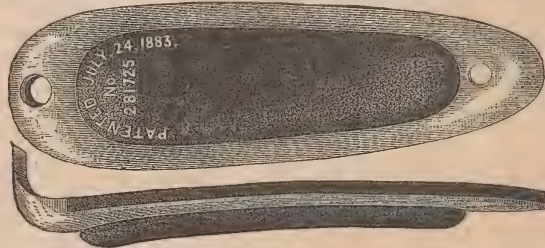
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And Horse & Stable Requisites of all Kinds.
57 & 59 WARREN STREET, NEW YORK.

Elastic Heel-Plate for Shotguns, Hunting & Military Rifles



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Were awarded Three Silver Medals and the highest special prize—10 Sovereigns. Noted for excellence more than numbers. This is the highest prize awarded to any American for Split Bamboo Rods.

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Send for list with Massachusetts Fish and Game Laws.

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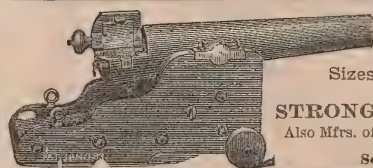
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FOREST AND STREAM.

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NEW YORK, AUGUST 14, 1884.

VOL. XXIII.—No. 3.
Nos. 39 & 40 PARK ROW, NEW YORK.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. Communications upon the subjects to which its pages are devoted are respectfully invited. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. No name will be published except with writer's consent. The Editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

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Nos. 39 and 40 PARK ROW.

NEW YORK CITY.

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SOME OF THE CHEAP GUNS.

FROM certain sections of the country there is a constant demand for cheap guns, and the country shopkeeper meets this demand by keeping a rackful of the most wonderful-looking weapons. To those who can appreciate and have the ability to buy a really good and serviceable arm these stocked and locked gas pipes are looked upon with the utmost contempt. Half-grown lads, farm hands, and in the South negroes old and young are great buyers of these so-called shotguns, and are very proud, indeed, in the possession of them. There are—comparatively—few accidents resulting from their use, since there is in some classes of these arms a liberal margin of strength in the make-up, and those who get them prize them sufficiently to bestow good care upon them. The high prices of powder and shot also act as checks on any overloading.

They are used in an indiscriminate banging away at pretty much every living thing in the air above or the earth beneath, from a woodchuck to a deer, a humming bird to a hawk—everything with life in it and out of arm's reach gets a charge of shot. In not a few instances they may be of real service, and a sport-loving farmer's lad may make himself very useful in bringing down troublesome crows. There is no doubt that some good work is occasionally got out of these very cheap weapons. Those who own and use them get the hang of their peculiarities, learn just how much the "old thing" is out of true, and how far away from the object aimed at to hold in order to make a telling hit. It may be, too, that there are many instances where a permanent love for field sports has been implanted in a man's nature through the possession and use of one of these things of little cost.

There is much to be said in favor of these much-ridiculed arms. They fill a space in the economy of sport which would otherwise remain a gap. There is nothing to take the place of them, and they can no more be stamped out by rule and ridicule than the small boy with his simple fishing tackle can be forced to step out of existence to make room for the more scientific angler. The boy cannot afford a better tackle than he uses, yet he has the instinct of sport strong and

fresh, and he very properly gratifies it. So it is with the blunderbus gunner. He does not get the weapon merely to gratify a killing desire, but he feels the passion for field sport strong within him, and goes to the extent of his purse in its gratification.

The question is asked again and again as to where this seemingly endless supply of cheap shotguns comes from. Uncle Sam is the provider of a great many of them. The immense stock of a half million Springfield muskets which had been turned out during the war was upon the hands of the Government when the war ceased. There was much red tape tied about them, and many years elapsed before any steps were taken toward their disposition. They were of the old style muzzleloading .58-caliber pattern, and, of course, had become obsolete beside the breechloading rifles with metallic cartridges then coming into use. An attempt to sell them outright showed that the best price which could be realized was about \$1.50 per arm. There were parts of the arm, however, which it was found could be used in the manufacture of the new model breechloader, and that the value of those parts, added to what could be got for the remaining parts when sold, put the old arm at a value of \$4 to the Government. This led to the dismantling of the arms. Gradually as the force at the armory could be spared for the work, and from time to time sales of the discarded barrels, stocks and scrap have thrown a supply of raw material into the hands of the outside makers of cheap shotguns. The process of conversion is a cheap and rapid one. The barrel is rebored, a cheap lock is added, or the old one refurbished, and with a coat of varnish over the stock the thing is ready for a purchaser who may not have more than \$2 or \$3 in his pocket. A free-trade system would enable the supply of these cheap weapons to be kept up indefinitely from the Belgian workshop. There the low wages paid to workmen and the inferior quality of the material bring in that element of cheapness which the second character of the raw material now makes for the transmuted Springfield. There is no fear that the cheap guns will crowd out the better and more expensive class of weapons. They fill an entirely different want, go to an entirely different part of the community, and both will be found in the market so long as the sport instinct appears in poor and rich.

And then the guileless person who uses one of the cheap guns rarely knows whether he is shooting an old musket barrel worked over, or a pot-metal arm of destruction, every pull of the trigger of which jeopard's his life.

THE DIFFERENCE.

IN our last number was published a communication from a San Jose (Ill.) correspondent who told of having once in a swamp pasture killed fifty-one snipe in an hour and a half; and also spoke of a man who had, by shooting at quail huddled on the ground, killed twenty-one of them in three shots. We are in receipt of a communication from a Lynn (Mass.) correspondent, in reference to these Illinois incidents and asking:

Will you or some of your readers tell me the difference between shooting twenty-one quail at three shots and fifty-one snipe in one hour and a half? And why is the man who does one called the "pot-hunter" and the other "sportsman?"

No, we cannot explain the difference. It is altogether a matter of sentiment; and to awaken dormant sentiment in a man's heart, or to instill it if lacking, is a task that requires time. If our correspondent does not for himself appreciate the difference between a raking shot at a bunch of quail on the ground and open shooting at twisting snipe in the air, it can hardly be described so that he will at once recognize it. But there is hope for him, if, as we presume, he is a new reader of the FOREST AND STREAM. Let him scan its pages carefully, learning the lessons here and there taught by its scores of bright correspondents, and reflecting on what he reads. Then, some happy day, he may rise to a plane of thought when stopping short in mid-air the zigzag flight of the deceptive scolopax will appear to him a little more elevated and becoming style of amusement than it is to rest his gun on a fence and "cut loose" at a bunched bevy of quail in a furrow; or, if his fancy inclines to fin instead of feather, he may realize that it is far better to catch one bass with the fly than a dozen in a net.

POLITICAL.—They were discussing the situation, in one of the Catskill Mountain trout pools the other day, and all the little fishes had gathered around the oldest inhabitant to catch the wisdom that exuded from his gills. "Which way are you going to vote?" they asked him. "Here goes for Arthur," was the reply; and the President smiled as he added one more plump fish to his creel.

THE STARVING PIEGANS.—When the story came of the terrible fate of the Greely party amid Arctic desolation, the whole civilized world was thrilled with horror and pity; report after report comes of the starving condition of the Piegan Indians at the Blackfeet Agency, in Montana, and precious little attention any one seems to pay to it. When the statement of their desperate condition was made last June, we personally communicated with President Arthur, at Washington, asking that immediate relief should be given to the famished wretches. In reply, July 2, came word that the matter would have "the personal attention of the Secretary of the Interior." Nothing more was heard, until last week a dispatch was published in the papers saying that the Board of Trade of Helena, Montana, had telegraphed a petition to the Secretary of the Interior for the relief of these same Indians, who, despite contrary reports, were actually starving. Has the Secretary of the Interior given this his "personal attention," and if so, what does that mean? Is it the deliberately adopted policy and purpose of the Government officials to rid the land of these Indians by penning them up to starve to death?

A LESSON FROM SWITZERLAND.—It is a pretty story that comes to us from Switzerland, and not without its moral. The threatened exhaustion of the chamois some time ago was so imminent that the government wisely enacted laws for the protection of the animals which have from time immemorial posed in picturesque attitudes to delight the mountain tourist. By this law certain well-defined districts were set apart for the chamois, and to kill them was positively forbidden for a number of years. The result has been that the chamois have increased and multiplied, and no longer dismayed by the attack of the skin pirate, have become so tame as to sometimes even venture into the villages and towns. The tourists are, of course, delighted with such an attraction, and the people are well pleased, for all this means more silver to jingle in their pockets.

SOUTHERN SPORTSMEN'S ASSOCIATION.—A number of New Orleans sportsmen met in that city Aug. 4 and organized the Southern Sportsmen's Association. The purpose is announced to be "the protection of game and fish by proper laws in this and adjoining States, and the enforcement thereof, the encouragement of breeding sporting dogs and the holding of an annual field trial for that end," etc. The officers elected were: Mr. N. D. Wallace, president; Mr. J. K. Renaud, secretary; Messrs. F. H. Watson, James Buckley, A. M. Bickham, A. M. Ancoin and Richard Fotscher, governing committee. Thirty members were enrolled, and it is expected that many more will be added from Louisiana and the adjoining States. The annual field trials, hunt, dinner, etc., will be given by the new association.

THE CALIFORNIA STATE SPORTSMEN'S ASSOCIATION has issued a circular of inquiries addressed to residents of different portions of the State, with a view to securing data for the forming of a suitable game law. This is a sensible proceeding. The plan is one that might be imitated by others with profit. In many ways the California society has given proof of its energy and determination, and we are glad to know that it is accomplishing the tasks it was organized to perform.

GAME REPORTS.—We shall be glad to receive for publication reports upon the game supply for the fall shooting, and such notes of desirable localities and the routes to them as our friends may be willing to send to us for the benefit of readers. There are always many sportsmen on the lookout for shooting grounds. Some want quail, some woodcock, some ruffed grouse and others prairie chickens, and then there is the man who is anxious to kill his deer or moose.

WE HEAR A GREAT DEAL about the true sportsman, but it is the untrue sportsman who makes the biggest bags.

FOREST AND STREAM FABLES.

A WIDOWED Woodduck swimming forlorn beneath the Trees that overhung the Stream, beheld, thereon a Robin, a Bluebird and a Starling, all mourning as sadly as she. Asking each the cause of her sorrow, they all replied that their Mates had been shot by a Naturalist. "You should not mourn, my Friends," said the Woodduck, "but rather be thankful that your Partners were not slain as wantonly as mine, who was killed only to fill some one's Stomach, while yours have died to aid the cause of Science." But the silly little Birds were not comforted by her words, and continued to mourn, saying it mattered little to them why they had been robbed of Happiness, and the World despoiled of so much Beauty and Song.

The Sportsman Tourist.

HUNTING IN THE HIMALAYAS.

Lights and Shades of an Indian Forester's Life.—II.

MY camp had been pitched nearly two months at Lak-kah, spring had passed into summer, the snow line had retreated to its impassable limit, leaving a rich emerald girdle between the topmost belt of timber and the eternal snow, and once only, for a few days, had the race instinct impelled me to breast the steep mountain's side with the object of killing something; but that I had not wholly dreamed away my time my garden was a sufficient voucher. Although not large, it was well stocked and everything growing vigorously. My flower beds, too, inclosed with rock work, were beginning to bloom, and around the whole camp there was an air of comfort and civilization such as the wayfarer would hardly look for at the camping ground of a man who had no guarantee that he would return the next season. As a rule, I had given two days a week to the inspection of timber operations, and for the rest my mornings had been devoted to office work, the afternoon, from 4 o'clock until dusk, to my garden, and the evening to my books. I had cast many wistful glances to the emerald tableland towering high above the opposite bank of the river, but I had persuaded myself to wait a little longer, while the muttons were putting a little more fat underneath their skins; but now the middle of June had arrived, I felt an inexhaustible store of energy within me, a restless desire to expend some of it. My work was well forward, the river was covered with sawn ties drifting idly down the broad, comparatively smooth surface in front of my camp. There was nothing, in fact, to deter me, so I summoned the village headman and made arrangements for fifteen coolies to start the following Monday (this was on Saturday). The time suited the villagers—it was between seed time and harvest—there was nothing but weeding and hoeing, and that was women's work.

I had got through my office work early this morning, and as soon as my visitor had departed, I got out my shooting irons, and finding them all in order I set to work to fill a stock of cartridges, a work on which I was busily engaged when my bearah appeared before me all aglow with excitement and announced "*Sahib log atiah hai!*" (There are European gentlemen approaching). Giving the order for breakfast—it was then about 11—I set off to meet the travelers, and had not gone far before they were in sight. A few words let me know that one was C. of the Forty-second Highlanders, the other M. of the Thirty-first Native Infantry, who had taken two months furlough, and instead of spending it in the pleasant dissipation of some hill station, had pushed on to my camp, bent on devoting their holiday to *la chasse*. They were both subalterns, both Scotch, and likely-looking men for mountain climbing, and being by no means a jealous sportsman, I gave them a right cordial welcome.

A few minutes' walk brought us to the camp, and selecting a place for their tents, we turned into mine. The table was already cleared and laid for breakfast; my bearah, who knew his duty, was ready, corkscrew in hand, and over a rich foaming glass of Bass, conversation became animated and unceasing, until the mutton chops and curry and rice divided our attentions. My preparations fell in admirably with their advent; the Zemindar, who knew he would be wanted, was in waiting, and getting his orders for all the available force at his command, the rest of the day was spent in preparations, the travelers being by no means sorry to make a day of rest of the intervening Sunday.

They had come in light marching order, but the ascent up the mountain's side was somewhat different from traveling on the made road, and although some of the stoutest mountaineers could breast it with fifty pounds on their back, I knew that our requirements would necessitate all the cretins and half idiots of the village being pressed into our service, so I made my own marching camp as light as was consistent with my notions of comfort, and by 8 o'clock on Monday morning, we were ready for a start with a week's requirements for ourselves, and, of course, food supplies for the villagers.

"I don't see any game up there this morning," said M., after taking in the tableland with his glass. I smiled—it looked so near—the river was not nearly half a mile wide at the spot, then came a belt of timber and the tableland immediately above it. "This is no Scotch Ben, M.," said I, "that you can press right up it without letting a sob confess your toil; three hours hence you will have a better idea of distances in these mountain wilds." The loads were soon adjusted, not without some display of temper on the part of the few cretins, and marching through the village, where all the women, children and dogs turned out to greet us, we soon gained the bridge, which was thrown across at the extremity of the Lacca valley, where the river narrowed down suddenly to fifty yards. Here we paused a minute to watch the ties, as they were one after the other drawn down by the under current, to reappear a hundred yards below, rising end foremost with a force that lifted them nearly their whole length out of the water. Then skirting the Ganges in silence for a mile, for its deafening roar rendered conversation impossible, we came to a spot where two giant boulders spanned the whole river so that it might be crossed at that season dry-footed at forty feet above the rapids, although two months later the floods from the melting snows would roll over them.

We now turned aside from the river and breasted the mountain, the village headman leading the way. The road was steep, but there was a well-defined pathway, the laying out of which had been the work of generations. Leave it and you would soon find yourself before some impassable face of rock, but by keeping on it the worst pinches were negotiable with the aid of tree roots and grass tufts. Sometimes we mounted through belts of hardwood, until, crossing the saddle of a spur, we found ourselves suddenly in a pine forest; by and by we found the undergrowth consisted largely of black currants, the fruit not yet ripe; higher still the path led through dense growths of hill bamboo, the best stalks of which made capital light fishing-rods; but what Nature meant by growing them above an icy river with no fish, I have not yet determined. Higher and higher we mounted. The hours slipped by, but higher and higher still the forest seemed to rise above us, until at last, glowing with perspiration and panting with the toil, we entered the birch belt, and soon saw light breaking through the trunks of the trees. A few hundred yards more and we stand on the limits of timber vegetation and throw ourselves down on the rich emerald sward, for emerald it is, as a whole, although diversified by myriads of wild flowers of every hue; but it is no flat tableland, it still ascends at a pretty stiff slope as far as the eye can reach. The coolies were not far behind, and

instructing the Zemindar, or headman, and one of my servants, who had kept with us, to select a camping ground within a hundred yards of the forest, and close to water, we lighted our pipes and listened to the distant roar of the Ganges some three thousand five hundred feet below. We had had a pretty arduous march of about eight miles, which we covered in three hours. The coolies were all up by noon, and while the camp was being pitched, a cold breakfast, with Bass's pyramid brand, was served and discussed, and after the coolies had partaken of a frugal meal, the best of them were as impatient as we to commence business.

We toiled up the ascent about a mile together, stopping at every hundred yards to take breath, for at 14,000 feet above the sea it is heavy work toiling up hill on a full stomach, but after the first mile we felt easier. Here we came to a halt on the edge of the tableland, which not being timbered on the southern slope, was the favorite resort of the goats and muttons of the region. A short discussion settled the question of the campaign. The coolies, of whom ten were with us, were sent down the slope with instructions to drop one man at every hundred yards, and then beat across in the direction we were heading, in the hopes that the game, if sprung, would work upward. While this was being arranged we skirted the precipice for another quarter of a mile, when we came to a halt, and both M. and C. electing to go forward, I was stationed here, and telling the other two not to station themselves more than a quarter of a mile apart, I dropped the cartridges into my rifle—a double-barrel 10-bore, shooting round ball—and stood on the alert. Soon the hallooing of the coolies was borne on my ear, and they gradually came nearer and crossed below my standpoint, not in line, the roughness of the steep side of the precipice forbade that, but at different points from a quarter of a mile to a mile below me. Presently I heard a shot on my left, and looking around suddenly, saw a serow* within twenty-five yards, coming over the edge of the tableland right down on me. He saw me at the same instant, and as he swerved sharply around and gave me a broadside, I fired. I heard the thud and saw the muscles twitch, but the beast bounded on for about a hundred yards, and then turning head down the precipice I saw him disappear headlong. The coolies heard the shot, saw the blind downward plunge, and some ten minutes later a shout came up letting me know that they had found the kill nearly a mile down.

Two distant shots fell faintly on my ear, and after a minute's interval, a third. Taking my field glasses I glanced from crag to crag, but saw nothing until just in the act of lowering them I thought I saw some dark specks in motion. Readjusting the glasses I was just able to make out a herd of ter (pronounce tare) sweeping over a point nearly a mile away; so leaving the coolies to deal with the serow, I pushed forward to the next station, whence I caught a distant glimpse of all heading for C.'s post, for which I also pushed on. Here I found the two in exciting debate over the ter. M. had seen them first heading up the mountain so as to reach the tableland between him and C., and as they passed him at little over a hundred yards (as he thought), and were then disappearing down the edge of a ravine, he could not resist the temptation, and fired, instead of going along the tableland and catching them at close quarters as they came up. Descending to the spot at which he last saw them, he found it over three hundred yards, and, seeing no blood, climbed up the steep and had just reached the tableland when he heard C.'s shots, and pushed on to be in at the death. He found C. in no enviable frame of mind. After M.'s shot he saw the herd cross his path some four or five hundred yards below, but apparently they disappeared down a ravine, which they followed up to the table land, coming out on C.'s flank. C., unsuspecting their proximity, was engaged in whispered conversation with the Zemindar, when the latter sprang to his feet crying, "Fire, Sahib, fire!" Some thirty yards on C.'s left was a narrow ridge, and as he turned he saw a score of ter turning tail on him. Bang, bang! and they had all disappeared. Reaching the spot they found a deep ravine, down which they saw the herd plunging at a hundred yards off, and C. put in another shot but without effect. Meantime the Zemindar had detected a drop of blood on a blade of grass, and although there were no further traces, he pronounced a hit, and had gone down the ravine. I was listening to the account when a shout came up from below, and we all started down the steep ravine, and guided by shouting, succeeded after some breakneck hazards in reaching him, to find that he had disemboweled and was now cutting up a young buck ter. He had seen no more blood he told us until he came on the dead beast. C.'s snap-shot had entered the bulseye in the middle of the white under the tail, and cutting through the lungs had lodged in the neck, so that all the bleeding was internal. Cutting the beast into quarters, which must have been fully twenty-five pounds each, we started on our return home, but before we had negotiated two hundred yards, I called a council and proposed leaving three quarters behind us for the coolies to fetch on the morrow. The proposal secured a ready assent, and we again set forward, each of us burdened with his rifle and the Zemindar with a hindquarter of ter. We kept as near a level course as possible, and came out where I had shot the serow, and sat down to rest and fill our pipes. "What would you take," I asked M. and C., "to go back now and fetch each his quarter?" There was no need for answer. Carrying our rifles in our left along a slope sometimes of sixty degrees, we had needed our right to grasp a tuft of grass at every step.

Reaching the camp, we found that the serow, which must have weighed over 250 pounds as he fell, had been cut up into loads for each man, and now the whole camp was round eager for its apportionment. The flesh is coarse, but makes a good soup, so telling my khansama to keep the head and half a leg for that purpose, I gave the Zemindar control of the balance. There was a good 175 pounds between 25 coolies, or 7 pounds apiece including bones, and although they had tasted no flesh for months, they had barely picked the last bones by daylight, but they had sat or lain round the camp-fire and cooked and eaten at intervals the whole night.

The morning was chilly, a hoar frost was on the ground, and it was no slight luxury to turn round in bed and find hot coffee and eggs and toast, but having thus fortified our inner men we were ready for the field before the sun was half an hour high. We took sixteen men with us, exclusive of the Zemindar, and marched in a body to where we had left our game; it was undisturbed, and telling four men to take the three quarters and head to the camp, we pushed on toward the snows, the herbage becoming scantier and the country more broken as we advanced. The field glasses were constantly in requisition, and at length a flock of goorgal or

mountain sheep were made out a full mile off. "It will take us more than an hour to stalk them," said the Zemindar after taking in all their bearings, "but they will not move far until afternoon." We went down a ravine for some distance, clambered up its precipitous side, over the ridge, across another ravine, then along a steep slope for nearly a mile, then across another ravine, which we had to descend a long way before we could breast its steep side, then over the ridge and down into another ravine, which the Zemindar told us we had only to follow up to come on our muttons. Bidding us rest a while before we commenced the ascent, he took another man with him and climbed up the opposite ridge to try to get a view of the game, and as he peered over the crest I saw from his motions that he had sighted other game, but from the absence of caution I could infer that that, too, was at some distance. He then turned and looked up and across the ravine for those we had just sighted, and pointed them out to his companion. Returning, he informed us that our flock was grazing quietly about half a mile up on the left bank of the ravine looking upward, that there was another flock not very far off, and two large male ter in a cavernous rock at no great distance down the mountain. A council of war was held, and we determined to divide our forces. C. and M., taking eight of the coolies, went up the ravine, and I, taking the Zemindar and the other four coolies, went for the ter, with the understanding that after shooting, with whatever results, we would return to where we then were, and to make assurance doubly sure I had the lunch basket left there.

Mounting the ridge with my party, I could just make out two dark spots on a ledge of rock about half a mile off in a bee line. There was another ravine at my feet, the opposite ridge of which curved away in the direction of the ter. Crossing this ravine to the opposite ridge, we followed it down some distance until it terminated abruptly with a sheer descent of a hundred yards, and from this point I had a clear view of the ter, but they were still two hundred yards off. Lying down with face downward, with a man holding me by each foot, for the incline was stiff, I drew a steady bead on one of the beasts; but at that moment I heard distant firing, echoing and re-echoing from hill to hill. As it subsided, I again leveled my rifle, but at the moment I did so I thought I saw something move right below me. Taking my eye from the rifle, and peering down, I saw two brown bears, which had just walked leisurely into my range of vision. Lowering my rifle, I succeeded with some difficulty in getting my shoulder far enough forward to bring the sights in line with one of the bears; but I did it all leisurely, for there was no fear of anything disturbing the bear until I did, and was again about to pull the trigger when I saw that I had the two-hundred-yard sight up. While adjusting this, both beasts unfortunately turned heads toward me, and I saw that if they made another step or two they would be too far under me for even a perpendicular shot; so, getting the saddle of one quickly in line, I fired. There was a fearful growling and swearing, and as the smoke cleared away I saw the two bears fighting tooth and claw. I got in the other barrel and saw one of them fall, and the next moment I saw one running and the other rolling down the incline. Both disappeared, but satisfied that one was hard hit, I told the men to draw me back, and, getting on my feet, I told the Zemindar to take my rifle and three men and go after the skin, while I smoked a pipe and waited progress. I kept my No. 12 smoothbore with me, and dropped a couple of ball cartridges into it for an emergency. The party had to make a considerable detour to get down, but in about a quarter of an hour I heard a shot right under me, then a shout, which meant victory, and in another hour I caught sight of them returning with the skin, which they carried by turns in a kilt (the basket strapped to the shoulders, so often seen in Holland and some parts of Germany). They soon joined us and reported that the bear had rolled down about fifty feet, where he disappeared, and on examining the skin they found that he had stopped both balls, the first on his haunch and the second through his shoulder.

We then started for the trysting place, and on nearing the last ledge saw a man on the lookout for us, and knew that the others were there before us. "What luck?" they shouted, as we hove in sight, and the cheery tone of the inquiry implied that they were in a satisfactory position to answer the same question. They had bagged a couple of goorgal in prime condition.

Mutual congratulations were followed with all the details which we discussed with our lunch, the Bass serving the double purpose of washing down the viands and keeping our tongues wagging. C. and M.—as they told their story—had worked up to near the herd, when they sat down panting and breathless, and let one of the men climb the bank to mark the exact whereabouts of the flock; the mountaineer just raised his eyes above the bank and ducked instantly, and returning cautiously, told them to walk just one hundred yards further when, climbing the side of the ravine, they could get a close shot. As soon as they had sufficiently recovered their breath, M. proposed that on reaching the top, he would count one, two, three, low but distinctly, and in even time, and both having their rifles at the present, shout fire as the "three" was uttered. On coming to the top they raised their heads, and there within twenty yards of them, was the flock of muttons staring at them preparatory to a scamper. They forgot the one, two, three, and both fired as fast as they could throw their rifles to their shoulders. The next instant the flock was in motion, and the second barrels being discharged at about fifty yards, one beast was seen to drop behind with a broken leg. Reloading, they started in pursuit, and being breathless at the end of a hundred yards, and the wounded beast having come to a stand, they fired two more rounds at him, dropping him at the second round. By this time the flock had reached the foot of a bare, rocky peak, and as they sprang up it from ledge to ledge, one of the coolies saw a mutton miss his spring and fall, and on going up it was found that he had been shot in the flank, probably at the first discharge. This was an old ram with a splendid pair of horns, but the ball having gone clean through, they were unable to decide to whom the trophy should belong. As M. had fired shell, and C. a spherical ball, the problem presented no difficulty; but as I was not called on for a decision, I made no comment.

Lunch over and our pipes lighted, we once more turned our faces homeward or rather campward. Being considerably above the level of the camp, the mountaineers made a down hill course of it the whole way, but we Britishers with our shooting boots, preferred striking upward to the table land where we could set our feet down flat; the four men with the bear skin preferred the same course, so bidding the main body of the coolies keep their eyes open if they heard a shot, we set out on our march. The tableland was soon gained close to the snow limit, and seeing a covey of snow

* A large antelope with horns rarely exceeding ten inches.

† The chamois of the Himalayas. An old male in good condition will weigh nearly 200 pounds.

partridges on the wing, we watched them down, and taking our smoothbores we went after them, put them up and got in a right and left, dropping five birds, four of which fell to our first barrels. They were in good condition and the plumage, although not gorgeous, like that of the moonal and silver pheasants of the region, was prettily marked; the skins are rare, too, and little known, so I determined to preserve them. Here at the eternal snow limit at fifteen thousand feet above the sea level, we paused to take in the most splendid prospect our eyes had ever feasted on. Behind us were the mountain peaks wrapped in their pure white mantles of snow, below us was the Ganges looking like a rivulet as it wound through the broad expanse above Lacca, and visible above for short stretches over twenty miles of its course; the village of Lacca, and another village four miles below, could be made out with our glasses, but the distance was too great to distinguish life or motion even with their aid, but the grandeur of the scene was before us. Far away across the Ganges, perhaps fifteen miles in a bee line to the nearest point, towered the white peaks of the snowy range visible for a stretch of fifty miles, the eastward peaks far over the borders of Tibet. As we stood, the distant roar of an avalanche smote on our ears, but we could not fix its locality with our glasses. Solemn grandeur was the predominating characteristic of the solitudes, and the occasional rumbling of the avalanche as its roar re-echoed from peak to peak, was in as perfect harmony with the scene as the subdued incessant murmur of the brawling Ganges.

Retracing our steps, we found the men with the bear skin awaiting us, and again set out at a good steady course. A couple of miles were passed without seeing anything, when one of the mountaineers directed our attention to a burrell, or wild goat, standing on the very edge of a perpendicular cliff about two hundred and fifty yards distant. "Oh, what a splendid shot!" cried M., and both he and C. hastened to recover their rifles. "Take steady aim," said I, adjusting my field glass. Bang! bang! and then the report went echoing from cliff to cliff. I saw one shot strike some feet too low, and turned to ask what sight they had up, but at that moment they emptied their second barrels. The little beast looked round and then, before they could reload, he had disappeared. "What sights did you put up?" I asked. Both had used the 100-yard sight the first shot, but C. had put up the 150-yard sight for the second.

We saw nothing more on the way home, which we reached about 4 o'clock, the coolies coming in more than an hour later. One of the mutons was reserved for our own table and for our three servants, who had given strict injunctions to the Zemindar that whatever was shot should have its throat cut while still alive, which I hope was done; the other was handed over to the Zemindar with the other hind quarter of ter, and the sun went down again on general preparations for feasting. Seated round the camp-fire at night in calm digestion of the loin of ter which the rhanaman had roasted on a spit before a bright log fire and served up with fitting accompaniment, plans were discussed for the morrow. Neither of them had ever shot or seen a musk deer, so it was decided to give the next day to the quest of these little animals.

CAMP LAR KAH, Upper Ganges, Northwest Provinces, India.

ABOUT RATTLESNAKES.

IT was during the early day, of the autumn of 18— that our hunting party, consisting of half a dozen, had pitched camp at the foot of North Mountain in Augusta county, Va.

Although a majority of the party hunted upon temperance principles, there were several individuals among the number who could not "look upon the wine when it is red" without a hankering to swallow some of it. One among these soakers was Billy S., whose spasmodic attempts to get sober had, on several and sundry occasions, resulted in his seeing more uncanny things than were dreamed of in Horatio's philosophy. On the present occasion, however, Billy had sobered up sufficiently to ride out to his appointed stand, which was upon a spur of the mountain, and above those of the other members of the hunt. Old Nat G. and Shep M. were chosen as drivers for the day, whose business it was to take the pack by a circuitous route up near to the summit of the mountain, so as to drive the deer down toward the standers.

Now it so happened that they did not strike a single trail before reaching the bench in the spur where Billy had been directed to take his stand, and consequently they came upon him unaware of their approach. Their astonishment may be imagined at the tableau that came in sight. There was Billy, like old Mother Goose's little man, jumping up "with all his might and main" as if skipping an imaginary rope twirled by invisible hands. Up and down he went, up and down, and with a slight rotary motion so that he faced in a different direction after each leap. His eyes were intently fixed upon the ground, his hat had fallen off, and above his flushed face covered with great beads of perspiration, his long hair was tossing at every jump like the thick mane of a bucking instang.

"Poor fellow," said old Nat, as they halted unseen by Billy, but so near that they could hear his quick pantings from the effects of the terrible exercise. "Poor fellow, he's got 'em bad this time, sure."

"Yes," said Shep, "and he will certainly kill himself if he keeps up that foolishness much longer."

"Who would have thought he could have kept it up even so long as we've been looking at him?" said Nat.

"And jump so high," said Shep, "he must get off terra firma about three feet at every pop."

"Must a been a bouncer at playing leap-frog," said Nat.

At this stage of the performance Billy, in his turnings, became aware of the presence of his visitors, and when his feet next touched the earth, his mouth open to its widest extent, he sung out "Snake!" at the top of his register.

The knowledge that he had an audience did not, however, change the programme or check the performance. Again and again he went up and again and again he came down, only it seemed like Anteus, to renew his vitality from the touch of mother earth, while, like unto Poe's raven, his vocabulary appeared to be very limited, as the only sound that came out of his mouth was "snake."

"Poor fellow," repeated old Nat, "he's got one in his boots this time, certain." But as he spoke Billy suddenly made an end of his rope-skipping and, throwing up his gun to his shoulder, he let loose both barrels in quick succession, fortunately not in the direction of Nat and Shep. No sooner, however, did they witness this new turn in Billy's madness than, standing not upon the order of their going, they put spurs to their horses and did not pull up until beyond the furthest range of his howitzer. Then, after holding a council of war, they determined to flank his position, and returned to camp to advise with the other mem-

bers of the party as to the best means of capturing poor Billy. Reaching camp, their horns soon called in those whose stands were nearest, and to them Nat related the facts as above stated. "Poor fellow," said Nat, "we must all go up and surround him, and before he can unlimber his artillery and let loose on us, Texas Jack here must noose him with that cow rope of his'n." This was, of course, agreed upon as the best plan for preventing Billy doing any harm to the others of the party, and for restoring him to his family.

But the best laid plans of men and mice, etc. Before Jack could secure his lariat, Billy, to our great relief and astonishment, was seen riding slowly toward camp, to all appearances duly sober and "clothed in his proper mind." We all therefore waited in silence for his nearer approach to unravel the mystery.

Riding up he addressed old Nat with, "Look here, old man, what made you and Shep try to break your necks getting away when I shot that snake this morning?"

"Shot that snake; thunder!" said old Nat. "How the devil could you shoot a snake when you had him in your boots?"

A revelation of the cause of the precipitate flight of Nat and Shep flashed upon Billy, so with a laugh he went on to explain. "I called to you," he said, "soon as I fired, that I had killed him, but I had just as well have hollered to that signal staff up on Elliott's Knob." Then turning to the rest of us he continued the relation, how after hitching his horse he had looked around and chosen a location for taking his stand. No sooner, however, had he taken his selected position than up from out of the short grass, from somewhere, but from what direction, how far off, how near, he could not tell, there came the deadly, shivering, jar-fly music of a rattlesnake's tail.

Some of the readers of FOREST AND STREAM have doubtless heard that same awful scattato, and stopped suddenly with uplifted foot, uncertain whence came the sound, whether from far or near, above or below. Now from here, now from there, it seems to come, but ever that same quick, icy rattle that comes we know from a quivering tail that is vibrating above a dark yellowish diamond-marked coil, from whose center rises a broad, flattened arrow-shaped head, with pitiless eyes—still, motionless, impassive as death itself.

Only those who have once felt themselves in the power of this rightly called *Crotalus horridus*, can appreciate poor Billy's feelings. Twice have I felt myself in their deadly power. Upon one occasion while attempting to steal upon a feeding deer, a slight rustling noise drew my eyes to the ground. There, coiled in my path, he lay with raised head and motionless tail, and with his glassy eyes looking up into mine as I stooped above him. Fortunately instead of being placed upon, my boot slid under him, and I could feel the heavy pressure of his coiled body upon the unprotected instep. Without loss of presence of mind, I lowered the muzzle of my rifle in front of his uplifted head for the purpose of attracting his attention, and then quickly withdrawing my foot, I stepped backward out of danger. Upon another occasion, while hunting through a level woodland, I mounted upon a great fallen gum tree for the purpose of getting a better view of surroundings. Having satisfied myself that there was no game within the range of my rifle, I started to step down on the opposite side to that on which I had approached it, and only after losing my balance did I look down to see the place where my foot would fall. A glance showed me that I was about stepping into the coils of two enormous rattlesnakes. The situation instantaneously flashed upon me. I saw that it was out of my power then to step over and beyond them, and that my only chance was to draw in my foot, now almost resting upon their heads, and place it upon the ground between their coiled bodies and the log upon which I had been standing. Fortunately there was sufficient space for doing this. My next stride was of necessity over them. I was conscious of my hair going up, and of making some involuntary exclamation as I went over, for I was certain I would feel the sharp sting of their inch-long fangs as I did so. A few steps of course placed me out of danger and my fright went as quickly as it had come, so offering a sincere prayer to *le bon Dieu* for my escape from what I had considered certain death, I aligned their heads and dispatched them with a single shot. I have since had some compunctions in regard to that deed. Had I reflected a moment I think I would have called to mind Uncle Toby's address to the fly and have let them go unharmed. I have of course had many other close shaves, as every one who lives and hunts in a rattlesnake infested country must of necessity have, but these were the only times that I am aware of being helplessly in their power.

But I must let Billy finish his story. "I knew that music," he continued, "soon as I heard it, for 'twasn't the first time I had ever heard one of them varments winding up his pizen mill. But where he was for the life of me I couldn't tell. I thought at first that he was right behind me, and I faced about pretty quick, I tell you. Then the music seemed to come from the other side, and I 'bout faced again. Then it sounded like it was right down between my legs, and I began to jump right straight up. By that time I had got right smart excited, not to call it skeered. I couldn't stay on the ground to save me, and I think I must have jumped about five feet high every leap when I first began to practice. But when I first saw old Nat and Shep I had been dancing to that snake-tail music about half an hour, and I don't think I was then making a rise of more'n about three feet. At last, however, I got a glimpse of the opera off in the grass about twenty-five feet from me, and I let him have both barrels, and hollered to old Nat that I had killed him; but 'twas devil take the hindmost with him and Shep, and as I said before, I had just as well hollered to that signal post up there on Elliott's Knob." And Billy waved his hand up in the direction of the summit of North Mountain, and joined in the general laugh that followed this explanation of his mysterious conduct.

YAZOO RIVER, MISS.

IN THE PREVENTION OF FOREST FIRES, the *Northwestern Lumberman* says that "The greatest difficulty in the prosecution of such a work [greater than the collection and burning of brush, tops, etc., left by lumbering, or of fallen limbs and trees in an unworked forest, both of which it thinks should be enforced by law in all cases where the land joins woods owned by other parties] would be from wind-falls. It would seem sometimes as if nature stepped in to hasten the coming of the flames. Swarms, of such dimensions as only the elements can mow, are cut through the forests by the wind, and for miles and miles every tree of decent size is laid flat. These windfalls are prolific of intense forest fires, and they have been the starting point of some of the worst fires on record." It would seem that the loggers should, if possible, give the clearing of such a wind-fall precedence over all other work.

PODGERS CRUISES ALONGSHORE.—II.

BLOCK ISLAND.—My letter terminated as I was about taking the steamer from New London to Block Island. Getting on board I found a large party of excursionists from Worcester, Norwich, etc., and as usual lots of spoon couples. After leaving the wharf I cast about for a quiet corner for a comfortable smoke, but wherever I went I found the feminine element in possession; from bow to stern they were ensconced in every nook and corner. Men apparently had no rights that they respected; and wherever I essayed to smoke some female face was puckered up in disgust, and frequent remarks about gentlemen smoking in ladies' presence were made loud enough to be, as intended, audible to the smoker. I could find no place that females had not taken possession of.

There was considerable of an old swell on, and some young swells succumbed; and couples that were very much on the spoon order at starting seemed sadly indifferent to each other, and sought different parts of the ship from which to contemplate sadly the waste of waters as they wasted their breakfasts.

We touched at Fisher's Island to land a "kit" of mackerel and a box of yellow soap. The man that received it on the wharf stood in great need of the latter article, and there must have been a corner in the soap market prevailing all summer. A fine hotel seemed nearly empty; not surprising, when more attractive places are experiencing a dearth of visitors. Fisher's Island is not exactly the place one would choose for natural attractions. It might suit those who sought solitude and a peaceful neighborhood.

There were no boats at the wharf, and that was enough to condemn the place. Where there are no boats there can be nothing to interest. Hauling in our gangway plank, we continued on to Block Island, arriving there about noon. Here things seem more alive, and the hotels are more or less prosperous; the Ocean View being nearly full, and very lively. The location is charming, and the view of the sea from any and all of the Block Island hotels is uninterrupted; in fact, there is nothing in the way of trees or foliage to obstruct the view in any direction. Why there are no trees on Block Island is a conundrum I wish to ask, unless it arises from the indifference and carelessness of the residents. The island has been settled for a hundred years or more and not a shade tree graces this part and portion of the island, and on going up to an elevation and looking in every direction none are seen. If it had trees and shade, no place could be more attractive; but, as it is, it is open to the full glare of the noonday sun, and when not tempered by the breeze it is about as hot a place as one that can't be mentioned in polite society.

There is one thing to be said for the Block Islanders, their hotels and homes all look neat and clean, and having a commission to look up rooms for a friend and family, I visited many places where the stranger is taken, which includes nearly every house on the north side of the island, and the universal neatness and thrifty New England housekeeping was refreshing to see. Without distinction the private houses where a few people can be accommodated are just what many people seek, real cosy, comfortable country homes with good wholesome food, and especially fresh vegetables and nicely cooked. Accidentally I dropped down at Mitchell's cottage, and it realized the city man's longing for good country board. The beds are sweet and clean, the cooking excellent, nice fresh milk and home-made butter, vegetables right fresh from the garden. It was a revelation and a treat, and such a relief from the misery of city board, its mysteries of unknown dishes, stale vegetables and diluted milk. I don't owe Mrs. Mitchell any money, perhaps, but I do owe her gratitude for a new sensation, a real "treat" for the three square meals and perfect night's rest at her cottage. I commend Mrs. Mitchell and her cottage, charmingly located two minutes' walk from the landing, as a pleasant home for any one seeking such, at very moderate cost.

After attending to the inner man, I strolled down to the landing to see the boats, of which there were a goodly number of catboats of very clumsy proportions and build, rough and unsightly. Block Island, being destitute of a natural harbor, has fallen back on government aid to create one. A sea wall of heavy boulders in an irregular pile breaks off the sea to the northward and eastward, and a basin a couple of hundred feet square inclosed, with an entrance to the northward, affords a secure harbor for boats and the fishing fleet of small schooners, of which there are quite a number engaged in sword fishing, having a small iron "roost" on the extreme end of the bowsprit, with a round railing, for the security of the man that stands with the harpoon ready to "give it to them" when a fish comes within reach. Sword fishing must be quite profitable, judging from the number of vessels at New London and Block Island fitted out for the business. Boarding a natty little schooner, I had a very interesting talk with the skipper about this kind of fishing, and from him learned that Boston was the principal market for swordfish, New Yorkers not taking kindly to them. The Captain showed four or five long blades, or swords, thin at the edges and round pointed, like a Spanish rapier blade, which he had amputated from the snouts of the fish he had caught. The fish have been quite abundant all during July, which is the best month for them, and comparatively few are caught later than the 15th of August. The fish average about 250 pounds in weight, and notwithstanding their warlike name are ardent cowards when they meet each other, either fish seeming equally anxious to get away from the other as quickly as possible. They will attack a helpless whale and stab him to death, but nothing that shows fight in return. They never run together, and when two are seen they are generally both busily engaged in putting as much space as possible between.

The catboats and other craft appeared to be doing a land office business, taking out parties at fifty cents per head for a sail, and the fishing schooners for the nonce had converted their crafts into excursion boats, which merely involved placing a couple of settees on deck for the girls to sit on. Speaking of these schooners, I was quite taken with their natty appearance, and must say they are the largest small craft I ever saw, *i. e.*, have more room and space, look larger, and are stancher and more seaworthy than any yacht of their dimensions that I ever saw. Being deep and with plenty of freeboard, high-headed, good sheer, they are said to be able to make good weather of it, and go to windward in almost any gale of wind, and can go when large yachts, with their absurdly heavy spars and long topmasts, must seek shelter. And for style and sauciness are not excelled by any yachts I see. These little schooners, I learn, are built at Noank, Conn., and are a type known only to these waters. They are very much after the style of the Gloucester fishing schooners, but much prettier and more stylish in appearance. They are admirably adapted to the requirements of cruising

yachtsmen, as they have the seagoing qualities, are staunch, strong, and easily handled. Supposing the owner to be capable of taking his trick at the wheel, one man and a cook is quite as large a crew as is required, the cook taking a hand to get up anchor and sails. They seldom have a crew of more than one besides the captain, and are out in all sorts of weather. Of course if the yacht owner is a noodle and don't know the bow from the stern, as many do not, he will get a sailing master who will tell him he can't get along with less than six men before the mast, and then will want the craft lengthened to get room to stow them away. It seems strange that as popular as yachting is getting to be that people owning yachts should not endeavor to learn something about sailing their own boats—and especially try to get posted as to what percentage of the expenses of a yacht is made up in commissions to the sailing master on every job of repairs, every coil of rope, every bite of groceries. About one-half, and a larger proportion than that even of yacht owners, are mere babies in swaddling clothes in their innocence of the actual necessities and unavoidable expenses of a yacht, and are consequently easy victims. They can run the seltzer and champagne department below deck admirably, but on deck the sailing master is an autocrat, whose word is law, the owner is a proportionately small potato, and believes all he is told about both coming heavy weather and the safety of running into the port under the lee, either New London, Newport or New Bedford, where the sailing master, like all sailors, has a sweetheart, and where he can sport his buttons.

It must be a curious condition of things to own a yacht and not know scarcely which end goes first, as many do not. What a heap of enjoyment it must be to make believe they like it, especially on two occasions—when it is rough, and when it comes to paying the bills. In either case it is "shell out."

It wouldn't be a bad idea to have one large yacht fitted up for a training school and take out yacht owners in classes, and then be subject to an examination and be found competent before being allowed to sail. But bless me, how many fellows could stand the racket? I am sadly afraid I shall not be able to regulate all these things, and won't waste my energies in the effort.

It occurs to me that some other fellow may take a fancy to take a shore cruise or a cruise alongshore, like myself, and would like to know all about expenses. That is just what every scribbler omits, and is often the principal item of interest. I am keeping an account of this trip just for my own satisfaction, to verify my assertion to a friend that a person studying economy can travel about and have a good time for the same amount of money it will cost him to stay in New York wishing he could afford to go, premising the assertion on the supposition that he lives the life of a vagabond, *i. e.*, in a furnished room at say \$10 a week, and takes his meals on the fly. Well, for expenses. I am on the economical lay, remember, and trying to see just what a fellow can do and live decently. But as this chapter is as long as FOREST AND STREAM can afford space for this week, we will defer the expense account till later.

I have just made a contract with a small boy, with a small horse and a small wagon, to drive me across the island for a small price to see the windward shore and get a view of the broad Atlantic. See you later.

Newport, Aug. 4.—Having exhausted Block Island, took boat for Newport. It was quite rough and rained. There were a number of passengers; some ladies with the usual Saratoga trunks that would make summer cottages. They had left Block Island because it was cold and rainy, as if the island was responsible for bad weather. They were nearly all seafish, which was a judgment upon them presumably. There were also several young gentlemen with very slim legs, illustrating the accepted idea of "dudes." The wonder was that they held so much when they started, and where they stowed it, but they were mere empty cylinders before reaching smooth water. The usual drunken Irishman was aboard, the fellow that is maudlin, and insists on your taking a drink with him or accepting a huge black disgusting-looking cigar, the kind they sell eight for a quarter. And by the way, Block Island must be a free port and exempt from Internal Revenue "ghouls," for I saw in a show case "Victoria Reinas, five for a quarter," think of that, you fellows that pay fifteen cents apiece for them in Broadway; go to Block Island for your cigars, blockheads.

My drunken Irish friend imparted to me confidentially that he was on his way from Boston to New York and had lost his trunk. He moreover gave me his opinion privately, that these far-famed Boston boats were not so splendid as stated, and he knew boats that were much larger and finer. I asked him what boat he supposed he was on, and found he believed it to be the Pilgrim or Bristol, and thought I was guying him when I told him he was *en route* from Block Island to Newport. It did not seem to be a matter of any concern to him where he was, or where he was going to. It is a strange condition of a man's intellect, though, when he doesn't know who he is, where he is, where he came from, or where he is going to, and yet it would rather puzzle the best of us to settle those same little points satisfactorily, even when our minds are not clouded with Block Island whisky. Life is a good deal of a muddle anyhow, especially if you go ashore at Block Island.

In the mist and rain landed at Newport, installed myself in snug quarters and came to anchor for a brief period, resolved to make due preparation for whatever might come, be it a ride, a sail or a walk. But first the inner man needed attention, which being duly and properly given, a smoke was in order. None of your Block Island Victorias, but a genuine meerschmum and genuine "Durlum." There's comfort and a peaceful condition of the mind under such circumstances that only comes to a smoker. It was more agreeable to "lay off" in a Boston rocker with pipe and a pile of New York papers than to go out into the mist and rain. The pipe and papers win. No outside work to-day.

Newport, Aug. 5.—The weather is exasperating beyond the forbearance of even such a Christian-like disposition as yours truly. Saturday was devoted to fishing, that is the afternoon, the morning was sultry, not a breath of air stirring; but a fair breeze came up at 2 o'clock, and we tried Kettle Bottom Rock with good success: a nice lot of tautog and about half an acre of flounders, and such flounders—half as large as a Broadway building lot. But I abominate big fish stories; besides, there are people that don't believe them; and who wants to give statistics for skeptics to criticize? So we'll say nothing about the size of the fish caught that can be gained. Will simply say that one of them just covered the bottom of the boat as nicely as if made to order; but then our boat was a medium-sized one, not over fifteen feet long and five wide, so you see this was after all no great shakes of a flounder, and nobody can whew! at this statement.

It has rained and "misted" about all the time since I arrived in Newport, but yesterday it beat its record for fog. The fleet was to sail from New London early Monday morning, but could not have done so, as they did not arrive until nearly dark, when one by one in quick succession they glided into the inner harbor like phantoms, and found anchorage. Really a wonder that there were no collisions, as the fog was thick enough to chew. As each came to anchor she fired a gun, and it was like a fusillade for an hour.

All night it poured, and to-day, by way of variety, it rains pitchforks; and there the splendid fleet of the most magnificent yachts in the world lay at anchor, with awnings streaming in cataracts and a few ghostly old tars in oilskins creeping about decks. As to owners, none are visible. They were all expected at the Casino last evening, but, like sensible men, most of them preferred the comfort of luxurious cabins to a splatter through the rain and fog up the hill to the Casino to hear an orchestra play a piece about once in half an hour; it being considered the proper thing to be deliberate and betray no impatience, time being of no consequence. I thought so as I listened to one piece, when every "blower" kept his own. The dancing is carried on by very young "fry," a lot of self-possessed girls of tender years and callow youths with legs innocent of undulations or projections, sadly in need of being dipped over again.

The arrival of the Namoua on Sunday morning and her departure a few hours later for New London, was certainly very creditable to her condition. It is not every steam yacht that would be found ready to resume her voyage after one across the Atlantic without any overhauling. She returned with the fleet last evening, and Commodore Bennett came ashore in his steam launch, looking none the worse for his voyage, quite a large crowd gathering in the rain to see him land, one pickled old salt remarking: "Naow we shall have suthin' done; he'll stir 'em up, you bet, and there won't be any more of this dead-and-alive business, you see."

The Newport boatman only sees things through a single eye, to his personal advantage; in fact, that is characteristic of all Newport. They look upon a coach-and-four as so much money to them. The man that keeps the feed store makes a mental calculation as it goes past just how many bushels of oats and how many pounds of hay will be wanted. The butcher looks at the man with a glass in his eye that toots the coach and the fat, rosy girls on top and the envious flunkies behind and calculates to an ounce the steaks and chops required to sustain life in that cottage.

On the higher ground everything is lovely and beautiful, but take the principal business street of Newport (Thames), and especially the alleys running from it to the water, there is not a town in the North so disgracefully nasty or with such a combination of stinks in the same space. It seems as if the number of coal carts, fish carts, ice wagons, butcher carts and vegetable wagons equaled the carriages, and especially do they prevail on Bellevue avenue, the fashionable drive. A carriage with champing horses and rattling silver-plated harness and flunkies in top boots on the rumble comes sweeping along. Close behind it is Smith & Co.'s meat wagon, with Smith in the bows in his soiled frock. Next comes a coach and four with a flunky with a long tin horn which he toots constantly, and Johnson's fish wagon follows closely, getting the advantage of the horn, which time out of mind serves to announce "fish." Next comes a dashing turnout, driven by a young lady who is ambitious to win the reputation of being "a stunning young girl" from the loungers on the hotel piazza, but if she should only look behind she would find close in her wake Brown & Co.'s vegetable wagon, with young Brown with his sleeves rolled up and naked arms, making the wilted vegetables bounce as he encourages the sprained old mare to greater speed by hi-ing and squaring his elbows. In passing the Casino to-day just at the most fashionable hour, I saw a coal cart, meat cart, vegetable cart, ice wagon and fish cart all backed up in front, discharging across the sidewalk under the noses of the beauty and the fashion, and how the aforesaid noses can ever stand the combination of smells is wonderful, but they pay their money and take the smells. If "society" can stand it, I can.

Aug. 6.—Another exasperating day. More fog, more calms, more swearing, more everything but what is wanted—good weather. When the yachtsmen turned out early this morning in the hope of finding clear weather and a breeze, their heads emerged above the companionway into a fog so dense that chunks might have been cut out with the cook's carver. The exclamation was, "No race to-day." About 9 o'clock the fog lifted a little and a fair breeze sprang up from the northwest.

A gun from the flagship signalled "Get under way," which the yachts proceeded to do, the regatta's tugboat leading the way. And a beautiful sight it was to see them filing away and standing out of the harbor. Numerous parties of guests had previously gone aboard the larger yachts, anticipating a delightful sail, ladies predominating. The fleet had scarcely reached the Dumbells when the fog shut down again thicker than ever. The leading boats, some of which had got down as far as Beaver Tail Light, turned back, and came gliding past the committee's tug, phantom like, as their tall sails loomed above the fog, which was low, and most of the time it was clear aloft.

For two hours the yachts tacked and tacked, appearing and disappearing like ghosts, but they were all handled with great skill and no collisions occurred; and it was rather a wonder, too, that in getting under way there should not have been accidents, for they lay densely packed in the inner harbor where there is none too much room. Several of the large yachts, viz., the Dauntless, Madeleine, Tidal Wave, lay outside Goat Island, where there was more room to get under way. The steam yachts, with large parties of guests, glided noiselessly through the fleet, appearing and disappearing. Occasionally the fog would lift and the sun come out for a few brief moments, but the fog horn on Beavertail continued its long drawn out doleful moans, indicating no improvement seaward. After waiting until 12 o'clock, the committee on the tug gave it up, and a long whistle announced to the impatient yachtsmen that there would be no race. The tug ran alongside the Electra, on which the commodore had hoisted his flag, for orders, which were to announce a postponement until to-morrow. One by one the graceful prows of the yachts were turned harborward, and returned to anchorage with disgruntled crews and owners. It was a fizzle, the elements were in league with the Newport tradesmen, who smiled as they reckoned on the renewed orders for more ice, more beefsteaks, more vegetables, more groceries. It was an ill fog that brought no fish to their nets, and now all hopes hang on the morrow. What manner of weather shall we have? If a continuance of this sort, the yacht fleet will out-Herod the army in Flanders.

PODGERS.

Natural History.

SUPPOSED ANTIDOTE FOR SNAKE BITE.

NOTWITHSTANDING the abundance of venomous snakes in this country, and the comparative frequency with which men and domestic animals are bitten, but little is known about the antidotes to this virus. The remedies commonly prescribed are ardent spirits and ammonia. The former is to be drunk until the patient becomes intoxicated, when the effects of the poison usually pass off, and recovery follows. Ammonia is advised to be taken dilute, internally, and also to be applied to the wound. In all cases ligatures should, if possible, be placed about the part, and the circulation between that and the central organs should be, for the time being, diminished as much as possible.

There are certain herbs which are recommended as specifics for wounds of this character, but it is perhaps doubtful if any of these, as usually applied, are invariably efficacious. We have heard skull cap (*Scutellaria*) and snake weed (*Serpentaria*) recommended, but neither of these seem to be reliable. The Pawnee Indians have a "medicine," which we have seen them employ with unflinching success on horses, and they state that it is an equally certain cure in the case of human beings. The Indians, however, guard the knowledge of this "medicine" very jealously, and will not reveal its constitution to any white man. We have seen them take a bitten horse, whose leg was rapidly swelling, behind a hill near at hand, and in less than an hour return with him manifestly better, the swelling much reduced. In a day or two the animal would be in a condition to be used. It is to be noticed, however, that animals thus treated by the Indians, although they recover, are never as good after being bitten as they were before they were attacked. They are found to have lost their spirit and to be dull and lazy, much like animals that have eaten loco. It is probable that this Indian "medicine" is an herb of some kind.

It is now some years since Dr. Lacerda, of Brazil, experimented with marked success on snake-bitten patients with a very simple remedy. But the announcement of his discovery does not seem to have made much impression on the medical world, nor were his experiments followed up by others, so that the efficacy of the remedy has never been clearly established. Indeed, by many, the announcement of his supposed discovery was ridiculed.

Dr. Nestor Freire de Carvalho, at the hospital of San Joas Baptista do Niteroi, has recently employed Dr. Lacerda's remedy on a patient bitten by the South American cobra, or *jararaca*. The case is by no means so fully reported as we could wish, but such as it is we give it.

The patient was a colored man, an African, seventy-five years of age, unmarried, of bilious temperament, a laborer residing in Niteroi. He applied for hospital treatment in the afternoon of April 25, 1883. He was a person of low intelligence and limited understanding, and was with difficulty able to give an account of his case, merely stating that he had been bitten by a cobra, and needed immediate treatment. The place of the wound is not mentioned, but it was apparently in the right hand or arm. The symptoms were as follows: Edema strongly pronounced, extending to the ring finger of the right hand and to the scapulo-humeral articulation, and from there involving the entire thoracic region. A marked hemorrhagic tendency was observed. The patient suffered great pain from the distention of the tissues from infiltration of serum, compression of the nerves throughout the affected region. The wounded arm had a temperature slightly above the normal, and the patient had great difficulty in bending it. Thermometer applied in the axilla showed high temperature. The circulation moved slowly and the radial pulse was thready. The patient suffered agonizing pains in the region of the cerebrum, manifested a tendency to hyperesthesia, an intolerable anxiety, expressed by uneasy movements, and exhibited marked aversion to light arising perhaps for the direct influence of the venom upon the retina or optic centers.

The simple treatment was as follows: Permanganate of potash in hypodermic injections at the seat of the wound, with small doses of hydrate of chloral to combat the nervous phenomena. On the afternoon of his admission, from hypodermic injections of a solution of one grain of permanganate of potash to 100 grains of distilled water were applied, and, under the influence of the injection, the graver symptoms by degrees abated, and the condition of the patient greatly improved. On the 26th of April three more injections were given, and in the two days following two more, when but a slight circumscribed edema remained in the ring finger. Señor de Carvalho considers permanganate of potash an infallible antidote in cases of serpent poisoning, and by his observations confirms those of Dr. Lacerda.

It is to be hoped that a possible remedy, so simple, so harmless and so easily applied, may have a fair trial by medical men wherever venomous serpents are found. If it will accomplish what is claimed for it, the importance of the discovery can hardly be overestimated.

"OUR BIRDS IN THEIR HAUNTS."

UNDER this title the Rev. J. Hibbert Langille has given us a pleasantly-written book about birds. It is emphatically a popular and not a scientific work, the author's object being "to render as popular and attractive as possible, as well as to bring within a small compass the sum total of the bird life of Eastern North America." Not professing to be in any sense scientific, the book is not to be looked at with a critical eye, and should be reviewed on its literary merits.

It contains brief descriptions and accounts, more or less full of the habits of most of the birds commonly found east of the Mississippi River. The descriptions, while they are sufficiently accurate to enable one to identify most species from them, would be useless in the case of such as are very similar in appearance. The life histories, as the author somewhat pretentiously styles them, are in many cases very brief, but usually give the essential points of range, date of breeding and rough descriptions of the nest and eggs.

The species follow one another without any regard to their zoological sequence. The first bird described in the book is the horned lark, the last the ring plover. Opening the book at random we find the species following each other in this order: ring-billed gull, spotted sandpiper, barn swallow, kingfisher, marsh hawk, Carolina rail, woodcock and pigeon hawk, etc.

The plan of the book appears to be to vary the subjects as much as possible, so that the interest shall be kept up always. To carry out this purpose the author describes certain locali-

tles, and after doing this goes on to speak of all the birds, of whatever kind, which may be seen there. Thus, in the marsh, he describes the long-billed marsh wren, the bittern, least bittern, two species of rails, the common gallinule and the coot. As a rule, the accounts of the habits of the different species are excellent, so far as they go, but it must be confessed that in many cases they do not go very far. The author has a great admiration for nature and a pleasing style. His enthusiasm is, therefore, likely to be shared by his readers. We see occasionally glimpses of the author's cloth in the tendency toward preaching, and the too frequent attempts to draw moral lessons, but these are not very obtrusive.

The purpose of the book is a good one, and it is to be hoped that it may find a place in many a household. There are a great number of people who are fond of our birds, and yet know nothing of them, and to such "Birds in their Haunts" will be entertaining and useful. It will serve as a sort of primer from which they may learn the A B C of bird lore, and after passing which they can begin to study from books more advanced. In appearance and make-up the volume is remarkably attractive, which is much more than can be said of a large number of books on this subject. It is illustrated by a number of cuts, most of which have at one time or another done duty elsewhere. Some of these are excellent, as that of the pine grosbeak; others are appalling, for example that of the cedar bird.

The lack of a table of contents and list of illustrations is to be deplored, but there is an index of English names.

THE CATBIRD.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your correspondent "Byrne's" vexation appears to have made him forget his logic. He has lost some berries, and in his zeal to make out a case against the catbird, quotes so distinguished an authority as Dr. Coues to support him. The extract he gave us is from "Birds of the Colorado Valley," p. 58, where Dr. Coues is giving the reasons for "the vulgar prejudice against this bird," a feeling which he goes on to quite satisfactorily explain, by relating the "unscientific notions of the catbird." The whole chapter is written in a playful mood, and unless I am much mistaken, "Byrne's" use of the quotation referred to is a gross misconstruction of the author's spirit and meaning, and an unwarrantable assumption that what Dr. Coues wrote in humor should be taken for his deliberate opinion, as a naturalist, of the catbird's place among birds. In what light Dr. Coues really does esteem the catbird is probably indicated by the following extract from "New England Bird Life," I.—64:

"Next after the thrasher, and the mocking bird, 'prince of song,' the palm must be awarded to this humble tenant of the shrubbery * * * It is also entitled to protection and grateful regard on account of the great numbers of injurious insects which it destroys—a service to us against which the small quantity of fruit which the catbird steals should be considered no offset. Notwithstanding its musical ability, its harmless and inoffensive disposition, and the benefits it confers upon the agriculturist, the catbird is an object of derision and persecution, as undeserved as it is cruel." * *

There is little in that declaration to bolster up "Byrne" in his resolve that the catbird shall be hereafter "welcomed with bloody hands to a bloody dose of No. 12." There is evidently blood on the face of the moon that shines on that Illinois raspberry patch, and probably no argument could stay "Byrne's" vengeful hand; but let him not seek to make us believe that his murderous intent is approved by those who know much about the catbird's habits, for naturalists as well as "sentimental individuals," contend that the catbird does more good than harm. WILMOT.

A HUGE SQUID.—In a letter to Prof. S. F. Baird, published in the *Bulletin* of the U. S. Fish Commission, Mr. J. W. Collins gives an interesting account of what would seem to be the largest squid yet observed. Writing from Gloucester, Mass., he says: "Yesterday, while in conversation with Capt. Charles A. Keene, of this port, I obtained from him the following statement relative to one of the big squid that was found on the Grand Bank. The squid seen and secured by Captain Keene and his crew was much larger than any that I have previously heard of. But his statements are very positive and precise as to its length. The information which he furnishes seems to be of more than ordinary importance, since it enables us to form more accurate estimates of the maximum growth attained by these great 'devil fish.' Captain Keene states that, in September, 1876, when fishing on the Grand Bank in latitude 44° north, longitude 50° west (approximately), he found floating at the surface near his vessel one of the large squid, the body of which, measured as accurately as it could be from a dory, was 50 feet long, while the tentacles, all of which were intact and uninjured, were longer than the body, making the entire length more than 100 feet. The tentacles were larger around than the body of a stout man. He cut the squid up and boated aboard three dory loads, probably about three tons weight, and he estimates that there was at least one to two more boatloads which he left to drift away. I had previously heard of fishermen finding pieces of tentacles, etc., which might belong to animals nearly or quite as large as the one above mentioned, but I have never before met with any one who has had the fortune to see entire such a king of the mollusks."

ALPINE ANIMALS.—Washington Territory.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Occasionally, I notice that persons speak in your columns of white goats. I have recently taken a trip to Mount Baker, and there had the pleasure of seeing eight or nine of these animals. They were extremely beautiful creatures, and as white as the snow they were on. I found them at an elevation of 10,500 feet above the sea. There were some four or five small kids and several large ones. All were very wild and shy and kept a vigilant watch, mostly looking down. I think the worst enemy they have is a very large bronze-colored eagle, which hovers over them, and I think they have to feed in bands to protect their young. They were feeding alongside of a rock on mosses, which grow wherever there is no snow. I saw a number of places where there were ledges no more than a foot wide, a hundred feet down from the top and five hundred from the glaciers below. There they stand for hours on narrow benches not more than three feet wide. I do not believe that these animals are very swift of foot, though in climbing they make the hunter who is watching them dizzy. They can make leaps on glass ice and snow which are almost incredible. They are somewhat smaller than tame goats and have black horns. During this same trip I also heard numbers of ptarmigan whistling and clucking to their chickens. They are white also, and live on mosses as the goats do.—MESATOMIC.

THE GREENE SMITH ORNITHOLOGICAL COLLECTION.—Peterboro, N. Y., Aug. 11.—The family of the late Greene Smith, the eccentric naturalist, have declined to transfer to the Park Commissioners of New York city the great ornithological collection which the deceased gentleman spent a lifetime and \$200,000 in making. Four years ago he offered to present it to the city, but the Park Commissioners, ignorant of its great value, failed to give the offer any attention. When they were subsequently made aware that the collection was the most complete thing of the kind in the world, they sent word to the naturalist that they would accept the offer. He had been affronted by their delay in recognizing his offer, and refused, in very emphatic terms, to make the transfer. The collection of humming birds is alone worth \$75,000. The birds were collected from all parts of the world, and were mounted by Mr. Smith himself. There are rare birds in it which are in no other collection in the world. The naturalist died in the house he had built for his birds four years ago.

WASPS, BEES AND FLIES.—While spending my vacation at Roslyn, Long Island, I became acquainted with the hornet, yellowjacket and bee families. I was in the habit of writing and reading on a piazza, and tried the experiment of placing a cylinder fly-trap on the table in front of me to seduce the flies from my face and hands, which by the by was only partially successful. I was soon attracted to the maneuvers of a hornet, who, after darting around for a moment, pounced on a fly and quickly bore it away. Then came a yellowjacket and performed the same feat. The tiny bee was, however, the most interesting hunter. He would seize a fly and would dart his sting into it until it was dead or paralyzed, and would then, with some difficulty, carry it away. These knowing insects distributed the proceeds of their happy hunting grounds among their respective colonies, and raids thereafter were continuous as long as daylight lasted.—ST. JOHN.

NESTING OF THE YELLOW-BELLIED WOODPECKER IN NORTHERN OHIO.—July 30, while out in the woods a few miles from here, I saw a pair of yellow-bellied woodpeckers, and after watching them for a time presently saw a young bird of the same species. This bird was about two-thirds grown, and was able to fly but a short distance at a time. This is proof enough for me that the yellow-bellied woodpecker breeds in Northern Ohio; that is, it did this year if never before.—S. R. INGERSOLL (Cleveland, O., Aug. 4).

ALBINO RUFFED GROUSE.—Somerset, Pa.—Last season while hunting, I shot a cock pheasant (ruffed grouse), which was snow white; its eyes were not pink. A gentleman informed me recently that he saw a white cock pheasant with a flock which are frequenting the same ground. I shall try to get this bird alive if possible. Could this bird be a descendant of the one I shot?—AMATEUR.

WAS IT A BLUEBIRD'S NEST?—A nest was found near here which was built entirely of dry grass and leaves and placed in an unused paper box, but the two eggs which it contained, although resembling those of a bluebird both in size and shape, were pure white in color.—S. R. INGERSOLL (Cleveland, O., Aug. 4). [It was no doubt a bluebird's nest. Their eggs are sometimes pure white.]

ALBINO SPARROW.—Woodbury, N. J., July 28.—At the Woodbury Glass Works a bird is nesting with the sparrows. It is pure white, its head is like that of a sparrow, and so are its actions.—G. W. C. [Probably a partial albino sparrow.]

Game Bag and Gun.

RETURN OF THE GROUSE.

I AM glad to be able to state from my own experience as well as from what I have learned from sportsmen in other parts of the county, that our game birds, grouse and quail especially, are much more abundant in this locality than for eight or nine years past. So scarce had the grouse become that I had abandoned all pursuit after this our grandest game bird and only occasionally met him when out hunting the lowlands and thick cover for quail or woodcock, and at such times he generally flushed wild and unexpectedly and was away like an arrow, leaving nothing to mark his line of flight but the quivering branch and trembling leaf of the bush that was struck by his wing tips as he shot past on his wild flight of three hundred yards or more and then dropped down in a tangled mass of grape vines, white birch, briars and dead brush that a chipmunk could not penetrate.

Occasionally he would be cut down by an ounce of No. 8 chilled shot from the 12-bore, but he more often went off unhurt and the charge that cut through the brush and leaves in his track only served to increase his speed.

There is a spot on the side of a wild and rugged mountain, about a dozen miles from here, where, eight or nine years ago, twelve or fifteen grouse could be started any day; and often, when following the trout stream that winds its way along the mountain's rocky base, I have gone a few rods up the old wood road, and beside some stump, bog or clump of brush found a nest with eight or ten eggs, and sometimes have startled the old bird from her nest. This was a rough and scraggy place, with deep ravines, a thick growth of laurel, spruce and hemlock making it exceedingly difficult to shoot with success, as well as a fatiguing place to walk; but a good shot could secure a fair number of birds on any favorable day.

A few years ago, however, the birds disappeared very suddenly and no trace of them was left, and an all-day tramp would fail to start a grouse, the nests could no longer be found, and the drumming of the old cock was not heard in the early spring echoing through the forest. Where had they gone; had some disease suddenly exterminated them, or had they gone of their own will to some other part of the land; had the poacher's snare caught the last bird, or had they all been killed in a legitimate manner by the sportsman over his staunch and true setter? It is difficult to imagine how or where the went; but they were gone, and at the same time we were getting reports nearly every week through the FOREST AND STREAM from all parts of the country that the grouse had gone, and many were the reasons given for their disappearance, and doubtless all of these were correct in part and had something to do with their departure. But last year the grouse returned again, or, at least, a fair proportion of them.

I had heard from brother sportsmen of large broods being found early in the season when out after woodcock, and

when the September days were here (I never shoot earlier) I started out one pleasant morning with a friend to see if we could bag a brace of these birds. We were working out a piece of cover on the lowland near the mountain side before mentioned; two grouse had been started, one of which was killed, also a couple of woodcock. I suggested we take a turn up along the side of the "Big Hill" as it was called, but my friend said there had not been a bird there for five years, I said it had been five years since I had seen two started in one day on the ground we had just been over, so we went up on the hill. It seemed to me I never knew the timber and growth of underbrush so dense, but we started eight grouse in a very short time, and out of four shot at, two were killed. We could have secured more had we been persistent in following them up, but they made long flights and I told my companion it was a satisfaction to know that there was still a half dozen grouse left in Dutchess county. I also found them in goodly numbers in all the localities where I hunted last fall, and I have heard of large bags having been made all through the county to the Connecticut line. Business matters prevented me from making shooting trips into other States as has been my custom, so I can only speak of those localities within this county.

A friend of mine shot five grouse one day in a little patch of woods where I will guarantee that number had not been seen in as many years. G. W. A.

FISHKILL-ON-THE-HUDSON, 1884.

THE CALIFORNIA ASSOCIATION.

Editor Forest and Stream:

For the purpose of gathering information relative to the effects of the different climatic influences present in California, upon the breeding seasons, habits, etc., of our game and fish, the California State Sportsman's Association, at its last annual meeting, appointed a committee to be known as the committee on game and fish. The committee is composed of the following members: H. T. Payne, chairman, Los Angeles; J. T. McIntosh, Chico; J. H. Burnham, Folsom; M. Byrne, Jr., Grass Valley; J. K. Orr, San Francisco; H. H. Briggs, secretary, San Francisco. A circular of inquiry has been extensively distributed in all parts of the State asking information, with notes and suggestions. The questions asked are:

What kinds of deer have you; when do they rut; if migratory, when do they come and when go; what is the proper hunting season in your vicinity?

Are doves migratory; if so, when do they come and when go; when do they mate; what is the proper open season?

Have you any grouse; what varieties; what is the proper open season?

When do quail pair; do they raise more than one brood; are they migratory; if so, when do they come and when go; what is the proper open season?

Are snipe migratory; when do they come and when go; do they breed in your vicinity?

What ducks breed in your vicinity; when do they pair; do you favor protection for ducks; what is the proper open season?

When do trout spawn in your vicinity; when should trout fishing commence?

It is hoped that in this way a fund of information will be secured upon which legislation may be based which will meet public approval. The Association is in earnest in this matter, and has certainly adopted methods which are sensible and sure to be profitable. If this note should come under the eye of any readers of the FOREST AND STREAM in California who are not in communication with the Association, it is hoped that they will favor the secretary with such particulars of the game in their localities as may be of use to the committee in its work. The secretary's address is No. 69 Sacramento street, San Francisco. GOLDEN GATE. SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., Aug. 2, 1884.

A CAMPAIGN INCIDENT.

WE were in camp on the banks of the Maganetawan River, in the wilds of Muskoka. It was our first night out. The weather was clear, cold and frosty. We were seated around or in front of a roaring camp-fire of dry maple logs, smoking our pipes and planning for our still-hunt in the morning, when Captain —, the principal of our party, addressed our guide, a well-known woodsman in the Muskoka country: "Well, old man, have you ever been fooled much on a deer hunt?" "Yes, an old Springfield musket fooled me once," Mac rubbed the shavings from his lap and patted his pet dog on the head, and told us how he missed killing one of the biggest bucks he ever saw.

"It was in the summer of 1872, we were having our first parliamentary election in Muskoka. The campaign was conducted red hot and sharp and I went into it up to my ears, working hard for my candidate to win. I tramped around considerably and called upon many of the electors who could not attend the political meetings. I took pol-luck with them, in bed and board, and dished up the sayings and the doings of the campaign to them just to suit my hearers. One evening I brought up at an old Highland Scotchman's shanty, I had been told that he held stubborn and conservative opinions, and would very likely vote against my candidate, so I figured on staying with him for the night, therefore I got there late enough to claim his hospitality, which I received with all the characteristics of the Highland race.

"After supper, which was simple and clean, we smoked our pipes and chatted on various topics; and finally we drifted into the political questions of the day. I was very careful how I trod upon ground that would raise any dispute, and when a chance came I dropped the subject and turned off onto fishing and shooting. There I struck my man in the right spot. We talked fishing and hunting until bed time, and as we were going to turn in the old man told me that he kept his musket loaded for three deer that were in the habit of coming into his turnip patch. I told him that I would make it a point of being up early in the morning and have a crack at one of them. Well, the old rooster made an offer, there and then, if I killed him a deer in the morning, he would go to the polls and vote for my candidate. 'It's a bargain,' said I. 'If that musket of yours will do its duty and the deer are within shooting distance, I will give you venison for breakfast.' 'There is no danger of the musket,' he replied, 'I loaded it with powder, ball and buckshot myself, yesterday morning; and if you see the deer, and the musket is the cause of your misfortune, I will support your man anyhow.' Here was a one-sided bargain, if I killed a deer I was getting another vote, and if I missed the deer through any fault of the shooting iron my man would yet vote for my candidate.

"At the earliest streak of dawn of morning, I crawled out

of bed, gently opened the heavy slab door that screamed on its hinges as loud as a Red River cart, sneaked around to the back of the shanty, and looked over the brush fence into the turnip patch. There they were, three beauties, a big buck and two does. I slid back to the shanty for the musket. I met my man at the door and I reported what was in store for us in the turnip patch, and as he handed the arsenal of rings, screw nails, hollow iron, and walnut timber to me, I could hardly repress a chuckle when I thought of the deadly contents. I quietly cocked the arm, and crawled down alongside of the brush fence, while my Highland friend eagerly watched me. I crawled with the caution of a Mohawk, I crept with the stealth of a cat. I wanted to let my man see how close I could get to my prey, and to kill the deer and get the old fellow's vote. Well, when I got within thirty yards from the game, I pushed the old gun through the brush fence, glanced along the sights, pulled the trigger, and killed nothing. There was no hammer on the musket. I rose up and shook the old foundry of disappointment at the deer fully half a minute before they took to the woods. My old Highlander and I spent half an hour or more looking for the hammer among the weeds and leaves before we found it. We both felt mean over our luck; but as I was leaving the shanty my friend renewed his pledge to vote for my candidate, and on the following Thursday he made that promise good. But that buck was among the lot of biggest deer I ever saw in front of a gun barrel."

PARRY SOUND.

CABERFEIGH.

MY FIRST DEER.

I WAS a colossal tenderfoot in those days, and Jack, our stage driver, innocently inquired to what use my arsenal (consisting of a repeating rifle, six-shooter, and seven-inch bowie) was to be put, and made several desultory remarks, reflecting upon tenderfeet in general and "durned tenderfeet" in particular. Game, according to this authority, had all followed the Indians, and the Indians were all dead or dying of consumption—of red eye. This was discouraging, to say the least, and my dreams of slaughter, deer, bears, and an occasional redskin before breakfast, were rudely dispelled.

Having decided that my mission upon earth was prospecting, I chose for my field the country lying roundabout the head of Badger Creek, and there established my camp. Somewhat mistrusting Jack's statements regarding game and Indians, hoping to run across the former, and as a defense against the latter, I always carried my rifle and knife, soon learning that a six-shooter was not absolutely necessary. One afternoon, coming down one of the side streams running into the main creek, I espied something that brought me to a sudden standstill. Tom, my partner, coming behind, thought of bears. A close scrutiny satisfied me that the long looked for big game was in sight. The deer stood motionless, watching us, as much from having nothing to do as anything else, seemingly. Not so with us. We then and there held a council, which resulted in a declaration of war against that particular deer. Having all the afternoon before us, and being only five miles from camp, we waited. We could afford to. The game made the first move, starting on a slow trot, to a point that would bring it to the creek about half a mile below us. We went on cautiously, watching for any break in the programme. We had gone but a short distance, when the deer, also on the lookout, stopped short. A pause of five minutes occurred, during which we were closely watched. Not a stir from us, however, and as before the game was the first to move. The above maneuver was repeated several times, we getting closer at each move and the pauses growing longer, until the spirit within us was moved to excitement. A friendly grove of quaking aspens giving us shelter, we dropped hats and coats, and with rifle in hand fairly flew. We were bound to get there. Without warning the trees disappeared and we rushed out into a clearing, and there, not fifty yards distant, stood a fine two-prong buck, motionless as a statue. It was all done in a second. The result was instantaneous. The buck dropped in his tracks and was dead. Shot went through the heart. The game was ours. We did not shout; oh no. We only shook hands and acted as if demented for a few minutes. Fools, probably, but then remember it was my first deer. Tenderly we prepared the booty, and rigging it on a stick, shouldered it, horn, hide and hoof, and started for camp. That tramp is still fresh in my memory. At some hour past midnight we were close enough to camp for Tom to go for assistance, which soon arrived. Since then many deer have fallen before my fire, but in vain have I looked for or experienced that elation of spirit which accompanied the bringing down of my first deer.

SALINA, Colorado.

KOKOMO.

BULLET VERSUS BUCKSHOT.

Editor Forest and Stream:

"Piute" gets into a stew about the man who shoots deer with a "hand cannon," don't he? That's all right. He needn't use such an implement if it hurts him to. But he ought not to sit down so heavily on other folks who, in widely different circumstances and localities, use a "scatter gun" to get venison now and then. Out in California and away off somewhere else, where deer are waiting for somebody to make a target of them with a rifle, buckshot might be frowned on, but in other places where deer are scarce, people get them any way they can. I know of places where swamps are so vast and impenetrable that it is impossible to get deer excepting at night by fire hunting when they come out to feed, and although it steeped me in ignominy, I shot deer with buckshot and had a good time, and got venison, too. Maybe I like a rifle as well as "Piute." The first deer I ever shot was in Colorado, and my weapon it was a Winchester, or as we called it then a "Henry." I like the sharp report of a rifle first-rate, and used to be proud of my skill when I could shoot squirrels through the lead, but when deer aren't "comatable" with a ball, then the bang of one of "Piute's" "hand cannon" answers to get meat. I believe it tastes just as good and gives as much nutriment as if shot some other way.

"Piute" speaks of the man who "boasts of his wonderful gun that sent its dozen buckshot through the body of a deer at a hundred yards." Well, I should reckon. He couldn't do any better with a rifle, nor kill the deer any deadlier.

Then "Piute" up and says, says he, "If a man were starving and had no weapon but a shotgun he would be justified in killing a deer with it, but under no other circumstances." Kaiser Wilhelm! What a dictum. I'd never dreamed it. And again he fulminates: "Those methods which require a little skill and give the game some chance of escape, etc."

Well, don't the shotgun require a little skill, and don't it give game chance of escape? I should say so.

And then "Piute" goes on to tell about a barbarous, abhorrent, brutal shotgun man who went grizzly hunting and shot at a deer at fifty yards, and the deer ran away, and a highly civilized and enlightened gentleman of the nineteenth century opened fire with a rifle and knocked the deer down in its tracks. An example of awful quick killing. And the deer got forthwith up and streaked it a mile before he finally died. Suppose there had been no trail of blood all this mile, would the animal any the less have crawled away and died because he was shot with a rifle?

As between the rifle and shotgun, the former in my estimation is the neatest weapon—for some work—I prefer it. But what about the fellows out on the plains and in the mountains who pump lead into game far or near as long as there is lead to pump, without knowing whether the game runs away to die a lingering death. I don't suppose that is brutal. There is a pro and con to this subject as to every other, and it won't do to lay down a law as inflexible as those of the Medes and Persians. To call a man barbarous and brutal because he differs with you is very unkind. If shotguns will get game under certain circumstances as well as or better than rifles, then am I at liberty to take my choice, or if "wums" will catch fish better than minnows, then will I use "wums" without being necessarily relegated to the dominions of Pluto.

S.

MIDSUMMER SPORTS WITH THE GUN.

NOW is red midsummer's sultry time,

The August days, the season's prime,

The skies, the earth, are all a glare,

A drowsy calm pervades the air;

The chestnut grove with umbrage deep

Droops its great limbs as if asleep,

The locust leaf, the willow spray

Swoon in the hot midsummer day;

The thistle-down may scarcely float

Athwart the air its silken boat,

The cobweb-thread, the gossamer

May scarcely their light streamers stir,

And scarce of breeze is sigh or hum,

For earth is silent and air is dumb.

Yet goes the sportsman out with gun

To swampy clump in brooklet-run,

For there where deepest shades pervade

The inmost heart of thicket-glade.

The woodcock makes his hermit-laurel,

Feeding at will on daintiest fare,

And there despite the toil and heat,

The gunner invades the dim retreat.

Though fervid burns the August day

On salty meadow and spacious bay,

Yet swift on wing are the bay-bird flocks

O'er sandy beach and weedy rocks;

Now high in air, in lengthened files,

Now swooping low to reedy isles,

Now sweeping over the marshes green.

Where the mower's scythe hath lately been,

For there it is their great delight

On fluttering pinions to alight.

Oh, many and sweet the days of yore,

When I would traverse the sandy shore,

Through many bright August days have sat

Amid thy meadows, Barnegat,

Or hid in ambush pass'd the days,

Long Island, in thy ample bays.

When daylight dawn'd on sea and shore

How dear those meadows to explore!

To see each incoming flock appear,

To hear their whistlings echoing clear;

To hear the plaintive, mournful cry

Of willet as they circled by,

The cries of brant-birds, dropping down,

Of martins, clad in dusky brown,

The shrill of longshanks, or the faint

Soft notes of dowitchers' complaint,

The cries of flocks of jack-curlew,

As high o'erhead their squadrons flew,

Are sounds in hot midsummer noon

Heard by each salty marsh-lagoon.

GREENPORT, July 27.

ISAAC McLELLAN.

A BEAR HUNT IN NEW HAMPSHIRE.

DOUBTLESS there are many of your readers who have passed one or more seasons in this town, so well known to pleasure seekers, who have fished the many streams and can testify to the abundance of trout, but there are comparatively few who realize that deer and bear are still plenty in these mountain regions. Those who have been on Thorn and Iron mountains will recollect the dark forests stretching north and westward to Mt. Washington, east to the Maine line, thence northerly in an unbroken wilderness as far as the eye can extend. This was formerly a favorite feeding ground for moose and deer, but the early settlers so earnestly pursued the war of extermination that moose have not been seen for years, and at the rate the shameful winter hunting is now carried on, the deer must in a few years share the same fate. But old bruin, the king of these forests, has been more difficult to "corral," and still roams far and near at will, giving the sheep pastures frequent calls, and raiding cornfields and apple orchards with surprising impartiality.

The last spring I determined to carry out a long cherished desire for a bear hunt at a season when there would be sufficient snow to trace his footsteps and impede his progress if he entered the gulches and ravines he delights to travel through when followed in the summer season. Accordingly on the 28th of April mine host of the Jackson Falls House, Mr. G. P. Triskey, a most enthusiastic and accomplished sportsman, and myself, accompanied by one of the best guides and woodsmen in this section, started out for the ledges of Sable Mountain. We soon came to the "forest primeval" and found snow to a considerable depth; we donned our snow shoes at once and preceded by our guide, who carried a heavy muzzleloading-rifle, axe, knapsack, stuffed to the overflowing with food and raiment, and my companion confidently asserted we should find in it also a Sibley tent and spare snow shoes when we required them. Mr. Triskey followed in light marching order, burdened only with his little seven-pound shotgun that he has used from Georgia to Maine, trying it now against Southern alligators, and now Northern bears. I brought up the rear somewhat handicapped with

my ten-pound rifle. We started at a brisk walk, the crust on the snow being sufficiently hard for easy snowshoeing.

At eight o'clock we struck the well defined trail of a bear and three cubs. "Then there was hurrying to and fro," one would follow directly on the track and one at each side at a little distance to take advantage of the doubling and short turns they make. This is good policy, for the average New Hampshire bear is a most excellent walker, and with all the advantage, his pursuer is reasonably sure of sufficient exercise before he is overtaken. The chase was continued till nearly noon before we were near enough to hurry them from a walk. It was quite easy to determine this, as the snow had by this time become quite soft, and though while walking slowly, a bear can, by spreading his paws and creeping along, go almost anywhere that a man can on his snowshoes; he goes down badly when hurried. We now pushed ahead as rapidly as possible, assured by our guide that if we pushed things, they could be overtaken by sunset. As usual they selected the hardest possible ground to trail in, and as this country was visited by a tornado in the fall of '83 and is full of hills and timber blown down and tangled, it was difficult to travel it at great speed, except to one perfectly versed in woodcraft and familiar with snowshoes, and here the efficiency of our guide showed itself, carrying his heavy load with apparent ease, and encouraging us to the highest possible speed.

We planned to overtake our game on the banks of the east branch of Saco River, which we knew was considerably swollen and hard to cross, and there we were correct in our calculations, for coming on the high bluff that make the banks at this place (between Double Head and Sable mountains), we saw the cubs in a small copse on the banks of the stream. It has always been said by old hunters that a bear never deserts her young. Relying on this we kept the cubs in sight, and anxiously watched for the old one. After a few minutes they commenced to break for cover, and I shot the foremost one, and in a few minutes the other two were disposed of by Mr. Triskey and our guide. The old one had during the firing crossed the stream, the noise and thick cover enabling her to do so unseen by us. We waited anxiously, but in vain, for her to return within range, and it being nearly sunset, we retraced our steps to the village, not displeased with our day's sport.

Reserve your fire for the old bear, for I've lost all confidence in her standing fire for her young's sake. H. W.

JACKSON, New Hampshire.

COLORADO GAME.

A RECENT issue of the Denver *Republican* gave the following notes about the game resorts of Colorado: "The choice of places to visit depends upon the time to be devoted to the trip, the object sought and the expense to be incurred. A reporter asked an old prospector and hunter, who has spent every summer for many years in the mountains, and knows the advantages and disadvantages of every region, where it is best to go this year. The answer was, 'That depends upon circumstances. If you want to go upon the line of a railroad, go to Wagon Wheel Gap. That's the best place on the line of a road, both for hunting and fishing. If you want to go off with wagons or pack animals, there are better places to visit. Middle Park is a good place. You can go there with wagons and make the trip in three days from Denver. There is fair fishing there yet, and some chance to kill game. There are some deer left, and occasionally an elk, when you get up close to the snow. A good hunter can kill plenty of game, but a tenderfoot might get hungry if he depended upon killing his meat over there. Then there is an occasional bear, if you want any of that kind of hunting. There is a way of going to Middle Park that people don't know anything about, where there are good fishing and hunting most of the road; but you've got to go with pack animals, because there is nothing but a trail. You go from here to Ward, in Boulder county, and from there to the South St. Vrain; from that point there is a trail leading over the range, coming down right into Grand Lake in Middle Park. One can go in one day from Ward, and is sure to find game when crossing the range. Estes Park is about as good as Middle Park for fishing, but not so good for hunting. But it is a cheap place to go to, for you can hire your camp outfit, hauled in by a stage and delivered where you want it, cheaper than you can hire a team of pack animals."

"The old prospector gives some information in regard to mosquitoes that is worth knowing. He says that all along the range up close to the snow, in the northern part of the State, the mosquitoes are so thick at this time of the year that there is no comfort in being there either for man or beast. They will continue to be bad till the latter part of August. By that time the frosts will have killed them. There is a wonderful difference between different parts of the State in regard to mosquitoes. In the southern part and in Gunnison county there are not enough mosquitoes to annoy one; but 'God pity the fellow,' said he, 'who tries to hunt or camp along the range now anywhere north of Gilpin county. The best hunting in the State is in Garfield county. To get there you go by rail to Red Cliff, and from there by stage to Dotsero, at the mouth of Eagle River. This distance is fifty miles and the fare \$10. At Dotsero you can hire a team or pack animals and go about fifteen miles up on the Sweetwater. There you can have more fun in one day hunting and fishing than you can have in any other place in the State in a week. Why the whole country is alive with deer and elk. And if you want some real wild camp life, where few people have ever been, you can get it by going to Trappers' Lake, only twenty-five miles away. The lake is full of trout and the whole country is overrun by elk and deer. But the mosquitoes are bad there, too. For comfort you don't want to go till late in August. Don't ever go to North Park. It's a funny thing, but there ain't a trout in the park, while in every other place in the mountains there are trout in all the streams. There is fair hunting there, about the same as in Middle Park. As to when to go camping, if you are going for rest in a cool place, now is as good a time as any to go. But if you are going for sport only, wait until the mosquitoes are gone, and then go where the sport is best."

In relation to the above, our correspondent, "W. N. B.," writes from Denver, Col., Aug. 3: "The *Republican* article is fairly correct. I do not know the author. The description of abundance of game on Sweetwater, in Garfield county, will apply equally well to a large portion of the northern part of that county, and to the southeast portion of Routt county, throughout all of the 'Book' or 'Roan' group of mountains (famously called the 'Flat Tops') and covering the sources and courses of many streams besides Sweetwater Creek."

"Game is fairly plentiful in Middle Park. I saw a deer within a mile of Hot Sulphur Springs a week ago to-day. Three were killed in the same vicinity only a few days before. Plenty are being killed within from five to ten miles—that is, plenty for immediate personal use. The law is not off until Sept. 1. Fishing is excellent all over Middle Park. Mosquitoes nearly gone. Horse flies yet bad."

DUCKING IN KANDIYOHI.

RESOLVING to spend our vacation in the Northwest, we had started at Buffalo to make the grand trip of the lakes. At the Sault Ste. Marie, hearing of the fine fishing to be found on the north shore of Lake Superior, we had encamped for several days upon the shores of Lake Nepigon, satisfying for the first time our piscatorial longings, first aroused by the fingerlings caught in our native streams, and increased by the fabulous stories of monster trout lurking in the deep cold waters of this northern lake. Leaving Nepigon, we had crept along the northern shore of the lake, among countless islands and tortuous passages and, finally arriving at Duluth, we had been lured still further southward by a desire to see the substantial and rapidly growing cities of Minneapolis and St. Paul, the story of whose rapid growth and prosperity had seemed like a dream to our sleepy conservative New England village, many of whose sons had been enticed hither and now openly sneered at the effete civilization of their native hills.

Arriving at Minneapolis, we had lided away several weeks upon the shores of Lake Minnetonka, and finally tired of her manifold attractions, we had visited the vast wheat fields of Dakota, and falling into the wake of the Villard party, we passed over the Northern Pacific to the National Park where we had spent some time among the remarkable formations of the Yellowstone, and there taking a guide and outfit, we had wandered far from the beaten tracks in search of antelope and trout.

On our return to Minneapolis we met Forsyth, an old friend, who invited us to accompany him for a few days' shooting to a farm owned by his father in Kandiyohi county. The next morning found us, with our equipments, upon the northern bound train on the St. Paul, Minneapolis & Manitoba R. R. Leaving the railroad at Wilmar we rode about thirty miles through a beautiful rolling country, sparkling with lakes, many of which were covered with ducks, while frequent flights of chickens rising at the sudden approach of our outfit filled us with joy for the morrow. Arriving at the house, a substantial frame building surrounded by granaries and stock barns, we received a cordial welcome from mine host Mr. Fisher. Fisher was a great character, tall, bony and good-humored; he was a typical New Englander. While he was yet a boy his parents, moved by the migrating spirit so common to every native-born American, had left "Varmount" and settled in the southern part of the State while it was yet an almost unknown region; when St. Paul, a mere collection of huts covering beneath the wing of Fort Snelling, was inhabited by half-breeds and hard characters of every description; when life was a continual struggle against wild beasts and the still more savage Sioux, and when the settler held the rifle between the handles of his plow. He had served through the entire war of the rebellion, and had returned with Sibley's command in the dark days to find the whole Minnesota valley desolated and surrendered to the atrocities of the Sioux, his house burned to the ground and his property laid waste.

Nothing daunted, he had rebuilt his house and recommenced the struggle; but the fates seemed unpropitious, and he had finally drifted north, discouraged by many successive visitations of grasshoppers and chinchbugs, finally accepting the management of the farm here.

At about 4 o'clock we started for a marsh, or, as they call it here, "a slew," a mile back of the house. It was a mile long, two hundred yards wide, and surrounded on all sides by marsh grass, waist high. Two years before Forsyth had had it sown with wild rice, so that now it was a great resort for wildfowl of all kinds, being completely covered with them late in the fall, just before they take their flight south. On one side was a wheat field, now covered with stubble, and on the other was a great tract of ground but lately broken upon which the wildfowl congregated in large numbers. Truly it was a paradise for sportsmen. Lighting our pipes we stretched ourselves at full length in the tall grass, which completely concealed us, and awaited the evening flight. For a long time we lay there admiring the beauty of the day. It was one of those perfect Indian summer days, seen only to perfection in the clear, bracing atmosphere of the Northwest. The air was perfectly still and a slight haze hung over the surface of the earth, while a slight chill on the air warned us that summer was gone and that old winter was rapidly approaching. The sun was near the horizon when a flock of mallards swept directly over our heads and circled to our decoys.

We blazed into the flock, getting six before they recovered from their surprise and were out of range. They were followed by another flock and still another, until it seemed that all the ducks in the country had selected that one "slew" as their resting place. We levied toll upon each flock until it was so dark that we could not see to shoot; then gathering up our ducks we returned home hungry but happy. Most of the ducks were mallards, there were a few teal and redheads, and three that Forsyth said were canvas-backs, but I was quite sure that the canvas-back never came so far west.

Arriving at the house we partook of a substantial meal of duck, chickens and sandhill crane, the last of which, shot by one of the men returning from his work, was delicious. After supper we drew up around a great open fireplace, in which a great fire was roaring, for as it became dark a cold wind had risen which, sweeping across the unbroken prairie, shook the house to its foundations. Presently Fisher, taking down his pipe, asked us if any of us had ever been caught in a "blizzard," then he went on to describe the winter before, which had been exceptionally severe all through the Northwest. The snow had been two feet deep on a level, and for three months he had not stirred out of the house except to go to the barn to tend the stock, several times the thermometer approached thirty degrees below zero, and during one "blizzard," which term I found was applied to the driving snow storms which sweep along the Western prairies, he had been lost between the barn and the house and had barely escaped with his life. One family, he said, living about three miles west of him, had been caught unsupplied with fuel, and after a three days' blizzard were found frozen to death, while the sacrifice of furniture showed how they had fought against their fate.

Then becoming still more communicative, he told us of the early days of Minnesota, how he had grown up surrounded by wild beasts and Indians, for in those days the

nearest settlement was thirty miles distant, while his next door neighbor was three miles up the creek; of the Sioux war and the terrible spectacles he had seen on his return, children with their eyes cut out left to starve, and babies left hanging by their mouths upon sharpened stakes, and other cruelties too terrible to believe. It was 11 o'clock before we retired to our well-earned slumbers, asking Fisher to awaken us at 4 on the next morning, for we were going to try our luck with the geese on the plowed ground.

Promptly at four we were awakened by Fisher. It was dark and cold, and I felt very unhappy and sleepy until Brown poured a bucket of water on me which effectually awakened me. After a cup of coffee and a light meal, which Mrs. Fisher had been kind enough to prepare, we set out for the "ploughed ground," as the large section of broken ground north of the house was designated. Arriving at the edge of this tract we separated, each man taking about a dozen decoys. Fisher had sent out some of the hands the day before, and we found our pits already prepared, with a plentiful supply of straw on the bottom. Setting up my decoys and cocking my gun, I sat down on my straw and awaited the arrival of the geese, which assembled at daybreak to feed upon the various creatures turned up by the breakers, though I could not see upon what they subsisted, as the ground was very hard and would resist the best efforts of a worm to force its way through.

It was now nearly light, when I heard a report far off in Forsyth's section of the field, and presently I heard the distant *honk, honk* of the geese as they slowly approached my side. Presently they passed directly over me to Brown's part of the field, and as they were a good way up I let them go. I was just falling into a doze when another flock passed only a few feet above my head with a loud roar, and veering suspiciously from the decoys settled upon the ground on the other side of the pit. There were about a dozen of them, ridiculous looking objects as they slowly waddled around pluming themselves and craning their long necks at the decoys on the other side, as if they wondered why they did not respond to their overtures. After watching them for some time I remembered that I had a gun, and waiting until they were well bunched around an ear of corn that had been left by the breakers, I poured both barrels into them, and before they could recover from their surprise I slipped in another shell and winged one more before they could get out of range. These were soon followed by a couple of sandhill cranes, one of which concluded to stay with the geese. Two more flocks followed the cranes, but were very wild, and I only succeeded in getting two more. At about 8 o'clock I left my pit, feeling very well satisfied with my bag, six geese and a sandhill beside a fat mallard which had wandered away from the fold and had joined the geese and the crane.

Approaching Brown's pit I found him in the cave of gloom. For some unexplained reason the geese had not come near his pit, although they had flown over repeatedly. When I looked at his decoys, I found that he had set them all in a line with their heads toward the direction whence the geese had come. I suggested that a decoy set in that direction (for the decoys were made of sheet iron cut into the shape of a goose and painted) was not calculated to exert much influence over a goose flying toward it, whereupon a settled gloom spread over his face and he refused to be comforted. Forsyth also had good success, getting four geese, three ducks and a badger.

We remained for nearly a week at the farm, having splendid sport and at the end of that time we tore ourselves away with difficulty, promising to return again the next year if the fates were propitious. W. D. W., Jr.

PHILADELPHIA NOTES.

THE annual fusillade has begun on the young red-winged blackbirds that are flocking from their nesting grounds to our Delaware shores. The birds are yet young and have but few pin feathers and readily picked. A month hence, however, when redbirds will be with us, the blackbirds will be in less demand. It is surprising how any of the latter are sold in our markets at the present time. Grass plover shooting is quite good in our interior counties, and sportsmen who enjoy "chasing it" for these delicious birds are having good sport. One friend, whose horse does not stand fire as well as he would like, tells me he fills his animal's ears with cotton to deaden the sound of the gun, and the plan works well.

Your correspondent noticed a marked decrease of all the varieties of terns at Barnegat a week since. The demand for the skins of these birds by the milliner has caused this. So scarce are all sorts of gulls, terns, etc., that the taxidermists who located at Barnegat and Beach Haven last year did not present themselves this season. Their quarters have been taken up on the Atlantic coast south of Cape May, where the birds are more plentiful. One resident of Barnegat has made quite a sum by hatching young chickens by incubators and killing them for their skins.

I had a long talk with an old resident of Barnegat, who remembers the last "grouse" or prairie chicken that was killed in New Jersey. This he tells me was twenty-three years ago. He recalls the time when East Plains, Burlington county, held hundreds of them, and related to me how he had often made a train of grain in a section where the grouse frequented, and from a brush hide more than once killed a dozen at a fire as they fed; this was the favorite way to make a bag. Is it a wonder then that from such a comparatively limited space as the East and West Plains of Burlington county, N. J., offered as a harbor for the grouse, they are now gone?

Deer are yet plentiful, so to speak, in the lower counties of New Jersey, but it is owing entirely to the late three years of protection they have had. In the big swamp near Manahawken, N. J., black bears are known now to live, their retreat being almost impenetrable, and for the reason that no dogs yet put upon their track will follow them, bruin is quite safe.

Two large broods of black ducks are making their headquarters on the marshes near Gunning River, Barnegat Bay. These fowl were hatched in the neighborhood, probably in the big swamp on Long Beach, and are large and strong enough to make extensive flights. It is probable they will not be allowed to live until the duck shooting seasons opens. Homo.

AUGUST 9.

IOWA PRAIRIE CHICKENS.—Eldora, Ia., Aug. 2.—The crop of prairie chickens in this central part of the State is extra good, and they will have some chance for their lives, as by our new law the season does not begin until Sept. 1. There is, however, some shooting being done, but the violators of the law are pretty careful about it. —W. S. P.

THE BOLD HUNTER OF POCONO.—A young "gentleman sportsman," Solon Chamberlain by name, has been stopping at the different villages in the Pocono Mountains for two weeks past. He came into the mountains from Philadelphia, and has created much amusement among the rough-and-ready hunters of Pike and Monroe counties by his fancy hunting outfits and large stories of his exploits in the Georgia swamps. On Sunday, a party of hunters started and wounded a bear near Oakland, but it escaped from them. On Monday Solon Chamberlain alighted from a Lackawanna train at Oakland and desired to be put on the track of the bear. He had on a buckskin hunting jacket and leggings, all brand new, and a wide belt filled with loaded cartridges. A long hunting knife hung in a sheath by his side. He carried a double-barreled gun, which was locked in its sole-leather case. He said he did not believe there was a bear in the whole country, but if there was he would like to meet it. James Smith and Walter Knapp walked down the railroad track with Chamberlain, and showed him about where the bear had last been seen in the woods. Without stopping to take his gun out of its case the visiting hunter entered the woods. Smith and Knapp, not believing the bear was anywhere in the vicinity, started slowly back. They had walked not more than a hundred yards before they heard a great noise behind them, and looking back saw first Chamberlain emerge hatless from the edge of the woods, still grasping the handles of his locked gun case and hallooing for help, and then, not ten feet behind, a big bear bringing up the rear, and following the wonderfully equipped hunter with very evident evil intentions. Chamberlain dashed up the railroad track at the top of his speed, but the bear, on seeing the two other men, gave up the chase and returned with evident reluctance to the woods. Chamberlain said that he had surprised the bear dining on a sheep in the woods, and that it had made for him before he could unlock his gun case and put his gun together. A party went out in pursuit of the bear the same afternoon and killed it. Mr. Chamberlain went away on the next train. —Times.

WOODCOCK IN EASTHAMPTON.—A correspondent in whom we have perfect reliance writes from Easthampton, Mass., about the reported abundance of woodcock in that vicinity: "The item in your issue of July 31, dated here, is an imposition. There are parties in this vicinity who are much provoked because the land here is largely posted under the trespass act by last Legislature. Some three years ago a lawless fellow who lived here was arrested and punished for killing quail during the close season, and to 'pay off' the sportsmen, he and another fellow, last year, began hunting Aug. 1, and continued through the whole season, selling their birds in Springfield. As they were both good shots and tireless workers, they thinned out the birds more than all the gunners here would in two seasons; and they claimed that they were going to keep it up as long as they could find any birds. The trespass act gave us an opportunity to check them, and now lands are very generally posted, although any decent gunner from outside can join the club, which has the exclusive right to hunt on the posted land, on the same terms as the citizens here have. These are the whole facts. To the best of my belief there were not 150 woodcock killed by all the hunters in this town last year, including the two who shot for the market. I killed just six, and no one I know of did as well except the two market hunters."

NOTES FROM IOWA.—Glenwood, Ia., Aug. 7.—Having been out in the country very often this summer, I have found the quail plenty, and good shooting may be expected. Rabbits are numerous everywhere. Our mainstay is the duck shooting, especially in the fall, which is the proper time to shoot them, I think. Heavy bags may be made by even an ordinary shot. At Wauousie Lake, twelve miles south of this place, good shooting may be found until very late in the season. Boats may be had at any time during the season. Ducks linger here long after the small ponds are closed by ice, as they find good feeding here. It is a sad thought that with us ruffed grouse are a thing of the past. During five years of shooting here I have not seen one; this in woods where they were once plenty. Turkeys are found in small flocks along the timber of the river-bottom lands. Our fishing is limited to the above lake, and many of our sportsmen avail themselves of its cool shade and fine springs. Snipe shooting was the best this spring that we have had for many years, and heavy bags were made by many of our good shots. We expect to give all kinds of game a warm welcome this fall. I have just finished reading "Woodcraft," and it is the best work on the subject I have ever read. —W. H. R.

TWO-EYED SHOOTING.—"S. Y. L." of Glassville, Mo., thinks me "off" in what I have said of two-eyed shooting. Perhaps I am. Most of the men who advocate two-eyed shooting claim the use of both eyes to be a decided advantage. "S. Y. L." says: "Now, the fact is two-eyed riflemen shoot just exactly as others do, i. e., they look through the sights with one eye, while the other is of no use whatever—it might as well be shut." If this be a true statement, I can understand how my clerical friend missed the glass balls formerly referred to; but I cannot understand how a man's eyes are arranged who can be looking through the fine sight of a rifle with one, and off into futurity or elsewhere with the other eye at one and the same time. I've tried for years to acquire the art. But, in all seriousness, the eyes of men who shoot with both eyes open must be differently arranged, as regards the axis of vision, from those of ordinary men, that is, if they see the sights. I know that when I shoot at a fruit can with my revolver, and without sighting, I simply throw the pistol out to position, keeping both eyes open, and I do not see the sights of the pistol at all; it takes the proper direction instinctively. —ANATHEUR.

MR. THAYER'S BACK DOOR.—Milford, N. Y., Aug. 8.—Editor *Forest and Stream*: Woodcock shooting is very poor, the birds being very much scattered, four or five being an average day's work. Grouse are more plentiful than usual, and if Mr. Thayer's pot-hunters will only let them alone, we shall have some splendid shooting here in September. By the way, this man Thayer, who runs an eating house near Cooperstown, is still holding out inducements for gunners to break the law, as he offers the same price for "shortbills" (meaning grouse) that he does for woodcock; and he also makes it a point to ask gunners who sell him birds, why they don't bring him some "shortbills." This is the man who claimed to represent the sportsmen of Otsego county at the State Convention several years ago, and who really did get on the commission for a revision of our game laws. The sportsmen of this vicinity are "laying low" for birds of this feather, and his judgment day may be near at hand. —SCOTT TATOR.

RELOADING AMMUNITION.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Your correspondent "C. D." has had bad luck loading rifle shells. I suggest that "C. D." first buy a rifle of which the breech will hold a shell without swelling it. Then the Bridgeport G. I. Co.'s reloading outfits will do the work. "C. D." is right about bullets; no one can mould a bullet equal to the U. M. C. pressed bullet. I had considerable trouble about swelled shells until I got a .40-caliber that held the cartridge tight, and since then I have thrown away my reducers and now use nothing but a cap punch, a re-capper, powder measure and mallet. If you want the shell crimped, the Bridgeport G. I. Co.'s screw crimper will do it. I don't reload a repeater cartridge, as to save the shell in quick shooting does away with all advantages claimed for it. I used a double-barreled Rigby .40 express, with 125 grains of powder, four years, and had but 200 cases. I must have shot each case as often as twice a week, and I never had a hung shell. I never had a reducer. The only use I ever found for such a tool was for a poor gun that was loose in the breech. Antelope are plentiful around this town, and I take them in once a week, and shall continue it till the 1st of September.—ALMO (Henrietta, Tex., Aug. 1).

NORTH CAROLINA COAST SHOOTING.—We have received the following memoranda from a gentleman who spent a fortnight last fall at the points named, wildfowl shooting. *Chincoteague Island*—Reached via Old Dominion line of steamers, twenty-four hours from New York; Chincoteague Hotel, Matthews, proprietor; board \$1.75 per day; guide \$2.50 per day. Two best guides are Capt. Jeffreys and Jack Snede. Jeffreys has sloop, would meet a party at Franklin and go down the island. Offered to go with two for \$2.50 each per day. *Currituck*—Church's Island. Write to E. B. Midgett, post office address, Coinjock, Currituck county, North Carolina. Reached by steamer Bonito (beastly boat) or by rail to Snowden's and then team. Board at Midgett's \$3 per day; man \$3 per day. Ammunition can be had there. English snipe shooting good in season.

NEW HAMPSHIRE WOODCOCK.—Lancaster, N. H., Aug. 5.—This is the third year that woodcock have been seen in this vicinity. Three years ago a few were observed near here, but not until this season have they received any attention, and it is well that they have not, for they would certainly have been destroyed. Already several have been killed, and apparently the remainder are doomed. How much better it would be to wait a year or two longer, that we may be assured of a lasting sport.—COOS.

TO THE YELLOWSTONE PARK.—The Union Pacific Railroad has a system of excursion rates to the National Park based upon the number in the party. Individual tickets cost \$90 each for the round trip from Council Bluffs or Kansas City to the Firehole Basin and return. The rate is graded down to \$65, according to the number of persons going together. September is the best month in which to see the Park.

DOVES IN GEORGIA.—Macon, Ga., Aug. 6.—Macon sportsmen have had but little sport with doves this summer. I went on one occasion and had a very pleasant day; shot very well indeed, bagged forty-three birds, killing a fraction better than three out of five shots.—I. H. J.

BEARS ARE PLENTY in Pike county, Pa., this year. Several have been killed in Green township.

Camp Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

130.

IT had rained, rained, rained all day; not in torrents, not spasmodically, but in a steady, persistent drip, drip, drip, without a single intermission or even the promise of one. Everything was thoroughly soaked inside and out. The fishing had been bad, the supper worse; gloom was in the air and had cast its dull mantle on everything and everybody. The "Spoonhill" gang crawled early into their shelter, soggy, despondent and moody. Silence had the floor, also the chair, in fact supreme command, were it not for the continual patter, patter of the rain drops. The fall of a house or the scream of a steam whistle could have been easily and distinctly heard. The thickness of the stillness was becoming intolerable when the shrill sharp voice of Black was heard: "Dad, if you don't tell us a story or do something to route this hideous nightmare, to shatter this pall of gloom, your gray hairs and respected position shall not save you from destruction. Out upon thee, old man, if you do not rouse up, lend us a willing hand and unloosen that nimble tongue of thine, I'll denounce thee from this camp to the mouth of Grand River, as a morose, dyspeptic old fraud fit only for the early cornfields or crossroads, your rods as miserable twigs, your lines as rotten delusions, your spoon baits as revolving glittering cheats!

"Belay there, youngster; clap a stopper on that silly tongue of thine or you will not have wind enough left to blow the candle out. It's ballast you need, not tales; foundation, not stories; although for that matter I might perhaps 'a tale unfold' if any of you will give me a reminder or a starter."

"Ever catch a grizzly on a Hill spoon?" "Were you ever drowned?" "Ever see an artificial bait equal to the Spaulding?" "Ever lost in the woods?" These were the ejaculations fired at the old man instantaneously.

"No, I never was lost in the woods, nor drowned in a single shower; but I must confess I am all at sea and nearly dazed in this crowd of silly-pates who cannot stand up under the infliction of one dull, rainy day, and no fish, without whining like a whipped puppy or scolding like an old washerwoman. But did I ever tell you how Spaulding got lost on Grand River?"

"No, you never did; so if there is any line on that reel, ease up on the pressure and let her whirl."

"Late in the fall of '82," said the old man, "our party was camped at the mouth of Bass River. On this particular day the weather was raw and windy; an occasional flurry of snow, and the low, dull gray clouds plainly denoted an approaching storm. In the afternoon the strength of the breeze obliged us to have out two good-sized anchors, one astern to keep us from swinging into the reeds, along the edge of which we were fishing. When we left camp after

dinner, it had been decided that S. should go over to Eastman's, a distance of about three miles, to replenish our stock of groceries. About 3 o'clock he pulled up and started. The provisions were in due time obtained, but several valuable hours were spent in gossip with some old fishing friends, and darkness was upon them when, after helping S. load the necessities into the boat, his friends gave him a good send off, wishing him a good time in rowing to camp.

"While S. and his friends had been making the most of their time, the gathering storm had not been idle, and was now fairly started on a regular jamboree. The wind was blowing a stiff gale, the snow was falling thick and fast. Had the arch fiend gathered the universal goose crop, picked the feathers by machinery, and fired them down with Gatling guns, they could not have been more abundant nor hurled with any greater force. S. went at his task briskly, and with a determination to get there and that soon. He was a good rower, had a snug boat, and literally had plenty of vim aboard. For half an hour he pulled vigorously and without halting, then, thinking he should be nearly across, let up and looked around. No eye could penetrate more than a boat's length in any direction; there was nothing to be seen but the scurrying, pelting snow, the black water and the whitecaps which were breaking, rolling and tumbling over one another in their wild and crazy race for the shore.

"The steam which had generated during the story telling, was now very much condensed, and as S. rather nervously strained his eyes and peered as far as possible into the snowy darkness, he concluded that the outlook was rather obstructed that it was a very wild night, and wished that he was safe and sound in camp. But how to get there, or the direction to take, was the question. A division of the question was had without debate, which resulted, that the 'how' was to pull for it, while the direction could only be guessed at. Hastily considering the direction of the wind, then the current in the river, he jumped at his course and applied himself to the oars with all his might and main. But how to guide his course by the wind was a puzzle, for it blew from every direction—first on one side then on the other, sometimes it was dead ahead, then square in the stern, and again it seemed as though it was blowing from the four quarters, and that he was the center of gravity with a lateral section down through the center. Manfully he struggled on for another thirty minutes—it seemed as many hours—and then stopped from sheer exhaustion. He stood up in the boat and hollered, yelled, screamed himself hoarse. Bah! he might as well have stuck his head under the water; his little insignificant noise was slapped back into his face ere his breath was cold. No sound could be heard but the howling of the storm, the swash of the whitecaps, and the slap, slap, of the waves against the side of his boat. He rolled up a hard wad of paper and dropped it overboard to see which way the current was setting. Before it fairly touched the water it was caught up by the wind and whirled out of sight. A piece of board went over for the same purpose; a wave caught and dashed it against the side of the boat, another seized it and it was gone forever. He was confused, discouraged and was either growing dizzy or sea-sick. He bowed his head, covered his face with his hands and endeavored to steady himself. Which way to go? What to do? Where am I? were his mental ejaculations. 'Perhaps I have rowed down with the current and am now drifting out into Lake Michigan. Horror of horrors! If so, nothing can save me from a horrible death.' The howling storm raged and roared around him, eager to engulf him. He made a dive for his hat, which the wind had hurled into the stern of the boat; seized it with one hand and grasped with the other—what? A line as taut as a high-strung bow string. What was it? Why, simply his stern anchor rope, which his friends had jokingly dropped into the water when they gave him such a cheerful send-off. For over an hour I had been rowing as for life and death in the face and eyes of that screaming, blustering, bitter storm, vainly trying to drag that infernal anchor through the mud, snags and rushes which cover the river bottom."

"Hi y! Hold on, old man; how is that? Thought you said it was Spaulding."

"So I did; so I reiterate."

"But you just let out that you had been doing the rowing."

"Did I? Well, it must have been a slip of the tongue, or I have got two stories mixed. But never mind. The rope was cut, for the anchor was so badly fouled I could not get it aboard. The faint scream of a locomotive and the low rumble of a train on the D. & M. gave me my bearings. Ten minute's rowing and I saw the glimmer of the fire the boys had built on the bank to guide me to camp. I ate a hearty supper and for the next twelve consecutive hours slept the serene sleep of the innocent and just." W.

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

131.

We were floating down a certain river in Arkansas—M. and I—in our small shanty boat, about the first of November. We had very carefully placed our guns where we could grab them at a moment's notice, for ducks and squirrels were plenty; and we had seen a deer on the bank, and no gun within reach. As we rounded a bend I espied a large object in a tree overhanging the river. "Look what a big nest," I exclaimed. "Hello," said M., "I want that nest. I'll take it home and hang it up on my porch," and up went his gun. Thinking he was joking, I paid no attention, but he fired, and down came the nest, falling right in front of the boat, and the next moment a swarm of red hot hornets attacked us on all sides. "I didn't know it was loaded," groaned M., covering his face. I followed his example, and we at last got through all right. THREE-BARREL.

132.

My boyhood days were spent in the neighborhood where President Arthur first saw light, North Fairfield, Vermont, and a short distance from our house was a deep, sluggish stream called Black Creek, which was full of hornpouts, or bullheads, as they are called there, and many an evening, with one of the farm hands for a companion, have I spent in my youthful days on the banks of that stream "yanking" those fish out. One evening I had with me a fresh "chip from the aud sod," whom I had rigged up with a stout pole and tackle, with the necessary "wurms for bait." I gave him a stand a short distance from me, and told him that when he felt a bite at his bait to yank with all of his strength, but to be careful of his fish. "Sure," he said, "I'd not be alarmed to saze hauld of any fish that would grow in that strame, even if it was the Auld Nick himself." In a few minutes I heard him give a tremendous grunt, and a heavy thud on the ground behind him proclaimed a landed pout. He seized hold of the line close to the fish with one hand and held it up toward the

clear sky, and with his other hand attempted to handle the struggling fish. As his hand came in contact with the sharp spines, back his hand would go with a flint and a howl, while he would execute a miniature war dance.

"What's the trouble with you, Anthony?" I cried.

"Holy mother! What's the trouble!" he howled. "But this is a quare country and it's a quare, lad that ye are. Furst ye had me mouth an' throte in purgatory with yer hill-fire wild American thurnip (turnip); thin ye had meate a bloody grane butternut that was so bitter that it wud drive a saint to distraction; thin have me hunt of an avening a kitten that was a murthering, stanking polecat, that kilt me stamick intirely and made me slape in the barn for a wake away from Ann, and now it's a fash that ye have that's so tied up wid thorns that wud borthor the devil himself to lay a hand to him." STANSTEAD.

HIGGATE, VT., July 15.

Sea and River Fishing.

SALT-WATER FISHING.

Editor Forest and Stream:

My communication on "Salt-Water Fishing," published in your issue of July 17, was not for the purpose of opening a controversy on that subject, but "Fontinalis" seems to think it was, and after calling attention to me by name, misconstrues my language, and says that it is only when Mr. Scott writes about trout and salmon fishing that he is poetically inspired. I did not intend to assert that fishing in the salt water made any one write poetry, but what I did say was that "neither Mr. Scott nor Mr. Roosevelt was lacking in inspiration or poetry of expression when writing on salt-water angling. There is a difference between poetry of expression and writing poetry. However, upon referring to Mr. Scott's "Fishing in American Waters," you will find that Mr. Scott wrote poetry as well as made use of poetry of expression, when on the subject under discussion, and I have inclosed herewith the following selections, taken from the book referred to, as the best argument that "Fontinalis" labors under a false impression. Mr. Scott also freely intersperses poetical quotations throughout his work, but the selections here given are his own production. The first is from his book at page 84:

"At mouth of river, or where deep
O'er mussel beds the bay tides sweep,
The bulky sheepshead loves to hie
When summer suns ride hot and dry;
And there, for hours, in anchored boat,
Hopeful, the patient angler floats,
Only too happy if a score
Of dainty fish enrich their store."

Again, on page 94:

"Where inlet of the Barnegat
Opens to the boiling surf its gate,
When the young flood tide washes in
Limpet and crab, a luring bait,
Then, where the affluent current pours
The deepest o'er its mussel floors,
The greedy sheepshead hidden lies,
To seize whatever may float by,
And there, in dancing boat that swings
At anchor in the floating tides
The angler line and plummet flings,
And takes the robber where he hides."

Again, on page 98:

"To anglers who dwell near the coast
The kingfish is a peculiar joy;
And among all the scaly host,
This they choose as their favorite toy."

On page 103 Mr. Scott gives this:

"When twinkling icicles depend
From woods that with the bright freight bend,
When salty stream and open sound
With adamant ice are bound,
Then o'er the solid frozen stream
The tents of the smelt fisher gleam;
Each opes with axe the crystal floor,
Then patient watches at the door."

On page 105 he says:

"Where low the level Jersey shore
Spreads out its ribbed and sandy floor,
At break of day the fishers launch
The little skiff, so swift and staunch;
Spread the white sail, forsake the strand,
To dare the ocean miles from land.
Full well by shore-marks they may know
Where reefs of weeds are hidden low;
There, anchored at the dawn of day,
They rob the marine banks of prey."

And on page 112:

"Wherever kelp and seaweed cling
To ramparts, form'd of rugged rock,
The tautog finds a dwelling place,
Deep down in waters at their base;
Or where a passing boat hath met
Its fate along the rocky shore,
And, with its broken ribs and keel,
Lies rotting on the ocean floor,
There, where the clinging shell and weed
Gather, and barnacles abound,
The blackfish, seeking out their feed,
In numbers by the hook are found."

Also see pp. 129, 126 and 137.

Had I the time to look over my old files of the *Spirit of the Times*, *Turf, Field and Farm* and *Wilkes' Spirit of the Times*, I could furnish more proof on the same subject. And will add, further, that a personal acquaintance with Mr. Scott, when I lived in New York city, warrants me in asserting that he felt quite as much interest in salt-water as in 'fresh-water' angling. I was sorry to see the spirit in which "Fontinalis" criticises the article contributed by "Knebel," who is evidently an angler of no small parts, judging him by his enthusiasm and success. Anglers are proverbially gentle, being votaries of a gentle art, and it does not become us to cast reflections on one another, no matter to what branch of the craft we belong. We may be "salt," we may be "fresh," but we are all "children of one family." My striped bass rod, my fly-rod and my bait-rod for general use, my gaff

hook and my fly book, lie peaceably together. So may it be with the fresh-water and the salt-water anglers.

C. T. D.

Boston, Mass., Aug. 6, 1884.

[Should not Mr. Isaac McLellan have the credit of authorship of the verses quoted? A note in Mr. Scott's preface appears to intimate this.]

THE FISH-EATING BLADDERWORT.

IN OUR issue of July 24, we published a communication from Mr. R. E. Earll, of the U. S. Fish Commission, on this subject, in which he described the plant and stated that Prof. Baird had received specimens from Prof. H. N. Moseley, of Oxford University. We add the following description by the discoverer, G. E. Simms, Jr., as given in the London *Fishing Gazette*:

"I have recently discovered among the aquatic weeds placed in my aquarium, where I have also a large number of newly-hatched perch and roach, a novel and unexpected enemy to the pisciculturist in the bladder traps of *Utricularia vulgaris*, which its capable of catching and killing young fry. My attention was first drawn to it by observing that some of the tiny fish, without any apparent cause, were lying dead on the weeds, while the rest of the brood looked perfectly healthy and in good condition. At first I was somewhat puzzled at the strange position in which they were lying, and in trying to move one with a small twig I was still more surprised to find it was held fast by the head, in what I thought, when I pulled the plant from the water, were the seed vessels, and a still closer examination revealed the strange fact that others of the little fish had been trapped by the tail, and in one or two instances the head and tail of the same fish had been swallowed by adjacent bladders, thus forming with its body a connecting bar between the two. I placed one or two good specimens in a glass jar and went to the Museum, where I was fortunate enough to see Professor Moseley, who immediately verified my suspicions.

"According to 'Bentham's Handbook of British Flowering Plants,' the *Utricularia vulgaris*, or greater bladderwort, is widely distributed over Britain, and although it is local, yet where it is found it grows luxuriantly, seldom appearing in the rivers, but chiefly confining its presence to still ponds and deep ditches, the places where it is most likely to work mischief to the young fry. A peculiar fact in connection with it is that it has no roots at any time of its life, and the floating root-like branches which are covered with numerous capillary and much divided leaves are interspersed with tiny green vesicles, which were supposed by a former school of botanists to be filled with water, by which means the plant was kept at the bottom until the time of flowering, when the water gave place to air, and the plant then rose to the surface to allow its bloom to expand. As a matter of fact, these vesicles exercised no such function, their real work being to entrap minute crustaceans, worms, larvæ, etc., for its support, and without a good supply of which it is impossible to keep it alive in an aquarium. Their form is that of a flattened ovoid sac, or, in other words, when seen under a low-power microscope, they are precisely like a human stomach, and they are attached at their hinder extremities each by a very short and fine pedicle or foot-stalk in the axil of the leaves. Each, too, has an opening at the opposite free extremity, somewhat quadrangular in outline, from either side of which project two branched processes, called by Mr. Darwin antennæ. In fact, I do not suppose they could have received a more appropriate name, because in appearance the whole bladder intimately resembles an entomostrean crustacean, the short foot-stalk representing the tail.

"On either side of the quadrangular entrance several long bristles project outward, and these bristles, together with the branches of the antennæ, form a hollow cone surrounding the entrance, which there cannot be the slightest doubt act as a guide for the prey toward it. The entrance is closed by a valve, which being attached above slopes into the cavity of the bladder, and is attached to it on all sides except at its posterior or lower margin, which is free, and forms one side of the slit-like opening leading into the bladder. Differing materially from the color of the bladder itself, which is of a brilliant green, the valve is colorless and transparent, and is extremely flexible and elastic.

"Animals enter the bladders by bending inward the posterior free edge of the valve, which, from being highly elastic, shuts again immediately. The edge is extremely thin and fits closely against the edge of the collar, both projecting into the bladder, and it is extremely difficult, if not impossible, for any animal to escape, although I have observed a long worm to do so at the expense of a part of his body; yet, as a rule, it is a case of 'all who enter here lose hope.' To show how closely the edge fits, it was found that a daphnia, which had inserted its antennæ into the slit, was held fast a whole day, and on other occasions long narrow larvæ, both dead and alive, were seen wedged between the valve and the collar, with their bodies half in and half out of the vesicle. When a fish is caught, the head is usually pushed as far into the bladder as possible, till the snout touches the hinder wall. The two black eyes of the fish then show out conspicuously through the wall of the bladder.

"So far as is known, there is no digestive process in *Utricularia*, neither is there any sensibility or irritation. Mr. Darwin was unable to detect either, his opinion being that whatever nutriment the plant obtained from its prey was by absorption of the decaying matter, and it would appear that the longer of the two pairs of projections composing the quadrid processes by which the vesicles are lined, which project obliquely inward and toward the end of the bladder, acts, together with the spring valves at the mouth of the bladder, in utilizing each fresh struggle of the captive for the purpose of pushing it further inward.

"Of its destructive powers all I can say is that out of 150 newly hatched perch placed in a glass vessel only one or two were alive two days subsequently, and I hope in a few days to be in a position to speak of its powers *en natura*."

Professor Moseley writes: "Mr. Simms supplied me with a fresh specimen of *Utricularia* in a vessel with fresh young fish and spawn, and in about six hours more than a dozen of the fish were found entrapped. Most are caught by the head, and when this is the case the head is usually pushed as far into the bladder as possible till the snout touches its hinder wall. The two dark black eyes of the fish then show out conspicuously through the wall of the bladder. Rarely a specimen is seen caught only by the tip of the snout. By no means a few of the fish are, however, captured by the tail, which is swallowed, so to speak, to a greater or less distance, and I have one specimen in which the fish is caught by the yolk sac. Three or four instances were observed in

which a fish had its head swallowed by one bladder-trap and its tail by another adjacent one, the body of the fish forming a connecting bar between the two bladders.

"I have not been able to see a fish in the actual process of being trapped, nor to find one recently caught, and showing by motion of the forepart of its body signs of life. All those trapped were found already dead, but I have had no opportunity of prolonged observation, and it will be remembered that Mr. Darwin, in his account of the trapping of crustacea, worms, etc., by *Utricularia*, states that he was not able to observe the actual occurrence of the trapping of an animal, although Mrs. Treat, of New Jersey, often did so. I think it probable that the fact described by Mr. Darwin, and which is easily verified, that the longer of the two pairs of projections composing the quadrid processes by which the bladders of *Utricularia* are lined 'project obliquely inward and toward the posterior end of the bladder,' has something to do with mechanism by which the small fish become so deeply swallowed, so to speak. The oblique processes, set all toward the hinder end of the bladder, look as if they must act together with the spring valves of the mouth of the bladder in utilizing each fresh struggle of the captive for the purpose of pushing it further and further inward. On cutting open longitudinally some of the bladders containing the heads and foreparts of the bodies of fish and examining their contents, I found the tissues of the fish in a more or less slimy, deliquescent condition, no doubt from decomposition, for Mr. Darwin failed to detect any digestive process in *Utricularia*. The quadrid processes were bathed in the slimy semi-fluid animal substance, and the processes themselves appeared to contain abundance of fine granular matter, possibly the result of absorption, but the large quantity of surrounding animal matter present rendered the observation uncertain. The usual swarms of infusoria were present in the decomposing matter.

"Specimens of the *Utricularia* with the little fish fast in the bladder-trap, and their heads or tails happing out, can be well preserved in spirits, and show the conditions well, notwithstanding that the plant becomes colorless, and there is no longer the marked contrast between the glistening white dead fish and the green bladders, which in the fresh condition renders the combination of the trap and prey conspicuous.

"I found that a certain residual number of a certain batch of young fish remained weeks with the weed untrapped, either because the weed is only able to catch them when the weather is warm or because they learn by experience (impossible) or because the plant soon loses its activity in confinement (?). Other experiments seem to show that possibly one certain species of young fish get caught.

"I see Asa Gray in his manual refers to *Var. Americana* as most common in the United States, but no doubt the two varieties will act alike as to young fish. I have not found any case of a young fish already trapped by any specimen of the *Utricularia* taken from the pond in which it grows here, although there are many fish in the pond."

Specimens of the entrapped fish were received from Professor Moseley by the United States Fish Commission June 9, and are deposited in the National Museum. The *Utricularia* is a large rootless, water plant, which floats freely in the water. Its leaves bear the small bladders which entrap the fish fry. Mr. C. W. Smiley says: "Eleven species are enumerated in the 'Fish Commission Bulletin,' 1883, p. 260, as useful in carp ponds. While these do not include the *vulgaris*, it is probable that some of these may have the same ability to catch the small fish. In that event these plants must be excluded from carp ponds."

AMERICAN FOOD FISHES.

UNTIL I read Dr. Henshall's paper on "The Comparative Excellence of Food Fishes," published in *FOREST AND STREAM* July 17, I never had met with anything on the subject, though considering the general ignorance of it, such teaching has been much needed. People pay a dollar a pound for stale brook trout, wholly devoid of flavor; whitefish are brought from the great lakes to New York on ice, equally valueless, and striped bass and bluefish are sold in the markets almost in a state of decay, the cunning dealers putting forth a theory that a bass, like a leg of mutton, should be ripened before it is eaten. Dr. Henshall, being ichthyologist, angler and fish lover, is well qualified for this work of instruction in fish food.

I agree with Dr. Henshall in placing the whitefish of the Great Lakes (*Coregonus apudissimus* Ag.) at the head of the list of fresh-water food fishes, and that those of Lake Superior are the finest of this species. Like him, I have eaten them three times a day for weeks without being cloyed. This was at the Sault Ste. Marie, where the fish were taken from the rapids by the Indians with their dip nets and brought alive to the hotel kitchen. On the same table were usually brook trout, taken equally fresh from the same waters, and three persons out of four preferred the whitefish. But this delicacy of flavor evaporates in a few hours, and the whitefish of the markets of the lake cities generally, although a fairly good fish, is far inferior to those we get at Mackinac and the Sault. I have even found tasteless and stale whitefish on the tables of the most pretentious of the Mackinac hotels, but memory recalls one house there forty years ago, the flavor of whose broils yet lingers on the palate.

My experience with brook trout also confirms the opinion of Dr. Henshall. Eaten fresh from the stream, it is one of the most delicate and finely flavored of fish; but it will not bear transportation without losing its finer qualities, and when twenty-four hours old it is, I think, inferior to the black bass under similar conditions. I have captured and eaten the brook trout from Massachusetts to Colorado and from Pennsylvania to Canada, and find it equally good East, West, North and South, in cold and pure waters. Some people maintain that only those trout which have access to salt water are perfect, but that is not my experience.

As to the black bass, I have eaten the large-mouthed species in Florida, and found it to compare favorably on the table with the best salt-water fishes of that coast, which is a severe test. It appeared to me equal in quality to the small-mouthed black bass of the Great Lakes. The great depth, coldness and purity of the water of these lakes give to all their fish exceptional merit; even the sucker (*Catostomus*), hardly eatable elsewhere, I have found in Lake Superior to be firm and well-flavored. I should rank the Great Lakes fishes as follows: Whitefish, pike-perch, muscalonge, black bass, white bass, perch, blue catfish, Northern pike, lake trout. The siscowet I have never eaten.

Dr. Henshall omits an opinion upon the salmon. Having eaten it from Boston to the pools of the Restigouche, I found it to improve as I went north. Good in Boston, better in

Portland. So good in St. Johns, N. B., that I thought it could not be better. At Dalhousie, on the Bay of Chaleurs, still improving. On the table at Frazer's, at Matapedia, I fancied it had reached perfection, but when I tasted salmon in camp on the river bank, cooked by a fine old Irish gentleman in the Tweedside fashion, I felt that fortune had nothing more in store for me.

With Dr. Henshall, I place the pompano at the head of the list of fishes. It seems to me to happily combine the richness of the salmon with the delicacy of the whitefish, and to the earnest and appreciative ichthyophagist, to taste of this delicacy would repay him for the trouble of a visit to the Gulf Coast. I think that Dr. Henshall undervalues the sheepshead of the Southern coast. Perhaps, however, he has eaten it in the last part of winter and the spring months, when the spawning process deprives it of the flavor and succulence which it possesses in fall and winter. So also with the red-fish or channel bass, which has its season of excellence, namely, the summer and fall.

The red snapper, now often seen in the Northern markets, being a deep-water fish, keeps better than any other species, and is found in good condition several hundred miles in the interior.

I do not observe that Dr. Henshall mentions the mullet of the Southern coast, which in the summer and autumn is by the coast people preferred to any other species. In winter, when those coasts are visited by Northern people, the mullet is only valuable for bait. When fat, in summer, the mullet when salted makes the best substitute for the mackerel.

It is a common error that the fishes of the Southern coast are inferior to those of the North. In fact there is a greater variety of valuable food fishes from Charleston to Cape Florida, than can be found north of that region, at least that is my opinion, from some experience of both regions.

Comparing the number of species of food and game fishes in the United States with those of Europe, our advantages in this respect appear to be remarkable. England for instance, where anglers and angling books most abound, has five or six species of the salmon family. We, in North America, have from twenty-five to fifty species, according to the naturalist you consult. The British islands have one pike; we have five or six.

We have three pike-perches to none in Great Britain. We have a large family of basses; black, white, green, spotted and striped—all wanting there, except as imported from America. So with the catfishes, of which America seems to be the home. British anglers are obliged to occupy themselves with species which with us are disregarded, or left to the boys—chub, bream, roach and dace, and their angling books contain long descriptions and full directions for the capture of these insignificant fishes. S. C. C.

THE TRIBUTARIES OF THE OCONEE.

I SPENT a week fishing, in June, on tributaries of Oconee River, about sixty-five miles from Macon, in Montgomery county. We were invited to join Col. S., of Dublin, and in company with Mrs. S. and daughter, of Columbus, together with Dr. H. V. J., we spent a delightful week fishing for perch and bream. Leaving Dublin, June 3, about sunrise, in two batteaux, we reached Troup Spring Lake in time to catch a string of fine perch for dinner; thence to mouth of Turkey Creek in time for camp and a supply of fish for supper and again for breakfast. Breaking camp next morning, we ran down the river and reached Mercer Creek in time to make camp before night and to be ready for the bream next day. We had an abundant supply of this, the finest game and pan fish in the South, unless we except the bass. Mrs. S. and Miss M. S. are as fond of fishing and camp life as any ladies I ever met, and enjoyed very much our stay of one week on Mercer Creek. We anticipated some young ducks, as Col. S. had some fine sport there last year; we were disappointed, however, in that, as the ducks were later than usual.

Mercer Creek has two mouths, and the lower one runs only in high water, and forms quite a deep lake or back water from the river, and in this we caught the fine bream and perch. Gov. G. M. Troup owned property near this creek and was buried about three miles from its mouth. I passed in sight of his monument, and the rock used for inclosing it was blasted from the bluff overlying the river just below the mouth of Mercer Creek. Troup Spring Lake was named in honor of Gov. Troup, and was a favorite fishing place of his. This is a grand place for fall fishing, white perch and bass being very numerous.

Gov. Troup lived in what we call the "wire grass" country, and in "ante-bellum" days lived in the common house of that day, a log house; but it was unusual, as it was plastered inside and had marble mantlepieces and Brussels carpets.

I. H. J.

MACON, Ga., Aug. 6.

PHILADELPHIA NOTES.—Aug. 9.—The porpoise fishing company at Cape May, N. J., has proved a success so far as the capture of these wary denizens of the deep is concerned. During the season many good catches were made whenever the trap was set and the fish were about. Your correspondent heard to-day of a movement to be made to utilize the flesh minus the fat for table use. Sturgeon may do, but porpoise meat—bah! Better use it to lubricate the new cable motor railroad here. Bluefish have been rare thus far all throughout this summer. A few very small fish came in the inlet twice lately, but no large ones have shown themselves. The white perch have begun to bite well at Betterton, and the fish are of fair size. I would advise a postponement until September for those who propose going there. The fish will be of heavier weight then and most certainly finer. Mr. Jackson Johnson took a pickerel weighing four pounds in the Delaware River, near the Water Gap, recently. This is large for that section.—Homo.

A MICHIGAN CAMP GROUND.—Iron Mountain, Menominee County, Mich., Aug. 8 (Menominee River Branch R. R.).—This vicinity offers a splendid field for the sportsman, fish and game being plenty. Spread Eagle Lake is full of bass and pickerel, and some splendid catches have been made there this year, ranging from 40 to 200 pounds of fish. Trout can also be caught in the Brule and Michigamme rivers, besides many others near here. I caught 104 trout day before yesterday, weighing about 35 pounds, and could have caught more if I had been able to carry them or had been a fly-fisherman. They jumped at sinkers nearly every time we dropped a hook into the creek. Any reader of the *FOREST AND STREAM* that wishes information on this subject—camping and hunting or fishing—will find me ready to give them every assistance in my power. Deer are plenty. —GEO. F. SEIBERT.

OLD ABE'S ANGLING SECRET.—Among the many disciples of Izaak Walton who have resided in Hartford for the past twenty years, none have enjoyed such an enviable reputation as "Old Abe." It has been reported that he could draw a pail of water out of the faucet in the house, sit by the kitchen stove and catch a larger string of fish than ordinary mortals could where there were thousands. He was a daily visitor to Wethersfield cove and night after night "Old Abe" could be seen trudging along the avenue with his fishing pole upon his shoulder and a well filled basket in his hand. All day long he would sit in one place hauling in fish, while the other fishermen would move from place to place without getting a bite and finally leave in disgust. It was whispered among the boys, and believed by some, that "Old Abe" had a secret way of making the fish bite, and one day an amateur in Wethersfield offered him \$5 to disclose it. "Abe" told him to get about two dozen angle worms, place them in a bottle and put the bottle near the kitchen stove for about six weeks and then strain the oil, and when he went fishing to put a little of it on each hook. He got the worms and after they had lain upon the shelf for three weeks his mother-in-law, who was near-sighted, was dusting the shelf and knocked the bottle off. It broke upon the hot stove and in two minutes the canary bird was dead and the family out of doors. A family of skunks left the cellar soon after and run in a dazed condition under the barn. It was three days before the family could enter the house, and then a haggard, wild-eyed man started for Hartford with a gun on his shoulder and murder in his eye. We don't know whether he found "Old Abe" or not, but it is certain that from that day to this his familiar figure has not been seen near Wethersfield cove.—*Hartford Evening Post.*

SALMON IN PACIFIC COAST RIVERS.—The salmon run in the Sacramento River has decreased until it has proved disastrous to canneries and fishermen. It promises to become extinct. In this dilemma the fishermen threaten to violate the close season and defy the law. The cause of the decay of the fisheries is attributed, first, to the sealions at the Golden Gate. It is said they destroy 5,300 pounds of fish daily. It is alleged that the throwing of trimmings into the river by the cannery employes is another cause of the slackening of the run, it being held that the fish avoid waters into which parts of the bodies of dissected fish are cast. This may be a fanciful, or it may be a cogent reason; certainly fishermen have faith in it. One admitted prime cause is the surcharging of the waters of the river with mining detritus and the coating of the bed of the stream with hydraulic sands and slickens. These evils destroy the feeding grounds and obliterate spawning beds. That the fouling of the water by mining processes tends to repel the fish is certain, while overflows, owing to the raised river bed, certainly carry many young fish into basins, where the felling of the waters leaves them to perish. The catfish is said to be destructive of the young fry salmon. Added to all these misfortunes is the discontinuance of the McCloud fish hatching establishment, heretofore maintained by the United States Government. In contrast to the depletion of our fisheries is the overcrowding of Northern streams by salmon. The runs were never so great there as now. It is held by some that the salmon will return next season to the Sacramento, but fishermen generally are not consoled by this possibility.—*Sacramento Union, Aug. 2.*

MARINE CATFISHES.—Salem, N. J.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I send by express a specimen of a fish. At first it was pronounced a catfish, but when examined it was found that the skin was like a mackerel, that the eyes were differently placed from those of the catfish, that the dorsal fin was very much elongated, that the tail was forked with long points, like a shark, and with a very fine and delicate run aft. Some of us think this is a hybrid. One gentleman here says he has caught many of them in the Mullica River, New Jersey, where they are known by the name of catfish. However, they differ very much from the fish which we know as catfish. Can you enlighten us on this point?—T. J. Y. [In spite of the malodorous condition of the fish when received, we recognized it as one of the sea catfishes (*Echrichthys marinus*) which is found on our coast from Cape Cod to the extreme southern boundary. The name of "catfish" is applied to all the family *Siluridae* in America, and this contains, according to Jordan, five genera and twenty-six species inhabiting fresh water, and two genera and three species in salt water. Therefore, there is great difference in the appearance of the species, as well as in their size. The marine forms differ from those of fresh water, in having the anterior and posterior nostrils close together, neither nostril with a barbel. They have a deeply-forked caudal fin. The species sent is remarkable for its long filaments on the dorsal and pectoral fins which reach past the vent. They are not rare, being often captured by fishermen, but not in quantities to be sent to market, as the fresh-water species are.]

BLUEFISHING.—Newport, R. I., Aug. 9.—On Wednesday last I began trolling for bluefish off Block Island, where only an occasional fish had been taken so far this season. Our party went out at 6 A. M., and three hours later we had but one fish. About 10:30 the second fish was struck, and from that time until 4 P. M., when we went in tired, they struck as fast as we could pull them in. Between the hours named our party of four captured 186 fish weighing from four to six pounds. Some boats brought in over 200 fish and all who were out noted the fact that they began biting at about the same time. We fished the next two days with about the same success and so did all others who were fortunate enough to be here when the fish struck in. A fisherman from No Man's Land told me that the bluefish were there in great numbers on Tuesday, showing that the great school came from the eastward. If this is the case then there should be good fishing in Plum Gut and about Fire Island by the time this reaches you. From all reports the fishing for bluefish has not been very good this season anywhere north of Cape May until now. As I write I can see a fleet of catboats starting for Point Judith and everything in the way of a sea boat is in requisition.—*POKE-O-MOONSHINE.*

A GLUTTONOUS BASS.—In Prospect Park Lake, Brooklyn, last week, Robt. Carter found a large rock bass that had been trying to swallow a perch, but that the perch was too large for the bass. This fact the bass had discovered, and it was trying to eject the perch. The bass was choking, and in a short time was dead. Mr. Carter secured both fish. The bass weighed four pounds. The dorsal fin of the perch had stuck fast in the roof of the bass's mouth, and the perch could not be forced either backward or forward.

BASS IN THE YOUGHIOGHENY.—Somerset, Pa., Aug. 6.—Millions of black bass have been killed in the Youghiogheny this season in the coal regions of Fayette county by turning into the river the sulphur water of the mines. Dead fish weighing from a couple of ounces to five, six and eight pounds were washed out on the banks of the river. This stream was stocked with black bass and salmon trout, the former about 1874, the latter in 1878. No one suspected that black bass of so large a size were to be found in the "Yough," until they floated out dead from the influx of the foul water of the mines. It seems to me, and a number of other gentlemen who like occasionally to enjoy a day's sport with hook and line, that there is work for the Fish Commissioner along the course of the "roaring Yough."—*AMATEUR.*

ST. LAWRENCE ASSOCIATION.—Clayton, Aug. 7.—At the annual meeting of the Anglers' Association of the St. Lawrence River, held here, committees were appointed to call a meeting of New York State anglers in November, to codify the fishing laws and ask for amendments from the Legislature; also to confer with the Canadian fishery officials to secure the enforcement of the laws in relation to not fishing upon both sides of the river. The following officers were chosen: President, J. J. Flannagen, of Utica; First Vice-President, H. R. Clarke, of Jersey City, N. J.; Second Vice-President, Gardner M. Skinner, of Clayton, N. Y.; Secretary, W. W. Byington; Treasurer, Wm. Story, of Albany.

MOOSEHEAD LAKE.—The new hotel at Mt. Kinco was recently opened. It is a modern structure throughout and is a wonder and surprise to every one who sees it there in that great wilderness. The Bangor & Piscataquis Railroad Company have completed their line to the shores of Moosehead Lake, so that now the traveler leaving Boston can go wholly by rail to the lake, and a steamboat ride of twenty miles carries him to the hotel.

BLUEFISH AT BLOCK ISLAND.—Bluefish struck in here Wednesday, and in a short time some very good catches were made. The fish are of unusually large size, as if to atone for their long absence from our grounds. Mackerel have been very numerous here, but are fast disappearing before their larger foes.—*A. W. BROWN (Aug. 6).*

CORNSTALK FISHING.—They have a variation of the "jugging" device in Maryland. Fishing lines about five feet long are attached to pieces of last year's cornstalks two feet in length; the hooks are baited and the lines dangle from the floating stalks. The device is much favored by codfishermen and those who are after eels.

THE OSWEGO BASS.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have been asked to write an article on the "Oswego" bass, for your journal. In compliance with that request I send you the following monograph: There is no such fish as an "Oswego" bass.—*FRED MATHER (Cold Spring Harbor, N. Y., Aug. 11).*

Fishculture.

RESULTS OF FISHCULTURE.

THE following statements and tables, prepared by Mr. Charles W. Smiley, of the U. S. Fish Commission, show the influence of artificial propagation upon production as illustrated by the salmon work on the Sacramento River, California. Mr. Smiley writes:

It is understood that about four years are required for salmon to mature. I have therefore placed the yield of 1877 opposite the planting of 1873, and so on. For four successive years the yield has been nearly double the yield of the years preceding the artificial propagation, which commenced in 1873. This appears to have resulted from annually planting about 2,000,000 fry. The planting of 500,000 fry in 1873 and in 1874 appears to have increased the yield by about a million pounds each year. No record of the production in Sacramento River prior to 1875 is obtainable, but it is known to have been less than six million pounds.

Young salmon hatched from eggs taken by the U. S. Fish Commission and released in the McCloud River, a tributary of the Sacramento, in California.			Annual yield of the Sacramento River in salmon to the canneries.	
Year.	Month.	No.	Year ending—	Pounds.
1871.	None.	Aug. 1, 1875.	5,099,781
1872.	None.	Aug. 1, 1876.	5,311,423
1873.	Sept.	500,000	Aug. 1, 1877.	6,453,553
1874.	Sept.	500,000	Aug. 1, 1878.	5,520,753
1875.	Sept.-Oct.	850,000	Aug. 1, 1879.	*4,432,250
1876.	Sept.-Oct.	1,503,000	Aug. 1, 1880.	10,837,400
1877.	Oct.	2,900,000	Aug. 1, 1881.	9,600,000
1878.	Oct.	2,500,000	Aug. 1, 1882.	9,005,250
1879.	Oct.	2,000,000	Oct. 15, 1883.	9,555,672
1880.	Oct.	2,000,000		
1881.	Oct.	2,250,000		
1882.	Oct.-Nov.	4,037,000		
		18,337,000		67,455,137

* The salmon were as numerous in the river this year as in any previous years, but the small number taken was due to a feud between the fishermen and the canners as to the price to be paid for the fish. For three weeks in the height of the season no fish were taken, except for daily consumption in San Francisco and other markets.

The average yield during the past three years was..... 9,586,984
The average yield in 1875 and 1876, before any fruits of fishculture could have appeared, was..... 5,205,102

Making a gain per annum due to fishculture of..... 4,391,882
The fish are worth 50 cents apiece as they come from the water, their average weight being 7 pounds each.
Value of the 4,391,882 pounds due to fishculture... \$313,706 00
Cost of hatching and planting 2,500,000 fry..... 3,600 00

Annual net profit..... 310,106 00
The expenditures by the United States Fish Commission on this work and the number of eggs obtained from 1877 to 1882 were as follows:

Fiscal year.	Amount expended.	Eggs produced.
1877-78.	\$7,853.96	7,088,000
1878-79.	12,730.54	10,310,000
1879-80.	12,975.55	6,650,000
1880-81.	13,557.30	5,300,000
1881-82.	6,553.51	7,500,000
Total.....	\$53,700.76	37,238,000

Average cost per million eggs, \$1,440.

This expenditure was much greater than necessary merely to increase the supply of fish in the river. Of the 37,238,000 eggs obtained during these five years but 11,000,000 were used to produce what young were returned to the river. The other 26,238,000 eggs were sent to the Eastern States and to foreign countries. Additionally, the experience of the past will enable the Commissioners to exercise greater economy. One of the California Commissioners stated to a committee of the Legislature that "a million of salmon could be artificially hatched and placed in the river for less than \$800, and if it were desirable, and the Legislature made sufficient appropriation, the Commissioners could fill the river so full of salmon that it would be difficult for a steamboat to pass through them." Considering the fact that food does not have to be furnished, these fish, coming from their ocean feeding grounds to the rivers, as they do, merely to spawn, his statement may be within the bounds of reason.

Writing under date of Jan. 6, 1883, Mr. B. B. Redding, of San Francisco, Cal., said: "Since we commenced putting young salmon into the Sacramento, Pitt and McCloud rivers the number of canneries with money invested has more than trebled, and more persons are investing money in new canneries. Requests are coming from other parts of the State to have salmon hatched. Fishhatching, for the purpose of supplying food, has at length become popular."

CHARLES W. SMILEY.
U. S. F. C., WASHINGTON, D. C., April 15, 1884.

ON THE FORCES WHICH DETERMINE THE SURVIVAL OF FISH EMBRYOS.

[A paper read before the American Fishcultural Association.]
BY JOHN A. RYDER.

MR. PRESIDENT: Unfortunately the programme announces the title of my communication in a form somewhat different from the one actually chosen for my paper, although in reality there is no great difference between the two. I propose to-day to discuss some of the causes which limit the survival of fish embryos. It is well known to fish-culturists and naturalists that there is a great amount of variation in the number of ova produced by different species of fishes. The great variation is significant and can be accounted for on no other ground than this: that it must be supposed that there is a great over-production of eggs in order to make up for the losses in the struggle for existence, as indicated in the first place by Malthus and afterward elaborately worked out by Mr. Darwin. This disparity in the number of germs produced by different species is so great as to astound us at first. There are species, for instance, in which the number of germs produced by the female fish would not exceed twenty. There are some, indeed, that produce only five or six. Again, there are species which produce as many as 10,000,000. Now, how is this difference to be explained. It is a singular fact that the greatest number of eggs appears to be produced by those fishes which take the least care of their progeny, viz., those species which discharge their eggs into the open sea and commit them to the mercy of the winds and waves, such as the codfish and flounders and many of the *Clupeoids*. Whereas the reverse seems to be true, in the case of those fish which studiously take care of their eggs, or incubate them inside of their ovaries—as for example in the *Embiotocoid* fishes of the west coast—or as in another case (*Gambusia*) within the ovarian follicle, modified into a placental structure; or, as in the case of the catfish, where the male hovers over the adherent mass of ova and forces the water through them, or yet again where the eggs are retained in a pouch underneath the abdomen, as in the pipe-fishes, or are kept in a similar pouch under the tail, as in the male sea-horse (*Hippocampus*). It seems as if the number of eggs was diminished just in proportion to the amount of care taken—usually by the male—of the embryos. This, of course, indicates that in the case of eggs which are not protected in the way mentioned, millions of surplus ova are destroyed in the struggle for existence, whereas with the species which protect their ova, the struggle for existence at the commencement of development must be much less severe.

There are other points to be noticed. Some species have very small ova. Such are usually hatched in a condition in which the little fish is much feeble than in those cases in which the ova are large, and in which the young fish leave the egg in a much more vigorous condition, in a condition, in short, in which they are able to contend with the environment more effectually. That is an important fact to be considered. Again, there are some species which leave the egg with the throat perforated, and other forms which do not. In the case of the shad, for instance, the young fish cannot swallow at the time of hatching, but in other forms the young can swallow as soon as they leave the egg membrane. There are still other causes which would affect the percentage of survivals, such as changes in their habitat produced by man, or the pollution of a river by substances which sink into its ooze, and so vitiate the water and thus render incubation on the bottom impossible.

There are also forms in which there are protective contrivances developed on the eggs themselves. We are all familiar with gelatinous strings that we find in stagnant ponds and which inclose the eggs of the toad, for example. Most of the various forms of frogs have a different kind of spawn adhering together in masses instead of in strings. Certain fish-ova, again, have long thread-like appendages, by which they are suspended on weeds and grass, so that the currents of sea water can pass backward and forward among them, aerating them and preventing them from being smothered. This is the case with a number of marine, and some few fresh-water, forms of fishes. There are cases where mimicry doubtless plays a part in preventing the capture of young fish, as in the case of the young of the stickle-back, where the young fish seem to undergo a sudden change of coloration, rendering them much more difficult of detection in the water. A certain writer, speaking of stickle-backs, asserts that the male will actually catch and return the young fish to the nest during the first day or two after hatching. This change of coloration may possibly be dependent upon the action of light. Regarding the survival of fish embryos, the specific gravity of the eggs of different species, is another point to be considered. Thus, the eggs of the cod, mackerel and crab-eater, are buoyant and tend to come to the surface of the water. Others as persistently sink. In other fish ova the oil drops are so arranged as to persistently turn the germinal disc to the top, as is the case with the salmonoids; this relation is reversed in the case of floating eggs, in which the vitellus is on the top and the germinal disc underneath. Judging from the attempts made to rear and multiply certain feral mammals, we know that confinement tends to produce sterility. I believe that under such conditions certain changes are effected in the ovaries of fishes in their efforts to free themselves from the bondage imposed by man, and that the physiological organization of the eggs is destroyed. The distribution of food—especially articulate food—is also an element to be considered with respect to the survival of young embryos. In various regions of the globe certain living aquatic food seems to swarm at particular times and in fixed localities. I know this to be so from my own observations in the vicinity of Philadelphia, and especially in the swamps and low grounds of New Jersey. It is impossible to predicate from outward appearances what particular forms of articulates will be encountered until you are on the ground and make a careful examination, and there is no doubt in my mind that the absence from streams of certain small forms of articulates, such as *Daphnids* and *Copepoda*, have a great deal to do with the survival of the young fish. As this kind of food is absent or abundantly present, so will the young fishes perish or survive.

There is another cause to which may be attributed the de-

struction of fish embryos, and that may be embraced under the head of "shocks" which pervert development. We know, for instance, that shocks, given to fish eggs during the time that they are in process of incubation, will often produce monstrosities, and if very violent will cause death. Shocks may be exerted as the result of natural causes, or may be brought about in the course of the application of artificial methods in the incubation of fish ova. The ordinary mode of formation of any fish embryos is around a globular vitellus. There is a dome-shaped cap of plastic material formed over the yolk in which nuclear matter is imbedded immediately after fertilization. Segmentation proceeds step by step, and in the course of this process shocks may produce aberration of development. The germinal matter at first covers, or is partially scattered through the vitellus and connected with the surface, migrating toward that surface and to one point so as to form a discoidal germinal mass at one side of the egg. That, of course, is not the first step in development. Now, it is easy to understand that shocks would impair the delicate processes of development going on within, especially when we remember that during this time the nuclear matter is arranged in a certain peculiar way, and that as cleavage proceeds, this nuclear body elongates and throws out rays through the enveloping protoplasmic matter. If at this stage of development I should shake the eggs violently, a second embryonic axis may be formed which soon fuses with the axis of the originally formed embryo, and the result would be a double-headed fish. Thus you can readily see that certain forces tend to diminish the number of normally developed embryos, malforming them and producing irregularities which cannot become adult or perfect fishes like the parents.

I have only mentioned some of the forces which are operative in diminishing the chances of survival of young fishes, but I trust that enough has been said to indicate to some extent the nature of the problems still to be solved by those who are interested in the breeding, protection and multiplication of food fishes.

The first and most important principle which I would especially commend to the thoughtful attention of the Association is the general law already hinted at, namely: that just in proportion as the individuals of a species are prolific in respect to the number of their germs, just in that proportion do the chances of survival of the individual germs seem to be diminished, and *vice versa*, and that this natural fecundity, or the want of it, is dependent upon the amount of protection received by the eggs in the course of development.

PROF. GILL: The observations of Mr. Ryder are very interesting, and it is one of those strange cases that we so often meet in nature—the accommodation and correlation of different things. In this case we have the number of eggs in a certain ratio to the capability of the young fish to take care of themselves. We have it now established on a large basis that there is generally a close correlation between the two, and that the number of eggs is in inverse ratio to the capability of the young to protect themselves. Besides the cases alluded to by Mr. Ryder, we have an interesting instance of the female of one type of catfish found in South America, *Aspredinoides*, in which there occur periodically swellings of the skin of the abdomen in which the eggs are received, and therein they are nourished for some time. Again in the same group, or order of catfishes, but in another family, we have the *Arii*, in which the male parent takes care of the eggs by holding them in his mouth, and so preserving them from danger very skillfully. Care is taken of the young by other species of the family. It was with great interest that some months ago Mr. Ryder and myself observed the habits of our common catfish. The male hovered over the young, and when feeding frequently took the young into his mouth, but always ejected them again, thus discriminating accurately between the objects taken as food and the young fish incidentally transferred to his mouth. This same habit of taking care of the young in the mouth is exhibited by certain *Cichlids*, forms somewhat like, and perhaps akin to, our common sunfishes. One of these is a fish found in the Holy Land, a species of *Chromis*. And the same peculiar habit is likewise manifested by species of the same family living in South America, the *Geophagi*. The belief was also long current, and found expression in most of the old books, that fishes not only did not take care of their young, but were invariably viviparous. We all know now how false such a statement is. In one class, the *Selachians*, the larger proportion of forms are viviparous. For example, of the sharks proper, three-fourths, or more, are viviparous, and the same statement holds good with respect to the rays or skates. Thus, out of 150 species of rays, over 100 are viviparous, and another noteworthy fact is that the viviparous rays are nearly all included in one family—the common skates or rays brought to our markets. This feature of viviparity was known to the ancient naturalist, Aristotle, who even went so far as to say that the *Selachians* were viviparous, while all scaly fishes were oviparous. There, however, he erred, for there is no such limitation. Many of the *Selachians* are oviparous, and, on the other hand, many of the scaly fishes are viviparous. For instance, all the *Embiotocoids* are viviparous; and of these the common perch of the Pacific is an example; also viviparous are the eelpout of our markets, and species of the *Cyprinodont* family among others. Viviparity is, indeed, largely manifested among fishes. The only reason why reverse statements are found in the old books is that in Europe these cases were almost unknown. I agree with the statement of Mr. Ryder that confinement frequently affects the power of procreation, either directly or indirectly, and this does not apply to fishes alone, as is evident from the experience of those in charge of menageries and zoological gardens. It is known that many animals and birds which are confined seem to live with perfect freedom in zoological collections, but they do not bring forth young, or their eggs are sterile. There are many exceptions to this rule, but many cases of sterility for which we can assign no other cause. Somewhat analogous is the peculiar pathological condition of animals living in confinement, in which the bones become softened or rickety.

FISHWAYS FOR SCOTLAND.—Col. Marshall McDonald, Commissioner of Fisheries in Virginia and Assistant to the United States Fish Commission, is at present in Perthshire by invitation of the Tay District Fishery Board for the purpose of inspecting the rivers in the Tay district and submitting plans for the erection of salmon ways or passes at such points as the board may think advisable, and more especially at the Falls of Tummel and on the Erich above the Blairgowrie Bridge. Col. McDonald visited the Falls of Tummel on Thursday and the obstructions of the Erich on Friday, and on Saturday he had a conference with the members of the Tay Fishery Board in the office of Messrs. McKenzie & Dickson, solicitors, Perth, and it is expected that his formal report will be submitted in the course of the next few days. Col. McDonald is a member of the United States Fish Commission, and is charged with the administration of some of its most important functions. He is at present on furlough, and is visiting Europe for the purpose of investigating the methods of fishculture and of the fisheries as practiced in the different localities.—*Dundee Advertiser*, July 29.

POLITICAL.

This, it appears, is to be in some measure a campaign of hatchets. The party organs and party orators have signified no purpose to employ the truthful hatchet to any great extent, but the clubs organized for parade will carry rather savage-looking weapons of the hatchet order.—*Philadelphia Times*.

Yes, but since the youthful days of George Washington there has never been a hatchet that would do such work as "Nessmuk's," described in "Woodcraft." (N. B. \$1 per copy, this office).

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

Sept. 1 to 6.—Bench Show of the Lancaster County Fair Association, Lancaster, Pa. Entries close Aug. 30. J. B. Long, Secretary, 6 West King street, Lancaster, Pa.

Sept. 2, 3 and 4.—Bench Show of the New England Fair, Manchester, N. H. Entries close Aug. 28. C. A. Andrews, Superintendent, West Boxford, Mass.

Sept. 9, 10 and 11.—Third Annual Bench Show of the Montreal Kennel Club. Entries close Sept. 1. Chas. Lincoln, Superintendent, J. S. Wall, Secretary, P. O. Box 1346, Montreal, Canada.

Sept. 16, 17 and 18.—Collie Bench Show and Field Trials of the Ontario Collie Club, Toronto, Ont. Entries close Aug. 23. Mr. H. J. Hill, Secretary, Toronto.

Sept. 16, 17, 18 and 19.—Bench Show of the Philadelphia Kennel Club. Chas. Lincoln, Superintendent, Mr. Benj. C. Satterthwaite, Secretary.

Oct. 8, 9, 10 and 11.—Third Annual Bench Show of the Danbury Agricultural Society, Danbury, Conn. Entries close Oct. 1. E. S. Davis, Superintendent, Danbury, Conn.

Oct. 21, 22, 23 and 24.—First Annual Fall Bench Show of the Westminster Kennel Club, Madison Square Garden, New York. Mr. Chas. Lincoln, Superintendent.

FIELD TRIALS.

Dec. 8.—Sixth Annual Trials of the National American Kennel Club at Canton, Miss. D. Bryson, Secretary, Memphis, Tenn.

A. K. R.

THE AMERICAN KENNEL REGISTER, for the registration of pedigrees, etc. (with price lists of all shows and trials), is published every month. Entries close on the 1st. Should be in early. Entry blanks sent on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope. Registration fee (25 cents) must accompany each entry. No entries inserted unless paid in advance. Yearly subscription \$1. Address "American Kennel Register," P. O. Box 2832, New York. Number of entries already printed 1490. Volume I, bound in cloth, sent postpaid, \$1.50.

MONTREAL DOG SHOW.

THE third annual bench show of the Montreal Kennel Club will be held at Montreal, Sept. 9, 10 and 11. Major J. M. Taylor, Lexington, Ky., and Mr. James Mortimer, New York, have been selected as judges. The entries close Sept. 1. Following is the premium list:

MASTIFFS.—Champion dogs or bitches \$10; open, dogs \$10 and \$5, bitches the same.

ST. BERNARDS.—Champion rough-coated dogs \$10, bitches the same; smooth-coated dogs \$10, bitches the same; open, rough-coated dogs \$10 and \$5, bitches the same, smooth-coated dogs the same, bitches the same; puppies, dogs or bitches \$5 and medal, rough-coated the same.

NEWFOUNDLANDS.—Dogs \$10 and \$5, bitches the same.

DEERHOUNDS.—Champion dogs or bitches \$10; open, dogs \$10 and \$5, bitches the same.

GREYHOUNDS.—Champion dogs \$10, bitches the same; open, dogs \$10 and \$5, bitches the same.

SETTERS.—Champion English dogs \$20, bitches the same; open, dogs \$15 and \$5, bitches the same; puppies, dogs or bitches \$10 and \$5; Irish setters same as English; black and tan setters the same.

POINTERS.—Champion dogs over 55 pounds or bitches under 50 pounds \$20, dogs under 55 pounds or bitches under 50 pounds the same; open, dogs any weight \$15 and \$5, bitches the same; puppies, dogs or bitches \$5 and medal.

SPANIELS.—Champion Irish water, dogs or bitches \$15; open, dogs \$10 and \$5, bitches the same. Clumber, dogs or bitches \$10 and \$5. Champion Field, dogs or bitches, any color, \$15; open, dogs \$10 and \$5, bitches the same. Champion cockers, dogs or bitches, any color, \$15; open, dogs \$10 and \$5, bitches the same; puppies, field or cocker, dog or bitch \$10.

FOXHOUNDS.—Dogs \$10 and \$5, bitches the same.

HARRIERS.—Dogs \$10 and \$5, bitches the same.

DALMATIANS.—Dogs or bitches \$10 and \$5.

BEAGLES.—Dogs \$10 and \$5, bitches the same.

FOX-TERRIERS.—Champion dogs, special, bitches the same; open, dogs \$7 and \$3, bitches the same; puppies, dogs or bitches \$5; wire-haired, dogs or bitches, special, and \$5.

COLLIES.—Champion dogs, medal and special, bitches the same; open, dogs \$10 and \$5, bitches the same; puppies, dogs or bitches \$5 and \$3.

BULLDOGS.—Champion dogs or bitches, medal and special, open \$10 and \$5.

TERRIERS.—Champion bull-terriers, dogs or bitches, medal and special; open, dogs or bitches \$10 and \$5. Champion black and tan, dogs other than toy, medal and special, bitches the same; open, dogs over 7 pounds \$7 and \$3, bitches the same, dogs under 7 pounds the same, bitches the same; puppies of 1884, litter not less than three, \$5. Bedlington, champion dogs or bitches, medal and special; open, dogs \$7 and \$3, bitches the same. Irish terriers, dogs \$7 and \$3, bitches the same. Champion Skyes, dogs or bitches, medal and special; open, dogs \$7 and \$3, bitches the same. Hard-haired Scotch, dogs or bitches \$7 and \$3. Champion Yorkshires, dogs over 5 pounds, medal and special, bitches the same, dogs under 5 pounds the same, bitches the same; open, dogs over 5 pounds \$7 and \$3, bitches the same, dogs under 5 pounds the same, bitches the same. Silver grey terriers, dogs over 5 pounds \$7 and \$3, bitches the same, dogs or bitches under 5 pounds the same. Broken-haired toys, dogs or bitches the same.

PUGS.—Champion dogs or bitches, medal and special; open, dogs \$7 and \$3, bitches the same.

KING CHARLES SPANIELS.—Champion dogs or bitches, medal and special; open \$7 and \$3.

BLENHEIM AND JAPANESE SPANIELS.—Dogs or bitches \$7 and \$3.

ITALIAN GREYHOUNDS.—Dogs or bitches \$7 and \$3.

POODLES.—Dogs or bitches \$7 and \$3.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Three prizes of \$5 each.

PHILADELPHIA DOG SHOW.

THE rooms of the Philadelphia Kennel Club, north-east corner Thirteenth and Market streets, have been offered for the meeting of the delegates from the several kennel clubs in the United States in answer to the call of Messrs. J. M. Taylor and Elliot Smith for the formation of a National Bench Show Association. Wednesday, Sept. 17, 10 o'clock A. M., is the time appointed for the meeting, and it is hoped many representatives will be present. The following is a list of the special prizes donated for the coming Philadelphia dog show. A number of others have been promised and will be added. Premium lists will be ready in a few days, and will be furnished on application by Mr. Charles Lincoln, Superintendent, whose office will be located at the rooms of the Philadelphia Kennel Club, corner Thirteenth and Market streets, Philadelphia.

SPECIAL PRIZE LIST.

Best mastiff, dog or bitch, silver coffee urn and lamp (\$50).

Best rough-coated St. Bernard, dog or bitch, framed picture entitled "In Ambush" (\$50).

Best Newfoundland dog, box cigars (\$10).

Best greyhound, dog or bitch, silver cup (\$40).

Best deerhound, dog or bitch, field glass (\$15).

Best imported English setter dog, copper jardiner (\$50).

Best imported English setter bitch, mounted polar bear's head (\$100).

Best English setter dog bred in the United States, F. Westons breechloading rifle (\$25).

Best English setter bitch bred in America, shirts, collars and cuffs (\$25).

Best English setter bitch with two of her progeny, Gladstone-Coomassie pup (\$50).

Best brace English setters, velvet shooting jacket (\$25).

Best Irish setter dog, silver wine cooler (\$25).

Best Irish setter bitch in open class, silver cup.

Best Irish setter bitch and two of her progeny, dozen silver spoons in case (\$25).

Best Gordon setter, dog or bitch, painting (\$75).

Best brace of Gordon setters, prize (\$20).

Best large pointer dog, shooting suit (\$50).

Best large pointer bitch, silver cup (\$25).

Best small pointer dog, assorted chilled shot (\$20).

Best small pointer bitch, full set breechloading implements.

Best large pointer bitch with two of her progeny, silver cup (\$25).

Best Chesapeake dog or bitch, prize collar.

Best cocker spaniel dog, dogskin shooting jacket (\$12).

Best cocker spaniel bitch, silver cup (\$15).

Best couple of foxhounds, silver-mounted hunting crop (\$40).

Best foxhound dog, ladies' riding hat (\$10).

Best foxhound bitch, ladies' riding whip (\$15).

Best beagle, dog or bitch, Remington system Flobert rifle (\$15).

Best beagle, dog or bitch, over twelve inches, silver cup.

Best beagle, dog or bitch, under 12 inches, silver cup.

Best basset or bench-legged beagle, silver collar (\$15).

Best fox-terrier, dog or bitch, prize collar.

Best collie, dog or bitch, a Minton underglazed tile (\$15).

Best bull, dog or bitch, prize collar.

Best bull-terrier, dog or bitch, Smith & Wesson revolver (\$12).

Best large black and tan terrier, dog or bitch, prize collar.

Best rough-haired terrier, silver cup (\$25).

Best Yorkshire terrier, prize collar.

Best Skye terrier, dog or bitch, silver ice pitcher (\$25).

Best pug, dog or bitch, Japanese bronze vase (\$40).

Best Italian greyhound, dog or bitch, photograph album (\$15).

Best whippet or running dog, dog or bitch, medal.

At the last meeting of the Philadelphia Kennel Club, the judges for the coming show were selected, and invited to act. It is not yet known which gentlemen will accept and therefore no report can be made to FOREST AND STREAM.

The success of the show is assured. Many entries have already come in, and our members are very enthusiastic. We are surprised that Philadelphia holds so many splendid specimens of both sporting and non-sporting dogs that have never been exhibited.

The running races will be a great feature of the show, as over one hundred whippets are owned in this city, many of which will compete. The display of beagles will be good. Foxhounds in packs will enter, and as Philadelphia and surrounding counties are noted for its fox-hunting club, this class will be well represented.

HOMO.

ENGLISH KENNEL NOTES.

XI.

TEMPUS FUGIT. Heigho! Another fortnight gone, more notes to write. Where's that luntin' pipe, fill him with Maryland; now my quill; a plague on steel-nibs, here's the virgin foolscap; now, what's the news? I feel like Austin Dobson's old sun dial ("dark with many a stain" of malice, thinks Mr. J. Sydney Turner).

— round about its gray, time-eaten brow

Lean letters speak—a worn and shattered row;

I am a shade; a shadow, too, art thou;

I mark the time; say, gossip, dost thou see?"

Why certainly! Once a fortnight with my gossip.

Dorchester was a pretty show, and its president worked hard to make it prosper. He induced his royal friend, the "Coming K." to exhibit, and presided at the show dinner. The royal benches were decked with roses, a lady's inspiration, I hope. To the dogs' olfactory nerves the flowers conveyed no compliment. They would have preferred their partitions hung with unpicked bones, strips of liver, paunch, and cat's meat. Their appreciation of flowers was on an equal with the old huntsman's, whose hounds could not pick up the scent among "those stinking violets."

The beautiful prize cards given to exhibitors by the Dorchester Committee deserve a word of praise. I like the idea of the prize cards. They look handsome framed and remain as a pleasant souvenir long after the prize money has been spent in solacing and lubricating the disappointed exhibitors. Some shows that used to have them seem to have given them up. The Kennel Club adopted them one year, but the handsome I have seen were those of Birmingham. Many exhibitors are so attached to the idea that they take away the nailed-up show card from their dogs' benches. When Messrs. Spratt introduced their metal labels, they found this a troublesome and expensive practice, so they placarded printed notices stringently forbidding prize winners to carry home their labels.

This brings me to another habit that I regard as objectionable and undignified, that is, hanging a lot of little medals round a dog's collar, each medal representing a prize won somewhere or other. Lady fanciers have for a long time past indulged this very feminine form of vanity in so decorating their spaniels and pugs, but I was disgusted at the Crystal Palace to see a sporting dog, a setter, with his collar furnished with this ridiculous conceit.

The management of a show has a voice in this matter and should see to it. It is a practice that can speedily develop into a nuisance. We shall soon have dogs with ear-rings and bracelets.

Bracelets I have seen already on poodles, but then poodles are a privileged class; they are the clowns of the dog world. I think it looks rather chic to see a silver bangle on the paster of a glossy black poodle. A poodle's legs are generally shaved or clipped, leaving wristband rings of hair, just above this is the place for the bracelet, which must be fitted inside with elastic that makes it cling to the leg. Before trusting the poodle out of doors with it he must be taught to pick it up and bring it to you whenever it drops off. Over here we don't need to waste time teaching these tricks, we can send our dogs to Felix and he will teach them as many tricks as we wish at a guinea each, I think it is. Felix, who is an Englishman in spite of his name, lives in London, and has almost a monopoly of the poodle market; he also deals largely in Great Danes. Felix used to be a clown at Hengler's circus, where he had the performing dogs. His power of teaching tricks amounts to a gift, and I am pleased to say his system is based on kindness. "What is the good of hitting them?" he asks, "you humbug them and make 'em nervous, and if they have any brains you shake 'em up till they don't know whether they are standing on their heads or their heels," though either posture would be a good trick by the way. It must be a very dense dog that Felix can't educate. Of all breeds admittedly the poodle is the most tricky if not the most intelligent. It is instinct, I suppose, and that instinct which is assuredly hereditary knowledge, for they are bred from long lines of tricksters.

Poodles continue to fetch very high prices, especially from people who are not fanciers. Fashionable people like them because it is a breed that cannot become common. They are too expensive to keep in trim. In London a good poodle clipper gets a physician's fee for barbering your Lord's Fido. Certainly there are clippers and clippers, your groom can do it for the matter of that, but it requires a technical touch to get those wavy, glossy shades of black over the loins, it requires the expert's eye to leave the tufts over the quarters—well back if the dog is short in the couplings and more forward if loosely cast and long in the back—an artificial length of face can also be given by a practiced artist. Some people

have their monogram or crest clipped, but this is the *ultima* *thule* of tussorial fancy. Felix finds Great Danes very easy to teach, all of his are very docile and exceedingly graceful they look when performing.

I was staying near Watford last year and ran up to town with a friend to see a match at "Lord's" cricket ground, a match in which I had a county interest. "Lord's" we called to the caddy as we jumped into one of those jolly new hansoms. Driving through St. John's wood I suddenly stopped the cab and pointed with my stick to a little white villa. "Lords or ladies?" inquired my friend, with a smile. "Come on," I said, as I sprang out, and I pointed to a brass plate on the door, the name had caught my eye (Felix), "I'll show you." The lord and master was not at home, but his "good lady" was, and my friend nervously clutched for the door handle as the matronly siren, he had not expected to see, fearlessly handled and ordered her huge boardhounds about. We neither bought anything, we only went sight-seeing, but I am sure the obliging civility of Madame Felix was not thrown away, as I dare say we have "recommended our friends" who I hope have made up for our lack of business intentions.

Talking about teaching animals by kindness, I hear the opposite process has its believers in your kennel world. On dit that the wonderful American setters, of whose cleverness our papers were so full a few months ago, were entirely taught by "force," that is the word used. They jump on a horse's back, open stable doors, lead the horses in and out, etc. The procedure, I am informed, is to let the dog clearly understand what you want him to do, and then make him do it. "Make," I suppose, means the "stick," but then, whenever I have tried to teach a dog a trick that is just the point I have never arrived at, "making him understand what I wanted him to do," I have taught my dogs to swim easily enough by example. They will soon take the water if they see another doing it and getting all the caresses. But the new school say, "If he won't go in push him in." That's how it was tried to teach me to swim, I remember. I was flung into the river and told to shift for myself. I should not have been writing these notes if somebody else had not "shifted" for me too. It was a long time before I plucked up courage to attempt another lesson, and when I did I tried a way of my own. I went to the public baths and walked out into the deep part up to my neck, and then swam back to the shallow end. My own knowledge of dog nature, and I have studied it deeply, leads me to affirm that two qualities are requisite, patience on the teacher's side and confidence on the pupil's.

I see from our papers that the usual number of promising dogs have been sacrificed to the Crystal Palace puppy classes, but if the whole class were to succumb to distemper it would not prevent other owners from competing for the prize money at the next show.

For our latest sensation we have to thank Dr. Jäger, of Stuttgart, who has paid dogs the compliment of saying that "the seat of the soul is in the nose." This will go some way toward solving the problem that has puzzled so many, whether dogs have souls, for it must be admitted that they excel all animals in "nose." The learned doctor has so thoroughly worked up his subject and perfected his own sense of smell as to be able to see with his nose how many people there are in a room divided from his eyesight with a closed door. If man can improve his olfactory organs to such an extent, what interesting and useful forms of development may not be possible to dogs?

Mr. J. Sydney Turner is on the rampage. He commences with a mistake. I did not describe the judging at Warwick. The scene I depicted was purely imaginary. Then follows this extraordinary sentence: "Hard facts are hard" (there is a novel truism for you), "but the facts are mere presumptuous outpourings of an ignorant conjecture, which he seeks to impose on the credulity of his readers." There you are, and, strange as it may seem, I have no doubt that Mr. Turner is very proud of that bit of composition, and from it you can get an idea of the pompous windbag English affected by educated men in press discussions. When I read these strained sentences, that evidently cost their authors much trouble to produce, I feel inclined to ask them, "Did it hurt you much?" He finds fault with my having imagination. I am proud of it, and if he lacks it let him try King Lear's prescription; take "An ounce of civet, good apothecary, to sweeten thy imagination."

Yes, it was a slip of the pen when I wrote Anglo-American, I meant Franco-American, and I thank you Mr. Turner for telling my readers that Mr. Porter is also "County Monaghan." I did not know it. In reply to Mr. Turner's fulsome panegyric of Messrs. Taunton and Portier, I say, "tut, tut, tut, they are very worthy members of the doggy world, but spare their blushes." And then it is inconsistent in one part of his letter to say I "evidently know little" of them, and in another part to impute "malice." I have read over again my notes that have so seriously upset Mr. Turner, and I can see nothing in them to offend masculine minds, and I don't write for old ladies. If I have offended either of the gentlemen let him say so, and I will express regret for any unintentional act. Meanwhile, with regard to interposing meddlers, "Taunton I know, and Portier I know, but who are ye?" As to the point of the matter, which was the award of the stud and breeders' prizes at Warwick, I repeat the opinion I expressed in the notes that have so excited Mr. Turner: "Not one suspicion do I cast upon Mr. Portier's strict probity, and I can say more, that I feel confident that the award was an honest independent and conscientious one," but none the less in my opinion, and that of many others, an utterly indefensible ridiculous one. In speaking of my writing, Mr. Turner has employed the word "ignorant." I believe his letter was written before the Crystal Palace show, where Mr. J. Sydney Turner awarded the prizes in the mastiff classes; it cannot be said he judged them. Such a public display of ignorance or prejudice as Mr. Turner presented to bewildered mastiff fanciers by his awards in the puppy class, is within the recollection of few men, if any. So enormous was the blunder that one of our oldest and most respected exhibitors, who has won prizes by the dozen and lost them with equal equanimity, was exasperated into making a scene in the ring. He did not mince his language in telling Mr. Turner his opinion of his capacity to judge mastiffs, and I dare swear his cutting criticisms are still tingling in Mr. Turner's ears. Had not this irreparable Daniel so arrogantly assumed my "ignorance," I should have hesitated to draw attention to that indelible record of his own incapacity, the catalogue of the Crystal Palace show, wherein those who run may read; Class II. Mastiff Puppies—1st, Princess Rita; 2d, Princess Ida. LILLIBULERO.

JULY 29, 1884.

DEATH OF BOW.

JUST as we go to press we receive notice from Mr. Odell regarding his well-known pointer, champion Bow. The letter states that he had been unable to swallow anything for twenty-four hours, and that in all probability he would be dead before the letter reached us. Bow was a grand dog both on the bench and in the field. He was, perhaps, as well and favorably known as any dog in this country, and Mr. Odell will receive the sympathy of every lover of the dog in the land. Bow was whelped in 1874. He was bred by Mr. S. Price Bow, North Devonshire, England; he was by Price's champion Bang and out of Davey's Luna. He was brought to this country in 1878 by Mr. T. H. Scott, who exhibited him at St. Louis shortly after his arrival, and then sold him to the St. Louis Kennel Club, who kept him until the dissolution of the club, when he was purchased by Mr. Edward Odell, of New Orleans.

Following is a list of his winnings in England in 1870: Second, Agricultural Hall; first, Exeter; second, Tavistock, and third at Bristol. After his arrival in this country he won on the bench: Third, St. Louis, 1878; first and special for the best

pointer, also with Sleaford, the special for the best brace at New York, 1878; champion prize at St. Paul, 1879; first and special for the best pointer at Detroit, 1879; champion prize and special for the best pointer, also with Faust, the special for the best brace at Boston, 1879. His field trial winnings are: Divided second with Nellie in the All-Aged stakes at the National American Kennel Club's field trials at Patoka, Ill., 1879, and with Faust, winning third in the brace stakes at the same meeting.

TREATMENT OF POISONED DOGS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The lives of many valuable dogs can be saved by the prompt use of a very simple remedy. As soon as you know a dog has been poisoned, inject about one ounce of hydrate of chloral into his back with a hypodermic syringe, the quantity to be governed by the size of the dog and severity of his symptoms. As long as there is life in him do not despair. I have known dogs to be saved by this treatment when in the death throes.

BRAZIL, Indiana.

DIOX.

NATIONAL BENCH SHOW ASSOCIATION.

WE have received notice from the following-named clubs that they will send delegates to the meeting called at Philadelphia, Sept. 17, for the purpose of forming a National Bench Show Association: The Philadelphia Kennel Club, Mr. S. G. Dixon. The Cleveland Bench Show Association, Messrs. L. G. Hanna and C. M. Munhall.

The Philadelphia Kennel Club have kindly tendered the use of their club rooms, at the corner of Market and Thirteenth streets, for the meeting. We hope that every club in the United States and Canada will send delegates or appoint proxies, as the meeting will probably be one of the most important events in canine history that has yet transpired.

WHY LOGAN'S DOG DIED.—It seems the General owned a particularly fine watch dog, a mastiff, of whose sagacity and fidelity his master was never tired of discoursing. One summer the Logan family were temporarily away from home, and Nero was left to guard the premises, of which he was the sole occupant, he having been readily taught to repair twice a day to a restaurant a few blocks away for his food, a hole cut in a back door affording him means of egress and ingress. One day, on returning from his dinner, Nero heard a noise in the dining-room, and on inspecting the cause discovered a burglar, who dashed into a closet and pulled the door shut after him before the huge beast could pin him. The dog laid down in front of the door and waited with all the savage persistency of his breed for his victim to reappear. A day went by—two, three and still the stubborn dog, weak and haggard with hunger, kept his post with a purpose that only death could subdue. On the fifth day the family returned and lifting the emaciated brute from his station, opened the closet. It was then revealed that the house-breaker, provided with his kit of tools, had saved a small section out of the frame wall of the house and escaped. When the dog beheld the aperture and the cold facts of the case dawned upon his canine brain, his little remaining strength forsook him, and lying down at the feet of his sorrowing master, he gave his tail an apologetic quiver and—died. His obvious resemblance to a human detective had broken his faithful heart.—*Philadelphia World.*

THE DANBURY BENCH SHOW.—The society under whose auspices the above exhibition is given have arranged for prizes to be awarded at the next show to be held at Danbury, Conn., in connection with the annual fair, during the first week in October, as follows: Double the amount received as entrance money in each division of a class—viz., dog, bitch and puppy—will be paid by the society as a cash premium to such division, divided according to merit in first and second premiums, according to the discretion of the judges. The best dog in each division may receive the society's silver medal and the second a bronze medal in place of the cash premium when desired. Winners in the champion division will receive a special silver medal. There will also be special prizes given by the society besides those that may be given by individuals, as follows: The largest dog, the smallest dog and the best bitch with puppies each a special silver medal; the best exhibition of dogs exceeding six varieties a special gold medal. An effort is being made to secure the services of the best judges for classes, and when arrangements have been completed the announcement will be made in these columns. The premium lists are now being prepared and will be ready within a fortnight. There is an increased interest shown in this exhibition, and it will no doubt greatly exceed in numbers and varieties any that have preceded it.—*F.*

NEW YORK FALL DOG SHOW.—The premium list of the fall bench show of the Westminster Kennel Club is now ready, and can be obtained by addressing Mr. Charles Lincoln, box 1,812 New York, or at this office. A complete list of the classes and premiums may be found in our issue of July 10. We hope that the breeders and owners of non-sporting dogs will heartily second the efforts of the club by an entry that will warrant them in making the fall show a permanent fixture.

KENNEL NOTES.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Kennel notes are inserted in this column free of charge. To insure publication of notes, correspondents MUST GIVE the following particulars of each animal:

1. Color.
2. Breed.
3. Sex.
4. Age, or
5. Date of birth, of breeding or of death.
6. Name and residence of owner, buyer or seller.
7. Sire, with his sire and dam.
8. Owner of sire.
9. Dam, with her sire and dam.
10. Owner of dam.

All names must be plainly written. Communication on one side of paper only, and signed with writer's name.

NAMES CLAIMED.

See instructions at head of this column.

Belle. By Mr. Hazel Hibbs, Bristol, Pa., for red, with white on breast and toes, Irish setter bitch, whelped May 13, 1884, by Duke (Guy—Lillian) out of Nettie (Berkeley—Lulu).

Ben. By Mr. Hazel Hibbs, Bristol, Pa., for red and white Irish setter dog, whelped May 13, 1884, by Duke (Guy—Lillian) out of Nettie (Berkeley—Lulu).

Dot. By Mr. C. M. Munhall, Cleveland, O., for liver and white-ticked pointer bitch, whelped June 28, 1884, by Donald II. (Donald—Devonshire Lass) out of Dora (Sensation—Devonshire Lass).

Clansman, Poker, Maggie, Eva, Nettie, Fuss, Topsy and Flirt. By the Kilmarnock Collie Kennel, Dorchester, Mass., for black, white and tan collies, two dogs and six bitches, whelped April 28, 1884, by their Kilmarnock Bruce (A.K.R. 1429) out of their imported Iona (A.K.R. 1421).

Petite Grace. By Mr. Luke W. White, Bridgeport, Conn., for lemon and white pointer bitch, whelped June 1, 1884 (Beaufort, A.K.R. 694—champion Grace).

Leda, Panchita, Effie, Madge and Kilmarnock Belle. By the Kilmarnock Collie Kennel, Dorchester, Mass., for one black, white and tan and four sable and white collie bitches, whelped July 11, 1884, by Scott Guard out of Drunlin Isle (A.K.R. 1417).

Bang Grace, Earl of Grace, Graceful Bang and Nell Grace. By Mr. L. W. White, Bridgeport, Conn., for pointers, two lemon and white dogs and one lemon and white bitch and one liver and white bitch, whelped May 22, 1884, by champion Bang Bang (A.K.R. 393) out of his Graceful (Sensation—Grace).

Chloe, Dan, Bogue, Archie and Scamp. By the Kilmarnock Collie Kennel, Dorchester, Mass., for three black, white and tan and two sable and white collies, whelped May 25, 1884, by their Kilmarnock Bruce (A.K.R. 1423) out of their imported Winnie (A.K.R. 1431).

Relta, Minnie, Meta and Blanche. By the Kilmarnock Collie Kennel, Dorchester, Mass., for one black, white and tan and three sabl

and white collie bitches, whelped May 25, 1884, by their Kilmarnock Bruce (A.K.R. 1423) out of their imported Winnie (A.K.R. 1431).

Grace Beaufort. By Mr. L. Gardner, Mount Vernon, N. Y., for liver and white-ticked pointer bitch, whelped June 1, 1884, by Beaufort (A.K.R. 694) out of champion Grace (Malch—Nell).

Pope, Snooter, Ky-Ky, Fudge and Mustie. By the Essex Kennel, Andover, Mass., for pups, two dogs and three bitches, whelped Aug. 8, 1884, by their Young Toby (A.K.R. 473) out of their Titania (A.K.R. 471).

BRED.

See instructions at head of this column.

Lyde II.—Fritz. Mr. John Wanstall's (Washington, D. C.) pointer bitch Lyde II. (Sport—Lyde) to champion Fritz (A.K.R. 1351), July 28, 1884.—*Dunrobin* (Mr. Cecil Campbell Higgins's deerhound bitch Elsie to Mrs. George Shepard Gage's imported Dunrobin (Torrou—Loyal).

Di—Buckellew. Mr. Thos. F. Connolly's (Flatbush, L. I.) English setter bitch Di (Perfection—Beauty) to Mr. W. A. Coster's Buckellew (A.K.R. 39), July 28.

WHELPES.

See instructions at head of this column.

Lillie. Mr. G. D. Penniman's (St. Denis, Md.) black-setter bitch Lillie (Rake—Flora), June 27, eight (five dogs), by Bang (A.K.R. 803).

Ruth. Mr. E. S. Hawks's (Ashfield, Mass.) English setter bitch Ruth (Dashing Lion—Armida), July 25, —, by Bobolink (Rake—Clara Dale).

Sweetheart. The Ashmont Kennel's (Boston, Mass.) red Irish setter bitch Sweetheart (A.K.R. 239), July 27, eleven (five dogs), by their champion Dunrobin (Mr. Cecil Campbell Higgins's deerhound bitch Elsie to Mrs. George Shepard Gage's imported Dunrobin (Torrou—Loyal).

Lyda Belle. The Ashmont Kennel's (Boston, Mass.) red Irish setter bitch Lyda Belle (A.K.R. 626), Aug. 4, eleven (four dogs), by their champion Nimrod (A.K.R. 631).

Lady Bird. Mr. Jos. R. Trissler's (Lancaster, Pa.) pointer bitch Lady Bird, July 18, nine (three dogs), by Shot; all liver.

Flirt. Mr. George A. Ayre's (Warwick, R. I.) Gordon setter bitch Flirt, Aug. 2, sixteen (seven dogs), by Links (A.K.R. 167).

Beauty. Mr. Walter D. Peck's (New Haven, Conn.) pug bitch Beauty (A.K.R. 1800), Aug. 8, five (two dogs), by his Napoleon.

Titania. The Essex Kennel's (Andover, Mass.) pug bitch Titania (A.K.R. 471), Aug. 8, five (two dogs), by their Young Toby (A.K.R. 473).

Cosmiasse. Mr. L. Shuster, Jr.'s (Philadelphia, Pa.) English setter bitch Cosmiasse (A.K.R. 949), July 12, five (one dog), by Mr. P. H. Bryson's champion Gladstone.

Victoria. Mrs. C. Wheatleigh's (New York) pug bitch Victoria (A.K.R. 1264), July 14, five (three dogs), by her Tu Tu (A.K.R. 1263).

SALES.

See instructions at head of this column.

Tiny. Black, white and tan beagle bitch, age not given (Racer—Beulah), by Mr. A. C. Krueger, Wrightsville, Pa., to Mr. E. S. Hawks, Ashfield, Mass.

Robert Bruce. Black and tan collie dog (A.K.R. 803), by Mr. Chas. H. Baker, Boston, Mass., to Mr. E. S. Kneeland, Springfield, Mass.

Toquin. Mastiff dog, whelped Jan. 26 (Diavolo, A.K.R. 543—Madge, A.K.R. 548), by the Ashmont Kennel, Boston, Mass., to Mr. J. D. Wason, Albany, N. Y.

Donald II.—Dora whelp. Liver and white pointer dog, whelped June 23, 1884, by Mr. C. M. Munhall, Cleveland, O., to Mr. J. R. Bole, same place.

Chyde. Black, white and tan collie dog, whelped May 25, 1884 (Kilmarnock Bruce—Winnie), by the Kilmarnock Collie Kennel, Dorchester, Mass., to Mr. I. Bremer, New York.

PRESENTATIONS.

See instructions at head of this column.

Bang—Lillie whelp. Black, white and tan setter dog, whelped June 27, 1884, by Mr. Geo. D. Penniman, St. Denis, Md., to Mr. Allan McLane, Baltimore, Md.

Donald II.—Dora whelp. Liver and white pointers, whelped June 23, 1884, by Mr. C. M. Munhall, Cleveland, O., a dog to Mr. L. G. Hanna, same place, and a bitch to Mr. H. C. Sherman, New York, and a bitch to Mr. T. S. Dumont, New York.

DEATHS.

See instructions at head of this column.

Sheila. Scotch deerhound bitch, 11mos. old (Oscar—Olga), owned by Mr. James Mortimer, New York, July —, from distemper.

Turtar. Fox-terrier dog, 6mos. old (Mariboro Jockey—Lill), owned by Mr. James Mortimer, New York, July —, from distemper.

THIRTY CENTS A WEEK, at age 25, buys a life policy for \$1,000 in the Travelers of Hartford, Conn. Cheapest first-class goods in the market! Apply to any agent, or the home office at Hartford.—*Adv.*

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

ARMY MARKSMANSHIP.

Editor Forest and Stream:

As my second article on army target practice contained not only criticism but suggestions as to improvements, I could perhaps well pass over "Benton's" criticism of my first article in silence; but honest criticism is entitled to respect and answer, and first thanking "Benton" for his courtesy, let me now reply.

In my first article I purposely refrained from any definite suggestions or formulation of new ideas. It was my desire to attract attention and discussion, and my criticisms themselves suggest the remedy; but, living so far away and it taking so long for the mail to go and come, criticism and answer would necessarily take so much time that I finally concluded to send the second article, not in answer to any particular suggestion, but as advancing my ideas for improvement, and anticipating just such criticism as that of "Benton," and to that article I would refer him for much in reply to his remarks, so, although my first article condemns simply, it will be found that my second does suggest and formulate, and possibly a third may do so still more.

"Benton" says our system is "an old and well established system" will be kind enough to tell me how old, and what he considers as age? "Laidley's Rifle Ruling" was not issued until some time in 1879; his system, and the present one, was not formulated until Aug. 16 of that year (see G. O. No. 86, A. G. O. Series, 1879), and the revised edition of Laidley was printed and distributed some time in 1880. Prior to Laidley it may be most emphatically said that we had no system. Some call "Bang" was done by some few officers with their muskets, but as a whole, the Army was without any system whatever. The Tactics, issued in 1873 (see G. O. 6, Headquarters Army, July 17, 1873), had less than six pages devoted to the subject (Par. 179 to 187 inclusive), and covered a crude system to which no attention whatever was paid by the majority. Prior to this the tactics had nothing but the manual for the loading and firing in the different positions, and this as far back as 1857. Now I know there were books and systems long before Laidley issued his, for he copies and draws from many in his book. "Creedmore" had begun the boom as early as 1874, or perhaps earlier, and the fever was spreading and taking in new victims continually in 1874-75-76-77; but the system as a system, affecting the whole army, did not begin until the fall of 1879. Just prior to this a system, based on Department orders simply, was in vogue in the Department of the Platte (whether other departments had a similar one I am not prepared to say), and this Department system, though similar, was not like our present one; and it had to be abolished when Laidley's came out.

There is yet an order on file in this Department, issued by Gen. Ord, who, by the way, was the only department commander in those days who had not demanded that target practice should be, and he did have quite a system; there is one order, I say, which says, in effect, that "Recent results of campaigns against hostile Indians have demonstrated the fact that it is cheaper to expend lumber for targets than for coffins. Post commanders will, therefore, see that a proper expenditure of material is made to provide the necessary means for target practice." I do not quote the exact language, as I have not the order here to quote from; but I have seen and read the order, and know that it is almost the exact language used and idea conveyed.

And does not the mere existence of such an order indicate that want of target practice had been badly felt? Would it indicate that any zeal whatever then existed, except on the part of the department commander, for target practice, and that he had to issue orders to enforce his zeal?

It may therefore be truly said that we have not an old system; the system we have has been a growth since 1879, some of the growth having been in a right, but, as I claim, the greater part in a wrong, direction and with wrong ideas. Gallery practice was not established by the reports until May 13, 1880 (see G. O. No. 36, A. G. O. of that date), the reports now required were called for first in 1881 (see G. O. 43, A. G. O., May 9, 1881), and the annual classification of "two best scores," etc., was instituted by this same order; the "trophy" was first offered in 1881 (see G. O. No. 45, May 11, 1881, A. G. O.), and conditions for its winning changed in 1882 (see G. O. 52, A. G. O., May 13, 1882); the present system of competitions was fully instituted in 1884 (see G. O. 53, A. G. O., May 15, 1884), having been first started in 1884 (see G. O. 53, A. G. O., May 15, 1884), and a great deal of detail previously unexplained and undetermined was decided by this order. Skirmish firing and com

tion, 1, 1, 1, 0-4

ASSOCIATION OF THE CAROLINAS.—Rockingham, N. C., Aug. 5.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* It will be seen by the inclosed programme that the tournament of the Sportsmen's Association of the Carolinas will take place in Charlotte, N. C., on the 26th, 27th and 28th days of the present month. All persons fond of such sports are cordially invited to be present. Some of our members would be glad to procure you "sporting" with experts from any section of the country, and say "Lay on, Macduff!" to the best of them. Hotel accommodations are ample, and the grounds as good as can be desired.—WALTER L. STEELE (President). The programme provides eleven matches, all except Nos. 1, 5 and 6 being open to the world: Tuesday-1. Match for championship and gold badge, team of 5 men, 10 balls each man, rotary trap, 18yds.; 2. Sweepstakes, 6 balls, 18yds.; 3. Sweepstakes, 4 clay-birds, 18yds.; 4. Sweepstakes, 4 live pigeons, 21yds., 5 ground traps, 1 barrel; 5. Match for 100 dollars, 5 men, 10 balls each man, rotary trap, 50 clay-birds per team, 18yds.; traps at 5 angles; 6. Sweepstakes, teams of two men, 8 balls per man; 7. Sweepstakes, 3 clay-birds, 21yds. rise; 8. Sweepstakes, 5 double clay-birds, 18yds. Thursday-9. Individual championship, 15 balls, 25yds. straight away

for \$110 Scott gun and badge; 10. Teams of two men, 7 clay-birds, 18yds. sweepstakes; 11. Sweepstakes, 4 double balls and 4 double clay-birds; 12. Consolation sweepstakes, open to those who have not won first, second, or third in any previous regular match, 5 clay-birds and 5 balls, 18yds. A handsome silver cup will be presented the individual making best score in matches Nos. 1 and 5. Rules to govern the shooting are such as are usually adopted, and will be furnished on the grounds. One-eighth of all purses will be deducted to defray the necessary expenses, except in live bird shoot, in which case the actual cost of birds will be charged. On every day, after the regular matches, sweepstakes shooting will continue until night. Parties desiring to join the Association before this meeting, will please make application to the secretary, inclosing \$1 initiatory fee.—J. H. GIBBS, Secretary, Columbia, S. C.

WELLINGTON, Mass., Aug. 9.—At the weekly shoot of the Malden Gun Club, at Wellington this afternoon, the winners in the sweepstakes matches were:

1. Five glass balls—Dickey and Steele divided first, Hopkins and De Rochmont second, Scott third.
2. Same—Dickey first, Brown second, Pratt third.
3. Five pigeons (straightaway)—Dickey took first money, De Rochmont and Steele second, Short third.
4. Same—Dickey and Brown divided first, Hopkins took second, and De Rochmont and Short divided third.
5. Three pairs clay-pigeons—Hopkins won first, Pratt second, De Rochmont third.
6. Three pairs doubles—Hopkins won first, Steele second, Pratt third.
7. Five clay-pigeons—Hopkins took first, Scott and Dickey second, Brown third.
8. Five birds—De Rochmont won first, Scott second, Dickey third.
9. Five birds—De Rochmont won first, Scott second, Steele third.
10. Seven birds—Brown won first, Hopkins and Saunders divided second, Pratt and Snow third.
11. Five birds—Dickey took first, Hopkins and Brown second, Scott third.
12. Five balls (straightaway)—Brown won first, De Rochmont and Short second, Dickey and Steele third.
13. Ten birds, medal, sweep—Hopkins and Pratt won first, Brown and Steele second, Dickey and Short third.
14. Scott won the gold medal.

Yachting.

FIXTURES.

Secretaries of yacht clubs will please send early notice of proposed matches and meetings.

- Aug. 11-25.—Quaker City Y. C., Annual Cruise in Chesapeake and Delaware Bays.
- Aug. 16.—Salem Bay Y. C., Open Matches.
- Aug. 16.—Hull Y. C., Open Matches.
- Aug. 23.—Boston Y. C., Third Club Match.
- Aug. 23.—Beverly Y. C., Open Match.
- Aug. 23.—Beverly Y. C., Nahant Third Championship Match.
- Aug. 26.—Beverly Y. C., Special, Marblehead.
- Aug. 28.—Quincy Y. C., Fourth Match.
- Aug. 30.—Hull Y. C., Second Championship Match.
- Aug. 30.—Beverly Y. C., Open Sweepstakes, Marblehead.
- Sept. 3.—Hull Y. C., Third Club Match.
- Sept. 4.—Salem Bay Y. C., Second Championship Match.
- Sept. 6.—Beverly Y. C., Marblehead, Special Match.
- Sept. 6.—Hull Y. C., Third Championship Match.
- Sept. 11.—Quincy Y. C., Last Race.
- Sept. 11.—Brenton's Reef Challenge Cup.
- Sept. 13.—Boston Y. C., Ladies' Day.
- Sept. 13.—Hull Y. C., Fair Match.
- Sept. 14.—Quaker City Y. C., Review and Cup Race.
- Sept. 28.—Quaker City Y. C., Review and Harbor Cruise.
- Oct. 5.—Quaker City Y. C., Closing Review and Cruise.

WAIL OF THE SLOOP.

WHAT are the wild waves saying,
Hildegarde! Fanita! Athlon!
Running, reaching or staying,
I hear but the same sad song;
And not while under way only,
But at anchor by night or by day,
Comes the weird, monotonous greeting,
"The skimming dish passeth away."

Fanny! We hear no singing,
'Tis but old ocean we ween,
Beating devil's tattoo on the fantails
Of Oriva, Wenonah, Ileen.
Don't heed the backs of those sea dogs,
Those diving bells, imps of the deep,
You sneaked round Long Island before them,
And came in ahead of the heap.

Yes, but there's something greater,
That punctures my tenderest rib,
'Tis the gibe of the double-dyed traitor
Who imported the two-headed jib.

Yes, but the waves seem ever
Repeating the same horrid jeers,
Flatiron! Tub!! All endeavor
Can't stifle my troublesome fears.
To windward those cutters have merit,
Their staunchness is more assured still;
After all there is very small credit
In winning a race "down the hill."

No! And my dread is the greater
Lest these lead mines successful be found,
While I'll be condemned as a freighter,
Seudding Little Neck clams through the Sound.

YACHTING ON LAKE MICHIGAN.

LATER accounts of the 18th annual regatta of the Chicago Y. C., give the victory to Cora in the first class on time allowance, although her actual time was greater than that of the little Verve, in the class below.

The pleasant weather brought out a large number of spectators on the steamer John A. Dix, the regatta committee being on the steam yacht Welcome. The course was a triangular one of 18 miles, and the wind, at start, from the east. The entries were:

FIRST CLASS.			
Wasp, sloop.....	Waterline. Beam. Draft.		
Cora, sloop.....	44.00 19.10 6.00		
	53.10 17.06 4.06		
SECOND CLASS.			
Verve, cutter.....	42.00 7.05 7.09		
Harry Burke.....	33.08 13.06		
Las Campanas, sloop.....			
O. K., sloop.....			
THIRD CLASS.			
Zephyr.....	18.10		

The starting gun was at 12 M. Zephyr first at 12:06, Cora second at 12:09:50. Verve third at 12:12:50. Las Campanas, 12:14:04. Wasp 12:15:15. Una 12:17:25. O. K. 12:25:40.

Once on the wind the little Scot set the pace for the others, laying up closer and going ahead at the same time, and helped by good handling, led around the north buoy, Wasp being 1m. 15c. behind, Cora 1m. 30c. and the rest, virtually out of the race. Over the second side of the course the sloops gained on the smaller boat, Wasp turning at 2:10 and Cora 2:18, setting off for home under spinnakers. Wasp was first in at 3:25:40, Cora at 3:28:41, and Verve at 3:35:34, their actual times thus being: Wasp 3:10:23, Verve 3:28:41, Cora 3:32:51. The corrected times were: Verve 3:09:49, Cora 3:10:57, Wasp 3:10:23, making Verve the winner, but as she was entered in second class, she takes the prize in that class only, the first class prize going to Cora. The Zephyr arrived at 4:24:08, and the Las Campanas at 5:05:30, their actual times being 4:08:04, and 4:51:26. Cora's prize is a silver pitcher, value \$175; Verve, a silver cup, value \$125; and Zephyr, a silver cup, value \$100. The Harry Burke, though starting, was not regularly entered, Verve's performance thus far on the lakes does not dis-

credit her old record, as she has shown herself able to compete with much larger craft than herself, and on the open courses of the lakes, with the winds common there she will, without doubt, make many converts to the side of safe, speedy and seaworthy yachts.

HULL Y. C.

THE first championship race of the Hull Y. C., postponed from last Saturday, came off yesterday afternoon. The wind at start was from the south-west and blew quite fresh, but in half an hour it died away, and the sailing was slow. Later, however, the wind again freshened, and the boats came in in fine style, many of them passing the judges' boat within a few seconds of each other. The preparatory gun was fired at 3:15 o'clock, and five minutes later a second gun was fired for the starting of the boats in the second class, the first class having finished on Saturday. The first boat to cross the line was the Banerret (keel), and she was followed closely by the centerboard yacht Rambler. The Transit was bothered on account of not having a full crew, and it was nearly five minutes before she got to the judges' boat, and, as no allowance would be made, the owner refused to be reckoned as a contestant, although she sailed partially over the course. There were no starters in the third class. At 3:25 the fourth class got away, the contestants being the Amy, Queen Mab, Niobe and Mabel. They all got away nearly together, and made a fine appearance. The fifth class also got away together, and were so even that they commanded the applause of the spectators. At 3:40 the sixth class started. The courses were, for second class, 11 miles, and for the other classes, 7 miles. The first boat to return was the Queen Mab, well in advance of the Joker, second. The Wildfire, in the fifth class, carried away her gaff, and did not return. The following tables give the result of the contest.

SECOND CLASS.			
	Length.	Actual.	Corrected.
Banerret, J. F. Brown, keel.....	33.01	24 17	2 19 00
Rambler, J. F. Henry, c. b.....	37.00	3 20 17	2 47 17
FOURTH CLASS.			
Queen Mab, Buswell & Litchfield, c. b.....	22.06	2 08 41	1 44 10
Joker, George Coffin, c. b.....	22.03	2 14 57	1 48 44
Niobe, F. L. Dunn, c. b.....	20.06	2 16 54	1 50 31
Mabel, George R. Howe, c. b.....	20.06	2 17 26	1 51 03
Amy, C. W. Baxter, c. b.....	21.02	2 16 56	1 51 16
FIFTH CLASS.			
Spray, H. H. Faxon,.....	18.10	2 15 04	1 46 55
Viva, P. M. Bond, cat.....	19.06	2 24 52	1 47 27
Myrtle, C. H. & R. C. Poor, cat.....	19.06	2 16 36	1 49 11
Hornet, Harding & Merrill, cat.....	19.02	2 19 22	1 51 40
Spider, Jere Abbott, cat.....	18.11	2 21 23	1 53 20
Shepherd, W. M. Merrill, cat.....	18.09	2 22 57	1 54 43
Kismet, H. M. Clark, cat.....	18.11	2 19 42	1 54 43
Wildfire, H. A. Keith, cat.....	18.00	Did not return.	
SIXTH CLASS.			
Mirage, L. M. Clark, cat.....	17.10	2 18 31	1 49 13
Elsie, C. H. Harwick, cat.....	16.07	2 20 34	1 49 41
Rocket, B. F. Bass, cat.....	16.07	2 20 43	1 49 50
Charlotte G., Freeman & Co., c. b.....	17.11	2 19 42	1 50 20

Following the races on the 23d inst., the club will undoubtedly sit down to a supper at the Oregon House.—*Boston Herald*, Aug. 1.

NEW YORK Y. C. ANNUAL CRUISE.

IT may be that it is not always foggy at Newport, that the sun and moon shine at times as in other places, that wind and rain are not always present, the oldest inhabitants say so, men of apparent veracity, but it will be hard to convince the yachtsmen of New York and Boston, whose hard lot it was to be anchored there all last week. Fog, calms, rain and wind, until the pleasure of the race was ended and they were ready to welcome most any weather for a change.

Never before have the prospects for a brilliant racing cruise been so good, the pick of New York and Boston yachts present in racing trim, plenty of valuable prizes for all races, both sail and steam, a flagship worthy to lead any squadron, and a commodore ready to do all possible to make a success.

According to the fleet met on Saturday afternoon at New London, the Namouna coming in on time from her transatlantic voyage. A meeting was held in the evening, at which it was decided to sail for Newport on the following day, declining the offer of cups for races at New London. The programme was changed, however, on account of the fog, and it was not until Monday afternoon that the fleet drifted into Newport in dense fog.

The first races were to be sailed on Tuesday for the Golet Cup, but Tuesday morning brought only rain with the fog. The town was full of sailormen, owners and their guests, captains, hands, besides the crews of smacks and coasters in harbor, all damp and dripping, and all alike in one dismal monochrome of yellow oilers, varied by an occasional black one.

Boats were but in spite of the rain, some to and from the shore, and some carrying visitors from yacht to yacht. The two little steam launches of the Namouna seemed to be in constant motion, everywhere through the fleet, day and night, carrying messages, stores, passengers, all the time.

The fleet at anchor was one such as has never before gathered in American waters, and was well worth a careful inspection. Foremost at her moorings near Fort Adams, was the stately Namouna, just in from a run across the Atlantic, but looking none the worse, and in company with her, aloof from the smaller fry, the Dauntless, Dreadnaught, Tidal Wave, Rambler, all known of old.

Further up were a mixed fleet, schooners, sloops, cutters, steamers, with everywhere between them the catboats for which Newport is famous. Big Wanderer, with the black horse of the regatta on her Grace, with Fanny further above; the handsome Harbinger, new and clean in her first season's coat of white, her stylish stern and bright cutter bowsprit showing to best advantage among the stub tails and square painted sticks about her; just below her two little fellows, Rajah and Wilful, stylish and saucy looking; outside of her Maggie, trim and shapely, may stand well forward, copper bright as gold, and as horrible to relate, "the British jack a riding at anchor" over her stern.

Athlon had a place near by, her board over the side for repairs. Regina and Whiteaway were noticeable from a distance by the blue tinted cabin top; Espirito, lingering on the outskirts, was minus a bowsprit end, knocked off by the steamer Newport. In the middle of the heap was not the Mikabie, looking ready for a fight for a share in the sport. Montauk, Gitana, Fortuna, Grayling, were also at anchor, with the old Juniata, now the Wave Crest, Julia, now Nirvana, Norseman, Clytie, and a host of others.

The cutters were certainly not the least prominent feature of the fleet, Bedouin, Ileen, Wenonah, showing out in bold relief their high sides, bright copper, taper sterns, and sailor rigs among the low waists, half-moon sheers, painted spars and blunt ends of the older ones. Medusa, a fine looking little ship, came in on Thursday from Boston; Huron was present with the Eastern fleet, and last, but not least, was noticeable the long spars, straight sheer, and shining sides of Madge, once more aloft after two years of idleness.

Of course the most prominent of the steam fleet, next to Namouna, was the Electric, high black sides, smooth and perfect. Handsome was the white Magnolia, the two stacks of the Onenta, the twins, Corsair and Stranger, and a number of smaller ones, making a total of over 100 yachts present. Thetis, the new sloop, had been with the Eastern fleet, but was obliged to return to Boston to repair her board. The programme as settled on Tuesday was to race for the Golet Cup on Wednesday, from Newport to Oak Bluffs on Thursday, and after the return on Friday to race on Saturday for the Brenton's Reef Cup, around Sandy Hook lightship. The prospects on Tuesday night were not encouraging, the rain falling gently and the fog everywhere.

Wednesday morning was little better, but all were ready early, extra boats and crews sent ashore, the regatta committee on the tug Luckenbach, which had come from New York to follow the races, and in good time the fleet were ready, off the Dumbells, but all in vain; down rolled the fog thicker than ever. Beaver Tail boomed dimly and ominously, and after waiting until noon, the signals, "Race postponed until to-morrow" were set, and the tug steamed through the fleet with them flying. In the afternoon the sky really brightened, and some over-sanguine actually asserted that they saw the sun, but soon another white fog bank hid the fleet from each other and the shore. The programme was again changed, the following order being issued from the flag ship:

In consequence of fog to-day the race for the Golet Cup has been postponed until to-morrow. A modification in the programme for the week will consequently be necessary. On Friday a squadron will sail from Newport to Oak Bluffs, competing for the Brenton's Reef and Oak Bluffs cups, and will return to Newport on Saturday, competing for the handicap cups, as previously offered by the Commodore, for the sail back from Oak Bluffs.

By order of the Commodore, THOMAS BURGESS, Fleet Captain.

Newport, Aug. 6, 1884.

Thursday morning was even worse than the preceding one, being so bad that no attempt was made to start. All resigned themselves, not without more or less grumbling, to the existing state of things. Of course another postponement was necessary, and, as time was short, a new programme was arranged at a meeting on board the Namouna in the afternoon.

The Golet cups were to be sailed for on Friday, on Saturday the fleet would race from Brenton's Reef to Oak Bluffs for two cups pre-

sented by the Commodore, remaining over Sunday and racing back on Monday, for two cups also given by the Commodore; this race to be a handicap, based on the times of Saturday's race. On Tuesday, a race over a triangular course of 60 miles, from Brenton's Reef to and around Sow and Pigs lightship, thence to and around buoy on north end of Block Island and back to start. The prizes offered are: One \$500 cup for schooners of 10ft. sailing length and over. One \$500 cup for schooners under 10ft. sailing length. One \$500 cup for sloops of 56ft. sailing length and over. One \$500 cup for sloops under 56ft. sailing length. One \$500 cup for the first yacht winning on time allowance.

After this race the squadron will race from Newport to Marblehead for a cup worth \$500, with no limit of time or sails.

SMALL CRUISERS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have been an attentive and appreciative reader of the yachting department of your valuable paper for some years past, and although at present the owner of one of those much maligned boats (denominated "cats"), I am nevertheless a devoted admirer of the sailing career with a small cat, then tried jib and mainsail, followed that with a small sloop, and have finally got back again to a cat (about 26ft. L. W. L.), which I have used for the past three years; and while as yet I have never struck any weather in which I could not handle her alone, still, in candor, I must admit that I have been compelled to run a centerboard cat, although the fishermen were doing the same, I would have liked to keep on.

Do you think I would do well to make still another change for a yawl, say about 26ft. L. W. L., 7ft. 6in. beam and 4ft. 6in. draft, and would I be likely to experience any more difficulty in managing a boat of that size and rig than my present centerboard cat? I am still bigoted enough to think the catboat the fastest to windward in ordinary weather; but what I want now is suitable and proper accommodations to admit of my taking my wife occasionally on a three or four days' cruise.

Please give my ideas as to the boat best adapted to this purpose, speed to be secondary to comfort. PROBABLE PROSPECTS.

Our correspondent puts very plainly a question which is asked many times every year by those who wish to found a cat cruiser, have found no better boat for their purpose than some variety of the small centerboard sloop or cat, more or less faulty, according to the locality where they are found. To answer the questions directly, the proposed yawl will give much greater accommodations in the way of comfortable cabin room for two or three than the boat mentioned, and would be much more easily handled by one man, besides being safe. This boat itself is very easily managed, and while not as fast as a catboat in a good breeze and smooth water, its advantages become apparent as soon as it is necessary to reef, both as to ease of handling and speed. We have gone into the subject of accommodations at a greater length in another column. For the purpose described, we would recommend a boat of about the dimensions mentioned, or if depth of water permits, 5ft. draft, flush deck, cockpit, small cabin trunk and companion in one, pole mast, jib, mainsail and mizzen, as illustrated last week in the FOREST AND STREAM, with an interior arranged somewhat as described this week, the increased room allowing a more convenient arrangement, however. The greater portion of the ballast on the keel would make the boat safe under any press of sail.

LAKE YACHT RACING ASSOCIATION.

THE first regatta of the Lake Yacht Racing Association and fourth annual regatta of the Oswego Y. C. was to have taken place Wednesday, July 30. The course was a triangular one, starting from a buoy outside of pier opposite club house, to and around a buoy 3 1/4 miles W. N. W., thence to and around a buoy 3 1/4 miles N. E. 3/4 E., thence to and around the starting buoy, 3 1/4 miles S. 1/2 E. First class yachts to sail over course three times, making 30 miles; second class yachts to sail over course twice, making 20 miles.

The following first class yachts started: Aileen and Verve, R. C. Y. C., Toronto, Ont.; Garfield, K. Y. C., Kingston, Ont.; Ella, O. Y. C., Oswego, N. Y.; second class: Gracie and Iolanthe, B. Q. Y. C., Belleville, Ont.; Laura, K. Y. C., Kingston, Ont.; Katie Gray, Laura, Cricket and Fascination, O. Y. C., Oswego, N. Y.; Zeta, O. Y. C., Sackett's Harbor.

The wind was from S.W. and light. The first class yachts started at 10 A. M. and second class at 10:30 A. M.

By the time the first class yacht had reached the starting buoy first time around, and before all the second class yachts had reached the north buoy, the wind died out entirely and the regatta committee postponed the race until the next day.

The day following the wind was from the S.W. strong and puffy. The first class yachts started at 9:30 A. M. The Ella, of Oswego, having lost her mast, was unable to start. The others started in the following order: Aileen, Verve, Garfield. They rounded the home buoy the first and second times in the same order, the Aileen have a lead of at least three miles. Just as the Verve rounded the home buoy the second time a heavy wind and rain squall came down the lake, compelling the yachts to shorten canvas, while running from the west to the north buoy a wind and rain squall of unusual severity came down the lake. The Garfield, having sprung a leak, was obliged to run for the harbor, which she reached in safety, letting go her anchor and dropping out of the race.

The wind had now shifted to the west blowing very hard and a heavy sea running. For the balance of the race the yachts had a succession of wind and rain squalls, but by skillful handling came through at right angles, and been winning the race. The following is the actual and corrected time:

	Actual.	Corrected.
Aileen.....	4 51 50	4 51 50
Verve.....	6 02 35	5 41 35
Garfield.....	Did not finish.	

The second class yachts upon which most interest was centered, started in the following order: Laura (Oswego).....9 51 05 Katie Gray.....9 52 30 Iolanthe.....9 51 30 Gracie.....9 52 50 Zeta.....9 51 32 Laura (Kingston).....9 54 05 Fascination.....9 52 15 Cricket.....9 54 50

The west buoy was rounded first time as follows: Iolanthe, Laura (Oswego), Katie Gray, Gracie, Zeta, Fascination, Laura (Kingston), Cricket.

A wind and rain squall came down the lake before the yachts had reached the north buoy the first time, which was rounded as follows: Iolanthe, Katie Gray, Gracie, Laura (Oswego), Laura (Kingston), Zeta, Fascination, Cricket.

The yachts were obliged to tack from the north to the starting buoy, which was rounded the first time as follows: Iolanthe, Laura (Kingston), Katie Gray, Laura (Oswego), Fascination, Cricket, Zeta.

The Gracie being hopelessly in the rear withdrew, and entered the harbor. From this to the west and north buoys the yachts had a succession of wind and rain squalls, causing all to reef, and in some cases setting away everything for a time. The west buoy was rounded the second time as follows: Iolanthe, Katie Gray, Laura (Kingston), Laura (Oswego), Fascination, Cricket, Zeta.

At this point the Zeta, finding the wind and sea too heavy, withdrew and sailed for the harbor, which she reached in safety. The north buoy was rounded the second time as follows: Iolanthe, Katie Gray, Laura (Kingston), Fascination, Laura (Oswego), Cricket.

At this point the Katie Gray was 20m. 15sec. ahead of the Iolanthe and Laura (Oswego), Iolanthe being second and Laura of Kingston third. These three yachts rounded the north buoy within two minutes of one another. From the north buoy to the finish the yachts had a series of squalls, during which time the Katie Gray sailed away from the Laura of Kingston and held her own with the Iolanthe.

Win the Iolanthe was within 100 feet of the finishing line, the severe squall spoken of before struck the Iolanthe, Gray and Laura of Kingston. The Iolanthe, by skillful handling, managed to cross the line carrying nothing but close-reefed mainsail. The other yachts, with the exception of the Cricket, were obliged to settle away everything. The Gray and the Laura of Kingston got out their anchors; the domination and Laura of Oswego drifted down the lake and were picked up by the tug and towed into the harbor.

The squall lasted for almost an hour, after which the Gray and the Laura of Kingston made sail and crossed the finishing line, the Gray crossing second and Laura third. The Cricket carried sail throughout the blow, behaving admirably, and finished fourth. The following is the actual and corrected time:

	Actual.	Corrected.
Iolanthe.....	3 57 40	3 57 40
Katie Gray.....	4 51 40	4 47 33
Laura, of Kingston.....	5 15 50	5 13 24

Iolanthe awarded first prize, Katie Gray second and Laura of Kingston, third. The regatta throughout was one of the most exciting ever held on Lake Ontario. The visiting yachtsmen were entertained at a banquet by the Oswego Y. C., Wednesday evening, July 30, in the City and Attie club rooms. Much credit is due Commodore Mott and the regatta committee for the admirable arrangements and the manner in which they were carried out, as every body concerned expressed the greatest satisfaction.

The championship pennant donated by Commodore Mott, to be sailed for by yachts of the Oswego Y. C., was won by the yacht Katie Gray.

After the races at Oswego the fleet sailed for Kingston for the second match of the round, which was sailed on Monday, Aug. 4. The

weather at first was rainy, clearing in the morning with a southwest wind. The courses were: For first class, from moorings off Grand Trunk wharf, thence to buoy off Abbott's Point, thence to buoy off foot of Simcoe Island, thence to buoy off Four Mile Point, thence to place of starting and twice around, forty miles. For second class, from moorings off Grand Trunk wharf, thence to buoy off Abbott's Point, thence to buoy off foot of Simcoe's Island, thence to place of starting, twice around, thirty miles.

The prizes offered were: For first class, \$120, \$60 and \$30; for second, \$80, \$40 and \$20. The starting whistle blew at 10:27, the boats going over as follows:
Norah, R. J. Bell, B'ville..10 33 30 Aileen, J. Leys, Toronto..10 34 30
Verve, B. Cochrane, Tor..10 33 00 Garfield, Dr. Curtis, K'n'n..10 36 10
Norah led over the course, Aileen being second and Garfield third. The times at finish were:

	Finish.	Corrected.
Norah.....	3 43 25	5 10 55
Aileen.....	3 54 50	5 20 30
Garfield.....	4 04 50	5 23 40
Verve.....	4 27 30	5 54 30

The Norah won by 6m. 41s., the Garfield being second on time allowance.

The second class started from an anchor at 10:58:45, the following boats entering: Laura, T. McK. Robertson, Kingston; Iolanthe, W. Biggar, Belleville; Katie Gray, W. B. Phelps, Oswego; Gracie, R. M. Roy, Belleville; Victoria, G. Offord, Kingston. The times of turning at end of first round were:

Iolanthe.....	12 27 28	Laura.....	12 34 45
Katie Gray.....	12 31 25	Gracie.....	12 35 50
Victoria.....	Time not taken.		

The order remained unchanged to the finish, which was as follows:

	Finish.	Corrected.
Iolanthe.....	1 49 20	2 50 35
Katie Gray.....	2 00 01	3 01 16
Laura.....	2 02 45	3 04 00
Gracie.....	2 11 05	3 12 20
Victoria.....	Not taken.	

THE YAWL WINDWARD.

WHATEVER may be urged against the yawl rig on the score of speed, it is beyond question the most convenient rig that can be given to a small boat. The sail plan in FOREST AND STREAM of last week shows the rig of the little yawl Windward, designed and built by W. P. Stephens of West Brighton, Staten Island. She has been tried thoroughly in light and heavy weather, and handles well under full sail as shown, under jib and mizzen, and under mainsail only, requiring with the latter, in very strong winds, a little of the jib to keep her off, but at other times having an easy weather helm under any shift of sails.

DIMENSIONS OF SAILS AND SPARS.

Mainmast, from fore side of stem.....	4ft. 6in.
Mainmast, deck to hounds.....	17ft. 6in.
Mainmast, deck to truck.....	25ft.
Mainmast, diameter at deck.....	5in.
Mizzen mast, from fore side of stem.....	19ft. 10in.
Mizzen mast, deck to hounds.....	12ft.
Mizzen mast, deck to truck.....	13ft.
Mizzen mast, diameter at deck.....	3 3/4in.
Main boom, length.....	15ft.
Main boom, diameter.....	3in.
Mizzen boom, length.....	7ft. 9in.
Mizzen boom, diameter.....	2in.
Main gaff, diameter.....	1 1/2in.
Mizzen gaff, diameter.....	3/4in.
Mizzen yard, diameter.....	2in.
Mizzen yard, diameter.....	2in.
Luff of mainsail.....	15ft.
Luff of mizzen sail.....	6ft. 9in.
Leech of mainsail.....	22ft. 9in.
Leech of mizzen sail.....	11ft. 6in.
Mainsail, tack to peak.....	25ft.
Mizzen sail, tack to peak.....	12ft. 9in.
Mainsail, clew to throat.....	19ft. 9in.
Mizzen sail, clew to throat.....	10ft.
Jib on stay.....	18ft.
Jib on foot.....	11ft. 9in.
Jib, hoist.....	14ft. 6in.
Topsail, luff.....	17ft. 6in.
Topsail, leech.....	11ft. 4in.
Topsail, foot.....	13ft.
Topsail yard, diameter.....	14ft.
Bowsprit, outboard.....	7ft. 6in.
Bowsprit at stem, diameter.....	3 3/4in.
Bowsprit at end, diameter.....	2 1/2in.
Area of mainsail.....	290ft.
Area of jib.....	85ft.
Area of mizzen.....	61ft.
Area of topsail.....	75ft.
Total sail area.....	451ft.
Length on water-line.....	18ft.
Length over all.....	23ft.
Beam, extreme.....	6ft.
Draft, extreme.....	4ft.
Height, cabin floor to top of house inside.....	5ft. 1in.
Ballast on keel, iron.....	1,700lbs.
Ballast inside, iron.....	2,000lbs.
Displacement.....	7,500lbs.
Ratio of ballast to displacement.....	.5
Midship section above center of length.....	1.5ft.
Center of effort, lower sails, ditto.....	1.40ft.
Center of lateral resistance, ditto.....	1.37ft.
Center of buoyancy, ditto.....	.72ft.
Center of buoyancy below water-line.....	1.16ft.

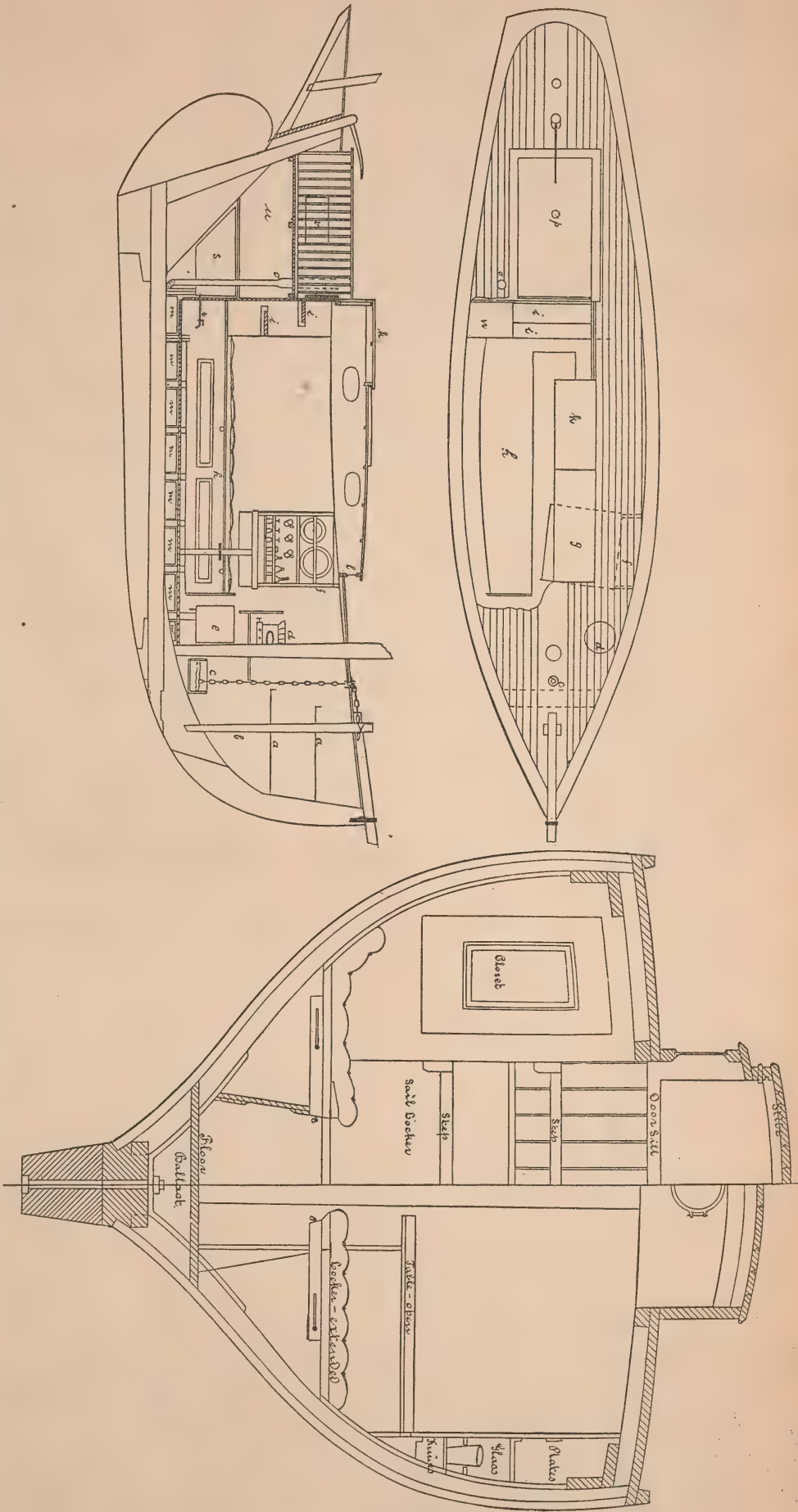
Table of scantling: Stem and stern sided 3in.; keel amidships, sided 8in.; moulded, 6in.; frames, double, 2 1/2x2 1/4 at heels, 2 1/4x1 1/4 at heads; first 5 frames single sided 1 1/4in.; 2 1/4 at heels, 1 1/4 at heads, all spaced 15in.; floors, iron, gal. 3/8x2 1/2in.; keel bolts, iron, gal. 3/4, spaced 15in.; clamp, 1 1/4x5in.; shelf, 1 1/4x4in.; ceiling, 3/8in.; bilge clamp, 1 1/4x5in.; planking, 3/8in.; deck, 1in.; fastenings of keel and deadwoods, 1/2in. gal. iron bolts.

It is a difficult problem in all yachts how to arrange the available space to the best advantage, and the difficulty increases rapidly as the size of the yacht decreases. In comparing the relative accommodations of yachts, it is often forgotten that there is a unit of measurement for all, large or small, by which they must be gauged; and this unit is the height of a man, or say 6ft., as the least head room in which the average man can move in comfort. This much at least must be had in a yacht of any size, and more, while desirable, is not indispensable. Similarly, this length, or a little more, is necessary for berths and sleeping, and a like size for breadth, an excess in any one direction being of little value, unless accompanied with reasonable dimensions in the other two.

For this reason the keel boat of moderate or even extreme proportions permits great advantages over the ordinary shoal type, whether large or small, as t. king boats of the same internal capacity in cubic feet, the former offers one clear space from stem to stern; with a fair proportion of height and breadth, offering every possibility to the designer, while the space in the latter is largely taken up by the wings, where it is of little use, leaving a low and confined rat-hole for galley and forecabin, and a similar large and comparatively useless space aft, under and about the cockpit; and while headroom may be had in the cabin, thanks to a barn-like structure on deck, the space under it is sacrificed to that ever-present, always in the way, centerboard. Panel it over, veneer it, put leaves to it and call it a table, put mirrors on the side and call it a bulkhead, it is always there, making two small rooms of a single large one, parting the best of friends, separating each from his vis-a-vis at dinner, taking the space that would, without it, allow gangways, staterooms and closets, and most of all, a constant source of weakness in an otherwise strongly built boat. Of course with the diminutive proportions of the little craft, whose interior arrangements are shown above, it is impossible to obtain the comfort of a large yacht, but an effort has been made to secure fair accommodations for two in cruising in the limited space at the disposal of the designer, and in comparing with other types, only those of approximate capacity must be considered.

The space forward of the combined hatch and skylight has a height of 4ft. 6in., allowing a man to sit down comfortably while cooking over the oil stove shown on shelf on port side. In the bows are two shelves for paints, boatswain's stores, etc., just forward of the mast is the chain locker, abaft the mast is a large zinc-lined box for ice. The body of the boat has a height varying from 4ft. 9in. to 5ft. 2in. under the low trunk, the sides of which at no point are over 9in. high, while its curved top takes away the clumsy look of the ordinary cabin trunk. The slide is made quite long, so that a man can stand on the floor in dressing, his head being just out of the cabin. The lockers on each side are nearly 7ft. long and 2 1/2in. wide for sleeping, the width being increased at night by pieces hinged to each, resting on the slides shown in the drawing, or if three are to be provided for, the entire space between the lockers may be covered over, making one wide bed, decreasing the standing room, but even then giving more headroom than any sloop of similar size.

At the after end of each locker is a large closet for stores, canned goods, clothes, etc., while additional stowage room is provided under



INTERIOR PLANS OF 18-FOOT YAWL "WINDWARD."

- aa. Shelves for stores.

b. Bitts.

c. Chainlocker.

d. Stove.

e. Icebox.

f. Pantry.

g. Table.
- hh. Lockers.

ii. Steps.

k. Companion slide.

l. Decklight in end of house.

m. Cast ballast.

nn. Closets.

o. Pump.
- p. Inlet to tank, with screw plug.

s. Water tank, thirty gallons.

t. Faucet.

u. Sail locker.

vv. Lockers at sides of cockpit.

Canoeing.

CANOEISTS are invited to send us notes and full reports of cruises, club meets, information about canoeable waters, and other communications of interest.

Secretaries of canoe clubs are requested to send to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with name, membership, signals, etc., of their clubs, and names of their regatta and racing associations, and reports of the same. Canoeists and all interested in canoeing are requested to forward to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with logs of cruises, maps, and information concerning their local waters, drawings or descriptions of boats and fittings, and all items relating to the sport.

A. C. A. CAMP.

[From a Staff Correspondent.]

GRINDSTONE ISLAND, Monday, Aug. 11.
TODAY is the first of regatta week, and a number of canoeists are already in camp, others being expected in time for to-morrow's races.

The camp is now well organized and everything in order, tents pitched, landing platform in place, mess shed and kitchen ready, and all the canoeists settled into the routine of camp life. The visitor coming from Clayton, four miles distant, sees first on turning the point of the island a hill rising gradually from the water, facing the east, at the foot of which is the main part of the camp, some forty tents of all colors, many large ones among them, being pitched here. Each tent or group of tents has one or more large flag poles, flying the Stars and Stripes, British ensign, A. C. A. flag, and various club flags. Lights everywhere strung in rows from the high flag poles, and between the masts of the canoes. The Toronto C. C. hangs by the hillside, displayed their initials, T. C. C., in large letters formed of Chinese lanterns, that were visible from far down the river. Today all are preparing for the races, but there is no wind and no prospect of any at 8 A. M.

After the review on Monday afternoon, a race took place between the Snake, sailed by Captain Gibson, and a 12x41 snakeboat, brought by Mr. Rushton, and sailed by Dr. Neide, who first challenged the snakeboats last spring, in behalf of his canoe Aurora, no one else offering to sail her. The race was over the sailing course, 1½ miles, triangular. The wind was of moderate strength, and water smooth over most of the course. The Snake left the box at once very rapidly, but within the course, close to the shore, the Snake was again in disadvantage, owing to the centerboard being misplaced. This was remedied, and Gibson notified of his mistake, after which both started together over the remainder of the course. Snake again ran away from the box, coming in so far ahead that no time was taken.

In the evening the camp and canoes were illuminated, the fleet paddling up and down along the shore. The sight from a distance was very beautiful.

One of the most prominent objects is an old and battered white hat on top of one of the highest poles, marking the location of the New York C. C. Here are camped the Rochester Club in a large tent, below them the Knickerbockers and Brockville, and above the New York, with the Mohicans beside them. Springfield and Hartford are near by. Passing on to the northeast point is the mess shed, where meals are served to those who do not care to cook, at forty cents each; then just above on the north side is a grove of trees on the hillside in which is a row of tents extending up to the northwest point. First a large tent under a British flag, the home of the Toronto C. C., and on above, the Lake George, Newburgh Dockrats, several Knickerbocker and New York men, and above all the Deseronto C. C. The latter have a goodly fire and large stove set up.

The entire number of tents is seventy-five, not including canoe tents and several belonging to outside parties. The interiors of many are worth a visit; tastefully arranged, decorated with flags (trophies won at previous meets and regattas), pictures—spoils of the ever-present camera, of which there are no end in camp—folding chairs, camp cot, nickerbocker, while outside is a picturesque litter of spars, sails and gear of all sorts. The tent of the Mohicans is guarded by a diminutive canine, who answers, when it pleases him, to the name of Sob, and is the pet of all the camp, while the Hartfords have set up an opposition in the shape of an amiable black kitten, who, however, receives Master Sob's advances with disdain.

The most attractive portion of the camp lies well to the south of the main camp, and rejoices in a huge sign, "Squaw's Point," though most of those in camp know the road there without sign or guide. Here are about a dozen tents, all more tastefully and comfortably furnished than those in the main camp; the largest, a double tent most tastefully decorated, belonging to Mr. Seavey, of the Kit Kat Club, who is here with his wife and daughter, and who has some ladies from Canada, and above is a snug little tent, in front of which is a string of canoe flags, among them two with the devices of a butterfly and alligator, which tell who the owners are. The weather is all that could be desired, and is a surprise to those who have experienced the cold and rain of the Middle States this month. Clear, warm, to-day very hot, pleasant at night, breeze enough for sailing at most times, while most of the day, warm breeze and beautiful green of wood and water incline one to anything rather than work.

Thus far the following clubs are represented: New York, Knickerbocker, Lake George, Rochester, Toronto, Peterboro, Deseronto, Mohican, Watertown, Philadelphia, Springfield, Brockville, Neptune, of Newark, N. J., St. Lawrence, of Canton, N. Y., Pittsburgh, Hartford, Rondout, Lake St. Louis, Watby, both of Canada, Crescent, of Trenton, N. J., Ubiq, Ubiq, a club of campers out from Canada, Royal Military College C. C. of Kingston, Amsterdam, and the Newburgh Dock Rats, the latter not yet an organized club. To mention names would make a long list, but the best known to canoeists are Dr. Neide and his father Rev. Dr. Neide, Tyson, Neilson, Bridgeman, of Toronto, Com. Nickerson and Mr. Slad, of Springfield, Andrews and Angell, of Rochester, Mr. Rushton, Brentano, of New York, Van Monro and Stephens, Gibson, Thomas, and Willy Wack, of Albany, Nate Smith, of Newburgh, Edwards and Rogers, of Canada, Com. Jones, of Hartford, Dr. Parmelee and wife of the same place, both of whom made the entire cruise by water from Hartford. Orange Frazer, who has been present at the previous meets is not here this year, but has sent a postcard as a souvenir, with the following faces are also in the White of New York, "Friday," Gen. Oliver Fernow, of Albany, Norton and Alden, of New York, and Ex-Commander Longworth.

A striking point this year is the costumes worn; the New York C. C. come first with a neat suit of dark green, Rochester appears in white, Mohicans in gray suit and helmets, Knickerbockers in blue suits, and nearly all accordingly and appropriately dressed. Of head gear, there are all varieties, helmet hats of various styles and color, white caps on the New York men, Tam O'Shanter's, silk yacht caps, Scotch caps, and among the most popular, a huge pointed straw hat with a wide red ribbon, obtained in Gananoque, and worn by many. Excursion parties visit the camp every day from various points, and to-day many ladies are in camp.

The day of the regatta begins with a swim on rising; then breakfast, dish washing, setting all in order; then visits, sailing and paddling about, rigging and preparing for the races; dinner about noon. The afternoon is passed in sailing or off to Clayton and other points; supper at 6, and in the evening songs and music by the banjo corps from Toronto, camp-fires and stories. The bugle call at 8 A. M. gives time for setting colors and for sundown for canoeing them, all the time, to P. M. being a signal for all noise to stop. On Sunday service was held in the mess shed, the Rev. Dr. Hoffman, of New York, officiating, assisted by Rev. Samuel Buel, also of New York, and Rev. F. T. Russell, of Watertown, Conn.

On Monday morning a general meeting, at which a committee on nominations was appointed, consisting of a delegate from each club, and appointed by the club, as follows: New York, Saux; Lake George, Knickerbocker, Keyser; Rochester, Gray; Toronto, Bridgeman; Peterboro, Edwards; Deseronto, French; Mohican, M. Wackerhagen; Watertown, Wilson; Philadelphia, Westcott; Springfield, Foote; Brockville, Richards; Neptune, Totten; St. Lawrence, Rushton; Pittsburgh, Bailey; Hartford, Dr. Parmelee; Rondout, Hasbrouck; Lake St. Louis, Watby; Ubiq, Ubiq; Royal Military, Weller; Amsterdam, Bell. Members at Large—N. S. Smith, of Newburgh; James Esplin, Montreal; C. H. Buchanan, New Orleans. A meeting was held at once to nominate officers for the ensuing year.

Much might be written of the various boats present, but the most noticeable points are the preponderance of the 12x41 snakeboats, and of canoes of 14x40, most of the boats being about that size. A few patent canoes are present, one metal one; no paper as yet. Those patent canoes from which so much was expected a few years ago, their chief claim being a smooth skin, have practically disappeared, but few being present here, though many of the canoeists present have owned canoes of this make. Of course a notable exception to the last is the Canadian canoe, one, which is a canoe of the Ontario Boat Company.

In the afternoon the fleet sailed off about a mile from the island, and formed in two divisions, the paddling first and behind them the sailing canoes, coming up to the island.

The officers of the Association were in their canoes off the dock,

the lockers. Instead of a companion ladder, two movable steps are fitted on cleats screwed to the sides of the closets, both being quickly removed and not being in the way when it is desired to reach the sail locker under the cockpit; below which, in turn, in the run, is a water tank holding a large quantity, which is filled by a pipe in the cockpit floor, and empties by a faucet in the cabin. On either side of the cockpit are also small lockers, the cockpit rail being wide enough for a seat.

The cabin is well lighted by four oval fixed lights of plate glass, and a five-inch swinging decklight, the latter also, in connection with a small canvas windmill, giving a current of fresh air when at anchor. The cabin door, the sill of which is on a level with the deck, is hinged to drop down and out, falling against the bulkhead between cabin and cockpit, where it is out of the way, but may be readily closed. At night the slide may be closed, but the door is looked so as to be open a few inches at the top, making a draft upward and outward, but admitting little or no rain. The door is also fitted so as to drop to a horizontal position, where it may be used as a seat for the crew in bad weather, his legs and a portion of his body being in the cabin; the hatch drawn close to him and a tarpaulin keeping him warm, and all dry below in the cabin.

Where room is so limited it is hard to find a place for the many small articles required on a cruise, especially in the cook's department. An attempt has been made in this boat to combine a table and pantry, as shown in the right-hand illustration. The table, which is two feet long, fore and aft, is built into the side of the boat, its greatest depth from front to back being five to six inches. In it are several shelves, the top one with racks for plates, on edge, the one below for glasses, jars and bottles, with hooks for cups, while the lowest forms a tray for knives, forks, napkins, etc. The front of this shelf is about two feet square, hinged on the lower side, and opens downward, being supported in a horizontal position by a leg from the floor. A rim around it one inch high prevents the plates going adrift in a lurch to leeward. Two can sit on the opposite locker and one beside it. It is quickly stowed, takes no room, and offers a convenient place for all crockery and small articles.

RIG OF SHARPIES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

As the sharpie seemed to me to have been somewhat over-discussed, and as the building of these boats was proving more interesting to me than a continued reiteration of facts which I had proved by years of careful experiment, I some time since resolved not to further clutter your columns with arguments and statements which were, to my mind, needless repetition of what has been said. Mr. Roosevelt's letter in your last number appears to call for a reply from me, as the designer and builder of his sharpie yacht *Heartsease*.

His yacht is of a pretty good model, although now old-fashioned. She would be fast if she were properly rigged. She would also steer perfectly with her balance rudder if she were not spoiled by her rig. The rig is that of a schooner, being adopted by Mr. Roosevelt in spite of my desire to equip her as a Roslyn yawl, which is the only rig suited to any large sharpie of her peculiar model.

If it is the heavy mainsail (in the schooner rig) hanging over the stern, and exerting an undue leverage in one place, which caused his yacht to "steer wild," and he has been obliged to add a scag and soot rudder as a makeshift to force her to steer at a certain sacrifice of speed and weatherly qualities, which she would possess without resort to a questionable method if she were rigged as I now rig all the large sharpies I build. Mr. Pike, owner of sharpie *Ellie*, added the scag and soot rudder, two years ago, because he, like Mr. Roosevelt, would not permit me to fit out *Ellie* with the yawl rig.

Mr. Masury's large sharpie yawl, with balance rudder, will sail round either of them has beaten *Heartsease* very badly, and her sailing master reported to me, early in the spring, that her steering qualities, her rig and her performance in all weather were perfect. Mr. Roosevelt wished me to make his *Heartsease* 16 to 18 ft. wide on a length of 55 ft. That I would not consent to. Had I done so, he would not have steered her at all. He has experienced with one sharpie. I have built and sailed about thirty. Which of us is the more likely to understand the question?

Mr. Osgood's sharpie *Mascotte* is not "over 70 ft. long," and she has no keel. Her keel was taken off one week after it was put on, because her owner wished to use her in water less than 4 ft. in depth.

If Mr. Roosevelt desires to test this model and rig question, why not arrange a race with *Mascotte*? It is my opinion that the latter can easily give *Heartsease* 30 minutes' time allowance round the N. Y. Y. C. course, and "she was not built for speed, either."

If Mr. Osgood were willing, I would sail *Mascotte* against *Heartsease*, single handed, to test steering qualities and handiness. Mr. Masury and Mr. Pike might perhaps be induced to enter their sharpies, and thus the entire question would be decided in an interesting and amicable way.

THOMAS CLAPHAM.

ROSLYN, L. I., Aug. 9.

A RACE OF WHITEHALL BOATS.—The Whitehall boat race off North Beach yesterday afternoon attracted a great many persons to old Meigs's farm, and upon the hills overlooking the bay in the northern portion of the city were congregated large numbers, and it is estimated that fully 3,500 persons witnessed the race. Betting in small amounts was the order of the day about the beach, the favorite boats being the Captain Sennett and Chief Crowley. The start was made at 1:34 o'clock from off Section 1 of the seawall by the Chief Crowley, sailed by William Ellison, Jr., with a crew consisting of Peter Buel, William Ellison, Jr., and three others. The Henry Hoyt, the Stewart Menzies, sailed by David Crowley and crew, Henry Smith and Charles Hodge; the Captain Sennett, sailed by Wm. Fitzgerald, and the Faugh-a-Ballagh, sailed by Patrick Fitzgerald. At the time a very brisk breeze was blowing, and as far as the eye could reach were whitecaps, and the predilection of the spectators was that some of the boats would make a medal. The Chief Crowley was the first to succeed, making a medal in 3:40. The Stewart Menzies, the stakeboat 50yds. off the seawall, and coming back filled with water and had to give up the race. The Jersey Lily also had on too much sail, and when off Filmore street wharf filled with water and returned without having attempted to make the stakeboat off Fort Point. The other boats, against wind and tide, went down the bay in fine style, the Sennett having the advantage on the start, but getting too close in shore off the wooden mills she was partially becalmed, letting the Menzies force ahead. The latter kept the lead to the finish, coming home at 3:01 o'clock, followed by the Chief Crowley at 3:07½ and the Sennett managed to get in at 3:14. The prizes were: To the winner \$50 and a handsome silk flag, inscribed "Champion 1894," and in the center a white rooster. The Jersey Lily was a pennant suitably inscribed; second prize \$30, and third \$15. The crew of the flag, O. W. Likendeay, with C. C. Burr, officiated as judges, and the general impression was that the boats had a very fair chance to show their respective merits. The Stewart Menzies is owned by David Crowley and was built in this city by John Twigg.—*San Francisco Call*, July 28.

NOURMAHAL.—Mr. Astor's steam yacht *Nourmahal* arrived on the 4th from her builders, and was at once docked in the Erie Basin. Considerable work remains to be done inside, and it will be several weeks before she is completely ready.

AMERICAN Y. C. RACES.—The races of this club for steam yachts took place in the Sound last week. A report of them will appear next week.

COLORED BOB.

C. J. Greene, after prospecting several days in the Mule Mountains, stopped two days last week at a place called "Bison," where he camped at the old horse ranch, about eight miles from the camp of N. Benson, better known as "Colored Bob." Greene and Bob found where a lion had killed a large buck deer and had dragged him half a mile. Knowing he would return at night to eat, they got provisions and lay in wait for him. The second night they got a good shot from a distance of about ten yards. One arrow passed through his body back of the shoulders and one through in front of the hips. The lion ran half a mile and fell. Before he died he tore up the ground and brush considerably. He measured nine feet in length, and had very large claws and teeth.—*Tombstone (Arizona) Epitaph*, June 23.

PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT.

SUCCESS REWARDING THEM.—Messrs. Upthegrove & McLellan have found it necessary to put steam power in their manufacturing establishment. The boiler is in position, and the engine will probably be set up by day. By the way, this firm has in four years' time worked up a business too large for one to realize unless he knows about the matter. They make all kinds of hunting suits, and being of the best pattern, and carefully made up, the demand is very large. Their business has doubled each year in the past and the *Vidette* hopes it may continue so to do in the future. A visit to the establishment will surely surprise any one not familiar with the state of affairs. The whole of the second floor of the building is occupied, and the force of hands employed very large. While the suits are of the finest, the proprietors are true gentlemen and thorough business men, and this of course adds a great deal to the success of the establishment.—*Vidette (Ind.) Vidette*.

the fleet passing by them in review, the paddling canoes first. In two divisions, thirty-two in all, one sailing fleet coming down on the starboard tack, sixty-five canoes, under all conceivable rigs, led by snake, under jib and mainsail, with a large snake painted on it, and a mizzen; Dot, under her two balance lugs, and behind lugs, settees and lateens of various sizes and shapes. W. P. S.

A SPORTSMAN'S TOOLCHEST.

YOUR correspondent "Tarpon," in writing of "A Simple Canoe Outfit," mentions a "toolchest." While I am not a canoeist, use a toolchest similar to the one mentioned, made as follows: 34in. white duck, 16in. wide half its length, and 12in. wide the remainder, bound all round with dress-sweep, the narrow end turned up as he suggests, forms a pocket, and I will expose its contents. A piece of beeswax, a piece of shoemaker's, a little box of vaseline, a patent oiler, filled with sperm oil, a piece of chamois, a piece of red flannel, a coil of white thread, a coil of black, a little ball of gutta serena's silk, half dozen needles, two sadder's needles, a glove's needle, a surgeon's curved needle, needles stuck through the duck in the side for safety, a coil of copper wire, somewhat thinner than the lead of a pencil, about six feet long, a coil of annealed iron wire, a dozen wood screws, usual size, several nails and tacks, thin screws taken from gunlocks, a few heavy fishing line, a piece of cutgut three feet long, four losses quinc, bought when starting somewhere, a pair of pliers so arranged that half the jaw can be used for cutting and the other half for holding, lastly a tool containing screw driver, brads, scratch-awl, gimlet, a half inch chisel, a half-inch gouge, and the iron end which is used as a tool holder is so shaped that on occasion it may be used as a small hammer, and still there's room. The flap which folds down is provided with loops instead of pockets, and holds a jointed wiping rod, a gun cleaner, a pair of scissors, a small saw, a lead pencil, and, just now, a short steel rod, nearly as long as the canvas, put in, I think, at some time to stiffen the package. There are several loops unfilled, the extra two inches on each side fold over and prevent anything falling out of the flap. I put into this anything I find useful on a trip, or think I may find useful. In the winter of two years ago, a companion by some means broke the stock of his shotgun just in the grip, his sport was ruined if it could not be remedied. My toolchest, which had been made the but of many a witty remark, was brought into requisition, and I fastened it so firmly with the copper wire and three screws that he did not send it to Pittsburgh for repair until the close season began. I may add this package weighs, now, eighteen ounces, sometimes more. AMATEUR.

SOMERSET, Pa.

CHICAGO C. C. RACES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The Class A sailing and tandem paddling races of the Chicago C. C. regatta series, postponed from July 19, have finally been held, another postponement having been necessary on account of bad weather. Saturday, the 26th, was the day originally appointed for the postponed races, and the buoys had been placed in position, when about half an hour before the starting time one of our typical northwest squalls struck us, and in ten minutes the lake was covered, or blown away, and when the wind finally let up and the rain had ceased, which did not occur until about two hours had passed, it was too late to repair the damage. It was then decided to hold the races on separate days at 6 P. M., and accordingly Thursday, July 31, was appointed for the sailing race and Saturday, Aug. 2, for the tandem.

The course for Thursday's race was triangular, about three and a half miles, with one stretch dead to windward, as in Class B race, and the wind was fresh from S. E. When the signal to start was given, the following boats crossed the line:

Beth, G. H. High.....	6 39 31	Phantom, J. B. Keogh.....	6 40 55
Qui Vive, I. F. West.....	6 40 49	Esmeralda, O. A. Wood-Kit, Jr., A. W. Kitchen.....	6 40 45
			6 40 45

There were some knowing ones who prophesied a walk over for Qui Vive, giving as a reason the previous record of the canoe and her owner, which had been made in Eastern waters. The result, however, proved their prophecies to be false, for the Phantom, under an immense pressure of beautifully setting canvas, both outpointed and outsailed Qui Vive, and drew rapidly to the front.

The Phantom, the first buoy was reached by the Phantom had virtually won the race, Qui Vive being ½ minutes behind at the turn, and Beth 20 seconds later, with Kit, Jr., and Esmeralda nowhere. These positions remained unchanged to the end of the race, the boats finishing as follows:

Phantom.....	Finish.....	Elapsed.....
Qui Vive.....	7 52 00	1 05
Beth.....	8 00 25	1 04 46
	8 05 25	1 25 55

Phantom therefore took the prize, a beautiful gold medal, valued at \$25.

The tandem race, 1 mile with turn, was free for all canoes, and had been arranged merely for the purpose of filling up the programme, but it proved to be the closest and most exciting of all the paddling races. The starters were: Nameless, W. A. Phillips and C. S. Radding, Qui Vive, Ed. Sherman and I. F. West; Beth, G. H. High and G. H. Esbert; Kit, Jr., A. W. Kitchen and O. A. Woodruff; Psyche, H. B. Cook and J. W. Keogh.

The Psyche was the only large canoe entered, being 38in. wide, while the others were 26 and 28in. A good start was made and the boats kept pretty well together, but the Nameless gradually drew ahead with Psyche second. Nameless turned first, with Qui Vive close after, Psyche having lost her chances by being crowded out from the buoy by Beth and compelled to make a long turn. The race home was a good one, every crew doing its best, but Nameless's lead could not be overcome, and she crossed the line winning by two lengths, with Qui Vive, Beth, Kit, Jr., and Psyche following in the order named, one second apart. Time, 10m. 26s. Prize was a gold medal to each member of the winning crew.

Thus was ended the first annual regatta of the Chicago C. C., and, if one may judge by the opinions expressed, the results gave general satisfaction. There has been no quibbling or quarreling, and in every case the best man won. Our prizes too, have been exceptionally fine, the aggregate value being something like \$150, and I doubt if their equals have ever been offered in a canoe club regatta. Of course many have been disappointed in not winning a medal, but their failures will only impel them to greater exertions in the future, and already we begin to hear of the great deeds which are going to be accomplished at the second annual regatta of the Chicago C. C. SPRAY

SWAMPED.—A party of Yale students, enjoying a canoe trip down the Housatonic River from Pittsfield, attempted to shoot the rapids of the Lover's Leap Gorge, below New Milford, Conn., the other day, a feat that no human being, since Irian days at least, has ever accomplished. Their two canoes were swamped, but being powerful swimmers, all escaped with their lives, and they even succeeded in saving part of their outfit.

Answers to Correspondents.

No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.

F. F. COOKE.—Cannot tell you but will inquire.
J. S., New York.—Try Wm. Lane's, at Good Ground, L. I.
H. L., Brooklyn.—Fendear appeared in FOREST AND STREAM Feb. 8, 1893.

G. H.—We know of no one who sells such plans. Will publish some his fall.

C. U. H., Canton, Pa.—Address Brentano Bros., Union Square, New York.

W. D. B. wants good location for quail shooting in Virginia, with reasonable board.

P. J. K., Tamaqua, Pa. The guns are of good grade, and stand very high among the makes of the day.

B. A. W., Jersey City.—We presume that you can get the desired ammunition through the New York gun stores.

SAME PARTY.—Shoot as you have learned to shoot, if, as you say the present results of the system are satisfactory.

DOX QUIXOTE.—You will find your queries about the New York game law answered on page 485 of issue of July 17.

H. B., Glasco, N. Y.—The firm is perfectly reliable, so far as we know, and you may rely upon their representations.

A. F. F.—We can furnish "Practical Boat Building," by Neilson, price \$1. We have now in preparation a book on boat and canoe building.

E. K. L.—The make of gun you mention has a good reputation. We cannot tell from your indefinite description whether the particular gun you speak of would be a bargain.

S. F. C., Duluth, Minn.—We do not know where you can buy a double-banded axe like that described by "Nessmuk" in "Woodcraft." If some live manufacturer would put these axes on the market, pay

"Nessmuk" the royalty he deserves, and advertise them in the Forest and Stream. he would make a profitable venture.

G. C., New York.—Shooting and fishing on Sunday are forbidden by the laws of the State. 2. It is unlawful to shoot wildfowl with any gun other than such as is raised to the shoulder.

T. F. S., Providence, R. I.—The terms used to designate charges of powder and shot are arbitrary, and denote measure, not weight. Use the powder gauges to be obtained at the gun stores.

Blueing, Rockland, Me.—Send your gun to some of the Boston gun houses. They will blue the barrels in a much more satisfactory manner than you can do it yourself, and about as cheaply in the long run.

F. M. P., Sewanee, Tenn.—The California ostrich farm is eight miles from Anaheim. The proprietor is J. C. Sketchley. There are twenty-one imported birds and a number that have been recently hatched. We believe that the Florida ostrich farm proved a failure.

G. S., Buffalo, N. Y.—There have been repeated outrages on the Niagara River by dynamite fiends. They operate on the Canada side. What can be done to suppress them? Ans. You can easily learn the name of the game constable of the district. Make your complaint to him.

J. M. S., Madison, Wis.—Thos. G. Gentry is the author of a work in two volumes, entitled "Life Histories of the Birds of Eastern Pennsylvania," published by the author at Philadelphia in 1876. We do not know of his having written a book specially on nests and eggs. Write to him at Philadelphia.

E. C. P., Springfield, Mass.—1. For names of canoe builders see our advertising columns. 2. For mosquito preventive use this lotion: 3 ounces pine tar, 2 ounces castor oil, 1 ounce pennyroyal, simmer all together over a slow fire and bottle for use. This is the recipe given by "Nessmuk" in his "Woodcraft."

Angler.—1. Where is the best hunting and bass fishing combined in New York during September and August? 2. What are the present merits of lakes George and Schroeon, and the intermediate lakes in respect to bass fishing? 3. What is the name of a good manual of fishing, giving the peculiarities, habits, etc. of fish, and the various kinds of hooks and baits? Ans. 1. Probably Raquette Lake in Hamilton county is the best if you wish deer and ruffed grouse shooting. If squirrels are your game, then the vicinity of lakes George and Schroeon would please you better. 2. The bass fishing at Lake George is fair at times, but neither of the lakes are to be depended on for bass; there are perch and pickerel to be had there at all times. 3. If you wish to be informed on back bass get Henshall's "Book of the Black Bass;" if on general fishing get either Norris's "American Angler's Book," or Scott's "Fishing in American Waters." We can furnish them.

S. B. S.—1. What difference does length of barrels have upon the shooting qualities of a gun? 2. Why have heavy guns 36 and 42-inch barrels? 3. What is the proper weight and length of barrels for an 8-bore gun? 4. Would an 8-bore gun, 12 pounds weight, 33-inch barrels, shoot any better if it had 36-inch or 42-inch barrels, load being equal? 5. Is 12 pounds heavy enough for an 8-bore gun? 6. Is 32 inches long enough for the barrels and would it shoot well? 7. Would an 8-bore 12-pound, 32-inch barrel, full choke, shoot any better than a 10-bore,

11-pound, 32-inch barrel, full choke, loads being equal? 8. If the 8-bore had 36 or 42-inch barrels, would there be any difference in the shooting? 9. Are not 32 inches long enough for any gun barrels? 10. My idea is to get a 12-pound, 8-bore, 32-inch barrel, full choke gun, what do you think of such a one? 11. Give me your idea of what an 8-bore gun should be? Ans. 1-11. The longer the barrel the greater charge of powder can be used, but experience shows that a barrel need not exceed 32 inches to give satisfaction. Your choice is about right.

J. E. C., Sing Sing, New York.—In an article in Forest and Stream two or three weeks ago you said that the salt-water fishing around New York was best "when the neap tides are in." Will you please let me know what neap tides are and how I can tell when they will occur? Ans. Reference to Webster's Dictionary will tell you that neap tides are those which happen in the first and third quarters of the moon, when the difference between high and low water is less than at any other period of the month, and you can tell when they will come by looking in the almanac.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

VENICE. By Augustus J. C. Hare. New York: George Routledge & Sons.

FLORENCE. By Augustus J. C. Hare. New York: George Routledge & Sons, 1894.

HOW TO TELL THE AGE OF A HORSE. By J. M. Heard. New York: H. T. Richardson. Price, 50 cents.

THE MAN FROM TEXAS. A Western romance. By Henry Oldham. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros.

CAMPING AND CRUISING IN FLORIDA. By James A. Henshall, M. D. Illustrated. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co., 1884.

OUR BIRDS IN THEIR HAUNTS. A popular treatise on the birds of Eastern North America. By Rev. J. Hibbert Langille, M. A. Boston: S. E. Cassino & Co., 1884.

PRACTICAL FORESTRY. A treatise on the propagation, planting and cultivation, with a description, and the botanical and popular names of all the indigenous trees of the United States. By Andrew S. Fuller. New York: Orange Judd Co., 1884.

POT LUCK FROM EXCHANGES.

CURE OF HYDROPHOBIA.—The subject of so much discussion, Mr. Burt True, was bitten by a rabid dog last May. The dog had bitten several animals, and was killed. Young True was bitten in the center of the inside of the right hand. Being in the country at the time, it was some twelve hours before he reached a surgeon, who cauterized the wound with nitrate of silver. The wound healed and remained so until between two and three weeks since, when it became irritable and

broke out again. Soon the first marked symptoms of hydrophobia showed themselves, convulsions, "barking like a dog," frothing at the mouth, and making strenuous efforts to bite every thing that came near. During these convulsions the patient would seize the pillows from his bed in his teeth, and shake and rend them with all the seeming ferocity of an angry dog. An intense dread of water also exhibited itself, the sight of which threw him into the most terrible convulsions, at these times requiring the united strength of five men to keep him under subjection; in fact, every symptom of hydrophobia made itself conspicuous. The patient was attacked on Friday evening, January 19. On Saturday night his physician, Dr. Axford, reached him, and at once was convinced of the terrible nature of the disease, having had a case similar some seven or eight years since, where the patient recovered under his treatment, and has remained well ever since. After consulting the physician present, Dr. McCall, it was decided to place the patient upon the same treatment which had been successful in this former case, which for the aid it may be to others who suffer from this disease, we here give as follows: The injection under the skin of large doses of morphia, and the administration of large doses of castor, which is a powerful anti-spasmodic. About one grain of the sulphate of morphia was injected under the skin once in four hours, and half a dram of the powdered castor, mixed with syrup, given internally. The effect was to produce sleep in about half an hour, which lasted about an hour, when the convulsions returned at intervals of an hour to an hour and a half until nine o'clock Sunday morning, when the last convulsion occurred, after which he suffered severely from obstinate vomiting until Monday at ten o'clock, when that also ceased, leaving the patient comparatively easy, but very much prostrated. Since that time he has gradually improved, and now is to all appearances quite well. In addition to the above treatment, small quantities of chloroform were inhaled at times; and on Sunday morning the patient was wrapped in a woolen blanket wrung out of a warm solution of muriate of ammonia, eighteen to twenty grains to the ounce.—Detroit Tribune.

Judge D. M. Bruner, who is eighty years old, sends the following remarkable incidents of his life to the Louisville (Ky.) Courier-Journal: "I raised a sweet potato in Richmond County, nine miles below Augusta, Ga., that weighed twenty-eight pounds. I knew a man by the name of William Prior, on Beach Island, Edgefield district, S. C., who killed over 800 cat squirrels in three days, besides various other game. My daughter, Josephine C. Bruner, caught on Saturday, June 28, in my garden a snow-white crane over three feet high."

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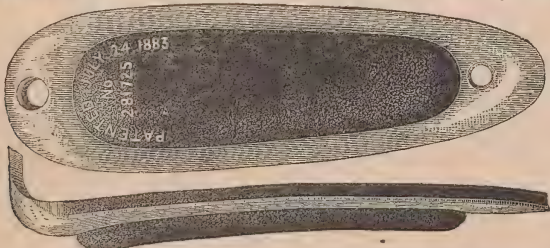
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THE CANOE CAMP.

CAMPING parties are becoming so much a matter of course, and "camping out" occupies such a prominent place among our summer recreations, that they attract no particular attention from those not directly interested, but the camp of that division of the Grand Army of Outers who gathered under the flag of the American Canoe Association, at Grindstone Island, St. Lawrence, last week, is worthy of more than a passing notice. Perhaps the most striking feature of the meet was the unity and harmony that prevailed among the members present—men of all ages, countries and pursuits; school boys, collegians, business men, lawyers, ministers, men wealthy, and men poor, all met on common ground without jar or clashing. One of the best of the many fellows present, as young as any, though the father of four members of the A. O. A., has written Reverend before his name for more years than many of us can number; one of the most enthusiastic of sailors and amateur builders wore gray hair and beard; several who appeared through the week in tweeds and flannels had to be home in time to don the black for Sunday's service, while a census of the crews would have shown representatives from all occupations and professions. Many, of course, hoisted the Stars and Stripes over their tents, but side by side was the red ensign; while in one corner was a small tent with the French tricolor, and but a few yards off, a neighbor under the black, white and red of Germany. Just at this season it is hard to find a few men gathered together without a discussion of the various booms and boomlets that disturb our political atmosphere, but here politics were by tacit consent abandoned. Time was too precious to quarrel over "issues." There was too much that was really of importance to be discussed, relating to sails, tents, rules, and similar matters, to waste any time over such trifling matters as tariff or taxes, and for the time

the meet lasted its politics were as nearly Utopian as we may ever hope to see.

The social features of the meet were also pleasant in every way. Many ladies were present, both in camp at "Squaw Point" and as visitors during the day. The meetings around the camp-fire at night were graced with their company, and to them much of the enjoyment of the meet is due. With such a number of men owning no authority, and each independent, free from the discipline that prevails in a military camp and from the rules enforced in camp meetings and similar large camps, and at the same time not restrained by the conventional rules of society that must prevail in cities, it would only be expected that some would overstep the bounds; but in this instance, as in the previous meets of the Association, such has not been the case. As perfect freedom prevailed as in a camp of half a dozen only, but without quarrels or ill-feeling.

The question of accommodations is also a serious one in a large and undisciplined camp, but this was also arranged satisfactorily through the labors of the secretary. He had been on the grounds for several weeks before, and by his constant efforts all was made ready in time, and as each party came they found camp sites, landings, ice and food supply, and all minor details ready for them. The magnitude of such a task can only be appreciated by those who have attempted it.

Many have contributed to the success of the meet. Members have worked hard at home to secure a proper representation for their club. Many gave time and trouble to the amusement of the camp in the evenings, and many others worked hard to make the races a success. To all of these the thanks of the camp are due, but over and above all to the secretary, and every one will echo the wish that for many a year as the members return to camp the first to welcome them may be the crew of the Aurora.

GUN CLUBS.

THE recent clay-pigeon tournament in this city brought out the fact that there is not in the metropolis a really live gun club. This is somewhat remarkable, considering the number of good guns owned in this city, and the number of excellent shots among our citizens. Yet the fact remains that the list of entries at the tournament failed to show a single team entry from this city.

We think a good gun club could be organized in this city and under proper management be made one of the fixed institutions of New York, and just here, upon the question of organizations, comes in a great deal of discussion. Shall the club be made up entirely of shooters, shall each member be the possessor of a gun and the ability to use it with more or less success, or shall the club be an open one with a class of members who are simply jolly good fellows, somewhat fond of shooting, but not as an active personal sport. It is urged that with a club organized on a liberal basis, a club house could be established with trap grounds adjacent, and that this club house eligibly situated, could be made a popular resort, not alone for those who face the traps, but for a large class who are fond of good fellowship. It may be a road house, where an attractive menu after a good drive would give excuse for a visit or frequent ones. It may be that the club house would be placed by the water side, and so during the shooting season its broad, cool verandahs would form attractive lounging places and so draw this class of non-shooting members spoken of.

A comparison has been instituted between such a club and the yachting clubs of the city. These latter have the yacht-owning members, who really control the affairs of the organization; but beside this comparatively small number there is a general membership of those who enjoy the privileges of the club house in town and the anchorage club house beside the water, who, by their acquaintance with the boat-owners, enjoy frequent trips upon the water, and then on reviews and regattas this large class of boatless members find pleasure in watching the sport from the decks of the guests' steamer.

It should be borne in mind, however, that there is a great difference between a yacht race and a trap match. The general public will turn out in large numbers to witness the gathering of a number of fleet sailing craft, and will spend a day observing a race over the water, while on the other hand a shooting match pure and simple will not attract a baker's dozen of lookers-on. A boat race, a yacht race, or a baseball match have about them an element of activity and change which is wonderfully attractive to a very large part of the amusement-loving public. They are easily understood and may readily take on that most enticing feature of the racing track—the excitement of betting. A trap-shoot be-

side this is dull and uninviting as a spectacle. To the participants it is full of excitement. They understand exactly the difficulties in the way, and each bird killed or lost may vary the chances in the mimic battle going on. The spectator, especially if he has never fired a gun or personally faced the trap, is in no condition to appreciate the sport going on before him. It appears either merely mechanical manipulation of the weapons or else a sort of luck which he is not able to fathom. There is not that animated picture which is ever present in most other forms of sport, and the spirit of rivalry and keen enjoyment which fills the breasts of those taking part in the shoot can not be communicated to those who sit and look on.

It would seem then that it is idle to expect such an amalgamation of active and non-active members in a shooting club, as may be seen in clubs given up to other forms of sport. We think that one of the drawbacks to Creedmoor has been the fact that its managers have been in too large an extent non-shooters. They were not close enough to their patrons and failed to catch the popular sentiment respecting the sorts of competitions wanted. A successful shooting club must be under the direct control of those who give life to it. The organization should be simple, so that those whose main object is to shoot may not fritter away their time in management details. Competition is the life of such a club. It may be said that very soon certain shooters will assert their superiority, and the uncertainty, and hence the life of competition, will be gone. This need not be so, for a discreet system of handicapping will keep up the interest and encourage the rising shots. The constant endeavor should be to bring fresh talent forward and get new men before the trap. There will be no difficulty in getting prizes to be shot for, while sweepstake matches are always in order. A convenient shooting ground is a prime necessity, and there should be no great difficulty in securing such about New York. Matches with other clubs should be sought for, since through them the best of enjoyment may be had and winning or losing such matches put new life into a club.

New York city should have a strong club, and it needs but one enthusiastic worker to gather about him a band of shooters. It can be done, and the quicker the better. Another season should find the club a strong and live one, with a membership sufficiently large to enable it to put a strong team in the field at any tournament which may be started.

THE PERILS OF ANGLING.—We have heard of the "Pleasures of Angling;" who will write of its perils? There is abundant material. "Al Fresco" gives us a hint in his story of the encounter with the big swordfish. If any one thinks that incident was not hazardous, let him put himself in "Al Fresco's" place. Then there is the regular midsummer item which goes the rounds of all the papers about the man down at the Fishing Banks who is pulled over by a big fish and drowned. Sometimes this man falls overboard in an epileptic fit; but no "true sportsman" will credit that part of the tale. And what a monster the fish must have been. The fish one does not catch is always a whopper; how immense, then, the one which only was not caught by the angler, but which actually caught the angler. Another chapter might be devoted to the unfortunate individual who topples off from the dock in his sleep while waiting for a bite.

THE GRANDFATHER BASS.—Just as a crack trotter occasionally lowers the record, so does an occasional angler raise it with a fish which lays others in the shade. In another column will be found an account of a black bass (*M. salmoides* Lac. Henshall) which reached the weight of 23½ pounds. This, we believe, beats the record by many pounds, and as the head of this fish, nicely mounted, stands on our table, we can easily believe the entire fish weighed all that is claimed for it. Its maxillary bone measures 4½ inches, the head is 7½ inches from the tip of the upper jaw to the end of the opercle, and the lower jaw projects one inch. The greatest girth of the head is 16½ inches. It is truly a formidable head, even in death.

FLY-CASTING IN ENGLAND.—We give in another column the report of the late tournament in England. We note that our English friends are now casting distances which they discredited two years ago as having been cast in our own tournaments. Mr. P. D. Malloch made the extraordinary cast of 92 feet with a single-handed rod. This was in the amateur class, and the style of rod is not given. Later the same gentleman cast with a single-handed split-cane fly-rod 86 feet, while Mr. Marston cast 73 feet. The first cast named appears to beat the American records, but we do not know what kind of a rod it was done with.

The Sportsman Tourist.

IN THE LAND OF THE MIDNIGHT SUN.

I SING of codfish and their livers' oil, for codfish is the daily and the sole theme of all the dwellers on this western coast of Norway. They eat codfish, they drink codfish, they manure with codfish and, in short, they live upon codfish in both senses of the word. The great resort of the codfish is the banks of the Luffoden Islands, about 69° north latitude. Hither they come in millions twice a year, and, strange to say, in the greatest numbers in the month of February, for the Gulf Stream sets strongly along this coast, and very rarely are the fiords frozen even in these high northern latitudes.

There are codfish and there are codfish. The genuine fish is migratory and puts in an appearance only twice a year on these banks. Then he disappears, and the fishermen say that he is gone to sea. But the dwellers at home, the smaller codfish, who can be caught at any time and upon whom millions of gulls feed, are a much inferior article.

It is estimated that fifty millions of codfish are taken off this coast every year. The government stations vessels at certain central points, and it is the duty of every fisherman to report his catch as he passes. This report does not include what he and his crew may eat. The men fish in open boats in mid winter, and of course are very much exposed to the weather, and suffer consequently from rheumatism. As their fathers did, so do they. We were shown at Christina the ship of a Viking, lately dug up from a mound, where he and his ship, and his dogs and his horses, and his jewels were buried. It is an open boat, about thirty feet long and ten feet wide, and beautifully proportioned. They build in Norway on the same lines now. It had a great square sail, and a bank of oars on each side passing through holes. There was absolutely no protection from the weather except an awning, and necessarily they could not use this in rough weather. In these open boats those hardy pirates made their descents upon the coasts of England and France, and even penetrated into the Mediterranean, while their historians contend that they crossed to Greenland and discovered America. The medical men at Christina have studied this Viking's bones, and find that he was not more than 50 years of age, about six feet tall, and that he died of rheumatism in the hip joint. But to return to our codfish. A very large number of cod are sold to be eaten fresh, but the greater part are dried, and so sent to all parts of the world. When a boat comes in, the fish are handed over to the women. They clean them, cut off their heads and their tails, take out their bones, and hang the fish under the house or fish house, where they may dry; for the fish houses are built upon piles for this purpose. A handy woman will make \$1.25 a day cleaning fish. The intestines are thrown away, but the head and tail and the bones are dried and sold to the mills to be turned into fish guano. It is a curious sight to see a Norwegian vessel laden with dry codfish. They are piled up like shingles on the deck, and look very much like them, but the nose can detect the difference when the eye fails. These vessels have an immense square sail, as their fathers' vessels had a thousand years ago. It is hoisted by strong arms and many of them, for your true Norwegian scorns a windlass or any other modern mechanical contrivance. At the bow there stands an upright post, rising some ten feet, that the steersman may see it above the deck load of fish or lumber and know how to direct his course.

But the "precious jewel" of the cod lies in his liver. There are cod-liver factories on the Luffoden Islands and on the Main. Two hundred thousand gallons of cod-liver oil are here manufactured annually. It is shipped to all parts of the world, and even to the United States, for I regret to state that the Norwegian cod-liver oil is better than our own and this is the reason. It appears that the liver should be taken from the fish within half an hour after he is caught and should be thrown into the kettle within twelve hours. Then it is perfectly sweet, later it becomes rancid. Our cod fishermen, fishing on the banks of Newfoundland, have a long distance to go, even if the factory is on the shores of that island, while here the fisherman takes his fish almost at his door, and a night's sail brings him to the factory. A fresh cod liver is a tit-bit for a king, or even for a Parisian, who is better fed than most kings, especially when the king makes a contract with his cook, as some kings do, and pays him so much per head per diem for himself and court. But a liver twenty-four hours old is simply uneatable. The liver is wonderfully full of oil. Three pounds of liver will make two of oil.

The fish are taken on a hook and line. In a letter to you last summer from Elsinore, I described the curious implement they use there for taking fish. Here I have just hooked from the steamer's deck, three or four small ones with a machine even more singularly and wonderfully made. A heavy line is fastened to half a pound of lead. Fastened to one side of the lower end of the lead and projecting from it is a piece of stiff brass wire bent like a half bow, and on the outer end of this bow is fastened the gut with a pewter fish, and the hook. Why the hook is attached to this half bow I cannot say. I asked our Norwegian captain and many others. No one knew. But these machines have been used a thousand years and more. It was suggested that the sinker not being directly above the hook, the fish might not be frightened by it. My impression is that a sort of twirl is communicated by this arrangement to the bait, which makes it appear more natural.

Well, you lower this machine near the bottom into six or seven fathoms of water, and then you commence a series of short and rapid jerks. The fish are so numerous and so stupid or so hungry that they rush for the bait, and before they can get out of the way are hooked on the outside. I doubt if your oldest reader ever heard before of an apparatus of hooking fish on the outside.

I caught from the deck of the steamer several small cod, but the mate took the boat, and rowing three or four hundred yards from this bold, bleak cliff, took, in half an hour, half a dozen five or six pound fish, and most toothsome fish they were.

The codfish of these regions is evidently a superior creation to that of Newfoundland's foggy banks. He has an eye for the picturesque. He is found in the most beautiful fiords, amid the grandest and wildest, as well as the most picturesque, scenery. If he has anything below, compared to what there is above, he ought not to be enticed therefrom by the wily bait. For when the midnight sun casts its column of saffron light across the waters of those Luffoden fiords, it is difficult to conceive of anything more lovely. But I regret to state that at midnight one soon loses his respect for his

majesty, the sun. You stare at him with perfect impunity, and he twinkles and twinkles at you, as he were tipping you a wink. To compare great things with small, he reminded me of a locomotive headlight.

And now I must bid adieu to the North Cape, adieu to the midnight sun and the many-sided codfish. I shall probably never see the former again, nor lure the latter with the pewter spoon.

WICKHAM HOFFMAN.

NORTH CAPE, Norway, Latitude 71° 10' North, July 2, 1884.

HUNTING IN THE HIMALAYAS.

Lights and Shades of an Indian Forester's Life—III.

THE musk deer is a small animal about thirty pounds weight, and not being of a roving disposition can only be found by hunting him up in his home, which he makes in rhododendron stocked ravines, above the timber limits. These ravines were, I knew, numerous some two or three miles to the north of the plateau on which we had pitched our camp, and to these ravines our steps were directed the next morning. We took all the available coolies with us, leaving only a few to cut wood for the camp, and on arriving on the ground told them to separate in three parties, one party to each ravine, and beginning at the lower rhododendron limit to beat upward. We sportsmen of course took the heads of the ravines, and had scarcely stationed ourselves before the shouting from below announced that the coolies were at work. The village headman joined us and prayed for a shot, so I handed him my rifle. In about a quarter of an hour a female walked quietly out into an opening about eighty yards below, and the Zemindar leveled his rifle, but at the same moment a shot to the right startled her and she disappeared under cover. The beaters came nearer, more shots on our right, and presently two deer, a male and a female, broke cover at a gallop, and dashed up the ravine toward us. The Zemindar got his rifle to the level, and at the moment he pulled the trigger, the male sighted him and swerved off up the ridge, and by the time the ball had reached the spot, the female had come into line and stopped it, but I had my smoothbore with a wire cartridge and swan shot in it, and was in time for a shot. The little beast disappeared over the ridge, but fell and rolled over as soon as he attempted the descent. Here we found M., who had bagged a female, and leaving the coolies to cut the throats and excise the musk bag from my male, we started on to C., who had had three shots and missed them all.

We now lighted our pipes, and talked matters over while the coolies were getting back to the foot of the next three ravines, which occupied about an hour, when we again took up our stations in the same order as before. In due course a male and female trotted out of cover at eighty yards, the Zemindar fired, and both animals skipped over the ledge to our left into one of the covers already beaten. Much shouting and more firing to my right, and when we again rendezvoused and compared notes, A. had had no better luck than we, but C. had got one stag and wounded another, which the coolies were tracking. Again we sent the men below, and took up our stations at the next three ravines. Again the shouting was borne up from below, when looking round, I saw a moonal pheasant sailing right down for me. I was too late to take him coming at me, but wheeling sharp round, I sent a wire cartridge after him with the confidence that I covered him as I fired; the next instant he had disappeared down the ravine. The shouts drew nearer, a female stepped out at sixty yards, stood a moment, then the male put out his head and shoulders; the Zemindar fired. I saw the female turn sharp round, and a little struggling in the bushes told us that the male was biting the dust. We went down to perform the last offices with the knife. Two shots in quick succession on the right, and looking up I saw a male plunging right down toward us. He was within ten yards when I fired, and rolled right over to our feet, startling the Zemindar, who was cutting the purse from his own animal. I laid down my gun to perform the like office for the one I had dropped, when I heard fresh shots on the right, and the next moment another animal coming from M.'s direction, dashed by within thirty yards of us, and was gone before we could recover our weapons.

The coolies now came up bringing my moonal which they had seen fall, and when we once more rendezvoused and compared notes A. was able to report one male bagged and C. a female, and the finding of the wounded male which the mountaineers had finished with their sticks.

It was now long past noon, and as we were five or six miles from camp, and had rather a heavy bag to carry home it was decided that we had done enough for the day, so the lunch basket was produced, and done full justice to. We counted up our bags. The Zemindar had one male and one female, I two males and a moonal, M. a male and female, and C. two males and a female. We had done a good day's work, the six pouches of musk being worth ten dollars, American money, apiece, and the moonal skin about the same.

While we discussed our pipes the coolies got the skins off, and loading these with the meat in their kiltas we started for home, which we reached in time to get a good bath while the day was still warm. Both C. and M. were keen for a chance at a bear, but when we sat down to a saddle of good gooral roasted on the spit, the general verdict was that the meat was worthy of the skin and that the head would not only be prized as a trophy, but would always serve to recall a dish enjoyed with all the gusto of the gourmet, stimulated by a ten-mile march over the mountains, and it was resolved that the morrow, which was the last day of our stay, should be devoted to gooral and ter, but that if we could get scent of a bear, we would endeavor to come to close quarters with him.

Thus resolved, we retired to sleep the sleep of the just, or, what is practically the same, the sleep of tired and satisfied hunters; and before the sun was half an hour high we were once more toiling up the mountain side, the predominant sentiment in my breast being that I was carrying at least one more cup of coffee than was convenient at that elevation. I was not the only one of the party who experienced the difficulty of mounting the hill on a full stomach, both M. and C. seemed under the same necessity of stopping at every hundred yards to admire the scenery or peer among the rocks for ter. We had determined to push well on to the grazing grounds, where we had seen the zooral on Tuesday, before dividing forces. Arrived at the extremity of the plateau the glasses were brought into requisition; there was nothing in sight, but the ground was so broken that this argued little. We could sweep the elevated ridges on all sides, but could see nothing of what was in the hollows. It was a poor country for beating with less than a hundred coolies and eight or ten guns, so we concluded to stalk in two parties, M. elected to join forces with me, and C. took the Zemindar,

whom he had furnished with a long Enfield. The trysting place for luncheon was fixed, and we were just about to separate when a burial stepped into sight on the edge of a cliff some sixty yards above, and looked calmly over without noticing us. C. and M. fired almost instantaneously, but C. was a few seconds in advance, and I saw the beast fall at the first shot without knowing whose it was; he fell a hundred feet and slid a few yards before he came to a stop, "dead as mutton." Leaving a couple of men to carry the kill to our luncheon camp, the party divided, C. crossing the first ridge, while M. and I struck down the ravine, making for where I had shot the bear.

We had not been parted more than ten minutes before we heard firing—one, two, three—and after a short interval two more shots. M. started to clamber up the ridge, while I kept down the ravine, making for the end of the spur, which was not far distant. Presently, I heard a shot behind me, and looking round I saw and heard a brown bear going down the side of the ridge straight for M., who fired his second barrel, at about five yards he threw down his rifle and scrambled off on all fours, just in time to avoid the bear, which, missing him, rolled like a ball down to the ravine, about a hundred yards above me. Here the beast struggled to his feet and came lumbering down the ravine. I could see he was hard hit, and slipping behind a projecting rock I waited his advent. He came on within ten yards, when I raised my rifle; he caught sight of me at the same moment, stopped and growled. A No. 10 spherical in his throat rolled him over, but as he struggled on toward me I jumped on the ledge and gave him the second barrel through the shoulder. This crippled him, but he was not yet dead and, reloading, I gave him one in the ear which settled him. By this time the coolies had come out of their hiding places, M., too, was nearly in at the kill, and C. and his whole troop had reached the crest of the ridge and were coming down toward us. Now came the important question, "Whose is the skin?" The beast was examined and turned over, and found to have five holes in his skin besides my finishing shot in the ear. M. and I were, consequently out of it. Subsequent examination showed that M., C. and the Zemindar had each got in one shot, and as it was impossible to determine whether C.'s effective shot was fired before or after the Zemindar's, it was settled by C. giving the latter a couple of rupees (a dollar) and taking the skin.

But C.'s party had got sight of some gooral before putting up the bear, and were anxious to stalk them, so we separated once more, and M. and I made for the cliff below which I had shot the first bear. I was satisfied that the ledge on which I had seen the two big ter, was their regular haunt, and as we neared the spot, I took out my glasses, and was not disappointed in my expectations. There were the ter, and on reaching the extremity of the space, and examining them closely, they proved to be two large males. Lowering my glasses, I caught sight of three more tere on a lower ledge, and examining the rocks more carefully, we found a whole herd of thirty or more, scarcely visible in the deep shadows of the black slate ledges on the side of the cliff.

The distance to the highest pair which were nearly on our level, was little short of two hundred yards, while those lower down ranged up to two hundred and fifty. It is very uncertain killing at that distance, and I suggested to M. that one of us should go below, stalk round toward the foot of the cliff, and lie in cover until the other's shot from above sent them down for a close shot. M. started to go down and show himself at a point specified, before I fired. Lighting my pipe, I smoked away at my leisure, and otherwise employed the time in cutting a couple of rests for my heels, and another for my seat, within a few feet of the precipice. The coolies I kept in the background. I had finished my pipe before I got M.'s signal, but it came at length, and getting into my improvised seat, and resting my elbows on my knees, I drew a very steady pull on the trigger; both ter sprang up, the one I had covered rushed to the other end of the ledge some half dozen yards, and again went on his knees, the other stood irresolute. I gave the same beast my second barrel; he sprang to his feet again, and the whole herd went down the precipice making straight for M.'s hiding place. He let them come on pretty close, rose to his feet and fired, one dropped; the herd stood irresolute; a second shot, and the herd turned and went up the cliff. Calling a couple of coolies to hold my legs, I lay down and leaned over the precipice with my glasses, and saw my beast lying at the foot of the cliff as I had expected, and not caring to shoot any more, I sent all the beaters down to M. to help bring up the load, and to tell him that I was gone back to the trysting place.

I strolled along very leisurely, rifle in hand and my shot-gun slung over my shoulders, and in something like forty minutes had gained the crest of the ridge which overlooked the ravine in which we had dropped the bear. Looking back, I was unable to see M. and his party, but listening I could distinctly hear the hum of their distant voices, something more than half a mile below. Turning to look up the ravine for the spot where the bear had fallen, I saw something which sent a thrill through me. The beast was sitting calmly on his haunches. Withdrawing quietly behind the ridge and leveling my glass, I could at first make out nothing more than the bear sitting on his haunches at the very spot I had dropped him, but I soon got at the real position of affairs. It was the mate of the dead beast which, with his back toward me, was apparently licking the wounds of his fallen comrade, which he almost concealed from my view behind his own broad back. He was about two hundred yards higher up the ravine, and falling back behind the crest of the spur, so as to keep out of sight, I stalked quietly up to the spot I had selected with my eye as nearly above him. Divesting myself of my smooth-bore I peeped over, and could but just see the point of his shoulders over the rock on which I had stood to fire the last shot at his comrade. Stealing noiselessly another ten yards, I got a full side view, and was able to bring my rifle in position without disturbing him as he sat there licking the face of the dead. Ping! and with a short growl the beast rushed to the opposite side of the ravine and sprang up the bank. Again I covered him, my finger was on the trigger, but as I pulled he disappeared from my view; my ball lodged in the hillside and the bear lay dead below, shot through the heart with the first shot.

Reloading, I descended to the ravine and examined my kill, which was a large female, with an excellent coat, but reflecting that I had but a very circumscribed view in the ravine, I once more toiled up to the ridge, and sat down with my back against a rock to smoke my pipe and gaze out over the wild grandeur of the scene and listen to the murmur of the distant Ganges. I was in a very complacent mood, speculating on the half-evident, half-pleased surprise with which M. and C. would regard my last addition to the bag.

I could hear M.'s party talking as they came, and was speculating on the distance, when a slight sound or the instinctive consciousness of something near caused me to turn my head, and there at close quarters was herd of ter, headed by an old male, who stood looking at me and stamping the ground with his foot. It was the best view I had ever had of these animals, and as we had meat enough and I had long grown weary of accumulating horns, the fine head of the leader could not dispose me to a needless waste of life. We studied each other for what appeared quite a long time, but I suppose it was only a few seconds, when, throwing my rifle across my arm, the startled herd dashed down into the ravine, up the opposite bank, and away. M. and his party were now in sight, and sent me up a shout which went echoing from crag to crag, and some ten minutes later M. was seated at my side, the heavily laden beaters still a hundred yards or so below. Chatting away and describing his sensations as he saw my ter fall, and the whole herd of big horns come rushing straight at him, his eye suddenly fell on the second bear, the first was not visible to us as we sat. "Hello!" said he, with a perplexed countenance, "how did the bear get over there?" "That was where she fell," I said. "No," replied he, getting to his feet, "it was—" and then getting a sight of the other bear, he turned, and, meeting my laughing face, he exclaimed, "By jove, old fellow, but you have been lucky!"

It was now long past noon and there was no sign of C., so we determined to descend to the ravine and have lunch, for we were famishing, and the cold plamigan pie, filled out with ter's tongue, and the jelly from a boiled leg of ter, was still further provocation to appetite; so, leaning our weapons against a ledge of rock, and knocking off the head of a bottle of Bass, we set to with a will. We had settled well down to our task, and were too preoccupied for conversation, when simultaneously every one sprang to his feet. There was a half growl, half groan, as a bear clambered to the crest of the ledge with one foreleg broken. Leveling our rifles, M. and I fired simultaneously. The bear stopped, tried to steady himself, and sent out most unearthly yells, which sent something like a feeling of terror to my heart. Dropping in the second barrels, he fell where he stood, but we could still see his sides heaving, so I sent up a moun- tainer with instructions to put a finishing shot in his ear.

We sat down and finished our repast so happily interrupted, and had just lighted our pipes when the lumberer came on in the bear's tracks, which he had followed for more than two hours. C. had taken first shot and broken the leg, and both he and the Zemiadar fired as the bear rushed down the precipice, but without apparent effect, so C. had sent the Zemiadar in pursuit, while he went after some gooral which had been seen grazing. Half an hour later C. made his appearance, followed by his men with the carcass of a fine old ram gooral and a beautiful leopard cat. Mutual congratulations were exchanged, and C. settled down to his lunch, talking as well as he could with his mouth full. M.'s reflections only were tinged with regret. His first shot at the ter was fired into the moving mass and was stopped by a yearling male; the second shot, although aimed at the biggest male distinguishable at the minute, had secured only a moderate pair of horns, small in comparison with mine, which made a really splendid head, and although he had taken an active part in bagging two of the three bears, and had a very close shave for his life, he could claim neither of the skins as a trophy. He could not help giving vent to his feelings on the subject, but was consoled when I told him that this was but the opening of the campaign.

The head only of my ter had been brought along, and M.'s two carcasses being as much as our coolies had been able to carry, but when the headman heard that the carcass had been left behind, and reflecting that it was our last day, he took four men with him and went after it. The men had cooked and disposed of some thirty pounds, and while six were engaged in skinning the bears, the other six were instructed to take as much as they could carry to a specified spot on the tableland, while we set out to send back all the available men from the camp. It was near 5 o'clock when we got home. Some of the men turned up at 7, but had to return for loads left behind, and we had long retired to rest before the last of the party turned up. But when I awoke at gray dawn in the morning and peeped out of my tent, I saw them all squatted round their camp-fires doing their best to lighten the load for the march down hill. In spite of all their exertions there was more than they could carry, and it was arranged that C. and M. would stay another day looking for bear only, going down in the evening with eight of the men, who would return for a second load.

I went down the hill without adventure, reaching my camp by half past nine, and had disposed of all the week's correspondence by evening. It was after dusk when C. and M. turned up, bringing with them a snow leopard's skin which had fallen to M.'s bag, and which quite reconciled him to his comparative ill luck of the preceding day. Dinner was ready, and we were soon seated at table with our respective Khausamans, in their best turbans and kummar-bands (waist sashes) behind us, and as we wound up the evening, killing the slain over again over our Burgundy and olives, we cemented a friendship based on the common attributes of our Norse blood—the love of killing something—the tendency to good fellowship and love of good cheer. Saturday was for them a day of rest and preparation. On Sunday they started for Thibet bent on bagging each an ovis ammon. I accompanied them some four miles on their road and saw them no more. C. I shall never see again. He fell at Candahar in the first charge, ignorant, happily, that the day would turn against the British. *Requiescat in pace.* A.

CAMP LAE KAH, Upper Ganges, Northwest Provinces, India.

FLIGHT OF WILDFOWL IN KANSAS AND NEBRASKA.—Sioux City, Ia., Aug. 11.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Thursday I leave here for a hunt in Nebraska; not solely to hunt, but also to study the birds of the northern portion. Going west of here, say 160 miles, I will then go south perhaps as far as the Platte, hunting geese and cranes principally. My object in writing you is to get some information respecting goose and crane hunting in Kansas, at the Salt Marsh and other places in the State. Owing to my going out particularly to study the flight of the geese and cranes, I desire all the information I can obtain respecting that flight and the best places to go to to study them. With such intent, I also want to know from some of your many subscribers, if possible, what shooting can be obtained along the seacoast below the mouth of the Rio Grande. I think that down there and perhaps in Sabine Lake I can obtain good goose shooting all winter. For some time I have been making a study of the flight of birds, and that the coming six months' work, if put in in the proper field, will be of great value to me.—D. H. T.

Natural History.

THE CROW.

"A S cunning as a crow" has become a well-known phrase throughout this country wherever *Cornus americanus* is found. Much has been written about this bird, most writers denouncing him as a thief and villain. That he tears up corn, kills birds, and does a great deal of mischief generally, is well known, and on the other hand, that he eats grubs, and acts as a scavenger, is also admitted. I do not propose to enter to any extent into his economic benefit or destructiveness, but simply to mention some of his characteristic traits and show some of his well developed intellectual points.

On the seashore, at Gloucester, Mass., during our very cold winters, the crows congregate in immense numbers to feed upon the refuse cast ashore during the storms. Some of them stay near the coast through the winter, but it is asserted that many come from as many as thirty miles inland for food, and return at night. In Gloucester there are three pine groves, in which the crows pass their nights, these each being about one-half a mile apart. From these, in the early morning they separate, and fly to different parts of the shore and remain there all day, flying from place to place, at times eating, and again resting, either on the ground or in trees. In the afternoon about 3 o'clock, they begin to assemble on some open common a mile from their roosting place. Until 5 o'clock there is a perfect babel of confusion in this vicinity, the air and ground being literally black with crows. In the meantime, individual members leave the crowd, and fly over to the pines in which they intend spending the night. Arrived there they circle around again and again over the whole grove, as if looking to see that everything is clear. If in one of these woods anything unusual is seen, such for instance as a man, or if a gun is fired when these sentinels are near, the crows desert that grove and lodge for the night in one of the other two. All of these individuals return to the rest and no doubt communicate the results of their spying to them. Finally, after these preliminaries, everything being settled, a small number, twenty or thirty, with one leading, start off, and after circling around a few times if then nothing appears to be wrong they settle down for the night, and the others following in small detachments alight in the same grove that the first did. Each group appears to have one, perhaps the oldest and most experienced, who takes the lead and directs matters. This flight goes on until they have all reached the grove, which takes nearly an hour. I have stood on the railroad track, over which they have to pass, for three quarters of an hour, and watched these groups move by, one after the other, until I am certain five thousand must have passed, and I think this is a small estimate. During the whole winter this goes on each day.

It seems to the observer that there must be something about this group of crows besides an ordinary chance meeting, in which each individual governs himself, and does as he chooses. I have believed for a long time that during the winter crows are governed by individuals who, perhaps from old age and experience have become wiser than the general mass, and the others through respect (if I may be allowed to use the term in this connection) for them have come to obey them, to follow their leadership, and adopt their precautions. This may be mere wild speculation, but I have been led to firmly believe in it.

One night with a friend I went to a grove where I knew the crows had roosted, in order to shoot them. We went into the woods as noiselessly as possible, but they seemed to suspect some harm and began cawing at a tremendous rate, until I think every one in the lot must have taken part. At this we stood still and suddenly a much louder and well marked individual caw was heard, and in an instant all in our vicinity was still. Similar voices were heard in other parts of the woods and all these many voices were stopped. Then the same shrill voice began a very peculiar cawing as if scolding them, and they all seemed abashed, and for many minutes all was still except an occasional individual caw and the flapping of a wing as some bird endeavored to keep from being crowded off his perch by his neighbor. At last we fired both barrels of our guns and brought down three crows. Immediately after the reports died away the curious voice sounded a loud commanding caw, then all commenced vieing with each other to see who could make the most noise and they flew into the air. We fired four more shots at them, then they were out of range. They settled down in the further end of the woods. This and many other observations have led me to believe in the superior intelligence of crows. Their wariness, tact and cunning are proverbial, and I think that careful study would give them well established claims to great intellectual development. R. S. TARR.

A RAILROAD TO THE ARCTIC.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Absence has prevented my perusal of *FOREST AND STREAM* of July 24 until to day, and now, having completed it, I cannot refrain from writing you a few lines of commendation of the very excellent and comprehensive history of the Greeley expedition it contains. That report contains more information than I have been able to glean from all other sources, and with the accompanying map, the article becomes one of exceeding value. Your editorial upon "The Greeley Rescue" is also exactly to the point, and its suggestions indicate a plan for making the Arctic regions accessible at almost any time without serious risk. But I would improve upon your permanent stations at intervals of fifty miles. Why not build a railway to the North Pole, or to the nearest accessible point thereto? If governments are going to continue sending out polar expeditions, and if stations are to be maintained in the far north for scientific purposes, it will be better for science, far safer for the agents employed, and much cheaper in the long run, to provide a permanent and safe way to reach the desired point than it is in the present desultory manner of conducting the business.

A few years ago the building of narrow gauge railways began. The primary object was ease and cheapness of construction along lines where more expensive roads would not pay. Following this principle, roads were narrowed to sixteen and possibly to twelve inches between the tracks. Then a single rail was tried and found practicable. It is perched upon the apex of a superstructure, whose sectional view is represented by the letter A. The rolling stock straddles this track like a saddle, and is kept in place by horizontal bearings at the sides. Such a superstructure could be built entirely of wood, framed anywhere along the New England or Canada coast and shipped to the most northerly starting point that is safe; say, somewhere along the coast of Labra-

dor, and thence constructed rapidly, carrying its own material and supplies, and following near the coast by the most practicable route. It can be elevated four, six or more feet above the road bed, so as to avoid obstruction by the average depth of snow, which, according to all accounts, is not very great. For the purpose in view the entire work may be relatively light; the iron rails and rolling stock especially so. Car room, four feet wide and as many high, with adequate motive power ahead of it, would be a palatial structure in latitude 83° north. In the far north this road would in places have to be built upon the ice, and occasionally sections of it would be swept away; but they could be quickly replaced when winter restored the ice bridge, because all necessary material would be provided beforehand and held in reserve for such emergencies. The expense of the Greeley expedition, if correctly reported by the newspapers, would have built and equipped 200 miles of such road, and the money cost of all the Arctic explorations and reliefs would have girdled the northern zone with iron rails.

Aside from the practical utility of this scheme in relation to science, observe for a moment its commercial possibilities. It would afford to every adventurous fool who wants to go to the Arctic regions a chance to do so. [The woods are full of them and I am one]. It would become a favorite summer resort for excursionists, and a rendezvous for Sunday school picnics. Your fifty-mile stations would blossom into fashionable summer hotels, and spoony lovers who find the winter evenings too short for their business in latitude 40° could select quarters where the nights are long enough to satisfy every want. It is not likely that any very extensive trade would grow up in that direction, but there would be some, while the road would afford a chance for the escape of some of the many whalers who are each year cast away in the dreary Arctic ocean. B.

ANTIDOTE FOR SNAKE'S BITE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The recent death of a showman in New York from a rattlesnake bite and an article in your issue of this week (Aug. 14), "Supposed Antidote for Snake Bite," has led me to send you a statement of a case. I have never seen the remedy in print, and I send it that it may lead to further investigation. My information comes direct and from a wholly reliable source. Three counties in this State—Ulster, Greene and Sullivan—were noted for their variety and number of reptiles. The first referred to I give the palm, perhaps because I was more acquainted with it, having spent several seasons there. Some thirty years ago all the tributaries of the Esopus, above sawmills and tanneries, were filled with the speckled beauties. About this time the writer was located at "Ladew's Corners" (P. O. address The Corners, Ulster county, N. Y.). Here I met Squire Ladew, from whom the name was taken. To be brief, some thirty or forty years before this time he built a tannery at this place and ran it for many years. He was a gentleman of large business experience and varied information, and one time represented his district in the Legislature at Albany, and has a son in business in the "Swamp" in New York. He was near his house one morning standing on a log (having on his feet torn slippers), and stepping down a large rattlesnake jumped from under the log and bit his foot where the slipper was torn. He was only a short distance from his house, but before he reached it his foot had swollen very much. He told me that spring he had read in an almanac that the Legislature of Virginia had given a life annuity to an old negro for the discovery that the broad-leaf plantain was a cure for the bite of the moccasin, a deadly water snake. It is to be found growing everywhere around farms, gardens, etc. (and when young and tender farmers in New Hampshire use it for greens). To Mr. L.'s foot they repeatedly applied poultices of this plant, and he drank tea made from it. He was unwell for several months, but gradually improved. For four or five years after just about this time of the year he was unwell, but finally recovered. As I before said, all this can be fully attested. Can any of your readers give any testimony of value as to the virtues of this plant? JOHN WILLIAMSON.

YONKERS, N. Y., Aug. 16.

The New York *Times*, of Aug. 14, contained the following note from a Marlborough, N. Y., correspondent, recommending the same treatment: "Charles M. Purdy is one of the leading commission merchants in New York who handle the fruit products of the Hudson Valley. Mr. Purdy's residence is near Marlborough. About 80 years ago Mr. Purdy's mother, then a young woman, while rambling along the bank of the Hudson here, on what is now the Thomas T. Buckley estate, was bitten by a rattlesnake on the leg. The poison caused great pain and the limb was discolored very much, and the old settlers said that the only thing to do was to mount a fast horse and to ride to the Marlborough Mountain and coax an old Indian woman, who lived there then all alone in a cave, to come and cure her. This was done, and the life of Mrs. Purdy was saved through the medicine furnished by this old squaw. It is a simple remedy—a small cupful of the juice of the plantain weed, which is to be found along every road and in nearly every door yard in the country. Inquiry made among farmers and country people generally elicited the information that plantain weed is used extensively for poulticing to heal up running sores and to break up cases of chills and fever. Dr. A. H. Palmer of this town, says that a handful of plantain leaves made into a cup of tea breaks up severe attacks of certain malarial disorders when other specifics fail. Old inhabitants say plantain leaves years ago were considered a sure cure for hydrophobia. Wood choppers on the Plattekill, Marlborough, and Shawangunk Mountains say they have long known that plantain juice would prevent fatal results from the bite of a rattlesnake. Toads and other animals know the medicinal properties of the plantain weed. When bitten by a snake they invariably hop to where the specific can be found."

CALIFORNIA QUAIL IN NEBRASKA.—A gentleman who recently came to this city from Hamilton county, Neb., informs us that a few years ago, when in this State, he procured a number of our native quail and took them back to Nebraska with him, where he turned them loose. He says they have got along nicely, and that he lately saw several broods of them near the place where the old ones were let loose. We understood him to say they were "mountain" quail, which are much larger and harder than the blue quail of the valley.—*Sacramento Capital*.

QUAIL IN CONFINEMENT.—Toledo, O., Aug. 15.—My hen quail (*Oryzopsis*) began to sit on Sunday, Aug. 10, on fourteen eggs of her own laying. She seems healthy and strong, and comes off every other morning for a few minutes to feed. I think I shall be able to "count my chickens" Aug. 31 or Sept. 1.—J. B. B.

Game Bag and Gun.

ONE HUNT OF THE CAPON CLUB.

SOME time in the fall of 1873, two young men living in Montgomery county, Md., might have been seen jogging along through the Valley of Virginia on horseback, getting a good view of the beautiful scenery, up the valley of the Shenandoah and down that of the James River, and stopping wherever night overtook them. Both were enthusiastic hunters, and when occasion offered could descend learnedly of the horse, the hound and the cunning old red. One evening near the middle of October, our hunters put up for the night at a hotel known as the Sugar Grove Inn, in Augusta county, where they were so fortunate as to make the acquaintance of the president of the Albemarle Hunting Club, who extended to them an invitation to hunt with the club some time in the near future. From that meeting sprang the great Capon Hunting Club; for immediately after their return the club was organized, an annual hunt instituted, and grounds selected for the camp. This club, which consisted entirely of young men, is still in a healthy and flourishing condition, and the members hope to enjoy many a deer hunt in the years to come.

At the annual meeting of the Capon Club in September, 1883, it seemed somewhat of a problem to settle on a place for the fall hunt, partly on account of the uncompromising disposition of one of our leading railroad companies, so it decided to accept the repeated invitation of the Albemarle Club.

On Friday, Nov. 16, our party, consisting of the secretary, familiarly known as John Caleb, "Billy G.," "The Fiddler," and the writer, known as "Arkansaw," fully armed and equipped, together with four fine foxhounds, took passage for Rockville, where we were to meet our President, Dr. S., of Washington, D. C. The Doctor and "Billy G." were armed with Winchester rifles, "The Fiddler," with Winchester shotgun, the secretary carried a Greener with 40-0 sub-caliber rifle, and "Arkansaw" a Snider with 40-70 sub-caliber rifle.

After leaving Harper's Ferry we passed through beautiful and fertile farms, we roll along to our first stopping place, Charlestown, where in the distance can be seen the jail where John Brown was executed. A stop of but a moment, and on we go past Ripon, Fairfield, Berryville and other stations to Riverton, at the junction of the north and south forks of the Shenandoah River.

Our secretary had left his hunting horn at Shenandoah Junction, so it was decided to invoke the aid of the conductor in its recovery, and on our arrival at Riverton he dispatched a telegram with orders to have the horn forwarded to Staunton, where it arrived in due season and good order.

On we go from Riverton, up the south fork among the mountains, now clad in their winter garb of russet and brown, but more beautiful far to the hunter's eye than the emerald of summer or the scarlet and crimson of early fall; and just as darkness falls on the landscape we reach Luray, where we stop for supper.

The caverns of Luray are doubtless the most beautiful in the world, and with the present facilities for reaching them and the splendid accommodations, will be visited by many thousands the coming year. During 1883 they were visited by over 15,000 persons.

Our party did not stop, as their time was limited, but continued the journey to Waynesboro Junction, where the C. & O. R. R. crosses the Shenandoah Valley road. Here we met and made the acquaintance of Mr. Hicks, a gentleman of rare abilities, and one to whom we owe much of the pleasure and comfort of our trip. After a bountiful lunch and two hours spent in splendid converse we boarded the C. & O. train for Staunton. On the train we met a number of the gentlemen who participated in the hunt, and with story and jest the time was whiled away till our arrival in Staunton, where we were met by a committee of the A. H. C. and escorted to our hotel.

It had been arranged that we were to leave Staunton at 9 o'clock next morning, but it was just 10 when the last coach of the train, with a call from the driver of "all aboard," swung into the street and took the road for Jennings's Gap. Away we go, behind a team of four spanking grays, up, down and around the hills, and after an hour's drive reach our first stopping point, the Middle Fork of the Shenandoah. Soon Churchville is passed, and in a short time we are fairly in the Gap. To the south rise sharp and rugged hills, while on the north a more gradual slope rises for several miles and ends in Little Hankey. Soon we leave the waters of the little stream which runs through the gap, cross the divide and enter the grounds of the club, and at 2 o'clock, after a rather fatiguing ride, debark at Camp Armistead. At the foot of the mountain was our camp. A long, low, one-story log building, with a kind of loft next to the roof, and with an ancient look and smell that is not very inviting to delicate nostrils. To the west stretches a long field up and down the hollow formed by the Calf Pasture River. To the north and west, in rugged grandeur, but softened by distance and a purple haze, barbing of approaching evening, lies North Mountain, while to the northeast, with towering tops and precipitous sides, lie Big and Little Hankey.

Some of the hunters proceeded to unload the provision wagons, while others attended to the wants of the horses, and unloaded bales of hay and bags of oats. Yet others were selecting places in the dormitory and fixing beds, while a few who had beds already provided by the landlady, "Mrs. Mac," proceeded to build a fire in front of the house as a general place of meeting.

These preparations consumed most of the time until about 4 o'clock, when the gentle tinkle, tinkle, of a bell was heard, followed by the appearance of the chief cook with the announcement that "dinner is ready." All else is forgotten for the time, and hungry men proceed to demolish whole piles of "corn dodgers" and plates of bacon. Then all hands adjourned to the camp-fire and, rolling up logs for seats, proceeded to make each other's acquaintance and to discuss the situation and prospects for a successful hunt.

On Sunday evening all hands were called together to hear the reading of the rules of the camp and hunt, and for the appointment of officers, among which were a captain and several lieutenants to aid in placing the men, two masters of hounds, two men to see that proper care was taken of the meat and a fair distribution made of it at the end of the hunt, two men to see that good care was taken of the horses and the feed properly distributed, a secretary to keep the minutes of the meetings and to record the incidents of the hunt, and last but by no means least a steward to attend to

the distribution of provisions to the cooks and to have a general supervision of household matters.

An enumeration having been taken, it was ascertained that there were twenty-seven hunters, twelve horses and about thirty dogs on the ground, to which were afterward added four hunters, two horses and several dogs.

All of the preparations being completed, and each man assigned a stand for the morrow, the call came to "turn in." Imagine a lot of herrings or sardines packed in a box and you will have a slight conception of our sleeping accommodations.

All hands were up bright and early on Monday morning, and after a substantial breakfast, set out for their respective stands, and in a short time the stentorian voice of the president was heard calling on the dogs to "look him up," which they did; and ere long the music of the chase was heard rolling over hill and hollow; now clear and distinct as they rise a ridge, anon, faint and seemingly far away as they descended into a deep hollow. Again a burst of music rising clear and distinct, and then becoming fainter and fainter, and at length all is again still.

It was runaway shooting. Deer have regular runways or paths which they invariably follow, unless very hard pressed, and a deer started at a given point will almost invariably take the same general course, unless turned off by a hunter; so that men stationed on these runways or crossings are almost certain to get a shot if a deer is started. The driving is done by men on horseback, each driver being accompanied by one or more men to lead the dogs and to uncouple or turn loose when a trail is struck. Each driver with as many dogs as he can control, or his helper can handle, proceeds to the end of a ridge, always, however, leaving at liberty one old dog, which is known as a "strike dog."

When a fresh trail is struck, the driver will order one or more of the dogs let loose, and will continue in this way up one ridge and down another to the end of the hunt—one driver often running in as many as a dozen deer with as many dogs.

Imagine the feeling of the hunter on a crossing, the bounds in full cry coming directly toward him. He grasps his gun with a grip of steel, the blood coursing through his veins like liquid fire; but hark! what noise is that? a twig snaps, then a noise of flying feet, a moment more and a light form springs into view, and now comes the supreme moment. If one be an old and experienced hunter, at sight of the game his nerves become steady, his eye instinctively takes in all of the inequalities of the ground, and just at the right spot and right moment a gentle beat or whistle brings the deer to a standstill, and quicker than thought the well-trained finger presses the trigger and the bullet speeds on its errand of death.

All had gone out in high hopes in the morning, but on returning to camp only one saddle graced the meat-pole and one hide lay on the stable roof. We had dinner at 5 o'clock, and soon the hunters gathered round the camp-fire and spent some hours in discussing the hunt, etc. At about 8 o'clock all hand were called up by the secretary, and each related his experience, after which the appointments for the next day were read and the rest of the evening till 10 o'clock was spent round the camp-fire, when the call came to turn in and was obeyed with alacrity.

Tuesday morning dawned bright and warm, and all hands again betook themselves to their allotted stands, and the drive began. It fell to the lot of the writer to be placed on a stand in a deep hollow; so the day passed without his hearing anything except the report of one gun, and all of us were agreeably surprised to hear on our return to camp that one more deer had fallen; this time to the gun of the honorable gentleman from Richmond, and that some of the hunters had gone with horses to bring it in. Soon a sound of voices was heard, and ere long the cavalcade appeared, headed by the lucky man, perched upon the "old dun," with the deer before him and armed with an old ram's horn, from which ever and anon he evoked strains of the most entrancing music. Deer No. 2 was soon hanging with the first one and one more hide was spread on the stable roof, and a lot of hungry men again demolished immense quantities of what is known in camp parlance as "grub."

The experience meeting that night was one to be remembered, and was brought to a close by the declaration of the lucky individual, that "if the President told me that a deer was going to jump from the top of a pine tree to the top of a neighboring hickory, I would place implicit confidence in the statement, and watch the trees accordingly."

Again the assignments were made for the morrow's hunt, and then music was called for, "and now the fun grew fast and furious." Song, jest and dance followed each other in quick succession till "the wee sma' hours ayont the twal" and would probably have continued all night, as one of the performers declared, "We won't go home till morning," but tired nature at length asserted her rights and all sunk quietly to sleep.

The third day's hunt was much like the first as regarded the amount of game killed, but was made a day of mourning to the writer of this article, as he failed to get a shot at the finest deer started, on account of his gun missing fire. Again the merry blast of the horn recalled the men from their stands and fun and jollity followed. It was decided on Wednesday night to end the hunt after one more day, and every one was accordingly anxious to do their best.

Daylight saw most of the men en route for their stands, and as a light rain had fallen through the preceding night, great sport was anticipated, but alas, though many deer were started, and several of the hunters obtained shots, the sum total at night was two deer, one of which fell to the lot of one of the gentlemen from Albemarle, who ran up and shot the deer in the head while one of the dogs held it by the hind leg.

I must also note the fact that our respected "Steward" failed to shoot a deer that ran around the house and garden, within fifty yards of him, while he sat on the wood pile, talking to "Mrs. Mac," but in justice to the gentleman I must state that he had no gun with him.

And now, once again the mellow tones of the horn go echoing over the hills, recalling the men and dogs; and for the last time we gather around the camp-fire, and recount the incidents of the day and hunt. Night again settles over the scene, and we repair to the house, and quiet reigned in camp, broken only by an occasional snore, or some one in imagination still following the chase.

On the following morning all was stir and bustle, beds and clothing were repacked and everything made ready for a start, and at 12:30 o'clock, with three cheers for the Albemarle Hunting Club and Camp Armistead, we were again off for Staunton. On Saturday morning the Maryland party returned to Waynesboro Junction, and from that point proceeded to Roanoke, the terminus of the Shenandoah Valley Railroad. While at Roanoke our party met and spent a

pleasant hour with Mr. A. Pope, the efficient general passenger and ticket agent of the S. V. & Norfolk and Western Railroad. From Roanoke we returned to the Natural Bridge and after a few hours spent in viewing this marvel of nature's handiwork, returned on the next train to our point of departure, Shenandoah Junction.

We received the kindest attention from all whom we met, and particularly from the officers and employees of the S. V. R. R.—with but a single exception—one station agent having requested us to vacate the waiting room, during a heavy rain, and when shelter was not elsewhere obtainable.

The thanks of the party are especially due to Messrs. Frank P. Cord and William Hays—conductors—and to their gentlemanly conduct and efficient baggage masters, who did all in their power to make our trip pleasant and profitable. May we all meet again in the years to come. If the reader wants to have a good time and successful hunt, and at the same time travel over the most picturesque line in America, let him take the S. V. R. R. to Roanoke, secure the good offices of Mr. Pope, and follow his directions, and he cannot fail to have a splendid time, and be amply repaid as was

ARKANSAW.

ELK IN THE NORTHWEST.

PERHAPS some of your readers who take pleasure in hunting the noble elk, would be grateful for reliable information as to localities where they may be found in this section of country. There is one locality and only one in Western Washington Territory that may be hunted by an outwitted man with any hope of success, and that is the eastern slope of the Olympic or coast range of mountains in the valley of the Duckeybush River. All the steamers stop at Port Gamble on Hood's Canal, connecting with small steamers at that place for different points on the canal. Twenty miles from Gamble you reach Seabeck. From there go to the delta of the Duckeybush, a distance of five miles by small boat, and you are at Mr. Percy's, a hospitable gentleman, who has resided at that place for a period of seventeen years. From here follow an old logging road for two miles up the right bank of the river, then by keeping near the foot of the mountains for two more miles you come to Moss Valley. From here on for a distance of twenty-five miles you have an unbroken and well traveled elk trail, with numerous small open meadows, spots where the elk love to feed. No horse can be taken in. Supplies must be packed in by guides. In this manner sufficient can be taken by each person to last for two weeks, including guns, ammunition, blankets, etc. Of course, nothing could be brought out unless a trail were cut through a not very bad stretch of underbrush for a distance of two miles. The river is not navigable for more than three miles inland, but it is a fine trout stream.

I spent the month of September, 1882, also the same month of 1883 in the valley of the Duckeybush. The result of the trip in 1882 was one cougar, one black bear and two elk; in 1883, one cinnamon bear, one mountain goat and two elk. More elk could have been killed, but they could not have been saved, and the massive frontlet of a six point elk, too heavy to be brought out, adorns an evergreen tree to this day. Any further information desired will be given by me.

TILLICUM.

OLYMPIA, Washington Territory.

BULLET VERSUS BUCKSHOT.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your correspondent "Piute," of the 24th ult., it would seem, in contrasting the effects of buckshot as against the rifle ball in the hunting of deer, touched upon a tender spot, as indicated by replies from both "Wells" and "Backwoods." The subject is one which will bear ventilation, and I hope to see more communications from different sections.

My candid opinion is, that "Piute's" shot was pretty near the mark. I do not claim, of course, that a person too blind to see the sights, or with nervous system too much impaired to hit a barn door at 40 yards, off-hand, with a rifle, should be debarred from hunting; but it does not strike me that a majority of our young men, coursing field and forest with a double-barreled shotgun from morning until night, are thus deficient either in sight, nerves or muscle.

The time spent in learning the art of taking a woodcock or ruffed grouse on the wing with shot would enable them to do good shooting with the rifle. Game so small that a hunter cannot get its head with a rifle ball, would be pretty poor eating after being driven full of shot and feathers. I never saw a bag of squirrel killed with shot that I would have taken as a gift, so full were they of shot and hair driven into the flesh, and with blood settled through them. This is the very reason that trapped or snared game birds are sought after in markets, so much in preference to those shot. The same holds good with venison. Who ever heard of a purchaser calling for a saddle shot with buckshot?

This brings me to the consideration of contrasting the deadly effects of shot and ball. We have different makes of guns, each carrying sufficient lead to give even a grizzly a deadly shock. How is it in hunting deer with a shotgun? Of my own personal knowledge I cannot answer the question, but will give you a case in point to judge from. Last November I made a trip into the Adirondack woods, and while at a certain hotel there, I heard one of the guides say that he had got through going out with tenderfeet floating for deer, only to wound and worry them. I inquired why. "Well," he said, "I have been out night after night all summer long, given them dozens of fine shots with their double-barrels loaded with buckshot, and not a deer did we get."

"They must have had the fever bad," I suggested, "to have missed all of them."

"They undoubtedly hit a good share of them, many of which afterward died," he replied, "and that is just why I have sworn off having a hand in any such dirty work hereafter."

Now, those are about my sentiments in regard to hunting deer with a shotgun, and if "Piute" had included the bounding of deer as equally barbaric and unsportsmanlike, he would not have been far from the truth, as I believe the two modes of capturing deer go hand in hand. It would not be unlawful to kill deer in this State, I believe, after the 15th of the present month, by either mode. But any person or party that goes out and kills to any great extent before the latter part of October, I should judge must go for the mere purpose of slaughter.

CAR LOCK.

FREESBURG, Aug. 10.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I am inclined to agree with "Piute," in his letter of July 5, in regard to the rifle being a more humane weapon than the shotgun. I should think a bullet hole in a deer's leg or

other portion of his body—provided that it was not a vital spot—would heal more readily than a ragged wound made by a dozen or twenty buckshot on the same spot.

In this State, I think, the shotgun is used far more extensively than the rifle, and I know that frequently a deer will carry off a good load of shot for a mile or more and be found dead after its body has been attacked by the buzzards.

Men will shoot deer (as long as there are deer), and until a gun which "kills dead" by an electric shock is invented I shall be in favor of the rifle.

SANFORD, Fla.

Editor Forest and Stream:

"Wells" is intensely scathing in his thunderbolts of wrath hurled down upon the head of "Piute," because the latter is an advocate of the rifle in hunting. Now it is self-evident from the first that "Wells" is as biased in favor of the shotgun, as he blames "Piute" for being in favor of the rifle; but let us consider the question from a logical point of view. In the first place, "Piute" is but voicing his own sentiments, with regard to the arm best adapted, in his opinion, to general hunting. One fact among others should be remembered in connection with "Wells's" criticism, which is that the Californian's choice, as a rule, inclines to the rifle as a hunting weapon, and it is, after all, possible that the persecuted "Piute" can manipulate the rifle with as much ease and success as "Wells" can his shotgun. It may be possible in North Carolina to coax a deer to within fifty yards and pour a broadside load of shot into them. This, however, is not the case in the Northern States; deer, however plenty, are too scarce for such a course; to talk then of shooting them at fifty yards with a shotgun is ridiculous.

The acme of success in deer shooting is obtainable only by the concentration of power and force; such are to be found in the rifle alone in a sufficient degree to accomplish the desired end—a clean, thorough, deadly shot. Then again, your correspondent appears to doubt the liability of shot to tear the flesh, without doing deadly damage. This in itself is ludicrous. But why speak further on this subject? It is condensed to simply this demonstration: Since the general trajectory of a load of shot is by no means as flat as that of a rifle ball shot from a rifle, as all sportsmen who have used both rifle and shotgun in the field must know, we can arrive at but one natural conclusion, which is, that when men who are naturally good shots with both shotgun and rifle, invariably use a large-bore rifle when on their deer hunts, and even then find difficulty in bringing to bag "the noble monarch of the forest" (for it is seldom indeed that deer are met with under one hundred yards), the shotgun is unquestionably worthless. So much for range. But "Piute's" critic is not inclined to believe that shot (provided it does reach the deer at the long range) will cause torture without death, but it will most certainly.

C. A. R.

PITTSBURGH, Pa.

A RIDE THROUGH GEORGIA.

IN that most valuable book for all lovers of the rod and gun, "The Sportsman's Gazetteer," by Chas. Hallcock, the author says: "The northern and northwestern portion of Georgia, embracing the counties of Rabun, Haverstraw, Hall, White, etc.—a track one hundred and forty miles long by—about seventy-five wide—contains some of the roughest, wildest, and most picturesque scenery in our land, and this is the hill country of Georgia. The tourist will find high mountains, crystal streams, deep, dark gorges, roaring torrents, smiling valleys, in short, the grand and the beautiful in nature in every conceivable form, and the lovers of the rod and gun can find in its recesses some of the choicest sport in the South. It is a wild country, and it will be no child's play hunting and fishing through this wilderness."

We have found out by experience that the above quotation is correct in every particular, and would advise every reader of this article who comes South for sport and to "rough it," to be sure and spend several weeks in Upper Georgia, particularly that portion called the "hill country."

I had lived for several years among the copper regions on the shore of Lake Superior, and hunted, trapped and angled throughout the sections I was in, and after living in Florida for eight years, I was just aching to "rough it" again in a wild, mountainous country. So last winter, when a friend (an old Texas and Mexican traveler) asked me what I had to say about a camping trip from Jacksonville to the Blue Ridge Mountains, I answered at once that I would go with pleasure, as it was a section of the United States I had long wanted to visit.

We had a tough little mare—she had already been on a trip of six hundred miles—a light, strong buggy, a fine dog, a tent, blankets and clothing, guns and ammunition, cooking utensils, etc., altogether, with ourselves, making a good load for the horse.

Leaving Jacksonville one cold, rainy afternoon about 4 P. M., we struck out for the Old King's Road, northwest of the city. (This road was made a good many years ago by the government and used as a mail and telegraph route to St. Augustine, Fla.; also, as a mail route to Fort King, in Marion county. It begins at Savannah, Ga., and continues in a southerly direction to Camp Pickney, Jacksonville, St. Augustine and Fort King. We have followed it from Centerville, Ga., on the St. Mary's River, to Glencoe, Fla., near Mosquito Inlet, and throughout its entire length one used to traveling could follow it in the night, as it is mainly free from roots and trees and thrown up in low places, also has long reaches straight as an arrow.) This road we followed to Camp Pickney, on the St. Mary's River, forty miles northwest of Jacksonville, pitching our tent twice and getting things in smooth running order. Camp Pickney exists in name only, there being nothing but the terminus of the road and a bank of white sand on one side and the ferryman's shanty on the other. We met with a mishap in crossing Buffalo Creek, between the ferry and Hoboken. The creek was without a bridge, and was much swollen by recent rains. We entered the water at the fort cautiously, when suddenly it deepened rapidly and finally ran over the top of the front wheels, running into the buggy and wetting everything but our bedding, which was on top of the seat. We had to stop at the first dry spot, unpack everything, including our two valises, and spend three hours in drying our load.

From the ferry we went to Blackshear, Pierce county, riding, one day, through a low, flat woods country of pine and saw palmetto, on the east of the great Okefenokee swamp, stopping at several turpentine stills and small towns, crossing the Satilla River three times within an hour. At Blackshear the country rises a little, the sand becomes mixed with red clay, and occasionally a small pebble or stone is seen. There is fine quail hunting in this section. There are

many old plantations and much wheat and oats is raised, affording good feeding grounds. Blackshear can be reached by a short ride from Savannah over the Waycross line.

After leaving Blackshear we struck out for Bucket's Ferry on the Ocmulgee River, sixty-five miles distant, passing through Pierce, Ware, Appling and Coffee counties. The country was made up of flatwoods, rolling and hilly lands, mostly covered with lofty yellow pine timber. We saw and killed numerous quail and small game. Stopped at several houses and received numerous invitations to go on fox hunts. Nearly every one in this section has one or more foxhounds of fair stock. We crossed the Ocmulgee at the ferry on a flatboat. This river is a red color, like coffee after the milk is added, and quite rapid. The ferrymen and others do quite a business here catching shad with nets for some market near; they ask fifty cents each for a good sized fish.

Leaving this place we went to Eastman, Dodge county, passing through Telfair county and numerous small towns. Eastman is a pleasantly situated town, on high, table-like land. It is quite a resort for parties on their way home from Florida in the spring. There is one of the largest and finest hotels in the whole South here—the Uplands Hotel. Excellent shooting in the vicinity; mostly small game.

From the above place we took the road for Macon, via Hawkinsville, Haynesville, Houston, etc. At Houston we found splendid fishing in a pretty little lake near the town, catching perch, pike, bream and other fish. Here we also procured some fresh-made Georgia flour and yellow corn meal, the latter hard to find in the South. Arriving at Macon we put up at a livery, and spent a day looking around this old city, and trying hotel fare. Macon reminds one of Alton, Ill., situated as it is among hills.

We left Macon for Griffin, passing through Bibb, Monroe and Pike counties. The country along the road was generally well settled, but there are localities in nearly all of the above counties where small game is quite plenty. We usually killed all we could take care of while going from place to place. In Pike county we found a large number of Indian arrowheads and other signs of the once powerful tribes of red men. The country around Forsyth reminded us of Northern localities. There was white clover growing all about the place, with chestnut trees and fences made from chestnut rails; in fact it seemed as though we were at the North. Griffin is a live town, with a population of 3,500; it is in one of the finest fruit growing sections of the South. We hunted near by; also fished in a small creek to the northwest, and had fair luck. (The night before arriving at Griffin we had camped near a colored church. A heavy rain came up about 10 o'clock that night, and in order to save our tent a thorough wetting and the horse a heavier load next day, we moved into the church—the door being ajar, as usual in the South—where we remained and slept well until next morning.)

Our next large place was Atlanta, the "Gate City" of the South. We spent one day very pleasantly here. Saw some of the finest foxhounds we have met in the South, owned by gentlemen in the suburbs. From Atlanta we went to the northeast, climbing gradually up, up, all the time. Sometimes the hills were so steep that we had to help the horse, both going up and down. All through this mountainous country water for ourselves and horse was scarce; we often carried a demijohn full from our last camp. The scenery was grand, and grew wilder and rougher as we advanced. Sometimes we could see for a distance of forty miles around about us, especially as we neared Buford, Suwanee, Flowery Branch and Gainesville. All through this section fine hunting can be had, and we know of no place in the South where one could spend a few weeks or months to better advantage.

Many of the inhabitants showed us fine specimens of gold ore taken from their farms. When asked why they do not sink a shaft and develop a mine, they generally say "they haven't got time; have more than they can do tilling the soil." It also requires considerable capital to properly carry on the mining business here, although the ore is generally near the surface, and very soft or "rotten." They are waiting for Northern men to move in and "set the ball rolling," just as the Floridians did in the orange business.

Gainesville, Hall county, was our last stopping place. This is a busy town of 2,000 inhabitants, and a great summer resort. Best route from the Northeast is via the Richmond & Danville Air Line.

Here our trip ended for a time; we explored the surrounding country pretty thoroughly before leaving. We went for health and pleasure, and were not disappointed. Total distance traveled with horse and buggy, 500 miles.

Lower Georgia comprises about 35,000 square miles, and the average elevation is 250 feet above the sea. Middle Georgia, 15,000 square miles; average elevation, 750 feet. Upper Georgia (the section we would recommend to sportsmen) has an area of 10,000 square miles, and comprises all of the northern portion of the State and all of the mountains. Its average elevation is 1,500 feet, with mountain chains that rise to 3,000 feet and peaks to 4,800 feet above the sea. The mean temperature corresponds with that of Central Ohio, Illinois and Upper Missouri.

RED WING.

GLENCOE, Fla.

THE PERFORMANCE OF SHOTGUNS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Having lately purchased a new breechloading shotgun, and being anxious to test the same, also to ascertain the correct charge to use to obtain the best result, I loaded sixteen brass shells with various charges, ranging from 3 drams of powder and 1 ounce of shot to 4 drams of powder and 1½ ounces of shot. No. 8 chilled shot and Dupont's Ducking No. 2 and wood powders were used. The target shot at was a 24-inch circle, distance 40 measured yards. The following table contains the result:

POWDER.	SHOT.	HIGHT.	LEFT.
3 drams black—2 wads.....	1 ounce.	285	215
3¼ drams black—2 wads.....	1 ounce.	192	226
3½ drams black—2 wads.....	1½ ounces.	306	218
3¾ drams black—2 wads.....	1½ ounces.	217	224
4 drams black—2 wads.....	1½ ounces.	249	262
4 drams wood—2 wads.....	1½ ounces.	122	222
4 drams wood—1 wad.....	1½ ounces.	145	237
4 drams black—1 wad.....	1½ ounces.	101	...
3¾ drams black—1 wad.....	1½ ounces.	210	...

The penetration of the charges loaded with one wad on powder was far inferior to those loaded with two wads on powder, and again, the penetration of the wood powder was not equal to the black, but the wood powder's comparative freedom from smoke, noise and recoil fully compen-

sates for this. The result, I think, goes to show that the heaviest charges are not the best by any means, the penetration of course being a trifle better. I shall adopt the charge of 3 drams of powder and 1 ounce of shot for field use, which many of your correspondents think too small a charge for a 10-gauge.

The gun is a 10-gauge, 30-inch barrel, weighing 8 pounds; left barrel full choke, right medium, and as the sixteen charges were fired without cleaning I think the performance of this gun very creditable.

A. C. K.

WRIGHTSVILLE, Pa.

GREEN MOUNTAIN BOYS, ATTENTION!

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your last issue, I notice that you mention having received an earnest plea from a Vermont correspondent for the appointment of game wardens, etc. In Vermont the town jurors have the power to appoint a game warden for their respective towns. I would advise your correspondent to have a game warden appointed in his town, and if this warden should prove lax in the performance of his duties, then do as the writer has done; act as complainant personally. Within a month the writer has had four writs served on violators of the game laws, and should reports prove true, will, on his return home, have another writ issued against a State official, who has been caught shooting young ducks during the past week. At the next meeting of our Legislature, an earnest effort will be made to improve our game laws and simplify the means of enforcing them, and those who are interested in this matter are requested to correspond with the writer, so that we can get your views on this important subject. Address, care of FOREST AND STREAM office, STANSTEAD.

THE CHOICE OF HUNTING RIFLES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Yes, "C. D." has been very unfortunate in that he never has had cash enough to buy, or have built, a special rifle that would act as a shell reducer, or whose chamber fitted the shell so closely as to keep the shells from swelling on repeated firing. He never has had anything but the regular factory gun of greater or less cost and fineness of workmanship, and he never yet, among all the guns he has used, has found a gun that comes up to "Almo's" specially made gun. "Almo" is to be congratulated that he has such a gun. Perhaps such guns can be made for the general market, but they are not now so made, as my experience with the best of guns, by some of the best of makers, now teaches me. Depend upon it, the man who does not wish to "get left" in a tight pinch is not going to depend upon anything but careful work with and inspection of his ammunition. A "swelled head" may lose him his life, and I know of no other way of being sure than to have perfect ammunition, reloaded by proper tools, as recently mentioned my me. I know it is hard work to so reload, but the surety of no accidents pays for the labor.

"Almo" mentions having a gun that will hold a shell tightly, so as to prevent swelling on discharge; but I would caution all your readers and gun buyers against such guns unless they know exactly what they are about and what the gun will do.

Every brass shell will expand on discharge, and, if the chamber is so tight as to hold the shell closely after such expansion, there will be a tendency to stick, causing failures of extraction unless the gun is built with a very powerful extractor that will take out any shell, no matter how tightly fitting. I know of one such gun, built on purpose to force the shell home no matter how tight a fit, and to extract it after firing, and I never have learned of any failures of this gun in its work of either loading or extraction. But this gun is a singleloader, and a special gun as well, and can, therefore, be left out of consideration in any general discussion.

The chamber of a repeater must be of such a caliber that the shell will enter easily and smoothly in loading, and extract without fail; it must have such a shape and fit that the expansion of the shell will not seat it in the chamber, but allow the shell to expand and again contract (as it will), and thereby admit of easy extraction.

The permanent set that each shell will take after expansion is what the shell reducer has to take care of; this permanent set is always present, though variable for various metals from which the shells are made, and for variable thicknesses of shells. Yet it cannot be eliminated by a tight fitting chamber, and if the chamber is too tight, there is a great liability of this permanent set locking the shell so tight in the chamber that there will be a failure to extract.

If shells are resized after every fire, then the amount of reducing necessary is very small, and a blow or two of the mallet will drive the shell into the resizing die. This should be done after every fire, because if not (and even although the shell will enter the chamber after one, two, three, or perhaps more firings) the permanent set becomes greater and greater, and a time will come when the shell will not go home, and a disabled gun may be the result, with perhaps an attending catastrophe, as well as for the reason that when the shell comes to be reduced after several firings, so much permanent set will then be found that the shell will be reduced with very great difficulty, to the great injury of the shell, perhaps to ruin it, as well as to the injury of the resizing die, and great increase of the labor necessary in reducing.

It must be remembered, also, that rifle shells are governed by rules different from those of the shotgun. Brass shotgun shells are comparatively thin in proportion to their diameter, have therefore more elasticity, and take a very infinitesimal set. Rifle shells, owing to their greater thickness in proportion to their diameter, have less elasticity and take a greater permanent set in proportion as a consequence, necessitating their resizing after every fire as a necessary precaution to enable one to guarantee sure work with his rifle. The time does come with shot shells, too, when they are no longer fit to be used without resizing; but as resizers for such shells are generally not furnished, those shells are generally thrown away.

As to the saving of shells from a repeater, that is entirely a personal matter, governed by the work the hunter may be doing, and the "length of his pocket." In some work the shells can be as well saved as not to the saving of money to the hunter, something each one can best judge of for himself as to its being either necessary or expedient. When at target work I always save my shells, as well as when hunting slowly. One can stop and pick up shells as well as not when still-hunting, after several shots may have been fired, to the very material reduction of the yearly cost for ammunition, if said shells are reduced and properly reloaded.

So let me say that I do not consider that I have had "bad luck loading rifle shells;" I think I have had very good luck,

and am only unfortunate in not having the necessary cash to provide myself with a gun which will of itself do everything I now find it necessary to do myself to insure proper action and no accidents. I have had to take the guns of the manufacturers as I have found them, as the majority have to do, and, even though the list has been a long one, have yet to discover a gun that will safely, surely, and beyond all peradventure of a doubt take in "swelled heads," fire them and extract them; that is a gun that I could afford to buy, or that the majority could reach. I congratulate "Almo" on his exceptional success.

C. D.

New York City, Aug. 17.

GAME IN THE ARCTIC CIRCLE.

FOLLOWING is a statement of the game killed by Lieutenant Greely's party in the region adjacent to Lady Franklin Bay during their long stay in the frozen North:

August, 1881—16 musk oxen, 1 hare, 1 ptarmigan.
September, 1881—5 wolves, 10 musk oxen, 1 seal.
February, 1882—7 hares.
March, 1882—1 lemming, 4 hares.
April, 1882—1 fox.
May, 1882—2 lemmings, 3 musk oxen, 5 seals, 1 hare.
June, 1882—1 wolf, 4 lemmings, 18 musk oxen, 1 seal, 11 hares, 17 king ducks, 6 long-tailed ducks, 20 dovekins, 2 burgomaster gulls, 1 arctic fox, 20 skuas, 5 brant geese, 7 ptarmigans, 7 turnstones.
July, 1882—4 ermines, 10 musk oxen, 2 hares, 3 long-tailed ducks, 19 eider ducks, 1 Sabine gull, 5 arctic terns, 118 skuas, 27 brant geese, 6 turnstones, 1 sandpiper, 14 owls.
August, 1882—2 ermines, 33 musk oxen, 2 seals, 11 hares, 5 king ducks, 6 long-tailed ducks, 7 eider ducks, 13 dovekins, 1 burgomaster gull, 3 arctic terns, 40 skuas, 37 brant geese, 32 ptarmigans, 54 turnstones, 1 sandling, 16 knots, 2 ringed plover, 2 owls, 1 walrus.
September, 1882—3 foxes, 1 ermine, 1 musk ox, 3 seals, 2 hares, 1 raven, 3 ptarmigan, 1 turnstone and 1 owl.
November, 1882—1 fox and 1 musk ox.
December, 1882—1 seal.
February, 1883—1 hare.
March, 1883—1 ermine and 3 hares.
April, 1883—2 hares and 4 ptarmigan.
May, 1883—3 musk oxen, 2 seals, 7 hares and 11 turnstones.

June, 1883—1 wolf, 2 foxes, 8 musk oxen, 3 seals, 14 king ducks, 27 long-tailed ducks, 1 eider duck, 21 dovekins, 1 diver, 3 burgomaster geese, 12 arctic terns, 12 brant geese, 15 ptarmigans, 28 turnstones, 8 knots, 1 owl and 1 phalarope.
July, 1883—1 lemming, 3 hares, 8 king ducks, 5 long-tailed ducks, 2 brant geese, 3 turnstones, 2 knots and 1 phalarope.

August, 1883—3 seals, 6 long-tailed ducks, 3 eider ducks, 6 dovekins, 1 brant goose, 1 turnstone and 1 knot.

A summary of the above gives a total of all game killed as follows: 7 wolves, 7 foxes, 8 ermines, 8 lemmings, 108 musk oxen, 19 seals, 57 hares, 44 king ducks, 53 long-tailed ducks, 30 eider ducks, 60 dovekins, 1 diver, 6 burgomaster gulls, 1 Sabine gull, 21 arctic terns, 178 skuas, 84 brant geese, 1 raven, 79 ptarmigan, 100 turnstones, 1 sandpiper, 1 sandling, 27 knots, 2 ringed plovers, 18 owls, 2 phalaropes, 1 walrus.

The above statement of the game found by the Lady Franklin Bay expedition, which was prepared by Sergeant Brainard, is of interest as showing what species of birds and animals frequent Grinnell Land, and at what season of the year the migratory birds return to that region. No game was killed during the months of October, November and December, 1881; January and October, 1882, and January, 1883, when hunting was impossible on account of the darkness and cold. The solitary musk ox killed in November, 1882, was found by the party which was sent during that month to Carl Ritter Bay, though there can be no doubt that it is resident throughout the year, subsisting during the winter season on saxifrage and the scant grass, to find which it removes the snow with its hoofs. The number of these animals seen disproves the theory advanced by Major Feilden in his paper on mammalia (see "Voyage to the Polar Sea," volume 2, page 201, Nares) "that the number of musk oxen in Grinnell Land is extremely limited," and was well nigh exhausted by the onslaught made by the Nares expedition during the winter of 1875-76.—*N. Y. Herald.*

EARLY DAYS IN WESTERN NEW YORK.—Dansville, Livingston County, N. Y.—The following brief notes taken from a standard history of the period serve to remind one of the halcyon old times experienced by the pioneer settlers of Western New York. We can imagine how the old settlers may have enjoyed the situation in the midst of abounding wildwood creatures, trout streams and the myriad feathered creation so charmingly written about by Wilson and Audubon. I opine, however, that there would have been no use for a sportsman's journal in those piping days of plenty. Here is a quotation: "John Mountpleasant, Indian son of a British officer stationed at Lewiston, Niagara county, N. Y., says of those dear old days: 'Deer were not plenty, the wolves hunted them, driving them into the lake (Ontario); then they would wait and catch the poor tired creatures when they swam out. They also made sad havoc among them in the deep snows and crusted snows. A slope between the ridge and Lake Ontario abounded in bears; flocks of swan were often at the islands above Niagara Falls; bitterns were found in the marshes; white owls were numerous. I have taken salmon a foot long with my hands in Eighteen Mile Creek, near Lockport. Trout were abundant.' Judge Hopkins, who came to Lewiston in 1788, says: 'There were a great many bears, wolves and wildcats, and being in the trade, I paid from fifty to seventy-five cents for beaver and other skins, and four cents apiece for mink and muskrat pelts.'" Although the foregoing meagre notes only make a good show for bear meat and trout, and they omit any mention of the millions of grouse, ducks and other small game, yet we know they were abundant, and as for deer, they were numerous throughout the State. Cannot "Antler," my former neighbor of Allegany county, furnish a contribution on this subject—or anybody else—from either personal recollections or book gleanings?—**OBEDE BOGGS** (of Livingston).

WEST JERSEY SOCIETY.—At a recent meeting of the directors of the West Jersey Game Protective Society at Gloucester city, Joseph Ore was appointed special detective for Camden county; Fish Warden Platt, of Woodbury, for Gloucester county; and the directors of Salem and Cumberland counties were authorized to appoint their own. The detectives are paid \$12 per week, with the instruction to enforce the game laws from date.—**HOMO.**

GOVERNMENT CONTROL OF FORESTS.—Mr. Schatzka, of Lakewood Cemetery, Minneapolis, a graduate of the forest Academy at Tharand, Saxony, among other reasons why government should engage in forestry in this country as well as in Europe, says (a) that without governmental oversight the abundance of woodland will be, as is the case in America, where it is least needed. (b) Most of the woods are fit only for fuel—this is true of two-thirds of our so-called woodland—and in census and tax returns, much is called such that ought not to be. (c) Michigan and Wisconsin, that not long ago had ten million acres of good forest, have only two million left. This is always what results from unrestricted private control of the business. (d) With the growth of population, of wood-consuming industries, and the extension of railroads, the demands made upon our forests are increasing, and yet their area is diminishing. (e) From 80 to 200 years are necessary for some of the most valuable trees to reach maturity. Many will not even plant fruit and grapes which they may hope to enjoy. Will they plant forests whose completed growth they will never see? (f) Larger areas, more capital and more knowledge than most farmers have, are necessary for the successful growing of timber. This knowledge must be largely traditional; it cannot be acquired by personal experience. The mistakes of one year will not show themselves the next as in ordinary crops. Hence government should take the lead as in Germany, where it gives its forest service a long technical training and apprenticeship.

ADVICE THAT WILL PROBABLY BE FOLLOWED.—Menomonie, Wis., Aug. 12.—The season to commence netting pinnated and ruffed grouse, ducks, etc., opens Aug. 15, and it is estimated by good mathematicians that every citizen of our city who is old enough to bear arms, and who has arms to bear will be in the field promptly at four o'clock on the morning of said day; and it is hoped that there will be no bad misses of good shots, and that every bird that can possibly be killed will be brought to bag. For it would be a great misfortune to have too much game in the country (particularly the dangerous game known as grouse) and for that reason I say to shooters of this vicinity—don't stop shooting after you have all you want to eat, but keep right on and kill all you can, because the fifteenth of August is here, and besides, some other hunter may kill more birds than you do, and that would be a disgrace for you, especially if you are credited with being an expert with the gun at the traps, and the other fellow only a novice. The prospects for prairie chicken shooting this year are exceedingly good. Good dogs are scarce, but good guns are exceedingly numerous. The birds are too small on the fifteenth to afford the best of sport; the open season should not commence before the first of September.—**B. A. E.**

IOWA PRAIRIE CHICKENS.—Morning Sun, Iowa, Aug. 13.—Chickens are plenty. There is no doubt of it, but whether they will be by the first of September remains to be seen. I have just learned to-day that they are shooting them now out on the prairies in spite of the law. One party killed sixteen in one evening. Now, isn't this too bad? Our laws are good enough, but there is a lack of the proper officers to enforce them. It seems to me that the experiment of having game wardens has been tried and been a success in other States, and with proper help they would do good work in the State of Iowa just now. The warden could drive out in a buggy and with the aid of a good glass catch men in the very act of shooting game out of season. I could show him now within six or eight miles of my house where he could make it hot for the law-breakers. Going into town this evening I found the boys terribly worked up, wanted to organize a club for the protection of fish and game. This is all right and we will organize such a club, but it is the duty of clubs to protect property that the State claims as its own? I think not, only when the State gives them the authority so to do. I only hope these lines may be read by some one who can and will use his influence in the right direction.—**MORRIS.**

WOODCOCK IN OHIO.—Wooster, O., Aug. 11.—The recent heavy rains have moistened the ground, consequently our expectation have been realized. I anticipated that after the ground became moist again the woodcock would return to their feeding grounds. Such is now the case, and one who understands hunting them can make a fair bag, or rather the one that can hit them after he finds them. I killed in one day last week over my beltons, Buckeye Belle and Bonnie, fourteen brace. Got up one more bird, which I failed to shoot at. Killed all of those in the cornfields, which in places are very rank and thick. I was at work nearly two hours, and fired thirty shots. Remarkably good, considering the density of the cover. I shall send you some papers on the habits of the woodcock, particularly on the moulting and the nonsensical idea that sportsmen get into their heads that woodcock seek dense cover to go through this process. Quail are doing splendidly. While running a brace of Blue Dick bitches this A. M. I found three coveys of nearly full-grown ruffed grouse—one of 17, one of 13 and one of 15—and all within 300 yards of each other. I long for Sept. 1.—**JOHN BOLUS.**

TWO-EYED SHOOTING.—Centralia, Pa., Aug. 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I think a good solution of the "two-eyed shooting" question is that those who practice it really use but one eye while the other may be open. This is a matter of only a little practice I find. I am quite interested in microscopic and astronomical work. In using my instruments I never think of closing either eye, using one for a while then changing to the other for rest, never thinking of closing the one not in use. At first things were considerably mixed; a beautiful double star seen with one eye was put in a cherry tree with the other, and the scales of *Lepisma saccharina* were mixed up with the meshes of my table cover, but after a while I learned to pay no attention to what was in view outside the tube.—**SPICEWOOD.**

GAME ABOUT LOWELL, MASS.—The prospects for good shooting in this vicinity during the coming season looks better than for a number of years past. Our summer has been cool, with frequent showers, and all the old and well-known woodcock grounds, as well as many new places, are well bored throughout their rich, moist bottoms by our long-billed favorites. Two and more have been flushed in each of a number of places by the writer. Reports come in favorable for sport with ruffed grouse, and some half dozen broods of these regal birds have been located by your correspondent. The whistle of Bob White is heard in every field, and if the writer is not mistaken in the symptoms we will have the best quail shooting for many years.—**HEMLOCK.**

A CLOSE SHAVE.—Centralia, Pa., Aug. 18.—Rattlesnakes seem to be a frequent topic in your paper these days. The other evening while riding out I heard the "sing" of one of those wretches close by the roadside. I reined up my horses, and my setter dog passing the wheel was struck at from a low oak bush by the snake; she dodged it, but with a little yelp. I was afraid she was "done for," but no ill-effects followed, so his snakeship, not making allowance for the dodge, came a little short of the mark and my dog was saved to help me in some of the sport promised this season. Quail and pheasants seem to be unusually plenty, and wild turkeys are on all the mountains.—**SPICEWOOD.**

QUAIL IN INDIANA.—Hartford City, Aug. 11.—The prospect for quail shooting this fall is exceedingly flattering here. In a half hour's walk I can raise from 15 to 20 covies of young broods. The season has been most favorable for their hatching. We all look for better shooting than we have had for the past five years. Ruffed grouse are more numerous also, though they are not hunted much by our sportsmen, quail being too plentiful and easier of access.—**AN LOOK.**

CHAZY LAKE, Dannemora, N. Y., Aug. 11.—Woodcock are very plenty this summer, and partridges also. On the shore near the lake is the cabin of Old Mose the guide. Of him Rev. S. O. Prime says: "Out of the thicket emerged an old man in many colored and patched raiment, with long and matted hair and beard." Mose is now over 80 years old, and never wore a hat in his life. He can tell a good story and shoot a rifle with many young men to-day.—**ROMER.**

RUFFED GROUSE NEAR NEW YORK.—If "H. G. B." will come to Indian Point, Chateaugay Lake, Franklin county, N. Y., he can find enough ruffed grouse for any reasonable sportsman. Our woods are full of the young birds, two-thirds grown. I shall be happy to impart any information sportsmen may want concerning game and fish of our woods and waters at any time.—**MOSES A. LAYTHE** (Chateaugay Lake, Franklin county, N. Y.).

PRAIRIE CHICKENS IN KANSAS.—Hartford City, Ind., Aug. 11.—Reliable reports reach me from Marshall county, Kansas, that prairie chickens are thicker this year than grasshoppers were in 1870. Two parties were out on the 5th inst. and killed thirty-one in half an hour. It would be a good idea for sportsmen of that section or game protectors to look after the game a little, as the law is not off before Sept. 1.—**AN LOOK.**

Camp Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

133.

INTO the store one evening strolled Hank, the old hunter of the town, and the talk turned to hunting. Some of the boys asked the difference between a grouse and a partridge. While we were discussing that subject there came in a fellow who, we thought, might enlighten us, so Bill asked him if he could tell us the difference between a grouse and a partridge. After scratching his head and looking at the wall, he drawled out, "I always supposed a grouse was a specie of rabbit." Hank told us a yarn about trapping. He said that when he used to trap, mink were plenty and commanded a good price, and he used to catch several every night. One morning as he was going over his traps he came around a high bank in the creek and there on top of the bank not twenty yards away sat a mink. Hank said he pulled up his gun and fired, and the mink started to roll down the bank and Hank ran so fast to get it before it went into the creek that the load of shot struck him in the legs. Then Bill related a story he had read in the *FOREST AND STREAM*, about some boys who ran a rabbit under a powder house and tried to smoke it out. The powder house exploded, blowing them to pieces, tore a hole in the ground, carried a tree several yards, and broke glass in a window half a mile off. After he had finished, Bob eagerly asked, "Did it kill the rabbit?"

BILL.

ATHENS, Pa.

134.

It was our last evening in camp; there were three of us, C., the genial "old trapper," H., the man of varied experience, a traveler in many lands—a roamer of the seas—but now the woodsman, and the writer, J. W. H. had in his time many adventures with the wild animals of the forest; the panther in particular. Perhaps it would be no exaggeration to say, for a choice between a good Thanksgiving dinner with all the "fixin's," and a hand-to-hand clinch with that ferocious beast, the latter would be taken every time. I ventured to intimate to my friends that it was our last evening in camp, and asked if H. would entertain us with some real good panther stories. Without deigning even an intelligible reply, but only giving a half grunt or mutter, and a few extra puffs at his pipe, he relapsed into silence, and that was the order of things for the next few minutes. Just when it was getting to be the least bit oppressive, however, the old trapper began:

"My grandfather was a great hunter, trapper, and Indian fighter, and eventually his name was a terror to the red man. He lived at that time in Northern New York, not far from the 'old Canada trail.' His business was hunting, trapping, and killing Indians; the latter came about this way: One day, while absent on a hunting expedition, the Indians raided that section, murdered his entire family, and burnt his home and all its contents. When my grandfather returned and saw what had been done, he swore eternal vengeance against the red devils, and never after did he omit an opportunity to kill and scalp an Indian. He set about building a small log cabin, selecting a spot not far from his old home, but more secluded, and not so likely to be observed. There the poor old man lived solitary and alone, with none to cheer or comfort him; but what with his rifle, traps, and hunting Indians, he was kept pretty busy, and so had not much time to brood over his troubles. It was one cold morning in the winter following the sad occurrence, that my grandfather started out to visit his traps.

"There had been the night previous one of those furious snow squalls which usually precede very cold weather, and he had not proceeded far when he found it so intensely cold that he was sorry he had come out, but thought he would go only to the first trap and then return. Now in order to reach his first trap he would cross the Indian trail which led into Canada, and when he had got so far he saw the fresh tracks of five Indians. Though the day was so very cold

the sight of those tracks warmed the old man's blood, and he started right on after them, forgetting all about his traps. After going about five miles he saw smoke ahead; this he cautiously approached, and there, sitting around the fire cooking, were the five Indians. By good management he succeeded in killing four of them, the fifth escaped. Four reeking scalps were dangling to the old man's belt, and he was homeward bound.

"Not until then did my grandfather realize how cold it was; oh, so fearfully cold. Would he live to get home was his thought, when out on the trail hopped a bob cat; he shot it, loaded his rifle and went on. Not far, however, when a half famished wolf sprang out in front with a savage growl, and was served the same sauce as the cat. Now it had got to be so frightfully cold that my grandfather did not dare to stop to load, but hurried on as fast as his legs would carry him. He was not destined to go far before he was brought to a sudden halt by a most terrific scream close in his rear, and that scream once heard was never mistaken, for there was but one animal in the forest that could utter it—the panther. When my grandfather heard that yell he turned instantly, caught his powder flask and quickly poured the powder in his rifle, then felt for the bullet pouch. It was gone. For a moment the old man was paralyzed, the next scared, yes, scared, for the first time in his life, and great drops of sweat came out on his face and fell thick and fast. What should he do, what could he do! Oh, for something—lead, iron, anything—to put in his rifle. At that moment the terrible creature appeared not twenty paces distant, creeping toward him, getting ready for the fatal spring. A glance at the ground—there at his feet was a little pile of ice pellets (the great drops of sweat as they rolled from my grandfather's face had frozen like hailstones before they touched the earth). Why could he not catch a handful of them and put in his rifle? Surely they would be better than nothing. No sooner thought than done, the rifle was full, chuck; none too soon, for as he drew the bead on its head the panther was about to spring, not eight paces distant. He fired; the panther rolled over and over; and boys, if you will believe it, those ice pellets went into that critter's head so far they melted, and he died at once "with water on the brain." J. W.

ADIRONDACK PRESERVATION.

THE various plans of preserving the forest of the Adirondacks differ in the question of how and how much. The true solution, leaving out all personal and copartnership interests, is simple and can be but one. As to the how, it can only be by the State acquiring absolute proprietorship; as to the how much, the line is not so easily drawn, but for the simplification of the former question, it may be placed as closely to the true source of the Hudson waters as may be, but without permitting any complication of the State property's boundaries by the exclusion of valleys which enter into the district necessary to be preserved. This it seems to me moreover needful, to avoid the danger of climatic changes such as would occur even to the forest region if the adjoining valleys were cleared or burned off. The true headwaters of the Hudson are to a serious extent already damaged by the clearings in the Schroon and Lake George sections. The State should appropriate every acre of woodland in that section and as far north and east in Essex county as the sources of the tributaries which run through the Indian Pass, and all the forest remaining in the north of Herkimer and its adjoining counties of the same range where are the northern tributaries of the Mohawk, which river shows within the past twenty-five years grave indications of the action of freshet in the setting up of its channel. To this ought to be added the wild section about Mount Seward as far north as the Lower Saranac Lake, and, for the double reason of preserving the valleys of the southern tributaries of the St. Lawrence and controlling the climate of the whole region as far as may be, the Upper Saranac Lake and all south of a more or less straight line across from ridges north of the Saranac Lakes to those north of the headwaters of the Black River; and thence following the western water shed of that valley down to the line of settled country north of the Mohawk.

All within this boundary ought to be in the unquestionable control of the State at the earliest possible date. This would include much cultivated land and various hotel sites, but there is no necessity of reforesting all the district—those sections which have been thoroughly reclaimed may be leased on long leases, and on conditions which will keep the tenant from infringing the interests of the State; the hotels equally may be leased to their present owners under such restrictions as to clearing more land as may be desirable, and the whole forest, when under the State proprietorship, may be, as European—forests are, leased to the lumberers under rigorous conditions as to the size of the trees to be cut and the complete disposal of the litter and prevention of fires. The wood must be cut at maturity if the forest is to be preserved from conflagration, and the removal of the full-sized trees permits the growth of the smaller ones which, without some thinning, will never come forward. At present under-sized trees are being cut to a very large extent.

I have spoken of a dam on the Raquette. This construction, authorized by one of those nefarious bills which are rushed through our Legislature without the knowledge of adversely interested parties, was built across a rapid at the lower part of a long, level reach of the river, and its effect was to flood the bottom land for many miles regardless of all proprietary rights on the river. The lumber in the flooded district was killed, and when the water fell and fire got in great sections were swept by the flames. The aspect of the valley is changed very much by it, and the inhabitants, indignant, but without legal remedy, took steps to blow up the dam, with eminent success, so that the level is now much reduced, but the valley is ruined.

Hitherto the State authorities have regarded the whole Adirondack country with contempt. Whole townships have been bought, the best timber cut off without payment, and the land allowed to lapse back to the State. Nobody at Albany cared or looked twice at the affair, and I think that if the State were to look rigorously into the titles of all the lands there would many a flaw be found where sheer usurpation has taken the place of purchase.

The damming of the rivers should be rigorously prevented, except where required in the interest of the fisheries, and so vigorous and destructive has the lumbering been of late that there is little harm to be done by such a restriction, for the lumber easily accessible to the rivers is now very little. The State in reclaiming the lands could easily afford to open good roads to the region, enabling such lumber as may be got out with advantage to be moved more easily than it is now by water, and to a certain extent facilitate the utilization of woods which now do not come to the market, and at the

same time facilitate the moving of tourists and supplies for those inhabitants whom the proposed regulations would restrict in their home production.

Once the proprietorship of the district is vested in the State, all these conditions may be so co-ordinated that no important interest shall be infringed and the State itself may be relieved from a great portion of the expense of the tenure. The forest can be made to pay for itself and still remain a forest, which is the desideratum in the matter. At present the only interests served are those of speculators, indifferent to any good to the State or the community, and to a great extent not citizens of it.—*Correspondence Evening Post.*

Sea and River Fishing.

SHEEPSHEAD AND BLUEFISH.

BY BARNWELL ROOSEVELT.

"I GOT eleven 'bunkers from Charlie Green this morning," said the Superintendent to the Commissioner, as the latter stepped aboard the Heartsease and ordered the men to get under way for a day's sail and fish.

"Well, that will be enough to catch all the porgees we want," was the contemptuous reply, as the Commissioner busied himself to see that the peak was "topped up" and the mainsheet trimmed just so as to get everything "out of her" that was possible.

"Porgees!" was the grumbling response. "I want bluefish. You might as well catch sunfish out of a mill pond as porgees; I did not come five hundred miles from my home in a country village, as you call it, to catch porgees."

"But suppose that bluefish are not biting," suggested his associate.

"Then we must make them bite," was the confident retort.

"That is enough," the Commissioner responded gaily, as he gave the helm up to his sailing master and lighted his after-breakfast cigar. "bluefish you want and bluefish you must have. As for myself I had settled my mind on sheephead, but as my rule is always to let my visitors have their own way, I shall concede the point and content myself with the lively bluefish."

The Superintendent ruminated. He knew his companion well enough to understand that he did not talk idly; he had never caught a sheephead, but he had heard of them, had seen their broad sides and positive heads in the market and was well aware that they were regarded by many fishermen as the lords of the finny tribe, to whom bluefish were as sprats to whales. So after a while he said meekly:

"Are you sure you can catch sheephead?"

"Sure I can catch sheephead!" was the exclamation of response. "No; an old fisherman like you to ask such a question! Is any one ever sure he can catch anything when out fishing except a cold in the head? Why, I am not sure you will catch a single porgee with all those eleven 'bunkers, although I believe porgees to be as thick as the historical leaves in Vallambrosa."

"Then what are you talking about sheephead for?" demanded the Superintendent, one of whose peculiarities it was to call sheephead "sheephead" for a little variety, just as he would address the sailing master as "Augur," although his name was "August," which is as easy to pronounce if not easier.

"Simply because I am told that they are biting, and it is a way I have to go fishing when the fish will bite, and for the kinds that are biting, in preference to going when they are not in the humor, or for those which are at the moment making a visit to distant relatives."

"Humph," snorted the Superintendent, for if there was one thing he hated more than another it was to be instructed in the art of catching fish, in which he supposed he was *facile princeps*, as we used to say when we were young, and were persuaded to it by the use of the rattan of the schoolmaster. So they talked about the weather till they arrived at the "cinderbeds," which was their favorite spot for inveigling bluefish and porgees. They cast anchor, and the Commissioner, who evidently had no great idea of the prospects for sport, said:

"I will take August with me and go to the flats off East Island and dig soft clams for bait for the sheephead if we should conclude to try them after you have caught all the bluefish you want. In the meantime you can be fishing for porgees."

"Porgees," grunted the Superintendent, as the other pushed off in the smallboat for the island some quarter of a mile away, and proceeded to put on a bluefish bait. His companion was absent about half an hour, and when he returned his first greeting was an announcement "that they were biting." It appeared that the Superintendent had taken the cook from his accustomed duties and set him to "chumming" and helping fish, to which, being young, he was nothing loth, and between them they had several bluefish already, with good prospects for more. So the host got out his rod as quickly as he could, without even waiting to put on his shoes or roll down his pantaloons, which he had converted into temporary kneebreeches when he was in the pursuit of the secretive softshell clam, and the two were at once hard at it and hauling in the finny prey hand over fist, that is, by many revolutions of the reel.

"Do you observe," cried the Commissioner, as he was twirling his reel-handle merrily with a fish of five pounds at the end of his line, "the superiority of the use of a large single-barreled reel over the multiplier? I altered my old salmon reel by taking out the click. You have so much more power. No man should ever use a multiplier except for bass fishing or casting, and then one like what you have on that rod, Imbrie's new patent, hung on adjustable pivots, is the thing."

"This will suit me well enough," retorted his companion, contentedly. "I like my line to come in fast, and want to land my fish in something less than an hour apiece."

"And work away as though you were grinding coffee," retorted the other. "I can reel in as fast as the fish will come, and that is fast enough, and I don't have the handle all the while slipping away from me and rapping my fingers."

At this moment a large catboat, filled with a sailing party, many of whom were ladies, passed close to the Heartsease and saluted the Superintendent as they went.

"By Jove, what a beautiful woman!" observed the Commissioner, as soon as they were out of hearing.

"Did you notice her? She is the daughter of the gentleman at the tiller, my old friend from Albany. But her husband is aboard."

"I've got him," was the interrupting ejaculation, apparently uttered in deference to the superfluous husband, but in

reality spoken of a recalcitrant fish that had been biting without being hooked. "That is the advantage of tying on the bait as I advised you to do; we always do it for striped bass, and when the bluefish are shy as they are now, I do the same for them. Then, if they miss the hook the first time, they do not tear the bait off, so that they get it the second bite, but it is in good order to catch them."

In their excitement the sportsmen had not followed the motions of the catboat, they did not see her keep away in front of them, jibe over, and swing up alongside, and the first notice they had of an impending visit was the rounding to of the boat close aboard. The Commissioner was taken aback, his feet were bare, his pantaloons rolled up to his knees, his hands were more or less daubed with menhaden, and he was in a general state of neglect and disarrangement not at all suitable to the reception of that "beautiful woman" of whom he had been speaking so enthusiastically. He did his best, however, receiving her, her husband and her father with enthusiasm and without apology, but he promptly set the Superintendent to getting out some champagne, while he slipped into the nearest stateroom, and put on his shoes and tidied himself up a bit. Rods were of course laid aside, the inferior game neglected for the superior. Jokes, laughter and bright smiles pervaded the cabin, and the poor deluded fish had a respite. Time flew by till the visitors had to bid good-bye. When they were gone and the fishermen had resumed their rods and found that the other game had taken advantage of the occasion to retire to parts unknown, the Superintendent asked sulkily, "How much time have we lost?"

It is unnecessary to give the Commissioner's protest against this commonplace interpretation of so delightful a change from the mere act of catching fish, but he offered to get under way and run down to the sheephead ground which was a couple of miles off and near the hotel on Fire Island. The offer was promptly approved. There had been wonderful sheepheading in the Great South Bay all summer. These valuable and delicious fish had been taken in numbers never equaled before, and both the sportsmen were anxious to try them. So the yacht was quickly bowling along through the intricate channel between the beach and the islands, past Clam Pond cove, round Tobey's flat, close to the net reels beyond Sammis's hotel, nearly to the black buoy off the lower shoal. There, anchored entirely across the channel, were fifty small boats, and in each of these one or two patient, silent, industrious sheephead fishers. The theory has been received from time immemorial, that to catch such shy and cunning creatures it was necessary to use the utmost caution. To fish from a small boat, to go alone, to anatomize every sailing vessel which came within a quarter of a mile of you, to whirl your heavy sinker and bait over your head at the risk of driving the hooks into some sensitive part of your body and to send the line spinning off a hundred feet from the boat.

"Why cannot we fish off the deck of the yacht?" demanded the Superintendent with irreverent disregard for all these well-established traditions, "anchor her as near as you can and let us try. How deep is the water here, anyway?"

"Four to five fathoms."

"You may just as well say it in English."

"Twenty-five to thirty feet," said the Commissioner, making the correction as gracefully as he could, "I agree with you there, there is no sense in taking such precautions when the water is so deep and the current as strong as that of a mill race."

So they came to, not exactly where they would have preferred to be but as near the line of fishermen as they dared in view of the prejudice which they knew they were contending. Then they rigged up their lines. Of course, the Superintendent would accept no advice; he had caught salmon trout, the shyest of all fish, when no other man could get a bite, and had versed himself in the ways of all the denizens of the fresh waters, so he was not to be instructed. He hitched ten hooks, one above another, to the line and put a whole clam on each hook. When he had baited his trap it stretched the entire length of the yacht. The Commissioner was more modest and merciful, he only put on four hooks, but the upper one was fully five feet from his sinker, which hung in a loop six inches long from the line. The sailing master, who had seen sheephead caught before, looked on in dismay while the distant fishermen wondered whether these were new species of nets baited to make them more fatal. Each sportsman had a stiff rod and a fifteen-thread bass line that would lift nearly thirty pounds, while a large, long-handled scoop net lay conveniently on the deck.

Sheephead are a peculiar fish, as the Superintendent soon found out. They bite and run, to live and bite again. They are not like their fierce brother, the bluefish, but they pick up your clam as gingerly as though they loved it, which they do, and having gently squeezed it in their powerful jaws they drop it with scarcely a twitch on the line to warn the deluded sportsman of the fate of his bait. If he discovers what is going on at all and "yanks" in approved fashion, the hook slips from the trapblock pavement in the mouth of the adversary and he takes nothing by his motion. It is all very well to say, "Wait till the sheephead has pulled twice and then has picked up your bait and gone off with it." That is excellent. But suppose he never goes off with it, but is contented with sucking out the softer and more delicate portion and waiting till you give him a fresh morsel of tenderness, what are you to do then? "Have patience," said the Superintendent. "Have luck," murmured the Commissioner, as he made a vicious yank at nothing visible, while his companion fastened to a big fellow that gave him all he could manage. The tide was strong, and the sheephead, turning their sides to it, tear and tear and jerk and pull in a way that makes landing them by hand difficult, and with a rod a work of uncommon skill and patience. The use of a hand line is a coarse business at best, and the loss of temper over the tangles it gets into makes it doubly undesirable. To be sure, by substituting the rod the fisherman loses the exhilaration of whirling his line over his head and perhaps sinking the hook into the ears of his attendant or friend, but if the bait is quietly dropped over the side of the vessel the current will carry it far enough away without "ze dam floureesch." So they fished and they fished, and they "yanked" and they "yanked," and the fish sneaked off instead of behaving like gentlemanly fish and allowing themselves to be caught, and when hooked, which happened to about one in ten bites, they broke the lines and smashed the hooks till even the patience of the Superintendent, to say nothing of Job's, would have given out. Nevertheless there was a reward—some got hooked. Of these a proportion came into the net, and before fishing was over the roomy cockpit was full of them, their shape giving them the right to be classed with the blue blood of the dining table, the

aldermanic aristocracy. Sheephead are a fine looking fish after all, if not as graceful as salmon nor as delicate as trout, and deserve their reputation as a table delicacy.

It was a gala day aboard of the Heartsease. Those eleven 'bunkers had been put to good account, and now the soft clams had turned out even more remunerative. It is not often you can catch sixty-seven bluefish with eleven men-haden, and it is still more rare to take twenty-six sheephead under any circumstances. One fact had been demonstrated to the benefit of the gentle angler, if not so much to that of the professional, that in fishing in a strong tideway in thirty feet of water, as good success can be had from a large vessel as from a small boat, while the comfort of the two methods are not to be compared.

"Well," said the Superintendent as he reeled up his line after being satisfied that there were no more fish to be conquered, as the shades of eve had settled down and darkness was approaching, "you are right about one thing. A single-barreled reel is the proper one for this sort of fishing even if it does occasionally catch your thumb when the fish makes a sudden rush. A multiplier is unnecessary and makes too much work of it."

"That being admitted," replied the Commissioner, off-handedly, "let us take our bluefish to Jesse Smith, make him a present of them, and keep our sheephead."

"No," answered the Superintendent, "let me teach you how to salt down the bluefish so that they will keep, not spoil, as I believe once happened."

This retort, which had something of truth in it in spite of the Commissioner's explanations, closed the sports of a day which has not been surpassed in Eastern waters for many a revolving moon, and will probably not be equalled for many to come.

THE LARGEST BLACK BASS YET.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I find in your issue of Aug. 7, an article with the above heading. Now, we will all admit that a black bass weighing 7½ pounds is a beauty, but if our friend Mr. Folsom will make us a visit, we will take him to where he can have the pleasure of reeling in fish which will bump the beam at 11, yes, 12 and 14 pounds, without much trouble. I do not mean by this that there are no small bass in the waters of Florida, nor do I wish any of our Northern friends to think that they can be killed with sticks and stones, or caught with pitchforks, as I have heard people talk of doing, but I do claim for Florida as fine fields for piscatorial sport as are to be found in this country anywhere. I am a great lover of the rod and reel, and if you can find space in your columns, I will give you and our Northern friends a little sketch of my last skirmish with the finny tribe.

The greater portion of fish taken in the fresh-water lakes of Florida, are black bass, pickerel or jack, and a goodly number of bream and catfish. Some ten weeks ago, I left for Altoona, Florida, and from there, in company with two of my piscatorial friends, we started out for a day's sport. An hour's ride through fragrant floral pines brought our little party to one of those clear, crystal streams or bayous, which bears the unpoetical name of Niggertown Creek.

We were well supplied with good tackle, and the usual supply of good things which are required to make up the sportsman's lunch box, and had it not been for a poor affair of a boat, our entire outfit might well have been called a respectable one, even if we did ride on a mule cart with a gentleman of African descent as driver.

However, a portion of Jones's underwear was soon put to use as caulking for the little home-made plank boat, and after our paraphernalia was safely stowed away, with Birdsong at the oars, we were soon gliding rapidly to the bait grounds.

A half hour was sufficient to fill our minnow bucket with fine silvers, and then away we went across and into one of those clear, deep, lily-bound lakes, for which Florida is noted. This lake contained, I suppose, ¾ acres, was about 25 to 30 feet deep, and like all the other little lakes which surround Niggertown Creek, are to be reached only by pushing a boat through high saw grass and reeds about three or four rods. This, you may think, is too much trouble; well, perhaps so, but if you will give us a little time we will show you how it pays.

We soon made our boat fast to the bonnets and began work. Jones took the lead with a bass of 6 pounds, I came in second with a fine fellow weighing 8½ pounds, and Birdsong as third with a pickerel of 7 pounds 9 ounces, I again with a ¾-pounder. Birdsong took for his second a 12½-pounder, and Jones for his a 7½-pounder. Several others were taken, I suppose in all about 60 pounds, when Jones proposed we should move to a little cove on the opposite side of the lake. We did so, and after partaking of our lunch, which we were by this time hungry enough to enjoy, we began anew, with our boat at anchor in the shade of some wild orange trees and live oaks.

Jones was the lucky one again, and took for his first a beauty weighing 13½ pounds, then I with one of 4½ pounds and Jones again with a 6½-pound pickerel. Birdsong in the meantime made fast to a huge mudfish, which occupied his time for about half an hour, very much to his disgust and our very great pleasure, but he soon came to the front with a fine one of 12½ pounds. At about this time our bait was exhausted, with the exception of a large bream, which was, I suppose, 6½ inches long, and as a matter of experiment I proposed to Jones that I try it. My pole was a very light one, only 8 ounces, and the bream made my little float bob around lively until he became worried down a little. We were about to go home satisfied, when suddenly my float sank and away went my line at lightning speed, fairly beating my reel in its whirl. Jones and Birdsong reeled in excitedly, supposing I had made fast to an alligator or some other hideous monster of the deep, and both sat silent and awe-stricken, intently watching my trembling limbs and quivering pole.

This monster was a black bass which I finally succeeded in landing after about forty minutes of hard sport. He was 37½ inches long from tip of nose to tip of tail, measured in circumference at girth 29½ inches, and weighed 28½ pounds. I have in a rough way preserved his head, and have taken the liberty of sending it to you by express, for the inspection of any that may doubt the veracity of this statement. Having no preservatives with me at the time, I was obliged to hang it out in the sun to dry, and it is badly shrunk and withered, but it will give you an idea of the size which he must have been.

Now, if any of our Northern friends can beat this record of five and a half hours, which footed up 128 pounds of black bass and pickerel, please let us know and we will try again, but will not agree to catch another black bass weighing 28½ pounds, for it is the largest one I have ever seen,

and I had no idea that they ever grew to be so large. His flesh was sweet and delicious, and seemed to have retained all the fine flavors of the younger black bass. This fish was taken in about 22 feet of water with the minnow, about 12 feet from surface of water when hooked. He made a straight shoot for the center of the lake, and it was with the greatest trouble and care that I succeeded in getting him toward shore. He did not show himself above the surface at any time, and when finally pulled to the boat he came with his mouth full open and to all appearances dead, and after being landed I think he made but one flop.

H. W. Ross.

JACKSONVILLE, Fla.

THE BROOK TROUT.

BEAUTIFUL child of the fountain stream!
Thou seemest born of a naiad's dream,
Child of the water and child of the light,
Shining in rainbow colors bright.
Dissolved from the flashing sunbeams sent
Down into thy crystal element—
Resplendent in mantle of silvery fold,
Sparkling with rubies and pearls and gold!

Not in coralline depths of tropical seas
Do fishes glitter in hues like these,
Nor winged forms of the burning zone
In dyes more gorgeous than thine own—
Of all the creatures of wave or air
The most alluring and most fair!

Roaming mid Nature's loveliest scenes,
Through meadows, glades and wild ravines;
In clear, deep races, where mirrored lie
The feathery clouds and azure sky;
Where the cataract leaps with impetuous might
Like molten emerald down the height,
And white and soft as the wild swan's throat
On the basin's margin the foam-drifts float,
Or dancing and whirling the snowy spray,
To the rippling music glides away.

Loitering under the grassy eaves,
Hiding under the lily leaves,
'Neath mossy boulder and shelving stone,
And trunks by tempests overthrown;
By gnarled roots and boughs concealed,
In odoriferous wood and dowry field:
Basking lazily in the sun,
Leaping at insects bright and dun;
Sporting the shining gravel in;
Darting swift as a javelin!
In and out; now here, now there,
A gleam of sunlight everywhere;
Shunning with instinct quick and sure
All things tainted or impure;
Started with violent affright
If sudden danger meet thy sight,
Or but a shadow or motion rude
Disturb thy wonted solitude.

Beautiful nymph of the fountain stream!
So long as its sparkling waters gleam,
Or darksome flow where the shadows slant
Be fair Montsweag thy favorite haunt,
That ardent lovers, each blooming year,
May seek and softly woo thee here.

Thine are the roscate summer hours,
For thee the fountains, dews and showers,
When the earth is smiling, and woods and leas
Are vocal with sweetest melodies,
And myriad-bright, ephemeral things
Sweep o'er the waters on gauzy wings—
When nature all is warm and rife
With happy, sportive, bounding life.

But ah! when cease the founts to flow,
When for the showers falls the snow,
When the tender flowers die, and still
Is the insects' hum and song birds' trill—
Sleeping under the fleecy folds,
With lilies, pinks and marigolds,
Thou liest, in icy fetters bound,
Till the brooks shall melt anew to sound
And gentle zephyrs and vernal rain
Wake thee and them to life again!

By THE BROOKSIDE, WISCASSET, Me.

B. F. S.

BASS FISHING IN THE ST. JOHNS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Mrs. Partington remarked that comparisons are "odorous," and having noticed in your issue of July 7, the reports from Cuttyhunk, I cannot refrain from giving you some reliable data regarding bass fishing near the mouth of the St. Johns River. On several occasions I have referred to the sport obtainable during July and August in this section, and as evidence that I did not exaggerate, I will append a few scores made by friends within one month.

My friend General Ledwith commenced fishing on July 9, and his score is as follows, the fish being channel bass: July 9, 3; July 11, 8; July 14, 5; July 16, 3; July 20, 12; July 23, 9; July 27, 11; Aug. 2, 12; Aug. 3, 11; Aug. 6, 12; Aug. 9, 3; Aug. 10, 3. Total 94. Smallest, 20 pounds; largest, 46 lbs. Average, 26 pounds; aggregate 2,444 pounds.

On Aug. 4, my friend Mr. Marrin and party fished from one boat with following result, the fish being channel bass: Mr. Marrin 8, Mrs. Marrin 6, Miss Thornton 5, Miss Palmer 4, Mr. T. W. Palmer 4. Total 32. Average weight, 32 pounds; total weight, 1,024 pounds.

Aug. 8—Mr. Marrin, 3 channel bass; Mrs. Marrin, 2; Mr. Thornton, 4; Miss Palmer, 2; Miss Barnard, 2. Total for boat, 13; average weight, 35 pounds; aggregate weight, 455 pounds.

Aug. 9—Mr. Marrin, 7 channel bass; Mr. Palmer, 2; Mrs. Marrin, 1. Total for boat, 10; average weight, 34 pounds; aggregate weight, 340 pounds.

My friend Mr. Wall and boatman fished two days, with following result: Aug. 5—Mr. Wall, 8 channel bass; Boatman, 12; Aug. 6—Mr. Wall, 13. Total 33; average weight, 30 pounds; aggregate weight, 993 pounds.

My friend, Mr. H. M. Pryor, visited the Back Channel and Mile Point to fish for tarpon, and as a side amusement he engaged in bass fishing with the following result: July 25, 7 channel bass; Aug. 5, 3; Aug. 6, 11; Aug. 7, 17; Aug. 8, 2. Total, 36; average, 31 pounds; aggregate, 1,147 pounds. Mr. P. informed me that Mr. Sullivan, of this city, fished near

him on the 5th, 6th and 8th, and captured 20 channel bass, averaging 30 pounds; aggregate, 600 pounds.

On Aug. 7 George Degolia and Hartley Williams landed 12 channel bass; average weight, 30 pounds; aggregate weight, 360 pounds.

My friends, Cols. Forbes and Hart, fished with rods and reels, with the following result: Col. Forbes—Aug. 8, 3 channel bass; Aug. 9, 4 channel bass. Smallest, 25 pounds; average, 30 pounds; aggregate weight, 210 pounds. Col. Hart—Aug. 8, 1 channel bass; lost 4 by tackle breaking; Aug. 9, 8 channel bass. Average, 30 pounds; aggregate weight, 120 pounds.

Col. Forbes informed me that on the 9th he examined over 100 channel bass that had been captured during the day and that the smallest weighed 24 pounds. Taking the aggregate we find these parties captured 251 fish; average weight about 30 pounds; total weight 7,340 pounds, or over three tons and a third.

Bass visiting this river during July, August and September range from 20 to 45 pounds. We are of the opinion that some of your Cuttyhunkers may visit this section with advantage. By taking the mail train from New York early in the morning they would reach this city the next day at 12:30 P. M. By taking steamboat at 3 P. M. they would arrive at Mayport at 6 P. M., or in about forty hours from New York. By steamship from New York to Savannah or Fernandina they would arrive in this city in from 65 to 85 hours. Cost of boatman and bait \$2.50 per day; boarding, with good table and fair beds at Burrough's Hotel, Mayport, or at Gilbert's, at Pilot Town, \$10 per week. If fishermen are desirous of paddling their own canoes, Whitehall boats can be hired at Jones's boatyard in this city at \$1 per day.

JACKSONVILLE, Fla., Aug. 9, 1884.

MONSTERS OF FLORIDA WATERS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

As one of your correspondents appears anxious to secure some information regarding the pleasures and disappointments of salt-water fishing, I will favor him with some of my experiences.

Some years since the steamer Lizzie Baker was wrecked in the north channel at the mouth of the St. Johns River. Within a short period but little of her was left except the bottom, boiler, engine and the walking-beam frame. Some months after she was wrecked, G., B., "Al Fresco" and a representative of the colored persuasion proceeded to the wreck for the purpose of capturing sheephead and channel bass. B. was provided with 600 feet of 72-thread cable laid cotton line. He used a piece of a pine board for a float, and allowed his line to float seaward with the ebb tide until the float was some 400 feet astern. The float disappeared, B. yanked, but felt no fishy response. I advised to haul in his line, and he exclaimed, "I have hooked him." As soon as the line tightened the fish started up stream, and B. hastily hauled in slack line. When the slack was all hauled in, B. attempted to arrest the onward progress of the fish, but failed, and the Fifteenth Amendment joined in the fray, but the fish kept on its way, and G. lent a hand. At the time I was a cripple, seated in the stern of the boat and could merely make suggestions. After the fish had passed some distance up stream, I noticed the float near the boat, and I suggested that No. 15 should seize it. He did so, and held on like death to a defunct ducky, but his end of the line parted. The three bent on the other end of the line, and after a half hour's hard struggle they brought the unknown to a point beneath the boat. As the question was, "What is it," they pulled away, and there appeared at the side of the boat the end of a saw belonging to a sawfish fully sixteen feet in length. As we were in a light clinker-built boat, the three deemed discretion the better part of valor, and instantly gave the fish slack line. I requested them to hand me the line, the Fifteenth Amendment to cut the painter, and B. and G. to man the oars and pull away from the wreck and up stream. B. objected to the loss of his painter, and as a consequence the boat was pulled to the wreck and the painter untied. The fish made a sudden dart for the machinery, and the line fouled and parted.

Last summer I was fishing for channel bass with a hand line at Mile Point, and was rewarded with a lusty bite. I soon found that I had hooked an elephant, and from its motions I could not determine what was at the other end. After a long tussle I brought the game to the surface, and with a strong steel gaff and the line I landed in the cockpit of the boat a loggerhead turtle weighing ninety-five pounds. As soon as the turtle landed I left the cockpit, for I instantly discovered that there was room for but one. After the crawler had quieted down I put him in harness and resumed my fishing.

Two years since I was fishing at Mile Point, and during the forenoon I captured six bass, from twenty-two to forty pounds. To keep the fish alive I tied them with short, stout cords and allowed them to swim by the side of the boat. I retired disgusted, for all I had left was six bass heads. Sharks had appropriated all the rest.

A short time after this experience I was fishing at the same place, with McMullen as my boatman, I was after bass and obtained a bite. I yanked and found something more at the other end than I had bargained for. After a long fight I brought to the surface a shark, which I had hooked in the forward fin. I told Mac to strike him with the grains. He complied, and struck him in the head, but the grains did not enter. Instantly the fish turned on its side, rushed at and seized the bow of the boat and tore off the false stern. Resolved that the brute should die and that brute force should yield to tact, I determined to tire out the fish. After a fight of three hours the shark was beached on the mud in shallow water, I plunged the grains in his back, and with the fishing line and line attached to the grains we hauled the capture into shallow water and I dispatched him with a fish knife. He measured nine feet in length, and was played with a bass line and a Job Johnston's hook.

On one occasion last summer I anchored at Mile Point, and engaged in tarpon fishing, and in a short time landed four sharks, each from six to seven feet in length. At 1 P. M., I had two lines out, one of my floats disappeared, and I hooked a shark. I commenced playing him, and very soon float No. 2 went under, and to my disgust I ascertained that I had a brace of sharks to conquer. I gave No. 2 four hundred feet of line, and allowed him to circumnavigate until I dispatched No. 1. Disgusted with this description of fishing, I instructed my Fifteenth Amendment associate to haul in the shark, and when he neared the boat I dispatched him with my rifle, and we found him to measure seven feet. After a long fight between No. 2 and my Fifteenth Amendment, the monster was favored with three rifle balls. He

measured nine feet in length. The ducky had but little skin left on his fingers. Annoyed at such base sport, I pulled up anchor, and after a pleasant sail reached home.

JACKSONVILLE, Fla.

AL. FRESKO.

FROM SUCKER TO BASS.

YOUR correspondent, "W. S. P.," in your issue of July 24, commenting upon the gaminess of suckers and red-horse, calls to mind an incident of "lang syne," where one of my old friends, who had been wedded to that sort of fishing for years, renounced his first love and established his orthodoxy by becoming an expert and successful angler for the Saracen of our Western rivers and lakes. One morning, late in the month of March, Sam S. called for me and promised rare sport if I would go with him to the fishing grounds. It was rare, but the best act in the play was not mentioned on the programme. I had already looked upon several graphic pictures, wherein ten-pound suckers had figured prominently, when I was admonished by a shake of the hand to tread easy. Passing quietly down the steep bank, poles were soon rigged and the ball set rolling. Immediately in front of us lay a great sycamore tree, with just a strip of its bark above the water. It was close in shore, and after making a cast Sam would rest the tip of a pole on this tree. He had some five or six lines out, and it was not long until the play was going on merrily. Ah, me! what a time that was. It was one of those rare gray days when the winds seemed to be still wearing their winter wings. The waters looked dark and cold, and just the thoughts of a plunge in the icy pools was maddening.

For a time there was a great outcoming of the sucker family. Sam was vigilant, and his tackling substantial. Every now and then something would flash through the air like a meteor, and when an instant later I would hear a loud thump up on the side of the levee, I always knew another sucker had paid the debt. By and by there came a lull, and stories of fine ten and twenty-pound fish began to float out again. Just at this period one of the poles slipped over the tree and out of sight like a flash, leaving a trail of sparkling bubbles in its wake, suggestive of more than one fish-power.

It was but the work of a moment for Sam to cast aside his shoes, hat and coat. Turning to me with a look of triumph, he said: "Parson, you have had your laugh; when I produce the fish, then—well, then I will smile." Then there was a great splash, and a few seconds later the grim, determined face of the old boy was turned shoreward. I came down the beach and led the hero from the waves. "Sam, it is a sucker?"

"Yes!"

"A white sucker?"

"Yes."

"Sam?"

"Well?"

"These scales make the weight just 2 pounds 5½ ounces."

From a sheltered place I watched elm poles and hickory poles go whirling over the watery wastes and in their wake glistening bait can. And last, but not least, about two yards of suckers arose above the horizon of the levee and as full of evolutions as a Chinese balloon. It was then that the scepter departed out of Egypt. It was a shoeless, hatless and coatless cyclone that swept down that river bottom. It did not destroy much timber, but the electricity, the thunder and the odor of sulphur substantiated the identity of the phenomenon, if it was human.

That night I taught Sam to spell Henshall and a week later he had a rod of that name.

Take it pound for pound and I think a sucker has as much nerve as a whale, but the power and activity of the bass he sadly lacks. It is not necessary for his existence that he should be so gamy as the bass. The latent power awakened by the touch of the hook is like the force of spent embers. It glows for a moment in the gale and is passed out.

PARSON O'GATH.

BAIRD IRON WORKS, Ohio.

TROUT IN MOOSELU MAGUNTIC.

THE trout fishing here is something remarkable. Yesterday, Aug. 8, a gentleman took five trout weighing together twenty-eight pounds. A few days before he captured eight weighing thirty-eight pounds. The only mode to get these large fish, veritable leviathans in size and nature's jewels in glistening beauty, is by deep-water bait-fishing. The angleworm is very catching, and a long line of say sixty yards is needed.

For smaller fish one needs to go to Lake Kennebago, over a long and bad carry of ten miles, professedly by buckboard, but actually for seven miles of the route walking is less fatiguing. Once arrived there the sport is very excellent, it being an easy catch to get forty specimens, averaging six ounces. A party of three took 120 in about six hours. It is the only lake in this range of the Androscoggin Lakes where the angler is certain of getting enough trout for a meal. And here they are always on the table, while at the other hotels or camps they appear very infrequently, unless at the "Elmwood," which, although located out of the vicinity of the lakes, is always well supplied, and indeed is the best house in the sporting region.

Large fish are better taken in June and September, and some of the weights are appalling. But I have taken pains to verify some of the stories, and find them true. A twenty-four pound trout (*Salmo fontinalis*) was taken here in 1872 by a boy who had left his hook baited over night with a minnow, the fish having swallowed the bait and hooked himself. Since then, seventeen, fifteen, twelve and eleven and a half pounds are the largest weights. Five, six and even seven pound captures are frequently made. I will show you the head and expanded jaws of a six-pounder when I return. It looks like the skull of an average-sized muskallonge.

There are other sports—caribou, deer, moose, partridge, etc., but all in the season, mainly after Sept. 1.

Canoeing is good on these beautiful waters. The "carries" are easy, except the Kennebago route, and there is a continuous water journey of over seventy miles. The owner of the Stella Maris is here, with his new boat, the Gaviota, and, in company with a lady, is making the tour of the lakes. She (the canoe I mean) behaved very well with the double load in a rather heavy sea on the sail through the lake, and although somewhat long (16 feet), is a good sea boat.

This is a charming way to make the trip, and a lady, if not too delicate, cannot travel more pleasantly. Of course, wet garments and rough walking must be taken with the balmy skies and zephyr breezes, black flies and mosquito toes have no respect for lily brows and rosy cheeks. But apart from this there is a zest in the journey and rough life a woman can never enjoy lounging upon a hotel piazza; but ladies the shady side of thirty had better hesitate. The

would-be lady canoeist must have young blood and fresh spirits as well as a strong back and stout limbs.

There are no photographs of these fairy waters, each one a Lake George on a small scale, which convey any notion of their varied beauty. Mr. Woodman, who is an amateur photographer as well as a preacher, has taken many views hereabouts, but these are mainly of small size, cabins with their handsome lady occupants posed on the outside, canoes, camps and similar scenes. An artist could find no better field for remunerative work than here, and this, too, would enable your readers to form some idea of this beautiful chain of waters. Come here in September, bring warm clothing and a small Remington, and you can have five-pound trout and a chance for a caribou.

KNICKERBOCKER.

CAMPS BEMIS, via Rangeley, Me., Aug. 9.

ANGLING NOTES FROM COLORADO.

I HAVE just got in from a ten days' camp on the Rio Grande. Fishing good, but the river not at its best; too much water. I managed to save one trout weighing two and a half pounds. Col. Steele brought in one that weighed three and a quarter pounds, and I reckon I saw twenty dead fish that would weigh over a pound apiece. But to fish at Wagon Wheel Gap to advantage one must wade, and wading at present is not possible. The fishermen who come later will have the best of sport. If I were to make a trout stream, as a model I would copy the Rio Grande ten miles up and down from Wagon Wheel Gap. Next to the supreme Nepigon, it is the river. Curious as it may seem, it is reached by railroad, and there is a choice of hotels (either is good enough).

If one gets the cramp in the ice water, there is a hot sulphur bath to take it out; and as it is not all of fishing to fish, there is scenery to satisfy the eye. And up well toward snow line there is plenty of game—deer, elk and some grouse. I am home for a few days and then am going into Middle Park to join a couple of your correspondents, Frane and Byers, and hope to have something to report by the middle of September.

I had an old timer for a cook, and was pleased to see that the little book of "Nesmuks" had fallen good ground.

Mr. Sears will be pleased to know that thanks are paid him from many a camp between here and him.

MYRON W. REED.

DENVER, Col., Aug. 13.

THE ENGLISH TOURNAMENT.

THE fourth annual "Fishing Gazette Tournament," in aid of the Anglers' Benevolent Society, was held at the Welsh Harp Fishery, on Saturday, July 26, at 2 P. M.

The following officers selected by the Committee of the Anglers' Benevolent Society:

General arrangements under the direction of Mr. R. B. Marston, assisted by the committee.

The Salmon and Trout Fly-casting Competitions.—Judges: Mr. Geo. M. Kelson, and Mr. J. C. Murray.

Thames and Nottingham Style Bait-casting Competitions.—Judges: Mr. Philip Geen and Mr. A. J. Little.

The "Go-as-you-please" Roach Anglers' Race, the Getting Ready for Fishing Competition, and the Two Hours' Peg-down Fishing Match, under the direction of Messrs. R. Murphy and E. Chambers. Referee: Mr. J. Woodward (champion roach angler).

RULES FOR THE FLY CASTING.

1. Each competitor to be in readiness and to proceed when called upon by Mr. Kelson to do so.
2. Five minutes will be allowed for each competitor to make his cast; the judges, however, may give further time if they consider it necessary, for repairs.
3. Each competitor must have some treble and single gut attached to his line.
4. Each competitor to use one of the flies which will be provided.
5. Any competitor entering for Prize No. 2 who shall make a longer cast than any one of those competing for Prize No. 1, shall be entitled to his choice of any one of these prizes in exchange.
6. Gentlemen will be allowed to enter in assumed names, and an entrance fee of 6s. to be paid by all competitors.

RULES FOR THAMES AND NOTTINGHAM BAIT-CASTING, ETC.

The Committee have decided on the following rules:

1. Competitors are at liberty to use their own rods, lines and winches, except where otherwise specified, and subject to the undermentioned regulations.
2. No rod shall exceed the following lengths: Single-handed competitions, 12 feet 6 inches; double-handed, 16 feet; salmon, 20 feet; Thames style bait, 14 feet; Nottingham style bait, 14 feet.
3. No allowance in points (or distance) shall be made for difference in lengths of rods. The term rod shall be understood to mean a *bona fide* fishing rod.
4. Each competitor shall use the artificial baits and flies for casting provided by the management.
5. Competitors shall draw lots to determine the order in which they shall cast, and must be ready to commence when called upon by the time-keeper.
6. In each competition five minutes will be allowed for casting; the judges, however, may allow further time, if they consider it necessary for repairs.
7. The fly competitions will take place on the water, and each competitor will be required to cast from the same position, either from a punt on the lake, or from the bank (according to the wind), as may be decided by the judges.
8. The bait castings will take place on the grass, and each competitor will be required to stand on the selected ground, which will represent as far as possible the floor of a punt.
9. In no case will three prizes be awarded in any competition unless there are at least four competitors.
10. In the "Go-as-you-please" Roach Anglers' Race, also in the Getting Ready for Fishing Competition, and in the Peg-down Match, the competitors must submit their boxes, rods, tackle, etc., to the judges. The ordinary recognized roach angling rod, box, etc., will be used in bank angling.
11. On discovery of any unfair act or attempt, the judges to disqualify the competitor at once.
12. The decision of the judges to be final in all cases.

The English contests have usually had to contend with bad weather, and the day was no exception. The Field says:

What many gentlemen considered the most artistic exhibition of the tournament was Major Treherne's splendid salmon cast of 45 yards 1 foot. Until now, the late Pat Hearn, of Ballina, stood first on the record of prodigious casts, but the Major has beaten him by over 3 yards. Mr. Francis

admits in his book that 34½ yards from a boat was the best up to the time of his writing he had achieved, and that is excellent work. But at the Welsh Harp on Saturday Major Treherne, as we have stated, cast a capital line, straight and tight, 5 and 40 yards and a foot to spare. This must, until a better is authenticated, be regarded as the best salmon cast ever made. The Major is a tall, powerful man, which is the first consideration in such a contest, and his experience and skill are of course known to all Irish anglers, and to most English. The rod was under 18 feet, and a beautifully-balanced spliced implement. The best all-round success was fairly attained by Mr. Mallock, of Perth, who scored time after time, and practically, as the saying goes, carried everything before him. His cast of 37 yards odd, in the "switch" trick, was uncommonly good, and not less so was the cast of but a few inches under 40 yards with a salmon rod under 16 feet long. In the competition in which Major Treherne created his sensation, Mr. Mallock also came very close with 43 yards 2 feet, 3 inches. Such a pair of casts were probably never seen on one day. We append the details of the competitions:

Amateur overhand fly-casting with salmon rod, not exceeding 16ft. in length.—Mr. P. D. Mallock, 39yds. 2ft. 3in., 1; Mr. Kelson, 37yds. 9in., 2; Mr. Thomas, 30yds. 1ft. 6in., 3.

Amateur overhand fly-casting, with salmon rod not exceeding 18ft. in length.—Major Treherne, 45yds., 1; Mr. P. D. Mallock, 43yds. 2ft. 3in., 2; Mr. Kelson, 39yds., 3; Mr. Thomas, 38yds., 0.

Amateur switch fly-casting, with any salmon rod; 6ft. only allowed behind the competitors for the rod or line to extend.—Mr. P. D. Mallock, 37yds. 1ft. 9in., 1; Mr. Kelson, 32yds. 2ft. 8in., 2; Major Treherne, 32yds. 2ft. 6in., 3; Mr. Thomas, 29yds., 0.

Amateur fly-casting competition, with single-handed fly-rod.—Mr. P. D. Mallock, 30yds. 2ft., 1; Mr. Marston, 28yds., 2; Mr. Thomas, 21yds., 3.

Amateur fly-casting competition, with double-handed trout fly-rod.—Mr. P. D. Mallock, 32yds. 1ft., 1; Mr. Thomas, 30yds., 2; Mr. Marston, 28yds. 2ft., 3.

Special competition (open to United Kingdom only) fly-casting with single-handed split-cane fly-rod, lent for the purpose by Mr. F. L. Andrews, of Uppingham.—Mr. P. D. Mallock, 28yds. 2ft., 1; Mr. Marston, 24yds., 2; Mr. Thomas, 23yds., 3.

Two hours' fishing match, pegged down.—Mr. Mavory, Good Intent, 3lbs. 12oz., 1; Mr. Osborn, Hoxton Brothers, 1lb. 5oz., 2; Mr. Gadbury, 1lb. 3oz., 3. Eight competed.

The Richmond cup (presented by the Richmond Piscatorial Society) for bait-casting in any style, Thames or Nottingham.—Mr. Powell (Thames style), 1; Mr. States, 2; Mr. Simpson, 3.

Go-as-you-please roach anglers' race, competitors to be fully equipped, with rod in bag, and roach basket or box (course about two miles and a half).—A. Tucker, Cobden Club, 1; Osborn, Hoxton Brothers, 2; Castell, City of London, 3; Monrow, 0. Tucker soon had the race in hand, and ultimately won as he pleased. Time, 21m.

Amateur competition in casting in the Thames style.—Mr. Simpson, 1.

Amateur competition in casting from reel in the Nottingham style.—Mr. States, 1.

Amateur competition (open to Thames and Nottingham style) in casting toward a fixed mark, the angler casting the bait nearest the mark to win.—Mr. Simpson, 1.

Professional competition in casting in the Thames style.—Andrews, 1.

Professional competition in casting from reel in Nottingham style.—Martin, 1.

Amateur competition in casting in the Thames style, each competitor to use the same rod, line, winch, and weight (3oz.).—Mr. Alfred, Jr., 1.

Competition in throwing the bait with forked stick in the Welsh Harp style.—Sawyer, 1.

The race round the lake in the roach anglers' race was probably more amusing to the spectators than to the competitors, who girded themselves to the long course burdened with some seven or eight pounds weight of paraphernalia. If ever winners earned their prizes they did. The pegged-down fishing match was also worthy of the inimitable pencil of Dandy Sadler, whose great picture on the same description of sport, but with river scenery, is being engraved by Mendoza, of King street. But the anglers were not lucky. The frequenters of the Welsh Harp fishery have this summer been catching quantities of coarse fish, especially bream, and within the month a boy hooked and hauled out bodily a ten-pound carp. Saturday's competitors experienced an afternoon of small things, and the first prize went for a gross weight that has been frequently of late equalled by one bream taken in the same water. There was no such possibility on Saturday. Some of the arrangements of detail were not, perhaps, as good as they might have been; but necessary allowances were made. The weather upset everything, and it was to the credit of the promoters that the tournament was not altogether abandoned.

DEAD FISH IN WISCONSIN LAKES.*

MADISON lies between two of a series of four lakes, the larger one of which is known as Fourth Lake or Lake Mendota, and the smaller Third Lake or Lake Monona. The discharge of water is from Fourth Lake into the Third Lake and so on from Second to First Lakes to the Rock River. All of these lakes are well stocked with fish; perch, pickerel, white and black bass, whitefish and some other varieties. The same families of fish are found in each lake.

About two weeks since, the perch of Fourth Lake commenced dying in all parts of the lake. As they came to the surface they were driven by the waves to the shore. Great numbers have been driven upon what may be called the city shore, becoming very offensive. Probably upon this shore a greater portion of fish have been driven than upon other parts of equal length of the shore of the lake. What we designate as the city shore is probably three quarters of a mile in length, and its form, together with the prevailing winds, have tended to bring upon it a somewhat greater portion of the fish than have gone to other portions.

The city has had a force of men constantly employed in the work of burying the fish as they come. The force has averaged from twelve to fourteen men, with teams. On one day thirty-eight men were employed. It is estimated by the street superintendent that he has buried in excess of a hundred tons, calling a wagon load, with double side boards, a ton. The fish dying are mostly perch. Latterly quite a number of whitefish have been found with the perch and a few suckers and white bass, but no more of the varieties of

*From an official report by the mayor and a State Fish Commissioner to the United States Fish Commission under date of Aug. 4, 1884.

fish other than perch and whitefish than we expect to find each year. The perch will average about a quarter or a third of a pound in weight. A day or two since some perch minnows were noticed to be dying. The dying continues up to this time. Fully one hundred tons have been buried. The lake is from six to eight miles long, and from two and one-half miles wide to five at the greatest width. Assuming that twice or three times as many fish as have been buried lie upon other parts of the shore, the destruction of fish, chiefly perch, is fully three hundred tons.

Although the flow of water is from Fourth Lake into Third Lake and so on, the fish in Third, Second and First lakes are not yet affected. A small quantity of sewage (that is from a few private sewers) is discharged into Fourth Lake, also some chemicals from the laboratories of the State University, and also a little gas tar from the insane asylum gas works situated on the north side of the lake opposite the city. The sewage, waste chemicals and tar are put into the lake at three points, each remote from the other. But it is also true that a much larger amount of sewage is discharged into Third Lake, in volume not less than three or four times that which is discharged into Fourth Lake and as well as some gas tar.

It would be a calamity if it were merely the loss of the fish, but there may be in it also a threat of sickness to the people. Various suggestions have been made as to the cause of this trouble. One is that a small worm attacks the gills or throat of the fish. A worm is said to have been taken from a weed upon which the fish had been feeding, the weed being found to some extent in the intestines of the fish. Another, that it is caused by a parasite feeding upon the gills. Dr. Hoy undertook to analyze the water of the lake and reports it nearly as pure as the artesian water with which the city is supplied.

It is also said that in years past the fish of this lake have died in considerable numbers. Every year there are some dead fish. In or about 1844 the whitefish came ashore in quantities as great as the perch come now, and on several occasions fish in considerable numbers have come ashore.

BASS AT PASQUE ISLAND.

ON the 15th and 16th of August twenty fish, weighing 54½ pounds, were taken by the seven members of the Pasque Island Club. The weight of each fish is as follows: C. P. Cassily, 2, weighing 49, 47½, 45. F. O. Herring, 3, weighing 47, 41, 4. I. C. Brown, 7, weighing 48, 39, 28, 17, 17, 7½, 3½. W. A. Brown, 2, weighing 37, 11. N. A. McErolle, 2, weighing 41, 19½. A. B. Dunlap, 2, weighing 18, 8½. S. Colgate, 1, weighing 23. It was the poorest bass weather ever known at the island; wind light northeast, water without a ripple and as clear as it possibly could be. One member lost five large ones, and one member lost two monsters. All taken with menhaden bait. J. L. V.

NEW YORK, AUG. 20.

"BROWN TROUT" IN NEW ZEALAND.—In 1878, Mr. W. Arthur read a paper before the Otago Institute on the *Salmo fario* introduced from England. Last November he followed it with another, which has just reached us. He records the effects consequent on the acclimatization of this fish in New Zealand as affecting their growth, habits and structure, and as bearing on the theory of the variation of species. Mr. Arthur recognizes the fact that a revision of the salmon family inhabiting England is necessary, because of the many intermediate forms between the so-called species. Among other things, he says: "The shape of the black spots, always round on the gill covers, shoulders, dorsal and adipose fins, varies on the body from round to rectangular and X-shaped toward the tail. The theory that residence in salt water is shown by the black spots assuming the X-shape is not altogether borne out by the facts. For example, trout of both sexes, in such water as the Shag River, Pomahaka and Wakatipu Lake, when there is clear or white water and a light bottom, are silvery, and have black spots mostly X-shaped; indeed, I have often seen bright silvery females with fine heads and X-spots that might be easily taken for sea trout, while the Waitera and Waipahi rivers, which have dark bottoms, produce trout of the golden variety, with most of the black spots rounded in form. The food in these four rivers is much the same. Brown trout taken in Otago Harbor show a tendency to acquire X-shaped spots, and take on a sea trout appearance, but not always." Mr. Arthur goes into the structure of the fish as well as their coloration, and gives diagrams of the variation in the preopercle which will interest ichthyologists. We have little doubt that a careful revision of species would reduce many English trout to the condition of sub-species of *S. fario*, if it did not show a full line of intermediate forms which would show them to be merely varieties.

A RAID ON CHAZY LAKE.—Chazy Lake, Dannemora, Clinton County, N. Y., Aug. 11.—On the last of July, State Game and Fish Protector John Liberty, in company with F. W. Collins, proprietor of the Chazy Lake House, made a raid on the illegal fishermen in Chazy Lake and captured twenty-two night lines and three nets that were put in for speckled trout. A great many of the lines had from three to four hundred hooks. This lake has been fished for the past twenty years by all the outlays in two counties. Mr. Collins has declared war to the knife against all pot-hunters and night-line fishermen. Over three tons of salmon trout have been taken this season from this little lake, only five miles long. Something over one hundred large trout were returned to the water by Mr. Liberty.—ROMER.

SEINES IN IOWA.—Morning Sun.—Our fishing has not been good the past summer, all on account of the "gentleman with the seine." There are plenty of ponds and lakes in this county, but they were all drawn last spring with but one exception, and that one, through the courtesy of the owner, has been "fished to death" with the rod. So it goes. I must complain. I talk and talk, then sit down and write about it; and the same thing goes on every year "just the same."—MORE.

MASSACHUSETTS.—Adams Pond in Plainville (Hadley), which at one time furnished power for a large lumbering and manufacturing business and famous as a breeding place for fish, has been bought by the Piscatorial Club of Amherst, who propose to repair the dam, forbid all fishing for a year or two and carefully stock the pond. They intend to build a boat house and keep several boats to rent. Captain Lamb will have charge of the premises.

DID YOU EVER HEAR the cry of a catfish?

GRILSE.—Passing through Fulton Market last Saturday we heard Mr. Blackford say to his foreman, "Those fish are not for sale," and on examining the box just opened we saw two fine grilse, on which lay a card "With compliments of John L. Cadwallader." They had been sent from the Restigouche Club, and were fine specimens of about four pounds each. The grilse when in condition is of the finest flavor, much superior to the salmon.

A NEW FISH HOOK.—The London *Fishing Gazette* gives illustrations of "the new sliced fish hook, patented." Its peculiarity is a barb, or "slice" on the back of the shank, at about its middle which keeps the worm, or other bait, from slipping down. It was invented by Mr. R. B. Marston and is specially recommended for up-stream worm fishing.

Fishculture.

PROPAGATION OF STRIPED BASS OR ROCK-FISH (*Roccus lineatus*).

[A paper read before the American Fishcultural Association.]

BY S. G. WORTH, FISH COMMISSIONER FOR NORTH CAROLINA.

THE propagation of the striped bass, by artificial methods, appears to be as easy of accomplishment as that of the shad, and there are greater opportunities probably of doing a large work with less money than is necessary in the propagation of shad.

It is much to say that the striped bass can be as economically hatched as the white shad, for the expense of shad hatching is very small. From the observations upon the shipment of rock fry, it would seem that there is no difficulty whatever in successfully depositing the fry in rivers at points distant from the hatcheries.

It is not known at what points ripe fish of this species can be found in greatest abundance, but in our present state of knowledge Weldon, North Carolina, presents the greatest number. This town is at the head of navigation on Roanoke River near the North Carolina and Virginia line and is more than one hundred miles above the head of the tide. The Roanoke River, at this point, is a large stream, which would be navigable many miles further up except on account of the abrupt falls existing above a distance of a few miles.

It is a muddy stream a great portion of the year, having its source about two hundred (200) miles in the tributaries of the Dan and Staunton.

However muddy its waters may be at times, a great portion of the volume is from pure mountain springs.

Although large quantities of striped bass are taken during several months by the large seines and pound nets seaward, there appears to be no one point where the eggs in a condition proper for fecundation can be found so abundantly. At the particular point named, the fall is so great that ordinarily, owing to lack of a great volume of water to smooth over the falls, the fish are unable to pass directly over, and in consequence are detained at the foot of the falls.

Here more than a hundred canoes are used each spring in the capture of the striped bass.

Boy nets are used in water ten or more feet deep, two men occupying the boat, one using the paddle, the other holding the net.

At times great numbers of fish collect here, and within fifteen years past as many as three hundred of these fish, weighing upward of thirty pounds, some reaching seventy, have been taken on a slide or trap (another minor fishing contrivance used there), in a single day.

The quantity, however, has greatly fallen off of late years, owing to greatly-increased fishing operations below.

It is stated on good authority that on many occasions, when these fish were very numerous at this point, that in their spawning movements they have been so abundant that great quantities of blood were extracted, owing to the contact with each other, conveying the idea that the water was literally overcrowded with them, causing them to come into abnormal conflict with their sharp spines, owing to lack of space.

The bloody appearance of the water has been popularly considered the bleeding consequent upon an actual fight among those fishes, but was probably only the result of overcrowding where dorsal spines were frequent.

Some few thousand of striped bass are still taken at this place.

The place has appeared favorable for the work of collecting eggs for artificial propagation, and after investigation of its capabilities the following results may be enumerated:

In the year 1882, in the month of May, I sent an expert among the fishermen by way of investigation, and had reported back from him the sale during his stay of something less than a dozen spawning fish.

He was there but a few days and made no attempt to fecundate or hatch the ova. Previous experience in the propagation of the striped bass at Avoca, in 188-, led to the inference that the discovery of this many fish in a ripe condition at Weldon, would ordinarily afford material for a limited hatchery.

Consequently, I established at Weldon, quite late in the season of 1883, an exceedingly crude establishment, containing sixty-five McDonald jars, equipped as if for very rude shad or whitefish hatching.

The station was provided with five experts, a force rather too small, though efficient. During a period of ten days from May 14 to 24, nine rockfish in spawning condition were secured.

Four of these were sold on the market before the hatchery was ready, and the eggs were lost. They were observed, however, to contain ripe eggs. Five others were captured and handled by my force subsequent to the establishment of a hatchery.

One of these weighed thirty-four pounds twelve ounces, but being dead and stiff before it was found, the eggs were not available for impregnation, so I used it for the purpose of determining as near as possible the relative number of eggs contained in this species. A fraction of an ounce was carefully weighed out on apothecary's scales by a young druggist who chanced to be in my corps, and a computation was made of the number of eggs, and 3,194,000 were found. The two ovaries were packed in ice and sent to Prof. Baird for more careful calculation. They are in his possession and are preserved in alcohol. The total weight of these ovaries at the time the calculation was made was seven pounds nine ounces.

However many the exact number may be, it is evident that the average rockfish produces upward of 1,000,000 of eggs.

Four other fishes in spawning condition were taken, one on the 17th weighing 12 pounds, two-thirds spent, yielded 250,000 eggs, another taken on the 18th, weighing 3 pounds, two-thirds spent, contained 280,000 eggs. The eggs from the last named fish, when impregnated, measured 16 U. S. standard liquid quarts, and in the ovaries which I dissected afterward, were remaining 4 ounces unimpregnated eggs. These latter I considered about 100,000 in number, showing that this fish of 8 pounds weight, contained upward of 1,200,000 eggs.

The results of the crude operations at Weldon, produced something like 1,000,000 of eggs from the four fish stripped (these being mostly spent), from which a very moderate number of fish—50,000—were hatched and turned into Roanoke River, specimens being sent to Prof. Baird in glycerine.

The only difficulties encountered were two, the one consisting in the great delicacy of the egg shells in the latter stages, which caused the fish to hatch prematurely by concussion, and the other consisting in the difficulty of securing fine enough screens to hold the fish when hatched.

Now since I found that the eggs would stand a great while in water without a change, even twelve hours, it is apparent that they may be hatched without motion, and thus prevent premature hatching, and as to the difficulty of confining the young fish by proper screens, all that seems necessary, is the substitution of clear water for that muddy water which I used. Not only do the rock spawn at Weldon, but incidentally at several points below, and with the system of impounding, there seems scarcely a doubt of securing a great supply of eggs, thus opening a means of propagating the choice, valuable striped bass.

THE NEW JERSEY COMMISSION.—Mr. Theodore Morford having resigned the position of Fish Commissioner the Governor has appointed the Hon. Frank M. Ward, of Newton, to fill the vacancy. Mr. Morford was appointed by Gov. McClellan in 1878, and re-appointed by Gov. Ludlow in 1883, he is well known as an enthusiastic sportsman and owner of a fine kennel. Mr. Ward is an ex-Senator and is well and favorably known.

THE MICHIGAN COMMISSION.—Mr. A. J. Kellogg, so well known as one of the Michigan Fish Commissioners, has resigned, and the former secretary of the commission, Mr. Herschel Whitaker, has been appointed to succeed him. Mr. Kellogg is now secretary of the Board.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

Sept. 1 to 6.—Bench Show of the Lancaster County Fair Association, Lancaster, Pa. Entries close Aug. 30. J. B. Long, Secretary, 6 West King street, Lancaster, Pa.
Sept. 2, 3 and 4.—Bench Show of the New England Fair, Manchester, N. H. Entries close Aug. 28. C. A. Andrews, Superintendent, West Boxford, Mass.
Sept. 9, 10 and 11.—Third Annual Bench Show of the Montreal Kennel Club. Entries close Sept. 1. Chas. Lincoln, Superintendent, J. S. Wall, Secretary, P. O. Box 1346, Montreal, Canada.
Sept. 16, 17 and 18.—Collie Bench Show and Field Trials of the Ontario Collie Club, Toronto, Ont. Entries close Aug. 23. Mr. H. J. Hill, Secretary, Toronto.
Sept. 16, 17, 18 and 19.—Bench Show of the Philadelphia Kennel Club. Chas. Lincoln, Superintendent. Mr. Benj. C. Satterthwaite, Secretary.
Oct. 5, 9, 10 and 11.—Third Annual Bench Show of the Danbury Agricultural Society, Danbury, Conn. Entries close Sept. 27. E. S. Davis, Superintendent, Danbury, Conn.
Oct. 21, 22, 23 and 24.—First Annual Fall Bench Show of the Westminster Kennel Club, Madison Square Garden, New York. Mr. Chas. Lincoln, Superintendent.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 17.—Sixth Annual Trials of the Eastern Field Trials Club, at High Point, N. C. W. A. Coster, Secretary, Flatbush, L. I.
Dec. 8.—Sixth Annual Trials of the National American Kennel Club at Canton, Miss. D. Bryson, Secretary, Memphis, Tenn.

A. K. R.

THE AMERICAN KENNEL REGISTER, for the registration of pedigrees, etc. (with prize lists of all shows and trials), is published every month. Entries close on the 1st. Should be in early. Entry blanks sent on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope. Registration fee (25 cents) must accompany each entry. No entries inserted unless paid in advance. Yearly subscription \$1. Address "American Kennel Register," P. O. Box 2822, New York. Number of entries already printed 1490. Volume I., bound in cloth, sent postpaid, \$1.50.

PHILADELPHIA DOG SHOW.

INCREASED interest is being taken in the coming Philadelphia show. A larger building than the one first set aside for our display has been assigned for that purpose by the Pennsylvania Agricultural Society, and could not be better as to ventilation. The judges who have accepted are:

Mr. F. A. Diffenderfer, of Lancaster, Pa., for Irish setters.
Mr. W. A. Coster, Flatbush, L. I., pointers.
Mr. James R. Pierson, of Buckingham, Pa., for deerhounds, greyhounds, Italian greyhounds and whippets.
Mr. James Mortimer, of New York, for bulldogs, bull-terriers, black and tan terriers, etc.
Mr. J. A. Stovell, of Philadelphia, with two other gentlemen, for foxhounds.

Dr. J. W. Downey, of Newmarket, Md., for collies and beagles.

Mr. W. R. Knight, of Philadelphia, for pugs.
Mr. Ed. D. Dudley, of Camden, N. J., for mastiffs, St. Bernards, Newfoundland and Ulmers.

The club have decided to offer no prizes for puppies, and to enable a dog to be entered in the champion classes he must have won three prizes in open classes or first prize in a champion class, where there has at least been one competition. More special prizes will be given and it is now known that an immense display of foxhounds in packs (six couple constituting a pack) will contend for the very liberal award to be made for this class. It is estimated that thirty to forty thousand visitors will attend the State Fair daily and an excellent opportunity will be had by owners to dispose of their dogs if they are for sale. Entries will close Sept. 6 and application for blanks and rules can be made to Mr. Chas. Lincoln, superintendent. Homo.

COLLIE KENNEL CLUB.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

I have read with much interest the remarks of the *American Kennel Register*, and breeders and exhibitors in general, in regard to the formation of an American Kennel Club.

There are two very distinctive classes of fanciers, breeders, and connoisseurs, to wit: the sporting and the non-sporting divisions.

Now I hope that no one will take umbrage at my platform; that it is with great difficulty that the non-sporting division has due equity meted out to it by the sporting division. I do not wish by any above remark to cast a slur at any club or gentleman, but do mean that if an association or club is interested personally and financially in pointers and setters, they will not and cannot have the same interest for other breeds.

I admire a Scotch collie. My neighbor across the way is the happy and proud possessor of a French poodle; he kicks my collie every time he finds him in his yard, and when I find the poodle on my front porch I give him a bone, but he complains that the bone strikes him promiscuously with entirely too much vigor.

It is not natural or possible for a person to guard the interests of an object for which he has no affection. I wish, at this time, to offer a plea in behalf of the class of dogs in which my interests lie.

It is not necessary to tabulate in a numerical point of view the relative value of collies to other breeds. The answer is patent to all readers of our *American Kennel Register*.

Brother collie breeders and owners, can't we organize and maintain with much interest and success a collie kennel club? I would be very proud if my words could bring it about. I am an unknown unit in the great number of lovers of the collie, than whom is no better or useful breed. Should such Napoleons in collie matters as J. Lindsay, Esq., or Mr. T. H. Terry, or Dr. Downey broach such a subject, the tongue of scandal might cry out, because it would recognize in its heart (if scandal has a heart) their right to such a claim, "Oh, yes; he wants to be president, etc., etc., etc." I don't hesitate to "ring the bullseye" because I am simply

an unknown who helps to make the aggregate, and no one will be such a fool, to speak plainly, as to makes such a charge against me. If I was known among collie breeders, I would hesitate long before speaking, but my nothingness is my protection. In the August number of the *American Kennel Register* there are 82 entries for registration and nine different breeds separately classified.

Thus, you see, we have a general average of 9 entries for a breed. The observer will notice that the collie entries number 18, being exactly double the general average.

In the last Crystal Palace show there were 1,286 entries. In sheepdogs I see by the report 56 obtained prizes and honorable mention. Now it is not saying too much to claim that not one-half of the collie entries obtained public notice, and thus we can safely say that there were at least 112 collies entered in the show. Thus, by the figures deduced, we find that one-eleventh of the total entries at the last Crystal Palace show were Scotch collies.

Is it asking too much to want a collie kennel club? Are we not woefully lacking in the enthusiasm that ought to fill collie breeders' hearts when we see how wonderfully popular collies are becoming?

We have as good as there is in the world, and again I ask, cannot we get enough life into our blood to be willing to organize and be members of a Collie Kennel Club? I have not much time to spare from my business, but if collie breeders will call a meeting at the Philadelphia show this fall and organize a club, I will pledge my word to come all the way from Cleveland, O., to enroll my name as a member thereof, and will also promise to do all the hard work that may be imposed upon me, in so far as my abilities will permit.

I must stop, I've said too much already; forgive me for taking up so much space. Who will be the next to speak a word for the Collie Kennel Club? C. VAN W. FIRST.

THE REINSTATEMENT OF W. T. MITCHELL

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

Mr. William Tell Mitchell, of Lynch's Station, Va., has had his disqualification removed and is reinstated with full privileges to handle and run dogs in future trials of the Eastern Field Trials Association. This action has been based on the following recommendation of the committee having the matter in charge:

To the Governing Committee of the E. F. T. Club:

Your committee, to whose consideration were referred with power the applications made for the reinstatement of William Tell Mitchell, of Lynch's Station, Va., including his personal applications and apology, as adopted by resolution at meeting held May 7, 1884, at Madison Square Garden, New York City, do respectfully report that they recommend the reconsideration of his expulsion and that he be reinstated. Annexed hereto will be found certain correspondence from which in part this conclusion has been made. All of which is respectfully submitted.—ELLIOT SMITH, President, and WASHINGTON A. COSTER.

The undersigned having understood that Wm. Tell Mitchell has made submission to your club, and made acknowledgments that may be satisfactory to your body, respectfully ask that the bar to his handling dogs at your field trials may be removed; R. S. Terry and W. A. Strother, Lynchburg, Va.; E. M. Brown, Jr., Annapolis, Md.; Capt. J. W. Foster and Geo. H. Nixon, Leesburg; Henry Malcolm, Geo. Norbury Appold, Chas. F. Bancroft, Sam J. Ford, M. D., J. H. Stronberg and Wm. N. Nunsen, Baltimore; Jos. M. Sturges, Philadelphia; J. Heron Crosman, New York; Jno. C. Higgins, Delaware City.

To the Eastern Field Trials Club, New York City:

GENTLEMEN—I hereby respectfully ask that upon the following submission you will remove the bar which prevents my handling dogs at the field trials of your Association: I acknowledge that my actions and words at the trials of 1882 were most blameworthy and subversive of the proper conduct of field trials; also, that my subsequent utterances and threats were very wrong and highly discreditable to me. All such were the results of my giving away to an infirmity of temper when it should have been my first care to control it. I admit I had no justification whatever, and I do not seek to find any. I regret beyond expression that it ever occurred. If the bar shall be removed I shall make it my constant care to conform to all the requirements of your laws governing field trials in the letter and spirit. Yours respectfully, W. T. MITCHELL.

Besides the above, we have several letters from sportsmen, viz.: G. W. Amory, Esq., Boston; A. W. Foster, Esq., Atlanta, etc., recommending his being reinstated.

WASHINGTON A. COSTER, Sec. and Treas. E. F. T. Club. NEW YORK, Aug. 20, 1884.

EASTERN FIELD TRIALS.

THE sixth annual meeting of the Eastern Field Trials Club will commence at High Point, N. C., on Monday, Nov. 17. There are four events upon the card aside from the Members' Stake, which will be run the week previous, probably commencing on Thursday, Nov. 13. The prizes and conditions for the Members' Stake are the same as last year; the judges will be selected from members of the club, if available, the evening previous to the running. This arrangement for the running of this stake, we believe, will prove much more satisfactory to all concerned than has heretofore been the case, and we shall look to see a large entry and a most enjoyable time. There will be two All-Aged Stakes this year, one for pointers and one for setters. The purse in each will be \$400, with \$250 for first and \$150 to second. The forfeit will be \$10, with \$15 additional to starters. These stakes are only open to pointers and setters which have not won a first prize in any all-aged stake or any special pointer or setter cup. There will be a champion sweepstake with \$40 entrance and \$200 added, all to go to the winner. Open to all first prize winners in any all-aged stake, including those at this meeting, and to winners of any special pointer or setter cup. Three dogs owned by different individuals must enter to fill. The order of running will be as follows: The All-Aged Pointer Stake, the All-Aged Setter Stake, the Champion Sweepstake, closing with the Derby. Entries for the Members' and All-Aged stakes close Oct. 1. The Champion Sweepstake closes after the finish of the All-Aged Stakes. The Derby closed May 1, with seventy-one entries, forty-eight English setters, one Irish and one Gordon setter, and twenty-one pointers. This is a good showing for the Derby, and we shall doubtless see a well-contested race. In addition to the regular prizes the president offers a cup, value \$100, to the breeder of the winner of the Derby. The other stakes will fill well without doubt, as the honor of securing even a single heat at this important meeting is well worth the winning, to say nothing of the liberal prizes offered. We have received letters from parties who live at High Point, stating that there has seldom been so favorable a year for the young broods of quail, and that they are in greater plenty than ever has been known. The members of the club will generally attend the trials, and judging from letters that we have received from different parts of the country, the meeting will prove to be even more successful than the very brilliant one of last year.

NATIONAL BENCH SHOW ASSOCIATION.—Baltimore, Aug. 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: At a stated meeting of the Baltimore Bench Show Association, Mr. Harry Malcolm, Vice-President, and Mr. George Norbury Appold, Treasurer of the same, were appointed delegates to the National Bench Show Association meeting, to be held in Philadelphia, Sept. 17, 1884.—S. J. FORT, M. D., Secretary B. B. S. A.

THE PICKUP.—An odd-looking specimen, half collie, quarter Gordon, the remainder undeterminable, bid us welcome. "That's the pickup," remarked the Doctor as we alighted. "The pickup, what's that?" "Well, you see, I have a good many friends round here, and the more friends one has the more enemies he will also have. The enemies a man makes as a general thing will leave him alone personally but will destroy his belongings, venting their spleen that way. My belongings in the way of dogs are pretty valuable, and I don't want to have them poisoned. I cannot go around hunting for poisoned meat, so I have instituted the 'pickup,' who is loose all the time. He runs about everywhere, and if any dogs are to be placed in an unoccupied kennel the 'pickup' is first of all turned in to prospect for poison. You will see for yourself that this individual specimen would be an expensive purchase at ten cents when dogs are dear. A man must be badly in want of a dog who would steal him, and if I did lose him by poison or otherwise I can get as good as him at the first cross roads."—*American Kennel Register*.

DEATH OF BESSIE.—We have received a letter from Mr. Luther Adams of Boston, Mass., stating that his English setter bitch Bessie was killed last Friday by the cars running over her while she was at exercise. Mr. Adams writes that he considered her fully the equal of Drake. We can readily believe this, as her performance at the National Trials in 1881 gave assurance that if nothing befel her she would turn out something wonderful. We shall long retain a vivid recollection of the rare good judgment she displayed at that meeting while roading out a running bevy. She was second in the Derby that year in the best company of youngsters that we have ever seen together; she also won two heats in the all-aged stake, doing most of her work in good form. Her loss is doubly severe, as Mr. Adams is about to start on his annual trip to the chicken grounds.

A LARGE LITTER.—Mr. Theodore R. Heintz, Baltimore, Md., writes that his pointer bitch Nell whelped fifteen puppies last Friday. He says that he believes this to be one of the largest litters ever produced. If he will consult the Kennel Notes in *FOREST AND STREAM* for the past two or three years he will find recorded a number of litters that exceed this.

BALTIMORE BENCH SHOW ASSOCIATION.—At a meeting held in Baltimore, Md., Aug. 15, the Baltimore Bench Show Association was formed with the following named gentlemen as officers: President, Mr. L. R. Cassard; Vice-President, Mr. Harry Malcolm; Treasurer, Mr. Geo. Norbury Appold; Secretary, Dr. S. J. Fort.

BEAGLE LOST.—Black, white and (light) tan beagle bitch, 13½ inches high, answers to name of Maud, was missed two months ago.—H. BEIDLER (Wrightsville, Pa.).

CALIFORNIA FIELD TRIALS.—It has been decided to extend the date of closing entries for the Derby Stakes of the Pacific Coast Field Trial Club to Nov. 10.

KENNEL NOTES.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Kennel notes are inserted in this column free of charge. To insure publication of notes, correspondents MUST GIVE the following particulars of each animal:

1. Color.
2. Breed.
3. Sex.
4. Age, or
5. Date of birth, of breeding or of death.
6. Name and residence of owner, buyer or seller.
7. Sire, with his sire and dam.
8. Owner of sire.
9. Dam, with her sire and dam.
10. Owner of dam.

All names must be plainly written. Communication on one side of paper only, and signed with writer's name.

NAMES CLAIMED.

See instructions at head of this column. Rollo, Richelieu, Roderick, Riot, Elsie, Fayette and Restless. By the Riverview Kennel, Clinton, Mass., for mastiffs, four dogs and three bitches, whelped July 12, 1884, by their Agrippa (A.K.R. 449) out of their Rena (A.K.R. 263).

Douglass, Dumont, Dictator, Donald, Druid, Christabel and Bonu. By the Riverview Kennel, Clinton, Mass., for mastiffs, five dogs and two bitches, whelped July 4, 1884, by the Prince (Crown Prince—Lady) out of their Delph Vira (A.K.R. 1432).

Mona. By Mr. E. D. McConnell, Madison, N. J., for liver and white ticked pointer bitch, whelped June 28, 1884 (Donald II.—Dora). Polk and Dallas. By Mr. Thos. G. Hinds, Kingman, Kan., for leonorm and white ticked English setter dogs, whelped Dec. 20, 1883, by Emperor Fred (A.K.R. 38) out of Countess Belle.

Sam Sterrett. By Mr. S. McCuen, New Orleans, La., for white, black and tan English setter dog, age not given, by champion Gladstone out of Lavallette.

Leader, Lance, Lightfoot, Limber, Lightsome, Lawless and Lively. By Mr. Thomas Goode Tucker, South Gaston, N. C., for blue Byron foxhounds, four dogs and three bitches, whelped Aug. 14, 1884, by Speck out of Lucy (Aster—Bett).

Little. By Mr. S. McCuen, New Orleans, La., for liver and white pointer bitch, age not given, by imported Caro out of imported Juno. Stilejumper, Stormy Night, Black Bran, Flying Scud, Dawntless and Tempest. By Mr. H. W. Smith, Worcester, Mass., for black, with white markings, greyhounds, three dogs and three bitches, whelped July 30, 1884, by his champion Friday Night (A.K.R. 753) out of his Honor Bright (A.K.R. 602).

Monday Night, Tuesday Night and Wednesday Night. By Mr. H. W. Smith, Worcester, Mass., for black, with white markings, greyhounds, two dogs and one bitch, whelped Aug. 12, 1884, by his champion Friday Night (A.K.R. 753) out of his Lufra (A.K.R. 1128).

Rever Obo. By Mr. F. E. Crockett, West Newton, Mass., for black cocker spaniel dog, whelped April 27, 1884, by Obo II. (A.K.R. 432) out of Gem (Snip—Feather).

Jet Obo. By Mr. Geo. A. Mead, West Newton, Mass., for black cocker spaniel dog, whelped April 27, 1884, by Obo II. (A.K.R. 432) out of Gem (Snip—Feather).

Morning Star. By Mr. Charles York, Bangor, Me., for orange and white English setter bitch whelped Dec. 27, 1883, by Dashing Dan (Lofy—Maud Muller) out of Daisy Starlight (Daglass—Starlight).

Teaser, Dandy Wren, Pearl and Cate. By Mr. Walter D. Peck, New Haven, Conn., for pugs, two dogs and three bitches, whelped Aug. 8, 1884, by his Napoleon out of his Beauty (A.K.R. 1360).

Correction.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: On visiting my kennel yesterday I found the man in charge had reversed the names of my two black greyhound bitches, both of which whelped July 15. Will you kindly make the correction in your paper stating that Boggia whelped nine instead of seven, and School Girl seven instead of nine pups? The names claimed for the pups remain unchanged. The only change will be in name of dams. H. W. HUNTINGTON.

BRED.

See instructions at head of this column. Sue—Hope. By Mr. T. T. Phlegar (Pearisburg, Va.) foxhound bitch Sue (Mike—Smoke) to Hope (Dixie—Rintum), June 18.

Burlesque—Blue Dick. Mr. John Bolus's (Wooster, O.) English setter bitch Burlesque (Belton—Vernor's Rose) to his Blue Dick (A.K.R. 936), Aug. 2.

Bonnie—Britton. Mr. John Bolus's (Wooster, O.) English setter bitch Bonnie (A.K.R. 937) to his Britton (A.K.R. 940), July 22.

Blonde—Blue Dick. Mr. John Bolus's (Wooster, O.) English setter bitch Blonde (Carlowitz—Magnet) to his Blue Dick (A.K.R. 936), July 16.

Blanche—Blue Dick. Mr. Tom Backwell's (Wooster, O.) English setter bitch Blanche (Belton—Floss) to Mr. John Bolus's Blue Dick (A.K.R. 936), July 15.

Dinah II.—Bevis. Mr. Wm. Wade's (Pittsburgh, Pa.) mastiff bitch Dinah II. (A.K.R. 13) to Mr. E. P. Jones, Jr.'s, Bevis (A.K.R. 153), Aug. 5.

Darkey—Obo II. Mr. John Daly's (Salmon Falls, N. H.) cocker spaniel bitch Darkey (A.K.R. 250) to Obo II. (A.K.R. 432), Aug. 4.

Fido—Knickerbocker. Mr. Wm. G. Martin's (Garrison, N. J.) imported pointer bitch Fido (Rocket—Fanny) to champion Knickerbocker (A.K.R. 19), July 21.

Lady Isabel—Knickerbocker. The Knickerbocker Kennel Club's (Jersey City, N. J.) pointer bitch Lady Isabel (A.K.R. 461) to their champion Knickerbocker (A.K.R. 19), July 28.

Pearl Blue—Gun. Mr. Charles York's (Bangor, Me.) English setter bitch Pearl Blue (Royal Blue—Dryad) to his Gun (Gladstone—May B.), May 18.

WHELEPS.

See instructions at head of this column. Cleopatra. Dr. J. W. Alsop's (Middletown, Conn.) mastiff bitch

Cleopatra (A.K.R. 258), July 19, five (four dogs), by Mr. Wm. Wade's Dr. Buck (late Tini).

Daisy Starlight. Mr. H. W. Durgin's (Bangor, Me.) English setter bitch Daisy Starlight (Lelaps—Starlight), Aug. 1, nine (six dogs), by Count Paris (Royal Blue—Modjeska).

Lucy. Mr. Thos. Goode Tucker's (South Gaston, N. C.) Byron foxhound bitch Lucy (Rouse—Esté), Aug. 14, seven (four dogs), by Speck; all indigo blue.

Lufra. Mr. H. W. Smith's (Worcester, Mass.) greyhound bitch Lufra (A.K.R. 1128), Aug. 12, three (two dogs), by champion Friday Night (A.K.R. 753).

Cassie. Mr. Sterling M. Allen's (Peckskill, N. Y.) cocker spaniel bitch Cassie (Aug. 9, nine four dogs), by Junio.

Pearl Blue. Mr. Chas. York's (Bangor, Me.) English setter bitch Pearl Blue (Royal Blue—Dryad), July 19, eight (five dogs), by his Gun (Gladstone—May B.).

Rose. Mr. F. M. Finkney's (New York) red and white setter bitch Rose (Ned—Rose), June 15, nine (five dogs), by Promise (Pride of the Border—Flash).

SALES.

See instructions at head of this column. Lady Lute. White, with mottled ears, foxhound bitch, whelped April 13, 1884 (Sport—Topsy), by Mr. N. Elmore, Granby, Conn., to Mr. T. T. Phlegar, Pearisburg, Va.

Sue. White, black and tan foxhound bitch, whelped March 23, 1880 (Mike—Smoke), by Mr. N. Elmore, Granby, Conn., to Mr. T. T. Phlegar, Pearisburg, Va.

Gladstone—Jessamine whelps. Blue belton English setters, whelped April 18, 1884, by Mr. John Bolus, Wooster, O., a bitch to Mr. Nick Traper, same place, and a dog to Mr. P. Owsley, Stamford, Ky.

Duke—Fanny whelps. Black, white and tan English setter bitches, whelped May 30, 1884, by Mr. John Bolus, Wooster, O., one to Mr. E. P. Owsley, Stamford, Ky., and one to Mr. D. T. Roots, Connersville, Ind.

Waddy. White pointer bitch, 4 yrs. old (Sleaford—Lady), by Mr. John Bolus, Wooster, O., to Mr. D. L. Sanford, Loui, O.

Shof. White and liver pointer dog, 4 yrs. old, pedigree not given, by the Strawberry Hill Kennel, Leicester, Mass., to Mrs. A. L. Joshi, Oxford, Mass.

Chico. Brindle, with white points, collie dog, whelped June 11, 1884, pedigree not given, by the Strawberry Hill Kennel, Leicester, Mass., to Mr. Stephen Silinsby, South Wellington, Conn.

Little. Liver and white pointer bitch, age not given (Caro—Juno) by Dr. Otto Moebis, Rowland, Ala., to Mr. S. McCuen, New Orleans, La.

Sam Sterrett. White, black and tan English setter dog, age not given (Gladstone—Lavallette), by Mr. Chas. Tucker, Stanton, Tenn., to Mr. S. McCuen, New Orleans, La.

Scamp. Sable and white collie dog, whelped May 25, 1884, by Kilmarnock Bruce (A.K.R. 1435) out of Winnie (A.K.R. 1431), by the Kilmarnock Collie Kennel, Dorchester, Mass., to Mr. E. W. Taylor, Pope's Hill, Mass.

Gun—Pearl Blue whelps. Black, white and tan English setter dogs, whelped June 2, 1884, by Mr. Charles York, Bangor, Me., two to Mr. H. W. Durgin and one to Mr. Charles F. Doughton, same place.

Bertie. Lemon and white pointer bitch, 2½ yrs. old (Rab—Bellona), by Mr. J. C. Schuyler, Lehighton, Pa., to Mr. R. deB. Smith, New York.

DEATHS.

See instructions at head of this column. Bow. Liver and white pointer dog, 10 yrs. old (champion Bang—Luna), owned by Mr. Edward Odell, New Orleans, La., Aug. 9.

Deborah. Black, white and tan imported beagle bitch (A.K.R. 1119), owned by Mr. W. H. Ashburner, Philadelphia, Pa., Aug. 13, in parturition.

Bessie. Black and white English setter bitch, whelped May 24, 1880 (Dash III.—Countess II.), owned by Mr. Luther Adams, Boston, Mass., Aug. 15; killed by the cars.

Grace Beaufort. Liver and white pointer bitch, whelped June 1, 1884 (Beaufort—Grace), owned by Mr. L. Gardner, Mount Vernon, N. Y., Aug. 15.

FIVE TO TEN DOLLARS A YEAR for all ordinary employments secures \$100,000 insurance with \$5 weekly indemnity in the Travelers, of Hartford, Conn. Paid accident policy holders \$864,000 in 1883.—*Adv.*

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

CREEDMOOR, Aug. 13.—The members of the N. Y. R. C. held a shooto-day for the Dunlap medals. The following scores were made out of a possible 105:

W. Herrington..... 35 30 33-98 A McInnes..... 33 30 28-91 W. S. McCuen..... 33 31 30-94 J. Duane..... 33 30 25-88 John Mangum..... 33 33 56-92 F. Hamilton..... 33 37 17-76

BOSTON, Aug. 16.—The first Schuetzenfest of the East Boston Schuetzen Corps was with fitting ceremonial brought to a successful close to-day. Oak Island was crowded with visitors, including ladies and gentlemen, riflemen, and those not skilled in marksmanship. At 4 o'clock the Schuetzen Corps, accompanied by Brown's Brigade Band, marched to the railroad station to receive the Independent Rifle Corps of New York, which came down from Boston to witness the ceremonies of awarding prizes and crowning the Schuetzen Konig.

Returning to the hotel the company drew up outside, while Chief Marshall Rudolph Schaefer and Grand Duke Orr went up to the royal chamber to notify his majesty that the coronation ceremonies were about to begin. The royal personage, who, before his elevation to the throne, was played P. J. Fenning, of Newport, R. I., wore his gray robes right majestically, several persons remarking that he bore a striking resemblance to the king of diamonds. In the evening all regal pomp was laid aside, and everybody participated in a social dance until the departure of the "last train."

Following are the prize winners and the scores: Creedmoor Match.

William Dennison, Merrimac.....	25	25	24-74
W. Charles, Boston.....	25	24	24-73
C. A. White, Worcester.....	25	21	24-73
O. M. Jewell, Lawrence.....	24	24	72-72
C. D. Palmer, Manchester.....	24	24	71-71
A. B. Dodge, Manchester.....	24	23	70-70
G. A. Leighton, Manchester.....	24	23	70-70
D. M. White, Worcester.....	24	23	70-70
F. W. Perkins, Maplewood.....	24	23	70-70
C. E. Taintor, Brooklyn.....	23	23	69-69
E. B. Southey, Quincy.....	24	22	69-69
G. H. Wierfeld, E. B. S. Corps.....	24	22	69-69

Man Target.			
August Bigero, Newark.....	20	20	20-60
William Haver, Newark.....	20	20	20-60
J. D. Marks, Thompsonville.....	20	20	19-59
H. Oehl, New York.....	19	19	58-58
T. Fitz, New York.....	19	19	58-58
C. M. Gueth, E. B. S. Corps.....	19	19	58-58
F. Huebner, New York.....	19	19	57-57
Charles Judson, New York.....	20	19	57-57
C. G. Zettler, New York.....	20	18	57-57
P. G. Fenning, Newport.....	20	17	56-56
J. P. Delahanty, Pittsburgh.....	19	17	56-56
L. Vogel, New York.....	16	19	55-55
Charles Rein, New York.....	16	19	55-55
W. W. Tucker, Hartford.....	17	18	54-54
W. Dorrer, New York.....	19	16	55-55
D. M. White, Worcester.....	20	19	55-55
W. Klein, New York.....	17	16	54-54
O. M. Jewell, Lawrence.....	17	19	56-56
D. Breivogel, E. B. S. Corps.....	20	13	52-52
W. Charles, Boston.....	18	18	52-52
D. Miller, Hoboken.....	19	19	51-51
H. Gray, Nashua.....	18	18	51-51
J. Schneider, New York.....	18	19	51-51
H. R. Von der Horst, Baltimore.....	10	20	19-49

Ring Target.			
William Haver, Newark.....	72	A. Bigero, Newark.....	68
C. M. Gueth, E. B. S. Corps.....	71	C. E. Taintor, Brooklyn.....	67
Henry Oehl, New York.....	71	D. Breivogel, E. B. S. Corps.....	67
Charles Judson, New York.....	71	Henry Andrews, Hartford.....	67
G. L. Firche, New York.....	70	M. B. Egel, New York.....	67
D. M. White, Worcester.....	70	B. Zettler, New York.....	67
J. D. Marks, Thompsonville.....	69	R. Reed, Woburn.....	67
Gus Zimmerman, New York.....	69	C. G. Zettler, New York.....	67
I. W. Perkins, Maplewood.....	69	W. Klein, New York.....	66
H. R. Von der Horst, Baltimore.....	69	W. W. Tucker, New York.....	66
E. Bennett, E. B. S. Corps.....	69	V. P. McLeod, Hartford.....	66
O. M. Jewell, Lawrence.....	68	Charles Rein, New York.....	66
A. G. White, Worcester.....	68		

Team Match—Zettler Rifle Club, No. 1, of New York—H. Oehl 114.

can be fixed to throw in the general directions indicated by the

Archling.

FIXTURES.

PODGERS CRUISES ALONGSHORE.—III

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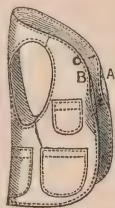
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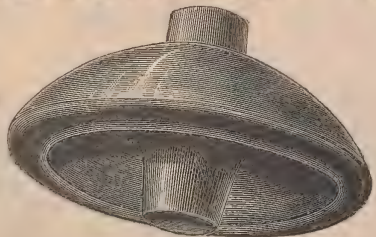
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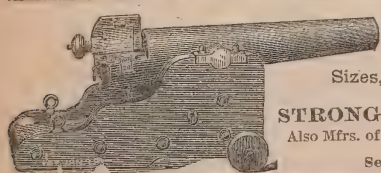
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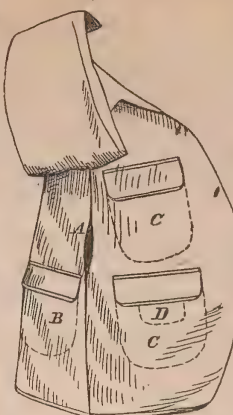
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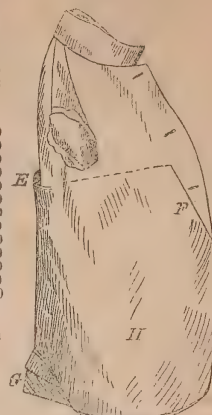
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D—Pockets for caps, etc.

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F—Entrances to game pocket.
G—Net bottom game pocket.
H—Game pocket.

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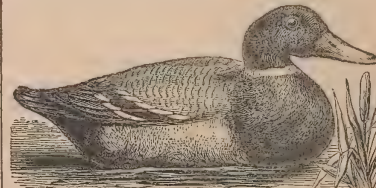
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A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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NEW YORK, AUGUST 28, 1884.

VOL. XXIII.—No. 5.
Nos. 39 & 40 PARK ROW, NEW YORK.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. Communications upon the subjects to which its pages are devoted are respectfully invited. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. No name will be published except with writer's consent. The Editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

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May begin at any time. Subscription price, \$4 per year; \$2 for six months; to a club of three annual subscribers, three copies for \$10; five copies for \$16. Remit by registered letter, money-order, or draft, payable to the Forest and Stream Publishing Company. The paper may be obtained of newsdealers throughout the United States, Canada and Great Britain. American newsdealers should order through the American News Company, those in England, Scotland and Ireland, through Messrs. Macfarlane and Co., 40 Charing Cross, London, England.

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Nos. 39 AND 40 PARK ROW.

NEW YORK CITY.

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THE CREEDMOOR MEETING.

THE programmes for the annual fall meeting at Creedmoor are now out, and it now depends upon the rifle-men throughout the country whether or not the affair be made a grand success. The Board has been urged into making more than the usual perfunctory effort, and with such enthusiasts as make up the committee on the meeting, it is quite certain that marksmen will have no cause to complain of any sins of omission. Creedmoor has, without doubt, been in a season of decline of late. It has not been a place of busy activity, but rather an out-of-the-way nook, where soldiers under orders were compelled to go, and to the all-comers matches a few lovers of target sport found their way.

The Board has shown its belief that there are plenty of rifle-men over the country, and has made a bid for their attendance during the second week of September to take part in the several matches mentioned in another column. It is an attractive list. No class of shooters can justly complain of neglect. From 100 to 1,000 yards every range may be fired over. Each and every style of rifle known to the rules may find employment, and there is no room for the civilian growlers to say that the programme has been made up in the exclusive interest of the men in uniform. There is promise of plenty of pool shooting, and the committee should see to it that this promise is amply filled.

Cash prizes are offered in fair abundance, and winners in important matches, while they may not carry off any great fortune, will at least have a substantial recognition of their skill. The Prize Committee has made a good showing, and has secured the co-operation of a large number of business houses, whose names appear in the official list of conditions and prizes. In comparison with such stupendous bills of prize fare as are spread before the marksmen at Wimbledon, the list at Creedmoor may not appear a very heavy one; but it is large enough to show that the present members of the Board are not inclined to let matters drop into a hasty decline. They have done as well as could be fairly expected under the largely deserved want of encouragement which has of late been shown by rifle-men toward the N. R. A.

There are assurances that a good attendance of National

Guardsmen will be seen at the meeting. Several of the city regiments have teams in training with envious intent upon the military competition, and ye old time water cooler grab games. About the regular army there may be some doubt, for the best shots of the several departments are just now pretty busy in preparing for the Division and general competitions. If the two sets of engagements do not clash, there is good reason to look for a liberal showing of Uncle Sam's blue coats.

The meeting as a whole is an inviting one, and the Board has a right to expect that organizations and individuals will come forward and take part. There is work ahead for American rifle-men in defending the championship in small-bore shooting and in doing something toward redeeming our present very much dragged record in the matter of military shooting.

NEW METHODS OF ANGLING.

IN conversation with anglers on the streams, or in reading their views on the many different questions concerning their art, as given in the columns of FOREST AND STREAM, one cannot help remarking the wide differences of opinion which they hold on several subjects. This is not at all to be wondered at when we consider the number of those who angle and their wide diversity of temperament, and consequently of opinion. It is too much to expect that they should agree upon the proper color for leaders, the correct bend of a hook, the best make of rod, or the best points in the several excellent reels now made. These things are largely determined by individual preference, judgment, or prejudice, and may safely be left to be decided by the individual. They are a fruitful theme for friendly argument, and probably never will be decided to the entire satisfaction of all.

There are questions, however, which would seem to demand the earnest thought of all lovers of angling, and which should be settled by some such body as the National Rod and Reel Association, the St. Lawrence Angling Association, or other organization having the respect and confidence of the great body of unaffiliated anglers. One of these questions, and it may be called a question in the ethics of angling is, may an angler properly follow the customs sanctioned by long usage in other branches of field sports and train the so-called lower animals to assist him in the capture of his game?

Since the days when fair ladies sallied forth with falcon on wrist in the pursuit of sport, it has been usual for sportsmen to call in the aid of animals having superior sight, scent, or fleetness to aid them in the chase. Even the ferret, an animal possessing none of these qualities, has been domesticated on account of its perseverance, which has become a proverb. Now, if the horse, the hound, the falcon, the pointer, setter, spaniel, elephant, leopard and ferret have been used to assist in the capture of birds and mammals, why should not the sportsman whose game is fish seek aid from outside sources also? It is true that the fisherman of China trains the cormorant to capture fish for him, but then the Chinaman is a heathen and we may not look to him to instruct us in sport. It is from our own glorious land that we receive the new code of angling, and we hasten to enlighten a benighted world in order that all who now own expensive fishing tackle may cast it into the fire and begin with the latest appliances. The cost to individuals will be small, but it will be the ruin of the large fishing tackle factories; yet they must submit to the changes consequent upon human progress as others have done, and they have our sympathy.

The new apostle of angling is Lonoon Druiiliard, and, according to the Lockport (N. Y.) *Union*, he lives at Dog Point. Mr. Druiiliard has unfortunately found that his desire to improve on the present method of angling does not meet with the instant recognition which it deserves, and that an unsympathetic constable claims that his methods are wrong and cites him before an equally obdurate justice of the peace, who holds that he is liable for fishing without a license.

The fact is that instead of fishing with either a rod or a hand line Mr. Druiiliard utilizes his flock of thirty geese, "To the legs of these fowls he has lines and baited hooks attached. The geese are driven into the water and are followed by Druiiliard's two sons, who drive them up stream, thus making them troll. As soon as a goose gets a bite, it becomes frightened, and, with a great flapping of wings and squaking, flies to the shore, where the fish is taken from the hook. The hook is again baited and the fowl placed back among the others."

We have read of "jug-fishing" and also of tying a line and hook to the leg of a goose, but it was reserved for the genius

of a Druiiliard to take thirty geese and affix a line to each leg, thereby improving sixty fold on the dullard who fished with a line on a single leg of one goose. If Mr. Druiiliard had owned a hundred geese at the time when he first conceived the idea of breaking the noble fowl which saved Rome to be the servant of man in his sports, our admiration for his genius would have been greater, but, had fortune favored him with a thousand of these birds, it would have been unbounded.

If in the past we have looked up to the men who have written of the pleasures of rod and reel as deserving well of their fellow man for making him acquainted with the possibilities of sport, so in future will we sound the praises of a Druiiliard, who will henceforward occupy the niche of the now dethroned Walton. For the next month the ocean steamers will be taking American rods and reels to countries which are not blessed with a Druiiliard, and our great fishing tackle stores will be busy in buying and selling live geese. The question as to the proper color of geese to be used for black bass, and why the hue that is the correct thing for that fish should be varied for pickerel, while a darker or lighter shade ought to be employed for trout, is the topic which will absorb the angler of to-morrow; and no doubt Mr. Wells is already experimenting in that line.

That other points of difference will arise there is no doubt; and "Kingfisher" will labor to convince "Al Fresco" that the style of goose most successful in Florida will not do at all in Michigan, while "S. O. C." will advocate a new breed for coast fishing. We expect to hear "Piseco" arguing with "Nessmuk" as to the proper place to attach a line, whether above or below the knee, and N. A. Cheney may go so far as to insert swivels in each web of the bird's foot and so get six lines on each goose. Surely the world moves, and in the right direction, and we have little doubt but the next fly-casting tournament will be turned into a match of goose swimming, and the "true angler" will be known as one who is sound on the goose.

PAYING THE FIDDLER.—If the occasional confessions in the editorial columns of the daily press are to be taken as correct reflections of public sentiment, this nation is waking up to certain facts connected with its Indian policy, to which it has been strangely blinded in the past. After years of skin-hunting warfare waged upon the buffalo, elk and antelope of the West, until extermination has ensued, it has suddenly been discovered that the tens of thousands of carcasses which have been left to rot on the plains and in the gulches might have been utilized as a constant supply of food for the Indian tribes. What with Indian rings and public land rings, and grab and greed at Washington, the Government has looked idly on while the hide-hunters have completed their work. The large game, which under a wiser system could have been made to yield sustenance to the savage wards of the nation, and could thus have reduced the Government expenses for Indian supplies, has been killed off to swell the coffers of the fur traders. To-day we are paying for all this unseemly fiddling at a dance of death by the Congressional appropriations for Indian rations. As we have said, the people are beginning to see this, but its recognition is tardy. It is too late now to repair the reckless damage. The bones on the prairies are useful for sugar refinery processes, but they cannot be reconverted into game.

MICHIGAN DEER are now being killed off of season by wholesale. The very excellent law is of no service, for no one seems to care much about it. The notorious Clare county dwellers indulge in venison at their own sweet will; and some other parts of the State are not one whit better. Why do not the right-thinking citizens of Michigan put some one into the Legislature who will make it his business to urge the appointment of a game warden, paid by the people, to protect the interests of the people?

THE AMERICAN FORESTRY CONGRESS will hold its annual meeting at Saratoga, Tuesday, Sept. 16. The topics for discussion will include the mercantile significance of the Adirondack forests, hydraulic influences of forests, methods of reforestry and other allied subjects. The secretary of the Association is Mr. B. E. Fernow, No. 9 Pine street, New York.

THE SKETCHES OF INDIAN FOREST LIFE will be continued. They are fresh from the pen of a writer who has successfully undertaken to describe for us the incidents of a forestry official's excursions for recreation.

The Sportsman Tourist.

SALMON FISHING IN SWEDEN.

THE king of fish is the salmon. The most royal of sport is his pursuit. That is when you pursue him as a true sportsman—with rod like steel spring, with taper line, leader of single gut and feathered hook that darts like an arrow through the summer air and drops as a snow flake on the swirling pool beneath the rapids.

So being in Sweden I was bound to have some salmon fishing. I made a study of it all through the winter, and big is the package of letters I have on file answering my questions on the taking of this silvery fish.

I found that although the salmon are fairly plenty in nearly all the rivers of Sweden, yet no salmon will take the fly in any river flowing into the Baltic Sea or the Gulf of Bothnia. That is the whole east coast of Sweden. On the west coast of Sweden and on the whole west coast of Norway the salmon have a much keener appreciation of the desires of the sportsman and rise freely to the fly in every suitable stream.

River after river I wrote about, only to get the unvarying reply: "The fishing in this river is let for a term of years to some English gentleman," etc. At last a ray of light broke in, and fishing could be had on the Laga River in Sweden. It was described to me in a letter as "the right to fish with rod, line and hook from Kasafors to Hofmülle, as far as the Uddekulla estate extended," and was represented as abounding with salmon. The bait took. I immediately secured the lease of the river, and one fine summer's day found me on its banks.

It was a river of fair size, with plenty of rapids and some good pools. It looked well. I put together my split bamboo rod, placed a tempting "Jack Scott" on the leader, and cast faithfully over the first pool. No rise. On approaching the next pool, what should I see but a stalwart Viking, with rolled-up breeches, standing knee-deep in the stream, fishing with a mighty pine of the forest and a red fly the size of a partridge.

"What does this mean?" said I. "This man is fishing in the waters I have leased."

"Oh," said my lessor, "it is all correct. This man has also the right to fish here. If you will read your lease carefully you will see that it gives you the right to fish, but not the exclusive right."

"Ah! I see. And are there any more?"

"Only one more, and I hope you three will get along nicely together."

About this time there appeared on the top of the hillside opposite a band of men, each armed with a pole that seemed to reach the heavens. I counted them—the men, not the heavens—they numbered seventeen, and made a most imposing appearance as, with their mighty poles on high, they began to execute a movement, single file, down the hillside toward the river.

"What army is this?" quoth I.

"Oh, these are only the farmers that have the right of fishing on the opposite bank of the river. If you will read your lease carefully you will see that your right goes only as far as the Uddekulla estate extends, and the Uddekulla estate does not extend across stream. You see?"

"Yes, I see too late." And I reeled in my line, wiped my brow, sat me down on a stone and meditated upon the power of language if adroitly used in a lease.

Well, I was in for it. There were salmon in the river, and although I had only one-twentieth of the fishing, I still had a right to cast a fly, and cast it I would, and cast it I did. For ten days I swung my rod over the stream, with one joint proprietor above and another below me, while seventeen mighty rods brushed the air opposite. What made it all the worse was that these Swedish peasants, with their unwieldy twenty-foot rods and home-made tackle, threw an excellent fly, and every now and again landed a fish.

On my fifth day I hooked a salmon that flashed down stream like an arrow, cut around a jagged rock in the shoal rapids, and broke my leader like tow. On the seventh day I hooked another, or perhaps the same fish over again, for he went through the same evolution with the same result. This sort of salmon fishing began to get monotonous.

Last summer Dr. Oscar Dickson, of Gothenburg, had casually remarked that he should invite me to fish in the Atran. What if he were to invite me now! Would not that be glorious! I eagerly watched the mails, but no letter of invitation came. I do believe, reasoned I, that if Dr. Dickson knew what a fearfully stupid time I am having on this river he would invite me now. Why not write and tell him? Oh, no, that would be very bad form—begging an invitation. And so I fished on, surrounded by my noble army of fishermen, with never a rise. On the tenth day I could stand it no longer. To the telegraph office, not to the river, I went, and dispatched this message:

"DR. OSCAR DICKSON, Gothenburg: Could you kindly telegraph me about when I may fish the Atran?"

And I went back to the village hotel, settled myself in a chair, cocked up my legs and read a newspaper with great determination. In about two hours there was a rap at the door, the little girl from the telegraph office came in, dropped a courtesy, and gave me this message:

"The Atran is placed at your disposition for a week.—OSCAR DICKSON."

I gave a "whoop," jumped out of the chair, ordered horses and at noon was rattling along the dusty road to the north. Fresh horses were harnessed in at Halmsstad, and at 8 o'clock of a bright northern evening we drove over the stone bridge across the Atran, and drew up at the door of the hotel in the little town of Falkenberg.

Next morning I was early at the river bank with Nilsson, the gaffer. In the second pool I hooked and landed my first Swedish salmon. A little further down I landed a second fish. From a boat in the center of the lower rapid I took a very bright salmon, fresh run from the sea, and weighing 13 pounds, and crossing to the opposite shore landed two more, the largest 12 pounds. At 9 o'clock I reeled up and went home to breakfast with five salmon. I began to think I would sell out my lease on the Laga at a very considerable reduction on the original cost.

In the evening I whipped the right bank without a rise. Crossing the river, I soon landed a twelve-pounder, and then hooked the heaviest fish of the day, that shot down stream like a rocket, and ended his grand first rush with a leap four feet in air. But the hook held fast. I played him gingerly, and in a quarter of an hour towed him alongside the rock whereon stood Nilsson with his mighty landing net. The old man slid the net under, scooped up the salmon, and held

him some three feet in air, when with one big flop the salmon broke through the meshes of the rotten net, and tumbled back into the river. The fright gave the fish new life. He shot across stream like a flash; I yelled to Nilsson, he held up the landing net as the clown at a circus holds up the paper balloon for Mlle Victoria, "the champion bareback rider of the world," to jump through, and with line running through the torn meshes of this wretched net, I played the salmon till he was perfectly quiet and had gone to bottom in mid stream. Then slowly reeling in as I advanced the rod, I thrust the tip into the rent in the net, passed the whole rod quietly through, and breathed easy again. When Nilsson had mended the net, I towed in the salmon, now entirely spent and lying on his side. Again Nilsson scooped him up. Again he flopped, and horrors! again he broke through that infamous net and tumbled into the river. Immediately the air grew hot and heavy with the admonitions I could not refrain from administering to the old man upon the enormity of his using a net of such an exasperating degree of rottenness. Wonderful to relate, the hook still held—I shall always swear by double hooks, hereafter, if not at rotten nets. Again old Nilsson assumed the role of the circus clown. Again I played the salmon through the upheld balloon, and again I passed the rod clean through the rotten meshes. Now I dragged the salmon through the rapids till the life seemed drowned out of him. Not till he turned up his pearly breast did I bring him into the rocks, when old Nilsson, having thrown away his worthless net, grabbed master salmon by the gills with his sure talons, and lugged him flopping ashore—a sixteen-pounder.

I immediately sent Nilsson to the hotel for my gaff. Reclining on the grassy bank I watched the fast flowing river. Between tree-embowered banks the Atran ripples and rushes, surges and swirls in its rocky bed. These rapids are about a quarter of a mile in extent and furnish six or eight good pools on either side the river. Five minutes' walk down stream brings you to the stone bridge; five minutes further is the salt water of the open Kattegat. In these rapids you greet the silver-sided, pearly-throated salmon, fresh from the sea. The world may furnish a better salmon river, I do not know of one.

On the left bank of the river a tree-shaded way follows the meanderings of the stream—the Doctor's Walk. Twenty-one years ago this very summer—a light-hearted boy—I had lounged along this Doctor's Walk and gazed upon the self-same river, and now came running through my mind:

"The husbandman sits on the banks of the river,

And waits for the stream to flow by,

But the swift-flowing river flows onward forever,

And will flow eternally."

A light laugh behind me wakes me from my reverie. Turning my head, I see three pretty Swedish maidens sauntering along the Doctor's Way. Each has a flower in her hand; but the flowers were not sunflowers nor lilies, and the maids were not æsthetic, only three blue-eyed, golden-haired, pretty girls of the South of Sweden.

Smiling, twirling their flowers, they seat themselves on a bench close to me and wait to see me fish. It was 9 o'clock and the shades of evening were slowly falling, even in this sunny north, but I felt the honor of America was at stake. Slipping on a silver doctor I commenced casting over the stream. Gradually lengthening my casts, I at last, under the inspiration of my pleasant company, threw my fly to a spot I had made at least a half a dozen failures to reach during the day. Swift and true as a lance, the feathered, glittering hook flew to the swirling edge of that far sunken rock. A silver flash, and a leaping salmon catches the hook in air and dives into the fiord. The maidens clap their hands. Now he darts across stream. Again he leaps, now here, now there, and almost at the same instant, way yonder, so quickly the leaps flash one upon the other, you can scarcely believe it is the same fish. Slowly his strength is spent, and as I draw him near the strand, a young man with a quick jerk of the gaff flings the salmon quivering upon the green sward.

I turn and take off my hat to the maidens three. They rise and all drop a courtesy. Then waving their flowers they slowly pass down the Doctor's Way toward the town.

The young man that so opportunely appeared with my gaff was Nilsson's son. He remained with me as guide and gaffer during the rest of my stay. The old man never reappeared. Can it be that he was a strict constructionist, and took exception to certain language addressed to him, as our statesmen say, "in the heat of debate?"

Casting out again I landed another salmon, and reeled up at 10 o'clock with nine as my score for the first day. But my host, though leasing the fishing, does not own the salmon caught. These are all sold according to ancient custom, and the proceeds go one-half to the town of Falkenberg, one-fourth to the mayor and one-fourth to the aldermen.

I attended the sale next morning at 9 o'clock. My catch was laid in a row on the floor. The fish were first weighed and the weight of each carefully written in a book by the chairman of the board of aldermen. Then each fish was put up separately and sold at auction. There were some twenty persons present, and the bidding was lively. The auctioneer was the chairman of the board, and he knocked down each fish with a blow of his ivory mallet on the table. Prices took a large range. I bid off the first fish I landed at 75 öre a pound, while one lean racer that must have been in the river a month and had got reduced to six pounds was knocked off to a buxom woman from the country, with a big basket, for 35 öre.

The second day I caught six salmon. The third, fourth and fifth days I took it very leisurely and landed four fish each day.

The sixth day I arose at 3 o'clock and landed four salmon before breakfast. In the forenoon I caught seven fine fish, one of them weighing 16 pounds, and wound up in the evening with three more, making fourteen salmon for the day, and forty-one for my six consecutive days' fishing.

As bounteous as the river is its honored proprietor, Oscar Dickson. He is the Vanderbilt of Sweden, but he is not only a merchant prince. He is the benefactor of every good and great work that commends itself to his judgment, or enlists his sympathies. Whenever his heart goes out toward an object, be it in the interest of science or humanity, his great wealth flows forth as freely as the rushing waters of the Atran.

It was the princely generosity and signal executive ability of Oscar Dickson that enabled the great Arctic explorer Nordenskjöld to circumnavigate, for the first time in history, the continent of Asia. The merchant philanthropist of the Northland! Long may he live to swing the salmon rod or fit out expeditions to the North Pole!

MARSTRAND.

STOCKHOLM, Sweden, August, 1884.

"PODGERS" CRUISES BACK AGAIN.

IF THERE is any hole or corner of the earth where a telegram can't reach a man out on a pleasure trip, I want to go there. Telegraphs may be useful things to the community at large, but they are the bane of the man who seeks a little rest. To attempt to evade them is useless; they will follow a fellow if he should climb the north pole. They are worse than a draft at sight, and who ever heard of one of those things miscarrying; they come straight as an arrow. If a remittance is made to meet them the money will linger and lag behind for days. There is not much to choose between drafts and telegrams, both equally disagreeable. It's no use to attempt to dodge them, and here comes a Western Union nuisance saying, "You must be in the city to-morrow to meet Smith." The impulse to say cuss words is uncontrollable, and you ejaculate an obscenity upon Smith; you can't help it, it's human nature. Thus was I cut short of my promised holiday. Gloomily I packed my valise, and saw no escape; and just to aggravate me here came a beautiful morning and a splendid breeze for the yacht race to Oak Bluffs. One by one I saw the yachts fill away and run out of the harbor preparatory to a start, and I could not go. There are circumstances under which a man is justifiable in swearing. When he just misses the train or boat, when the third and last match fails, and lastly and worse than all, when he is about to participate in a regatta and is "called back" by a telegram. He don't feel friendly to the man that invented them. He wants to hit the boy that brings it, or anybody else, even his respected grandfather.

I can't tell you all about that race to the Vineyard for the reasons aforesaid. They say it was a "bully" race and that the cutters did wonders. That's what they are always doing when I am not there. They never do when I am—but are always out of luck. Something happens to them, generally happens that they get beaten. I don't call the race the day before anything because there was not enough wind to blow a candle out. I hope I may live long enough to see the cutter have her play, which they claim is a heavy breeze, and that is the day they always get their sugar weighed by the "skimming dishes." Very good boats are such skimming dishes as the Gracie, Fanny, Mischieff, etc., they generally warm the "lead mines" and "pig troughs."

When all the yachts had left the harbor I shouldered my fishing rods, and valise in hand slowly sauntered down to the Eolus to depart. A young gamin followed me two blocks singing out "Shine, sir? shine boss?" I hit him over the head with my fishing rods. I was ready to hit anything I saw. Anything in reach. A friend stopped me and proposed a parting "smile." I refused even that. Evidence positive of my condition of mind. Getting on board a ducky wanted to seize my valise. He dodged the pass I made at him. The next trouble was with "the gentlemanly purser;" he tried to pass a quarter on me with a hole in it. I could not reach him, but I kicked a dog that ran between my legs. I was in lovely humor. A pretty girl sitting near laughed, and I felt a little ashamed as she gathered in her pug. Now I like dogs, and a feeling of remorse came over me. I made it up with the purp, and gave him a cracker I had in my pocket. He accepted the apology and the cracker. The young lady looked approvingly, and my stock evidently went up a little with her; but she kept a close hold on her pug. I went on deck; splendid breeze, and in my mind's eye I saw those yachts laying down to it, and going like mad. Life seemed a failure and the world a hollow mockery stuffed with sawdust. Got to thinking about a model I had in my mind that would beat everything. Sat down on a stool and began an outline of her on the leaf of a memorandum book. A person near me watched me, and finally said, "An artist, I presume; sketching the shore, eh?" I put up my book. What a compliment to my skill with the pencil.

In due time we arrived at Wickford, celebrated for its clams. The people there all live on clams. I knew a preacher once that lived there who dug clams all the week and preached on the Sabbath; he waded in the water week days and waded into theology on Sunday. When I left the boat the ducky porter and "gentlemanly purser" gave me a wide berth. Made the junction all right and procured a seat all to myself and settled down to read. At a way station a fat woman came in and took the seat opposite, which was turned down facing. She had numerous bundles and packages. She set a basket down on my toes and laid a heavy package on the seat by her side. Presently it jarred off and came down on the floor with a crash. Immediately a liquid stream meandered across the floor of the car, and a suffocating odor of gin was wafted through the car. People looked at me. I tried to look innocent. It was no use; my face got red. The woman looked out of the window. The young woman with the pug laughed again; but the pug, without her noticing it, jumped down and began lapping the gin bitters. He got a good dose before she saw what he was about, and then she grabbed him, but too late; that dog had got a dose, and when she took him up he smelled horribly of gin. Meantime the liquid had run all over the car, and the ladies gathered up their skirts. I got up and sought another seat. That left the poor woman to shoulder the expose. If she had been young and good-looking I would have staid and seen her through; but she was neither and she had to take the consequences of nature's meanness in defrauding her of her rights.

We arrived at Groton and ran on to the ferryboat. Went up into the refreshment room and had a mild debauch on a piece of pie and a glass of beer. A stunning young woman does duty as cashier, but was so taken up with her own good looks and mashing some young dudes that she was very slow about making change. She kept a hand-glass at her side and was absorbed in a contemplation of her face, and proceeded to plaster down her spit curls instead of giving me the change. I said, "Young woman, when you have finished admiring yourself, will you give me my change?" She gave me a crushing look and handed it out, five cents short. I dared not remind her of her mistake, and got aboard the train again, and after a few moments' delay we went on. I happened to sit next seat to the young lady with the pug, which by this time began to feel the effects of his bitters, and if ever there was a sick dog it was that same pug. It was my turn to laugh then, but she was good-looking; I came to the rescue, and held the purp up by the tail to let him drain. Somebody had to give that girl a new dress, I know, for the one she had on was spoiled.

Nothing more of importance occurred until we arrived at Forty-second street depot, except that I felt as if I had eaten a quarter section of lead. That piece of pie fixed me, and I was as sick as the dog, but did not dare betray my agony for fear the young woman would offer to reciprocate by holding me up by the heels. Two days of horrible dyspepsia

followed the consumption of that pie, and I cherish the memory of that young woman in the refreshment saloon and her spit curls.

My vacation was up and I had nothing to show for it except my dyspepsia.

Now, won't somebody tell me where I can go and have a little fishing where no confounded telegrams can reach me. Does any good fellow want a companion for a camp out in the woods or on top of some inaccessible mountain? "Oh for a lodge in some vast wilderness." PODGERS.

Natural History.

FRUIT-EATING BIRDS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

What "Byrne" says about the catbird in your issue of Aug. 7 is only too true, as I have learned to my cost. I, also, am engaged in growing small fruits for market, and if "Wilnot" had been on my plantations during the berry season this year I think his mind would have undergone a change. Here he would have seen the robin, catbird and thrush in their glory, and in flocks of 20 to 60. From the tone of his remarks I will venture the assertion that he never saw 40 or 50 robins in a single flock. Had he been here the 2d of July I would have shown him a single flock of over 150. I would have proved to him that the robin can scent a patch of ripe raspberries nearly a mile, and that they will come up the wind, plunge among the bushes and devour the fruit with a voracity and heedlessness of their surroundings that would exasperate the most sentimental naturalist in the world if he were depending upon his fruit crop for a living.

For the edification of "Wilnot" I present a table showing the result of my investigations of the contents of the crops of 80 birds shot at different hours of the day during the months of June and July.

The method of investigation adopted was to open the crop, pick over the contents and divide them into two masses—fruit in one and all other materials in the other—then the percentage of each was estimated.

Insects, worms and vegetable matter were not separated and classified, the principal object of the investigations being to ascertain what percentage of the whole food consisted of fruit. Sand and gravel were set aside and not included in the estimates.

CONTENTS.				
DATE.	HOUR.	BIRD.	Insects, Etc.	Fruit.
June 5	6 A. M.	Robin.	4	6
June 7	3 P. M.	Robin.	2	8
June 10	5 A. M.	Thrush.	5	5
June 11	6 A. M.	Catbird.	1	9
June 11	9 A. M.	* Meadowlark.	9	1
June 11	10 A. M.	Robin.	2	8
June 13	7 P. M.	Robin.	2	8
June 14	1 P. M.	Catbird.	2	8
June 19	5 A. M.	Thrush.	4	6
June 28	4 P. M.	Robin.	1	9
July 3	6 A. M.	Catbird.	1 1/2	9 1/2
July 3	4 P. M.	Robin.	1	9
July 5	5 A. M.	Robin.	0	10
July 8	10 A. M.	Thrush.	1	9
July 8	8 A. M.	+ Meadowlark.	10	0
July 12	11 A. M.	+ Robin.	0	10
July 15	7 A. M.	Thrush.	3	7
July 15	10 A. M.	Robin.	1	9
July 15	11 A. M.	Catbird.	0	10
July 16	9 A. M.	§ Sparrow.	1	9
July 16	3 P. M.	§ Bee Martin.	6	4
July 19	5 A. M.	Catbird.	1	9
July 19	6 A. M.	Thrush.	2	8
July 19	6 A. M.	Robin.	2	8
July 26	7 A. M.	Robin.	3	7
July 26	10 A. M.	Blackbird.	9	1
July 26	4 P. M.	Catbird.	2	8
July 26	6 P. M.	Thrush.	3	7
July 28	8 A. M.	Robin.	1	9
July 28	5 P. M.	Robin.	2	8

* On strawberry patch about fifteen minutes.
† Shot among raspberry bushes.
‡ Was among raspberry bushes all A. M. Was recognized by loss of portion of tail.
§ Was among raspberries over an hour.
|| Shot among raspberries; was there about fifteen minutes.

The fruit found in crops consisted of strawberries, raspberries, blackberries and cherries.

There were a few wrens and bluebirds nesting about the place, and I am so fond of them that I had not the heart to kill any of them; but close observation convinced me that they are among the most valuable insectivorous birds we have.

During the past fruit season, in my endeavors to save my crops, I killed 123 robins, 32 thrushes and 44 catbirds. I have fully determined that if I raise a crop next year I will get the benefit of it. I shall make such arrangements with sundry youth in this vicinity as will insure the destruction of 1,000 robins, thrushes and catbirds if they pour in upon me as they did this year.

"Wilnot" may stand aghast at this statement, but he cannot alter cold facts. My fruit crop is of vastly more importance to me than the vaporings of a sentimental person who is in nowise injured by the pests he defends. PROCKET.

CHRISTIAN COUNTY, ILL.

HORNETS AND HOUSE FLIES.—Boston, Aug. 21.—Reading the note in your paper of the 14th, about bees and hornets killing flies, I thought that perhaps the writer of the article might be interested to learn that in some parts of Eastern Massachusetts, if a colony of hornets build their nest near a farmhouse, the occupants never disturb them. The hornet will never sting a person unless provoked, but will cruise around the whole day, seizing flies and carrying them to a convenient resting place, where the juice is sucked out and the remnant discarded. If a person is attacked by hornets, the best thing he can do is to throw himself on the ground and keep perfectly quiet. The hornets will buzz around spitefully enough, but if no movement is made they will never sting, and will soon go off. I have tried this plan many times, and always with success; though once it was about as much as I could do to remain still, while a "yellow-belly" buzzed around inside my shirt, having gone in between my neck and collar.—H. J. T.

SPARROW TESTIMONY.—The committee on the English sparrow question will make its report at the annual meeting of the American Ornithologists' Union, Sept. 26, in the Museum of Natural History at Central Park. The chairman, Dr. J. B. Holder, reports that an abundance of testi-

mony against the bird has been received, indeed, so much that he has felt obliged to appeal to the sparrows' friends for reports on their side of the house. Communications should be addressed to Dr. Holder at the Museum.

THE CATBIRD SPEAKS.

(DEDICATED TO HIS RIVAL, THE TOMCAT.)

WILL you?
Won't you?
If not, why don't you
Listen to me?
While out of the bushes
My melody rushes,
And be dream-drowned
In a musical swoon?
Ah! hold your breath
While you suck the peth
Of my song through your ears
(If they're long enough). Sobs, tears,
Laughter, cackle, gossip, sneers,
Just as good as any of the beers,
Small or strong, brewed by Bass.
Or in wood or in glass,
And a great deal cheaper; see?

Haw! Haw!
That from the jaw
Of the crow, you know,
With his parson's coat and nose so long,
Sartainly his'n aint much of a song.
I can sing it but he can't mine;
Not as a singer can he ever shine,
I mind me of once he tried it with me,
And the very next day he hung by the heels
To frighten his friends from a farmer's fields.

Perup! Purup!
That is the robin,
I wish 't he 's in Europe
With the one we was nursin'
But now are a cursin'.
'Twas he stole Byrne's cherries.
And all his nice berries;
He was always a robbin'.
One bird of his name
And others of game
(The worms
That squirms),
And folks of their fruit,
Him let Byrne shoot.

Where blows
The Yankee nose
In autumn, I heard one holler,
As loud as a dinner horn,
Acrost a feller,
The whiles he husked a shock of corn.
I mixed his call
With the frost of fall
By Suckernuck,
And Tuckernuck,
And whined it
And signed it
With my name;
And the same
Was worth 75cts. or \$1.00.

When he whisper'd
The cedar bird
I heard:
And I like him first rate
For the reasons I state.
He keeps still, as the shy do.
And don't eat what I do;
A sensible chap
Who keeps shut his trap
For all things but cherries
And seeds and berries.
Who ever heard
Of a cedar bird
Who tried
To eat a fly that fled?

The frog,
Ker chog!
Off a log.
And then "Keberlong!"
His not long song.
Now who could expect
A bird of self-respect
And feathers, would attempt
To vie with one skempt
Of wings, though with two legs
More than my two pegs?
If myself I know
Never so low,
Will I
Try to fly.
But then
I ken,
And so do you, I'm quite a fellow.
No thing
With wing doth sing,
But what I try to imitate,
And with his note my throat dilate.
Hen hawk, bobolink,
Robin and chewink,
Song sparrow and thrush,
Bird in hand, bird in bush,
Their songs I try to tell you,
And if I don't make out
I never pout,
Nor get mad,
Nor sad,
Nor say dod rat it!
But up again and at it.
I'm not purpled nor purviled,
Nor snordid nor snurviled
(Which are words known only to poets and birds),
But only a brown-coated creature,
Nor care a snap for the past, nor a fly for the future,
But only to be a catbird to-day,
And in my way
Have my say.

HORACE MUMFSON,
Schoolmaster in District No. 13,
Town of Danvis, Charlotte county, Vt.

"OUR BIRDS IN THEIR HAUNTS."

THE AUTHOR'S OPINION.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your critic, in his brief and rather summary review of "Our Birds in Their Haunts," has made some very amiable remarks. For instance, that it is "pleasantly written;" that as a rule, the accounts of the habits of the different species are excellent, so far as they go; "that the author has a great admiration for nature and a pleasing style;" that, "on the whole, the book is a good one," etc.; but he takes special pains to relegate it beyond the pale of scientific value, and backs up his conclusion by saying, that "the book does not in any sense profess to be scientific." This last point of criticism is very emphatic, and certainly very important in its bearing; since, if true, it would sink the book forever beyond the notice of a very desirable class of readers, namely, those who read, more or less, for scientific information.

Fair criticism should never be shunned by any author. It may help him to find his reckoning in a literary career; and it is certainly due to the reading community, as a leading and educating in literature. But a misleading criticism may be a great damage to an author's literary reputation; and what is certainly not to be overlooked, will surely limit in every way the results of what may have been very important labors, such as, at best, can never be compensated.

After a careful examination of the review in question, the author of the book under review (notwithstanding his high esteem for the character of your journal) is under necessity of regarding it as decidedly inadequate and misleading. The main point of issue to be taken is in the too restricted use of the word "scientific." Very true, "Our Birds in their Haunts" does not claim to be an authority on the order of classification or scientific nomenclature; but if science means knowledge, as both its derivation and its application would imply, then be it remembered that science has many and various points of view. For instance, in ornithology we may measure the tarsus and count its scutellæ; we may count and measure the primaries and rectrices, etc., and very properly call this science or knowledge—science in its more technical form. In our order of study we may follow the most rigid classification—a system by no means certain as yet, however—and placing the robin or the wood thrush first and some guillemot or auk last, contemplate them on pegs or standards in the closet, and call this science—science *par excellence*. Or, since we have had a good deal of this kind of study, decidedly important as one point of view, suppose we change our position for once, and study the birds in some more obviously natural relations—the relations of seasons, times, localities, etc.

Let us take the air awhile and study the birds in their natural haunts. Let us listen to their songs and examine somewhat into the physiology of that wonderful effect in nature. Let us contemplate "the way of the eagle in the air," and inquire a little into the mechanical laws involved in flight—that most wonderful feat in animal locomotion—and learn about the aerated condition of the body and bones of the birds. All these points are treated of in the book in question, the writer believing them to be of the most interesting and vital importance to the knowledge or science of birds. Moreover, in pointing out the local habitat of each kind, in showing how some species keeps to the swamp or marsh, others to the forest, others to the field, and others still to the ocean, will the knowledge of these facts be any less important than to learn the length of the legs or to count the feathers in the tail? Are those sedges and cattails on which wrens and redwings perch, or those branches in which thrushes sing and warblers warble, any less dignified and scientific, than the pegs or whittled standard in the closet? Surely to most minds they are more inspiring to that love of nature, which is the source of all true scientific knowledge.

Moreover, the book in question is not a compilation, not a pudding served up for weak stomachs from the stale bread of other men's making; but, for the most part, is a direct report from the field, the forest, the stream, the ocean. It is said that the book follows the order of locality. It must also be said that every locality treated of is more or less new to bibliography, in the sense of knowledge in book form. Such a book, we had flattered ourselves, could scarcely fail to be of scientific value to the advanced ornithologist, as furnishing those shadings of knowledge especially useful and gratifying to the minute specialist. It is a matter of peculiar praise to the New England ornithologist that they have not been satisfied with general works on American ornithology, but have made their field a specialty. Indeed, we shall never gather the harvest of the science for our continent until this is done throughout. This is just what we have been trying to do for Western New York and the adjoining regions of the great lakes. Nor has this proved to be a barren field. It would seem to be a cornering point of several of the great geographical areas of distribution, the local study of which has changed the record of habitat in the case of a large number of species.

Some years ago Prof. W. E. D. Scott, of Princeton, N. J., was not a little surprised to find that the hooded warbler breeds abundantly in Western New York, even to the shores of Lake Ontario. A little later Dr. C. Hart Merriam wrote a second time, to assure himself that the above rather southerly species, and so northerly a species as the Canada warbler, could be found breeding in the same locality, as stated in my private letter on the breeding of birds in Orleans county, N. Y. The article on the horned lark, in the book under review, is most noticeably different from any biography given in book form heretofore. Before going to Georgian Bay three years ago I searched the books on American ornithology in vain for a glimpse in anticipation of what I might expect to find there; and the results of my investigations were not all what my previous general readings had led me to expect. On going to Nova Scotia, still more recently, I had nothing but the reports of inexperienced workers and the rumors of fishermen to guide me in my studies. The important link between the avi-fauna of New England and Labrador, furnished by this province and also Georgian Bay, are somewhat extendedly noted in my book. It also contains the first account of the nidification of Bicknell's thrush, that late and interesting acquaintance of the ornithologist, and the first well-authenticated account in book form, I think, of the ring-billed gull.

After all this we are virtually told for our encouragement that the work has no scientific value. A book of more than 600 good-sized pages, in which completeness and compactness of the essential knowledge of the birds of Eastern North America was made a specialty, is consigned to the honor of being a "primer," an "A B C" in "bird lore," useful only for those who love our birds, indeed, but of no special value to those who may have knowledge of them. We cannot but feel that this peculiar attitude of the critic is

the result of somewhat mistaking the mere technicalities of science for the facts which they represent—the mould for the metal, the ear for the corn—an exaltation of the mere form above the spirit and essence of knowledge. "Our Birds in their Haunts" is not designed to take the place of the incomparable analytic pages of the "Key," by Dr. Coues, or the voluminous pages of Baird, Brewer and Ridgway. It is designed to occupy a new field, in which the general reader and the scientist may find some community of thought, may enjoy together the freshness and fragrance of knowledge directly from nature.

The manner in which the critic refers to the second-hand illustrations in the work, and more particularly to the "appalling" portrait of the cedar bird—no picture of that bird being in the book, however—will not do much, we fear, to bring about the "golden age," when our American readers will sufficiently patronize a greater expense in publishing scientific works. By the way, was not the sentence about the "glimpes of cloth" designed to be a little stinging—not to speak of the rather slangy character of its phraseology? Perhaps, however, the sting and poison-bag are somewhat squeezed out by the after thought contained in the last clause of the sentence: "These, however, are not very obtrusive."

We are quite at a loss to know what the critic means by "rough descriptions of the nests and eggs," since these descriptions, while they avoid being wordy, contain all the essentials and details, unless it be the exact dimensions of the several nests; an item which, to say the least, is very variable and of little use in our case for identification. As to the adequateness of the descriptions of the birds themselves and their life-history, we appeal to the book itself, and ask the candid reader if the former are not quite as full and exact as those given in our smaller ornithological works generally? And whether the latter do not compare favorably in extent and substance with those which are given in even our most extended works. A description which is too minute, is at once confusing to the beginner and useless to the adept. In an ordinary work only the salient points of differentiation should be noted, and they should be stated lucidly and briefly. As to the history of habit, species of the same family or genus, are often so similar that full accounts of all would be simply repetitions, not at all to be expected in a professedly brief and popular work. We will ask no greater vindication of this paper as against the points taken in the review than that the reader shall examine the book thoroughly, using the slender paragraphs of our critic as a book-mark. We may say further that we have in our possession letters from several of the leading ornithological critics on the continent, which are in the most striking contrast with the *FOREST AND STREAM*'s review of the 14th inst., as to the scientific value of the book in question. J. H. LANGILLE.

BUFFALO, Aug. 25, 1884.

Game Bag and Gun.

THE OPENING DAY ON WOODCOCK.

THE woodcock season opens in Vermont on the 15th of August, nominally. Practically, it opens at any and every time when the illegal shooter chooses to have it. This year woodcock have been shot in this vicinity ever since the last week in July, and the fusillade has gone on increasing until, about a week before the 15th of August, it reached its culmination and then ceased, for the sole reason that the greater part of the birds had been destroyed. A few law-abiding sportsmen held off until the 15th, and then sallied out to see if they could pick up a stray bird or two which had escaped the onslaught of the early shooters. Such is a faithful picture of the game laws of Vermont.

On the morning of the 15th I rose to find the world bathed in that smoky, copper-colored mist which betokens intense and scorching heat. The prospect was anything but an assuring one, but as I had been counting for so long on the pleasure of going woodcock shooting the moment the law was off, I dared the smoking wrath of Old Sol and made my preparations for starting with a light heart. An early breakfast, and my companion and I bundled our traps into the buggy, called the dog to jump in after us and were off.

We drove for about two miles, and then stopped at a right pretty hole for the brown beauties—a winding swale near an old deserted railway; the swamp of alders screening a rich bed of black loam, through which a small stream oozed, while the warm banks on either side, wooded with pine, hemlock and birch, afforded a choice place for the birds to lie during the day. Our dog, a small field spaniel, was quickly sent into the covert, while we walked slowly along the edge, waiting for the appearance of the evasive cock. Scarcely had we prepared ourselves to shoot, when—twitter, twitter on our right, and a little behind us rose a woodcock. We wheeled in our tracks and saw a brown gleam winding swiftly through the pines overhead, now dodging a thick limb, now mounting higher to overpass the dark tip of a hemlock. Bang! bang! We had both fired before we knew it almost, and the flickering ball of brown feathers was just disappearing over the top of the opposite covert. Out leaped the spaniel from the swale, his eyes shining with the light of excitement, his stern vibrating like mad, and his tongue dripping blood where he had scratched it in the briars and blackberry thorns. Away he went at the wave of hand into the opposite covert. Now, be ready! Don't miss again. See! there go two of them over the railroad—bang! bang! bang! That last one dropped in the young birches. But what is the matter with the dog? Is he shot?

The poor little spaniel started back as if somebody had struck him in the face, staggered, and fell struggling on the ground. For a moment I thought that one of us must have hit him; but the foam flying from his mouth, and the convulsive nature of his struggles soon convinced me that it was a fit, brought on by intense excitement, over-exertion, and the terrible heat. He was not in condition—nor were we—for hard work on the opening day.

"It never rains but it pours." As we were trying to get our dog into a shady place, an individual approached with a directness which bodes something more positive than curiosity. Our suspicions were not groundless. "Excuse me, gentlemen," said the intruder, "but Mr. C. has hired the shooting on these grounds, and you will have to come off."

"Why aren't these grounds posted then?" we asked.

"Oh, he said he was going to post them, and he meant to do it before this, but he didn't get around to it."

We yielded—it is the best way. Always be gentlemanly, brother sportsmen, although you may feel that injustice is being done you, and in the end, my word for it, you will have more friends and more birds than the man who plays

the bully. Still, I must confess that as we sadly took our departure from that familiar little covert, which I have watched and shot over unmolested since boyhood, I could not resist something like a feeling of resentment against the rich city sportsmen who come up and buy the right to monopolize our native game. How can we help feeling a prior right in it, who have always lived on the ground, and taken our legal share of the people's game in a friendly, unselfish way, like gentlemen, no man ousting his brother out. True, the land is the property of private individuals, but the game is the State's and the people's, and when a man buys the right of trespass on a certain piece of land because it is a game covert, he robs the people of their right and prohibits them from their legal privileges. He buys, not the right of trespass, but the right of shooting; not the privilege of the land, but the privilege of the game. In this sense, the act is morally, if not actually, illegal. The object of purchase is the game, which is not purchasable under the law. So far as the act is legal, it is legal by a subterfuge.

But where am I? not arguing a case in court, let it be hoped, on the 15th day of August, when woodcock are free to the people in general, and certain individuals in particular. No; I have just been ordered off a choice piece of covert because a Mr. C. has bought the right to shoot there, and may choose to do so at some future time. I gracefully submit. I am off.

A liberal dose of cold water, administered both externally and internally, has brought the little spaniel out of his agony. Poor fellow! he is weak and dazed enough. He must do no more work to-day. We take him with us into the buggy, drive on to another covert, known to your humble servant—a covert five miles away from the first, for we are bound to get outside the jurisdiction of Mr. C. if it takes a week. Dinner is eaten under a cool clump of trees on the edge of the woods. The horse has his bag of oats and his nibble at the grass, while we are enjoying our lunch. Then we push into the covert, the little spaniel at our heels. He is too weak to push ahead, but is bound to go with us when there are birds in the wind.

Scarcely have we struggled through the thick brush on the edge of the swamp when from among the tall weeds—behind us again, for we have passed him a few feet on the left—rises a woodcock, the whistle of his wings making delightful music in the breathless stillness of the swamp. Bang! A miss. Bang again. There he falls twenty rods away. See him flutter down; he is badly hit, but not killed. Mark the spot as well as you can; the spaniel is so dazed and stupid he does not seem to mind the shot at all. We drop in more shells, and make our way as nearly as possible to the place where the cock seemed to fall. Back and forth we work, treading the weeds aside, and looking carefully for the wounded bird. If the spaniel was only lively enough to take the scent; but he only pokes around a little, and comes panting to heel. The bird has evidently run off and given us the slip, probably with a broken wing. We are forced to give up the search. On we struggle through the weeds and tangled vines, now tripping over a fallen tree, now plunging into an unseen hole. It is hard work. How we long for a dog! There—who would have thought that bird was right under our feet? He got away nicely, but it didn't look as though he went far. Be ready now this time. We walked right over the spot where the cock seemed to pitch down, but no bird could we find. The heat was intolerable.

"Let's go back to the edge," I suggested, "we can't stand this; it's too much of a good thing without a dog." We turned, and suddenly, right from between my two feet, as if I had kicked him into the air, rose the cunningly hiding cock. The barrels glimmered in the heat as I brought them to my face. The cock's flight was obliquely across the line of vision. I covered him as well as my demoralized nerves would permit and pulled. Down—silent, instantly, as if beaten direct to earth by some unseen force—he fell. No flutter, no death throe, no sounding thump as with the grouse, but noiselessly he disappeared in the thick greenery. If the smoke had been between me and him I should scarcely have known whether he was mine or not. I parted the leaves and saw him lying on the brown earth beneath—a fine, plump fellow, beautiful in death. The light charge of No. 9 had scarcely ruffled his feathers. He was the first bird of the season, and I sat down on a log and smoothed his plumage and admired the gamy look of this typical game bird for several minutes. But the bloodthirsty mosquitoes and stifling heat soon admonished me that the edge of the swamp was the only suitable place for a human being on such a day, and so, leaving the rest of the covey for some cooler day, when better prepared to do myself and them also justice, I returned to the team with my companion, and was soon bowling homeward over the hard road. One bird! a big bag for two guns, was it not? But what of that. It was well earned and all the more precious. We had smelled powder, the opening day was inaugurated and there were feathers in the bag.

BURLINGTON, Vt.

PAUL PASTNOR.

THE RUFFED GROUSE.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

"G. W. A.'s" article in *FOREST AND STREAM* of Aug. 14, bringing up the grouse question again, leads me to contribute my mite. In the central part of New York State, where I resided until the spring of 1880, we attributed the decrease of grouse to the most natural cause (as we thought), the shotgun. There were so few in that section that when we did find them in bunches, we held the idea that we got there before some one else had scattered the covey. My first season's shooting in Michigan was in the fall of 1880, and ruffed grouse were quite plentiful at that time. The winter of '80 and '81 was very severe, and the next season there were no grouse to be found in their usual haunts. Were they killed by the cold or did they go to thicker cover, where they could get better shelter and more food? Some might have been starved and frozen, but I think the larger number went into the tamarack swamps and dense thickets; at least these were the only places they could be found. All the grouse I found in the fall of '81 were either at the edge of some tamarack swamp or in thickets that a dog could hardly penetrate; and those at the edge of swamps or thickets would invariably, on being flushed, fly into the thickest places, where they were safe from gun or dog. Does it not seem reasonable that they were driven to such places during the cold weather of the winter preceding?

If this is a fact, are there not other causes which would lead to this same thing? For instance, a continual "banging" at them might have the same effect. I use the word "banging" in this connection advisedly, for in every community, besides the ever-increasing number of sportsmen (who

should wait until October before taking many tramps), there are countless numbers who catch the hunting fever about the 1st of September, and think that because the law is up it is time to go hunting; they borrow a gun and start for the first woods, and for a week or so there is a perfect fusillade on every side; not much game killed but a great deal of damage done. I mention this, not that I would deny any one their sport, but that it may have something to do with the grouse question; for this much I do know, while during the summer months grouse may be heard drumming in the woods, and occasionally one is flushed in our rambles, that after this early September fusillade we can only find them in the swamps and thickets, where the first of September hunters never go. Quail do not suffer much by this class, for they "take to the woods" for all kinds of game. I could relate many incidents which have strengthened my belief that grouse will not stay where they are continually hampered; but I think sportsmen generally will agree with me that their disappearance is greatly due to their moving to better shelter, to better feeding grounds, and "far from the madding crowd."

In recapitulation, game is scarce, sportsmen do not bring in enough birds to show up, and novices are not filled with enthusiasm by the sight of a good bag; there will not be much shooting done this year. Next year game will be more plenty, but it will not be generally known. The third season comes, everything has been favorable, birds are plentiful; the first good bag is paraded up and down the streets. "Hurrah, boys, let's go hunting." The next few days the "woods are full of 'em." How is it with the grouse? If there is a jungle within five miles, can you wonder that they silently steal away to its seclusion, where man or boy cannot enter? RAVELSTONE.

LANSING, MICH.

GOOSE SHOOTING ON THE PLATTE.

WHILE sauntering along O street, down in the business part of Lincoln, on the 31st of last March, I was accosted by U. S. District Attorney Lambertson:

"Hello, Polk! You are the very man I have been looking for. Get your traps ready and go with us up to Central City after geese. 'Scip' was up there last week and reports them there by the million. He will be up from Falls City on the first train and wants us to meet him at the depot."

Looking at my watch I found I had barely an hour and a half in which to run up to the house, load a few extra shells, pack my outfit, tell the folks good-bye, and get down to the depot in time for the northward-bound train. So I expressed some doubts about being able to accomplish all this in time.

"Oh, pshaw, you can do it. I have heard you were always ready. I will see to your pass. We can't do without you, as it is important that we have your big flock of decoys, so hurry up and get ready."

Ordinarily I am ready on call. But here was a call for a "right smart" trip for spring shooting of geese at a point where it was reported they were congregated by millions, and I knew I would be short on shells unless I loaded a few. Then I had my traps to pack. Still, on hasty reflection, I thought I could do it, and told my friend I would meet him at the depot on time. And I did it; I was ahead of time.

"Scip," whom I have already mentioned, is properly named E. S. Dundy, Jr., the son of Hon. E. S. Dundy, Sr., Judge of the U. S. Court for Nebraska, Scip being deputy clerk of said court. Both are enthusiastic sportsmen, generally spending their summer vacation among the deer and antelope further West. I have several times listened with much interest to the Judge's humorous and entertaining recitals of his experiences of his party while on these exhilarating hunts. But I doubt if he loves the sport more than his boy, if he even loves it nearly so well.

Well, when the train pulled in from the South, there was Scip and his dog Joe. Helping him make the transfer, the two were snugly ensconced in one of the comfortable cars of the B. & M., and steaming away for the scene of the coming slaughter. About that time it had been raining some in Nebraska. As the phrases goes, the country was a "sea of mud." I think the new moon came in with her point down, or lying flat on her back, I don't just precisely remember which, but all the weather wise predicted wet weather. It was surely a wet moon and it was certain to bring much rain. My memory does not allow me to state positively if these predictions were subsequently verified by the facts for the entire moon, but it distinctly occurs to me at this moment that our train had not passed out of sight of Lincoln before the flood gates above were thrown wide open and poured down torrents on people already soaked with water, which operation was continued all the afternoon without an intermission or change of programme. Scip drew out a "deck" and he and I whiled away the time by a contest of skill in sundry games of "old sledge." It may be some consolation to my friends, especially in view of what followed at the hunting grounds, to learn that I generally "flaxed" the young man. We could see none of the country as we sped through it, the rain being so furious that the landscape was entirely shut out. So "old sledge" prevented the surroundings from growing monotonous.

During the trip Lambertson and I put many questions to Scip, touching his former visit to Central City, the state of the weather, the stage of water in the Platte, whether one could get out on the bars with "waders," how far from the hotel were the best grounds, if the geese were wild, how many he killed, and sundry other questions naturally arising as the witness submitted to the examination and made his replies. The best grounds are about a mile from the hotel; he did not know about the depth of the river as he had not tried it, he did not think the geese were wild; he and a friend laid behind a hay stack and got a shot now and then as they flew over when going out to feed or return to the river; they killed six or seven during his stay there, and so on. I told him if we found geese anything like as abundant as he reported them, I would, for a very slight compensation, guarantee better results than had followed his first trip, especially if we could get out into the river.

When the train pulled on to the long bridge over the Platte the rain had ceased, and the lights of the town shone dimly through the mist and the night. Of course we could not see the thousands of geese we knew to be huddled up on the little flat bars on either side of us, but we could almost imagine we heard them jabbering and spluttering away as they usually do when together in large congregations. Arrived at the depot we were jammed into a "free bus" which was filled to overflowing, and hauled off through mud and quagmires to the hotel, where they gave us a first-rate supper, the waiter not being able to repress her look of astonishment as Scip cleaned up things within his reach. The young man had left home early in the morning and not having had time to lunch, at Lincoln, was clearly not "off his

feed" when he sat down to the table at Central City. After supper we smoked our cigars in the office, eliciting, during the time, that geese were fairly numerous but not so abundant as they had been the week before. We then arranged with a local teamster to call for us early in the morning and haul us down to the river. The wind had whipped around to the north and the mercury had run down near the freezing point, so that when we were turned into the room assigned to us for our stay, we found a cheerful fire blazing away in the stove, quite a luxury.

We got up early next morning—people out with me have a habit of doing that—and by the time breakfast was announced we had on our hunting clothes and our outfit made ready so we could start when the wagon should call for us. Breakfast did not fall behind the supper in quality, and Scip lent a willing, helping hand, as before. The programme was to stay out all day, so we had the folks prepare a stout lunch for us to carry along. It had turned colder during the night and a crust of ice had formed over the mud and water, which made it rough work on the horses that hauled us down to the river. But we got there in time, and were dumped out in a willow thicket on the margin of the unsightly Platte, our driver showing us the route he thought shallow enough to enable us to wade well out in the stream. There were great flocks of ducks to be seen in every direction, flying about here and there or sitting in the water, no doubt greatly accommodated both by the swift rolling river and the young gale that was sweeping down from the north across the stream. The geese had mostly gone out to the fields to feed.

The absorbing question now was how were we to get ourselves and our traps out to good bars near the center of the river. The prospect did not appear at all inviting. Lambertson and Scip had only hip boots, while I had wading pants, but I am a very light weight, and the swift water and numerous quicksands intimidate me.

"Well, we've got to try it," said Scip, and, gathering up a load of one thing and another, he slipped down the bank into the river, Lambertson and I following. There were a couple of little towheads close together, apparently about a quarter of a mile from shore, and we concluded to make for those, and when there rest and reconnoiter. We all carried heavy loads and the wading was tedious and tiresome, the water being fearfully swift, the bottom treacherous, and often the gentlemen with the boots being compelled to tiptoe in order to prevent taking in water. But our path carried us across numerous little sandbars, where we could stop and "blow" and set up stakes to guide us on our return and to avoid the necessity of hunting again for a path. On reaching them we found our towheads perfect wind-breaks, and covered with such stuff—willows, dead grass, plum bushes and cedar—as we needed for blinds.

I advised Scip to locate on a small bar nearly a quarter of a mile further out, and gave him my ideas of a blind. Taking his gun and ammunition, about fifteen decoys and a bundle of brush—a monster load for a light weight—the young man struck out. Lambertson and I concluded to build a blind together on a bar further down the river and not quite so far out. As we worked at it, we every now and then took a look at our young friend whom we saw slowly making his way by zigzag lines, with now and then a square retreat, when he found himself likely to get beyond his depth, until at last he tumbled his load upon the bar I had designated, and sat down to rest a spell. Poor Joe, his faithful dog, had the more serious time of it. He was made to go before, and when the water was deep enough to compel him to swim the master was warned to turn back and try another way. The water was ice cold and the animal must have suffered no little, though he never shrank from it when ordered to go in.

We first put out our decoys, and then began work on our blind. A few erratic geese were maneuvering around, and once in a while set sail for our outfit, but shied off again when they got near enough to ascertain there were a couple of buccaneers about. This, of course, threw us into consternation, and we labored like Turks fighting to complete the work. It seemed an age before the blind reached a point that gave us any satisfaction. Lambertson was so awfully tall that nothing short of a hay stack would hide him unless he would lie down and submit to being covered up with sand, which he persistently declined doing. Now and then, when we thought the thing had cost labor enough, I would walk back to the towhead and take a look at it. It loomed up large enough to scare a goose a mile away, but for all that I could see my companion as plain as day. And so we kept on building, stopping a crack here, plugging a hole there, increasing the height in this place and that until near 10 o'clock, when we threw up the job and swore we would not put another lick upon it. In the meantime, Scip had made a pilgrimage or two to the towhead after more brush and had, at last, erected himself a fair blind, but rather "open" for a real wild fowl. He had succeeded in picking a sandhill crane out of a flock at long range, which, up to that hour, constituted our entire bag. The hour having arrived when the geese usually begin returning from the fields to rest and drink and fuss with each other as they congregate in flocks on the bars, we made ourselves as comfortable as possible by sitting down in the blinds, Lambertson and I using for seats the two decoy boxes and Scip a box he had that morning brought out from town. The morning had been cold and blustery, with the wind square from the north, the sky being overcast by angry looking clouds hurrying southward, as if in haste to reach Florida that they might there warm up. During their flight they treated us alternately to rain, sleet, hail and snow, now and then driving the frozen rain against us with such force as to sting our hands and faces when these were exposed to the blows. While at work making the blinds we experienced no discomfort from this state of weather, but now, having no work to do and nothing to engage our minds, we grew cold and our teeth rattled together as we sat there waiting for the tardy geese. We danced imaginary war dances in the sands around the blinds and did what we could to keep up an active circulation and "down" the cold. There being no flight, we took turns about of going out to the towheads and having a little peace and less discomfort out of the wind.

At length Scip came in and announced his intention of abandoning his position for that day. We all thought it a good idea. I think that before this occurred, however, the young man had gotten a goose that was silly enough to go too near his decoys. Lambertson and I had gotten two, one of which came around early in the day and had fallen wounded into the strong current, the result of our combined fusillade of four shots. I at once gave chase, but before I got that contrary goose I lost wind and temper, no doubt swore a little, and wasted six or seven loads in trying to flatten him

out flatter on the water. At last I claimed my own and started back toward the blind. While going up there, and when near it I saw a white brant coming in with wings set for the decoys. I dropped down on the bar and watched him sail in and light down right among them. I think the man on watch did not see the bird till it was down. I supposed he would flush it and knock it over in the air, but in a moment or two a puff of smoke rolled out of the blind and the brant rolled over on his back and began a series of flopping. At this juncture a pair of geese sailed in and Lambertson downed one of them, which fell in the current and began drifting away when he tried his legs on a chase. His bird being dead was soon overhauled and brought back, but as the hunter neared the blind the wounded brant arose from his recumbent position, took wing and lit out for the north pole, Lambertson giving him two parting shots without apparent effect. On coming up myself, nearly fagged out, I found some of my decoys knocked into smithereens, two of them each having nine holes through them, mostly in the head and neck. And then to think the cause of all this trouble had made its escape.

Along in the middle of the afternoon, while Scip was holding the fort and L. and I were seated behind the towhead toasting ourselves over the fire we had built there, and which we kept alive by homeopathic doses of small brush and twigs, two large geese alighted on a bar in front of us and about three hundred yards from Scip.

"I'm going out there and shoo them up," said I, "and may be they may go over to the boy." So, taking my gun, I walked out to the outer edge of the second bar, as far as I cared to go for the deep water, which brought me to within about a hundred and fifty yards of the geese. At first they declined to fly, but by yelling at the top of my voice and waving the tails of my rubber coat frantically in the air, they at length arose, but instead of going off, as a sensible goose would do, they put for me in as straight a line as they could fly, coming directly up the wind. This freak astonished me. I stood there as steadily as possible, holding my gun at port, so as to be ready in case they came within range. When about seventy-five yards from me one of them turned aside and went away, but the other came slowly along as though I were the chap he had been in quest of all his days. "Honk, honk," he said repeatedly, as he came on, while I held my fire, for once, at least, in my life, to be sure of my game. When within forty yards of me the silly fowl seemed, all at once, to realize the situation, for he suddenly came to a halt and attempted to turn and start down the wind, when I stopped proceedings in that direction by tumbling him over into the river, using both barrels, the first apparently scoring a clear miss. This goose proved to be the largest one I ever saw, bringing up the scales strongly at fourteen and a half pounds, and measuring six feet eight inches from tip to tip of wings.

The day grew more uncomfortable as night came on, so that it was as much as either of us cared to do to remain in the blind as long as half an hour at a time. The geese did not return from the fields either at their morning hour or at night, consequently we had no flight, and scored only one sandhill crane and six geese during the day. Of course, none of us felt very enthusiastic though not greatly discouraged, feeling satisfied that the furious wind had kept the geese either out in the fields or in lakes and ponds near them. But we were glad when we heard the yell of our teamster announcing his arrival to take us to town, and leaving all our traps except guns in the blinds, we hurried over to him, laid down in the dry straw he had brought along with him in the wagon, and were driven to the hotel, tired, cold and hungry, in addition to which both Lambertson and Scip had wet feet from getting over boot top. Besides, we were in a strictly temperance town, and bitters could not be obtained for love or money, by coaxing, by bribes, or any other means ordinarily available in such emergencies. But a good hot supper, with steaming tea, brought on the desired reaction, and when we retired to our rooms and had cleaned our guns, and dried our damp clothes, we rolled into bed feeling none the worse for the day's experience. Before 10 o'clock the clouds had all drifted away, leaving the sky as clear as one could wish. The wind also died away during the night.

On getting up in the morning we found the country white with frost and the ground considerably frozen, but the sun came up bright and cheerful and soon began to warm things up. Our enthusiasm having calmed down somewhat, we were later getting down to the river than on the previous day. The water between the shore and the towhead had become deeper on account of the wind having subsided in the night and allowing the water, which was driven to the southern shore during the prevalence of the gale, to return to its natural channel in time of calm. The big blind and the decoys around it were all in the water, one or two of the latter having been washed away. The entire bar on which the blind was located was covered, and quite a current was sweeping over it. Some of our traps, including a portion of Lambertson's shells, had taken a soaking, but the most serious feature of the case was the fact that we were compelled to pull up and locate elsewhere, a thing we did reluctantly, but with all dispatch, though not in time for the first incoming geese. These having probably remained out two days and nights, began their return unusually early in the day, and, what was still more unusual, very few of them left the river after they came in.

Their favorite rendezvous was on the bars just above the bridge, about a mile and a half below us. Here they congregated in almost countless numbers, the white brant at that distance appearing like a vast snow bank. This display grew so conspicuous and the geese there being so noisy as to attract incoming geese a mile or more away, it was a wonder our pigmy outfit of dead geese and sheet-iron decoys brought in any at all. About 2 o'clock in the afternoon Lambertson waded out to shore and walked down there and fired some shots from shore. They rose up in clouds with a terrible racket, and a few came up to Scip and me and were saluted, but much the greater number merely, after much ado, settled down on bars further out, already occupied by geese that had not been disturbed by the shots.

The shooting was fairly good all day. The geese came along often enough to keep up the interest, but not so often as to bring on a surfeit. Lambertson and I did bad shooting and had bad luck in other ways. In the first place, our blind was an absolute scarecrow, and no doubt frightened off many a goose. We had a small bar, with a deep and swift channel on all sides of it, into which every goose we brought down fell and many of them were lost, especially the wounded ones. We wore ourselves out chasing them. One who has never tried it cannot realize how quick a man may become exhausted trying to capture a wounded goose in the river Platte. The stiff current and the numerous quicksands render locomotion as trying upon a man's powers of endurance as a

hearty foot race. In one of Lambertson's pilgrimages after a wounded goose he got into quicksands, sank into water nearly to his hips, and came back utterly out of wind and without his fowl. We both failed so often to kill, we grew desperate and shot wider still. At last four geese came and hovered over our decoys. I put my aim dead on one, saying, "Now, confound you, let me see you fly away." So I banged away at that one and then at another, Lambertson doing the same. They did not drop at once, and we stood there speechless with amazement and watched three of them tumble dead in the river half a mile away.

In the meantime Scip was doing much better work. The geese came up to his decoys from the south between two towheads, near which he was located, and when a goose or a flock once started for him they seldom changed their course. The young man was evidently cool about his work, much more so than we were, for it seemed to us as the game came in, they were often nearly on line before his No. 10 limbered up. He made but few bad shots. Two puffs of smoke, two unsightly objects falling through the air, two splashes in the water, and faithful Joe rushing out to retrieve the dead fowl, was what we generally witnessed when a flock sailed in to Scip. During the day he brought down thirty-two, twenty-eight of which Joe brought in, the others either falling too far away or outwinning Joe in their race for life.

The flight having ceased near sundown, we signalled Scip to pull up and come in. When he brought his first load over to the towhead, which had been our rendezvous, we met and congratulated the young man on his day's work. He said he had never in all his life had such royal sport, or learned so much as to how to kill geese. He had secured just twice as many as Lambertson and I both together, our score for that day being only fourteen.

The muscle of every one of us was thoroughly tested before we succeeded in getting our outfit and game to the main shore, notwithstanding the teamster who came after us having come with waders on, and rendering us all the aid he could. If any one had seen Lambertson carry out both boxes of decoys at one load he would not ever doubt that gentleman's strength. The geese were tied together in bunches and dragged through the water. I think some of the party made three trips before everything was brought off the bars. Of course we were tired, and it was nearly 10 o'clock when we reached the hotel. Our total score was forty-eight geese, one brant and sundry ducks that had been killed as they flew over the blinds. We left on the early morning train the next day for home, satisfied with the hunt.

The big goose was given to me in the divide. I had a suspicion it was tough, and quietly insisted on Scip taking it down home as a curiosity. He politely declined on the ground that he did not want to deprive me of my trophy, though I suspect he also had an idea the bird was ancient. The spring before, while in company with Mr. Hathaway, I had killed a goose that weighed precisely fourteen and a half pounds. It was the only goose we had, and we settled the question of division by giving it to Dan Lauer, the local editor of the *State Journal* here. He had it roasted, but it was too tough for any member of his family, and he gave it to a festival then in progress for the benefit of some church, but no one there could masticate it. Dan says the last he saw of any part of the carcass was when two little negro boys, each with a leg, were going down street creating amusement by their efforts to pull meat off the bones.

I thought this last goose was a brother of the one that passed unscathed through a festival, and I made up my mind to give it to Charley Baum, a neighbor, against whom I had a grudge. As the gentle ruler over my household was saving up feathers, we picked all our geese before giving them away. I had told her of my scheme to wreak vengeance on Charley. When we picked the big goose it was as fat as butter, its meat was white, and there was every indication that it was a tender fowl, the lady aforesaid insisting that it was so, and that we keep it for our own table. But I was afraid of it. I was sure it was tough and I carried out my original intention. Two or three days after this I met Charley and he thanked me most cordially for the goose, alleging he had never eaten a more delicious one. I related this conversation to the lady aforesaid.

"I told you so," she said.
"Oh, yes," I replied, "that is what the woman said to her husband, when he told her the cow had eaten up the grindstone."

My doubts as to that goose being tender will never be set at rest until every member of Charley's household, including the cook then in charge, is put upon oath and swears it was not tough.

BURR H. POLK.

LINCOLN, Neb., Aug. 18, 1884.

BULLET VERSUS BUCKSHOT.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

While the "Bullet versus Buckshot" war is raging, the writer can look on with equanimity, and will be on the winning side no matter how the battle ends. The fact is, my deer gun has two barrels, one a shot and the other a rifle barrel, so you see—to use a political phrase—I can "straddle" on this question. I do not wish to join in the war of "Bullet versus Buckshot" for obvious reasons, but am a seeker after information on a subject which is closely connected with the question at issue. I would only remark *en passant* that the hunting ground in this country is so diversified, the shots at deer so few and far between, and life is too short to throw away any decent and lawful chance to bag a deer. The question which puzzles me, and which I would respectfully ask "Wells" or some other gentlemanly veteran of the shot-gun is, "Up to what distance will a buckshot gun be reasonably certain to kill or thoroughly disable a deer, the gun to be a good one, properly loaded and held right?"

I had a little recent personal experience which I give to show why this is to me a puzzling question. I had a gun made to order with two sets of barrels. With shot barrels the gun weighs 8 pounds, and is a 12-gauge chokebore; with the other barrels the gun weighs 9½ pounds, right barrel .45-caliber chambered for Government shells, left barrel 12-gauge cylinder. With shot barrels, after careful trials at target, I obtained very satisfactory results with Nos. 6 and 8 shot. With the rifle at the ranges tried, from 30 to 150 yards, with 300 grain bullet and 85 grains powder, was also well pleased. Now came what I had considered the easiest of the experiments—to make the buckshot barrel do its duty. Put up a target 3 feet by 4 feet and measured off 60 yards; loaded shells in accordance with the usual methods of loading, tried various sized shot, also wire cartridges, but could not get anything even remotely resembling a pattern. It then began to dawn on me that the deer that are killed with buckshot at distances varying from 60 yards to 100 yards are usually killed "on paper." Moved up to within 40 yards of

target, and with first shot, loaded with nine buckshot (128 to the pound) loose, put seven pellets nicely distributed into the target. I am not entirely without experience, having not only drawn blood but brought meat to camp killed with buckshot, but must confess that my chances were considerably nearer than 40 yards, and the brush too thick to see a deer at that distance. Have fully made up my mind not to throw buckshot at a deer outside of what I consider a reasonably sure distance to kill or quickly disable. Now, what is this distance? Please don't theorize, gentlemen, but give us facts.

WILLIAMSPORT, Pa.

BOBOLINK.

SANDHILL VENISON.

OLD FRANK ELIAS went to Missouri in '40, and has killed more deer than I ever saw. He is now nearly seventy years old, but I am told still keeps a few hounds, and can ride a horse "on a dead run through the prairies, sitting straight as a boy," and "that reminds me."

Deer had become scarce about 1871 in Old Frank's neighborhood. One Saturday his son John and myself rode down into what was known as the "Moffitt Bottoms," but we saw "no sign." Returning in the evening we saw several sandhill cranes feeding in a cornfield, and I drew my gun to my face and at the report one of the cranes fell. I galloped over, picked it up, tied it to my saddle, and as we went on home-ward proposed to John that we cut steaks out of the bird's breast and persuade John's wife to fry them for our supper. John readily acquiesced and the plan was carried out. We had finished our repast when Old Frank came in. His face wore a look of unwonted pleasure, and he sniffed the fumes of the steak delightedly.

"Boys, ye got a deer unless my nose deceives me. Where'd ye get him?"

"In Moffitt's bottom," said I.

"I've thought there were deer there for some time, and this proves it. We'll have to put in a day in that bottom," said he.

"Sit up and have a slice of the stake; Anna, bring father a plate of it," said John. Old Frank seated himself and evidently enjoyed the tender "venison," which he praised inordinately.

His supper down the old man said: "Now, boys, I must see your deer."

John led the way to the smokehouse, opened the door, and—nothing was to be seen save the huge crane hanging by the head to the beam, while its feet touched the floor. "Where's the deer?" said Old Frank.

"There it is," said John.

"That thing?" said Old Frank, "You don't tell me that after killing more deer than you have both seen, I've eaten a sandhill for venison, do you?" After a long pause he added, "Well, the old man's getting old, and bless me, but it was good anyhow. From this time forward I declare war on sandhill cranes."

I must add that I never saw any on his table.

AMATEUR.

SOMERSET, Pa., Aug. 18.

MAINE GAME.

THE prospects for fall shooting in Maine may be considered favorable, on the whole—in some directions very good. On ducks and grouse, the principal game birds in that State worth mentioning, the open season begins Sept. 1. In the northern lakes and ponds it has been noticed that sheldrake nested more plentiful than usual, while blue and green-winged teal were observed all through June and July at the Androscoggin and Kennebec headwaters, probably in the neighborhood of their nests. Concerning black ducks, there is probably rare sport for October and November in the lakes and ponds, when they come from their breeding places in flocks. The beautiful wood duck has been seldom seen this season, and it is a lamentable fact that this pearl of Maine game birds is almost exterminated, from his defenseless habit of breeding about the woods-surrounded creeks and ponds, where he is so easily approached, by reason of the ambush his own hiding place affords. But there has been less of illegal summer shooting than usual in Maine this year, thanks to the better enforcement of the game laws.

The season has been quite favorable for ruffed grouse; the beautiful little Canada grouse is another tame and defenseless bird which cannot stand the force of hunting which has been directed toward the Maine woods during the past ten years. He also is becoming extinct. There were accounts of his being seen last year, but none this season. The ruffed grouse, or partridge, came through the winter well and in greater numbers than usual. The non-transportation law of the State saved the lives of thousands of partridges last fall, and kept them out of the Boston market. They nested in great numbers, but since the cold, rainy season has not been favorable. Two of these birds had their nest in plain sight of the backboard road through the woods from Andover to the arm of Richardson Lake of the Androscoggin chain. The careful drivers saw the birds day after day, and they soon became so tame as not to start from their nests as the heavy backboards went creaking by, although one sat where the hollow foot of a great beech made a complete shelter for her nest. The drivers only pointed out these birds, during the period of incubation, to such as they knew would never trouble the careful mothers.

The ladies of our party were treated to a sight never seen before, probably never will be again—a mother partridge sitting on her nest. These old birds hatched their young in good order—one of them but six, for somebody stole some of the eggs—the other thirteen. If the little birds stood the cold of early summer well, they have since fared sumptuously, for the woods and leaves have never been so full of berries of all kinds.

In Massachusetts the snipe and yellowleg shooting is good, if one may judge from their appearance in the Boston market. A marble market table, its edges ornamented with a row of skinned peep, is not an uncommon sight in Faneuil Hall Market, with braces of black-breasted plover and yellow legs hung against the wall. Such sights are not very pleasing to the eyes of the lover of field sports and fresh game of his own killing, but I suppose we must all submit. The love of trade is a strong sentiment just now, even if the weather is hot and the birds begin to taint. Trade is antagonized against game protection, and has well nigh conquered. Utter extermination is likely to be the final result.

By the way, two brave hunters lately returned from the Adirondacks and a trophy of their (?) skill was exhibited in store at Boston Highlands. It was a buck with budding horns. They got their names into the local paper. The story was that the ferocious buck, slightly wounded by a rifle ball fired by one of the skillful hunters, turned upon

them. The gun of the other one failed to arrest the fierce onslaught of the infuriated animal. He dashed upon them. One of them drew his hunting knife, and with a well directed blow, pierced the animal's breast. So the fable reads. The true story probably was: Two dudes from Boston hired guides to drive a deer with hounds into the water, and perhaps with a dozen shots they succeeded in killing the poor creature. Such hunting makes one disgusted, and the mawkish sentiment which tells of it in the newspapers is unworthy of the present age of a struggle to save a vestige of our noble game animals.

BOSTON.

SPECIAL.

RAIL BIRDS.

THERE is nothing whatever at present in the shooting line to occupy the attention of our city sportsmen, unless it may be the grass plover, which are moderately plentiful on the upland fields of the near counties of our State.

The woodcock—*non est*. Hid away in his moulting quarters and will not show himself again until October or November. Rail shooting will be the next on the carpet, and from the crop of reeds growing on the borders of our river and creeks it is hoped a good season will be had. One by one the old rail shooters of Philadelphia are deserting Tinicum and Chester for lower grounds down the Delaware and Morris rivers. Cohansey Creek and Port Penn are points nowadays that attract, but it requires a big tide to work these places and get a "big boat." My advice to all who intend trying these grounds is to wait for a full moon, and an afternoon tide about the middle of September. There is published by the United States Government a record of the tides as they will be for the entire year, and it would be well if the book were consulted by persons coming from a distance for rail shooting. Reed birds are now flying over our city at night, making their way toward the marshes. Their flight will continue for two or three weeks.

PHILADELPHIA, Aug. 23.

TABLE OF HIGH TIDES.

NEW LONDON.						PHILADELPHIA.					
September.			October.			September.			October.		
A. M.	P. M.		A. M.	P. M.		A. M.	P. M.		A. M.	P. M.	
h. m.	h. m.		h. m.	h. m.		h. m.	h. m.		h. m.	h. m.	
1....	6 14	6 39	6 30	6 54		1....	10 25	10 53	10 42	11 10	
2....	7 02	7 25	7 16	7 39		2....	11 20	11 46	11 35		
3....	7 46	8 08	8 00	8 22		3....	12 15	12 40	12 28	0 28	
4....	8 27	8 49	8 42	9 04		4....	0 35	0 57	0 51	1 13	
5....	9 07	9 30	9 26	9 50		5....	1 17	1 38	1 34	1 58	
6....	9 51	10 13	10 14	10 39		6....	2 00	2 22	2 23	2 48	
7....	10 35	10 59	11 04	11 31		7....	2 44	3 06	3 13	3 38	
8....	11 22	11 47	11 59	12 27		8....	3 30	3 53	4 04	4 30	
9....	0 22	0 44	0 58	1 23		9....	4 18	4 43	4 57	5 25	
10....	1 02	1 24	1 31	2 03		10....	5 09	5 34	5 51	6 19	
11....	1 42	2 15	2 28	3 12		11....	6 00	6 28	6 47	7 16	
12....	2 20	3 23	3 46	4 19		12....	6 56	7 27	7 45	8 19	
13....	3 58	4 33	4 49	5 19		13....	8 01	8 37	8 51	9 25	
14....	5 06	5 38	5 48	6 13		14....	9 13	9 47	9 54	10 22	
15....	6 07	6 34	6 37	7 00		15....	10 18	10 50	10 51	11 18	
16....	6 59	7 24	7 23	7 43		16....	11 19	11 46	11 43		
17....	7 46	8 08	8 03	8 23		17....	0 13	0 37	0 37	0 59	
18....	8 28	8 48	8 42	9 00		18....	0 36	0 57	0 50	1 09	
19....	9 08	9 28	9 19	9 39		19....	1 17	1 36	1 28	1 48	
20....	9 49	10 09	9 59	10 19		20....	1 57	2 18	2 08	2 29	
21....	10 29	10 50	10 40	11 00		21....	2 38	2 59	2 49	3 09	
22....	11 10	11 32	11 21	11 41		22....	3 19	3 36	3 29	3 51	
23....	11 54	12 17	12 05	12 25		23....	4 00	4 20	4 12	4 34	
24....	0 17	0 40	0 32	0 56		24....	4 41	5 02	4 55	5 17	
25....	1 04	1 28	1 21	1 47		25....	5 23	5 45	5 38	6 00	
26....	1 56	2 23	2 14	2 41		26....	6 07	6 30	6 21	6 45	
27....	2 52	3 20	3 10	3 38		27....	6 53	7 18	7 09	7 35	
28....	3 48	4 17	4 07	4 34		28....	7 45	8 14	8 02	8 32	
29....	4 46	5 13	5 04	5 30		29....	8 45	9 16	9 05	9 34	
30....	5 40	6 05	5 55	6 19		30....	9 45	10 14	10 01	10 30	
31....			6 44	7 08		31....			11 00	11 29	

In the A. M. columns 0h. is midnight; in the P. M. columns 0h. is noon. For New Haven, Conn., add 1h. 41m. to New London, and for Bridgeport add 1h. 44m. For Edgemoor wharf h. Chester, 0h. 57m., and for Red Bank 0h. 55m.

BEAR HUNTING IN THE BACKWOODS.

[Extracts from an unique contribution to the London (Eng.) Land and Water, by "Pious Jeems."]

IF you will permit a backwoods hunter from the wilds of Mississippi to introduce himself to the sportsmen of Great Britain through your columns, I will tell them in the first place that I am considered a "queer un" even in this country. Nature, it seems, intended me for an "odd fellow." I have never drawn an even number in any of the lotteries of life. My father was a Scotchman and my mother of English parentage, and I am only child, born in the Indian Territory, where there were no white children in the nation, and under the reign of Ish-ta-ho-to-pah, the last of the Chickasaw kings; for the Chickasaws had a monarchical government, and were allies of the British in their wars against the French. But I lost my nationality by the United States Government purchasing the Indians' lands, which is the polite way of saying—cheated them out of their homes; and thus I became a citizen of the United States. In the late civil war I fought for the South. I have associated with the wild children of the forest too long not to love freedom, and too much to be very fond of those who crushed the hopes of Dixie-land. Whatever I am, I am a child of the sun, and his bright rays have warmed my heart toward my fellow men. I love the world and enjoy its beauties and its pleasures. If I am orthodox in any creed, it is the love of pleasure. I am particularly fortunate in inheriting one of the few spots on the globe fit for a gentleman to live on. The woods around me are filled with game, and the State of Mississippi has the most delightful climate in the world. The air is soft and balmy, healthy and invigorating. The winters are never long or very cold; and when the breath of summer comes it bears no fevered pestilence on its tropic-laden wings. I wish I could live always. Why should I, who enjoy life so much, wish to leave a land so full of delight? I see others grieving over sorrows and misfortunes; I never grieve over anything, but laugh at every care—I don't have many. During the war the Yankees scourged my estate with fire and sword, but I laughed for joy when I found the four years of strife among men had filled it with game, so I changed my uniform for a shooting coat, and my war steel for a hunter, and in the pleasures of the chase forgot to grieve over my lost property. I am far away from the strife and turmoil of the great cities, gratifying my taste in the enjoyment of field sports. I love mankind, horses, dogs, birds, and flowers, yet the more I know of men the better I love dogs.

Now, if John Bull can tolerate the sporting experience of an American cousin, I'll waft him an echo from a hunter's horn, accompanied by a chorus of hound music—the sweetest

orchestra in the grand theater of wild Western life, telling a tale of adventure in our Western forest.

The swamp reaching from forty to fifty miles on each side of the Mississippi River contains numerous small lakes and streams, along whose banks the cane grows in tangled masses, its grim solitudes furnishing a lair for the wolf, panther, and bear, while along the open woods, covered with verdure, the antlered monarch of the woods pastures with his does, and the wild turkey cock struts in the pride of his beauty. Here, when the first frost of winter has hushed the hum of the mosquito and driven the venomous reptile to his den, I am annually accustomed to meet in camp two backwoods hunters, renowned for their skill and prowess in encounters with bear, panther, and other denizens of the forest. One was a grizzled old man of sixty, with a complexion never fair, but so bronzed by exposure to miasma of the swamps as to give it the appearance of a tanned alligator's skin; yet he had a well-knit frame, and muscles in his arms like corded steel. His name was Asa Edwards, but he was better known by the *sobriquet* of "Old Asa, the bear hunter." The other was younger by fifteen years; tall, broad-shouldered, with light hair and gray eyes, and a face that would have been fair had it not been tanned by hardships and exposure; a step as light as the panther's tread, an eye as bright as the mountain eagle's, and teeth as white as a hound's. Wash Dye was the *beau ideal* of a backwoodsman, an untutored son of the forest, who would stake his life on any hazard for the pure love of adventure. We had hunted through the winter with our usual success, killing a number of bear, panther, deer, etc. In the month of February I again found myself in Wash Dye's cabin, and was told soon after my arrival that he had a little fun in store for me. He had found the den of a she bear. About the last of January they den in the hollows of the large cypress trees, and there bring forth their young. Their dens are easily found by the marks of claws on the bark of the tree. Wash had found a bear tree, and only waited for my arrival to attack Madam Bruin in her den. He said he knew "there would be fun enough for forty men, and he did not want it all to himself." We sent for old Asa, and he came next day with his dogs.

When we reached the spot we found the den in a giant cypress, whose hollow extended to the ground from a hole forty feet up, which showed where the bear had entered. We made a scaffold several feet high to stand upon while chopping, as the cypress is almost twice as large near the ground as it is a few feet higher. When Wash began cutting the bear growled, but would not leave her young. After an hour's work, the hunters, relieving each other with the axe, the tree began to totter, and suddenly gave a loud crack, and old Asa halloed, "Look out, it's falling," and the tree fell, tearing open one side of the stump to the ground. Wash leaped from the scaffold. We sprang to our guns, but the eager dogs had covered the bear as she rushed from her den, and we could not shoot for fear of killing them. The bear arose on her hind feet, and with her fore paws scattered her foes, and with a leap disappeared into the cane brake. There the battle raged furiously, we following as fast as we could out our way through the cane. I heard the report of Wash's rifle a short distance from me, but the bear kept on. When I reached Wash he told me he had only slightly wounded her. "Push on!" shouted old Asa, coming up excitedly, "she will kill every dog in the pack. An old she with cubs is the devil to fight. I have found two dead dogs already." We were soon scattered in the cane brake. I worked my way out to a piece of open woods, and heard the pack fighting half a mile off, and as I pushed on I heard them returning toward me, so I stood still and awaited their coming.

Then I saw the bear burst out of the cane, crowded by the dogs fighting like furies. It was a splendid picture, as twenty dogs crowded around her in the open woods, pressing her so closely on every side. She was driven to place her back against a large tree, when, with her rear protected, she knocked over her antagonists like nine-pins whenever they ventured too near. I ran up to get a sure shot, when she started toward me with fierce gleaming eyes and her red tongue lolling out like a fiery serpent, writhing in the white foam that dropped from her lips. On she came directly toward me. I braced myself for a shot, and fired at her forehead. She stumbled—fell—but arose, and with a terrific snort and roar charged me. I fired again, and turned to run, when my foot caught in a bamboo vine and I fell. As I struggled to rise I turned, and she was on me! I felt her hot breath in my face, and saw her fierce eyes flash vengeance, as her red mouth, glittering with horrid fangs, opened to seize me. I have stood upon the battlefield, amid bursting bombs, the grape and canister shot scraping the earth, while the Minie balls hissed the whisper of death in my ears; but I never felt the horrible fear before which came upon me then. The inspiration of despair made me thrust the stock of my rifle in her mouth. I could hear the teeth grinding, as she crushed the wood in her iron jaws, with a sickening sensation, as I felt their next crunch would be my flesh and bones. I shouted in an agony of desperation. Old Lawyer, a grand bear dog I had often petted in camp, rushed to my rescue and seized the bear by the ear just as she wrenched the rifle from my hand, and her grim lips touched my beard as she made a lunge for my throat. The noble dog, with the strength and courage of a lion, realizing my danger, regardless of his own life, held on, pulling at her ear with all his might. She arose, with her weight upon my body to shake off the brave dog, but he clung to her as though he knew my life depended on his tenacity. "Take hold, dogs," I shouted, and the gallant pack covered her and pulled her off me. I grasped my hunting knife and snatched it from its sheath. And oh, what a joy thrilled my heart, what hope of life came back as I felt my right hand free, clutching a weapon of defense. I might have crawled out of her way now, but the demon of fight possessed me, and I turned and struck my knife into her side. She shook herself loose from the dogs and turned on me again. I drew my feet up and kicked desperately, when she caught one of my feet, which were encased in heavy boots, in her mouth, when Lawyer seized her nose and snatched her head around, so she loosed my foot. I had lost all sense of fear, and was revelling in the fight, which I knew to be a life and death struggle. I never thought of escape, but turned again and struck the bear to the heart, twisting my knife in her vitals with savage exultation, when she fell and rolled over on me, the weight of her body knocking me senseless.

When consciousness returned, old Asa and Wash Dye had pulled the dead bear off me, and I lay in old Asa's arms, while Wash Dye fanned me with his hat. "Where am I, Wash?" I asked, opening my eyes. "I'm so glad to hear you speak, Pious," said the backwoodsman, with the tears running down his bronzed cheeks; "we thought you were

killed." I attempted to rise, but was too weak; the hunters gave me a swallow of whisky, and in a few minutes I revived and was able to get on my feet. I threw my arms around old Lawyer's neck and cried like a fool; I couldn't help it. We skinned the bear, and old Asa went back to the den for our horses and brought back with him two very small cubs, that seemed to be all head and no body. I saw them a couple of months afterward playing with Wash Dye's children, and they reminded me so forcibly of the old she bear, as her hot breath seemed to burn my eyes, I shuddered. My dear cousin, John Bull, having introduced myself in my odd way, if you like me I may continue to correspond with you. I have had many adventures, and bear on my body scars imprinted by the claws of both panther and bear; but that "old she bear" gave me the worst scare I ever had. But, bless the dogs, can you blame me for loving them, and believing that the best part of our animal nature is the dog that is in us?

PONTOTOC, Mississippi, U. S. A.

THE PRAIRIE CHICKENS.

LINCOLN, Nebraska. It turns out that prairie chickens in this section of the country are quite "thin." Parties who were out on the 15th, after hard work all day over fair dogs, did not average over twelve or fifteen birds to the gun. Many of these were the old ones, or very young ones. Late burning of the old grass in the spring destroyed large numbers of nests, and the hens laying again accounts for the predominance of quite young birds. The law in relation to chickens seems to have been pretty generally disregarded in this region, as the farmers encountered on the 15th stated that hunters had been shooting for nearly three weeks. Some coveys had been thinned down to the mother and one chick. As corn seems to enter largely into the question of one's success in chicken shooting here—for in over half the cases every bird not brought down on the first rise darts into a field of this grain and is seen no more that day—let me say the prospect was never near so good as in Nebraska to-day. It looks as if the State would produce enough for the world.

BURR H. POLK.

GAME ABOUT PITTSBURGH.—Pittsburgh, Pa. Aug. 25.—The sportsmen in Pittsburgh and vicinity are cleaning their breechloaders, loading more than the usual amount of shells, and patting their pointers and setters with more than the usual degree of affection, and well they may, as game seems to have run the gauntlet of a severe winter and army of pot-hunters far more favorably than the most sanguine might expect. Without, I believe the exception of a single species common to our locality, game is more abundant than it has been for several years. I have had information from about ten different and reliable sources, every one of which assert that game is abundant, and that in Washington county squirrels which have immigrated, are so plentiful that they are actually a nuisance. I hope to take the dimensions of that nuisance about the first week in September, and it will not be my fault if I don't read the rule of subtraction to those squirrels. I hope soon to see individually what the quail prospect is, and if it magnifies itself to me, as it did to poor "Almo," the being with over three thousand quail waiting to be crammed into his game bag, and a gun that will puncture the moon if need be—I'll just "drop you a line."—C. A. R.

SHORE BIRDS, FISH, AND A CHANCE TO GO FOR DEER.—Belvidere, N. C., Aug. 22.—I have just returned from a week's sojourn at Nag's Head, where I went in quest of sport after shore birds. I found the flight poorer than far than for many years. The oldest hunters declare they have never known so poor a season. Where, only two years since, I shot curlew, willet, brown-back and yellow-shank until it almost ceased to be sport, I this season found the birds very scarce and extremely shy. The fishing, however, was and still is excellent. Any Northern sportsmen wishing fine sport at little cost can find it at Nag's Head from this time until the last of September. The flight of birds will probably be much heavier in September than at any time during the present season. Should any sportsman (who doesn't mind taking things as they come and a little roughing it) wish to shoot a deer before a good pack of hounds, and at the same time make the trip as economical as possible, apply to me before the 1st of October, I may be able to "get his name into our party," which will probably start for the Alligator River country about that time. Deer are abundant I learn.—A. F. R.

GAME IN PIKE COUNTY.—Some of the readers of FOREST AND STREAM may be interested in learning that grouse promise to be more plentiful than usual this fall in some parts of Pike county, Pa. Quite a number were started one day last week on the side of one of the hills that border the pretty village of Milford, and reports from the vicinity of this place indicate increasing numbers of this gamey bird. Quail also in larger number than usual are seen on the New Jersey side of the Delaware, opposite Milford, and even within sight of the village itself; while from the back townships deer are appearing in increasing numbers. However, any of the readers of FOREST AND STREAM who desire to know more about these things and what their chances of success might be, can learn them by addressing a letter to the proprietor of Glen Cottage, Milford, Pike county, Pa. It is possible that the appearance of deer this summer in Pike county in larger numbers than for years past is owing to the forest fires of last spring in the adjoining county of Wayne, but old sportsmen attribute it to a better enforcement of the game laws and less hunting with dogs.—A. H. G.

A VENERABLE SPORTSMAN.—Rochester, N. Y., Aug. 25.—Editor Forest and Stream: Of the many remarkable and interesting shooting matches that are recorded in your pages, there can be but few, if any, surpassing in some of its features one that took place in this city a few days ago. The contestants were James Palmer and George W. Crouch, Jr., who sustain the relations of grandfather and grandson. The match was shot on Mr. Palmer's eighty-fifth birthday, and his score was six clay-pigeons out of ten. The shoot took place in the evening after the parties had hunted a woodcock cover in the vicinity of Mr. Palmer's residence. Among the spectators at the contest were the son, grandson and great-grandson of the hale old sportsman, who still enjoys a day in the brush with as much zest as do younger men. In the above contest, which Mr. Palmer lost by two birds, one of his shots was challenged, and he broke another bird, and then had the first one picked up, when it, too, was found fractured.—E. R.

IOWA.—Mount Vernon, Aug. 22.—Last year, about the 1st of August, I found a woodcock under a small bridge on the prairie, ten miles from the nearest timber. I went there every day for a week and never failed to find him within a few rods of the place where he was first flushed. The 10th of the present month, while out exercising my dogs, they put up one quite near the same spot. I visited the place for three days and always found him close by. I wondered if it was the same bird. Have hunted in this part of Iowa for the last twenty years and never found woodcock before. Chickens did well here this season, but so many have been shot since the middle of July that it will nearly spoil the sport for those who observe the law and wait till Sept. 1. I was told by a man who had six live wild geese and one white crane in his wagon that the old geese could not fly in the month of July, but as all that I ever saw in that month had good use of their wings I did not believe the yarn. What is your opinion?—RAND.

GAME IN MICHIGAN.—Coldwater, Mich., Aug. 18.—Woodcock are somewhat scarce when we compare with previous years, but this season seems to meet with considerable good will and less grumbling than former times. The boys have been out and we have secured an average bag from six to seven birds. Quail are very plenty in this vicinity. One cannot ride any distance into the country without coming across a covey of the little birds. Ducks are but seldom seen nowadays. Last fall the largest bag made only consisted of eight woodcock and one mallard. Prairie chickens for the last two years have been hunted but none have been shot. Grouse are strangers here, and geese are seen only as they pass by.—J. S.

COLORADO GAME.—A cousin of the writer, who has just completed a journey on horseback of over 500 miles in twenty-four days—from Denver to Meeker, Col.—in a recent letter states that game of all kinds is plenty, and that the Grand River is full of trout from two to three pounds in weight, while in the White River they are very plenty and run in weight as high as seven and eight pounds. While on a three-days' ride from Meeker to Hayden he came across several bands of Ute Indians, who taunted him and tried to produce a quarrel, but being alone he paid no attention to their insults and rode on unmolested.—BUCKEYE.

SALEM, Mass., Aug. 22, 1884.—Shooting in this vicinity has not been over lively yet. Of the different species many have been seen, but fewer shot. Woodcock have been seen, one party got ten. Uplands are now quite common, and if one can endure the mosquitoes, Plum Island sand hills is a good place to seek them. Peeps and ringnecks have been pretty plenty. Scattering "black-breasters" (*C. virginianus*) have been shot, but the flight has not yet passed. Quite a good number of quail and partridges are found.—X. Y. Z.

AN ADIRONDACK RESORT.—Indian Point, Chateaugay Lake, N. Y., Aug. 18.—At this place there is an inexhaustible supply of grouse and a good supply of deer. One day last week three deer were killed within a short distance of this point. As they say out West, the woods are full of them. Plattsburgh is our central mart, then via O. Q. O. Co. R. R. to Lyon Mountain, then to Ralph's. Any one favoring me with inquiries will receive information with pleasure.—OLD GUIDE.

Sea and River Fishing.

AN INVALID'S RESORT.

NORTH Creek, the present terminus of the Adirondack railroad, is one of the gateways to the woods and lakes of Northern New York, through which hundreds of the readers of FOREST AND STREAM annually pass. The village contains two hotels, one sole-leather tannery, where about 15,000 South American hides are tanned annually, a Roman Catholic, a Free Will Baptist, and a Methodist church, one or two variety stores, a drug store, several work shops, a post-office, a few substantial residences and farmhouses, and a large number of shanties and inferior dwellings scattered for a mile and a half along the uneven west banks of the Hudson River and North Creek. The creek rises among the mountains seven or eight miles to the west, and empties into the Hudson a little below the depot, nearly equally dividing the village. The views from the village of wooded hills, mountains and river are fine, although not extended, yet from the hills near by with a field glass I have had some magnificent distant views of mountains and sunsets. Tourists, sportsmen and invalids rarely stop here but take stage or private conveyance for Blue Mountain Lake, Long Lake, Indian Lake and other places. This is my second season at the creek as an asthmatic sufferer, and I much prefer the climate to that of the woods or more mountainous region. The air here is dry and invigorating, the soil and sand absorbent, the water soft and pure, and miasma and malaria are unknown except when brought here from other sections. I am thus particular in describing the village and its advantages for the benefit of the invalid sportsman and others who may desire to regain lost health, and still indulge mildly in hunting and fishing; for there are plenty of partridges and squirrels almost within the village, the brooks all supply a limited number of trout, and deer are occasionally shot ten miles up the river in Essex county and at the Thirteenth Pond. While bear are plenty in almost all the mountain passes, nine of the bruin species having been captured near North River, nine miles above this village, this summer.

Among the once famous trout streams flowing into the Hudson in this vicinity are: North Creek, Balm of Gilead Brook, Cold Brook and Thirteenth Pond Brook on the Johnsburg side of the river, and Carr Brook, Casey Brook and Deer Creek on the Chester side. Most of these streams have lately been restocked with trout by the Fish Commissioners, and if the laws could be rigidly enforced they would soon be alive with trout.

On an excursion lately I visited Thirteenth Pond, ten miles distant, via North River and the mountain road, and had a day of rare enjoyment. This pond, three miles long by one-half a mile wide, is situated in a basin surrounded on all sides by mountains. At some places, bold, rocky points jut down to the water's edge, and at places the banks are covered with wood. In former years I had admired Echo and Profile lakes in the Franconia Notch and wondered if there were any finer mountain lakes in the country. Here was their equal if not superior in surroundings, setting and purity of water. Here, too, on the west bank, just below Shanty Point, is a wonderful echo from the lake among the moun-

tains. After a refreshing dinner of native berries, milk that seemed to be cream, and the substantial of the farm, at the boarding-house of Mr. George Bennett on the eastern shore, a row of two miles and a half took me to Inlet Brook, where in the dense forest I caught trout enough for breakfast. The large luscious red raspberry, now in its prime in the woods, hung temptingly by the water's side, but did not lure me from the rod. Fresh deer tracks were often seen, and the whirr of the frightened partridge was about the only noise that disturbed the solemn silence. This lake (why call it a pond?) is more than 2,000 feet above tide water and must be a healthy location for people suffering from pulmonary diseases. At Shanty Point I met Mr. M. Tebbutt, an old angler and charming story-teller from Albany, and a friend of the lamented George Dawson. Mr. Tebbutt said George always prayed and talked the best in the Baptist conference room soon after one of his fishing excursions. E. W.

NORTH CREEK, Warren County, N. Y., Aug. 20, 1884.

A MORNING ON SALT WATER.

THE discussion on salt-water fishing that has appeared of late in FOREST AND STREAM, ought to call the attention of anglers to some of the remediable deficiencies in that branch of their art. It is an undoubted fact that there are many persons very fond of the sea, but whose methods of fishing in it are such as do not deserve the name of angling. One serious fault, as has been mentioned before in the discussion, is in the little attention to tackle which is paid by many. Another is the hiring of too much assistance.

Many things about salt-water fishing tend to render the fisherman indifferent to tackle. In the first place, the fish are rather regardless. A bluefish cares little whether the squid be of bone, or wood, or pewter, and the only requisite about the line is strength. Weakfish will bite about as well at a hook tied with a heavy knot directly to the line, as at one on the end of an invisible leader. The important points are bait and place and tide. The true pleasure in fishing is not in the mere result, but in the successful issue of skillful work. Now, when there is below your boat a school of hungry fish, ready to gulp down anything and everything resembling food, there is no room for skill. Then, again, the uncertainty of the presence of the game is a serious discouragement to skillful effort. If your fish are about they are pretty sure to bite. If they are not around no amount of experience or knowledge can aid aught to bring them to the surface. But when the angler for bass or trout or pike is unsuccessful on ground known to be good, he has a definite problem before him. The fish are there, but they are indifferent to the ordinary attractions of the fisherman. Now, what can be done to overcome this apathy. It is the solution of this problem, rather than the size of the catch, that gives zest to his sport.

It must not be inferred that no advantage results from nicely of tackle in salt-water fishing. The writer has in mind a recent trip to the shore at a time when very few fish were within reach. The careful use of his pole and fine tackle brought to the boat nearly as many fish as did the combined efforts of his three companions with hand lines. Not unfrequently the rough hand-over-hand pulling in of a line tears the hook out of the mouth of the biggest fish of the day, when the steady reeling in of the line would have brought him safely to the surface. Sometimes the darts of the fish as he is hauled up parts the line with the sudden strain, where if he had had the steady spring of a rod upon him, the break would have been avoided.

In spite of the alleged and actual want of care for their tackle, there are very many persons who pay as much attention to the matter as does the average fresh-water fisherman. But the fishing of these often falls short of the true standard of sport, because they depend too much upon others for knowledge of localities and the means of reaching them. Most fishing in salt water is done from boats. These are usually hired, and with them a boatman is mostly employed. He does all the hard work, and the party depends on him to conduct them to the best grounds. There remains for the fishermen nothing but to drop their hooks and test the skill of their guide.

Now this is but poor sport. Let the angler do his own rowing. Let him work as hard on the oars as does the trout-fisher over tangled thickets, or slippery stones, or drifted brush. Let him learn the feeding grounds of the fish and the times to find them, as the inland fisher knows the lurking holes in his favorite stream. Let him, moreover, and here the fresh-water fisherman has little with which to match him, let him learn to sail his boat. If he do all this, if he sails his own boat to the places where he knows the fish should congregate, and then catches them with his own tackle, and bait of his own selection, his sport, as a whole, may claim to equal that of any inland fisherman. His fishing is intrinsically inferior, but he makes up for this by the nature of his accessories. Of the hundreds, perhaps thousands, of fishermen who spend their summer vacations on the sea shore, very few learn to manage a boat, they dislike the work and the trouble. The work will do them good, and the trouble is very insignificant. Older men may reasonably object to changing their customs. But let me earnestly exhort all young men who go to the salt water for health and recreation, to manage their boats for themselves. It will give a new zest to their sport, and at least double their enjoyment. Whether the fishing be good or poor, one-half of their pleasure is secured.

Perhaps a word of caution may be needed about learners venturing upon the open sea. The majority of our watering places are adjacent to landlocked waters, in these heavy seas are infrequent and shallow water abundant. Here the learner should begin, and, as his fishing is largely in these bays, here he should spend most of his time. For too great caution cannot be used about venturing in small boats upon the open sea. We presume that our amateur boatman is a good swimmer, and that if his boat capsizes he can easily save himself. But let him not risk the lives of others who cannot swim; particularly let him be careful of ladies. The yachtsman or canoeist should be willing to risk much discomfort, but should never expose himself to any chances of real danger except to avert greater risks.

Of course, in visiting any new place one must learn about the channels and fishing grounds, and the help of a local pilot will save much time. Still one may do much by judicious questions, and by following the lead of those better informed. The following narrative gives a practical illustration of the foregoing remarks:

I had only been a day and a half at Beach Haven, N. J., and had found few acquaintances. The small number whom I knew either had their plans laid for the morrow or were not going on the water. So I was left to my own resources, and I determined to make the most of them. Except the Great Tuckerton Bay they were slender; A fair supply of

fishing tackle, a smattering of boatcraft and a little money. When the morning came, twenty-five cents of the latter purchased a half dozen crabs, and fifty cents more secured a sneakbox for the day. At seven we were all together at the wharf, my resources and I. We were going to hold by each other as long as we could. The bay, which was the biggest, held the boat, and was not likely to drop it. The boat held me and would not drop me, at least while I kept on the right side of it. Finally I held the tackle. The crabs were given ample opportunity to take care of themselves.

Where should we go? Two or three people had strongly advised me to go some two miles down the bay to the Cove. I had passed the place the day before, and knew the way there, and was soon expecting to go to it. But the last man I saw, he who gave me the boat, said I had better go to the Point. I would have fair wind and tide going, and the tide back also. Now, I wanted to go to the Cove, but who was I to offer my opinion against the advice of an experienced bayman. So I deferred to his judgment, and asked for more explicit directions. "Don't you see that point of land?" he said, indicating the direction with his finger. "Yes," I answered, for I saw half a dozen straight lines of shore, any one of which might have been a point if seen from above. "Well," he returned, "you just sail right up here, and then bear away to the left, and you have a straight course and a fair wind." So I put up the sail, started off, but with many misgivings; for I knew by former sad experience how impossible it was either for an inland man to understand the directions of a waterman, or for a waterman to appreciate the ignorance of a stranger. The further I went the more were my fears of losing myself increased. Right down on the water level, I could not tell inland from shore, point from bay. I never before had found a new place, and I was not likely to now. Gradually the wind swung more and more ahead, so that I could hardly lay a straight course, and the water became so shallow that my centerboard scraped, and if I took it up the boat would not sail into the wind. So I gave up the Point and turned round and went toward the Cove.

With some effort, for I now used my oars, I retraced my course, though by a different channel, and after I had been on the water nearly an hour, I was just opposite my starting place and only an eighth of a mile out from it. Here the wind failed entirely. The rowing was very laborious, because the boat was so fixed that I had to row back-handed. The tide was running strong against me, and in short, choppy waves which bumped all the life out of my rowing. There was a dead treotch anchored in the mud to mark the channel. A careful observation of it indicated my rate of speed to be about an eighth of a mile in a quarter of an hour. A little calculation showed that the morning would be gone at that rate before I covered my two miles, and my feelings told me that my strength would long precede the morning.

I surrendered unconditionally. The elements might have their own way, I was tired and discouraged; even more, I had a suggestive feeling of sea sickness. But now my last resources came to my aid. I had tackle and bait, and was in the deep channel. Letting the boat drift, I sought comfort in holding my rod, cherishing the hope that some few fish had, like myself, been unable to decide whether to go to the "point" or the "cove," and were still just between the two places.

My pole was soon rigged, a crab partitioned and one part placed on the hook; the bait was fast sinking to the bottom, when lo! a few sharp jerks infused new life into me more quickly than ever galvanic shocks did into a fainting man. Yes, it is a bite and no mistake, and that quick jerk hooked him, and he tugs manfully at the line as I reel up the surplus so as to lift him into the boat. Now he is in, and as I contemplate his fifteen inches of mottled side and drop the hook again into the water, I forget weariness, I lose disappointment, and wonder whether I really did feel sea sick. Scarcely has the bait again reached the bottom, before another jerk is felt and another, and in two minutes the second fish is flopping about the boat.

And so we proceed for three-quarters of an hour, adding one or two fish every five minutes. Then they stopped biting. Meanwhile, we had drifted a mile or so toward the Point, where a small forest of masts showed that a great many boats had found the place if I had not. But what matter, I mused, as I took out the oars to help the tide, if we did lose our way. How like many another experience in life. We are baffled in one direction then in another, and give up just when we are in the right place. The poet was right when he said:

"Yet on life's current he who drifts
Is one with him who rows or sails."

Few amateurs at either Cove or Point have caught more than fifteen fish thus far. Still, I am tired of drifting now, and as I cannot sail for lack of wind I settle down to harder rowing. Soon a sudden coolness strikes my face, and the surface of the bay is all ruffled. It is the breeze again. In a minute the oars are stowed away and the sail filled with the wind. The philosopher is certainly right, a boat under sail is a much more beautiful thing than one laboriously urged by the oar, especially in the eyes of the boatman. Fisherman as I am, it is hard to say which is the most delightful, to pull the struggling fish from the water or to lean back with tiller ropes in hand and watch the bending sail and the nearing objects, listening meanwhile to the gentle ripple of the water that is parted by the prow of the boat. To have the two alternated is as much as any one could ask.

The sensation of passing from handling the oars to handling the rudder is one to be appreciated only by the experienced. And yet in semblance, that is what most of the human race are waiting for. The majority of men are toiling for their living, bending their backs over their work; but they are hoping for the time when they can cease from the muscular labor and lay their hands to the helm, guiding either the strength of other men or the energies of nature. Toward the same end the mass of all mankind at large is tending. Once they rowed or pushed their own boats, then they caught other men and made them row for them; next their sails caught the wind, which then drove their vessels, and finally they part the waters by the force of imprisoned steam.

Did I think of all this as I sailed down to the clustered fishing boats? Some of it perhaps. But I was more concerned to place myself near some boat whose occupants were fishing successfully.

I had reached the Point at last. I had no doubt about it, for my director had said that there would be plenty of boats there. But the place where the boats were was far from being a mathematical point. It was just the reverse of one. It had magnitude, but no position. For the boats were

spread over a space a quarter of a mile in diameter, and were all drifting with the tide.

For an hour and a half I drifted and rowed and sailed from place to place, dropping my line here and there, and added slowly to my catch till it numbered twenty-two. About noon I put up my tackle and turned homeward. The tide was now in my favor, but the wind blew a stiff breeze, right from the landing to my boat, which was over two miles from it. It was an even tack either way, and my boat being a sneakbox, with a round, smooth prow, would not go as close to the wind as did the yachts. But it was a splendid sail home, though it took two hours. There is a peculiar pleasure in sailing against the wind. It seems like making headway against opposition. Any thing can go before the wind, a log or a board, but to go really into its teeth is a matter of philosophy and skill. So I felt it, as seated in the very bottom of the boat to catch as little air as possible, I kept my hand on the tiller ropes and my eyes on the sail, and took the air on my cheek, first one and then the other, as I tacked.

I finally drew up to the wharf, gave the boat to its caretaker, and hunted up some dinner, more than ever impressed with the virtues which the Jersey coast shows to those who are willing to wear blue flannel and rough it a little.

PENN.

TIM AND SEVEN PONDS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Friday morning, August 1, we left Boston en route for Tim and Seven Ponds. Our party consisted of a gentleman friend, myself and wife. We came by the Boston and Maine R. R. to the Portland transfer station, thence by the Maine Central R. R. to Farmington, and from there the Sandy River R. R. conveyed us to Strong, where we were provided with a good supper at Porter's. After tea we proceeded by stage to Kingfield, a distance of thirteen miles, where we were made comfortable for the night at the Mt. Abraham House. The next morning we took the stage again, and after stopping at a farmhouse and enjoying a good country dinner, we reached Smith's farm at 3 o'clock P. M. The house is situated on a high hill, and from it a most wonderful view of the country can be had. There we doffed traveling suits, donned fishing rigs and started on our way into the genuine wilderness. My wife and friend had saddled horses, but I walked most of the way, not liking horseback riding, occasionally mounting the buckboard which conveyed our baggage. A little way from the farmhouse we turned into a pasture and soon passing over the last cleared land this side of Canada, we found ourselves in the primitive forest. After a rough-but interesting ride of six miles we reached Tim Pond. The snug log cabins with their pleasant porches and neat surroundings, standing on ground sloping to the edge of the lovely pond, which lies encircled by the hills, closely wooded from the summit to the water's edge, form a most delightful scene for the tired traveler's eye; and we at once felt that "our lines were cast in pleasant places." Our log cabin, which was only finished the night before, was as neat and comfortable as any could wish. The attentive steward had a cheerful fire in the Franklin fire-place, and it really seemed comfortable although it was Aug. 2, and his excellent wife soon had a good supper on the table in the camp dining room, introducing us at once to that delicacy, fried trout. And when we came to stretch our wearied limbs on those fir-balsam bough beds, our satisfaction was complete. We have slept many nights on bough beds, but never on such restful ones as at Tim and Seven Ponds. No aching bones in the morning from sleeping on ridges.

We at once decided that only one thing more was needed to complete our comfort, and that was to have good luck fishing. A few trials of after-supper fishing showed us that Tim Pond is indeed the angler's paradise. We have spent one week at Seven Ponds since our coming here, and were just as much delighted with the place and camps as we were at Tim Pond. The distance from Tim to Seven ponds is a little over thirteen miles, but the first mile can be made easier by crossing the pond and joining the buckboard as it turns off the beach and winds around and over hills, and through valleys, with not a trace of man's presence or handiwork, except the road, which is a continual reminder of what an earnest man can accomplish when he tries. The scenery is even grander than at Tim Pond. The Boundary Mountains, as they are called, loom up in the northwest and form a grand background for that gem of waters, Big Island Pond. Then there are L and Rock ponds within easy distance of the camps, and scattered about a little further off are five or six other small ponds, all available as fishing grounds. You are within four miles of Canada when at the camps at Seven Ponds. The fish in these waters are somewhat larger than those at Tim Pond and equally gamy. Large strings can be taken, but all true sportsmen will stop when the needs of camp are supplied and not catch to waste.

We know by the tracks of large game on the shores, the flutter of partridges frequently started up by our party as we rode through the woods, and the glimpse of wild ducks as we fish in the various ponds, that both Tim and Seven Ponds must be an ideal retreat for the hunter in the hunting season.

These camps are more than 2,000 feet above the sea, the air is dry and pure, and guests are supplied with water from clear sparkling mountain springs. There is fly-fishing during the entire season. I hope this letter may influence some sportsmen who are acquainted with this region to visit it this fall, and try its hunting and fishing facilities, for I know they will not be sorry. They will probably say as one party did who visited this place by my advice last July: "I only regretted that I couldn't stay longer. It is one of the few places where they do not promise more than they fulfill."

We are still at Tim Pond, and at the close of August shall regretfully leave this charming spot, only comforting ourselves with the thought that a year will soon roll away, and if all goes well we will again visit Tim and Seven Ponds.

G. H. P.

TIM POND, Me., Aug. 18.

THE POSTED CONNECTICUT STREAMS.—The editor of the New Haven *Morning News* is an angler, and even when flying across the country behind a locomotive his thoughts turn to the trout streams. Here is what he thinks about the posting of streams: "During a recent trip up country as we passed various trout streams on the flying railroad car, we were struck with the number of creeks and brooks which in technical phrase were 'posted.' Along almost all of them, nailed to some riparian trees or capping a stake was the ominous sign which warned anglers away from the piscatorial joys of the banks. The change set us a thinking.

Not a quarter of a century has gone by since scarcely a stream was posted in Connecticut. In those days fishing, so long as the anglers did not trample down the farmer's grass lot, was free as air. We nursed a sort of popular prejudice against any invasion of the fisherman's traditional rights. The notion of 'protecting' fish had an alien and foreign savor, smacking somewhat of the exclusiveness of British landholding. As boys we were allowed to catch trout just as we had the privilege of going chestnutting or crossing the bucolic pasture lot; and the man was deemed mean and narrow who ordered the angler away from his brook because he wanted to catch more fish himself. From some motives this growing system of private posting of streams may be defended. It is certain that the trout in many of our streams where he used to abound has become a rare and transitory visitor. The clear waters still dash on, sparkle in the sun, pour in foam-crested torrents into their old basins, or break into the long ripples which the trout loves. The old habitations are there, but the finny natives have gone long ago to the angler's creel. "More fishermen than fish" has been the terse and blunt explanation of the change. Yet in many country streams remote from the cities, even now, the trout is more than an occasional phenomenon. He breeds freely, and with proper protection all our splendid streams could be restocked. With a comparatively small supply of the fry by the State, coupled with general prohibition for a few years, we might yet find the old times restored, when the angler with a few hours' sport could fill his basket. But to compass such an end the law would have to be very general, very restrictive, and what seems almost impossible with sporting laws in this State, very rigidly enforced. Private 'posting' by individual owners of riparian lands sometimes protects the fish but oftener defeats its end. The reason of this is because our streams are seldom posted from any motive but the selfish spirit of profit. 'With a \$5 bill I can fish down any stream in Connecticut,' said a successful angler to us one day last spring; and he was pretty nearly right. In plainer words, men protect their streams not so much for the sake of the fish as for the almighty dollar that the trout now and then brings into the household treasury. People who don't know a trout from a sucker and who would as soon think of fishing as of suicide, are often the first to drive away the angler or make him 'come down' with his toil in the form of Uncle Sam's promises to pay. In consequence the streams most fished are often those that are most severely 'preserved.' Prohibition does not prohibit but works a good deal like prohibition of liquor selling in increasing the prevalence of the evil prohibited. The sign board attracts the angler who can afford his fee and baits him with delusive hopes. So long, however, as a land-owner's control over the streams that wind through his property is unlimited there appears to be no legal expedient for averting the extermination of the trout; or, if there is such an expedient, it brings up a question for the State and her law-makers rather than for the editor."

BLUEFISH IN LONG ISLAND SOUND.—Huntington, L. I., Aug. 25.—For years the bluefish have declined to come into Long Island Sound very far. True the young fish, of the size of a man's hand, locally called "snappers" or "snapping mackerel," come as far west as Whitestone, and possibly go clear through the Sound, if not killed by the vile compounds emptied into Newtown Creek at Hunter's Point by the Standard Oil Works. It is unusual to find the large fish of two to four pounds as far west as this place, which is about the middle of the island, and near the line between the counties of Queens and Suffolk. Here they are, though, and are being taken in fair numbers. I heard of them at Port Jefferson and at Smithtown, but did not expect to find them here, where I came for rest to a sprained wrist, and not for fishing. I learn that I am within two miles of the hatchery of the New York Fish Commission at Cold Spring Harbor, and will run over and see it soon. The hatching of fish has always interested me, but I have never seen the apparatus, nor met the well-known superintendent of this fish factory. Should I learn anything new I may drop you a line on the institution.—POKE-O'-MOONSHINE.

BEST COLOR FOR LEADERS.—New Haven, Conn., Aug. 21.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have been very much interested in Mr. Wells's series of articles in your paper, and sincerely hope he will continue them during the fall and winter. In regard to the best color for leaders I think it depends a great deal on what kind of a day it is, and what kind of a stream you are going to fish. If it is a clear day, and the edges only of the stream are overhung with bushes, allowing the sun to strike the center of the stream, I should use an azure, or greenish blue, leader; but if it was a cloudy day, with trees overhanging the stream, over the center and everywhere, I should use a greenish mist-colored leader. If Mr. Wells will take the glass bottom off from his box and substitute a wooden one with a hole in it large enough to let the tube of his camera (I suppose he has one) slide into the tube and then putty all around it so as to make it water-tight, put the bottom on his box, fill with water, draw the leader across the top, adjust the focus, and take a photograph of it, if he wishes, I think he will see how the leader appears to the fish, as near as it is possible for us to find out.—SALMO.

THE WEST ISLAND CLUB.—Newport, R. I., Aug. 25.—Fishing for striped bass has been exceedingly poor here this season. It is said to be better further east, about Martha's Vineyard, and Cuttyhunk and Pasque Islands. President Arthur is at the West Island Club and did not come in today to review the North Atlantic squadron, which arrived at noon. Report here says that the bass have struck in and this may be the reason why the President has postponed the review until Friday. If so I hope he is having the success he deserves as a patient and persevering angler, and he shows his usual level-headedness in preferring bass fishing to reviewing anything. Up to the present time the bass have been small and scarce.—ROCCUS.

MAINE TROUT.—Machias, Me., Aug. 20.—I send photograph of twenty-four trout caught in Cathume Lake in the town of Cooper, by Warden E. H. Smith and E. E. Stoddard, of the Eastern Hotel, average weight a little over two pounds each. I regret my business would not allow me to cast a fly with them. Who will not say there is not a mine of wealth, pleasure and health in our forests and lakes?—S. B. H.

DELAWARE PERCH.—Philadelphia, Aug. 22.—Perch fishing is now very good at Betterton; the fish bite better off Grove Point than any other, and are being caught in numbers there.—HOMO.

LARGE TROUT.—Stanley, N. J., Aug. 24.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I notice in your issue of the 21st, an item by "Knickerbocker," in which he mentions some trout of remarkable size, ranging from eleven and a half to twenty-four pounds; the veracity of which statement he has taken pains to verify. There is one trout on record, the weight of which was eleven and a half pounds, of which there is a cast in the Smithsonian Institution; another, which weighed ten pounds three weeks after capture, having been taken from the Rangeley Lakes to New Jersey, and was considered by both Profs. Baird and Agassiz to have lost two pounds in captivity. If I am not much mistaken, trout of this size are stated to have reached a great age. Now, probably all interested in such matters would be very much gratified if "Knickerbocker" would kindly inform us of the source from which he obtained his statements, and give them here, for if they are correct they will be of great interest. In the meantime, perhaps, we will be justified in considering that some one has been "stuffing" "Knickerbocker."—HARRY DEB. PAGE.

CATFISH WITH A FLY.—San Antonio, Texas, Aug. 9.—We are always glad to hear from our friend, Rev. Myron W. Reed. From Denver, Col., to San Antonio, Texas, via New York City is a roundabout way of sending information, but the *FOREST AND STREAM* made the connection without any mishap. By the way, we have not missed a copy during the past two years, and should be grievously disappointed to lose our regular Tuesday evening entertainment. The paste of Limburger cheese and flour is O. K. Catfish do like it; but our last capture was made with a yellow fly. The fish weighed four pounds and seven ounces, and it took thirty-five minutes to land him with our five-ounce rod. By the way, Mr. Reed's four-ounce rod is a split bamboo, but it is to our certain knowledge machine made. We rise to inquire if he still uses that rod fishing for pickerel and continues to use a live eel for bait?—GRINGO.

Fishculture.

NOTES ON THE DECREASE OF LOBSTERS.

[A paper read before the Fishcultural Association.]

BY RICHARD RATIBUN.

ONE of the most important of our seacoast fisheries is that afforded by the American lobster, the *Homarus americanus* of naturalists. This interesting crustacean, the largest of its kind in North American waters, ranges from Labrador in the North to Delaware in the South; but is most abundant and most sought for along New England and the southernmost of the British coast provinces.

Its great abundance and rare flavor are not unfrequently mentioned in the early annals of New England, and it probably formed an important element in the food supply of the seacoast inhabitants of colonial times. As a separate and distinct industry, however, the lobster fishery does not date back much, if any, beyond the beginning of the present century, and it appears to have been first developed on the Massachusetts coast, in the region of Cape Cod and Boston, although some fishing was done as early as 1810 among the Elizabeth Islands and on the coast of Connecticut. Strangely enough, this industry was not extended to the coast of Maine, where it subsequently attained its greatest proportions, until about 1840. Concerning the history of this unique fishery but few authentic records of any kind exist, nor was any attempt ever made to estimate its extent and value prior to the census investigations of 1880. We are, therefore, left without much reliable data for comparing its past and present conditions, and for solving the many problems which now, in the minds of many, seem to threaten its continued prosperity.

The great question at issue, and one which demands the earnest attention of every lobster fisherman and dealer, is whether lobsters are decreasing in abundance and will eventually become rare and difficult to obtain, or whether they are still as plentiful as ever and show no indications of approaching extinction. While we hope for the latter, we are forced to acknowledge that a careful study of all the materials at our command inclines us to the belief that the abundance of lobsters has very perceptibly diminished within comparatively recent times, and that, unless some active measures are instituted to prevent continued decrease in the future, a great and irreparable injury to the fishery will ensue.

Although, as we have just said, the lobster fishery is without a carefully recorded history, we have been enabled, through the assistance of many intelligent fishermen and dealers, some of whom have shown themselves to be very capable observers, to trace back the conditions of the fishery through a number of years. The results so obtained have been embodied in a report prepared for publication by the U. S. Fish Commission. It has been suggested that a short statement of some of the facts bearing upon the supposed decrease might be of interest to the members of this Association, and it is for that purpose that the following brief notes have been prepared:

Concerning the distribution of lobsters it may be stated that a few stray individuals have been occasionally recorded from the extreme northeastern corner of Virginia, but the Delaware Breakwater may more properly be regarded as the southern limit of their range. On the New Jersey coast they are somewhat more abundant, and give rise to a limited fishery in the neighborhood of Atlantic City and Long Branch. Though formerly quite plentiful and extensively fished for in New York Bay and Hell Gate, they are now nearly exterminated from that region, due to overfishing combined with the pollution of the waters by the refuse from large factories. Along the Connecticut shores they are moderately common, while at the eastern end of Long Island and in the region of Block Island, the outer Elizabeth Islands and Martha's Vineyard they afford a very profitable industry.

The entire coast line of Massachusetts abounds in lobsters, wherever the character of the bottom is suited to them; but overfishing has nearly depleted some of the shallow-water areas which were once prolific, as at Provincetown. The sandy shores of New Hampshire furnish only a moderate supply, but on the Maine coast they are much more abundant than anywhere to the southward, and the yearly fishery greatly exceeds in quantity and value those of all the other States combined. This State is in fact the main source of supply for all the principal markets of the United States. Contrary to the belief of many persons the lobster is not a migratory animal in the common acceptance of that term as applied to fishes. On the approach of cold weather it leaves the shallow areas near shore and retreats into somewhat deeper water, where the temperature remains milder and more uniform during the winter. As the spring advances it returns to its summer haunts. These spring and fall migrations vary as to time and extent on different portions of the coast, occurring earlier in the spring and later in the fall at the South than at the North. During the summer they often approach very close to the beaches, and in some favorable localities, especially on the coast of Maine, the traps set for their capture become partially uncovered at low water. The more usual depths for the summer fishery are, however, those of a few fathoms. The winter grounds are in depths of twenty to fifty or sixty fathoms, and generally not far from those of the summer, especially in regions where the water deepens rapidly.

In so far as it has been possible to make the observations, it is supposed that the different schools of lobsters, if we can so define them, return to about the same shallow places every spring, and do not journey northward or southward along the coast to any very great extent, although there may be a gradual interchange of ground in the course of time. If this supposition be correct, as appears most natural, and there are many facts to substantiate it, each geographical region is more or less independent of all others, and not influenced by large and frequent migrations from them. This division into distinct schools, and defined geographical regions, while an arbitrary one, not strictly existing in nature, serves to simplify the argument which we desire to make, and which is to this effect: That continued overfishing in any one region will tend to eventually reduce the stock of lobsters in that region, without the hope of its being replenished by early accessions from neighboring regions, and that the almost total depletion of that region is, therefore, quite within the bounds of possibility. This is not the case with such truly migratory fishes as the mackerel, menhaden and herring, and the laws which govern the movements of the latter cannot be applied to the lobster. In support of this proposition there are several well-authenticated instances of the almost entire extinction of lobster in what were formerly regarded as exceedingly rich regions, and since lobster fishing has been more or less abandoned in those regions, the abundance of lobsters has never perceptibly increased.

Another strong proof of the continued decrease in abundance of lobsters has been the gradual decrease in the average size of those brought to market. It is not rational to suppose that lobsters grow less rapidly now than in former years, or have in any way become dwarfed in size. On the contrary, it has been overfishing, restricted by legislation which protects the young, and influenced by the higher prices paid for the larger individuals in the fish markets which has caused the greater diminution in the supply of large lobsters. A strict observance of existing laws may prevent the total extinction of the species, but it cannot maintain the average size of those taken for market much, if any above the limit prescribed by those laws. This limit in nearly every instance is, moreover, about the size of the young female just beginning to spawn, and, therefore, with absolutely no protection for the spawning female, excepting in the close season, during which there is but little spawning, it is doubtful whether existing legislation is of much avail. A careful consideration of all the facts available certainly indicates that a marked decrease in the size of lobsters is proof of an equally great, if not a greater diminution in the supply.

It is not possible within the scope of this short paper to strengthen our conclusions with a long array of facts, but the brief statement of some of our evidence must here suffice.

One of the best illustrations of the great decrease in the abundance of lobsters is furnished by the once famous fishing grounds of Cape Cod. The lobster fishery was first started in this region about the year 1800, by Connecticut lobstermen, who carried nearly their entire catch to New York city. As early as 1812, the citizens of Provincetown began to entertain fears that unless some restrictions were placed upon the fishery, the extermination of the species would be speedily effected. Protective laws were at once passed by the Legislature of Massachusetts, and from that time to the present they have been continued in one form or another, but all without avail unless it may have been to somewhat prolong the fishery which might otherwise have been much earlier destroyed. The fishermen of Provincetown did not themselves engage in lobstering until about 1845, but between then and 1850 the fishery was greatly expanded and a large trade started with New York city. In fact about this time the latter market received nearly its entire supplies from the vicinity of Provincetown. A great many men engaged in the fishery, using the old style of hoop-net pots and catching from 100 to 200 lobsters each every night. These were prosperous times, and yielded the inhabitants of the town a profitable income. The carrying smacks obtained large fares and were kept busy. No marked diminution in the supply was noticed until about 1865, since which date there has been a rapid decrease in abundance from year to year, obliging the lobstermen to resort to other occupations for a living. In 1880 there were only eight men engaged in lobstering, and although they used the most improved appliances, their annual gross earnings were only about \$60 each.

On the coast of Maine, although the fishery is of much more recent date, it has already exhibited many unfortunate changes, and in numerous places there has been a marked decrease in the average size of individuals caught. The shore fisheries have also, in some cases, been well high exhausted, and the fishermen forced to resort to more distant grounds. When the fishery first began, hoop-net traps were in general use, but soon after the introduction of lath traps competition caused them to be universally employed. From year to year the fishermen increased the number of traps they used, and custom of setting them trawl fashion rapidly came into vogue. These changes were due to the competitions of trade, the desire to obtain larger catches and for one man to perform the work of two. The fishing grounds were strained to their utmost, and there was no fear of an overstock, as the canneries were ready to buy all that were not taken by the market smacks. More recently the fishermen have begun to return to the old method of setting their traps singly, and why? Because they say the lobsters are more scattered over the bottom, and that by altering the position of the traps every time they are set, they fish better. But why should they be more scattered now than formerly unless they are more rare? In 1864 lobsters were so abundant at Muscle Ridge that three men tending forty to fifty traps each, caught all the count lobsters which one smack could carry to market, making a trip once in eight days. In 1879 the same smack was obliged to buy the entire catch of fifteen men in order to obtain full fares, and at times times required to visit other localities to complete the load.

Regarding the Booth Bay region, very nearly the same may be said. As late as 1850, lobsters were very abundant about the islands of Booth Bay Harbor, and the fishery was carried on close to the shore in slight depths of water. The season lasted about six months, and each man setting fifty traps could make about \$500 during the season. By 1869, the number of fishermen having increased, however, the season's stock was reduced to about \$175 per man, and the average size of lobsters had greatly diminished. This caused the fishermen to try further out from shore, and the fishery is now mainly carried on in depths of twenty-five to thirty-five fathoms. The facts of these changes were furnished from many places in this section, between Cape Small Point and Pemaquid Point.

The canneries have undoubtedly largely influenced this result on the coast of Maine, as all sizes of lobsters large enough to pay for the handling are consumed, and the ready market thus afforded has tempted the fishermen to save every specimen that enters their traps. It is unquestionably this extensive destruction of the young that has hastened the decrease; but that the decrease is not solely due to the presence of canneries is evidenced by the statements we have already made regarding other sections of the coast.

In the Saco district, although there are no canneries located nearer than Portland, a smack trade between the fishing grounds and the canneries to the eastward has recently been started, and several witnesses have testified to a marked falling off in the proportionate catch since it began. The average catch per man is now about one-third what it was twenty years ago, and while, in 1870, a barrel of lobsters averaged 65 by count, an average of 80 lobsters is now required to fill a barrel.

On the New Hampshire coast the decrease for twenty years is stated to have been from 50 to 75 per cent. From Rhode Island and Connecticut we have complaints re-

garding a decrease in abundance and size of lobsters similar to those already noted from the more Northern States; but the statements we have given constitute but a small proportion of the evidence we have obtained.

That this evidence is unimpeachable as to a general and lasting decrease, we would not now affirm, but to our minds it has been conclusive. To press a definite and unfavorable opinion, however, regarding so extensive and valuable a fishery after the meager returns of a single investigation extending through only one or two years would scarcely be justifiable, but it has seemed to us that public attention should be now attracted to the subject, as it appears in the light of the tenth census.

The fishery has had such a rapid growth, and the demands upon it have so exceeded its capacity, that the problem of weighing evidence has been somewhat difficult. The total catch of lobsters has increased from year to year, but so has the number of fishermen, and the number of traps used, even in greater proportion; and the grounds have been enlarged until they now cover an exceedingly broad area, and extend into deeper water than was ever dreamed of formerly in connection with this fishery. The decrease in the average catch per trap and man, in the yearly earnings, and in the average size of lobsters has kept pace with the increase in the fishery; the inshore grounds in many places have been nearly depleted, and in some of the deeper areas the lobsters are so much scattered that it is no longer profitable to set the traps in trawls. If a continuous and rapid decrease should be proved, what can be done to stop it and insure the future prosperity of the fishery? The task of remedying the evil will be much more difficult than the proof of its existence, and the question is one regarding which we have as yet no definite ideas.

Past legislation has certainly not been very effective, nor can any laws avail much until the true character and extent of the evil has been determined. Neither are laws beneficial unless they can be enforced, an exceedingly difficult task in the case of any fishery.

The question of artificial propagation has been raised, and a few unsuccessful attempts have already been made to carry it on. But the failures have not been without cause, as we do not yet even know the rate of growth of lobsters, or whether they require six or a dozen years to attain the adult size, which is about ten or twelve inches. Immediately after hatching they swim freely about at the surface of the water, and continue their erratic ways of life during most of the first season, after which they settle down upon the bottom and assume their future habits.

The first task, therefore, which we suggest for the would-be benefactor of the lobster fishery, is a most thorough investigation of all points bearing upon the natural history of the species, upon the changes which have occurred in the fishery grounds, and upon the relations of the total catch for each section to the number of fishermen and traps set, and the average size of the lobsters taken.

With the census returns, soon to be published, as a starting point, a plan of the work can be easily sketched out, and the figures there given may serve as a basis for future calculations.

THE NEW YORK OYSTER COMMISSION.—Mr. Eugene G. Blackford, State Fish Commissioner in charge of the oyster investigation, has prepared a series of 156 questions, addressed to those interested in the production of oysters. The circular may be had on application to him at No. 80 Fulton Market, New York. Experiments in artificial propagation have begun at Cold Spring Harbor, Long Island, and the work of investigation into the needs of the oyster industry will proceed with vigor. A circular, which accompanies the questions referred to, says: "You will herewith find enclosed a series of questions relating to the oyster work in the waters of this State, which you are very earnestly requested to read over carefully, and then answer with as much fullness as you are able to do, and your time will allow. The questions have been prepared as preliminary data in an investigation which was authorized by the last Legislature of the State, regarding the present condition of the oyster traffic and oyster beds in our waters. The information obtained from the answers to the questions will be summarized in a report to be made to the next Legislature, and such legislation will be recommended as will best protect the interests of all concerned in this important industry. The results of the investigation will therefore accrue entirely to the advantage of the oystermen of the State, and it is to be hoped that each one will accordingly see that it is for his interest to assist in, so far as he can, expediting the work and making the results as complete as possible. It is not expected that you will answer all of the questions, but only those that you can, and even if you find that there is only one or two, you will kindly answer those and forward the same to me. Trusting that you will give the subject your immediate and considerate attention. I remain, respectfully yours, EUGENE G. BLACKFORD (Commissioner of Fisheries in charge of oyster investigation, Fulton Market, New York city)."

Answers to Correspondents.

No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.

H. L., Brooklyn, N. Y.—Feb. 8, 1883. We can furnish it.

E. G. B., Hartford, Conn.—We have tried the merino wads and like them, but have not noticed the diminishing of recoil.

J. R. H., Watsontown, Pa.—Rose is by Leicester and out of Victoria. The correction will appear in *American Kennel Register* next month.

R. B., New Haven.—There is no limit of age for members of the A. C. A. Cedar is worth \$15 to \$80 per thousand, according to quality. The amount of ballast depends on the model and amount of sail carried; 14x30 canoes carry from 100 pounds or more for racing, down to no ballast at all in light winds with cruising rig.

PADDLE, New York.—You can cruise up the Hudson; down the Passaic, if in a small canoe—see *FOREST AND STREAM* Dec. 27, 1883; down the Connecticut—see *FOREST AND STREAM* Dec. 13, 1883. Or a pleasant trip would be from New York to Perth Amboy via Kills and Staten Island Sound; thence to Sandy Hook, Atlantic Highlands, Navesink and Shrewsbury rivers, and home via Lower Bay and Narrows.

SIGNOR, Springfield, Mass.—The "dobson" is the larva or pupa of the belgumite fly, *Corydalis cornutus*. It is an excellent bait for black bass either in the larval or pupa state. The larva has many fanciful names in different parts; such as "kill devil," "conjunction bug," etc. They are found under stones in swift brooks where the water tumbles over the stones. A net is placed below the stone before it is lifted. No one keeps them for sale. They are difficult to keep for any length of time, if you know of a locality where they can be found you can usually get boys to capture them at a fair price, say from fifty cents to a dollar per hundred.

WE DON'T NIBBLE.

A CORRESPONDENT sends us this little incident: "I haven't had a single bite since I've been here," pleaded a chap who was caught fishing on a posted stream. "Well, you'll get one now," replied the irate farmer, "there, Tige—Tige—"

"The angler broke a two-dollar gate getting away." Very good. But this is the way it has already been printed in the *Sun*:

"I haven't had a bite for two days," pleaded a tramp. "Is it possible?" answered the woman with sympathy. "Till see what I can do for you in the way of a bite. Here, Tige—Tige—"

The tramp broke a two-dollar gate getting away.

MILLIONS OF DOLLARS WERE LOST by men who were accidentally injured in 1883, and not insured in the Travelers, of Hartford, Conn. The wise ones insured and drew \$364,000 in cash benefits.—*Adv.*

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

Sept. 1 to 6.—Bench Show of the Lancaster County Fair Association, Lancaster, Pa. Entries close Aug. 30. J. B. Long, Secretary, 6 West King street, Lancaster, Pa.

Sept. 2, 3 and 4.—Bench Show of the New England Fair, Manchester, N. H. Entries close Aug. 28. C. A. Andrews, Superintendent, West Boxford, Mass.

Sept. 9, 10 and 11.—Third Annual Bench Show of the Montreal Kennel Club. Entries close Sept. 1. Chas. Lincoln, Superintendent, J. S. Wall, Secretary, P. O. Box 1,246, Montreal, Canada.

Sept. 16, 17 and 18.—Collie Bench Show and Field Trials of the Ontario Collie Club, Toronto, Ont. Entries close Aug. 23. Mr. H. J. Hill, Secretary, Toronto.

Sept. 16, 17, 18 and 19.—Bench Show of the Philadelphia Kennel Club. Chas. Lincoln, Superintendent. Mr. Benj. C. Satterthwaite, Secretary.

Oct. 5, 9, 10 and 11.—Third Annual Bench Show of the Danbury Agricultural Society, Danbury, Conn. Entries close Sept. 27. E. S. Davis, Superintendent, Danbury, Conn.

Oct. 21, 22, 23 and 24.—First Annual Fall Bench Show of the Westminster Kennel Club, Madison Square Garden, New York. Mr. Chas. Lincoln, Superintendent.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 17.—Sixth Annual Trials of the Eastern Field Trials Club, at High Point, N. C. W. A. Coster, Secretary, Flatbush, L. I.

Dec. 8.—Sixth Annual Trials of the National American Kennel Club at Canton, Miss. D. Bryson, Secretary, Memphis, Tenn.

A. K. R.

THE AMERICAN KENNEL REGISTER, for the registration of pedigree, etc. (with prize lists of all shows and trials), is published every month. Entries close on the 1st. Should be in early. Entry blanks sent on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope. Registration fee (25 cents) must accompany each entry. No entries inserted unless paid in advance. Yearly subscription \$1. Address "American Kennel Register," P. O. Box 2832, New York. Number of entries already printed **1490**. Volume I, bound in cloth, sent postpaid, \$1.50.

TO INAUGURATE AN ERA OF PEACE.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

I ask that you and all other sporting papers urge that the national convention to meet in Philadelphia under the call of Mr. Elliot Smith and Major Taylor; be the epoch of peace and good feeling between those interested in the canine race. If those petty contentions and criticisms that have filled the columns of our sporting papers for the past year continue, bench shows and field trials will soon be things of the past. To establish good feeling all individual caprice must be controlled. Should delegates come to the aforesaid convention with their eyes and ears closed, and determined in their own minds to push individual standards, etc., for their own notoriety, the result of the convention will be on a par with that reached by some sporting papers of this country, which is a disgrace to journalism.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Aug. 22.

OBSERVER.

TREATMENT OF POISONED DOGS.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

Your correspondent of Aug. 14, in speaking of chloral hydrate in cases of poisoning in dogs; covers over entirely too large a field. To use this drug indiscriminately in all cases of poisoning would cause more harm than good. In cases of strychnia poisoning it has been of some use, but take for instance a narcotic poison. In such a case chloral hydrate would be simply adding fuel to the fire, as it would keep the animal dull and sleepy, and allow the other drug to be fully absorbed and get its full action.

As regards hypodermic injections of chloral hydrate, it is not to be used in that way, as it invariably causes violent erysipelatous inflammation of the parts surrounding the place injected. This is followed by a slowly healing ulcer, which leaves a bad scar, a thing not very desirable in a fine haired dog. In giving a hypodermic injection to a dog, always take the inside of the thigh, as any drug, if injected, is liable to cause an abscess, and there it is not seen. With chloral, if the animal cannot swallow, give an anal injection; it is almost as prompt.

The sleet anchor in all cases of poisoning is an emetic, as it will remove all the unabsorbed portions of the drug from the stomach, the best emetic is tepid water and a half teaspoonful of either mustard or common salt, the former preferred. Let there be plenty of water, as in such a case it is to wash the stomach; then treat the symptoms as they appear. If they are spasmodic or irritant accompanied by pain, give sedatives—chloral hydrate, opiates, etc.; if they are narcotic in character, as dullness, sleepiness, give stimulants—often repeated doses of sherry or port.

ALEXANDER GLASS, V.S.

PHILADELPHIA, Aug. 21.

IMPORTATIONS FROM GREENLAND.

OVER in the navy yard the members of the rescuing party who receive the most attention seem to prize it least. They roll around the deck of the Bear, trying to keep out of the sun, and only become animated when the cook begins frying something savory in the galley. Then they poke their long noses in at the door, and wait until something is thrown to them. They are three Esquimaux dogs, taken out by the relief expedition and brought back to enjoy life where there is plenty to eat. But the sailors say the dogs didn't seem to look at the matter in a pleasant light, and grew more and more uneasy as they got further south. They seemed to entertain a horrible suspicion that they were being inveigled into a trip to the equator, and awaited with dread the time when reindeer, fish and icebergs should give out, and warmth and starvation stare them in the face.

Five were brought from Greenland, but two were given away at Portsmouth. The joyful demonstrations which took place there convinced the remaining three that the equator had been reached, and thinking that it could not get any hotter, they began to adapt themselves to circumstances, and to devote their exclusive attention to antagonizing two Newfoundlanders who were taken on at St. Johns. They fought the Newfoundlanders pretty much all the time, and this kept them occupied and cheerful. Occasionally, the Newfoundlanders got tired and refused to fight, and then the Esquimaux fought among themselves. But the sailors noticed, with great admiration, that, no matter how bitter they might be against each other, they suspended their animosities and became brothers with one accord as soon as a row broke out with the new comers.

A little way out from Portsmouth five young Esquimaux were born, and this created a great commotion among all the dogs on board. The big Esquimaux knew that the little ones couldn't stand the heat, and were very much worried about it, and the Newfoundlanders failed to understand the half-dozen fat little hairy, chunky animals that had come among them, and showed a tendency to investigate the matter by biting little pieces out of the pups. This led to constant war and a long succession of bleeding ears and scratched noses. It only ended with the death of the little Esquimaux. The heat, combined with overeating and the persecution of the Newfoundlanders, was too much for them, and they dropped off one by one, in spite of the care of the sailors, who kept them as cool as possible and kicked their enemies at every opportunity.

When all but the last pup was gone the mother didn't know what to do. She kept it all day between her paws, and bit at

everything that came along, without discrimination. At last it died too, and then she became inconsolable. She wandered around in the sun, and lay down recklessly near the furnaces, as though courting death. Her long yellow hair has all fallen out, and she is very thin. Visitors to the vessel look at her and laugh at her poor appearance, without perceiving the equatorial tragedy going on before them. But the sailors understand it all, and are very sorry to see that she is going to die.

The other two dogs seem, however, to get along very well. They are sleek and fat, and the hair is growing out on the places that had been rubbed bare by the sledge harness. Accustomed to ill treatment and abuse at home, they are treated like heroes and experience all the agreeable sensations of an imported second-rate English actor. But, like the latter, they appear to take all for granted, and seize every opportunity to show by their actions that they consider the north pole far more comfortable than anything in this country.

But in spite of their fine appearance now it is feared that they will not live, and Dr. Ames, who takes a great interest in them, is going to take them to the Metropolitan ice house in Brooklyn, where they will wander up and down the cool corridors until the winter comes on, when they will be exhibited in Central Park beside their compatriot, the polar bear.

Ensign Harlow, of the *Thetis*, when spoken to about Esquimaux dogs, said:

"I had the finest dog in Greenland, and one that had been nearly 1,000 miles further north than any of the rest. He had come down from Sander's island, with a lot of other dogs, hitched to a sledge, and I picked him out from among the lot. He was a beauty, and I got him cheap. I made a trade with the Esquimaux lady who owned him. I gave her a paper of needles, a spool of thread and a fruit knife. It was a good bargain for her, but the dog died, went overboard just before we arrived at Portsmouth. Some of the boys thought it was a case of suicide, but I don't believe it. Probably he thought it was hot enough, and he wouldn't go any further down. He didn't realize how far we were from shore when he jumped."

—Sun.

ENGLISH KENNEL NOTES.

XII.

I READ in the papers that the thermometer was 72° in the sun one day this week. Phew! I wish I had not seen it. I have felt an inch of clothing hotter ever since. How the poor dogs feel it! Nature is a queer creature at most times.

"Nature and Nature's laws lay hid in night," said Pope in the course of his blasphemous epitaph on Sir Isaac Newton. We should require a dark lantern to illuminate Nature's object in keeping masses of thick coat on the much-to-be-pitied rough dogs in summer time. Poor collies, setters, Maltese spaniels, poodles, etc. What must they think of great and glorious nature with 72° of heat in the sun.

I have been spending a peaceful week at a charming little coast village and have had interesting opportunities of studying that most forlorn canine, the "seaside dog." He belongs to nobody and nobody belongs to him. Of an evening he wanders about the town, you meet him sitting idly in the middle of the pavement, placidly contemplating with envious eyes the cool, moist fish, reclining by blocks of crystal ice on marble slabs; from there he will pensively wind his way to the pastry cook's, and wait by the door and regard with expectant gaze the children coming out with buns and bags of biscuits. All children love dogs, and he usually gets a mouthful or two. You will next be almost thrown to the ground as he comes tearing wildly out of the cook shop, into which the savory odors of cooking meats and batter pudding have tempted him to venturesomely enter and out of which the "steel" thrown at him has precipitated his departure. Where he sleeps nobody knows. Next morning he will greet you with a wag of his stump as you come down on the beach with your novel. If you look cheerful, he will tempt you to a game and bring stones and lay them at your feet for you to throw for him. Examine his mouth and you will see his teeth have got worn to the gum in this pastime. If you want to lie on your back and read, he will slouch off to the nearest boat and throw himself down in its shadow. For some time he will go to sleep with one eye, keeping the other fixed on you. Hearing a noise that must proceed from him, you raise yourself upon your elbow to look at him. There he lies, fast asleep but dreaming, his body and legs twitch and little short yaps and barks escape from his throat; he is chasing the landlady's cat in dreamland. Good dog, that cat is a lot in every lodger's debt. Now he starts from his sleep with a yelp. Ah! the slavery's broom caught him in the back. He looks stupidly round for the imaginary assailant, then stretches himself from the tip of his nose to the last hair on his hind foot, and trots leisurely over to you, sits down by your side, with his face to the ocean, and we both listen to a language we neither understand; but as I think and muse two more characters appear on the scene, little Paul Dombey holding the hand of his sister Florence, and they listen again to the words the waves throw up.

There is a deal of sentiment in a "seaside dog," but I am sorry to admit their attachment can sometimes become an embarrassment. I remember such a case years ago. A dear old ruffian, a thoroughbred mongrel, a sad dog only in appearance, took a fancy to me on my arrival at his ozonic birth place, and like Poe's raven, he left me nevertheless, that is to say till I had to leave him. Dear old Dash was a ragged, wiry, grizzly gray dog, and everything else that ends in "y," but his eyes, big and black, shone bright with intelligence and gratefulness. His father may have been a lurcher, his mother, but no, I respect the sex too much to give the lady a bad name, and why should I reflect upon the gallantry of my friend's parent. This Dash literally dogged my footsteps. He bathed with me, he drove and rode with me, he pretended an interest in the sights of the neighborhood that I am sure were dreadfully stale to him, and by the courtesy of the landlady and the muttering toleration of the landlady he slept with me.

So violent became his affection that he would spontaneously attack passers-by that in his zeal he suspected of intent to assault me. I had to pay for several pair of trousers and in time found that in my walks abroad stones came unpleasantly whizzing by me that were hurled at Dash by boys he had tasted on my behalf.

Our parting was pathetic, I dreaded the day. I am sure Dash had his suspicions that I was going. He ate the kidney I handed him from the breakfast table mournfully, I am sure he thought it was a bribe for his good behavior in the approaching trial. He knew all when I shut the door of the car, but he didn't whine, he only looked at me but with such reproachful swimming eyes. The station master and porter were there looking on, they knew me and Dash, the porter patted him, the train moved. "Here, look after him," I called to the porter throwing him half a crown; as the train quickened Dash's composure broke down and he came after it barking, but the pace was to the engine and poor Dash sat down and howled his last adieu to "Lillibulero." I can still see him sitting there and hear his sad voice. There is a deal of human nature in a dog and I wish often there were more of dog's nature in man. I must risk the madhouse certificates of Doctors Winslow and Sydney Turner when I shake hands with Mrs. Weiden and maintain this canine vagabond had a soul.

I mentioned bathing with Dash. I will write a word or two on that head. I was sitting on the sands last week watching the bathers when a sweet vision "of the flesh," in a captivating costume that neither prudishly hid nor immodestly displayed, tripped down the steps of the machine, and after a few pretty, hesitating gestures at the freshness of the water, boldly plunged in and struck out. With a bark of excitement, a splendid Newfoundland bounded past me and dashed into

the water after its beloved mistress. With vigorous strokes he swam out to her, she saw him and called him to go back, but he thought she was drowning, so he made grabs at her hair and gown to pull her in, then he swam over her and paddled her under the water; she tried to escape, and very soon he would have effected the opposite of his good intentions. I sprang to my feet and shouted at the top of my voice "Tread water and hold on to his collar." She heard and comprehended, and brave Sailor swam to shore with her, where I received the bashful thanks of the dripping maiden who was saved in spite of herself.

Care should also be taken when boating accompanied with dogs. Small dogs are the best to take, as a large dog puts the boat out of "trim" by his movements. And anybody who has had a dog in a rowing boat knows how they jump from side to side to salute their confreres as they pass. Never throw a dog out of the boat, doing so splashes everybody, and spoils the temper of others who are not doggy, and not "over kind" to their "faults." Then your dog will try to get back into the boat, and sometimes succeeds in turning it over in his frantic, unreasoning endeavors. Don't either let your dog swim behind attached to a rope, for he will stand a good chance of entangling himself and getting nearly drowned. The best is to let them run along the bank and take a swim when they like.

Above all, a doggy man should avoid making his pleasure another man's nuisance.

I don't think the Darlington Committee are satisfied with the results of their "rating." For several years their show has been held under their own rules, and I think they were wrong to yield their independence in the face of the small-minded boycotting of Kennel Club members, associates, secretary, steward, porters, etc.

Darlington bartered away their freedom for a miserable increase of sixty entries. The Kennel Club is good enough for its own purpose, but it is a broken reed to lean on for small shows. I am glad that so much attention was paid to the well-filled foxhound classes. I want to see sportsmen and fanciers at our shows.

Stroud wisely held his show in conjunction with the agricultural society, and so reaped a handsome profit from the "gate." A fox-terrier was objected to for having had his coat tampered with.

An idea can be formed of the way in which shows are being overdone by the list of those held in the last few days: Duns Kirk, Durham, Darlington, Buxton, Strabane, Pontefract, Pickering, Redruth, Cardiff and *ad nauseam*. How can they be expected to pay?

An ably-written letter has appeared on Great Danes and German mastiffs, signed by D. Frank, of Paris. He is well up in the subject, and plainly shows that the Great Dane or boarhound is quite a different dog to the Ulmer dogge or German mastiff. The Great Dane he describes as a "high elegant dog," the German mastiff "head rather short, heavy in shape." Some points he treats fancifully and with too much detail, but he properly sums them up, "The Great Dane, elegant and powerful, and the Ulmer dog heavy and sullen." He says little about color, but I have read that the Great Danes are usually black or blue, mottled, tiger and dark brindles, and that the Ulmer dogs are generally fawn or red. [Mr. Frank's article will be published in our next issue.]

Mr. Frank concludes his letter with the promise, "In another article I will endeavor to defend the Leonberg against the author (Vero Shaw) of the 'Illustrated Book of the Dog.'" I am looking out for that article. Mr. Frank is a brave man. A more uncompromising mongrel than the so-called Leonberg dog I have never seen. They are a swindle breed.

Mr. James J. Giltrap and the Rev. O'Callaghan are having an Irish row over their Irish setters Garryowen and Gany-mede. If the editor is foolish enough to tolerate the continuation of a correspondence of no interest whatever to anybody but the two disputants, the reputation of Ganywende and Garryowen will disappear after the manner of the Kilgenny cats.

I see that one of the specialist clubs has presented its hall secretary with a pair of candleabra on his marriage. This is the first occasion that has come under my notice of a club honoring itself by a proper recognition of the arduous duties performed by its honorary officials. May other clubs follow the example when the secretary's "fancy (vice collies) lightly turns to thoughts of love."

Birmingham has decided to reform, and will publish the names of their judges. All grumbling now should cease, and I hope that one and all will exert themselves to send old Brum a bumper entry!

Much amusement has been caused in doggy circles by the report of a dog case at Sunbury. The well-known actress Miss Violet Cameron was the plaintiff, and prosecuted the owner of a dog which had killed her spaniel. Mr. Stephens, the secretary of the Kennel Club, conducted Miss Cameron's case, and, from the report in the papers, seems to have shown not much knowledge of the business; he harped the whole time upon the "big brown beast" having belonged to the murderer Pease. This goes to show that if the bootmaker should stick to his last, so the secretary should stick to his ink-pot. I don't say this unkindly, but I should guess by what I have heard from his friends that there are two qualities in Mr. Stephens's nature that contend for supremacy—modesty and good nature; it is a pity he allowed the latter to get the upper hand in this affair.

LILLIBULERO.

Aug. 12, 1884.

SPORTING DOGS AND DOG SHOWS.

TWENTY years have now passed since dog shows were first thought of in this country, and after the experience of the most scientific men has been brought into play, the question arises, "Have exhibitions been of benefit in improving the various breeds of sporting dogs?" There is a wide margin of old-fashioned sportsmen in England who maintain that the institution of dog shows has had the contrary effect, one gentleman affirming, in a letter to our contemporary, the *Field*, a few months back, that, previous to their establishment, "gun-shy" dogs were never heard of, which seems to show that there has been something in the subsequent breeding which occasions the weakness. He gave as his reason that, in the mode prizes are awarded, it is impossible to test the working qualities of the winners, and many dogs receive honors which have defects totally unqualifying them for their duties, such being transmitted to their offspring through breeders running after stud dogs that have been so distinguished, without first ascertaining their fitness to produce. The correctness of this statement admits of considerable doubt; in fact, our experience, dating back to long before shows were inaugurated, is that gun-shy dogs always were to be found, and we cannot accept the theory that if the fault did not previously exist it could, under any circumstances, be reproduced in procreation. It is possible that occasional cases may occur that dogs which have won prizes have been gun-shy; but we look upon it as the exception rather than the rule.

There is, however, room for consideration whether in show yards sufficient care has been taken to ascertain the working qualities of sporting dogs, and in this the Americans have set an example, as at the more recent bench shows held in the United States, classes have been made for candidates showing the best records in field trials, thus bringing the best working dogs and the most perfect animals in conformation together, and giving breeders the opportunity of exercising their judgment in selecting their sires. Without going quite so far to say that within the last twenty years sporting dogs have deteriorated, we are still of opinion that some plan should be adopted by which it would be impossible for an unbroken dog to gain prizes, and, perhaps, raise himself to the title of champion.

Horses qualified for races confined to *bona fide* hunters are compelled to obtain a certificate from the master of the

hounds with which they have been hunted, stating that they have been regularly hunted during the present or past season. In some such way certificates might be given to sporting dogs. For so plausible a purpose, and one which would be productive of so much advantage to breeders, there would be no difficulty in finding gentlemen who would undertake to see the dogs tried, and award a first, second, or third class certificate according to the merit displayed by the candidate. These judges might be appointed by the Kennel Club, and consist of members of the club and others residing in different districts, who would be prepared to see a dog worked on application being made by the owner; after which, a dog appearing as a prize winner without a certificate, would be marked as a doubtful sire.

In the critique on a dog show held lately when a special judge awarded the prizes in the greyhound classes, a statement was made that the judge selected the winners more from a racing than a show bench point of view. Surely there should be no distinction between the two, or how can dog shows be of any benefit in improving the breed of greyhounds. The animal that is formed for the greatest speed combined with endurance, with a lengthy neck to pick up its game, is the one that should gain the prize, whether judged by a coursing man or one of the regular show yard judges. So with pointers and setters. After allowing for coat in the latter and intelligence of head in both, the man who has shot over either knows that like all animals that are required to gallop, they must have sloping shoulders, with plenty of heart room, short muscular backs, with strong loin and powerful, lengthy quarters, hocks well set under them, and straight legs and feet. The dog that possesses these points in the greatest perfection is the one which, from his point of view, should obtain the prize.

To please most sportsmen, a dog must be level all through, not with one good point exaggerated and others defective. It is the favoring of the latter class of dog by judges which have kept many good and well-trained dogs off the show bench. Hunting with hounds, shooting over pointers, setters, or spaniels, and killing vermin with terriers, are sports which were engaged in long before dog shows were thought of, and the old generation of sportsmen must die out, before exaggerated head properties can be accepted, in preference to straight limbs and well-carried sterna in the hound, or shooting-dog. Be this as it may, to the impartial observer it cannot but be evident that in many respects the institution of dog shows, and the rules which regulate them, have been the medium by which canine culture has been greatly advanced.—*Live Stock Journal* (London).

THE CHAMPION RULE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have received a copy of the rules and regulations of the Philadelphia Kennel Club bench show, article third of which reads thus: "To enter the championship class a dog must have won three first prizes in open classes, or first prize in a champion class, when there has been at least one competitor in any recognized bench show." It seems to me that while this might be an excellent rule under some circumstances, under existing circumstances in this country, it amounts to virtually barring out of the champion class all dogs excepting those who have already established their claims as champions under different rules. I believe I am right in stating that in all bench shows held in this country up to the present time, a dog having taken one first prize in any recognized bench show has not only been entitled but obliged to enter the champion class at any subsequent show at which his owner might wish to exhibit him, thereby rendering it impossible for any dog to have taken three first prizes in open class. I do not find any fault with the adoption of the rule at what I would consider a proper time, but my idea is that before requiring a dog to take three first prizes in an open class, to make him eligible for the champion class, the open class should be thrown open to dogs until they had taken three first prizes, otherwise I cannot see the sense of requiring of a dog that in order to enter a certain class he must first have accomplished something which the rules of all recognized bench shows have rendered impossible, even though he were perfect in every particular.

T. C. FAXON.

BOSTON, MASS.

[The rule quoted, if adopted by the managers of all future bench shows, will accomplish just the result desired by our correspondent by throwing open the open classes to all dogs which have not won three first prizes. We believe the rule to be an excellent one and hope that every bench show association in the country will adopt it. The reform is certainly needed, and there is no time like the present for commencing the good work.]

POINTERS AT NEW YORK.—Mr. John W. Munson has published a letter in which he alleges that his recent communications sent to the *FOREST AND STREAM* were altered in this office before they were published. The changes of which he complains consisted of the elimination from his letters of (1st) a column of advertising matter setting forth the performances of the progenitors of the dogs Maxim and Meteor in England, and which we are quite ready to publish at any time and at the usual rates, in the pages devoted to advertisements; (2d) purposeless personalities, among them the statement that the gentleman against whom Mr. Munson was contending "fied"; and (3d) profanity. We will do Mr. Munson the credit of believing that when he recovers his temper he will quite agree with us that the puffs, personalities and profanity were not essential to the argument.

PHILADELPHIA DOG SHOW.—New specials are the "Mayor's prize," a silver cup given by Mayor Smith, to be competed for by setters of any strain bred in the United States or Canada; case of stuffed birds for best dog or bitch, Irish setter, in open classes; year's subscription, *FOREST AND STREAM*, for best couple of beagles, regardless of sex, owned by individual. Dr. J. S. Niven will judge Gordon setters and spaniels. The express companies will return free all dogs on which regular rates have been paid to show. The judge for greyhounds, deerhounds, Italian greyhounds and whippets will be Mr. Joseph R. Pierson, Buckingham, Pa.

THE PHILADELPHIA OCTOBER SHOW. - This is a great year for dog shows in this country. There have been a baker's dozen already, and our list of fixtures shows the dates for seven more. Now comes news of a second Philadelphia show, to be held October 16, 17 and 18, a month later than the Philadelphia Kennel Club's exhibition. The secretary of the Philadelphia Kennel Club writes to explain that the October show will not be given by that club. We are not at present advised who is back of it, but understand that it will be under the auspices of a number of well-known breeders.

THE FASTING DEGREE.—Spencer, Ind., Aug. 21.—The Masons meet monthly. At the last lodge meeting one of the members was attended by a favorite dog. The man went home and wondered what had become of his dog. Inquiries were made, but no one had seen or knew anything about the animal. The janitor of the lodge, three weeks after, went up to see about something and opened the property room, when out popped the starved dog, running out through the hall, down stairs and into the street, and made for the ditch full of water, where he lay all afternoon, and drank enough water to swim a horse.—A READER.

PEDIGREE WANTED.—A correspondent wishes the pedigree of Baldwin's Don or Nigger Boz.

THE ILLINOIS KENNEL CLUB.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* At a meeting held in Chicago, Aug. 23, the Illinois Kennel Club was formed with the following officers: President, Mr. Henry Miller, Chicago; Vice-President, Mr. Timothy Donoghue, La Salle, Ill.; Secretary and Treasurer, Mr. John H. Naylor, Chicago. Applicants for membership must be residents of Illinois. Further particulars may be had by applying to the secretary, JOHN H. NAYLOR, 3182 Archer avenue, Chicago, Ill.

KENNEL NOTES.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Kennel notes are inserted in this column free of charge. To insure publication of notes, correspondents MUST GIVE the following particulars of each animal:

1. Color.
2. Breed.
3. Sex.
4. Age, or
5. Date of birth, of breeding or of death
6. Name and residence of owner, buyer or seller.
7. Sire, with his sire and dam.
8. Owner of sire.
9. Dam, with her sire and dam.
10. Owner of dam.

All names must be plainly written. Communication on one side of paper only, and signed with writer's name.

NAMES CLAIMED.

See instructions at head of this column.
Dash, Jr., by Mr. J. E. Hutchinson, Boston, Mass., for English setter dog, color and age not given, by Dash III. out of Hardy's Elsa.

Sandy, by Mr. J. M. Avent, Hickory Valley, Tenn., for lemon and white English setter dog, whelped Feb. 27, 1884, by Count Noble out of Countess A. (Dashing Lion—Armida).

Conigo, by Mr. Wm. Loeffler, Preston, Minn., for fallow red dachshund bitch, whelped May 26, 1884, by Scamp (Kaiser—Waldina) out of Thora (Trus—Frieda).

Kaiser, Crown Prinz, King George, Prinz Ernst, Prinz Lee and Princess Alice, by Mr. Wm. Loeffler, Preston, Minn., for dachshund, two black and tan and three fallow red dogs and one fallow red bitch, whelped May 26, 1884, by his Waldmann II. (Faust—Flora) out of his Gretchen (Unser Fritz—Waldina).

Mink Martha, Cora and Grace, by Mr. Wm. Loeffler, Preston, Minn., for dachshund, one fallow red dog, one silver and tan, one black and tan and one chestnut and tan bitch, whelped July 6, 1884, by his Waldmann II. (Faust—Flora) out of his Babette (Waldina—Bock).

Sizou, Clyde, Phil, Belle, Else and Clara, by Mr. Wm. Loeffler, Preston, Minn., for Irish setter, three dogs and three bitches, whelped May 22, 1884, by Don (Cherry—Sandy) out of his Kesmid.

White Daisy, by Mr. Joseph F. Lord, Gildersleeve, Conn., for white, black and tan beagle bitch, whelped June 17, 1884, by Ringwood (Ranter—Beauty) out of Gipsy Queen (Briar—Bush).

Woodcraft, Little Doll and Tilly, by Mr. C. H. Lounsbury, Providence, R. I., for black, white and tan beagles, one dog and two bitches, whelped May 6, 1884 (Smuggler—Little Beauty).

Rock Dale, *Editor Forest and Stream:* Will the Ravenswood Kennel please claim some other name for their English setter puppy, as I claimed the name of Rock Dale for my dog two years ago, and exhibited him at Boston under that name in 1882.—C. H. Lounsbury (Providence, R. I.).

NAMES CHANGED.

See instructions at head of this column.
Don Gus to Don Gladstone, black, white and tan English setter dog, 8 yrs. old (Gladstone—Junio), owned by Mr. E. S. Hawks, Ashfield, Mass.

BRED.

See instructions at head of this column.
Nellie—Young Bill, Mr. D. S. Gamble's (New Haven, Conn.) bull-terrier bitch Nellie (Clipper—Fly) to Young Bill (A.K.R. 196), July 13.

Little Nellie—Young Bill, Mr. Frank F. Dole's (New Haven, Conn.) bull-terrier bitch Little Nellie (Paddy—Dole) to his Young Bill (A.K.R. 196), July 22.

Scarlet II.—Young Bill, Mr. Frank F. Dole's (New Haven, Conn.) bull-terrier bitch Scarlet II. (Randall—Scarlet) to his Young Bill (A.K.R. 196), Aug. 4.

Rosy—Young Bill, Mr. J. Barnard's (Boston, Mass.) bull-terrier bitch Rosy (President—Scarlet II.) to Young Bill (A.K.R. 196), Aug. 7.

Princess Pearl—Rocket, Mr. W. R. Traver's (Washington, D. C.) English setter bitch Princess Pearl (A.K.R. 1490) to his Rocket (A.K.R. 118), Aug. 10.

Zulu Princess—Bruce of the Flyde, Mr. Thomas H. Terry's (New York City) collie bitch Zulu Princess (A.K.R. 896) to the Kilmarock Collie Kennel's Bruce of the Flyde (A.K.R. 1416), Aug. 8.

Lady Bub—Benedict's Boy, Mr. H. F. Schellhass's (Brooklyn, N. Y.) cocker spaniel bitch Lady Bub (A.K.R. 998) to his Benedict's Boy (A.K.R. 130), Aug. 21.

Dolly Dale—Foreman, The Blackstone Kennel's English setter bitch Dolly Dale (Waters's Grouse—Daisy Dale) to their champion Foreman, July 20.

Betty—Mack B., Mr. James Lawton's (Westerly, R. I.) English setter bitch Betty to the Blackstone Kennel's Mack B. (Dick Laverack—Twilight), July 30.

Opal III.—Mack B., Mr. H. J. Sullivan's (Providence, R. I.) English setter bitch Opal III. (Blue Dan—Opal) to the Blackstone Kennel's Mack B. (Dick Laverack—Twilight), Aug. 2.

Bellevue—Foreman, Mr. Hugh Hill's (New York City) English setter bitch champion Belle's Pride to the Blackstone Kennel's champion Foreman, Aug. 5.

Daisy—Mack B., Mr. Samuel H. Crawford's (Pawtucket, R. I.) English setter bitch Daisy to the Blackstone Kennel's Mack B. (Dick Laverack—Twilight), Aug. 6.

Nettie B.—Foreman, The Blackstone Kennel's (South Attleboro, Mass.) English setter bitch Nettie B. (Marie—Rose) to their champion Foreman, Aug. 6.

Fidget—Click, Mr. Charles G. McKenzie's (Hudson, N. Y.) cocker spaniel bitch Fidget (A.K.R. 305) to his Click (A.K.R. 133), July 31.

Jule—Jimmie, The Knickerbocker Kennel Club's (Jersey City, N. J.) pointer bitch Jule (A.K.R. 1042), to Mr. L. Livesey's Jimmie (Start—Maud), Aug. 19.

Flyaway—Roy, Mr. J. A. Long's (St. Louis, Mo.) collie bitch Flyaway (A.K.R. 837) to his Rob Roy (A.K.R. 334), Aug. 21.

WHELPS.

See instructions at head of this column.
Junio, by B. Blossom's (Morrisania, N. Y.) Gordon setter bitch Juno (A.K.R. 294), Aug. 11, six, by champion Turk (A.K.R. 717).

Crum, Mr. J. B. McKinley's (New York) red Irish setter bitch Crum, Aug. 8, one bitch, by Patsey.

Lady Stubbs, Mr. Thomas J. Zimmer's (Rochester, N. Y.) cocker spaniel bitch Lady Stubbs (A.K.R. 852), Aug. 7, five (two dogs), by Fritz (A.K.R. 850); all liver and white.

Pet Berwin, Mr. J. E. Graham's (Wilmington, Del.) red Irish setter bitch Netta (Spy—Reeta), July 7, nine (seven dogs), by champion Glencho.

Bessie A., Mr. J. M. Arent's (Hickory Valley, Tenn.) English setter bitch Bessie A. (Dashing Lion—Armida), July 8, seven (two dogs), by champion Gladstone.

Forest Dora, The Blackstone Kennel's (South Attleboro, Mass.) English setter bitch Forest Dora (A.K.R. 500), July 18, nine (seven dogs), by champion Foreman.

Jessie, The Blackstone Kennel's English setter bitch Jessie (Blue Dan—Flake), Aug. 3, nine (two dogs), by champion Foreman.

Maudie, Mr. W. H. Higgins's (Pawtucket, R. I.) English setter bitch Maudie (Sam—Smut II.), Aug. 11, four (three dogs), by the Blackstone Kennel's Mack B. (Dick Laverack—Twilight).

Pet Berwin, Mr. W. B. Peck's (Centre Falls, R. I.) English setter bitch Pet Berwin (Dashing Berwin—May Bird), Aug. 22, five (four dogs), by champion Foreman.

Beauty, Dr. F. B. Greenough's (Boston, Mass.) Gordon setter bitch Beauty (A.K.R. 123), Aug. 9, seven, by Fay's Colin (Leicester—Rose).

Rose, Mr. G. G. Hammond's (New London, Conn.) Chesapeake Bay bitch Rose (A.K.R. 142), Aug. 21, five (two dogs), by his Rake (A.K.R. 141).

"Tiny" Mistake, For sire of Cleopatra's whelps, reported in last issue, read De Buch for "Dr. Buck."

SALES.

See instructions at head of this column.
Spreen, Red Irish setter bitch, 8 yrs. old (Elcho—Rose), by Mr. O. B. Shreve, Salem, Mass., to Mr. A. S. Guild, Lowell, Mass.

Elcho V., Red Irish setter dog (A.K.R. 1207), by Mr. Frank Windholz, New York, to Mr. J. H. Maury, New Orleans, La.

King George, Fallow red dachshund dog, whelped May 26, 1884 (Waldmann II.—Gretchen), by Mr. Wm. Loeffler, Preston, Minn., to Mr. Wm. Lee, Hartford, Conn.

Fritz Ernst, Fallow red dachshund dog, whelped May 26, 1884 (Waldmann II.—Gretchen), by Mr. Wm. Loeffler, Preston, Minn., to Mr. A. Schoen, Rochester, N. Y.

Sizou, Red Irish setter dog, whelped May 22, 1884 (Don—Kesmid), by Mr. Wm. Loeffler, Preston, Minn., to Mr. H. C. Reed, Hudson, Wis.

Clyde, Red Irish setter dog, whelped May 22, 1884 (Don—Kesmid), by Mr. Wm. Loeffler, Preston, Minn., to Mr. M. Rust, Washington, D. C.

Phil, Red Irish setter dog, whelped May 22, 1884 (Don—Kesmid), by Mr. Wm. Loeffler, Preston, Minn., to Mr. M. Rust, Washington, D. C.

by Mr. Wm. Loeffler, Preston, Minn., to Mr. Al Culbertson, Whalan, Minn.

White Daisy, White, black and tan beagle bitch, whelped June 17, 1884 (Ringwood—Gipsy Queen), by Mr. Chas. F. Kent, Monticello, N. Y., to Mr. Joseph E. Lord, Gildersleeve, Conn.

Flyaway, Sable and white collie bitch (A.K.R. 837), by Mr. James Watson, Philadelphia, Pa., to Mr. J. A. Long, St. Louis, Mo.

DEATHS.

See instructions at head of this column.
Spring, White bull-terrier, 2 yrs. 10 mos. old (Sefton—Bess), owned by Mr. Geo. W. Moore, Pittsburgh, Pa., Aug. 15.

Daisy Starlight, Black, white and tan English setter bitch (Lelaps—Starlight), owned by Mr. H. W. Durgin, Bangor, Me., Aug. 19.

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

THE CREEDMOOR FALL MEETING.

THE National Rifle Association has issued the programme for the 12th annual fall prize meeting to take place at Creedmoor, commencing Sept. 9, and closing Sept. 13.

The Association intends to make a special effort to attract competitors to this annual meeting by largely increasing its prize list. In addition to the numerous and valuable prizes received from the State and others, it offers itself \$1,800 in money, and other amounts are confidently expected from its friends. The whole prize list will exceed \$7,000 in value, and be much beyond what has been offered in any previous year. The last meeting was not financially a success, and the Association has had some doubt what course it should adopt. It has adopted the above in the belief that it will induce such an attendance as will enable it to meet the expenses of the meeting. There will be a large attendance from the army, and a number of teams are expected from the National Guard of the different States.

The committees having charge of the meeting is an excellent one, consisting of Mr. J. H. Brown, Lieut. E. L. Zaluzski, U. S. A., Capt. W. W. DeForest. The general regulations of the meeting provide that entries will be received at the office of the Association, 102 William street, New York, until 6th of September at noon, and at Creedmoor during the meeting. All entries received after the 6th day of September will be considered post-entries, and must be accompanied by an additional charge of fifty per cent. Entrance money will be refunded to all persons who notify the secretary of the Association, in writing, twenty-four hours before a particular match is shot, that they are unable to be present at the shooting. The restrictions above mentioned do not apply to continuous matches.

Scorers shall write upon the blackboard the names of the competitors in each squad or file in the order in which they are to fire; shall enter each shot upon the blackboard before entering the same upon the ticket, and shall not wipe off from the blackboard the names and scores of the competitors until a proper authority has verified the tickets with them. Such heel pads as have been allowed by the Association may also be used. Spirit levels on sights adopted by the Association may also be used. In matches Nos. 1, 2, 4, 5, 6, 7, 18, competitors may use any bona fide military sight within the rules of the National Rifle Association. During this meeting, matches where cash prizes are given, absolute ties will divide the prize.

1. Bullseye targets will be open all the time during the annual meetings.
2. Tickets (entitling the holder to one shot at any bullseye target) will be sold at the office of the financial officer, upon the range, at twelve for \$1, or ten cents each.
3. Each competitor making a bullseye will receive a bullseye ticket.
4. The pool receipt (for one-half of the prize) will be divided pro rata among those making bullseyes, on presentation of their tickets at any time after noon of the day following the pool shooting.

The list of matches runs as follows, the prizes are not given since a supplementary programme will be issued about the date of the meeting giving many in addition to those now offered.

No. 1.—"Directors' Match"—Open to all Directors of the N. R. A. Round five. Position standing, any military rifle. Entrance fee, \$5. Prize—"The Directors' Championship Gold Badge, shot at annually, and held by the winner during the year. To be shot at any time during meeting.

No. 2.—"Judd" Match—Open to all comers, any military rifle, 200yds. Position standing, rounds seven. Entrance fee, \$2 each, or three for \$5, but only the highest score to count, and only three entries allowed.

No. 3.—"Wimbledon Cup" Match—Open to all citizens and residents of the United States, 1,000yds. Thirty shots, any rifle within the rules. Position, any without artificial rest. Entrance fee, \$2. Prize—"The Wimbledon Cup," presented by the National Rifle Association of Great Britain to the N. R. A. of America. Won in 1875 by Major Frank Hyde, in 1876 by C. H. Laird, in 1877 by D. W. Selph, in 1878 by F. J. Rabeth, in 1879 by C. H. Laird, in 1880 by W. M. Farrow, in 1881 by F. J. Rabeth, in 1882 by W. Budworth, in 1883 by H. T. Rockwell.

No. 4.—President's Match for the Military Championship of the United States—First Stage: 200 and 500yds., 7 shots at each distance; open to all members of the Army, Navy and Marine Corps of the United States, or the National Guards of any State. Rifles, Remington, New England, Smith and Springfield, and Sharps military. Position standing at 200, any at 500. Entrance fee, \$3 to both stages.

Second Stage: 600yds.; number of shots, 10; position, any. Rifles, same as in first stage, but 50-cal. Remington State model will receive one point allowance. Open to all prize winners in the first stage.

No. 5.—The Shortley Match—Any military rifle within the rules; 800, 1000 and 1,000yds.; any position; other conditions same as in match No. 4; 7 shots at each distance. Entrance fee, \$1.

No. 6.—Continuous—All comers' continuous match; 200yds.; position standing; number of shots, 7. Any rifle within the rules; military rifle to be allowed one point on each score. Full scores cannot be beaten. Thirty prizes. Entrance fee, \$1; re-entries allowed. No competitor to win more than one prize.

No. 7.—Governor's Match—7 shots at 500yds.; position, any. To be shot at any time during meeting. Remington State model rifle, or the Springfield service rifle and Sharps. Entrance fee, \$1; re-entries allowed. The aggregate of three scores to count for first three prizes, aggregate of two scores to count for the others. Two points allowed on the aggregate of the three scores in first three prizes to State model rifles of 50-cal.; one point allowed on aggregate of two scores. Full scores not to be beaten. No competitor can win more than one prize.

No. 8.—A. C. Smith and Marksmen's Baggage Match—Open to everybody, 200 and 500yds.; position standing at 200, prone at 500, 5 shots at each distance. Entrance fee \$1. Re-entries allowed. No competitor to win more than one prize. Rifle, Remington, 50cal.

Members of the N. G. S. N. Y., in uniform (jacket, cap and belt), record their scores in this match as qualified for the N. Y. State marksmen's badge, provided that if ordered they were attended (or do not attend) the match, and that they were present at the match, and that they have previously qualified in the second class (100 and 300yds.). See Junior National Guardsmen's match (No. 17).

No. 9.—Brooklyn Furniture Company Match—Open to teams of four from any company or battery in Second Division. Each organization may enter as many teams as they wish, but no competitor to be a member of more than one team. Remington rifle, State issue. Seven rounds, each at 200 and 500yds. Position standing at 200, prone at 500yds. Entrance fee \$5 per team.

Prize of plate to be held one year by the winning team in the company's or officer's room, as they may decide, and to become the property of the organization whose team shall win it three times.

No. 10.—"Hilton Trophy" Match—Open to teams of twelve from the following: 1. The United States of America, the Army of the United States, the United States Navy, the United States Marine Corps, the three military divisions—Atlantic, Pacific, and Missouri—(three teams in all); 2. The United States Navy (one team); 3. The National Guard or ununiformed militia of the several States and Territories, including the District of Columbia (one from each State or Territory); 4. Other Countries—England, Ireland, Scotland, and each of the Provinces of Great Britain, each of the Provinces of Canada, and all other countries, one team from each; 5. The National Rifle Association; 6. The militia; 7. The volunteers (separate teams may be sent out only when the organizations are separate); 8. The navy of any country. The members of each team to be officers or enlisted men, and active members of the corps or organization which they represent, and to appear in the authorized uniform thereof. They shall be selected in such a manner as shall be prescribed by the military authorities of the country or State they represent, and shall, if required, be certified to by them as being their authorized representatives; 200, 500 and 600yds.; rounds, seven at each distance; position, standing at 200yds., prone 500 and 600yds.; weapons, any military rifle which has been adopted as an official arm by any State or government; ammunition, any; entrance fee, \$2 each man. Prize: A Trophy, presented by Hon. Henry Hilton, of New York, to be shot for annually at Creedmoor, or such other range as the National Rifle Association of America shall select, to be held during the year by the head of the corps or organization whose team may win it, to be returned to the N. R. A. at the expiration thereof; value, \$3,000. Won in 1878 and 1879 by State of New York; in 1880 by Division of the MIA

ouri, U. S. A.; in 1881 by State of New York; in 1882 by State of Pennsylvania; in 1883 by State of Michigan.

No. 11. The Jones Match.—200 and 500yds. Rifle, Remington State model. Position, standing 200; prone 500yds. Seven shots in distance. Open to teams of four from any company or battery in the First Division, N. G. S. N. Y. Any number of teams may enter from each organization, but no competitor may shoot in more than one team. Entrance fee, \$5 per team.

No. 12. "Inter-State Military" Match.—Open to one team from each State and Territory in the United States, consisting of twelve members of the regularly organized and uniformed national guard or militia of such State or Territory, chosen in such manner as shall be prescribed by the military authorities thereof. Each team must be provided with a certificate from the Adjutant-General of the State it represents, certifying that each of their number is a regular member of their uniformed militia, in good standing, and was such on the first day of June, 1882. They shall appear in the uniform of their corps. Distances, 200 and 500yds. Position, at 200yds, standing; at 500yds, prone. Any military rifle which has been adopted as an official arm by any State or government. In cases where the State has adopted no particular model (which must be certified to by the Adjutant-General), the team will be allowed to use the rifle in use by the regular army of the United States, or by the uniformed militia of any other State. Rounds, ten at each distance. Entrance fee, \$2 each man. Prize.—To the team making the highest aggregate score, a land rifle, a fowling piece, and a fowling piece, to be presented by the Commander-in-Chief, on behalf of the State of New York, to be shot for annually at Creedmoor, and to be held during the year by the Adjutant-General of the State whose team may win it. Value, \$330. Won 1875 by N. Y.; in 1876 by Conn.; in 1877 by California; in 1878 and 1879 by N. Y.; in 1880 by N. J.; in 1881 by N. Y.; in 1882 by Penn.; in 1883 by Mich.

No. 13. "Inter-State Long-Range" Match.—Open to teams of four from all rifle associations or clubs in any State or Territory in the United States. Members of the various teams participating must, at the time of shooting be residents, and must have resided in the State represented for at least three months prior to the date of the match; 800, 900, and 1,000yds; fifteen shots at each distance. Any rifle within range. Entrance fee, \$1 each team. Prize.—A trophy to be held by the club by the successful team, which shall be deposited in some central place in the State whose team may win. Won in 1877 by Amateur Rifle Club, N. Y.; in 1878 by Massachusetts Rifle Association; in 1879 by New Jersey State Rifle Association; in 1880 by Empire Rifle Club, N. Y.; in 1881, 1882 and 1883 by Ilion Rifle Club.

No. 14. "New York State National Guard" Match.—Open to teams of twelve from each regiment, battalion, or separate company of infantry of the national guard of the State of New York, each man being certified by his regimental commander to be a regularly enlisted member, in good standing of the regiment, battalion, or separate company he represents, and to have been such on June 1, 1883. 200 and 500yds. Position, standing at 200; prone at 500yds. Remington rifle, State model. Rounds, five at each distance. Entrance fee, \$1 each man.

No. 15. "First Division National Guard" Match.—Open to teams of twelve from each regiment, battalion, or separate company of infantry in the first division of the national guard in the State of New York. Remington rifle, State model, 200 and 500yds. Five shots at each distance. Position, standing at 200; at 500yds, prone. Entrance fee, \$1 each man.

No. 16. "Second Division National Guard" Match.—Open to teams of twelve from each regiment, battalion, or separate company of infantry in the second division of the national guard of the State of New York. Other conditions as in No. 15.

No. 17. "Junior National Guardsmen's" Match.—Open to members of the national guard, who have never won a prize in open-air rifle shooting, 100 and 300yds. Five shots at each distance. Position, standing at 100yds.; kneeling at 300. Entrance fee, \$1 each; re-entries allowed. Rifle, Remington, State model. Members of the national guard, State of New York, in uniform, may count scores made as qualifying them to shoot for New York State marksmen's badge.

No. 18. Ladd and Rand Powder Company Match.—Open to members of the United States army and navy, the national guard, or uniformed militia of any State or Territory, and to members of any rifle association or club in the United States. Any military rifle. Remington, .50 cal., to receive one point allowance; 200 and 500yds. Position, standing at 200; prone at 500. Rounds, seven at each distance. Previous winners not eligible to win first prize. Entrance fee, \$2. Re-entries allowed.

No. 19. "General Sheridan's Skirmishers' Match."—Open to teams of six from the regular army, navy, marine corps, national guard, volunteers, or militia of any country, State or Territory. Any number of teams may enter from each organization, but no competitor may shoot in more than one team. All competitors to be regularly commissioned or enlisted members in good standing, of the regiment, battalion, corps, troop or company they represent, and to have been such on Aug. 1, 1884. Five shots at each distance. Position, standing at 100yds.; kneeling at 300. Entrance fee, \$1 each; re-entries allowed. Rifle, Remington, State model. Members of the national guard, State of New York, in uniform, may count scores made as qualifying them to shoot for New York State marksmen's badge. No. 18. Ladd and Rand Powder Company Match.—Open to members of the United States army and navy, the national guard, or uniformed militia of any State or Territory, and to members of any rifle association or club in the United States. Any military rifle. Remington, .50 cal., to receive one point allowance; 200 and 500yds. Position, standing at 200; prone at 500. Rounds, seven at each distance. Previous winners not eligible to win first prize. Entrance fee, \$2. Re-entries allowed.

The daily schedule of matches was prepared to meet as far as possible the convenience of the classes of shooters, and the matches will be shot as nearly as possible upon the following days, though the right is reserved after entries are made to change the order of shooting:

Tuesday, Sept. 9.—Nos. 1, 2, 6, 7, 8, 17, 18.
Wednesday, Sept. 10.—Nos. 1, 2, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 11, 17, 18.
Thursday, Sept. 11.—Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 11, 17, 18.
Friday, Sept. 12.—Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 11, 17, 18, 19.
Saturday, Sept. 13.—Nos. 1, 3, 6, 7, 8, 17, 18.

NEW YORK RIFLE CLUB, Aug. 21.—The New York Rifle Club shot the Donaldson military match at Creedmoor yesterday. Conditions—7 shots off-hand at 200yds; any military rifle. Sportsmen handicapped 9 points. The following were the best scores made out of a possible 35:

J Duane (mil.).....5454544—31 M Herrington (sp't'g.).....544455—31
J W Mangum (mil.).....454444—30 F O Hamilton (sp't'g.).....454445—30

BOSTON, Aug. 23.—There was quite a small attendance at Walnut Hill to day, much smaller than the day deserved, for the weather condition was fine. Most of the shooters indulged in the practice or victory medal matches, and in the latter match Mr. Reed was high with a fine 77, finishing with four 10s. Following are the best scores: Creedmoor Practice Match.

H Cushing.....44444545—43 J C Nichols (mil.).....32344544—38
F W Perkins (mil.).....45444544—42 J Barnett.....54333435—37
C W Hodgdon.....34544445—40 J E Stoman (mil.).....54434324—36
W C King.....44344444—38 H Dockman (mil.).....53333444—34

Victory Medal Match.
R Reed.....9 6 5 5 6 10 10 10—77
H Cushing.....6 10 8 8 8 9 5 7—66
J A Styles.....9 9 10 5 5 8 9 6—66
R R Allen.....10 8 6 5 6 9 5 10—88
S R Jacob.....9 10 8 8 6 8 10 6—77

Rest Match.
Salem Wilder.....10 10 10 10 9 10 9 7—95
Sylvester.....10 9 10 8 10 9 9 10—94
S W Park.....10 9 10 10 9 10 7 10—94
P S Wilcs.....8 8 9 10 8 9 10 10—92
J S Franks.....9 10 10 8 8 10 9 9—90

THOMASTON, Conn., Aug. 23.—The weather conditions at Bridgeport range to-day were alternate sunshine and shadow, with a light 9 o'clock wind:

G C Canfield.....	11	11	12	07	11	12	11	10	07	—102
G A Lemmon.....	11	10	7	10	11	12	12	6	11	—102
G C Gilbert.....	10	7	11	11	9	12	9	10	11	—100
W H Dunbar.....	11	9	7	10	11	10	9	11	11	—99
C A Alling.....	11	6	10	10	12	10	8	9	11	—96
F A Perkins.....	9	9	8	9	11	9	11	9	11	—95
G P North.....	9	9	7	9	11	12	9	10	8	—93
F Carr.....	9	9	12	6	11	9	10	8	12	—92
C F Williams.....	8	9	9	11	10	10	9	7	11	—91
A Fox.....	9	9	9	4	8	5	9	7	8	—72

The third and last of the matches between the Empire Gun Club and the Canton Rod and Gun Club will be shot Saturday, Aug. 30, at the range of the latter club near Collinsville.

THE TRAP.

Correspondents who favor us with club scores are particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only.

THE ALABAMA STATE SHOOT.

MOBILE, Aug. 19.—The fourth annual meeting and tournament of the Alabama State Sportsmen's Association opened here to-day, with good prospects for under-sold management. The first day was a very successful one. There was a fair attendance and much pleasant rivalry. The following are the scores:

First match—5 single birds, 20yds, rise, \$5 entrance:	
Tunstall.....	11110—4
Fuentes.....	11111—5
Scale.....	00111—3
Lane.....	11101—4
W Vass.....	11110—5
C W Rich.....	11110—3
Christian.....	11101—3
Gallup.....	01111—4
Moore.....	11111—5
Cameron.....	11111—5

Ties of 5—Fuentes, 10; W. Vass, 10; Moore, 00; Cameron, 111; Carr, 00; Ladd, 111; Stroup, 00. Cameron and Ladd divided.

Ties of 4, First Match—Tunstall, 0 x x; Lane, 111; Gallup, 0; Alston, 0; Irion, 0; Ward, 0; Sheffield, 10. Lane wins.

Ties of 3, First Match—Scales, 11111; Rich, 11110; Christian, 11110; Marshall, 11111. Marshall and Scales divided.

Second match—10 glass balls, 21yds, rise:	
Fuentes.....	101100110—6
Tunstall.....	111101000—5
Rick.....	111001010—6
Marshall.....	111101010—8
W Vass.....	110000110—4
Baltz.....	011101101—7
Carr.....	001101001—5
Alston.....	111101101—8
Ward.....	101111111—8

Stroup first money, Ladd, Jr., third money.

Ties for second—Marshall, 0 1 1; Alston, 0 1 0; Ward, 1 1 0. Marshall and Ward divided.

Third match—5 birds, 31yds, rise:	
Gallup.....	11110—4
Scales.....	00111—5
Alston.....	11101—3
Carr.....	01001—4
Rich.....	10111—4
Sheffield.....	01001—5
Lane.....	11111—5
Marshall.....	11101—3
Kane.....	01101—2

Ties on 5—Scales 0 1 1, Lane 0 0 1, Stroup 0 0.

Ties of 4—Gallup 1 1 1, Rich 1 0 1, W. Vass 1 1 1, Baltz 0, Tunstall 0, Pomeroy 0. Vass and Gallup divided.

Ties of 3—Alston 1 0 1 1 0, Marshall 1 0 0, Ward 1 0 1 1 1, Irion 0 0, Smith 1 0 1 1 1. Ward and Smith divided.

Aug. 20.—The second day opened up warm and clear, with a larger attendance, that increased as the day wore away.

First match—5 birds, 31yds, rise, entrance, \$5:	
Joseph Smith.....	00101—2
Carr.....	00101—2
Boltz.....	01111—4
Alston.....	11011—4
Fuentes.....	11111—5
W Vass.....	11111—5
Ladd.....	11111—5
Tunstall.....	01111—3
Rich.....	10101—2
Scales.....	11101—4

Ties for first money—Fuentes 1 1 1—3, Ladd 1 0—2, Gallup 1 1—3, Wagner 0, Fuentes and Gallup divided.

Ties for second place—Boltz 1 1—3, Alston 1 1—3, W. Vass 0, Scales 0, Jones 0, Carr 0. Boltz and Alston divided.

Second match—10 glass balls, 21yds, rise, Mr. W. K. Jones, of Montgomery, was the trapper and pressed the leather-wings in a way to try the skill of the best shooters:	
Carr.....	00101010—3
Stroup.....	11101011—5
Alston.....	11001011—5
Ward.....	10101011—4
W Vass.....	10110100—4
Boltz.....	10101010—3
Sheffield.....	10101010—3
Gallup.....	01101010—3
Rich.....	10101010—3

Ties of 5—Fuentes 111, Ladd, Jr. 110, Gallup 111, Wagner 0, Gallup and Fuentes divided.

Ties of 4—Boltz 111, Alston 110, Carr 0, Vass 0, Scales 0.

Ties of 3—Tunstall 11110, Westcott 11110, Ward 11111, Jones 0.

The third match was 6 single birds, 20yds, rise.

Alston.....	11111
Tunstall.....	11011
Sam Shek.....	01001
J M Ladd, Jr.....	01001
Dr Scales.....	01010
Fuentes.....	11000
Westcott.....	11111
Boltz.....	11111
Carr.....	11000
Randolph.....	11111
J C Bush.....	01010

Tie for first money—Alston, 1 0 1 1 0; Boltz, 0 1 1 1 1; W. Vass, 1 0 1 1 0; Randolph, 1 0 1 1 0; Stewart, 1 0 1 1 0.

Tie for second money—Gallup, McDonald and Rich all divide.

Tie for third money—Tunstall, 0 1 0; Fuentes, 1 0 0; Fry, 0 0.

Aug. 21.—The third day opened up warm and with a threatening rain, which about noon came in torrents, with a strong wind that drove all to cover. The shooting began early, the first match finishing about 12 o'clock.

First Shoot—Five single birds, 20yds, rise:	
De Fuentes.....	101—2
Tunstall.....	0100—2
Randolph.....	1111—5
Boltz.....	11110—4
Long.....	10000—1
Vass.....	00110—2
Alston.....	01111—4

First tie for second money—Boltz 0, Alston 10, Love 11, Rich 10.

Tie for third money—Prichard and Gallup divided.

Second match—4 doubles, 21yds:

Prichard.....	001111—6
Drey.....	011100—3
Alston.....	011101—5
Love.....	111101—6
Long.....	11111—3
Tunstall.....	111101—6
Boltz.....	111101—6
Rich.....	101111—8

The first money was won by Randolph.

Ties for third money on 6—Prichard, 111; Gallup, 111; Tunstall, 110; Boltz, 110; Jones, 110; Stewart, 10; Bush, Jr., 10; Vass, W. T., 10; Long, 00; Rich, 00. Prichard and Gallup divided.

Team shoot for the Association medal—B. H. Gallup and Dr. T. S.

Scales, judges; O. J. Semmes, referee. Two doubles, 21yds, and five singles for each man, 26yds.

Boltz.....	1111
Stewart.....	1011
McDonald.....	1100
Ladd, Jr.....	1110—28
Randolph.....	1001
Long.....	1111
Westcott.....	1111
Jones.....	1111—30

Vass, W. T.....	1111
Vass, H. P.....	1010
Tunstall.....	1111
Ward.....	1011—25

Fourth match—10 singles, 20yds, rise:	
Randolph.....	011011110—8
Scales.....	011011010—7
Tunstall.....	101011111—7
Bush.....	101011001—5
W T Vass.....	111111111—10
E Vass.....	000000001—2
H P Vass.....	111111110—5
Westcott.....	110111111—8
Wagner.....	011011010—6
Rich.....	011011011—8
McDonald.....	100111101—7

Ties for first money—Vass, Stewart, Gallup divided.

Ties for second money—Jones 1 1 1, Love 0, Alston 0.

Ties for third money—Vass 1 1 1, Westcott 0, Rich 0, Boltz 1 1 1, Prichard, Vass and Boltz divided.

Fifth match—10 single birds, rise:	
Alston.....	10101111—9
Jones.....	11111111—10
Scales.....	10101111—7
Vass, H. P.....	000111101—5
Vass, W. H.....	10111111—9
Prichard.....	10101010—7
Stewart.....	111101000—6

Ties for first—Jones, Rich and Tunstall divided.

Ties for second—Vass (W. T.) and Mayor Love divided.

Officers for new year: Warren S. Reese, of the Montgomery Club, president; Hon. O. J. Semmes, of the Gulf City Club, first vice-president; T. B. Master, of Montgomery, second vice-president; D. H. Lay, of the Gulf City Club, recording secretary; J. S. Alexander, of the Gulf City Club, corresponding secretary; S. T. Westcott, of the Snowdown Club, treasurer. Law Committee—O. J. Semmes, W. L. Bragg, H. C. Semple, F. C. Randolph; Governing Committee—Ed. Carr and G. W. Tunstall of the Gulf City Club, D. W. Macarty of the Snowdown Club, W. K. Jones of the Montgomery Club.

Capt. Price Williams then presided in a neat speech the association gold medal, which was presented by Mr. W. K. Jones for the Montgomery Gun Club in a fitting response. The thanks of the association were tendered to Messrs. W. Tunstall, of Mobile, and W. K. Jones, of Montgomery. The next meeting will be held in Montgomery.

NEW JERSEY STATE SPORTSMEN'S ASSOCIATION.

NEW YORK, Aug. 26, 1884.

Editor Forest and Stream:

It has been decided to hold a convention and tournament of the New Jersey State Sportsmen's Association on Sept. 10, 17, 18 and 19, 1884. The convention will be held at the rooms of the Jersey City Heights Gun Club, Ruenpler's Hotel, 538 Newark Avenue, right opposite the Court House, Jersey City Heights, at 2 P. M., on Sept. 16, to elect new officers, receive propositions for new memberships and transact all necessary business. One or more delegates from all club members of the organization, are expected to be present. The tournament will be held at the Jersey City Heights Gun Club grounds at Marlin, Jersey City, N. J., on the 17th, 18th, and 19th of September. Owing to the impossibility to procure wild birds during the last three or four years, no tournament has been held by this Association since 1880, and it has now been decided to hold this shoot at clay-pigeons and tame birds.

The secretaries of all clubs belonging to the Association and others interested are requested to acknowledge their present address to the undersigned as above.

Respectfully,
J. VAN LERGERKE,
Sec'y N. J. State Sportsmen's Association,
No. 14 Murray street, New York City.

POUGHKEEPSIE, Aug. 23.—The return match between the Wappingers Falls Gun Club and the Poughkeepsie Gun Club resulted in a victory for the home club. The weather was magnificent and the shooting ground all that could be desired, having a clear view of the balls in every direction. The fresh wind made the double-ball shoot almost pleasant, as the smoke from the first barrel cleared away almost immediately and gave a good view of the second ball. Match at 18yds, rise, Card's standard trap, 10 single balls rotary and 5 pair doubles:

Poughkeepsie.	Single.	Double.	Total.	Wappingers Falls.	Single.	Double.	Total.
E Decker.....	9	7	16	W Baxter.....	5	5	10
J M Godimer.....	9	7	16	C Clapp.....	6	5	11
M Condit.....	8	6	14	Van Dyne, Jr.....	4	6	10
M Jones.....	9	4	13	T Crozier.....	4	5	9
P E Ackert.....	6	6	12	Wakeman.....	5	2	7
Talmage.....	6	4	10	C Van Dyne.....	3	4	7
Mills.....	6	4	10	H Crozier.....	1	6	7
W Seary.....	6	2	8	Page.....	5	2	7
	58	40	98		30	26	56

CONNECTICUT.—The record of the last Connecticut shoot for the clay-pigeon medal will be given in our next issue.

KNOXVILLE, Tenn. Aug. 23.—Regular monthly shoot for Ligovsky medal by the members of Knoxville Gun Club; 15 clay-pigeons, 18yds rise:

Ross.....	1101011111111—13
Eldridge.....	1111111111111—13
Woodbury.....	1011111111111—11
Slocum.....	1011111111111—11
Duncan.....	1101111111111—10
Mead.....	0100001110111—9
French.....	1100001111111—9
Washburn.....	1101111111111—9
Cannell.....	1101011111111—8
Frank.....	1101011111111—8</

PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE MEET. We have received from Mr. S. T. Stoddard, of Glens Falls, N. Y., a number of views of the camp from various points, giving an excellent idea to those not present of the camp and island. The views of the start of two paddling races are very good, and also the group of canoes drawn up on shore. We expect to publish soon a complete list of all photos taken at the meet. Photography has become a fixed institution with many canoeists, as was evident this year in camp, where it was hardly possible to move without hearing a warning cry, "Keep still, you're in a picture." While the unannounced visitor of an evening was apt to be blessed if he opened a tent flap suddenly, for bringing a little light with him. Perhaps it would be possible next year to build a small shanty for the use of the photographic members of the Association. The expense would not be very great, and it would certainly be a great convenience to many. All that is needed is a dark room and a small room for operating. Let those interested take the matter in hand now and push it to once.

AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

THE 1884 MEET AT GRINDSTONE ISLAND, AUG. 1 TO 15.

OFFICIAL PROGRAMME OF RACES.

Tuesday, Aug. 12.

A. M.

1. Paddling, II., 1 mile. (Length not over 16ft., beam not under 26in.).
2. Sailing novices; any class canoe; 1½ miles. (Canoeists who have never sailed a canoe before 1884).
3. Paddling, III., 1 mile. (Length not over 17ft., beam not under 28in.).

P. M.

4. Sailing, A and B, 3 miles. (No limits as to trim or rig; start 10 minutes apart; two first prizes; A. length not over 16ft., beam not over 28in.; B. length not over 17ft., with a limit of 28½in. beam for that length; beam may increase ¾in. for each 6in. length decreased).
5. Paddling, tandem, 1 mile. (Flags to both men in the winning canoe).
6. Upset, any canoe, ¼ mile.

Wednesday, Aug. 13.

7. Paddling, long distance, 3 miles. (Not under 27in. beam and not over 16ft. long).

Thursday, Aug. 14.

A. M.

8. Paddling, I., 1½ miles. (Length not over 18ft., beam not under 24in.).
9. Paddling, IV., ½ mile. (Length not over 16ft., beam not under 30in.).
10. Sailing, A and B, cruising rig, 3 miles, start together. (A. not more than 50 sq. ft.; B. not more than 75 sq. ft. sail area; any ballast; two first prizes).

P. M.

11. Paddling and sailing combined, 1 mile each way, 2 miles.
12. Sailing, light race, 1½ miles. (A. canoes without ballast; B. canoes without ballast, and canoes with heavy boards only).
13. Hurry skurry race, 230yds. (Entries race 230yds. for choice of canoes, which are drawn up in line on shore, first canoe touched to be used).
14. Exhibition of canoe tricks and gymnastics.

WM. WHITLOCK, Chairman,*
E. B. EDWARDS,
L. Q. JONES.

*Mr. Whitlock not being present at the meet resigned as a member of the Regatta Committee, and Mr. Vaux was appointed by the Commodore to serve as chairman during the week.

NOTICE POSTED ON THE BULLETIN BOARD THE WEEK OF THE RACES.

Record will be kept of the order of finish of every canoe crossing the home line in the following events, and from this record the average merit will be ascertained and prizes awarded to the two canoes securing the largest and next largest number of points.

The first canoe in each race to receive 10 points and the last canoe finishing to get 1. All others to get proportionate numbers between these limits.

It will be noticed that it may not be necessary to win a single race to secure these prizes which are for the best all round canoes.

C. BOWEN VAUX, New York C. C.
R. W. GIBSON, Captain Mohican C. C.

RECORD OF RACES ON THE A. C. A. OFFICIAL PROGRAMME FOR AVERAGE PRIZES.

Tuesday, Aug. 12.

1. Paddling, II., 1 mile.
2. Paddling, III., 1 mile.
- 3 and 4. Sailing, A and B, 3 miles.

Wednesday, Aug. 13.

5. Paddling, long distance, 3 miles.

Thursday, Aug. 14.

6. Paddling, I., 1½ miles.
7. Paddling, IV., ½ mile.
- 8 and 9. Sailing, A and B cruising rig, 3 miles.
10. Paddling and sailing combined, 1 mile each way, 2 miles.
- 11, 12 and 13. Sailing, light race, A, B, and heavy boards, 1½ miles.

OFFICIAL REPORT OF RESULTS IN DETAIL.

DELANEY POINT, Tuesday, Aug. 12.

Event I.—Paddling, Class II., 1 mile, with turn. Length not over 16ft., beam not under 26in.

CANOE.	Owner.	Club.	Size.	No. at finish.	Time.	Record points.
Hillcrest.	M. F. Johnson.	Tor. C. C.	16×28	1	10 34	10
Zulu.	J. L. Weller.	Peterboro.	16×25	2	10 44	8.5
Ada M. S.	F. Adams.	Peterboro.	16×27	3	11 24	7.5
Pixie.	N. S. Smith.	Dock Rat.	14×27	4	11 27	6.5
Diamond.	E. O. Finner.	L. G.	14×26	5	11 27	6
Idler.	E. Gould.	K. C. C.	12×29½	6	11 27	5.5
Muriel.	R. W. Baldwin.	Ottawa.	13×27	7	11 27	5
Germaine.	A. G. Webster.	Harvard.	14×27	8	11 27	4.5

M. F. Johnson, first prize flag. J. L. Weller, second prize flag.

Event II.—Sailing novices, any canoe (A. C. A. rules), 1½ miles. Canoeists who have never sailed a canoe before 1884.

CANOE.	Owner.	Club.	Size.	Finish.	Time.
Lasca.	G. H. Thacher, Jr.	Mohican.	14.6×30	1	32 20
Tarantula.	E. G. Rand.	Harvard.	14.6×30	2	35 55
Evora.	A. H. Mason.	Toronto.	14.8×30½	3	35 58
Gyp.	J. P. Jefferson.	Warren.	14.4×30	4	36 00
Day Dream.	W. G. Van Dalsen.	Dock Rat.	14.4×30	5	36 00
Kate.	W. A. Fraser.	Ubique.	16.4×30	6	36 00
Minx.	M. V. Brokaw.	N. Y. C. C.	14.4×30	7	36 00
Argo.	B. H. Nadal.	K. C. C.	16.4×30	8	36 00
Mosquito.	E. C. Delavan, Jr.	N. Y. C. C.	14.4×30	9	36 00

Juniper (entered by mistake as Zulu), J. L. Weller not the owner, came in second, but had to be disqualified according to rules.

Kaloolah.... R. P. Brock.... K. C. C. 14×30 Did not start.

Lalage.... T. S. Westcott. Phila. 14×27 Did not finish.

Course was triangular; ½ mile on a side, wind very light.

Event III.—Paddling, Class III., one mile, with turn, length not over 17ft., beam not under 28in.

CANOE.	Name.	Club.	Size.	Finish.	Time.	Record points.
Hillcrest.	M. F. Johnson.	Toronto.	16 × 30	1	11 20	10
Idyl.	J. C. Wilson.	Watertown	15 × 32	2	12 00	7
Marguerite.	E. C. Griffin.	K. C. C.	14.6×30	3	12 15	4
Evora.	A. H. Mason.	Toronto.	14.8×30½	4	12 15	1

Fanita (under limit), E. Gould, K. C. C., 14×27, 12min.; time was taken by the official keepers. Started 2min. later to get official time.

Tuesday, no wind; sailed on Thursday.

Event IV., A.—Sailing, Class A, 3 miles, twice round the 1½ mile triangle; length not over 16ft.; beam not over 28in.

CANOE.	Owner.	Club.	Size.	Finish.	Time.	Record points.
Zulu.	J. L. Weller.	Peterboro.	16 × 26	1	1 23 44	10
Helena.	G. Van Deusen.	Rondout.	14 × 27	2	1 23 48	8.5
Dido.	G. E. Edgar.	Dock Rat.	15 × 28	3	1 31 13	7.5
Siren.	H. B. Burchard.	N. Y. C. C.	14 × 28	4	1 31 13	6.5
Diamond.	E. O. Finner.	L. G. C. C.	14½×26	5	1 31 13	6
Psyche.	C. K. Munroe.	N. Y. C. C.	14.6×28	6	1 31 13	5.5
Nettie.	W. L. Green.	K. C. C.	14 × 27	7	1 31 13	5
Lady Jane.	B. C. Bakewell.	Pittsburgh.	14 × 28	8	1 31 13	4.5

Time taken from starting signal. Start made with sails up, 10 minutes later than B Class. Germaine, Mr. Webster; Lalage, Mr. Westcott, and Muriel, Mr. Baldwin, were entered, but did not finish.

Event IV., B.—Sailing, Class B, 3 miles, twice around the course. 17ft. to 28½in. beam, ¾in. more for each 6in. less in length:

CANOE.	Name.	Club.	Size.	Finish.	Time.	Record points.
Venture.	L. Q. Jones.	Hartford.	14.6×30	1	1 03 47	10
Dot.	C. B. Vaux.	N. Y. C. C.	14.4×30	2	1 05 51	9.5
Henrietta.	WB Wackerhagen.	Mohican.	14.6×31	3	1 07 45	9
Annie O.	H. L. Thomas.	Mohican.	14.6×31	4	1 07 45	8.5
Snake.	R. W. Gibson.	Mohican.	14.6×31	5	1 07 45	8
Lasca.	G. H. Thacher, Jr.	Mohican.	14.6×30	6	1 07 45	7.5
Sofronia.	E. F. Andrews.	Rochester.	14 × 31	7	1 07 45	7
Isabel.	R. Tyson.	Toronto.	14 × 33	8	1 07 45	6.5
Sadie N.	F. M. Nicholson.	Toronto.	14 × 31	9	1 07 45	6
Boreas.	H. Neilson.	Toronto.	14 × 32	10	1 07 45	5.5
Evora.	A. H. Mason.	Toronto.	14 × 30½	11	1 07 45	5
Girofla.	F. A. Nickerson.	Springfield.	14 × 30	12	1 07 45	4.5
Aurora.	C. A. Neide.	L. G. C. C.	15 × 31½	13	1 07 45	4
Freak.	C. V. R. Schuyler.	N. Y. C. C.	16 × 30	14	1 07 45	3.5
Katrina.	R. W. Bailey.	Pittsburgh.	16 × 30	15	1 07 45	3
Minx.	M. V. Brokaw.	N. Y. C. C.	14.4×30	16	1 07 45	2.5
Whimbrel.	F. W. Mason.	Toronto.	14 × 31	17	1 07 45	2
Sapphire.	J. W. Bridgman.	Toronto.	14.6×32½	18	1 07 45	1.5

Seven other canoes entered but did not finish; several did not start.

Event V.—Tandem 1 mile paddling race, any canoe, two men, ½ mile and turn.

CANOE.	Crews.	Club.	Size.	Finish.	Time.
Maggie.	M. F. Johnson.	Toronto.	18×24	1	9 31
Ada M. S.	F. Adams.	Peterboro.	16×27	2	9 42

Crew of Maggie used two double paddles. Crew of Ada M. S. used two single paddles. Two other crews entered but did not start.

Event VI.—Unset race, ¼ mile. Canoes to be turned completely over at the signal and then finish.

CANOE.	Owner.	Club.	Size.	Finish.	Time.
Maggie.	M. F. Johnson.	Toronto.	18 × 24	1*
Zulu.	J. F. Weller.	Peterboro.	16 × 26	2
Lark.	C. B. Vaux.	N. Y. C. C.	14 × 30	3
Sofronia.	F. F. Andrews.	Rochester.	14 × 31	4
Germaine.	A. G. Webster.	Harvard.	14 × 27	5
Aquila.	L. G. Totten, Jr.	Neptune.	14 × 28	6
Venture.	L. Q. Jones.	Hartford.	14.6×30	7
Sylph.	F. A. Nickerson.	Springfield.	14 × 30	8
Bertha.	J. E. Millen.	Rochester.	14 × 30	9

* 20 seconds from signal to first stroke of paddle after upset.

Zulu is an open canoe, all others are decked. Weller emptied his boat while in the water himself, and paddled over the finish line second, with no water aboard.

Wednesday, Aug. 13.

Event VII.—Paddling long-distance race, 3 miles, twice around triangular sailing course. Not over 16ft. or under 27in. beam.

CANOE.	Owner.	Club.	Size.	Finish.	Time.	Record points.
Hillcrest.	M. F. Johnson.	Toronto.	16×28	1	31 38	10
Zulu.	J. L. Weller.	Peterboro.	16×26	2	32 42	7
Ada M. S.	F. Adams.	Peterboro.	16×27	3	33 58	4
Kazoo.	E. Gould.	K. C. C.	16×26	4	34 10	1

All open Peterboro canoes, Zulu and Ada M. S. using single paddles. Hillcrest and Kazoo the double-bladed paddle. Johnson's rate of speed for whole 3 miles was better than his one-mile rate in other races, except the tandem.

Thursday, Aug. 14.

Event VIII.—Paddling, Class I., 1½ miles, round sailing course once. Length not over 18ft., beam not under 24in.

CANOE.	Owner.	Club.	Size.	Finish.	Time.	Record points.
Maggie.	M. F. Johnson.	Toronto.	18×24	1	14 48	10
Zulu.	J. L. Weller.	Peterboro.	16×26	2	14 55	5½
Ada M. S.	F. Adams.	Peterboro.	16×27	3	17 00	1

Maggie is a decked canoe. In paddling classes II., III. and IV. can enter class I. races, III. and IV. class II. races, and IV. class III. races. In sailing class A. could enter all the B races, if started at different times, as the advantage is with the B. In event IV. some of the A canoes came in ahead of the last of the B class, though starting ten minutes later.

Event IX.—Paddling, Class IV., ½ mile straight away. Length not over 16ft., beam not under 30in.

CANOE.	Owner.	Club.	Size.	Finish.	Time.	Record points.
Mamie.	M. F. Johnson.	Toronto.	16 × 31	1	05 16	10
Nellie.	W. S. Kipp.	St. Lawrence	15 × 31½	2	05 37	8.5
Idyl.	J. C. Wilson.	Watertown	15 × 32	3	05 40	6.5
Evora.	A. H. Mason.	Toronto.	14.8×30½	4	05 40	5.5
Elf.	E. L. French.	Buffalo.	14 × 30	5	05 40	5
Marguerite.	E. C. Griffin.	K. C. C.	14.6×30	6	05 40	4.5

Slipalong and Gluck entered but did not start.

Event X., B.—Sailing, Class B. cruising rig, limit of sail area, 75ft.; 3 miles, twice round regular course.

CANOE.	Owner.	Club.	Size.	Finish.	Time.	Record points.
Gluck.	S. W. Bowles, Jr.	Springfield.	14 × 30	1	57 11	10
Snake.	E. W. Gibson.	Mohican.	14.6×31	2	57 24	9.5
Girofla.	F. A. Nickerson.	Springfield.	14 × 30	3	58 00	8.5
Jap.	E. W. West.	L. G. C. C.	15.3×31½	4	58 00	8
Katrina.	R. W. Bailey.	Pittsburgh.	14½×31	5	58 00	7.5
Dot.	C. B. Vaux.	N. Y. C. C.	14.4×30	6	58 00	7
Sofronia.	F. F. Andrews.	Rochester.	14 × 30	7	58 00	6.5
Henrietta.	WB Wackerhagen.	Mohican.	14½×31	8	58 00	6
Isabel.	R. Tyson.	Toronto.	14 × 33	9	58 00	5.5
Whimbrel.	M. F. Mason.	Toronto.	14 × 31	10	58 00	5
Corinne.	R. E. Wood.	Peterboro.	15 × 29	11	58 00	4.5
Kate.	C. Fraser.	Ubique.	16 × 30	12	58 00	4

Annie O., Lasca, Boreas, Evora, Sadie N., Sapphire, Tarantula, Minx, Freak, Elf, Aurora, Argo and Edna entered, but did not finish. Several did not start.

Event XI. did not take place for lack of time; 12 entries are on the book for this race. If it had taken place, the result of the record would have been quite different.

Event X., A.—Sailing, Class A, cruising rig, limit 60 sq. ft. sail, three miles, twice round.

CANOE.	Owner.	Club.	Size.	Finish.	Time.	Record points.
Helena.	Grant Van Dusen.	Rondout.	14 × 27	1	1 05 50	10
Zulu.	J. L. Weller.	Peterboro.	16 × 26	2	1 10 52	8.5
Psyche.	C. K. Munroe.	N. Y. C. C.	14.6×28	3	1 18 39	5½
Dido.	G. E. Edgar.	Dock Rat.	15 × 28	4	1 31 13	7.5
Lady Jane.	B. C. Bakewell.	Pittsburgh.	14 × 28	5	1 31 13	6.5

Ada M. S., Nettie, and Siren either did not start or started and did not finish. Psyche was handicapped several minutes by not knowing that race had started, and was thus delayed in getting off. Germaine upset at start, but started fifteen minutes after the others and completed the distance in 1h. 27m. 33s. This race was started ten minutes after the B class.

Event XII.—Sailing light race, no ballast, 1½ miles once around sailing course, B, A, and heavy boards. Three first prizes, two second prizes (A and B).

CANOE.	Owner.	Club.	Size.	Finish.	Time.	Record points.
Jap.	E. W. West.	L. G. C. C.	15.3×31½	1	29 30	10
Snake.	R. W. Gibson.	Mohican.	14.6×31	2	29 30	9
Dot.	C. B. Vaux.	N. Y. C. C.	14.4×30	3	33 17	8
Gluck.	S. W. Bowles, Jr.	Springfield.	14 × 30	4	33 17	7
Girofla.	F. A. Nickerson.	Springfield.	14 × 30	5	33 17	6
Henrietta.	WB Wackerhagen.	Mohican.	14.6×31	6	33 17	5.5
Katrina.	R. W. Bailey.	Pittsburgh.	14.6×30	7	33 17	5
Sofronia.	F. F. Andrews.	Rochester.	14 × 30	8	33 17	4.5
Sadie N.	F. M. Nicholson.	Toronto.	14 × 31½	9	33 17	4
Kate.	C. Fraser.	Ubique.	16 × 30	10	33 17	3.5

Four other canoes were entered. Three did not finish, Venture came in second, but fouled buoy and was ruled out.

CANOE.	Owner.	Club.	Size.	Finish.	Time.	Record points.
Zulu.	J. L. Weller.	Peterboro.	16 × 26	1	36 41	10
Dido.	G. E. Edgar.	Dock Rat.	15 × 28	2	45 43	8.5
Ada M. S.	F. Adams.	Peterboro.	16 × 27	3	45 46	8.5
Helena.	Grant Van Dusen.	Rondout.	14 × 27	4	45 46	8.5
Psyche.	C. K. Munroe.	N. Y. C. C.	14.6×28	5	45 46	8.5
Muriel.	R. W. Baldwin.	Ottawa.	13 × 27	6	45 46	8.5

"This law is well-meant, and is good in that in extreme cases it might save a single life, but on the whole it is better broken than kept. Had Captain Estes stopped to think he would not have written as he did, for the law is that skiffs carrying a light have the right of way and steamers are compelled to stop, and if they happen to strike a skiff

they are responsible. If there were but occasional skiffs to be seen upon the river, this perhaps could be accomplished, but at the park, here, for example, where on many evenings fifty or seventy-five skiffs are on the water, it would be utterly impossible for a steamer to stop every time a skiff happened to cross its bow. Again, the stopping of the steamer might endanger the lives of many passengers and cause much damage, for here, where there are so many dangerous shoals it would not be possible to reverse the engines without incurring the risk of grounding upon one of these, especially in a strong wind were blowing. In this way, while a single life might be saved, hundreds of others would be placed in jeopardy. There are many young men on the river of sufficient importance, in their own estimation at least, to compel a steamer to stop for them, especially if they are accompanied by young ladies, and it must cause the captains of the steamers an innumerable annoyance to obey the whims of such egotistical specimens.

"Another reason urged against this law is that if the lights be placed in the bow of the boat, the person rowing cannot see beyond the light and will be unable to determine his course, thus incurring danger. These and other reasons are urged by boatmen why the law should not be enforced. Upon inquiry among them your correspondent learns that all of them think the law absurd, and they declare that if they are compelled to observe it, they will so annoy steamers by making them stop on every occasion that the captains of vessels will seek to have it rescinded. The fine for being without a light is \$200. If people were not so careless there would be no need of so much caution; but many who come here for a few days have a sort of idea that they can row a boat, or sail it, under all circumstances, even if they have never been in one before, and the result is that they take risks that skillful oarsmen would avoid. It has come to be just the thing for brave swains to attempt to shoot across the bow of a passing steamer or row as near as possible to catch the swell. Nothing can stop such except death or marriage. It seems better to all parties concerned that the law is better broken than kept. What the outcome will be is not yet known."

RACES AT MATTAPOISETT.

TWENTY-FOUR boats took part in the races sailed on Saturday last off Mattapoisett for yachts under 30 and over 15ft. 30s yachts entered in the first class, but the other three were fairly well filled. The first gun was fired at 10:30 A. M. to prepare the classes being started in order. The wind was steady from southwest during the race. The entries and times were:

SECOND CLASS.			
Surprise, C. C. Hanley.....	Length.	Actual.	Corrected.
Arvilla.....	21.00	2 54 01	2 10 14
Atalanta, T. R. Thomas.....	24.05	2 55 21	2 11 09
Mattie, Howard Stockton.....	25.09	2 54 11	2 13 22
Myrtle, Phiney.....	25.10	2 56 42	2 14 36
Faunus, Perry.....	24.02	3 01 48	2 17 25
Alcyon, Phiney.....	24.01	3 03 59	2 19 15
Violet, G. H. Richards.....	25.03	2 59 29	2 23 11
Whisper, F. Sargent.....	25.04	Not taken.	
THIRD CLASS.			
Dolly, A. H. Hardy.....	30.01	3 25 42	2 24 06
Zikau, J. Jenney.....	32.06	3 22 56	2 34 56
Muscat, F. E. Bacon, Jr.....	32.03	3 27 39	2 39 37
Saunders, J. A. Bates.....	32.03	3 27 39	2 39 37
Spritz, H. R. Dalton, Jr.....	30.05	3 41 36	2 51 02
FOURTH CLASS.			
Inez.....	16.03	1 39 14	0 54 42
Gem, S. A. Bigelow.....	18.00	1 33 52	0 56 36
Rarus.....	16.11	1 43 01	1 00 04
Aggie.....	15.05	1 43 20	1 01 49
Phoebe, E. F. Gibbs.....	20.01	2 25 05	Not m'd.
Spray, Threlkoff.....	14.01	09 49	Not m'd.
Island Belle, Joseph.....	13 54	Not m'd.	
Bessie.....	Not taken.		
General.....	Not taken.		
Lady of the Lake.....	Not taken.		

Prizes, \$12 and \$6 in each class. Judges, Malcolm Thomas and F. E. Sparrows. Reception committee, Messrs. Clark, Atkinson, Holmes,

HULL Y. C.

EASTERN yachtsmen have much to be thankful for in the opportunity afforded to them for racing on a modern scale with plenty of sport for all boats down to the smallest. Last week we noticed the races of the Bunker Hill, Boston, Beverley and Hull yacht clubs, all open to small boats, this week we have as many, and next will come the great event of the season, the turn out of the Mosquito fleet at Marblehead. Last Saturday was the date set for the second championship matches of the Hull Y. C. and the sailors shared the lively southerly breeze that blew from other clubs on that day. Twenty-five yachts came to the line at 3:15 P. M., at which time the first class started. The remaining classes, five in all, followed at five minute intervals, all being over by 3:45. It was 4:53 when Seabird passed the finish, winner in the third class, then the others began to flock in. A curious accident happened to Transit as she finished. She passed too close to the judges' boat, and as she heeled at the time her topmast struck that of the latter and broke off.

FIRST CLASS.			
Shadow, c. b., John Bryant.....	Length.	Actual.	Corrected.
Lillie, k. J. P. Gale.....	34.04	1 53 41	1 27 29
Just My Breeze, k. R. W. Jones.....	36.11	2 05 32	1 41 16
Did not return.			
SECOND CLASS.			
Banneret, k. J. F. Brown.....	25.01	2 06 03	1 30 58
Transit, k. E. H. Ingalls.....	27.03	2 05 05	1 32 21
Gem, k. Osgood & Savage.....	26.05	2 12 30	1 38 51
THIRD CLASS.			
Sea Bird, c. b., G. S. Forbush.....	23.01	1 27 06	1 03 06
Kitty, k. Tarbell & Adams.....	23.09	1 28 06	1 03 30
Theora, k. A. F. Thayer.....	22.07	2 01 07	1 34 41
Saracen, k. W. P. Fowler.....	23.05	2 03 56	1 40 25
FOURTH CLASS.			
Queen Mab, c. b., Burwell & Litchfield.....	22.06	1 33 06	1 08 35
Joker, c. b., George Coffin.....	20.08	1 39 31	1 13 18
Amy, c. b., E. W. Baxter.....	21.04	1 35 08	1 12 29
Niobe, c. b., F. S. Dunne.....	20.06	1 44 22	1 17 59
FIFTH CLASS.			
Wildfire, c. b., H. A. Keith.....	18.01	1 44 44	1 15 44
Kismet, c. b., H. N. Curtis.....	18.11	1 43 40	1 15 37
Viva, c. b., P. M. Bond.....	19.06	1 43 20	1 15 55
Sherwater, c. b., W. M. Merrill.....	18.09	1 45 00	1 16 46
Myrtle, c. b., C. H. C. Poor.....	19.06	1 46 10	1 18 15
Spray, c. b., H. H. Faxon.....	18.10	1 46 42	1 18 33
Imogene, c. b., E. T. Wendell.....	18.10	Did not return.	
SIXTH CLASS.			
Charlotte, C., Cat, Freeman & Ganoway.....	17 11	1 49 43	1 20 31
Elsie, cat, C. P. Hardwick.....	16 11	1 51 12	1 20 39
Cadet, cat, Belcher & Dunham.....	16 01	1 53 14	1 21 40
Idolw/d, cat, H. Taggart.....	17 43	1 59 59	1 23 36

Judges—Messrs. Griffin, Aborn, Kiley, Loring and Miller.

TOLEDO Y. C. ANNUAL MATCHES.

THE Toledo Y. C. held their second annual match, open to all lake boats, on Thursday, Aug. 22. The day was a fine one, and the two classes, second and third, the first failing to fill; the second being between 23 and 35ft. waterline length, the third under 23ft. The time allowance of two minutes per foot is made on a basis of the sum of waterline, extreme beam and depths of hold from planking to under side of deck next to mast. One man is allowed for every five feet of such gross measurement. The courses decided on were for second class from 16 to 25ft. long line on north side of Turtle Point due east, thence southwest by south, half south 7 miles, to starting line, 21 miles; and for third class due east to stakeboat 7 miles, thence due west 7 miles. The time limit was six hours. Five prizes were offered in the second class of \$75, \$50, \$40, \$35 and \$10, and three in the third class of \$25, \$15 and \$10, besides the Macheu cup for second class only, to be won at three consecutive annual matches before becoming the property of the club. A flying start was ordered at 10:30, boats to cross the line at gunfire with ten minutes limit, but it was 11:03 before the signal was given. The water was smooth with a topsail breeze from southwest. The entries and times of crossing were:

No Name.....	11 05 40	Petrel.....	11 09 25
Zetta.....	11 07 20	Fanchon.....	11 09 53
Minnie.....	11 07 25	Madeline.....	11 09 28
Crescent.....	11 08 00	Scud.....	11 10 00
Kate Graham.....	11 08 12	Ido.....	11 10 00
Lulu.....	11 08 30	L. Her B.....	11 10 00
Corsair.....	11 09 00	Ida.....	11 10 00
Charon.....	11 09 02	Gypsy.....	11 10 00
Stella.....	11 09 05	Osprey.....	11 10 00
Charlie H.....	11 09 25	Oberon.....	11 10 35
Victoria.....	11 09 25	Oberon.....	11 10 35

Several accidents happened to the yachts. Charlie H. broke her spinaker boom and carried away throat halliard bolt in gaff; Lulu parted balloon jib halliards; Corsair had trouble with her balloon jib; Fanchon parted topmast backstay and luff topmast, but in spite of

all such mishaps the races were a success and all were satisfied. The times of finish and elapsed time are given below:

SECOND CLASS.			
Measure.	Allow.	Time.	Corrected.
Scud.....	50	3 39 00	3 39 00
Lulu.....	45	3 40 15	3 45 45
Kate Graham.....	45	3 40 30	3 45 33
Fanchon.....	49	0 42	disabled.
Gypsy.....	40	7 00	4 20 03
Oberon.....	44	4 12	4 18 57
Charon.....	42	4 02	3 58 53
Corsair.....	41	5 16	4 00 12
Ida.....	39	6 15	4 14 18
Osprey.....	49	7 49	4 07 03
Crescent.....	40	0 42	3 25 31
Jennie J.....	40	7 00	4 12 20
Ino.....	42	5 35	4 11 25
Charlie H.....	35	10 30	4 36 36
Madeline.....	34	11 12	
Zetta.....			

THIRD CLASS.			
Measure.	Allow.	Time.	Corrected.
L. Her B.....	32	3 25 05	3 25 04
No Name.....	32	4 01 13	4 01 13
Minnie.....	33		
Petrel.....	31	0 28	3 46 50

The regatta committee were Messrs. E. G. Herrick, Walter Brown, and A. W. Machen.

THE BATTLE OF THE SHARPIES.

Editor Forest and Stream: In our issue of Aug. 21, Mr. Robert Barnwell Roosevelt subscribes to the following statement, made at the same time some purely personal remarks to which I do not see fit to reply. He says:

First—"The only thing a sharpie does not possess is speed," and afterward adds that his sharpie has speed.

Second—"That the Roslyn yawl rig is nothing new." Perhaps not. I had the pleasure of designing it, however, FOREST AND STREAM gave it the name. Possibly Noah's Ark was rigged that way, she may have been a Nonpareil sharpie for aught we know, and if so, was a handy craft.

Third—"Mr. Roosevelt says that the Roslyn yawl is a 'monstrosity, unhandy, unmanageable, and entirely unseaworthy.'" My reply to this highly seasoned statement is that when he and his schooner sharpie were dodging through canals and behind sandbanks to reach Florida, Commodore Douglass's Roslyn yawl sharpie was sailing the open sea course to the same destination. On this trip the latter yacht made good time, proved herself a fine staunch sea boat, and her rig was much praised by those who sailed her. Her log was published in FOREST AND STREAM.

I am constantly busy building large sharpie yachts, all of which have the Roslyn yawl rig, with balance rudder. No one but myself builds the sharpie yachts. Are there no wise sharpie owners in the world but Mr. Robert Barnwell Roosevelt? That gentleman has declined to practically show wherein lies the superiority of his schooner rig and scow rudder over my yawl with balance rudder, and as my only object in replying to his letter of Aug. 7 was to have this question fairly tested, I now decline to further discuss sharpies on any such arbitrary personal basis as the tone of Mr. Roosevelt's last published letter. THOMAS CLAPHAM.

ROSLYN, L. I., Aug. 23.

ANOTHER SINGLEHANDER.

Editor Forest and Stream: I send you herewith a general description of a narrow "singlehander," now under process of construction by an amateur who "got out" the lines, is building and rigging the boat himself, and is doing a fair job considering, and the lines look well:

Length over all.....	28ft.
Length on L.W.L.....	24ft.
Beam.....	4ft.
Greatest draft.....	5ft.
Least freshwater draft.....	3ft.
Width of top of keel.....	14in.
Headroom in cabin under beams.....	5ft. 1in.
Width of floor.....	12in.
Width of lockers.....	12in.
Cabin length.....	7ft.
Forecastle.....	7ft.

Berth is brought in at night by an arrangement similar to "Windward," illustrated in FOREST AND STREAM Aug. 14; house and companion combined 6ft. long, 18in. wide, cockpit same width, 3ft. long, iron on keel 1,400lbs., inside 1,200lbs., full cutter rig, housing topmast and reefing bowsprit, 4000. ft. in three lower sails, main, foresail and jib. Cost complete, \$490. St. Johns, Mich., Aug. 19, 1884.

MILWAUKEE Y. C. ANNUAL MATCHES.

THE first annual matches of the Milwaukee Y. C. were sailed on Aug. 14. The course was triangular, nine miles twice around, or eighteen miles in all. Although the early morning was quite foggy, a good breeze from the southeast sprang up before the start, increasing during the latter part of the race. Four yachts entered, Adele and Las Campanas keel sloops, and Kate and Idun, center-board sloops, the former being a deep Boston boat.

The first leg of these miles was a boat, Adele leading as she did all through the race. The times of the first round were: Adele 2:40, Las Campanas 2:51, Kate 2:55, Idun 2:58½.

The times of the finish of second round were, Adele 3:10, Las Campanas 3:35½, Idun 3:45, Kate 3:47½. Adele takes first prize, silver cup, Idun takes second place on time allowance.

A SEAT FOR A ROWBOAT.—Central Lake, Mich., Aug. 21, 1884. Editor Forest and Stream: A good many years ago I adopted a device in canoeing which I found very satisfactory where portages were short. This was simply a common wooden chair, with the legs sawed off and placed in the bottom of the canoe, or sometimes on the top of a bucket. When dining, I often inverted it, with the seat resting against a tree, when it served as a small table. In after years, when my wife, who sometimes accompanies me in long boating excursions, complained of weariness, I remembered the old thing. I took a chair and having cut the legs at the back completely off and left the front one about an inch in length, I placed on each of the latter an iron cleat, pointing backward. When the chair is placed upon the boat's seat, and shoved back until the front legs touch the board, the cleats will retain it in position. A round top or "bow back" is preferable. For invalids, or those who, while not over strong, yet delight in boating, the value of this simple device can hardly be overestimated. It is a simple, cheap, and most useful exchequer, and I venture to ask that you will publish the description. If I am not much mistaken, there will be not a few, especially among your lady readers, who will thank you for it before a month is up.—KELPIE.

THE FIRST STEEL VESSEL ON THE LAKES.—The first vessel built of steel on the lakes was launched on Aug. 21 from the Wyandotte shipyard, at Detroit. Her name is the Albany, and she is 265ft. on keel, 32ft. over all, 35ft. beam, 17½ft. depth, and was built for the Western Transit Company, of Buffalo, for carrying grain from that point to Chicago. Her engines are fore and aft compound, 28 and 43×48, with boilers 94×16 to carry 110 pounds. This vessel will cost \$200,000, and was seven months in building, her keel having been laid in February. The same firm will soon launch a similar boat. The Albany was launched beam on, being held, after wedging up, by a shore of the stern and kept at the stern, kept in place by the signal from Mr. Frank E. Kirby, the company's constructing engineer, both ropes were cut at once, and the vessel glided sideways into the water, sending a wave that wetted a number of the spectators on the bank.

OPEN BOAT RACE IN THE BAY.—Prizes were offered for a race on the Upper Bay on Aug. 20, over the centennial course, from Capt. Jake Schmidt's float around buoy off Coney Island Point, thence around buoys 18 and 17, making ten miles. Seven boats from 16 to 25ft. entered, but the wind was very light, the course was shortened, the boats turning Fort Lafayette instead of Coney Island buoy. The time allowance was forty-two seconds to the foot. The starters were Teaser, 18ft.; Martha Muna, 24ft. 8in.; Lone Star, 18ft. 2in.; Maud, 18ft.; Fedora, 18ft. 10in.; Comanche, 18ft. 7in. and Maggie, 16ft. The wind died out before the course was completed, so the race was postponed. A race was also sailed between the yawl boat of the schooner, the yawl finally winning.

MOLLY.—This yacht was built for Mr. F. S. Mallock, of Hamilton, Ontario, last winter, and is similar in dimensions with the Fad, having 29½ft. over all, 6ft. beam and 7ft. depth. She was designed and built by Thomas Dalton, a local builder, who has made a success of her and turned out a first-class piece of work. Her keel is of iron, 4,710 pounds, with 3,710 pounds of lead inside. The interior is finished in pine, oiled and varnished.

A JUNK RACE ON NEW YORK BAY.—A piece of canvas ten feet square is a more economical motive power than even a five dollar horse. For this reason not all the junkmen's carts in New York city are on wheels. Those that are on the water are about nineteen feet long, with one mast in the middle, and are of at least one thousand pounds tonnage, estimated by the weight of old lead pipe, bursted boilers, ships' anchors and other articles which fate consigns to a junkman's scales. The speed of these boats has always been the cause of much argument between their owners, and as argument proved a conspicuous failure in settling the question, the happy idea of having a race was hit upon several years ago. It came off and was a success, and every summer since that time a regatta has been held, the course being from pier 28 East River around Robbin's Reef and back again. Yesterday was the day for this year's race and all junkdom turned out from West and South streets and congregated on pier 28. At 1 o'clock in the afternoon the neighboring piers were covered by the friends of the contestants, among whom, however, not a plumber could be seen. This fact was explained as being the result of an unreasonable prejudice which plumbers entertain against any man who can tell at a glance weight and cost price of a coil of lead pipe. At 2 o'clock nine boats rocked on the waves at the starting line, with their names painted upon their sterns in green, yellow, sweet violet and other cheerful colors. Each boat contained her owner, who held the post of captain, and a crew of one man, who sat with the ballast between his knees and with his back against the mast to keep it steady. When Commodore Patrick McDonald fired the cannon the nine boats glided across the line with all the grace of miniature canal boats, the waiting throng on the piers gave a loud shout and the race was begun. As the boats swept down the river all the ferryboats got out of the way and a Sound steamer escaped being run down only by closely bugging the Brooklyn shore. When the Battery was reached the Pride of the East was ahead. Next to her came the Limerick Lass and Dynamite. The Light of Other Days, Schweitzerkase and the Brooklyn Belle formed the second group. They were, however, pursued by the Island Queen, Old Gold and the Atlantic Avenue Belle. The Limerick Lass, Captain Eugene Mahoney, was the first to round Robbin's Reef, while the Island Queen, Captain David McDonald, was not far behind. Just then the crew of the former, excited by his triumph, took the ballast from between his knees and drank half of it. This incautious act at such a critical moment upset the equilibrium of the boat and she was capsized. The keeper of the lighthouse on the reef rescued the captain and crew, and the crew of the Island Queen was lost. On the return voyage the Light of Other Days, under the skillful hand of Captain John Reddigan, cropt by all of the other boats and passed the line in a blaze of glory, having made the five miles of the race in the remarkable time of two hours. The second boat was the Atlantic Avenue Belle, of Brooklyn, Captain A. W. Machen, and the third was the Island Queen, Captain David McDonald. The half hour, the captain of each being compelled to wait for the certainty of winning next year's race.—New York Herald.

QUAKER CITY Y. C.—Editor Forest and Stream: The match and sweepstakes races that have taken place since the annual regatta, June 2, have all been very exciting and closely contested. The yacht M. S. Thomas, third class, having won the Commodore's Cup (Bancroft) three times in succession, becomes permanent owner. The 8th of September has been decided upon for a sweepstakes race between the yachts Elwell, Minerva, Persson, Pratt and Acholia, of the first class, for a purse of \$250. The fifth class boats will also sail a sweepstakes race on the same day. A match race between the second class boats Consort and Julia will take place soon. Other races are on the tapis. Yachting is lively on the Delaware just now. I never witnessed races so closely sailed, and in so short a time. Mr. L. S. Coleman presents a challenge cup to the class yachts, to be sailed on the Valetto a challenge cup to second class, and ex-Commodore Bancroft a challenge cup to third class. One of the conditions is, yachts must be sailed and manned by owners who have never been employed to sail races. Professionals will positively not be permitted to participate in these races. This is a good move, and will prove there is nothing in the world so interesting as to sail your yacht, especially after being thrown out of the club for a time, without going outside for hired help. Will send you a report of future races.—R. G. W.

JEFFRIES CLUB MATCHES.—On Saturday last the fifth championship match of this club was sailed off Jeffries Point in a good breeze from southwest. The course for first class was the special nine-mile course, and the start was made at 3:07 P. M., Judith and Una only starting. In the second class, the cat, Hard Times had a small start. Judith and Una had won the first prize in three previous races she takes the first prize and club championship:

	Actual.	Corrected.
Judith, E. T. Pigeon.....	1 53 27	1 53 27
Una.....	2 00 50	2 07 37

The time of Hard Times was 1h. 15m. 25sec. for a six-mile course. The time of Judith and Una was 1h. 53m. 27sec. for a six-mile course, as was first arranged, but it will not affect the result.

SAN FRANCISCO Y. C. ANNUAL MATCHES.—The San Francisco Y. C. will sail their annual matches on Saturday next over a new course, starting from a line between Meigs' Wharf and Alcatraz, thence to a stakeboat near the Berkeley Flats near Goat and Sheep islands, thence around a stakeboat off the Presidio Wharf, back to the Berkeley stakeboat, thence to the Presidio boat again to the finish off Meigs' Wharf, a total distance of 28 miles, a large part of which is around the committee of the club, the race of 18th of September next (or if stormy, next fair day), at 11 o'clock A. M., for purses of \$300 for the first class, and \$200 for the second class, offered by Commodore Hovey. The prize will not be given in either class unless two boats complete the course in that class. The exact course and other particulars will be notified to the boats hereafter.

EASTERN Y. C.—There will be a regatta for first and second class cutters and sloops of the New York and Eastern yacht clubs, from Marblehead Rock over a course of about thirty nautical miles, to be sailed by Eastern Y. C. rules and time allowance, under the direction of the regatta committee of the club, on the 18th of September next (or if stormy, next fair day), at 11 o'clock A. M., for purses of \$300 for the first class, and \$200 for the second class, offered by Commodore Hovey. The prize will not be given in either class unless two boats complete the course in that class. The exact course and other particulars will be notified to the boats hereafter.

DOUSCHKA.—The iron steam yacht Douschka, formerly called the William H. Vanderbilt, which was built in Buffalo in 1879, has been sold to go to Baranquilla, Central America, where she will be used as a tug. She is 60ft. long, 9ft. 4in. wide, and has a trunk cabin very handsomely fitted and furnished. She has a double engine 62½, a return tubular boiler which carries 100 pounds pressure per square inch, and she cost when new \$10,000. The Atlas line steamer which sails on Tuesday, takes her in tow to her destination. She will be called now the Carolina.

ROYAL CANADIAN Y. C.—At a special meeting of the club on Aug. 23, it was decided to throw the debt of the club at a rate not to exceed 64 per cent. The lawn in front of the club house will be raised eighteen inches and drained, and the roof of the house will be raised and improved.

DORCHESTER Y. C.—This club will meet on Friday, Aug. 29, off Thompson's Island, for a review and cruise to Marblehead. The yachts will meet at 1:30, starting at 2:30.

POT LUCK FROM EXCHANGES.

A BOSTON lady advertises for a kind, careful man to look after the house and be company for her dog during her summer absence in Europe.

July 20, O. W. Flecker, farming the Scott Ranch, killed a squirrel, from whose mouth he took 891 kernels of as fine and large wheat as we ever saw, their actual weight being two ounces less two drams. Eight such mouthfuls are about equal to a pound. Here is a lesson to a farmer who has a thousand squirrels on his farm.—Santa Cruz (Cal.) Sentinel.

A MEAN TRICK ON A SPARROW.—A small piece of looking-glass was placed in an upright position about a week ago on a picket fence in Leominster, Mass., and for about three hours every day since then a sparrow has been seen flitting about the mirror. The bird will stand and peck away at its reflected self until it gets thoroughly excited, and then it will run back and forth along the fence, fly about the mirror, then return and peck away again, and this order is kept up until it is completely exhausted, when it departs to reappear the next day.

Squire Borge, of Bangor, is wealthy and wishes his friends to understand that he is a wonderful sportsman. Last winter he started up country on a fishing trip, where he met with poor success. The first thing he did on returning to the city was to go to a market and buy fifteen trout. They were beauties, and he told the salesman what he was going to do and asked him where he should say they were caught. "Oh, tell them they were taken from Linus Pond." On his way home the squire called and had the largest one photographed. Underneath the picture he wrote: "One of the fifteen taken from Linus Pond, January 8, 1884, by Timothy Borge, Esq." In two days he came back to the marketman and said:

"Looksee here, where is Linus Pond, anyway? They asked me where it was and I told them it was up in the north part of Hancock county. Then they got a map and wanted me to show it to them, and for the life of me I couldn't find it. Just tell me where it is and I'll go home and fix them. Confound their hearts, I'll tell them where Linus Pond is, and give them enough of it." Then the marketman led him gently outside the shop and pointed to his sign. It read: "Linus Pond. Fish, Oysters and Game."

A summons has been issued against Lonoon Drunliard, of Dog Point, for fishing without a license. The manner in which Drunliard breaks the fishing law is rather curious. Instead of taking a net and fishing he has a flock of 30 geese. To the legs of these fowls he has a line and baited hooks attached. The flock are driven into the water and are followed by Drunliard's two sons, who drive them up stream, thus making them troll. As soon as a goose gets a bite it becomes frightened, and with a great flapping of wings and squawking flies to the shore, where the fish is taken from the hook.—*Lockport Journal*.

George A. Smith, a resident of Wooden Valley, in this county, was in town Tuesday, and had in his possession 880 squirrel and 6 rabbit scalps—the squirrels having been poisoned near his home all in the space of one week. Justice Hunt certified to the fact of the scalps, and afterward, according to law, burned them in the presence of the claimant. The Board of Supervisors allow five cents apiece on squirrel scalps, thus netting Mr. Smith the handsome sum of \$44 for seven days' work. We understand that a war of extermination is going on against these little pests, and thousands of them have been killed since the county law went into effect.—*Napa (Cal.) Reporter*.

"A Sport," who is desirous of information on the subject, is informed that we do not run what is generally termed a "sporting" department. Prize-fighters, boxers, and others of that class call themselves sporting men, and with such we have nothing to do. We believe in, and shall encourage, decent, refined "sportsmanship," such as embraces gunning, angling, the use of setters and pointers in connection with the gun, archery, etc. The spurious article—which is the fruit of low associations—we abhor. No, ours is not a "sporting" department, as you understand the term, but a sportsman's department.—*Sacramento (Cal.) Capital*.

Meissonier, the painter, had a gardener who was a great botanist and a great wag. He knew the seeds of all sorts of plants, and Meissonier was always trying and always failing to puzzle him. "I have got him now," said Meissonier to some friends at a dinner party, and he showed them a package of the seed of dried herring. Then he sent for the gardener. All the guests smiled. The gardener arrived. "Do you know these seeds?" Meissonier asked. The gardener examined them with great attention. "Oh, yes," said he at last, "that is the seed of the polybus flumens, a very rare tropical plant." A smile of triumph lighted the face of Meissonier. "How long will it take the seed to come up?" he asked. "Fifteen days," said the gardener. At the end of the

fifteen days the guests were once more at table. After dinner the gardener was announced. "M. Meissonier," he said, "the plants are above the ground." "Oh, this is a little too much," said the great painter, and all went into the garden to behold the botanical wonder. The gardener lifted up a glass bell, under which was a little bed carefully made and in which three rows of red herrings were sticking up their heads. The laugh was against Meissonier. He discharged the gardener, but took him back the next day.—*Foreign magazine*.

The last canine martyrdom to science operated by M. Brown-Sequard was of a peculiarly sensational character. That experimenter wanted to see whether life after a violent death is susceptible of being recalled in an animal killed in a healthy state. He therefore beheaded a dog familiar with his voice. The blood of another dog was beforehand prepared to be transferred into the arteries of the head. No sooner was it injected than the inert head became animated, the eyes opened, and on the professor calling the dog by his name, an attempt was made to answer by a caressing look. When the arterial blood was exhausted life disappeared. This painful experiment was suggested by one made by Dr. Laborde on Campi's head an hour and a half after execution, and when presumably the cerebral matter had greatly lost excitability. Nevertheless, when arterial blood was ejected into the head the mouth appeared to take a living character, the eyelids were raised, the pupils contracted when light was flashed upon them, and by an orifice in the skull it was seen that circulation was momentarily established in the intellectual convulsions. Dr. Laborde wanted to operate on Campi's head directly it fell in the basket, but the rule in virtue of which the form of a Christian burial was gone through at the Champ de Navets stood in the way.—*London Daily News*.

SENATOR THURMAN'S FISH STORY.—Once upon a time, when crowded about his Presidential aspirations, Mr. Thurman replied, "I really have no ambition in that direction." A look of incredulity on every face was the only response. The Judge took in these looks and related a little story. "One summer I was at the Oakland House, Maryland, spending a little vacation up in the cool mountain region. We got telling fishing stories. I related something of my own experience when I was present and saw caught a catfish weighing ninety pounds. When I told the weight there was a general laugh, and I was humorously awarded the prize for telling fish stories. I quietly remarked to my incredulous friends that I hoped soon to convince them of the correctness of my story that in Western waters there were catfish of ninety pounds weight. When I returned to Columbus I went to the leading restaurateur and instructed him to procure me the largest catfish that could possibly be secured. He reported in a few days that he had one. I walked over, and found an excellent specimen, weighing seventy-five pounds. I had him boxed and carefully packed in ice, and shipped him by express to my disbelieving friends at the Oakland. From the restaurateur I got all the recipes I could for catfish chowder, catfish steaks, stuffed cat-

fish, roast, etc., and sent them on by mail. I telegraphed as follows: 'Skin your fish before you cook him,' a catfish's skin being so rank as to spoil the flesh when the fish is cooked with it on. They got my telegram and were puzzled. When the box arrived, dripping from the melting ice, they were more puzzled. The letter, which arrived by the same train as the fish, explained all. They had a fine feast, and at it formally organized with a president and secretary, and passed the following resolution, which was sent to me: 'Resolved, That the truth of Allen G. Thurman's statements should never be questioned; that his fish stories are always absolutely true, especially his catfish stories.'—*Cleveland Press*.

It is cheering intelligence that the London courts have decided that a man is not at liberty to keep in his back yard a dog that barks and howls, and consequently that long suffering neighbors have at length a legal remedy against this nuisance. The accompanying remarks of the English judge that a small dog inside is a better protection than a large one without, may or may not be borne out by the facts, but in the main point is a genuine and tangible boon to long suffering humanity. No more shall Smith be forced to toss sleepless night after night irritated to the point of madness by the yelping with which Brown's dog salutes the moon, while from afar the detestable curs of Jones and Robinson join in the inharmonious chorus. No more need he fruitlessly rave and protest, endangering health of body and soul by nocturnal curses and daily recriminations, since the law has tardily come to his aid against the nuisance which was the bane of his existence. As civilization becomes more and more complex and more and more complicated, the liberties of the individual are more exchanged for social blessings. Brown may feel himself aggrieved that he is restrained from keeping a deep-mouthed hound melodiously to bay the moon and sonorously salute stray and unwary cats; but Brown must reflect that while called upon to sacrifice this pleasure, he is by the same power which restrains him, protected from sundry and diverse annoyances which might otherwise render his life a burden to him despite the joy of a whole pack of nocturnally yelping curs. Smith, for instance, might please himself by nourishing a thriving donkey whose hideous bray would bring Brown to the verge of suicide; Jones might in turn indulge in shrill-voiced chanticleers, with clarion crow to wake the morn at hours most unseasonable; while the fancy of Robinson might incline him to the maintenance of an entire menagerie; all of which would tend to the subversion of Brown's peace and tranquillity. If Brown is a philosopher he will easily console himself when his howling hound is left away from him with these and kindred reflections; stating the whole matter in some epigram embodying the law of compensation and the great principles of political economy. What is lost in one direction is gained in another, and meanwhile we who do not keep curs for our own pleasure or the offense of our neighbors, can not but be rejoiced at the prospect of a restraining of the whole crew of nocturnal howlers and yelpers.—*Boston Courier*.

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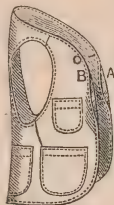
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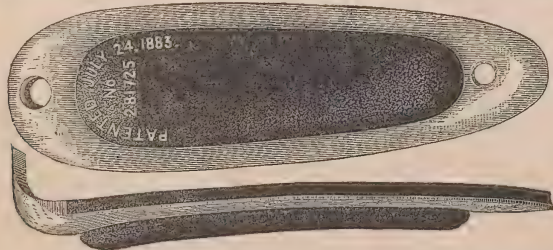
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VOL. XXIII.—No. 6.
{ Nos. 39 & 40 PARK ROW, NEW YORK.

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THE FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. Communications upon the subjects to which its pages are devoted are respectfully invited. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. No name will be published except with writer's consent. The Editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

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THE NEED OF THE WEST.

FEW people understand the difficulty of enforcing laws for the protection of game and fish in the Western States and Territories. Most of them have upon their statute books laws that are stringent enough in letter and spirit, but they are non-effective in the great majority of cases for the reason that penalties are not, or cannot, be enforced. They are, as a general thing, very liberal to the informer and to the public; one-half the money penalty usually going to the former and the other half to the common school fund. The theory of the law-makers is, of course, that the large reward offered to the prosecuting witness, or informer, for securing punishment for violations of the law will stimulate the public to extra vigilance. Every man is expected to be a watch upon his neighbor, because he can profit by the latter's violation of law. But such is not the effect, and for two reasons—first, self-interest, and second, fear.

There are, in general terms, two classes of offenders against game protection laws: First, those who have means, and, therefore, hunt for pleasure. They are generally strangers in the regions where they hunt. They remain but temporarily, and disappear before their acts obtain notoriety. To the few with whom they come in contact in the sparsely settled districts they visit, they are good customers; hiring teams, horses, guides and servants; buying supplies of all kinds at whatever price asked. Hence, it is to the interest of such settlers to wink at the offenses of their visitors and customers against the laws of the State.

The other class are mercenary meat or skin-hunters, who destroy game simply for the profit there is in it. They violate the law persistently and knowingly. They are lawless and unprincipled. Regardless of one law they are naturally suspected of disregarding any other law or all laws. Hence, scattered settlers are afraid of them—afraid to report their unlawful acts. The man who with his family lives in the wilderness, far from neighbors, feels that it is not safe to report the offenses of the skin-hunter, because in doing so he would place himself, his family and all his property at the mercy of an outlaw, who might hesitate at nothing to secure revenge. The informant may be waylaid and shot, his

stock may be killed, his range burned over, his hay, grain or improvements destroyed by fire, his spring poisoned, or revenge taken in some other malicious way. And the man whose cunning has been sharpened by the studied pursuit of wild animals will wreak his vengeance in such manner that detection is almost impossible. Only a few days ago a man was waylaid and shot in the night, in Chaffee county, Colorado, and the only provocation that could be thought of was the fact that a few days before he had lodged a complaint in a justice's court against certain persons for killing trout with giant powder.

The only effective method of enforcing game protective laws is by game wardens, or commissioners appointed by the State. Such officers are responsible to the State, and the State becomes the prosecutor. Individual responsibility ceases, and with it all thought of personal revenge. The warden can have no interest in winking at the offenses of hunters for pleasure, nor can he, except in extraordinary cases and at rare intervals, suffer vengeance from the pot-hunter. The wide field of his service would make that service only the more effective and the more to be feared and respected by violators of the law. Settlers, too, could then become informers to the warden without endangering themselves and their property.

THE CLOSE TIME FOR BLACK BASS.

IN another column will be found a communication from Mr. A. N. Cheney, on the subject of extending the close season for black bass, which we commend to the attention of our angling readers, and especially to that portion of them which make our laws. We have long wondered why the close season for black bass should be different in different parts of the State of New York, because the exceptions to the general time, which extend it, are in waters not only wide apart, but in some which lie in the southern portion of the State, where the season might be expected to be earlier.

The fact that Mr. Cheney usually fishes in the northern portion of the State need not lead any person to think that he is not competent to speak for the whole State, for he is not only an enthusiastic angler, but one who is greatly interested in the art and its literature, and is in correspondence with anglers not only in all parts of New York, but in most other States. We regard him as one of the best-informed anglers in the country, and know that many of our readers in Southern New York agree with him that the close time is not long enough. If the object of the law is to protect the black bass while they are spawning, and during the time when they are protecting their young, as we suppose, then the period between the first of January and the first of June is not sufficient. As to the fixing of the time when the season shall close, we do not suppose that any one cares whether it shall be November first or March first, because between the dates named nature practically closes the season, and no one fishes for black bass in the State of New York at this time, and if they did the fish would not bite. It is well known that black bass hibernate in the Northern States during the winter, and those fishermen who cut holes in the ice and try to imagine they are having sport in dragging pickerel from a temperature at which ice is fluid to one where it is not, do not capture the bass which lie dormant at the bottom.

But if the four months between Nov. 1 and Feb. 28 are so cold that it makes no difference whether black bass are protected or not, the following four months ending June 30 are vital because, as Mr. Cheney says, the waters are opening and the anglers are waking up. This fish begins to take food, after its winter fast, as soon as the temperature of the water rises to about 45 degrees Fahrenheit, and not until then does any increase in the ovaries take place. It is a question of temperature entirely. In the Southern States, where the black bass does not hibernate, but feeds all winter, the fish spawns earlier. In the State of New York, the date at which all law-abiding bass should have finished spawning and protecting their young has been fixed at June 1, but we regret to say that the majority of bass are so depraved and have so little regard for law as to delay their family arrangements for a month later, and the question is: Shall the fish be compelled to change their habits to comply with the wisdom of our legislators, or shall we acknowledge that they know best when they want to spawn and accommodate ourselves to them?

Perhaps our abused lawmakers thought that the first of June was as long as they could hold the anglers off, because mankind is so constituted that when it sees a belated angle worm hurrying home over the gravel walk in the morning, after a roystering night of hilarious dissipation, it (man-

kind) immediately wants to go fishing. Now, suppose that an observant and intelligent angler, in the person of Mr. Cheney, calls a halt and asks mankind to wait another month until the bass has not only brought its young into the world but has carried them through the period of long skirts into that of short dresses and knee-breeches. What answer will he get? A universal shout will go up, "My vacation begins in June and I can't wait." Another question now presents itself: Shall the parent fish be captured and the brood be untimely cut off, or shall the impatient angler be restrained? Is it better to wait and let the fish get through with their domestic arrangements and have some fishing two or three years from now, or is it best to kill the old fish and trust to luck for a future crop?

We think that Mr. Cheney has rather understated the case. Even in Southern New York the black bass are not done spawning by the middle of June, and it seems to us that while his request to make the close season end at that time would be a step in advance we would go still further and make the law for the whole State exempt black bass from capture before July. This may deprive some anglers of their accustomed fishing. If they cannot go fishing later we are sorry for them. These are few, however, and they should sacrifice their pleasure for the public good. The main opposition to such a change would come from summer resorts and country hotels which look for the black bass fishers in June. With them it is a question of dollars, in which we and unselfish anglers like Mr. Cheney are not at all interested. The law needs changing.

REGULAR ARMY PRACTICE.—The crack marksmen among the regulars are now busy in a general scheme of the selection of the fittest, and as each department picks out its team, after exhaustive trial these chosen ones are placed in further contest in the division matches until it will soon be known who will make up the champion team for the year as well as the leading individual shots. We have had occasion in the past to criticise the methods of army practice and instruction, but there is such a great advance in the present skill of at least a minority of the men over what it was but a few years ago that the general public will look with satisfaction at the result and not pay much attention to what dangers lie in the future. There is an excellent rule which prevents the making up of a crack team to be brought out on every possible occasion. Rotation on teams is the team rule, and it is a good one, but while the teams are piling up the bullseyes and showing us high percentages, perhaps some officer possessed of the knowledge, will tell us precisely what the bulk of the army can do in the way of shooting, not merely in filling blanks, but in the haphazard, catch-distance methods of actual warfare.

THE NATIONAL BREEDERS' SHOW.—A show under this name will be given in Philadelphia next October. The plan of a show of this kind originated with a prominent breeder and exhibitor, who writes to us privately that it was at his solicitation that the gentleman who is acting as secretary undertook that task. The names of the gentlemen under whose auspices the exhibition will be given and the names of the judges are sufficient vouchers for its character. The prize list is liberal and the payment of the awards has been guaranteed by a fund of \$1,500 already subscribed. We make no question that the show will receive the cordial support of breeders, owners and exhibitors.

TRAP NOTES.—The New Jersey Association are making preparations for a fall tournament. They have had none since 1880, but there is a good deal of vigorous life left in the society yet; and its secretary thinks that the coming meeting will be well attended. At the late clay-pigeon tournament in this city the New Jersey shooters did some good work, one of them bearing off the honors of the best average. A praiseworthy effort is being made to form a club in this city to secure suitable shooting ground. Boston will soon have a big tournament.

THE NATIONAL SHAME.—After many fatal weeks have gone by, the Indian Commissioner has at last seen fit to provide a food supply for the starving Indians in Montana. The cruel apathy with which the slow deaths of those poor creatures have been regarded is a national shame. Some one at Washington is responsible for the outrageous condition of affairs that has been permitted on the Montana reservations, and when Congress meets we hope to see an investigation that will fix the blame where it belongs.

A PHANTOM SHOWMAN.

THE speculative dog-showman is an abandoned wretch who, when discovered, ought to be strung up by the thumbs and treated to a column or two of editorial scourging. We have long had a column of just that sort in pickle to be promptly administered on the very first opportunity, and accordingly, the other day, when the report came to us by way of Chicago that a speculative dog show was to be held in the City of Brotherly Love, we were greatly interested in the story, for here at last promised to be our victim. But our satisfaction was of short duration. Eager as has been our search, we have been unable to discover the slightest trace of when, where, or by whom this speculative dog show is to be held, and the supposed speculative manager has proved as elusive and intangible as a will-o'-the-wisp, an *ignis fatuus*, the baseless fabric of a dream, an Ichthyophagian nightmare, an opium vision, the uncanny creation of a mind exalted by stimulants, a vanished presidential boom, or finally, as that woodcock we were waiting until the 1st of August to kill, and in the place of whose borings, when that day finally came, we found the print of the hob-nailed boot (not to say cloven hoof) of the gunner who had got in there before us. It has gradually dawned upon us that this speculative showman must belong to the category of the men of straw which enterprising journalists now and then set up that they may be always ahead of others in knocking them down again. We have also abandoned the fruitless search for the speculative dog show. Any one who has ever tried to recover one lost dog can appreciate what a hopeless task it would be to discover the whereabouts of an entire lost dog-show.

We are compelled (and somewhat reluctantly, in view of that column which must be kept in pickle) to conclude that the Philadelphia speculative showman is a phantom.

CANADIAN RIFLE SHOOTING.—The season of fall meetings is at its height in the Dominion, and the successful Ontario meeting of last week is followed by the Dominion matches at the Rideau ranges in the present week. The volunteers of Canada take as much interest in this part of their military duties as do their fellow volunteers in England. The Canadian meetings are well attended, and there will be many congratulations in this season over the success of the team at Wimbledon last July, when the Kolapore cup was once again captured by Canadian pluck and good shooting. The government lends a discreetly helping hand, but not more so than the importance of the work demands, and the entire subject might serve very well as a guide for our American militiamen who think so much of their uniforms and so little of the work to be done in them. A series of local meetings followed by a recognized national one is what the States stand in rare need of. Pride of locality has much to do with stirring up an enthusiasm in such matters, and the managers of our home guard ought to bear this in mind and at once institute a series of regular State shoots.

WESTERN MARKSMEN.—A glance at our rifle columns will show what has been done in the way of tall scores by our friends in the West during the past week. There is a plenty of shooting talent in almost any section of the country, but the men at Western Union Junction piled up the scores in a fashion which showed that they had caught the secret of successful small-bore work. Should another international match fall upon us soon, it is not unlikely that Western men will be called upon to lend a hand in wiping out the British marksmen. Such averages as those shown by this last team match are rarely made, and they speak volumes for the fine team system which must have prevailed. We congratulate the Minneapolis team and think that under good opportunities even better work is possible from them.

CREEDMOOR PRIZES.—There is a liberal out-pouring of gifts from many quarters into the hands of the Creedmoor authorities, and at the meeting of Tuesday afternoon a long list of donors was read by the chairman of the prize committee. It is pretty certain now that with fine weather there will be a liberal attendance at Creedmoor during next week, and it is no more than the committee men who have worked so hard for the affair, deserve.

THE PHILADELPHIA KENNEL CLUB SHOW.—We take great pleasure in acceding to the request of the Philadelphia Kennel Club to editorially notice that the club "cordially invite all breeders to exhibit at their show on Sep. 16, 17, 18 and 19; and to make it a representative and legitimate one." The entries will close next Saturday. The full list of judges is printed elsewhere.

POSTMASTERS TAKE KINDLY to angling, and appear to have a happy faculty of getting quick responses when they drop a line to the fish. We cannot answer for other cities, but we know that there is a great deal of well-cultivated fishing talent in the post-offices of Boston, New York, Baltimore and Cincinnati.

GENEVA, Switzerland, has a novel society for the protection of Alpine plants. It appears that the edelweiss and other beautiful mountain plants have been so recklessly destroyed by the tourists that legal measures have been thought necessary to protect them from extermination.

The Sportsman Tourist.

A SONG OF SELFISHNESS.

DANVIS, Charlotte Co., Vt. Aug. 18.

Editor Forest and Stream:

These lines were found by Mrs. Huldah Lovel in a bag of paper rags which she was emptying to sell to a tin peddler, and are supposed to have been written by her husband, Samuel Lovel. She having kindly permitted me to copy them, I send them to you to make such use of as you see fit. Yours, truly,

HORACE MUMFSON,

Schoolmaster in District No. 13.

THINGS AS I LUFFETER HAVE 'EM.

BY A SELFISH CREETER.

I luffter see the corn a growin'.

Nary weed in ary hill,

When 'taint me 'at does the hoein'.

But the corn my ben 'il fill;

An' jes' 's I feel about the hoein'.

So I do about the mowin'.

I luffter hear a haoun' a hootin'.

'N' when the fox comes round the hill

I luffter hear a gun a shootin'.

'N' then everything grow still—

When it's my haoun' does the hootin'.

An' it's my gun 't does the shootin'.

I luffter see a fly a hoppin'.

On the suffis of the brook,

I luffter see a trout a floppin'.

In the grass when that he's took—

When 't was I the fly sot hoppin'.

An' it's my trout does the floppin'.

FISHING IN NORWAY.

VERY few years ago Norway claimed no more prominent a place on the map of countries possible to the modern tourist, than it did in the days of the ancient Romans. It was a *terra incognita* that the external world left undisturbed in its supposed fogs and snows. The most eccentric of tourists would never have dreamed of searching for pleasure in a land of which report was so vague and knowledge so limited; and the occasional bold adventurer who, having delved into its hidden secrets, proclaimed the beauties and interest he had discovered there, was regarded as an amiable lunatic. Gradually, however, as descriptive works of journeys taken in this northern fastness found their way into the hands of readers, and guide books made the path straight for those who need a road well rolled before they venture on it, this feeling of alarm wore off, and a more or less intelligent public, as anxious for a new pleasure as ever Xerxes was, welcomed the fresh field and pasture new. Ten years ago, when I first visited these Scandinavian shores, it was quite an event to meet a fellow traveler on one of the inland roads; now all the world goes there, and each season the number of tourists increases. Of course the main supply comes from England, that being the nursery of the fashion, but many Americans and a small contingent from the Continent help to swell the annual tide.

Nor is there the least reason why so magnificent a country as Norway should have remained thus long unsought. The land and water-scapes possess a diversity and grandeur beyond compare with anything to be found in the usual haunts of the tourist; it is the birthplace of half the legends and myths which enrich our language, and filled with historic interests which speak our kinship to its people; to the sportsman it offers game of many kinds, and to the angler a fishing ground unsurpassed; while the mode of traveling is as delightful as it is simple, and as cheap as it is comfortable. As to this latter particular, the traveling arrangements of Norway are wonderfully good, especially when one takes into consideration the wild nature of the land. Railways are necessarily conspicuous by their absence, but the country, certainly the southern portion, is threaded by excellent roads, which are a marvel of engineering skill and careful keeping. Along these roads at "stages" of from seven to ten miles apart, are farms appointed to the dignity of being "post stations," the owners of which are authorized by their government to supply at fixed rates to all wayfarers board and lodging, horses and carriages—the small cart of the country, and the only means of transport in the interior. The qualities of these various items vary, of course, in different parts of the country, but the mishaps are the exceptions which prove the rule of general excellence.

The traveler, if he be worthy the name, must be ready to meet with bad pieces of road, ending in some poverty-stricken farm; to drive long stages in stormy weather, when the rain and darkness becloud his way, and he is conscious that the harness of his horse is mainly built of string and promises. Sometimes he may even find that his hopes of resting long in some chosen locality will be doomed to disappointment by season of the Norske cupboards being as empty as was Mrs. Hubbard's; but this is an event unlikely to occur often. After some little experience, I may assure my reader that he would find all over the southern portions of the country, an almost perfect traveling organization, and all his needs amply supplied by one of the simplest, kindest and most hospitable of people whom it is possible to travel among. Nor could he choose a land wherein the pocketbook betakes so little of the *plan de chagrin* nature as Norway. Vikings have forsaken their crafts of old for simpler ways, and live quietly after history's fitful fever. No longer pillaging the Mercian coasts, they welcome Mercia's descendants and fleece them not. May be the yearly growing influx of tourists will alter somewhat the old order of things, but a year or two ago a man's average expenses would come to about half a dollar per Norwegian mile—equal to seven English miles—for traveling, and one dollar per day for board and lodging. Say that he journeyed three days out of the week eighty miles, and stayed at stations which promised good sport during the other four days, he could spend but little more than fifteen dollars per week in this way.

For the sportsman who looks for pleasure mainly along the mid-rib of his gun, I cannot recommend Norway as a happy hunting ground. Guide books and enthusiasts, suffering from a superabundance of superlatives on the brain, may laud the sport to be had here, but they either do not know, or else have been the spoiled favorites of fortune. For many other reasons I could advise him to go to Norway, but the shooting which he may hope to gain is a delusion and a snare, at least so I found, and I looked hard. But for the angler, let him forsake Seville, and see Norway ere he die. It is a

land after his own heart; a region of fjord, river, lake and stream, wherein all things that swim abide. It is a very paradise for a fisherman, and as the best months for his purpose, namely July and August, are also the best for traveling, he may enjoy together all that Norway has to give and show him. I hear that lately the government has made it necessary for strangers to take out a fishing license, but doubtless the fee for this would be light, and as everybody fishes throughout the land the enforcement of the rule would not be very stringent.

That fish is abundant everywhere the traveler will all too soon learn in his experiences, and perchance he may grow weary of trout and the inevitable salmon as did the Israelites of quail and manna. Of the former, being always fresh and well prepared, it is not easy to tire, but the dried salmon, to which the Norwegians are so partial, may be relishable as a novelty, but familiarity with it breeds much contempt. I remember once sitting down in solemn state at the head of an abnormally long but, save myself, empty table in an out of the way hotel, and dining, *tout seul*, liberally but monotonously on salmon. "They had no other food in the establishment. Five times did the grave-faced lady of the house bring me cutlets of fried salmon in a lordly dish, and five times did I obediently partake of it, being hungry, but when salmon appeared for the sixth time I beat a masterly retreat to the balcony, there to brood over 'the sameness of our passing lives.'" It is not possible to get fresh meat everywhere, and the mutton which one returns to once in a while is a dubious justification of that name, while its substitute, reindeer venison, is confessedly preserved through the summer months in ice. The latter is always very good, however, and in smaller items the Norwegian table is generally well provided. I might perhaps mention here a little fact, not that it has anything especially to do with our subject, but merely because it is a fact, and they are inclined to be rare nowadays.

At some of the upland stations, where large flocks of goats are kept, mine host is fond of bringing in two sorts of cheese as a finishing touch to the traveler's dinner. One of these is fresh and fairly eatable, but the other should be approached with care. The station-keeper himself seems to doubt whether the tourist will enjoy this particular comestible, for it is always covered with a closely-fitting glass shade—a not unnecessary precaution. Any fastidious mortal whose olfactory nerves are sensitive, had best let that sleeping dog lie. If he essay to lift it, he will, in all probability, receive a distaste for cheese which will last him the rest of his life. I once, and only once, allowed innocence and curiosity to lead me into the fatal error, but on the doing of the deed that cheese found itself with startling rapidity on the grass plot outside the window, and I finished a gloomy breakfast from which all happiness had departed. But these are the mere savors of the salt, and even should the sportsman find himself at some post station, where the commissariat had not provided for him, he can almost always count on easily making up the deficiency with ducks and fish. On several occasions when I have learned that the necessary cruse of oil was running dry, I have succeeded in working a material miracle by visiting some neighboring lake or stream, from whence I would return in triumph, bearing the wherewithal to eat and be merry. It is set down in some guide-books that it is necessary to get the permission of the land owners to fish in some of the trout streams. This may be the case with a few, but I have fished with considerable success wherever it seemed likely that I should catch anything, and was never in the least degree interfered with. Indeed the natives are everywhere so courteous to strangers, that one has to read as one runs and learn some of their lessons. No Norwegian would pass you on the road without bidding you good-day, nor would he dream of entering a shop without saluting by moving his hat to the inmates, and he deems those who do not conform to the ways of his land unmannerly—may be he is right.

Of course, it is difficult to lay down rules about tackle, time and method for a fishing tour in Norway, since the diversity of waters and seasons is so great. But the strongest tackle and plenty of it must be taken; strong because the fish run to a great size, and plenty, because tackle proper—gut, flies and good rods—are almost unknown in Norway, the half dozen large towns being the only places where such things can be purchased. The most valued gift which you can bestow upon the peasant of the interior is a fishing hook. They are the "backsheeb" of Norway. The tourist will hear the "Tip us a brownie, Sir," or "Give us a small copper, Boss" of his own land in its Norske rendering, "Will the stranger give Knute a fishing hook?" For what good was money to him for his purpose when the nearest store where he can purchase his need is perhaps at Christiania on one side of his wild country, or Bergen on the other. Once, however, he has procured a hook, the native cares little for the rest of his outfit, but armed with a young fir tree for rod, and as much of the finest string as he can get, sets forth to hunt the wily trout with a light and confident heart. With these rude implements, too, he is often surprisingly successful. It is a bad workman that complains of his tools, and in Norway it is the trout who has most right to demur on these grounds, for is it not more of an insult to be basely caught by an improvised rod in the hands of a native, than humored and gently landed by the science of a well-equipped tourist?

The prophet here has often honor in his own country. I have an example in my mind's eye, of painful memory. I had been fishing the better part of an afternoon in a likely-looking piece of water, without so much as a rise to reward my endeavors. Vainly did I try every hole and rapid; vainly changed flies and whipped the pools and shallows; Dame Fortune, whose name is Frailty, would not smile for me. At last in despair, I relinquished this futile warfare, feeling much inclined to imitate the old gentleman who, after a similar temper-depraving experience, hurled his fly-book into the stream with the remark, "There, you obstinate beggars, take your choice!" But having no wish to cut off my nose in order to spite my face, I restrained myself, and prepared to do up my rod. While I was thus engaged, two Norse lads appeared on the scene. They were evidently bent on business, for both carried long and newly peeled fir rods, from the ends of each of which hung a generous allowance of multi-colored string, ending in a hook for bait. As they chose the same fishing ground as that over which I had lately been "swinging my ten-cent bug," I determined to watch their proceedings awhile, and by witnessing the failure of my successors, begot some solace in my soul. So I watched. The little fishermen soon had everything prepared to their liking, and went at the sport in earnest, one walking up stream, the other down. The time went merrily by, and consolation lurked in every soothing puff of smoke from my pipe. But such undeserving contentment came to an abrupt end, as suddenly the younger of the two Norwe-

gians—a baby Viking, dressed in a pair of trousers which had obviously been made for a larger man, since he had found it expedient to button them round his neck and thrust his arms through the pockets—uttered a joyful but guttural exclamation in choice Norse, which, although beyond my limited powers of interpreting, was fraught with a world of meaning to me. All was gull and wormwood now. To see that young native play that denizen of the deep was a caution. In the matter of strength between the boy and the trout, it was about six for one and half a dozen for the other. Pull boy, pull trout, with the final result of the conflict lying mainly in the enduring powers of the numerous knots in the line. The elder of the two boys was at this time trying to commit suicide by fishing from a high rock overhanging a deep pool, and was too absorbed in his own affairs to leave them for the fight waxing fierce behind him. Now and then he would express a philosophic remark on the subject of trout fishing in general, or encourage his companion with some such phrase as, "Hold on, Harold, he'll get tired in a minute," but further exertions from his precarious perch were not to be expected. Much as I longed to see the result of this contest, the scene proved too exciting for my nerves, and so, flinging my baser moods of envy to Odin and the gods that made them, I hurried forward to the rescue, and soon that little Norseman was gloating over a really superb fish which lay glittering among the stones and grasses of the bank. This was the first of several very pretty fish caught that afternoon by the two boys, and when I asked them how it was that they were so fortunate, the younger said, "Oh, only luck; some days we catch plenty, on other days none." Obviously this was the former sort of day for them and the latter for me, so I purchased the best of their catch to fortify myself against any satirical remarks which I might chance to receive from my fellow-guests at the farm where I was staying, and left that brook and its attendant water babies a wiser and sadder man.

Perhaps more patient anglers than myself and those who care for such kind of fishing might do well with some pike lines and artificial baits. Certainly I never achieved much success myself in this way, but I met with a fellow traveler on the Laerdalsoren Fjord who told me he had done great execution with the spoon and minnow. Lake Miosen, for instance, some few miles north of Christiania, is said to contain thirty varieties of edible fish, including trout, charr, pike and a peculiar kind of fresh-water herring. It was on the shores of this lake that the famous hotel of six-courses-of-salmon-memory was situated, and when staying there I had some very fair fishing. Trying to find one day how deep the water was, I tied a couple of bullets together and let them down by an eel line over the side of a small pier at which the lake steamers call. Down, down they went, and I paid out the line as fast as I could, but really there seemed to be no more bottom to this piece of water than there was to the dream of Bottom the Weaver. Nor was the mystery solved until I discovered that the weights were close to the surface of the lake some scores of yards below my experimenting ground, taken away there and upheld by the force of the current. I mention this for the benefit of brother fishermen who try to fish in the rapids of Lake Miosen.

The subject of flies was ever a sore one to the angler—though I do not refer to those "busy, thirsty, curious" specimens which persist in singing oratorios with full chorus round his devoted head. The skilled fisherman is, as a rule, content with a very limited selection of flies, modifying their sizes according to the state of the water and the different streams in which he casts. Yet in Norway, where, as I have said, fishing tackle shops vie with the visits of angels, being few and far between, the fishermen had better be well supplied with many varieties and sizes. I feel sure that a medium-sized fly is the most killing, while perhaps decided colors—bright or dark—take best. But the well stocked angler will have little difficulty in finding this out for himself, if only he pays due regard to the character of the local flies and does not offer the fish an object as big as a bumble-bee when he sees that they are rising at gnats and tiny midges. It cannot be well, however, to be too conventional, and somehow I always had a sneaking belief in the humors of fish. Why should not they also enjoy a diversity of moods, and study natural history from a bilious, nervous, or healthy view? Apparently such is the case, for sometimes they will be fastidious to an aggravating extent, and on other occasions so greedy and gourmandizing that they seem to wish like the alderman that their mouth were the middle arch of London Bridge and the Thames turtle soup—with an admixture of flies, of course, for piscatory taste.

An amusing instance of this indifference to diet which trout display at times, happened to me once in Norway. I was stopping at a place called Fagernoes, a bright little homestead standing on a promontory, which jutted out into one of the great bends of the Lillie Strand Lake, well justifying its name of "the beautiful headland." One day, when returning from an unsuccessful duck-shooting excursion upon the lake, the idea occurred to me that it would be a pity to lose the chance of trolling for a salmo-ferox which the prospective long row before me offered, and so I hunted about in the lockers of the boat for some means of luring to destruction the wily leviathan. Unfortunately, I could find nothing but an eel line, with one very clumsy hook on it, and bait I had none. As I was determined, however, not to miss my opportunity, I set about converting this uninviting hook into a fly. The means at my disposal were certainly not overpoweringly numerous, but they were sufficient. Cutting from the lining of my cartridge case a small piece of red flannel, I threaded this onto the hook, and fastened it securely with a thread of wool drawn from my stocking. To this I added a tag of white linen, and by way of finishing touch, an affectionate lock of my hair. This parody on flies, which would have affrighted poor Izaak Walton into melancholia, and was an insult to all who respect the conventionalisms of the gentle craft, I then paid out from the stern of the boat at the end of the eel line, which, in defiance of all the laws on the subject, I made fast to the tiller handle.

As I rowed across the lake I could see with much contented pride my addition to creation trailing in the wake of the boat, sometimes sinking, as my oars waxed lazy, then reappearing again in a frothing wavelet as they grew more energetic. I had satiated myself with complacent gazings, and was thinking of castles in the air far more likely to prove real than the one proposed to the fish for architects, when my attention was suddenly recalled by hearing "a mighty fine fish louping ahint me," as the gillie remarked when his friend tumbled into the highland stream. Could it be that some idiotic old trout in his second childhood was after that monstrosity? The thought was absurd, yet as the leap was certainly in the wake of the boat there could be no harm in pulling in the line, just by way of government in-

spection. "Blessed are they which expect nothing, for they shall not be disappointed," and although in such mood I approached that line a touch on it was enough to dispel all moralizing. It was as taut and as obstinate to my pulling as though I had caught the famous bottle with the geni in it, or hooked a mountain at the bottom of the lake. Yet since, if I wished to be consistent in my fishing theories, it was necessary to forego the niceties of playing my catch whatever it might turn out to be, I pulled with a long pull and a strong pull, and gradually my captive consented to yield.

That was one of the gamest fishes I ever had to deal with. As I had nothing to humor his strength with, save by the constant bending of my arm, my reader may imagine what a lively time of it I had perched in the stern of my flat-bottomed drifting Norske craft. Like the Turk of fame, I had caught a prisoner, but could not bring him along, because he would not let me. Once or twice he leaped over the line in the hope of snapping it, and a great fight he made of it altogether. But the inevitable end came at last, and when his path of glory had led him to reach the inside of my boat, I think that I felt rather ashamed to see so fine a ferox lying glistening in his armor among the muddy ribs of the boat, done to death by so pitiful a slam of Nature's handicraft. There was once a snake in the London Zoological Gardens who, in a fit of absent-mindedness, swallowed the blanket which had been supplied to him for his personal comfort; but of all things that creep or swim, my Fagernoes victim has always seemed to me singularly simple in his tastes. I have met with several such instances of the unsophisticated behavior of Norwegian fish, and I can assure my reader that they are as kind and courteous in their ways to strangers as the people of that most delightful of northern lands—Norway. J. B. A.

Durteck, Scotland, July 21.

A SARANAC ROMANCE.

ONE of the literary deities, too potent a magician for me to dispute, once thought it necessary to remark that "an unskillful fisherman is a most unlovely thing." Although he died a full century before my time, he must have been a sort of an astrologer, and had me in his mind's eye as I appeared upon a certain August day long ago, when he penned his loquacious paragraph. I had been in the Saranac regions for a week trying to catch pickerel and keep my guide sober, without any gratifying success in either particular. This especial August morning the miserable guide was saturated with whisky to his very collar button, and after wasting half an hour in vain attempts to awaken him, I left camp, breakfastless and disgusted, for a day's fishing by myself.

A few nibbles varied the monotony of the forenoon, but I failed to raise a scale. Afternoon found me dejected, hungry, sullen, completely out of sorts with all creation. I had put away my fishing kit and seated myself in the bottom of the boat, willing to drift wherever it might choose to go. My meditations, though far from profound, were suddenly interrupted by three of the most unearthly screeches that ever startled mortal ear, and they seemed to come from under the bottom of the boat. I nearly swamped the thing in a desperate effort to look under it for the origin of the racket, when, with a plunge that would have done credit to a hippopotamus, something, to me unseen, started for the bottom of the lake just behind me. This explained the mystery. The destroyer of my peace was a loon, which had approached very near to the boat because of its apparent emptiness. He had suddenly remembered the melody of his voice and had tried it with the most awful effect. My efforts to make him out had been accompanied with a quantity of noise sufficient to alarm him as much as his dulcet cadences had alarmed me, so he had prudently sought safety "beneath the wave." Now my blood was up. It was bad enough to leave camp hungry with a drunken guide toasting his shins at my fireside, and it was still more exasperating to fish a whole forenoon unrewarded; but to have fun poked at me by an idiotic loon was the one thing unendurable, and I resolved upon revenge; that is, if he decided to come up again, as I fervently hoped he would, and I prepared my light rifle for his reception. Gritting my teeth and dividing mental anathemas between guide and loon I patiently awaited the next act. Just as I despaired of ever seeing my quarry he reappeared about a quarter of a mile to the southward. Rifle was exchanged for paddle with silent rage, and a moment later the boat was gliding toward him, swiftly and fiercely. When I was within reasonable shooting distance and felt cautiously around for my gun, he observed equal caution and left me staring stupidly at the spot where he had just been swimming. And so the chapter continued. For two hours that miserable pilgrim from the northern seas kept me boiling with rage, and determined to have him or die. At last my chance came; he had staid under longer than ever before, and finally bobbed up serenely within ten yards of me and about twice that distance from the shore. My rifle was dead on him the moment he appeared, and with grim satisfaction I blazed away. But my weapon was like the Allen revolver immortalized in Mark Twain's sublimest epic; it failed to bring what it went for; but it fetched something else. Its contents had been let off after a loon that was now safe in the bottom of the Upper Saranac; but judging from the collection of echoes awakened on shore, the luckless bullet must have landed in the midst of a Sunday school picnic. A score of female screams followed each other in quick succession, and then silence again reigned supreme. The consternation born of such an entirely unlooked for event held me motionless in the boat with my rifle still aimed at the place where the loon was last visible, in a way that must have delighted the soul of that urbane fowl if he saw me from his safe haven below. The appearance of a young girl upon the beach, wringing her hands like misery personified, and entreating me to hasten ashore, broke the spell. Never did a boat go faster, and before its prow crunched in the sands, I was out of it and beside the frightened girl.

"What is it?" I demanded.

"Oh! sir, I fear you've killed her; I daren't go and look." And then she covered her face.

"Where is she? Tell me quickly," I exclaimed. "I'll look, anything is better than this."

"Sir, don't be alarmed," said a quiet voice from the bushes above me, "Nellie is unnecessarily frightened; I am not injured in the least."

And here a wonderful vision of blushing loveliness appeared, to whom the little maiden who had just been playing despair to a bewildered loon hunter, flew with out stretched arms.

"Be still, Nellie," said the Vision, and then to me, "Won't you join us, sir, and let me explain?"

I was only too happy; bad as it might have been it was

enough sight better than drawing moral comparison between drunken guides and evaporative loons. Upon the bank above the beach was a tent, some camp chairs and a hammock. The Vision gave me a chair and then took one herself, the little maiden still clinging to her.

"We were watching you chase the bird," said the Vision, "and were hoping you would succeed in capturing the provoking thing, when suddenly it came up between you and us. I was seated in the hammock reading a book when you fired, the bullet glanced up here, somehow, ruined my book, and then went tearing away into the forest. Poor little Nellie thought I was dead because in a moment of fright I tumbled over backward out of the hammock. It was she who did the screaming," she added with a smile.

I tried to apologize, but was checked. The whole thing was an accident and no one was to blame, she said. Neither would she let me go. "Papa and Jack will be here presently, and they will be delighted to meet you. We haven't had a caller before since we came into the woods; it seems rather lonesome after the bustle and whirl of the city."

Undoubtedly she was right, but as I sat watching her, it suddenly dawned upon me that she was very beautiful, and I was sufficiently interested in her to wonder who "Jack" was. She was not inclined to allow me much time for reflection, but kept prattling on about books, people, everything but her pretty self, and made me talk whether I would or not. Before the end of the hour which brought "Pa and Jack," I veritably believe that I was very much in love with her, and it was with genuine relief that I learned that Jack was only a brother. I was introduced to the two as "a gentleman who is camping across the lake; he happened to stumble upon our camp a few minutes ago, and we prevailed upon him to stay and become acquainted with all hands."

The old gentleman smiled me a cordial welcome, followed by a hearty hand shake, in which courtesy his son promptly followed him. No allusion was made by the girls to the shooting that came so near a fatal termination, while the older one secured the shattered book and carefully concealed it. In the hour that followed I discovered that I was being entertained by the family of Mr. Alfred Bronson, and that their names, given in the order of their ages, were, respectively, Jack, Alice, and Nellie. The mother had died when Nellie was a child. Their home was in Boston. They had been a month in camp and intended remaining a month longer.

I was compelled—somewhat easily, too—to remain to supper, after which I departed for my own camp, which was all the more cheerless now because of the attractive little maiden directly opposite. Of course I was pressed upon to call again, and often—"every day, sure," my charmer said. That night I dreamed of nothing but loons and pretty girls.

The month that followed was the most delightful one of my life. Alice and I were constantly together; we strolled, sailed, and filled the long hours in a thousand happy ways. Each succeeding day was a repetition of the day before it, except that each seemed to draw us nearer together. A cynical woman-hater all my life before this, I now had happiness thrust upon me in spite of myself. Lucky dog! Father and son seemed to vie with each other in favoring my suit, and Nellie was equally solicitous.

At last breaking-up day came; it had already been delayed two weeks beyond the stipulated time, owing to the fine weather; but now it had suddenly grown colder and camping was out of the question for ladies.

Alice was the last one I bade good-by; the others had crowded in first and then left us to ourselves. I tried to be at ease, but was somewhat choked up and diffident. She let her hand linger in mine as long as I wished. Apparently I had nothing to do but speak and she was mine, but speak I could not. Then I said to myself, "I will wait; it would be unmanly to compromise her without her father's consent. I'll spend this winter in Boston, and settle the whole thing there." Then I felt better.

Her people were waiting for her in the wagon that was to convey them to the railway, and I must not make them impatient by detaining her too long. Both her hands were in mine, and when I stooped and kissed her it seemed to be exactly what she had expected me to do.

I left camp the same day, the wilderness having no further charms for me. Alice and I exchanged letters every two weeks, mere friendly affairs, but letters still, and I was to visit them on Christmas. The intervening time, long drawn out, was over with at last, and the glad day came. My reception was more than hearty, and I congratulated myself on how smoothly everything was running, when a dainty, foppish specimen of the *genus homo* came into the parlor suddenly and unannounced. I was presented to him, but his remarkable familiarity with Alice prevented my understanding his name. His call was short, for which I was grateful.

"Who is that gentleman?" I asked as he departed.

"Why, can't you guess?"

I couldn't, but possibilities were beginning to generate cold sweat all over me. She tapped her foot carelessly upon the brass fender and then said, "That is my betrothed husband."

Then it all flashed upon me that she was a mere maiden of twenty, while I was a staid old bachelor of forty-five, both gray and—bald. I didn't blame her, but I left Boston by the next train. LEW VANDERPOEL.

CHICAGO, Ill.

BIRCH AND PADDLE IN NEW BRUNSWICK WATERS.

TO SHELDRAKE ISLAND.

"STAND four-square to the world for praise or blame," says Sebastian Evans, and we did it, doggedly enough, when by our appearance in the streets one Sunday evening, travel-weary, laden with our guns and game bags, and paddles and trusty birch, we scandalized the devout Sabbatarians of the little town of Chatham, on the Miramichi. I say devout, because I would have it understood that we also are devout. But a twenty-four hours' trip, with supplies to suit, had been lengthened to forty-eight by an unlooked for heavy gale which our craft could not make head against, and now our ravening inner men urged us irresistibly toward home and rations. We might, had we been devouter, have waited on the wharf till darkness should disguise our street parade; but we scorned concealment—and ruined our reputations.

Sheldrake Island is situated about fifteen miles below Chatham, toward the north shore of the river, which at this point is, properly speaking, a portion of Miramichi Bay, and fully five miles in breadth. My friend C. and myself, being fain to stock our respective larders with duck and plover, had

set out for Sheldrake Island on a Friday afternoon about the last of August, with the intention of returning on Saturday evening. But our plans had "gone agley." The entire manner of this miscarriage shall be made manifest further on.

My little Millicite birch was looked on very scornfully by the dwellers on the boisterous Miramichi, who were accustomed to seeing only the huge sea-going canoes of their Micmac Indians, and who regarded even these outrageously safe craft as little less than criminally perilous. My dainty Millicite, in which they saw no put out in the roughest weather, they consolingly designated as my coffin. No adult native of Chatham, with the exception of one or two young ladies, who were looked upon as recklessness incarnate, could be induced to set foot within its slender sides, and when two or three plucky boys, with the true canoe-man's fibre to their spirits, became my disciples and with me danced upon the big waves in the teeth of the characteristic nor'easters, a cry went up that I was about to sacrifice the fairest promise of the town on the altar of my hobby god; but my idol called for no such perpetration. It is a gentle god.

For the trip now under consideration, however, I had no neophyte for companion. C. is not a swimmer, nor is he a thoroughly skilled canoeist, but he has ridden the great green billows of the Newfoundland Banks in his dory, and is therefore not timorous in rough water. We paddled off at about four o'clock of a sunny and windless afternoon, and kept down along the southern shore. Occasionally, when passing likely ground, we landed and bagged a snipe or two. When a light head wind arose, with a salt tang in its breath, caught of the green gulf waves from which it blew, our blood bounded vigorously, and we faced the music with glee, making as good time as before. On the flat beaches at Black Brook, as the sun was getting low and the shadows long, we knocked down a few yellow-legs. As we drew under a lofty cliff, from the summit of which projected a thick growth of mingled birch and vines, the laugh of a great crested kingfisher rang out above us, and as we looked up the bird launched itself headlong for the water close behind us. I had just time to prepare for a scornful smile, as I saw C. toss up his barrels, when the splendid bird reached the water—"a mass of fluttering feathers."

"Never more

Shall the lake glass her, flying o'er."

It was a fine shot, sudden as thought, full over the shoulder. C. wanted the bird as a specimen. But I felt a sentimental sorrow for the handsome fisher, which in no way interfered with my deadly purpose, or with the accuracy of my aim, when, a few minutes later, we passed under a voyaging duck.

All this time we had been cruising alongshore, but as the sun sank behind the low hills of the Northwest Branch, and the broad patches of rose which overspread the whole sky began to pale into a chilly ashen green, we turned our prow toward the island, which lay about two miles below us and then over a league out from shore. Having been for the last half hour or more under the lee of Point Cheval, we had not noticed that the light head wind had developed to a strong gale, but we found out this fact presently. Almost before we had time to realize it we were contending against a wind and sea which gave the tiny birch all she could do, in the direction we were traveling. We felt equal to the contest, however, with our canoe well balanced, a tough arm at the bow and a steady wrist at the stern, and got over another half mile without swerving from the course we had chosen. But by this time night had gathered down raw and gray, the wind had greatly increased in violence, sweeping fiercely and steadily from the open gulf, and we dared no longer flout the dangerous seas with half our broadside as we had been doing. We had to put the craft nearly bow on, giving the seas just as little of her quarter as would enable us to make the lower end of the island, thus adding nearly two miles to our difficult way. Then a half hour of silent labor, teeth set, fingers numb, my steering wrist feeling ready to snap like an over-tense steel spring, and C. said, "Old man, don't you think it would be as satisfactory if we were out of this?"

"Um-m," said I; "blaze away. I can't hold her head up alone." And C., with back bowed and head thrust forward, doggedly resumed his sinewy surges upon the bow paddle. At one moment we would have a very good view of the shadowy bulk of the island to our left; and the next from the trough of the sea we could mark only the white, angry crests of the waves about us. Frigid as were our fingers, our bodies were drenched with perspiration, as well as by the flying spume-flakes. We had no care for conversational duties at that time. In fact, a casual observer might have called our silence morose. But at last we got near enough the lower end of the island to find that a landing there was utterly impossible. The shores were high and rocky, lashed with surf, and an attempt to land would certainly mean shipwreck. Besides, I was not a swimmer. We gathered our breath and our vim, and just upon the downward slope of a good, substantial, unbroken billow we brought her round, with most nimble speed and some trepidation; and we swiftly speeding up the island coast just outside the surf fringe. The little Millicite rode like a duck, behaving exquisitely, so that I almost forgot our peril in my pride. My wrist felt now as if it were within a white-hot iron bracelet, with the prolonged strain of holding the craft steady against the brutal twist which every curling wave delivered her. At last we crowded round the head of the island, stole into a little sandy cove where no wind was, thrust in among a quiet family of bulrushes, and lay back in our places with a long sigh of relief. We wanted to stay just where we were; and I believe the unspoken thought occurred to both of us that we might manage to sleep right here. But a few minutes' rest restored us to our normal condition nearly.

The first thing that aroused us was a timely visit from an unaccounted-for autumnal contingency of mosquitoes. We had regarded the mosquitoes as defunct, as now lying afar off peacefully in the seclusion of their nameless graves; but I think we must have been mistaken. No ghost, unless it were the vampire which feasted upon our forefathers, was ever half so definite and incisive in its visitation. We arose, shouldered our vessel and our impedimenta, and moved inland. We made a smoky fire and reveled in the smoke, warmed our tea and drank it, demolished too large a part of our knapsacks, taking no thought whatever for the morrow, and then pitched our tent on a patch of dry, elastic sward. We slept well that first night on Sheldrake Island.

When we turned back our tent-flaps the next morning, and rawled forth, yawning and stretching, into the crisp air, we needed not to glance off-shore to tell us that the wind still held high revel. We could hear the roll and beat of the surge beyond our sheltering point. We could see the trees on the

higher ground of the island swaying and tossing heavily. And the whole distance between us and the nearer shore, a reach of treacherous shoals, navigable only in still weather and for very light craft, was whipped into a mad ferment of sand and weeds and dingy foam. It was a very poor lookout for us, as far as our hopes of sport were concerned; and noting the businesslike pertinacity and inexorable energy of the wind, we thought, aghast, that possibly it had undertaken a whole week's contract. We made an economical not to say parsimonious, breakfast, and were most sparing of our—raspberry vinegar. But we indulged in a liberal dessert of blueberries, which grew by our very tent door. C., being a Newfoundland, persisted in calling these harmless little berries "hurts" (whorts).

Then we started to make a detour of the island, and traversed a small reedy marsh, wherein we put up several snipe. C. bagged his birds, but I was a little off my aim and missed two easy shots in succession. But no sign of ducks far or near. A flock of sandrail ran before us, a puff of feathers, a flicker of gray and brown and fled down the sheltered beach with a soft din of tiny cries. So we moved on till we reached the rocky northeast extremity of the island, climbed around the point, above the roar and tumult of the surges, drove seaward a solitary cormorant and monopolized his airy perch, the wind singing keenly in our ears. We scanned the broad expanse of wild waters which we had crossed the night before and we congratulated ourselves anew. Between our island and Point Cheval, sparkling like live emerald in the sunlit distance, and thence down as far as the eye could see toward the open gulf, we counted eight square-rigged ships racing in before the gale for Chatham harbor. Then we made our way back by the windy shore to our starting point, but nothing saw we of game. By this time we desired to set out for home, according to our original plans, but the wind and sea decided us hugely when we mildly suggested the idea. We were ravenous in this bracing air, so we finished our provisions completely, gnawing our beef bone to a beautiful whiteness. A dessert of blueberries followed, and then we wandered inland, passing from side to side and from end to end of the island through its tangled heart. Still no more game, not so much even as a squirrel, and when, toward sundown, the ducks began to fly past, they gave our prison a wide berth. We groaned and gnashed our too-unoccupied teeth, built a fire in a sheltered nook, and spit the few birds we had shot. How delicious the one duck tasted, and those round-bellied snipe. We cast longing eyes even upon the feathers; but we saved the two yellowlegs for next morning's breakfast.

It was passing well that we did so, for we awoke to find the wind still supreme. It was Sunday morning, and we eat our two slim yellowlegs with thankful lips, but most ungratified stomachs. C. swallowed his bird whole, and then sat glaring at mine, but I rolled the morsel under my tongue, inhaled the perfume of it, and so managed to make a long, if not a very square, meal. We decided that we might as well take things easily, as it was Sunday, so we laid away our guns and strolled out among the blueberry bushes. We spent some happy hours also devouring the dry and gritty pigeon berries and the acid iron-wood berries, till our inner men groaned bitterly over such unaccustomed dieting. Still the wind raged. Then we caught the whistle of a snipe not far off, and straightway our Sunday scruples were forgotten; went for our guns and set out upon the war path. Two more snipe, which fell before us, and soon after disappeared as if by magic. I think they were snipe, but we did not stop to inquire too closely. We eat them and cried for more. As more were not forthcoming, however, we got up a game of quoits with flat stones, and when tired of that rolled back and smoked upon the warm sand, chewing beach-grass roots, and taking a malignant satisfaction in sharp criticism of our best friends. The wind could not touch us in this drowsy cove; the sun and sand were sweetly soft about us; a tiny thistle bird—too small to be eaten—came and twittered to us from the seedy top of a swaying rush, so about four in the afternoon we fell asleep.

It was a little after five when we awoke, and behold, the wind had half abated. The seas were still running high, the breeze was still no mere capful; but we decided that the passage was possible, so we undertook it as speedily as we could get our canoe loaded. By heading diagonally toward the northern shore, we kept as long as possible under the lee of the island, and by the time we were clear of its protection the wind had still further gone down. The waves rose mightily before us, they towered up behind us as if to overwhelm us entirely; but the brave little birch ever lifted herself just too soon for them, and rode merrily without shipping a drop. We set our sprit-sail, and ran with a speed so gay that we almost forgot our hunger in the splendid excitement of it all. We ran near enough to a big Liverpool ship to receive the mingled jeers and astonished congratulations of the crew, who tried to persuade us to come aboard and save two funerals. We laughed loud and sped on. The run to our wharf at Muirhead's slip, in Chatham, was made in two hours, and the heavy-eyed tobacco-chewing idlers, who hung over the wharf posts to watch our return, greeted us with gloomy disapproval. We had failed again to verify their predictions, and hence could not expect any popularity. Gameless, but still game, we arrived. The next step we took is told in the beginning of this chapter, and the final one, quite to the satisfaction of all concerned, was connected with pipes, easy chairs, and brilliant, if somewhat egotistical discourses for the benefit of a select and admiring (female) audience.

CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

TORONTO.

A BIG BUCK SELL.—Boston Highlands, Aug. 30.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The old adage holds good in many instances, that "One story's good till another one's told." Permit us, through the columns of your valuable paper, to suggest to "Special," your Boston correspondent, that a little investigation would have prevented his indignant remarks in your issue of Aug. 28. On the morning of our return from the North Woods, a short time since, thinking to play a joke upon one of our neighbors, one of us procured a cut or picture of a "buck with budding horns," about an inch in length, and tacking it on the top of a small stick, secured the stick in the center of a large box, which was sent by express to the aforesaid neighbor. He opened the box with glittering eyes and watering mouth only to find himself sold. Hastily donning hat and coat, he made his way down town to the office of our local paper, and after several hours of arduous labor produced a most thrilling story of our (the dudes') adventures in the Adirondack woods with a ferocious buck. Hoping that "Special" will take our correction in a kindly spirit, we would advise him not to believe all he sees in the papers, especially about election time.—ONE OF THE DUDES.

Natural History.

ANIMAL LIFE IN THE GULF STREAM.

DURING the summer cruise of the U. S. Fish Commission steamer Albatross many interesting animals inhabiting the surface in the Gulf Stream were encountered. We found cuttlefish in abundance, leaping out of the water as they are chased by swordfish, dolphins and other enemies. We were constantly accompanied by large schools of the animals, attracted by the brilliant lights and food thrown overboard. Swimming backward and forward with equal ease and rapidity, it is difficult to capture them, ordinary squid jigs being of no service. Many devices were tried, and finally we succeeded in capturing them by means of an ingeniously constructed spear. Whenever surprised, its inky fluid was forced into the water, enveloping it in a cloudy, protective mass of water. By means of its finlike tail forward motion is procured, and by forcing water through a tube opening near the mouth it is propelled backward. This curious animal is classed by naturalists among the mollusks or shellfish, though, unless carefully studied, no resemblance between it and an oyster or clam can be seen. There are two large, prominent eyes, and its mouth is armed with a horny peak very much like a parrot's bill. With this it can, no doubt, prove itself a dangerous enemy to marine animals. Ten feelers or arms, armed with strong suckers, are arranged around the mouth. Even in this form an embrace from the creature's arms, small though they be, is quite painful. How much more so must it be in the giant squid, or devilfish, of the North, which is often forty feet long. In this case the suckers are sometimes two inches in diameter, and when worked by the powerful muscles of the devilfish, painful wounds can be produced.

From the earliest times fabulous accounts of a creature like this have been circulated, but it is within a dozen years that accurate observations have been made proving the existence of such animals. Until 1870 it was regarded as a myth by naturalists, even as the sea serpent is regarded by many scientists. Victor Hugo, in his "Toilers of the Sea," gives a good picture but very poor description of this gigantic inhabitant of the sea. He confuses the name of poulp with polyp, and in his description makes an animal having characteristics of both the polyp and devilfish. He calls them *Cephaloptera* for *Cephalopoda*, the former being a species of ray called devilfish, the latter being the name for the cuttlefish. There are gigantic octopi in the Southern waters which furnish food for the sperm whale, it biting a piece from the soft body as it passes along. The Northern devilfish is not a true octopus, the latter having only eight arms.

A swordfish captured during the voyage was found to have in its stomach over thirty eyes and twenty beaks of the small cuttlefish, together with a few partly digested individuals. Swordfish and sharks are natural enemies, many accounts of desperate encounters between them being recorded. The swordfish is a bad enemy to encounter, using its sword with such force. One will often drive its sword through a boat's bottom, leaving it in a leaking condition if the sword is withdrawn, but it frequently is broken off and left into the bottom. It is very pugnacious and furious when wounded, one case being on record where it struck a vessel twenty times. At times they are quite abundant on all sides, lying on surface with their dorsal fins projecting above.

One day a sailor speared a dolphin, much to our surprise, for, although there had been a school about for days, they seldom came near enough to be speared, staying usually many feet below. Viewed through the deep azure blue water of the Gulf Stream, the different colors of their body reflected in the sunlight, and again in the electric light, were beautiful to an extreme degree. At last, one venturing too near the surface, received its fatal blow, and was successfully brought on deck. I had often heard of the changing colors of a dying dolphin, and now I was to witness it for the first time. No one can exaggerate the weird beauty of the sight, as the fish in its last struggle changes through all its various colors. One can even see the colors disappear to be followed by others. Beginning at the head, they seem to sweep as a wave over the body. Blue gives place to white, then a light yellow, which changes to a golden, this being followed by a copper-colored tint; and so on through all conceivable hues, until the end having come, change is interrupted in its course, and two tints are left in possession of the body, one in the act of disappearing, the other about to spread itself over the body. That portion exposed to sunlight changes more rapidly, the under side being less gorgeous. The power of changing color to adapt itself to circumstances is well illustrated here in the dolphin, where it is well developed.

Cuttlefishes have another enemy, this time belonging to the feathery tribe. Stormy petrels or Mother Cary's chickens follow the outbound vessel in large flocks as soon as it is out of sight of land, and remain with it until land is again sighted, unless a violent storm drives them away. Flying along the surface they dart down and peck a piece from the body of a cuttlefish; but their food is in a great measure composed of refuse thrown from the ship. Hovering over the food in such a peculiar manner by patting the water with its webbed feet and quickly flapping its wings, it appears to stand on the water, and following the food as it is drifted along by the current it seems to walk along. Sailors have a great superstition concerning this bird, fearing some great calamity if they are wantonly injured. They are very tame, flying very near the vessel, and at times even alighting in the rigging. Attracted by the lights they often flew against the house and dropped senseless to the deck. These birds must have a very short and irregular breeding period, for they are always to be found on the high seas far from land. Probably they go in groups at different times, and quickly rearing a brood, return to the sea.

Physalia, the Portuguese man-of-war, with its beautiful blue float, may be seen on all sides. The float filled with air serves to keep the animal on the surface, and by the wind to bear it from place to place. It is a most curious animal, or cluster of animals, I should say, for it is now considered to be a group of individuals having different functions, but working for the same general cause—that of supporting the mass. They say that in this group there are some whose sole purpose is to obtain food, some to digest, others to reproduce, etc., yet each is an individual animal, working for the good of the whole, that the whole may work for its good, and that in conjunction they may perform all the functions of life necessary to the well being and general welfare of the whole united colony. The cluster has most remarkable defensive powers, being well furnished with lasso-cells or stinging organs. These consist of little barbed, arrow-like

points, fastened to thread-like arms, each of which is coiled up in a little cell. Whenever it is necessary to use them, they are hurled out with violence, and the barb striking the object penetrates, for it has the power of working into animal tissues, and being covered with a sort of poison, it, in conjunction with many others, benumbs the prey and renders it harmless. That *Physalia* possess this property to a marked degree, some of the sailors of the Albatross can testify, for they incautiously placed their hand into a tub of water containing one, and the shock they received was compared to a shock from a Leyden jar, though not at all electric. I have seen a deep sea sea-anemone, six inches in length, by this means kill and afterward swallow a lively fish a foot long, which was placed in an aquarium with it. The fish barely touched the anemone and then seemed incapable of moving further, and after a few struggles became paralyzed. On one occasion we dredged several bushels of an anemone from deep water, together with some rays or skates. The sharp spines of the skates tore my hands in several places. Upon handling the anemones I found that sharp pains shot through my hands. I continued until all the specimens were disposed of, but the pain still kept on and my hands began swelling. Several days elapsed before the pains and swelling ceased. These arrow points retain their power of motion for many hours after being detached from the animal. Probably I should not have been badly stung had my hands been uninjured. Lasso cells can be replaced as fast as lost, and in a very short time. On a square foot of surface there are millions of cells. It is a curious fact that most well-defended marine animals are brilliantly colored. This can be seen in the case of sea anemones, tropical shells and crabs. Those with little or no defense are inconspicuous and resemble surrounding objects. The reason for all this is plain, for if inconspicuous they easily escape the notice of their enemies. Brilliant, well-defended animals have no fear of enemies, but by their bright colors attract curious animals within reach of their deadly powers.

In the day we often pass large schools of jelly fishes, at that time hardly visible, so great is their transparency. As soon as night approaches there is a sudden and remarkable change, for the masses of jelly are then transformed to brilliant balls of fire, wonderfully phosphorescent. When disturbed they become more brilliant and then the whole surface is one bright glare. Patches of gulf weed furnish a refuge for good sized crabs and shrimp, which feed upon their more minute brethren also seeking safety under the floating weed. The goose or stalked barnacle is found everywhere attached to anything which floats. This is the animal which is such an enemy to shipmasters sailing from tropical ports. Although the vessel's bottom is scraped just before leaving port young goose barnacles attach themselves and grow so rapidly that before the ship is nearly across they seriously retard its progress. There is no remedy but to sail on, letting them grow as fast as they will and removing them when port is reached. Norwegian sailors believe that the barnacle goose hatches out of the goose barnacle, and many will assert that they have seen the young just on the point of flying out. This belief probably arises from peculiar motion of the hairy feet when food is being procured. These feet remind one somewhat of a partially feathered wing of a bird. When the barnacle is young it is free swimming and resembles a shrimp; but as it grows older it attaches itself to some object by a sort of cement and becomes so changed that unless its anatomy is carefully studied no resemblance to a shrimp would be guessed at. Early naturalists classed it as a mollusc, even nearly down to the middle of this century. Odd as it may seem, many kinds of animals at first possessed of free motion voluntarily attach themselves to some object, and are from that moment imprisoned, having no power of moving from place to place.

The waters of the Gulf Stream teem with minute life of all kinds. Here the young of larger animals exist, of microscopic size, and adult animals which never grow large enough to be plainly visible to the naked eye, occur in immense quantities. By dragging a fine silk net behind the vessel these minute forms are easily taken, and when placed in glass dishes millions uncounted swim backward and forward and are seen through the transparent sides. When looked at through a microscope we see young jelly fishes, young barnacles, crabs and shrimp, besides the adult microscopic varieties which are so abundant. These animals furnish food for the toothless whale, being strained from the water by its hairy plates of whale bone and then swallowed. The abundance of this kind of life can be judged from the fact that they compose the bulk of food for all the toothless whales. The warm Gulf Stream waters are very favorable to rapid growth, and the animals there are tropical. The stream serves not only as a modifier of naturally cold climates, but it also transports marine animals from place to place, equally distributing them throughout the ocean. The near resemblance of European shore species to American is due to this fact. If it were not for such a stream the fauna of the two regions would be as decidedly different as that of Asia is from the Eastern American fauna.

RALPH S. TARR.

THE ROBIN AS A GAME BIRD.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I am one of those wicked people so often condemned, who are so fond of robin flesh that, regardless of existing laws, they will persist in killing this "harmless song bird." All who have tasted a robin know that it is very fine, equal, in fact, to many of our established game birds, but still we must not shoot it because it is a song bird. Its song usually amounts to a harsh, noisy chattering but little superior to a crow, but when it is mating in early spring it really does have a pleasant song. A quail has a nice voice and, what there is of it, a nice song, but that is never urged as an objection against shooting it. I must confess that I have an intense hatred for robins, because of the many scrapes they have gotten me into in days gone by, when I was very much interested in collecting birds and birds' eggs. Of course I would not touch a robin's nest, because I did not wish their eggs or their nests; still whenever I came within a hundred yards of such a nest the bird would set up a most unmerciful screaming that would bring out all the people who lived within a mile to see what was up. Now sometimes I considered it necessary to stealthily enter a man's orchard for the purpose of investigating its avi-fauna, and if by any mischance I should happen to disturb Lord Robin, precipitate flight was necessary, for although I had a certificate for collecting I always considered flight better than stopping to be turned out. In this connection robins have caused me much trouble, so that I am prejudiced against them, and hence do not feel the mercy toward them that some do.

Another thing that has prejudiced me against him is the

fact that a cherry orchard in which I have an interest is every spring the field of his destructive operations. Flocks of robins, undaunted by scarecrows, gather in the early morning and destroy quarts of the delicious cherries. It has been urged that the few cherries taken from the tree are amply paid for by the destructive grubs it eats, etc. I fail to see it in this light, and am inclined to think that this cherry orchard and other orchards would get along without the robin's aid. From what I have observed it seems that the grubs eaten by a robin will frequently turn out to be earth worms, and these are now admitted to be beneficial to fields.

His song being distasteful to me, he himself injuring my cherries without giving a return, and his flesh being agreeable to my taste, I consider myself fully justified in saying that shooting him is no worse, and, if anything, not so bad as killing quail, for the quail certainly does man no harm whatever. In the fall of the year robins are very abundant, and nice shooting could be had. As good sport could be gleaned from robin as from quail or plover shooting. In Massachusetts game birds are scarce, and there is very little good shooting to be had in the eastern part except the autumn sea birds. Why not add the robin to the list?

GLOUCESTER, MASS.

R. T.

ANTIDOTE FOR SNAKE'S BITE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

As a contribution to the discussion of the treatment of rattlesnake bites now going on in your journal, permit me to briefly relate the only case of the sort I have personally treated. My setter, running along the roadside, was bitten just above the right foot. He yelped once or twice when first bitten, but thinking he had stepped on a prickly pear I paid no attention to him until he began to limp, which he did very soon. On examination, the two punctures made by the poison fangs were plainly seen, and the foot rapidly swelled. In a rattlesnake country I always carry a hypodermic syringe and a small bottle of ammonia (*aqua ammoniac* one part in three parts of water). I at once injected two syringefulls (each about a dessertspoonful) of this where the poison fangs entered. For a day or two the dog suffered from the great swelling of the foot, but this and the inflammation rapidly subsided, and within a week the animal was as well as ever except a slight limp, which soon disappeared.

This treatment, with, in addition, the free internal use of dilute ammonia or alcohol in some form, is the best as yet known for man or beast. The great point is that it should be prompt, and to gain time it is well, if the person or animal is bitten on an extremity, to tie a cord tightly a little above the bite. Time spent in heating irons is time lost. The hypodermic syringe can be carried in a vest pocket, is easily and quickly used, and is always ready.

I should add that in the case I have described the snake was the comparatively small species found in Montana; the bite of the larger ones found in the South is more frequently fatal.

ARK-BAR-DEA.

FRUIT-EATING BIRDS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

"Picket's" table is an interesting one. I presume he will not object to its being used as a basis to figure upon in estimating his loss of fruit. His object (a perfectly proper one) is to realize as much in dollars and cents as is possible from his crop. Let us then reduce the matter to dollars and cents. As a majority of the birds dissected were killed among his raspberries, we will figure on "raspberries." The table shows ten berries as the highest number found in any one case, and although the average as shown is below this, we will call it ten all around.

In his endeavors to save his crops he says, "I killed 123 robins, 32 thrushes, 44 catbirds," total 299 birds, say 800. At the above rate of destruction these 800 birds robbed him of 3,000 berries. The usual market quart of raspberries ("Picket's" may be larger) will contain about 300 berries, so that by killing these birds he has saved ten quarts of fruit, worth at the very liberal price of 25 cents per quart, \$2.50. The number of shots fired to kill them he does not state, say he fired 250, allowing him 50 shots at two birds each, the other 200 one bird each. The cheapest kind of ammunition and a muzzleloader would cost him at least one cent a shot, which just squares the account. If he use a breechloader the expense is increased. The price allowed for berries as above is a full one, too full, we think, but he has had the benefit of all doubts in the calculation.

Brother "P." may stand aghast at this statement, but he cannot alter cold facts, as per his table. This by his own showing squares the fruit account with the birds. The insects are all to their credit, but as "P." has confined his attention to figuring actual loss by damage to fruit we have done the same. In making his arrangements for the destruction of 1,000 birds next season, let him take the above "vapors" into serious consideration. Further investigation we trust will prove to him that his actual loss is trifling, and that his sufferings are more imaginary than real. We have seen many flocks of robins largely in excess of 150 individuals, but are free to confess that we have never met with the long-nosed species that can "scent" berries a mile. It may be the berries were "tired," which might in some measure account for the powerful bouquet. WILMOT.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I would like to offer a few facts in defense of the catbirds. For several years a pair have nested close to my house, and although within a few feet of the garden, where there are berries of all kinds, I have never seen them destroying any of the fruit. I wish I could say as much for the robins. I have watched the catbirds by the hour catching bugs, beetles and worms of all kinds, at which they are very expert. They would pick them off the trunks of the trees, under the fence slats, and in all sorts of out-of-the-way places. The large beetles they would take down to the board walk and break them to pieces before eating them. I counted in one day over thirty bugs of different kinds that this pair of birds killed inside of twenty minutes, and the number destroyed during the season must have been enormous.

WAKEMAN HOLBERTON.

NEW YORK, AUG. 28.

EVIDENCE AT LAST.—Central Lake, Mich.—I am pleased to say that I have seen a man who has seen a man who has seen a tree which was killed by the "pizen" tail of the much dreaded hoopsnake. This time it was in Northern Michigan. The snake was going to prod the man, but injudiciously punched the tree instead. Both died.—KELIE.

A NEST OF THE BULLOCK'S ORIOLE.—Fort Snelling, Col., Aug. 20.—I have a pensile nest, found on the 16th, made entirely of hair from black cattle. It is egg-shaped, 7 inches in depth and 15 inches in circumference at its largest part. The opening is 2 inches in diameter, and the bottom lined with down from the cottonwood. From the bottom hangs a tuft of tail hair one foot long. I take it to have been made by Bullock's oriole (*Icterus bullockii*), as that is the only bird here that is known to build a pensile nest. Yet the shape differs from any nest of that bird I have seen. Its jet black gives it a very peculiar appearance, and I have never seen or heard of one like it. A brood has been hatched in it, but on account of its material its condition is as perfect as when first made. Dead cattle were plenty here in the spring, and about the nesting season of Bullock's oriole heavy rains had made vegetation very rank. Could the bird have used hair because his usual material was not in good order?—T.

THE GROUND SNAKE.—I was very much interested in the article on the "Ground Snake," by B. Horsford, in FOREST AND STREAM of July 24. Ground snakes are occasionally seen in this State while plowing or digging up the soil. They are generally about eight or ten inches long, of a dirty gray color on the back, and white on the belly, with a rounded nose and mouth well back like the shark. All I have seen appear to have eyes, but some seem to think, nevertheless, that they are blind. I found one last summer and sent it to the Smithsonian Institute; I asked for information in regard to its habits, what it was, etc., but so far have heard nothing from it. The snake appears to feed on earthy matter, as the last one I found seemed to have been eating dirt. All I have seen have a horny substance on the end of the tail. Can any one give me "more light" on the subject?—GREEN WING (Glencoe, Fla.).

TRANSACTIONS OF THE LINNEAN SOCIETY.—We have received the second volume of the Transactions of the Linnean Society of New York. It contains a frontispiece-plate of Bendire's Shrew, the conclusion of "The Vertebrates of the Adirondack Region," by Clinton Hart Merriam, M.D., and a description by the same author of a "New Genus and Species of the Sorecidæ (*Atophrax bendirei*)." Published by the Society, price \$2 in paper, \$3 in cloth. The corresponding secretary is N. T. Lawrence, No. 4 Pine street, New York.

Game Bag and Gun.

BULLET VERSUS BUCKSHOT.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your issue of the 7th inst. at hand, and in it I find my humble article entitled "Bullet versus Buckshot," as published in FOREST AND STREAM of July 24, the subject of a severe scoring at the hands of your worthy correspondent "Wells." I feel extremely diffident to open a polemic with "Wells," for, apart from the fact that he carries very heavy critical guns, he has the easiest position to defend, and I am painfully aware that I am on the side of the innovators and the *onus probandi* rests with us. I am not anxious to cross swords with one whose many felicitous articles display so much logic and acumen as do those of "Wells." Neither do I care to remain tied to the stake while he makes me the subject of a "clean kill" with his good "broadsword at very short range." His many pleasant hits and well-told stories have afforded me intense satisfaction in the past, and I think I recognize in "Wells" a legal luminary of no mean magnitude, one whose commanding abilities have placed him in the front rank of his profession, and whose passion for field sports has gone hand in hand with his professional attainments, until he can safely be taken as authority on all questions relating to both, except the buckshot question.

It says my "views are so extreme that they degenerate into absurdity." Let us see. My idea is to confine the use of the shotgun to birds and small game, whose tenacity of life is slight compared with that of large game, and use on the latter a powerful rifle which makes a deadly and a quick-killing wound. It is true that a buckshot, or, for that matter, a duckshot even, under certain circumstances might produce death in large game quicker than a rifle bullet would under adverse circumstances. For instance, a buck or duckshot penetrating the heart, aorta, or some large artery or vein, would produce death more quickly than a rifle ball wound in some of the muscular parts removed from the seat of vitality, but the chances for quick killing, unless at close range, are about ten to one in favor of the rifle.

It is largely a matter of humanity. Other correspondents recognize this principle in their many suggestions for an improvement in "an all-round" gun, and so even does "Wells," when he uses No. 10 shot for quail and buckshot for deer, recognizing the fact that different degrees of killing power are needed for different species of game. If my position be an "extreme" one, it is at least an honest one, and should my views be the means of causing one young sportsman—I hardly flatter myself that the older ones will adopt them—to desist from the use of the shotgun on deer, I should feel amply recompensed for advocating them publicly.

"Wells" accuses me of "being deficient in logic;" then (doubtless unintentionally) misrepresents me in several particulars, and also hints that my practice is not in accordance with my teachings. My article did not in any way imply that I was a phenomenal sportsman, a phenomenal rifle shot, or a phenomenal man. On the contrary, I honestly confessed to having committed many unsportsmanlike acts.

"Wells" asks if because he lets an occasional deer—and in another sentence his estimate seems to be every fourth one—escape to die by slow torture, "he shall not use the shotgun at all?" His meaning is obscure. If he intends to ask whether he shall use it on birds and small game, I answer, Yes, certainly. If on deer? I will say that while I do not propose to dictate to "Wells" what he shall or shall not do, I for one do not want venison at any such sacrifice of animal life. I never have used, and never will, unless I am starving, use a shotgun on deer, notwithstanding the fact that my shooting is done largely in timber and thick underbrush.

And here let me ask, how does it happen that he is under the impression that there is no timber or undergrowth in this country? Our mountains are heavily timbered, and the patches of chaparral, wild plum, cottonwood, mountain mahogany, and greasewood, on the hillsides make as close cover for deer as can be found in any country. In fact, unless they scent the hunter, he will almost have to kick them up, so secure is their hiding place. I sometimes have passed within fifteen or twenty feet of them before they would stir. "Wells" wants to know if I hunt ducks with a rifle or an

8-bore shotgun, and with the former how many I kill. Presuming that no slur was intended, and that he desires information, I will say that an 8-bore shotgun is a weapon that I never owned, handled, or fired in my life, and that in my present collection of six firearms a 12-gauge 8-pound gun is the only representative of the "scatter gun," the rest being from .22 to .45 caliber and no two alike, and that I hunt ducks about as often with a small caliber (.22 or .32) rifle as with a shotgun; not so successfully, if numbers be the criterion of success, but when occasionally one is stopped when doing his best to escape, that one affords me more satisfaction than a carload of them killed with the shotgun.

Pinnated grouse and sage hens I have so far hunted with a shotgun, and often have had the pleasure of a whole day spoiled by having a badly crippled bird to get away to die by inches. The ruffed grouse is not plentiful enough here to hunt specially. Occasionally we find it in the mountains when hunting deer. Then ("Wells's" good opinion of my sportsmanlike characteristics to the contrary notwithstanding) I kill it or miss it with the rifle.

And now my "logic being deficient," and it most certainly is, if "Wells's" "logic" be good, how does it follow that if "my argument was good as to deer it was good as to all game?" Does the contrary proposition hold good that because a shotgun is the most suitable for quail, a shotgun is also the most suitable weapon for deer? Does it follow that because an ordinary rifle shot can readily hit a deer he can as easily hit a grouse? Does "Wells's" "logic" teach him that a rifleman could hit a running elephant or a flying humming bird with equal ease?

By the same "logic," because No. 10 shot is large enough for quail it is large enough for grizzlies? a position even "Wells's" subtle ability would hardly maintain in the field, however successfully he might do so in the forensic arena. Does "Wells" follow out the teachings of his own "logic" and attempt to hunt buffalo with his 12-bore shotgun charged with its regulation quail charge? Does he pursue with his favorite weapon any game that will "strike back" if not at once dispatched? Isn't it only the timid and harmless that is misused at his hands? Then if my argument applied to deer "should be held as good for all game," so should his as applied to birds be held as equally good for large and dangerous game.

In the case cited, "Wells" argues that I was not skillful enough to stop the deer with my favorite weapon until it had run a mile. It is, perhaps, unnecessary for me to confess that I was not the man "who saved the day." Had he looked more carefully he would have seen that the rifle used was a Henry, burning but 28 grains of powder, which he doubtless knows is entirely too light for mule deer. Had my favorite (.45-75) or any .45-caliber with 70 to 90 grains of powder, been used, the deer, struck as he was, would not have made a second jump. The case was simply cited to contrast the work of the two weapons. The shotgun champion took a cool, deliberate, standing shot at not over 50 yards. The rifleman, using a light arm under unfavorable circumstances, for the deer was 100 yards away and jumping, grassed him and gave him such a wound that he could be easily followed. The animal died within fifteen minutes from the effect of the bullet, whereas he would have been lost to us and have been a week dying from the effect of the buckshot.

In conclusion, let me reiterate that while a buckshot or a duckshot may, under especially favorable circumstances, produce death quicker than a wound from a large rifle bullet in less vital parts, still the chances for immediate killing by the latter are about ten to one in its favor. For humanity's sake, then, if for no other reason, it alone ought to be used on deer. The skill necessary to handle the rifle successfully on moving objects is a never failing source of pride and pleasure, and would alone more than compensate for its acquirement and for discarding the shotgun on large game.

I sincerely hope that "Wells" will resume his rifle practice, regain his former skill, hereafter kill his venison only with the bullet, pay me a visit if he ever comes to the Pacific coast, thank me for pointing out the error of his ways, live to a ripe old age, and contribute an article every week to FOREST AND STREAM as long as I may be a reader of its columns.

And now allow me to suggest to Mr. "Backwoods" that he ought not to have returned to the settlements until the balsamic odors and pure ozone had reinvigorated his liver, reduced his spleen and dispersed his severe attack of indigestion from which he is evidently suffering. I conscientiously attacked what I believed to be a most brutal and barbarous practice, which it seems is a favorite "sport" of his, and he rushes into print with personal innuendo and vituperation in reply.

"O, many a shaft at random sent
Finds mark the archer little meant."

His flutter shows how well the "shaft struck home." "Let the galled jade wince." If he has any good reasons "for the faith that is in him," let him present them and not his estimate of me personally, which I am sure does not interest the readers of FOREST AND STREAM, and certainly gives me less concern than "the idle wind which I respect not." Had I advocated his position and used a \$3.50 "Zulu," I should have received his entire approbation. My present address is not Rome, and were it, one of their customs I should never adopt.

If "he is the noblest Roman of them all," I shall not hurry to get there. "I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon, than such a Roman."

Fort Bidwell, Cal., Aug. 9, 1884.

"Speak of me as I am. Nothing extenuate nor set down ought in malice."—Othello.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I understood "Piute's" position to be that the rifle was the only proper weapon for deer shooting, and he who used any other was guilty of barbarism. I also understood him to found his remarkable conclusion upon the reasons which he offered for its support. Having used the barbarous weapon which he denounced, and feeling sure that his logic was faulty, I chose to say so through the columns of the FOREST AND STREAM. I endeavored to state the argument fairly, and I did so, if I am capable of comprehending the meaning of English sentences. The only question, as I thought, and still think, was whether a rifle was the only weapon [please italicise the words which I underscore] which a sportsman could legitimately use in deer shooting. "Piute" alleges that it is. I reply that it is not. While I do not doubt that one may very properly use the rifle who chooses to do so, I deny, most emphatically, that I am to be regarded as unsportsmanlike and barbarous if I choose to use a shotgun.

The difference between "Piute" and "Wells" is this:

"Piute" denounces "Wells" and all who do as he does as being guilty of unsportsmanlike conduct and barbarous usage. "Wells" makes no such charge against "Piute" or those who may prefer the rifle, but endeavors to show that the reasoning by which "Piute" upholds his position is not sound, and defends his own practices against what he regarded as a wanton and unjustifiable assault.

I did not object to any man's using a rifle for game shooting if he preferred to do so, whether the game be buffalo, deer, turkey, geese, ducks, Bob White, rail or bobolinks. Nothing in my communication to which reference is made in the FOREST AND STREAM of the 21st, by "Cap Lock," "Trump" and "C. A. R." warrants the construction made. I repeat that if "Piute" and his supporters choose to use a rifle, even "to crush a butterfly or to brain a gnat," he may do so for aught I care or for aught I have said. I shall not imitate the bad example set me by denouncing such "usage" as showing a want of feeling, or a violation of the laws of genuine sportsmanship. But when any one exhibits the Phariseism of "dealing damnation round the land" on all who choose to exercise the right to dissent from their standard of propriety, "Wells" will not hesitate to enter his protest against the needless denunciation, but if necessary, in his judgment, say to one and all of his assailants:

"Lay on, Macduff,

And thrashed be he who first cries, hold, enough!"

"Cap Lock" will take no offense if I say to him that a legitimate inference from his language in paragraph three, of his article dated Aug. 10, is that he thinks grouse, Bob White, quail and woodcock ought to be shot exclusively with the rifle. Is it possible he would mean to convey such an idea? Now, neither he nor any one would get much game of that kind with such a weapon. Doubtless grouse, when eating berries or sitting on limbs, can be easily killed with a rifle, but when on the wing "scant and small would the booty prove." This would make the trap and the snare, if not sportsmanlike, necessary to supply all persons who are not exceptionally expert rifle shots with any game at all. Surely "Cap Lock" was unfortunate in the use of his language.

He tells us that hounding deer is "barbaric and unsportsmanlike." How? Is hounding foxes "barbaric and unsportsmanlike?" He will not say that. Then why is the use of dogs in hunting deer "barbaric and unsportsmanlike?" Is "shining" a deer's eyes at night and shooting him standing with a rifle civilized and sportsmanlike? Is approaching a deer at feed among the lily pads in a boat civilized and sportsmanlike? Pray let him tell us the distinction, and not content himself with a "tweedle dum and tweedle dee" answer. What better chance of escape has a deer under such circumstances than when fleeing before a hound in thick woods, with the probabilities largely in his favor, that he will not come within gunshot, or even in sight of the "barbarian" who is standing in glorious hope? How many deer could "Cap Lock" hit with his rifle in the woods, with thick undergrowth, when on a full run? In an open country like the prairies, or the pine woods of Florida, many score of deer can be killed by stalking, or "still hunting," as we call it. A gentleman who resided about three miles from Martin's Ferry told me, some years ago, that he had killed 175 in that style of "sportsmanlike" hunting in two seasons. I tried it with a party of six, of whom he was one, in his neighborhood, using the "barbaric" dog, and though we saw scores of deer, no man even got a shot. Now "Cap Lock" thinks hounding "barbarous" and "Wells" does not think so. Having an equal right to form an opinion, I say to him, that stalking in this section would give no addition to the larder, and even with hounds, which have been used "from the time whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary," five deer are started and escape to one which is shot at, much less wounded or killed, and we have now as many deer as can probably be found in the Adirondacks, where the humane practice is recommended and observed of stealthily approaching a deer in his "secure hour" while feeding among the lily pads.

And now a word or two with my friend "Trump." I am not sufficiently acquainted with that branch of surgery which treats of the *Vulnus sclopeti* or gunshot wounds, to discuss the question whether the *vis medicatrix nature* is more effective in healing a wound made by a ball thrown by a smoothbore or a rifled gun. But I have known deer, as well as he, to escape the pan of the hunter, to add to the enjoyment of buzzards and other scavengers, because the wound given by the shot or ball was not immediately destructive. If this demonstrates that a rifle is the only weapon which ought to be used for deer, I respectfully submit that it is equally good when applied to small game. If "Trump" chooses to use such a weapon, I shall not object. I simply prefer a shotgun.

I come now to "C. A. R." If he carefully read my article, all I have to say that either he or I was exceedingly unfortunate; he in comprehending what I wrote, or I in the use of language to convey my ideas. There was no "thunderbolt of wrath," or any wrath at all in what I wrote. There was no complaint of "Piute" because he is an advocate of the rifle in hunting. But there was a complaint because "Piute" denounced those who used a shotgun as guilty of barbarism. Cannot "C. A. R." see the difference? If so, what excuse can he render for mistating the position? I did not "blame" "Piute" for preferring the rifle; and there is nothing in my article which affords even a decent pretext for making such an allegation. I did "blame" him for expressing his "preference" in terms uncharitable and unjust to those who might differ from him—for I have no respect even for that class of men, who, in their language proclaim that they are of the "holier than thou" sort.

"Piute" may, indeed, be even more expert with a rifle than I am with a shotgun; and I freely admit that in a treeless waste he could kill far more deer with his exclusive weapon than I could with my favorite one. But in thickets and dense woods, with the deer running, I beg to doubt whether either he or "C. A. R." could do it.

Who said, unless it was "C. A. R.," that it was possible to "coax deer in North Carolina within fifty yards" of the hunter? We do not try that plan. We are unacquainted with that "charm." Surely "C. A. R." is not so poor in his intellectual resources as to be obliged to misrepresent in order to make a successful argument? Who expressed a doubt, as "C. A. R." asserts was done, of the "liability of shot to tear the flesh without doing deadly damage"? He himself put up that "man of straw" to pull it down, and is thus guilty of a "fantastic trick," if not a ludicrous one. Who doubted that a rifle had a greater "range" than a shotgun?—but in underbrush the "range" is not of very much value.

I beg now to notice the last sentence in "C. A. R.'s" illogical and unfair communication. It is in these words: "But 'Piute's' critic is not inclined to believe that shot (provided

it does reach the deer at long range) will cause torture without death, but it will most certainly." That statement is wholly without authority. I said nothing which gave the "shadow of a shade" of foundation for any such opinion. My critic ought not to have imputed to me the ridiculous idea that any puncture of the hide of a deer, however small, would not produce pain, and that some would produce "torture" and even death. It is to be hoped that when he next takes occasion to show his skill in criticising he will fairly represent his antagonist, and not wantonly place him in a false position. No triumph worthy of an honorable ambition can ever come to one who resorts to that method of warfare.

I close this article by simply calling attention to the main issue—whether the rifle is the only non-barbarous and sportsmanlike weapon. "Piute" and his sympathizers say it is; I and those who agree with me say it is not. All side issues are unallowable in a fair discussion. In no other am I disposed to enter.

ROCKINGHAM, N. C., Aug. 24.

WELLS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have been an interested reader of the contest between "Piute" and his critics. Here are some suggestions drawn from war experience. I was on Grant's staff in May, 1864, and when we got into the Wilderness and ran against Lee's men, we lost so many men wounded that it caused Gen. Hammond to find out the reason. The soldiers had found it out before; and every captured gun and every Confederate prisoner bore witness to one fact: that a bullet and then buckshot are more deadly than a rifle bullet. I heard Gen. Grant myself give an order to his ordnance officer on May 6 to adopt the buckshot cartridge. Query: If so with soldiers, why not so with game? A man is a noble savage, a brute is a low savage; and lead and iron respect neither. MEDICO.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

BUCK FEVER.

I HAVE seen this mysterious affection of the nerves mentioned in print, and have seen it exhibited by strong, cool men at the sight of game, and I regard it as a most inexplicable form of excitement. I am utterly unable to account for it. That a man who has stood on the battle-field while the minie-ball sang its song of death past his ears, while the dismal shriek of the shell echoed near him, and who has gone on calmly loading and firing in apparent unconsciousness of the fact that death was hovering over the field, and that agony and wounds were all around him; that such a man should tremble and grow pale at sight of an innocent denizen of the forest fleeing for its life, is utterly beyond man's comprehension; yet, though "strange it is, 'tis true." And how one of these unfortunates will lie. I've heard one swear that he had killed a deer, heard him point out the place where it fell, while all the time he had never fired a shot, but his gun was still cocked as he had set it before he heard the animal in the red brush. Many a sportsman will indorse all this, and could doubtless add much more.

Thereby hangs a tale. Lije, John and Jem Jones were brothers. All had been in the Federal army during the late unpleasantness, and all had heard the ping of bullets, and seen the flash of the sabre. The two first were as thorough sportsmen as ever pulled a trigger, but Jem was feverish.

It was my second deer hunt on Missouri soil. Old Frank Elias had got up the day's sport for my especial benefit. His son John said to me: "Keep as far as you can from Jem Jones, but if you must be near him keep behind him." I did not have time to inquire why, for just then John rode away. Fortune, however, showed me the reason of John's advice. Jem Jones and I were thrown together to go to a certain crossing. As we rode along Jones remarked: "The boys generally don't like to hunt with me." "Indeed," said I, inquiringly, "that seems a little strange." "O, they say I get the buck fever, and they never can tell where I'm going to shoot!" John Elias swears I'm just as likely to shoot my partner as a deer, but I'll show you to-day that I can shoot as well as any of them, and as you're a stranger I want you to tell them so." I agreed of course.

"Jones, what's the matter with your horse's near ear?" I asked, as I noticed that the said member was almost entirely gone. "John Elias shot it off," was the reply. "John says, though, that I did it myself. I had a short German shotgun, and just when I shot at the deer John fired. Job here wheeled and run, and reared and bucked and kicked, till the other barrel of my gun went off and shot a load of buckshot just over old Frank Elias's head, and I'll be whipped if Job didn't fall in a dead faint. His ear was gone. John Elias claimed the deer hide, because he swore that I shot into the ground and Job's ear; and Lije and John—my own brothers, too—gave him the hide when they drew the other loads from our guns, and found his gun loaded with No. 1 buckshot and mine loaded with 3s. After that brother Lije swore I must get a longer gun or quit hunting."

A pleasant companion, truly, I thought; but we arrived at the crossing, and Jones said: "You can take which side you please." I thanked him and took the left. "Did you ever kill a deer?" asked Jones. "O, yes," I replied, "many a one."

Jones was armed with a long double-barreled shotgun which he informed me was loaded with No. 3 buckshot. I myself had a rifle. We sat quietly on our horses for some time, when suddenly Jones straightened in his saddle, threw his gun to his shoulder, and fired into the body of an oak some fifty feet away and at least thirty feet from the ground. I caught the rush of a deer, a noble buck with four spikes. My rifle came to my shoulder, and when it cracked I knew that the shot had told. But I had no time to say anything, for Jones exclaimed, "Great Jerusalem! all the deer in the county must be coming into this crossing!" And he rose again erect in his saddle, and again he touched the trigger, and poured another load of buckshot into a tree some forty feet off. I threw my rifle to my face and as the silver drop rested on the spot it cracked, and a mark for the doe was added to the notches on the stock of my gun.

"I got 'em both!" shrieked Jem Jones, "didn't I tell you I'd show John Elias and my own brothers, too, that I could kill deer? You must back me up on these, don't forget now!" I looked at him in utter amazement, but the rest of the party rode up at that time, and Jem reiterated his asseverations made to me. I noticed that the whole party looked very doubtful. "What did you shoot at?" Lije Jones asked of me. "I heard your gun both times after Jem's, or at least I heard a rifle." "I shot at a deer each time," said I. "Then you missed 'em," said Jem, "for both of mine fell dead in their tracks; I saw 'em kicking before I heard your gun."

We went to where the buck lay and Lije Jones said:

"Jem, if there's a single buckshot hole in either of the hides you own it, if there's only the bullet hole then you have no claim, and they belong to our friend. Are you both content?" We both said yes. The buck was shot through the head with a bullet, and no other mark appeared on his magnificent body. The doe, too, was unmarked save by the fatal rifle ball. "Well, I'd like to know where my shots did go," said poor Jem. "Come here, Jem," said Lije, "and I'll show you." Jem went with him, and Lije pointed out the shots. "Climb up, Jem, and satisfy yourself," said Lije, "You must knock under this time, for our friend shoots a rifle, and none of the rest of us are loaded with No. 3s but you, and the shots are fresh." Jem went up and cut out the shot, but when he came down he said, "You're all in a conspiracy to cheat me out of my rights. I'll hunt by myself after this." Poor Jem!

As I write, the buck's head, nicely mounted, by the skill of Lije Jones, looks benignly down on me from the glass substitutes that man has put in the room of deer's eyes.

SOMERSET, Pa., Sept. 1, 1884.

AMATEUR.

THE STAR MOUNTAIN BUCK.

THE big buck of the season was killed yesterday by Furman Kneeland, of Brooklyn, and his guide, Andrew Rogers, of this place. This is no doubt the real "Star Mountain buck," which the hunters have been after for years. He has given the dogs many a hard race and the hunters many anxious hours on watch posts. Kneeland had gone with Rogers to start the dogs, and when the buck jumped up Kneeland gave him the first shot through the neck. Rogers finished him while on the run by a shot in the back.

There can be no doubt about the deer, as he was killed on Star Mountain. I have sent the head to J. G. Bell, No. 335 Broadway, to be set up. When done, it will be worth spending a little time to see. The horns have six prongs on one and seven on the other, one prong, next the head, being twelve inches long.

We have killed five bucks this month and not one doe. This we think very fortunate.

Partridge shooting begins next week, and all hands are very uneasy. Guns and dogs all ready.

The laws have been more respected this year than ever, and we have had fish and venison every day when in season. The trout fishing continues good. The guests of the house catch enough each day for the tables. Most of them are taken by the ladies, trolling with flies.

The first cold storm will start the salmon trout.

A. R. FULLER.

MEACHAM LAKE, Adirondacks, Aug. 27.

CAMP BREAD.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Several correspondents of FOREST AND STREAM, who have taken part in the discussion arising from "Nessmuk's" receipt for camp bread, seem unaware of the fact that the best camp bread can be made without baking powder or yeast.

To all campers-out who prefer to eat bread without taking a Seidlitz powder as a part of its composition—and what else is baking powder?—I heartily commend the following receipt, well known in the Middle and Southern States as "Maryland biscuits" or "beaten biscuits":

Take one quart of flour, one tablespoonful of lard, one teaspoonful of salt, enough water—or half water and half milk, if you can get milk—to make a stiff dough. Mix thoroughly and then beat with an axe or club for half an hour, or until the dough becomes light and elastic. Any smooth, thick board, or a smooth stump or log will answer to beat the dough on. Then mould the dough with the hands or cut with a tin-box lid into biscuits one-half inch thick and two inches across. Puncture the top of each biscuit several times with a fork and put them into a Dutch oven and bake with a moderately hot fire, as any other bread should be baked in camp.

Let any one once eat these biscuit properly baked and he will never again want a "Seidlitz powder biscuit," such as the large majority of campers-out, including the United States Army, now must regard as the staff of life while in camp.

These biscuits have the great advantage of keeping longer in a comparatively fresh and palatable condition than any other bread except "hard tack." Enough might be made at each baking to last the camp a week.

It will be observed that there is nothing that is not nutritious in these biscuits, and the inconvenience and expense that "Nessmuk" mentions, of the immense amount of baking powder needed in the woods, is done away with. Nor will any kind of weather interfere with making beaten biscuits or necessitate any change in the proportion of the ingredients.

ELK RIDGE.

CANTONMENT ON THE UNCOMPAGNE, COI.

SMALL-BORES.—Editor Forest and Stream: Small-bore guns are again coming to the front. I find my shooting friends in Europe are getting it down fine; they write to me about 20-gauge now 28-gauge, and the best productions of the celebrated borer, Ford, have got it down to 410, of what we call .41-caliber. I will say that our guns are entirely too heavy. I often come across a friend who has just got him a 10-gauge 10 pound, and paid a good price, that would have justified the weight not over 7½ or 8 pounds. My guns in 10-gauge do not weigh 8 pounds, and my 12-bore 6½ pounds. They are thick at the breech, and do not appear to jar any more than heavy guns. I have been induced by a friend to get one of these small-bore. He recommends 20-gauge. I took his advice and gave an order for a 16-gauge, 5 pounds. Not that I expect a 16-gauge to beat my 8 on wild fowl, but I do expect my new 16 to be equal to my old 12 on quail and snipe, and I have lost two pounds weight, which is considerable, when a man not over strong has to keep pace with our dogs, every one of which I get is a little faster than my last.

—ALMO.

SALEM, MASS., Aug. 30, 1884.—The past week has shown us a few more birds in this vicinity. Among them one bunch of twenty "black-breasted" (*C. virginicus*), one or two curlew, quite a number of summer yellow-legs, some grass birds, and smaller ones. Saw three black ducks (*A. obscura*) and several loons (*C. torquatus*), and one lot of five blue-winged teal, the first I have seen this fall. Saw the first meadow snipe (*G. wilsonii*) last Thursday. I saw recently in Goodale's store, Boston, a white egret, that was shot at Topsfield. There ought to be some rail and some snipe, as the grounds are in fine order. Monday is partridge day.—X. Y. Z

GAME IN SOUTHEASTERN MISSOURI.—Probably many of your readers in this part of the universe would like to acquaint themselves of some good place to hunt where game is plentiful and not hunted to death. We pride ourselves on living in the best game country in the United States. The woods are full of it and there are comparatively few hunters. Southeastern Missouri has always been noted as the game resort of central United States, but it is not generally known that wild deer run in large herds and wild turkey in great gangs within two miles of a city of 2,000 inhabitants. Such is the case here. We are only 160 miles from St. Louis south on the main line of the St. Louis, Iron Mountain & Southern Railway, and only seventy miles west of Cairo, to which we are connected by a branch of the same road. If some of your readers would like good hunting and fishing this fall at little expense I would advise them to visit Southeastern Missouri by all means.—E. W. H. (Poplar Bluff, Mo., Aug. 23).

CHARLESTON, Ill., Aug. 25.—On 22d inst., W. A. Jeffries, D. H. Dowling, Douglas McCarty and J. L. Harris were out for a day's shooting eight miles northeast of here. The day was cool and partly cloudy, with a gentle breeze from the north; the gentlemen reported having a fine time, and bagged nineteen young prairie chickens and one white crane. They report game scarce.—FOX SQUIRREL.

Aug. 26.—On the 23d a party of sportsmen, consisting of John Swisher, Jacob Pinkey and Arthur Ball, of Galion, O., and C. O. Skidmore of this city, returned from Champaign county, about thirty-five miles north of here, where they had been camping out for four days, and shooting at the pinnated grouse over their dogs—Pinkey's Heck, Ball's Dan and Skidmore's June. They bagged 113 pinnated grouse, most all of them fine young birds. They reported game plenty.—FOX SQUIRREL.

GAME IN KENTUCKY.—Southern Kentucky, August.—I saw a bevy of nearly full grown quail last week. Have heard of others. The summer has been favorable, and this fall's crop should by odds be the largest found for many years. Wing-shooting has grown very popular, and every boy's ambition is to save up enough to buy one of those magnificent shotguns warranted of finest materials and workmanship, at the fabulously low figure of twelve dollars for next thirty days, to introduce them in your neighborhood. After that time not one of those fine guns will be sold for twenty-five dollars; less than actual cost of the locks. But that we bought an immense stock at a bankrupt sale, or "mine brudder stole 'em," they couldn't be sold for anything near that price. Two flocks of turkeys within a mile, ruffed grouse on every mountain, a few deer in occasional localities; every promise of fine sport soon.—KENTUCKIAN.

ADIRONDACK GAME.—Chateaugay Lake, N. Y. Aug. 25.—Woodcock and snipe and plover are now sought after, and good bags tell of the metal of guns, dogs and sportsmen. In a week from this time ruffed grouse will be ready for shooting; there are quite a number in our woods, all nearly grown. Deer are very plenty this fall. There is a beautiful buck's head hanging in the office that was shot at some twenty times by an old hunter; but I think he must have had the fever or a poor gun.—OLD GUIDE.

Camp Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

135.

THE morning was cold and frosty. The gray streak of dawn was scarcely yet visible in the eastern horizon; the stars and waning moon shone brightly, and the crisp leaf sparkled with its gems of frozen dew as I left the train at D. and entered the stage coach for S. A few hours' ride in the latter would bring me to the place of my destination, where I hoped to enjoy some rare sport in one of my favorite pastimes, hunting the noblest game that roams through woodland haunts—deer and elk. I had a mania for big horns. Already a fine pair of antlers graced my sanctum, the largest in all the surrounding country; and yet my ambition was not satisfied, for I believed that a larger pair existed somewhere in the tangled forest, and I lived in mortal dread lest some other lucky hunter should capture them and thus exult over me. I fondly hoped that upon this trip I might have the good fortune to secure the coveted prize.

My "trusty rifle" had been carefully stowed away beneath the driver's seat and I took my place inside the coach, wrapped in my camp blanket for protection from the keen mountain air of early morning. I was the only passenger; therefore my camp equipage had been placed inside with me. We had been rattling over the frozen ground for a short time when, upon a high hill overlooking a deep and dark valley, whose depths seemed unfathomable, the stage suddenly stopped and the driver dismounted to make some adjustment of the harness before making the descent from the bold mountain top to the valley below. The horses were very restless, and as the driver turned to remount they took fright, and, bounding forward, they hurled the luckless driver to the ground. Away sped the wild steeds down the mountain side. As soon as I had recovered sufficiently from my momentary fright I essayed to jump from the coach, but on looking out the dark chasm seemed ready to engulf me; to jump was certain death. We seemed to fly like the wind along the edge of the most frightful precipices. The sweat stood in large drops upon my brow as momentarily I expected to be hurled to destruction. If I could gain the driver's seat I might secure the reins and check this terrible speed. To climb around on the outside was simply impossible; so, drawing my hunting knife, I proceeded to cut my way through to the front. In this I was soon successful, and to my intense delight found the lines securely fastened to the brake bar. The next moment I held them firmly within my grasp, and with my foot upon the brakes was exerting my utmost strength to check this lightning speed. On, on we dashed, while the fire flashed from the steel-shod hoofs of the mad coursers, and the iron wheels of the ponderous coach ground to powder the very rock with irresistible power. The horses were reeking with foam and the sweat was rolling from my face so as to almost blind my sight. But now we have left the down grade and are dashing along a narrow valley by the side of a mountain stream. Our headlong speed begins to slacken, and I soon have the satisfaction of stopping the runaway by reining them into a side cut against a steep bank. Just as we came to a full halt some dark moving objects on the opposite bank attract my attention. Judge of my surprise on beholding in

the dim light of morning, as the moving objects emerge from a narrow gorge, a band of elk, which are going toward the main valley down which to make their escape, and they are led by the very champion of the forest that I had dreamed of—a buck with the stateliest pair of antlers I ever beheld; in fact, the grandest pair that ever graced the head of the monarch of mountain or glen. It was but the work of a moment to bring out my rifle and quickly to adjust a shell, and as its sharp crack echoed from rock to rock I had the pleasure of beholding the monster come rolling down to the water's edge. Springing from my seat to make sure of the prize, I found myself—awake by the side of my bed, and my wife complaining bitterly that my elbows had nearly punched her very life out. The horns were gone. EUGENE.

Sea and River Fishing.

THE RANGELEY LAKES.

THE group of lakes known by this name are not so thoroughly set forth by any guide book that I am acquainted with but that a short account of their advantages in the way of fishing and hunting may prove interesting to your readers.

Beginning at the most southern point of the waterway at Lake Umbagog, there comes in the chain next northerly Willakennebagocook, Mollechunkamunk, Mooselucmagentic, Cussuptic and Rangeley, which last named lake gives the title to the series. To the north of Rangeley and over, a carry good for three miles, very bad for seven miles, lies Kennebagoc. To the north and west of this is Lake Parmacheenee. These last two lakes, although separated from the others, are properly a part of the same system. The carries between these two and the nearest other lake in the waterway are longer than any of the others, say ten to fourteen miles, and much rougher and more difficult. They are all, however, furnished with buckboard conveyances, which undertake to convey passengers, provided they can retain their seats over the boulders and boggy places. Any reasonable amount of baggage is transported free of charge.

The lakes are all very excellent for fishing except during the months of July and August. In these months lakes Kennebagoc and Parmacheenee are the only ones in which the trout will rise to the fly in the open lake. In the little brooks emptying into the lakes, fish can be taken any time, with the fly or with bait. Very large fish are taken in Mooselucmagentic at any time by deep-water fishing with bait. The second week in August an angler from Boston took three very large catches. One of seven trout weighing four pounds, another of eight averaging four and a half pounds, another of five averaging five and a half pounds. The largest fish in any of these catches weighed six and three-quarter pounds. They were caught with the angle worm in water about one hundred feet deep, and were the genuine speckled brook trout (*Salmo fontinalis*), not lakers. It is advisable to be thus particular, as the natives, and even guides are very misleading in their talk about fish, everything with them being a trout.

I do not mean this to impugn their truthfulness, but simply their lack of accuracy in speech. The size of the fish taken in Kennebagoc during July and August rarely exceeds thirteen inches in length. But from five inches up to this size, they are very abundant and give good sport to either the fly-fisher or the more prosaic baiter. Within five hours' fishing a party of three of us took in trolling with the fly and in fishing from the anchored boat with the worm and fly, about one hundred and twenty very beautiful specimens. Many more under seven inches in length were cast back in the lake.

As for hunting, there is excellent sport in either of the two most northern lakes, Parmacheenee, however, being the best. There is no trouble in getting plenty of shots (I will say nothing of bagging the game) at moose, caribou and deer. All of these must be shot after October 1, although, of course, the law is continually evaded and meat of either of these kinds can be obtained at any time by those who are willing to break the law. True sportsmen, however, should resolutely refuse to do this. Many would-be sportsmen come here prepared to pay the fine of forty dollars for each offense, and indeed one of them informed against himself, paid his fine and departed with his antlered trophy, a happy man. But he brought his conscience with him, and that a good many forgo.

The naturalist will find many examples of the beaver's skill in the way of dams built by them and large trees gnawed down by their sharp teeth. One I saw measured eighteen inches in diameter. Fine specimens of loons, eagles, bears and all other animals of this region may be easily obtained.

The lakes are traversed by small steamboats and there is no hardship imposed upon the tourist, save that of walking the carries. Camps abound in all directions, and these are fitted up with all cooking and table utensils, and can be hired at fifty cents a day. Or if you hire a guide at \$2.50 per day, he will generally "throw in" a camp of his own. Sleeping upon one of the beds in the log huts upon the soft spruce twigs, inhaling their delightful fragrance, cloying as an exotic perfume, is a sensation that must be experienced before it can be understood. Why do not physicians prescribe mattresses stuffed with this lung-healing and health-giving substance for their consumptive patients? The hotels, so called, are numerous enough at each of the carries, and contain all the comforts if not the luxuries of life. A few are lathed and plastered, but the great number have bare floors and board partitions, giving you dissolving views of your neighbors' toilet by candle light, and acquainting you with all the different varieties of the human snore.

In addition to these there are several angling associations where you will find excellent quarters if duly provided with letters of introduction through their members. All these details can be easily learned through the guide book and excellent map prepared by C. A. J. Farrar, of Middle Dam, Lake Mollechunkamunk, Maine. I would advise the reader not to attempt a pronunciation of these names except through the aid of one of the spelling schools, which the hotels get up in this region to improve the neglected education of the stiff-tongued New Yorkers. I never knew but one man who could pronounce all off-hand, and he died within a week after he had attained the accomplishment, of a horrible variety of lockjaw.

As for the different ways of getting to the lakes, one is about as exorbitant in the matter of stage fares as another, except that the most unique swindle is practiced on the route from Cambridge to Bethel, where the charge of \$3 is made for a trip of twenty-six miles, which, although the

road is excellent, the stage "driver" consumes nine hours in accomplishing. And he added insult to injury by stopping half way for dinner at a tavern where the bread gave out in the first round, and when we came up to time in the second round with doughnuts we were gravely informed that we couldn't eat "them thar" until we had got through our dinner. The driver uses two horses without a change for a load of six people with all their baggage, and coolly informed me that he did not propose to arrive at our railway depot until 4 P. M., although our train was due at 3 o'clock. To all my remonstrances his only answer would be, "Now, Cap, that 'ere train ain't never on no time, and I'll get there as soon as she do." However, by dint of incessant "nagging" I got him to gallop his horses for the last four miles, and within about three-quarters of a mile from the station we saw the train roll in. Then, by aid of frantic gesticulations, hat wavings and coat shakings, we drew the attention of the conductor and he kindly waited for us to come sweating and toiling into the depot. Moral: Don't try the Cambridge route.

The most comfortable method is to go by rail to Phillips, arriving in twenty-four hours after you leave New York, where, at the Elmwood House, you are cared for as well as you would be at any hotel in New York. From there by stage for twenty miles brings you to the head of Rangeley Lake, from whence, after dinner, you can go through the whole system in a day and a half, excepting the two northern lakes, and if you love comfort can return the same way. From Haine's Carry the steamboat will take you to its captain's camp, instead of Upper Dam to stay over night, unless you insist upon being carried through as per ticket. If he will not do this until next morning with an extra fare, then stop all night at Haine's Carry, and get two hours more rest. They practice these sharp little games all through partially opened routes, and a knowledge of them saves time, money, and patience. Or you can try your luck by stage from Lake Umbagog to Andover, or from Errol Dam on the same lake to North Stratford, both these destinations being on railroads. It is a pity that the stage route I have criticised is poorly managed, for the Lake Side House, where it starts from, is well kept, the road is a pretty one, and the driver a well-meaning old fellow, but away behind the age.

As for the scenic beauties of this region, were I to attempt a description I should only indulge in superlatives. Their general feature is one of beautiful varied mountain forms, clad with an unbroken primeval wilderness of birch and pine trees from the mountain tops to the very shores. But few of them have been injured by the lumberman, and the backed-up waters at the different dams have left in a few only a slight fringe of dead timber. Each lake, however, has its individual characteristic. Rangeley has cultivated lands, which in some places give the aspect of some parts of Lake George. Kennebec is a sapphire set in a gigantic emerald border. Parmachenee is as fresh and virgin in its purity as when Eve tempted Adam. The other lakes border nearer civilization, and of course are tainted with its presence in some degree. But here, above all other places near New York, the brain-fried man can get rest, nature, good fishing and hunting, and be not only "half a dozen miles from a lemon," as Sydney Smith says, but truly thirty-five miles from a post-office or telegraph station. What more can be said?

RANGELEY, Me., Aug. 21, 1884.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your correspondent signing himself "Knickerbocker," from Bemis Camp, Aug. 9, in your paper of Aug. 21, refers to the taking of large trout in the Rangeley waters, and states that he has taken pains to verify some stories about fish, and found them true, and says the weights are appalling. He refers to one trout (*Salmo fontinalis*) taken by a boy in 1872 weighing twenty-four pounds, and of other trout weighing seventeen, fifteen, twelve and eleven pounds. Permit me to say as a regular frequenter of the Rangeley and Richardson waters for the past twenty-five years, and having a record of about six thousand trout caught in these waters, that I have never known nor heard of a well-authenticated instance of a trout (*Salmo fontinalis*) caught here larger than the one of eleven pounds caught at the foot of the Mooselucmagantic Lake Sept. 29, 1880.

Your correspondent also states that caribou, deer, and moose are in season after Sept. 1. The law of this State does not allow the killing until Oct. 1. J. P. WHITNEY.

RICHARDSON LAKE, Me., Aug. 27.

THE SEVEN PONDS.

THE Seven Ponds in Franklin county, Maine, are some thirty miles north of Rangeley. The writer this spring, prompted by a wish to get fairly into the backwoods, with a friend and Eugene Soule of Rangeley as guide, spent the month of June at the latter's camp on Big Island Pond. In previous years I have fished the Rangeley lakes and Kennebec, but never had any sport to compare with an average morning in this region. The trout are very abundant; they rise readily, and are wonderfully gamy, though they do not run so large as in the Rangeley lakes. The largest one taken by our party weighed two pounds. In June the Jenny Lind was the favorite fly, with the coachman and huckles not far behind.

For autumn shooting, judging from my own observations, I should say that this region could not fail to suit the most ardent sportsman. Scarcely a day passed while we were in a camp without at least one deer being seen by our party. Moose and caribou are to be found in the neighborhood, and partridges are abundant.

Big Island Pond is the largest of the group, its length being two and a half miles, greatest width possibly a mile. It is more than 2,000 feet above the sea. The air is pure and bracing, and scented with the odors of the spruce forests which cover its shores. It is in the heart of the mountains, and there are charming views of hill and valley on every side. About three miles to the west is the rugged range which forms the boundary between the United States and Canada.

Soule's camp comprises two very comfortable log houses beautifully located at one end of the lake. At the other end Kennedy Smith has a number of log camps which he lets to parties desiring them.

There are three different routes to the ponds—by Rangeley and Kennebec; by Strong, Kingfield, Eustis, and Smith's buckboard road to Big Island Pond, or from Lake Megantic, Canada, which is reached by the Grand Trunk and Intercolonial railroads. As regards time, there is nothing to choose, it takes three days to get to the ponds from Boston by any of the routes. The writer has tried them all, and considers the second the easiest and most agreeable. He cannot re-

commend the third. Canned goods and all necessary provisions can be obtained of Kennedy Smith at Big Island Pond at reasonable rates. Letters addressed to Eugene Soule, Rangeley, or Kennedy Smith, Eustis, will elicit any desired information.

To the lover of nature and life in the woods, I can most cordially recommend this region, which I believe to be unsurpassed.

GREAT BARRINGTON, MASS.

TROUTING IN NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

A sudden business call to the far South early in July, has prevented me from sending you some notes of a fishing and exploring trip to the extreme northern ends of New Hampshire in the latter part of June. I have previously written you about trips to the same region; but this one covered rather more ground, and was undertaken partially for a business purpose, which was to ascertain, if possible, the result of the attempts to stock the upper waters of the Connecticut, with land-locked salmon, by the Fish Commissioners of New Hampshire in 1879 and '81.

The objective part of the excursion was therefore Uncle Tom Chester's camp at Second Lake, where I found Uncle Tom and his trusty colleague Harding as fresh and bright as ever, and with a camp full of anglers. Some of these anglers, however, were green to the woods and got more bites from black flies and mosquitoes than they did from trout. The business part of the trip was the first thing to be attended to, and I am sorry to say proved entirely unsuccessful, as many hours' diligent casting of a large variety of flies from a well-stocked book failed to get a rise, although one or two beautiful specimens of *Salmo fontinalis* came in out of the wet.

Uncle Tom tells me that in 1880, the first year after the plant, several of these fish were taken in the river below Second Lake, and between that and First Lake, but that none have been heard of since. Now, here comes in the puzzling question: Have these fish all gone down stream to spawn, as they did in Western New York, and been unable to get back by reason of the impassable dams and chutes of the Connecticut River Lumber Company, or have they been destroyed while young by the lake trout (*Salmo namaycush*) while hibernating in deep water? I ask the latter question particularly, because the plant of 1880 in the celebrated Diamond ponds, at Stewartstown, N. H., has been entirely successful. Numbers have been accidentally taken from these ponds by trout fishermen, who, of course, knew nothing of what was biting until it was brought to net, one by the Chief Justice of New Hampshire himself; while Mr. Wm. S. Shurtleff, the well-known lawyer of Colebrook, whose piscatorial skill excels, if possible, his legal acquirements, tells me that he has returned to the water twenty-five or thirty hooked lightly with the fly, while casting for trout, and the fish would average nearly a pound in weight each.

There are no lake trout in these ponds, and consequently no very dangerous enemies for the salmon, the deep red-fleshed trout or char, which have made these ponds so famous, seldom reaching a pound in weight in the larger ponds, although in the smaller and upper ones they have been taken up to 2½ pounds. Further, the original plant have spawned in the Diamonds, and a large school of the young fry has been seen this year, showing that the spawn of 1879—transplanted in 1880—reproduced their species in 1883, or four years from their own deposit, which corresponds exactly with such facts as I have been able to gather in regard to the reproduction of the original *Salmo salar*.

I send you these data as supplementary to the very interesting paper by Mr. Atkins, which you published some weeks since, and in which my friend Hodge gives some statements of their enormous growth in the deep, cold waters of Squam Lake, which actually astonish me, although I was well posted in regard to their growth in Sunapee last year.

"So much for Buckingham." What can I tell you of the fun? How my companion Bob and I went up the main inlet to the Forks, one day, and waded down, reaching camp with two big baskets full, 126 in number, and weighing 20 pounds. How three days after Bob and Ned Norton went up to Third Lake, and caught more trout than they knew what to do with, while I stopped at the Falls and filled my 12-pound creel before I got back to the Forks, and lugged my load the two miles to my canoe, without a chance to carry another trout, unless I had done as glorious old Christopher North says he did once, put them in my breeches pockets, for I was wading the river in knee breeches, canvas shoes and flannel shirt.

What can I say of the adventures of the three men from Connecticut, who went up to Uncle Tom's upper camp, where he spends the winter, trapping for sable and fishers, spent one night, and fished down the East Inlet the next day, coming out of the woods looking as if they had been parboiled and then skinned?

Enough, however, for Second Lake. After ten days there I came back to Schoppe's First Lake House and spent a Sunday with Capt. Reed, of the steamer Hartford, at his camp at Brezzy Point, tried Perry's Stream on Monday with indifferent success, it being fished to death; got a friend to drive me down the river three miles on Tuesday, to a farmhouse opposite the mouth of Cedar Stream, which comes into the Connecticut River on the east side. Found a convenient rifle, waded the river and then up the stream until noon; ate my luncheon on a convenient log, and then wheeled round and fished back, taking sixteen quarter-pound trout from the same hole almost at the start, and filling the big creel again long before I got half way back to the river.

The next day, July 2, back to Colebrook by stage, with good-tempered, genial Ned Merrill on the driver's seat, and out to the Diamonds next day. When I got to Mart Noyes's camp, Mrs. N. said her husband was over on the lower lake fishing with a clergyman from Northern Vermont, but that I could probably find him easily; gave me the key to a canoe at the lower pond, and I soon pulled across the upper one, crossed the carry and found Noyes and the Dominic just round the point as I swept out from the landing. They had basketed eighteen or twenty quarter-pound trout, and invited me to join them in their boat, which I agreed to do on condition that they should pull up anchor and go with me to the mouth of the inlet connecting the two lakes. They agreed to the proposition and we were soon in place and at work.

I will not worry your readers with the details, but simply say that the fly was of no avail—too early in the season for flies to be on the water; but with a long line, one No. 2 shot at the upper end of the gut, and a free cast up into the mouth of the inlet, of a No. 2 Limerick with all the worm that could be stowed on it, the fun was not to be despised. When we left, long before dark, both baskets were full. I had taken

thirty-six, which just weighed twelve pounds, the Dominic's basket was overflowing, and Noyes's pockets were full. So with a heavy load but light hearts we paddled in to shore, climbed the steep carry, which Yankee ingenuity laid over a steep hill because it was the short way between the two ponds, and were in camp to an early supper at 6 o'clock.

The next morning, July 4, Noyes and I threw the fly for three hours on the upper pond, but did not get a rise, so at 7 o'clock we pulled in to breakfast. Meanwhile his two young men who help him about the camp had gone over the lower pond. Being thoroughly excited by our baskets of the night before, they had struck for the same ground, and when the Dominic and I got back there at 9 o'clock had got twenty-one more trout, about the average size—five to six ounces each.

I had only an hour or two to fish, for I wanted to drive back to Colebrook and get ready to return home early the next morning, but I spent an hour with my companion on a favorite ground of mine, at the island on the opposite side of the lake, basketing 16 more trout of about the same size, and then he pulled me into shore, we shook hands and parted, and I swung myself over the carry, paddled across the upper pond, and after a trout dinner and a good-bye to Noyes and his warm-hearted wife, was soon on my way to the Parsons House. Genial Frank Bailey, the well-known landlord, had fallen a victim to acute pneumonia a month before my visit, and I missed him sadly, but the woods and waters were the same, and I have never enjoyed two weeks in the woods more thoroughly and with the hope of a repetition next summer.

VON W.

SPAWNING SEASON OF BLACK BASS.

FOR several years the impression has been gaining ground, from personal experience, that the close season for black bass in the State of New York is altogether wrong, and at no distant day will result in depleting our waters of this game fish, unless there is a change made in existing laws. From the examination of local waters, interviews with professional fishermen, and correspondence with anglers in different parts of the State, this impression has resolved itself into a fact as to the present, and the fulfilling of the prophecy must follow as a consequence.

Anglers and writers, while lauding the black bass as the game fish of the future, have deplored the untimely taking off of the brook trout by various means that are illegitimate and contrary to law. Others that have, under protest, accepted the black bass as a substitute for the much loved trout, or put off the evil day "yet a little longer," have been equally ready to denounce the unnatural means that have been the primary cause of the disappearance from so many waters of the first favorite of most fresh-water anglers; but while mourning the trout the black bass have not, I fear, had sufficient attention given to their welfare. In one sense they are not neglected, for five anglers seek them to-day where there was but one ten years ago.

Black bass are considered a hardy fish, cast in a different mould from the patrician trout and quite well able to care for themselves and their families. So they are, in a great measure. If they are protected at spawning time they can protect themselves during the remainder of the year and their numbers will not be materially decreased; but at spawning time they really require more care than do the trout at their spawning season. The latter spawn in the autumn when the weather is cold and there is little inducement for the angler to cast his lures; the fishing season is practically over for the great majority of the brotherhood, and if trout are taken at this time it is not by accident but design. The trout spawn and depart, leaving their eggs to fate. If the parent fish are captured immediately after spawning it does not in any way affect their progeny. The black bass spawn in the spring, when the warm sun has released the waters from its icy bands, and also roused a swarm of anglers from a winter's confinement to retrospections and anticipation so far as fishing is concerned, and as each one is more or less anxious to have a try at something that has fins there is more danger of accident to fish not in season than is the case in the autumn.

It is known that black bass deposit their spawn and watch over it until hatched, and afterward care for their fry for a number of days. During this time many bass are caught, really by accident, while the angler trolls the shore for pike. The real angler will return all such to the water, but the gear used in trolling is such that, however much care may be exercised, many parent fish must be injured. The bass will not bite when spawning, but before their young are of proper age to shift for themselves they will accept a minnow or spoon trolled over them. When the guardian is gone the bass fry are at the mercy of a horde of enemies ready to devour them.

I have put this matter in the best possible light and say nothing of those who with premeditation, and foul murder in their hearts, take the spawning bass from their beds. The parental duties of the black bass do not cease with the act of spawning, and it is for this reason that I consider that during the spawning season they require more care than the trout. The close season is intended to cover the breeding time of both species, but in the case of the bass it fails lamentably.

The close season in New York is from Jan. 1 to June 1, except in certain waters where the close season extends to July 1 and July 20 respectively. Last year I saw bass on their beds as late as August 7, and heard of them with young, from good authority, on the 23d of August. These cases are probably exceptional, but this year I went up the Hudson in the middle of June and could find but two bass that had prepared beds. Four days later I went to a pond that is well stocked with these fish, and made the circuit of these shores and found not a single bed. It was not until the latter part of June that the bass came on their beds in the ponds and lakes in this vicinity; and many instances have come under my personal knowledge where bass did not spawn until July.

Data gathered from various sources, both as to running water and still water—i. e., ponds and lakes, for bass spawn earlier in streams than in ponds, and earlier in warm water than in cold water—and all goes to confirm the opinion that black bass do not spawn until June, and in many instances not until early July. At one time I thought this might be the state of affairs only in Northern New York, but I find Southern New York gives the same report. Any angler who is at all observant can see for himself, and seeing, I hope he will urge an extension of the close season. One of the State Fish Commissioners, when I wrote him that I proposed to advocate a change of law for Northern New York, (this was before I learned that Southern New York was also suffering) wrote me to make no division of the State,

that the law was too early for all portions of it. Two bodies of water near here bear terrible witness against early fishing by being sadly depleted in consequence. I hope that our law makers will extend the close season for black bass throughout the State until July 1. Even then, some waters require a still longer time for the bass to spawn. In Maine, Massachusetts and Virginia the open season for this fish does not begin until July 1. In Rhode Island it is July 15, and in parts of Maryland it is as late as Aug. 15.

A. N. CHENEY.

GLENS FALLS, N. Y., Aug. 25.

LARGE BLACK BASS.

ON MONDAY, August 18, on East Lake, Daniel S. Burley and Charles G. Fall caught from the same boat, on one trip, four black bass, whose total weight within five minutes of the time when caught, was seventeen pounds by the scales which were carried in the boat. One weighed 3½ pounds, one 4½, one 4½, and one 5½, an average of 4½ pounds. Mr. Fall caught the fish that weighed 5½ pounds, which is the largest black bass, says Mr. Burley, of which there is any record, and he has won the five-dollar prize which has been for several years a standing offer by the East Lake Club for the first five-pound bass.—*Wolboro, (N. H.) paper.*

[A correspondent asks for the largest small-mouthed black bass on record. Mr. Blackford, of Fulton Market, New York, had one of eight pounds which was caught in Lake Ronkonkoma, Long Island.]

The Glens Falls, N. Y., *Messenger*, of August 29, says: "Mr. Reuben Seelye, one of our well-known townsmen, who resides near the outlet of Glen Lake, better recognized as Long Pond, has had much experience and success as a fisherman, having taken with hook and line many large fish from the waters of the lake. But he made the best haul of his life this week Wednesday, when he caught a bass which was 25 inches long and of 21 inches girth, and weighed 11½ pounds. This is the largest bass of which we have any record as being caught anywhere in the country. Mr. Seelye is fairly entitled to the cake."

ANGLING IN KENTUCKY WATERS.

SPRING and summer have not been particularly favorable to angling, especially to us who could not step out and investigate the stage of water. Riparian residents took some good ones on trawls and "set-outs." When I dropped in on Uncle Joe in May to arrange for an excursion, I found him greatly flurried by the shabby manner in which his agents, to watch and report shoaling of red-horse in the Cumberland, had treated him. Two days before he had gone to his favorite shoal a few miles off, and cold water was thrown on his hopes by those in charge of his 90-foot seine, who had been visiting the river daily. Water was too high, and the fish had moved up to another shoal where they were safe from seiners, etc., but if a prospect of a catch offered a runner would be sent for him.

That morning he had found the markets glutted with red-horse caught Sunday with his seine, and he knew that his supposed friends had "thrown him off." I accompanied him and his recruits to see the fun, and when we drew up on the bank ten lusty fellows were drawing the seine on the opposite shore, and more than 200 pounds of fish were divided out before a skiff was sent over to us. Not a scale was set apart for the owner of the seine, and the old fellow cut his tobacco rather nervously, but restrained an outburst. He soon had the seine manned, and a mess for each, when the seine was stretched to dry and he brought in next day. I learned that it hadn't dried when pickets reported the owner gone, and the coast clear for a resumption of work. Seining is legal in Cumberland, in and below Pulaski county. But one bass of less than a pound weight was caught. Last year 1200 red-horse that averaged more than 3 pounds were taken off that shoal with a seine.

On my last visit to Central Kentucky, a few weeks since, I found some of the boys jubilant over the opening up of the finest stream bass fishing in the world, by the completion of the Louisville and Knoxville railway. Several years ago the upper Cumberland—above falls—was stocked with game fish, hauled across from upper Kentucky River, and so carefully protected that to-day it is one of the best streams in any of the older States.

It was reported, currently, several years since, that angling was excellent in that part of the State, and that a party proved guilty of taking a fish except with rod and line, would be hanged without benefit of clergy or jury, but the inaccessibility of the waters lent a savor of Munchausenism to that fish story till verified by some of the brethren who went and indeed, "pulled them out" till they tired of the monotony. And just think of slatherers and professors, whose dreams and hopes had rarely materialized in the matter of three pound whales, growing tired of "pulling out" bass of from three to seven pounds weight. No doubt about it. Anglers of this State in tracing their lineage from the Adamic head find their ramifications in such propinquity to the celebrity of cherry tree and little hatchet fame, that "neighborhood pride" alone would assure the perfect credibility of any representations they'd make about dimensions of a fish. Yet, I have met the exceptions—essential to establishment of rules—who couldn't tell the truth—exactly—about their catch.

A. SLATHERER.

MILL SPRINGS, Ky., August.

WHERE ONE MAY FISH FOR DINNER.—Keokuk, Iowa, Aug. 26.—I have just returned from an extended trip to Lake Minnetonka and Wisconsin Lakes. I visited the celebrated Douseman trout pond, said to be the largest exclusive brook trout hatching establishment in the United States. There is nearly a mile of flumes full of trout one and two years old, and in the hatching house a million or two of small fry six months old. You can catch all you wish at forty cents a pound, or enough for a square meal, and Mrs. Comstock will cook them and get you up a good dinner for seventy-five cents. The establishment is only eight miles from the celebrated Palmyra mineral springs, or four and a half miles from Eagle, on the M. & S. P. R. R.—W. J. B.

POTTSVILLE, Penn., Aug. 28.—The anniversary of the Pottsville Fishing Party is being celebrated to-day on the top of Shark Mountain near this city. The Fishing Party is a social institution like, though of less antiquity than that, known as "the State in Schuylkill." The festivities were participated in by about 110 gentlemen, seventy of whom are members. Among those present are Attorney-General Brewster, the Hon. Simon Cameron, Gen. Fitz John Porter, and President Keim, of the Reading Railroad.

DYNAMITE IN PIKE COUNTY.—A correspondent of the New York *Times* writes as follows: Bushkill, Penn., Aug. 30.—There are over fifty natural lakes in Pike county. They are stocked with black bass and other choice game fish. Lying as most of them do in wild and isolated localities, the pot fisherman has always had the best of opportunities for fishing in their waters without any regard for the provisions of the game laws. Nets, traps, and other illegal means of taking large quantities of fish with little trouble have been used for years, but it remained for this season to introduce the use of dynamite in the lakes. By means of this one of the best of the chain of Pike county lakes, known to fishermen far and wide as Log Tavern Pond, has been almost depopulated of its fish. A number of sportsmen who visited this lake a few days ago found the shores lined with dead fish of all kinds and sizes. It was at the time supposed that the fish in the lake had been attacked with some disease, but it has since been learned that dynamite was exploded in the lake on three different occasions early in the season. It is strongly suspected that a prominent resident and officer of the township in which the lake is situated was the person who resorted to the deadly explosive to fill his boats with fish. Since this wholesale slaughter anglers have been unable to capture any fish in Log Tavern Pond, although previously it afforded the finest sport. Mud Pond is a favorite resort for anglers in Pike county. It lies high among the hills in Porter Township. A few days ago a man named Rhinehart and a companion whose name is not known sank a heavy charge of giant powder in the lake and exploded it. The explosion took place before they had rowed the boat far enough away, and it was upset by the concussion. Rhinehart could swim, but his companion could not. Rhinehart succeeded in supporting the other man until he could get him to the upturned boat, which was floating some distance away. Leaving the man clinging to the bottom of the boat, Rhinehart swam ashore, and procuring another boat, returned and rescued his companion. But for this unexpected result of the explosion, the marauding expedition of the two men would have remained a secret. Rhinehart is well known, but as he is a man of some influence in that part of the county nothing has been done, nor nothing is likely to be done, toward punishing his violation of the law. It is reported that dynamite has been used in several other lakes in the county with deadly results to fish.

THE BLADDERWORT.—Office of State Entomologist, Normal, Ill., Aug. 29.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* While the very interesting fact of the destruction of young fishes by the bladderwort is occupying the attention of your readers, permit me to mention another method than that of direct destruction, by which these plants must often greatly hinder the multiplication of fishes in waters infested by them. In an article on the Entomotraca of Lake Michigan and adjacent waters, which I published in the *American Naturalist* for July, 1883, I remarked that in ten "bladders" of *Utricularia vulgaris*, taken at random, I found ninety-three animals, either entire or in recognizable fragments, and representing at least twenty-eight species. Seventy-six of the animals found were Entomotraca, and belonged to twenty species. Nearly three-fourths of both individuals and species were Cladocera. Just one-third of all the animals found in these bladders belonged to the single species *Acroporus leucopephalus* Koch. Now, my studies previously made of the food of young fishes, reported chiefly in the third bulletin of the Illinois State Laboratory of Natural History, showed that the principal food of all young fishes, with quite insignificant exceptions, consists of the very class of minute animal forms which the bladderwort is constantly engaged in selecting from the water by means of the hundred of bladders with which each plant is covered. It thus not only occasionally entraps the youngest fishes, but likewise habitually and continuously contends with them for food, and may be said to thrive largely at their expense.—S. A. FORBES.

THE LATE ENGLISH TOURNAMENT.—In our issue of Aug. 21 we gave the scores of the casting at the late tournament at the Welsh Harp, and in an editorial notice said: "We note that our English friends are now casting distances which they discredited two years ago as having been cast in our own tournaments. Mr. P. D. Malloch made the extraordinary cast of 92 feet with a single-handed rod. This was in the amateur class, and the style of rod is not given. Later the same gentleman cast with a single-handed split-cane fly-rod 86 feet, while Mr. Marston cast 72 feet. The first cast named appears to beat the American records, but we do not know what kind of a rod it was done with." The mail failed to bring us the copy of the English *Fishing Gazette*, under whose auspices the tournament was given, and from which we expected the most complete report, but from other journals we learn that the casts were not made along a measuring line, but after the casts were made the line was laid out on the grass and measured. Under such a rule the casts made on Harlem Mere by Prichard, Hawes and Leonard would probably exceed 100 feet. We concluded that Prichard's cast of 91 feet had been beaten by Mr. Malloch by one foot, and rather rejoiced at it, because it would incite our casters to greater exertion; but under the circumstances, we do not think that the late English casting should be considered as fairly measured, and it is consequently of no value.

ROCKFISH IN THE DELAWARE.—Trenton, N. J., Aug. 25.—A rockfish caught here to-day by Mr. Fred Wise, weighed seventeen pounds all but an ounce, the largest ever caught here. Was nearly four feet long and measured five inches across the back. Was caught by trolling with an eel on an oiled silk line, and took one hour to land. Mr. Wise is Trenton's most noted rockfisherman.—J. J. S., Jr.

AN INVESTIGATION OF SPAWNING TIMES.—Dr. Tarleton H. Bean, of the U. S. Fish Commission, has been instructed by Professor Baird, of the Smithsonian Institution, to investigate and report on the spawning habits of the fishes which inhabit the waters of the south side of Long Island. The work will be begun in about ten days, and it is thought will occupy Dr. Bean about a month.

WHAT ARE SUCKERS?—*Editor Forest and Stream:* May I, without indiscretion, inquire what sort of fish is meant by "Parson O'Gath" when he writes "suckers"? Of course I have caught suckers with a hook, but so seldom that I supposed they only bit to let me know that they could take a bait if they choose.—KEPPE (Central Lake, Mich.).

A BIG HAUL.—The Louisville *Commercial* sees fun in this: "There was fun in the Ohio River just below the dam last evening. About 5 o'clock the laborers at work on the dam succeeded in getting the gates raised, which, of course, banked up all the water above them and let the water below run off, leaving nothing but the bare rocks, with here and there innumerable small holes. As the water receded all of the fish between the dam and the bridge were left in the shallow pools of water. They numbered thousands and thousands, and were of every description, from the half-pound perch to the fifty-pound buffalo. It soon became noised around among the fishermen who infest the falls that the fish had been left high and dry, and in less than half an hour fully 200 men and boys were wading around in the pools of water gathering up the fish by the armful. Cornered as they were, and knowing escape was impossible the fish in some instances made a desperate resistance. Many a man had his lower limbs finned in a dozen places, causing painful and really dangerous wounds. Armed with clubs and rocks, reckless boys waded in among the fish, slaughtering them right and left, until the pools turned almost to gore. Boatload after boatload of fish as fast as captured were sent ashore, and if any speculator is playing in the bucket shops he had better 'buy short' this morning, for to-day fish in the Louisville market won't be worth a cent a pound."

A PRIZE FOR GOOD LOOKS.—At the annual meeting of the New York State Volunteer Firemen's Association, held at Utica, the best-looking Chief Engineer was awarded a \$50 fishing rod. Fishing is good for the complexion.

Fishculture.

THE SHELLFISHERIES OF CONNECTICUT.

[A paper read before the American Fishcultural Association.]

BY DR. WILLIAM M. HUDSON.

BEFORE beginning to read my paper I think it is fair to state that in view of the papers in regard to the special matter of the propagation of oysters, etc., which we shall have from experts, I have thought it best to confine myself entirely to the relations existing between the State of Connecticut and the shellfisheries of that State, especially the oyster.

The especial object of this essay will be to consider the relations existing between the State of Connecticut and the public and private oyster beds in Long Island Sound, within the boundaries of the State. Until 1855 all the oyster grounds of the State were treated as common land, open to every one, and no one having any exclusive right to any portion of them. In 1855 the Legislature enacted a law providing for the appointment of committees in towns adjoining the shore, who should have the right, for a given consideration, to designate and allot to private individuals plots of ground not exceeding two acres in extent, for the sole purpose of cultivating oysters. Numerous applications were made to these committees, and many acres of ground, mostly in the shallow waters of the bay and coves, were designated for this purpose. The State then passed laws recognizing the right of property in these lots, and punishing predators and thieves for stealing from them. The business of raising oysters gradually increased in magnitude, new laws were enacted for the regulation of the industry, and finally some of the more adventurous of the cultivators conceived the idea that oysters might be successfully raised in deeper water than had yet been tried. Their efforts were successful and a new impetus was given to the business.

An interesting account of the industry up to and including 1880, may be found in the article contributed by Ernest Ingersoll to the tenth census of the United States. During all these years a dispute had existed between the States of New York and Connecticut in reference to the respective boundaries of the two States in Long Island Sound, and also as to that of Connecticut on the west end, and New York on the east; in the former case New York claiming to low-water mark on the northern shore of Long Island Sound, and in the latter about 2,600 acres more than Connecticut was willing to concede. Commissioners were appointed by the two States to take the matter into consideration, and after due consultation they reported in favor of Connecticut conceding the 2,600 acres in dispute on her western boundary to New York, and New York giving to Connecticut about one-half of Long Island Sound, the line running practically through the center. An act carrying out the recommendation of the Commissioners was passed by the legislatures of New York and Connecticut, and finally approved by Congress, Feb. 26, 1881, and the new boundary was finally fixed.

On the 14th of April, 1881, the Legislature of Connecticut passed an Act Establishing a State Commission for the Designation of Oyster Grounds, a copy of which is here inserted.

CHAPTER CLX.

AN ACT ESTABLISHING A STATE COMMISSION FOR THE DESIGNATION OF OYSTER GROUNDS.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives in General Assembly convened:

SECTION 1. The State shall exercise exclusive jurisdiction and control over all shellfisheries which are located in that area of the State which is within that part of Long Island Sound and its tributaries bounded westerly and southerly by the State of New York, easterly by the State of Rhode Island, and northerly by a line following the coasts of the State at high water, which shall cross all its bays, rivers, creeks, and inlets at such places nearest Long Island Sound as are within and between points on opposite shores from one of which objects and what is done on the opposite shore can be reasonably discerned with the naked eye, or could be discerned but for intervening islands. And all shellfisheries not within said area shall be and remain within the jurisdiction and control of the towns in which they are located, under the same laws and regulations and through the same selectmen and oyster committees as heretofore. If a difference shall arise between any town and the Commissioners as hereinafter provided for, as to the boundary line between said town and the area so to be mapped, said town, by its selectmen, may bring its petition to the Superior Court for the county within which said town is situated, to determine said boundary line, and said court upon reasonable notice to the parties shall hear said petition and appoint a committee to ascertain the facts in such case and report the same to said court, and said court shall thereupon make such order as may be proper in the premises.

SEC. 2. The three Fish Commissioners of the State now in office, and their successors, shall also be and constitute a board of Commissioners of shellfisheries, and be empowered to make or cause to be made a survey and map of all the grounds within the said area in Long Island Sound which have been or may be designated for the planting or cultivation of shellfish; shall ascertain the ownership thereof, and how much of the same is actually in use for said purposes; they shall also cause a survey of all the natural oyster beds in said area, and shall locate and delineate the same on said map, which survey and map when completed shall not cost a sum exceeding \$2,500, and shall report to the next session of the Legislature a plan for an equitable taxation of the property in said fisheries, and make an annual report of the state and condition of said fisheries to the Legislature, and the said Commissioners shall be empowered to appoint and employ a clerk of and for said

board, and they shall each give a bond to the State with sufficient surety for the faithful performance of their duties, and for the payment to the State treasurer of all money that may come into their hands under this act in the sum of \$2,000.

SEC. 3. The said Commissioners shall also be empowered, in the name and in behalf of the State, to grant by written instruments, for the purpose of planting and cultivating shellfish, perpetual franchises in such undesignated grounds within said area as are not and for ten years have not been natural clam or oyster beds, whenever application in writing is made to them through their clerk by any person or persons who have resided in the State not less than one year next preceding the date of said application. The said application and the said grant shall be in manner and form as shall be approved by the chief justice of the State, and all such grants may be assigned to any person or persons who are or have been residents of the State for not less than one year next preceding such assignment, by a written assignment, in manner and form approved by said chief justice; and the said Commissioners shall keep books of record and record all such grants and assignments therein, and the same shall also be recorded in the town clerk's office in the town bounded on Long Island Sound within the meridian boundary lines of which said grounds are located.

SEC. 4. When any such application is filed with the clerk of said Commissioners, he shall note on the same the date of its reception and shall cause a written notice, stating the name and residence of the applicant, the date of filing the application, the location, area, and description of the grounds applied for, to be posted in the office of the town clerk of the town bounded on the said Long Island Sound within the meridian boundary lines of which said grounds are located, where such notice shall remain posted for twenty days. Any person or persons objecting to the granting of the grounds applied for, as aforesaid, may file a written notice with the town clerk, stating the grounds of his or their objections, upon the payment to said town clerk of the sum of twenty-five cents, and at the end of said twenty days the said town clerk shall forward all such written objections to the clerk of said commissioners; and in case such objections are so filed and forwarded to said Commissioners, or a majority, shall upon ten days' notice in writing, mailed or personally delivered to all the parties interested, hear and pass upon such objections at the town in which such grounds are located as aforesaid; and if such objections are not sustained and the area of ground is not, in the opinion of the Commissioners, of unreasonable extent, they may for the actual costs of surveying and mapping of such grounds, and the further consideration of one dollar per acre, paid to the said Commissioners, to be by them paid over to the treasurer of the State, grant a perpetual franchise for the planting and cultivating shellfish in such ground or in any part of the same in the manner aforesaid, and where no such objections are made such grants may be made for the consideration hereinbefore named. At all hearings authorized by this act the said Commissioners may, by themselves or their clerk, subpoena witnesses and administer oaths as in courts of law.

SEC. 5. The said Commissioners shall, previous to the delivery of any instrument conveying the right to plant or cultivate shellfish on any of said grounds, make or cause to be made a survey of the same, and shall locate and delineate the same, or cause it to be located and delineated upon the map aforesaid, and upon receipt of said instrument of conveyance the grantee shall at once cause the grounds therein conveyed to be plainly marked out by stakes, buoys, ranges or monuments, which stakes and buoys shall be continued by the said grantee and his legal representatives, and the right to use and occupy said grounds for said purposes shall be and remain in said grantee and his legal representatives: *provided*, that if the grantee or holder of said grounds does not actually use and occupy the same for the purposes named, in good faith, within five years after the time of receiving such grant, the said Commissioners shall petition the Superior Court of the county having jurisdiction over the said grounds to appoint a committee to inquire and report to said court as to the use and occupancy of such grounds in good faith, and said court shall in such case appoint such committee, who, after twelve days' notice to the petitioners and respondents, shall hear such petition and report the facts thereon to said court, and if it shall appear that said grounds are not used and occupied in good faith for the purpose of planting or cultivating shellfish, the said court may order that said grounds revert to the State, and that all stakes and buoys marking the same be removed, the costs in said petition to be paid at the discretion of the court.

SEC. 6. When, after the occupancy and cultivation of any grounds designated as aforesaid by the grantee or his legal representatives, it shall appear to said Commissioners that said grounds are not suited for the planting or cultivation of oysters, said grantee, upon receiving a certificate to that effect from said Commissioners, may surrender the same or any part thereof, not less than one hundred acres, to the State, by an instrument of release of all his rights and title thereto, and shall on delivery of such instrument to the said Commissioners receive their certificate of said release of said grounds, the location and number of acres described therein, which shall be filed with the State treasurer, who shall pay to the holder the sum of one dollar for every acre of ground described in said lease, where said sum has been paid therefor to the State. And the said release shall be recorded by the said Commissioners in the town clerk's record book, and in the town clerk's office in the town adjacent to and within the meridian boundary lines of which said grounds are located. For all purposes relating to judicial proceedings in criminal matters, the jurisdiction of justices of the peace of the several towns bordering on Long Island Sound shall extend southerly by lines running due south by true meridian from the southern termini of the boundary lines between said towns to the boundary line between the States of Connecticut and New York.

SEC. 7. Said Commissioners shall provide, in addition to the general map of said grounds, sectional maps, comprising all grounds located within the meridian boundary lines of several towns on the shores of the State, which maps shall be lodged in the town clerk's office of the said respective towns, and said Commissioners shall also provide and lodge with said town clerks blank applications for such grounds and record book for recording conveyances of the same, and all conveyances of such grounds and assignments, reversion, and releases of the same shall be recorded in books of said Commissioners, and in the town clerks' offices of the towns adjacent to and within the meridian boundary of which said grounds are located, in such books as are provided by said Commissioners, subject to legal fees for such recording, and the cost of all such maps, blank books, surveys, and all other expenses necessary for the carrying out of the provisions of this act, shall be audited by the comptroller and paid for by the treasurer of the State, and the said Commissioners shall each receive for their service five dollars per day for the time they are actually employed, as provided for in this act; their accounts for such service to be audited by the comptroller and paid by the treasurer of the State.

SEC. 8. All designations and transfers of oyster, clam, or mussel grounds within the waters of Long Island Sound heretofore made (except designations made of natural oyster, clam, or mussel beds), are hereby validated and confirmed.

SEC. 9. All the provisions of the statutes of this State relating to the planting, cultivating, working, and protecting shellfisheries upon grounds heretofore designated under said laws, except as provided for in section eight of this act and as are inconsistent with this act, are hereby continued and made applicable to such designations as may be made under the provisions of this act.

SEC. 10. When it shall be shown to the satisfaction of the said Commissioners that any natural oyster or clam bed has

been designated by them to any person or persons, the said Commissioners shall petition the Superior Court of the county having jurisdiction over the said grounds to appoint a committee to inquire into and report to the said court the facts as to such grounds, and the said court shall in such case appoint such committee, who after twelve days' notice to the petitioners and respondents shall hear such petition and report the facts thereon to said court; and if it shall appear that any natural oyster or clam bed, or any part thereof, have been so designated, the said court may order that said grounds may revert to the State, after a reasonable time for the claimant of the same to remove any shellfish he may have planted or cultivated thereon in good faith, and said court may further order that all stakes and buoys marking the same may be removed, the costs in said petition to be taxed at the discretion of the court.

SEC. 11. Any Commissioner who shall knowingly grant to any person or persons a franchise as hereinbefore provided in any natural oyster or clam bed, shall be subject to a fine of not less than one hundred dollars nor more than five hundred dollars, and if such franchise is granted the same shall be void, and all moneys paid thereon shall be forfeited to the State; and the said Commissioners shall in no case grant to any person or persons a right to plant or cultivate shellfish which shall interfere with any established right of fishing, and if any such grant is made the same shall be void.

SEC. 12. The Superior Court of New Haven county, on the application of the selectmen of the town of Orange, and the Superior Court of any county, on the application of the oyster ground committee of any town in said county, shall appoint a committee of three disinterested persons of the town within the boundaries of which any natural oyster, clam, or mussel beds exist, to ascertain, locate and describe by proper boundaries, all the natural oyster, clam, or mussel beds within the boundaries of such town. Said committee so appointed shall first give three weeks notice, by advertising in a newspaper published in or nearest to said town, the time and place of their first meeting for such purpose, they shall hear parties who appear before them, and may take evidence from such other sources as they may in their discretion deem proper, and they shall make written designations by ranges, bounds and areas of all the natural oyster, clam, and mussel beds within the boundaries of the town they are appointed to, and shall make a report of their doings to the Superior Court, and such report, when made to and accepted by said court, and recorded in the records thereof, shall be a final and conclusive determination of the extent, boundaries, and location of such natural beds at the date of such report. It shall be the duty of the clerk of the court to transmit to the town clerk of each of said town a certified copy of said report so accepted and recorded, in relation to the beds of such town, which shall be recorded by said town clerk in the book kept by him for the record of applications, designations, and conveyance of designated grounds. Such public notice of said application to the Superior Court, and of the time and place of the return of the same, shall be given by said selectmen or oyster ground committee as any judge of the Superior Court may order. It shall be the duty of the selectmen of the town of Orange, and of the oyster committees of other towns, upon a written request so to do, signed by twenty electors of their respective towns, to make such application to the Superior Court within thirty days after receiving a copy of such written request, and said applications shall be privileged and shall be heard and disposed of at the term of said court to which such application is returned in preference to other causes. All expenses properly incurred by such selectmen and oyster-ground committees in said applications, and the doings thereunder, and the fees of said committees so appointed by court, shall be taxed by the clerk of said court and paid by the State upon his order. Any designation of ground for the planting or cultivation of shellfish, within the areas so established by such report of said committee, shall be void.

SEC. 13. The selectmen of the town of Orange and the committees of other towns shall, at the expense of their respective towns, procure and cause to be lodged and kept in the office of the town clerk of each town respectively, accurate maps showing the boundary lines of their said towns in the navigable waters of the State, and all designations of ground for the cultivation of shellfish heretofore made and that shall hereafter be made within such boundaries, and shall number said designations on said maps, and shall cause to be designated on said maps all natural oyster, clam and mussel beds lying within their several towns respectively, as the same shall be ascertained by said committee recorded in said towns as hereinbefore provided.

SEC. 14. All acts and parts of acts inconsistent herewith are hereby repealed, but this act shall not affect any suit now pending.

Approved April 14, 1881.

It will be important to recollect hereafter that while this act was approved April 14, 1881, yet by a general act of the same Legislature, it did not take effect until May 1, 1881, and as there was on the part of the oystermen a bitter opposition to the new Commission, a grand scramble commenced to secure from the town committees all the good grounds possible before the act should take effect. In this way about 40,000 acres were designated by town committees before May 1, and as this was necessarily done in the most hurried manner, great confusion arose as to the titles of many of the designations. The newly appointed Commissioners immediately established an office in the city of New Haven, secured a clerk, and soon after an engineer, who, with his two assistants does all the surveying required by the Commission. The first work of the Commission was to establish the line known as the eye-sight line, which is demanded by the first section of the act, and which extends from headland to headland along the whole shore of the State. All the ground lying north of this line remains as formerly in the jurisdiction of the towns, and all south of it to the New York line is under State jurisdiction. The line as established with one or two amendments in certain localities, was ratified and confirmed by the Legislature April 26, 1882.

Section 8 of the act authorized the Commissioners, in behalf of the State, to grant perpetual franchises for the planting and cultivation of shellfish, in any undesignated grounds within the jurisdiction of the State, which were not and had for ten years been natural clam or oyster beds, to any person who had lived in the State one year next preceding the date of application. The application and grant were required to be in a form approved by the chief justice of the State, and all grants were to be recorded in books kept for the purpose. Notices of applications were to be sent to the town clerk of the town within the meridian lines of which the grounds were located, and if after twenty days' posting, no objections were made, the application was returned to the office, and the Commissioners for \$1.10 per acre granted a deed to the applicant. If, on the other hand, objections were made, the party objecting paid to the town clerk twenty-five cents, filed his written objections, and, at the end of twenty days, the application and objections were returned to the Commissioners, who then gave all parties interested ten days' notice of a hearing in the matter. If the objections were sustained nothing further was done, but if not the grant was made as before.

By section 5, the Commissioners are required to have all designations mapped and surveyed, and the grantee is required to have the ground at once plainly marked out by "stakes, buoys, ranges or monuments." The same action provides that if the grantee does not use and occupy the grounds for the cultivation of oysters within five years, the Commissioners shall apply to the Superior Court to appoint a committee to examine and report, and if said committee after twelve days' notice to petitioners and respondents, on a hearing of the case, finds that the grounds have not been used in good faith for the purpose of cultivating, or planting shellfish,

the court may order that said grounds revert to the State, and that all stakes, and buoys marking the same be removed, the cost in said petition to be paid at the discretion of the court. On the other hand, section 6 provides that if after occupancy and cultivation of any ground designated, it shall appear that said grounds are not suited for the planting or cultivation of oysters, the grantee, upon receiving a certificate to that effect from the Commissioners, may surrender to the State the same or any part thereof, not less than one hundred acres, and receive one dollar for each acre from the treasurer.

Section 8 provides that all designations and transfers of oyster, clam or mussel grounds within the waters of Long Island Sound heretofore made (except designations made of natural oyster, clam or mussel beds) are hereby validated and confirmed. It is under the authority of this section that so many designations were made by town committees between April 14 and May 1, 1881.

Section 10 provides that if the Commissioners unintentionally designate a natural clam or oyster bed, they shall apply to the Superior Court of the county having jurisdiction over said grounds to appoint a committee of investigation, and if said committee find that any natural oyster bed has been so designated, the court may order said grounds to revert to the State, after the claimant has had a reasonable time to remove any shellfish he may have planted or cultivated thereon in good faith.

Section 11 provides that, "Any Commissioner who shall knowingly grant to any person a franchise in a natural clam or oyster bed, shall be subject to a fine of not less than one hundred nor more than five hundred dollars, the grant shall be void, and all moneys paid thereon shall be forfeited to the State." Section 2 provides that the Commissioners shall make or cause to be made a survey and map of all the grounds within the jurisdiction of the State in Long Island Sound, which have been or may be designated for the planting or cultivation of shellfish, and also cause a survey of all the natural oyster beds in said area, and shall locate and delineate the same on a map. The same section provides that the Commissioners shall report to the next session of the Legislature a plan for an equitable taxation of the property in said fisheries, make an annual report and give a bond for the faithful performance of their duties. One of the first things to be done under the law was to designate the natural oyster beds of the State, and after long and patient hearings and consultations with the oystermen, all of the natural oyster beds have been mapped, except one about which there has been much litigation, and as one question in reference to its location is now in the hands of the Supreme Court of the State for decision, the mapping has been delayed until this question shall be decided. Eight in all have been described to the satisfaction of every one, and they comprise 5,498 acres. Surveying and mapping the designations made by the town committees has been exceedingly difficult, caused by the fact that in many cases the survey was done hurriedly, and in many more by incompetent persons who seem never to have pretended to do more than guess at the work. The consequence is that frequently a person has a deed described in words, an accompanying map of the ground, and is in occupation of a plot of ground which corresponds with neither; the map and description also being found utterly irreconcilable. Now as his next neighbor is in a similar predicament, and the ground has become valuable, it is easy to see that ill feeling and prolonged litigation are almost inevitable.

In order to meet this difficulty, the Legislature April 26, 1882, enacted a law relating to disputes about boundaries.

CHAPTER CXXIV.

AN ACT PERTAINING TO SHELLFISHERY GROUNDS WITHIN THE EXCLUSIVE JURISDICTION OF THE STATE.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representative in General Assembly convened:

SECTION 1. All questions and disputes touching the ownership, titles, buoys, boundaries, ranges, extent, or location of any shellfishery grounds within the exclusive jurisdiction of the State may be referred to and settled by the Commissioners of Shellfisheries, who are hereby empowered, on petition of any person interested therein, to summon all parties in interest, so far as such parties may be made known to them, to appear before them at a time and place in the summons named, such summons to be signed by the clerk of said Commissioners, and served by him or such other person as the Commissioners may direct; whereupon, at such time and place named, or any other time and place to which the hearing may be from time to time adjourned, the party petitioner shall file a sworn statement of the facts as claimed by him, to which any interested party may respond by filing a sworn counter statement of the facts as claimed by him; and after hearing all the parties interested with their witnesses and counsel, the Commissioners shall make their decision in writing as soon as convenient thereafter, which decision shall be recorded in the books of record in their office, and the same shall be binding on all the parties in interest so summoned or appearing, unless an appeal shall be taken from such decision to the Superior Court in and for the county where the town is situated, between whose meridian lines any portion of said ground may be, within ten days after such decision shall be filed by said Commissioners with their clerk aforesaid, and unless such appeal shall be prosecuted to judgment, and said decision reversed by said Superior Court. Said appeal may be taken in the same manner as appeals in civil cases from justice courts.

SEC. 2. Every person filing a petition, statement or counter statement, as in the foregoing section provided, shall, at the time of such filing, deposit ten dollars with the Commissioners of Shellfisheries, who shall return to the prevailing party the sum so deposited by him, and shall retain the money so deposited by the defeated party as a forfeit to pay the expenses of the investigation, which money so retained shall be accounted for and paid to the State treasurer for the benefit of the State.

SEC. 3. All applications, designations, papers and maps pertaining to any allotment or designations of shellfishery grounds within the area of the exclusive jurisdiction of the State, heretofore made by town officers, and all assignments of such grounds or of parts thereof which have not been recorded in the office of the town clerk or of the Shellfish Commissioners shall be left by the owner or owners, claimant or claimants thereof for record, and shall be recorded in the office of the Shellfish Commissioners, or in the office of the town clerk of the town between whose meridian lines said grounds or any part thereof are situated, and they shall be so left within three months after a copy of this section shall be posted in the town clerk's office of the town where such grounds are situated; and upon failure to leave such evidences of title within such time for record, the Commissioners of Shellfisheries may order the alleged owner or owners, claimant or claimants, to appear before them at a time and place in such order named and show cause why said grounds should not be deemed as property of the State; and if such parties or any of them fail to appear as ordered, or, on appearing, shall fail to produce any evidence of the title which they may have or claim to have, or shall refuse to have the same recorded, or if they shall fail to produce any evidence of title, or shall fail to show any reason for such failure to produce the same, the grounds shall be treated, as against such alleged owner or owners, claimant or claimants, as undesignated grounds belonging to the State, and said Commissioners may thereupon designate the same or any part thereof as provided by statute.

SEC. 4. The same fees shall be paid for recording or copying papers and maps in the office of the Commissioners of Shellfisheries as are charged by town clerks for like services; and all fees so paid shall be accounted for and paid to the treasurer of the State for the benefit of the State; and one of

the said Commissioners, or their clerk, shall have power to sign and issue subpoenas in all matters of inquiry before them.

SEC. 5. Sections 1 and 2 of chapter 70 of the Public Acts of 1870, are hereby repealed, so far as they may apply to shellfish grounds within the exclusive jurisdiction of the State; and section 3 of said chapter is hereby amended, so far as it applies to such grounds, so as to read as follows, viz.: When any designation of shellfish grounds which are wholly or partially within the exclusive jurisdiction of the State, contains therein a map thereof, or refers therein to such map lodged on file in the town clerk's office, and the owner or owners of the adjoining grounds, so far as they lie within the exclusive jurisdiction of the State, do not agree as to the location of the line fixed by such map, or if the boundary between such owners is a town boundary and they disagree as to the same, one or more of such owners may apply to the Commissioners of Shellfisheries who shall thereupon notify all parties in interest to file sworn statements of facts and copies of maps as claimed by them respectively, and said Commissioners shall thereupon appoint a surveyor who shall take such maps and statements and lay out and survey the grounds in the various ways claimed, and if any town boundary comes into question he shall ascertain and report upon such boundary as it appears from the maps and records in the custody of the respective town clerks of such towns. Thereupon he shall report his doings, accompanied with the maps or copies of maps found by him touching the dispute to the Commissioner of Fisheries, who shall thereupon summon all parties in interest before them at a time and place to be named in the summons, and after a full hearing of said parties, with their witnesses and counsel, the Commissioners shall establish the line in dispute, and cause the same to be located and marked by ranges and buoys; and the line so established shall be the true dividing line between such grounds, unless an appeal is taken to the Superior Court, as provided for in section two of this act, and said decision shall be there reversed; and the costs and expenses of the proceedings shall be equally divided between the adjoining owners, who shall pay the same to the Commissioners upon the filing of their decision, and the same shall be accounted for and paid to the State treasurer for the benefit of the State; and the cases provided for by this section shall not be deemed included under section one of this act.

SEC. 6. All expenses necessarily incurred in carrying out the provisions of this act shall be audited by the comptroller, and paid by the treasurer of the State.

SEC. 7. All acts and parts of acts inconsistent with the provisions of this act are hereby repealed.

SEC. 8. This act shall take effect from its passage.

Approved April 26, 1882.

This act provides that all questions and disputes touching the ownership, titles, buoys, boundaries, ranges, extent or location of any shellfishery grounds within the exclusive jurisdiction of the State, may be referred to and settled by the Commissioners upon the petition of any person interested, and their decision shall be final, unless an appeal be taken to the Superior Court of the county, within ten days after the decision has been filed with the clerk, and said decision be reversed by the court. Practically the law has been very successful in its operations. Parties in dispute have generally agreed to submit their differences to the Commissioners for adjustment, all persons interested have been summoned to appear, the facts have been investigated and patiently considered in all their aspects, and in every case thus far tried the parties concerned have submitted to the decision of the Commissioners.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

Sept. 1 to 5.—Bench-Show of the Lancaster County Fair Association, Lancaster, Pa. Entries close Aug. 30. J. B. Long, Secretary, 6 West King street, Lancaster, Pa.

Sept. 2, 3 and 4.—Bench-Show of the New England Fair, Manchester, N. H. Entries close Aug. 25. C. A. Andrews, Superintendent, West Buxford, Mass.

Sept. 9, 10 and 11.—Third Annual Bench Show of the Montreal Kennel Club. Entries close Sept. 1. Chas. Lincoln, Superintendent, J. S. Wall, Secretary, P. O. Box 1,246, Montreal, Canada.

Sept. 10, 17 and 18.—Collie Bench Show and Field Trials of the Ontario Collie Club, Toronto, Ont. Entries close Aug. 23. Mr. H. J. Hill, Secretary, Toronto.

Sept. 16, 17, 18 and 19.—Bench Show of the Philadelphia Kennel Club. Chas. Lincoln, Superintendent. Mr. Benj. C. Satterthwaite, Secretary.

Oct. 5, 9, 10 and 11.—Third Annual Bench Show of the Danbury Agricultural Society, Danbury, Conn. Entries close Sept. 27. E. S. Davis, Superintendent, Danbury, Conn.

Oct. 16, 17 and 18.—National Breeders' Show, Industrial Art Hall, Philadelphia, Pa. James Watson, Secretary, P. O. Box 770. Entries close Oct. 3.

Oct. 21, 22, 23 and 24.—First Annual Fall Bench Show of the Westminster Kennel Club, Madison Square Garden, New York. Mr. Chas. Lincoln, Superintendent.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 17.—Sixth Annual Trials of the Eastern Field Trials Club, at High Point, N. C. W. A. Coster, Secretary, Flatbush, L. I.

Dec. 8.—Sixth Annual Trials of the National American Kennel Club at Canton, Miss. D. Bryson, Secretary, Memphis, Tenn.

Dec. 15.—Southern Sportsmen's Association Trials, Canton, Miss.

A. K. R.

THE AMERICAN KENNEL REGISTER, for the registration of pedigrees, etc. (with prize lists of all shows and trials), is published every month. Entries close on the 1st. Should be in early. Entry blanks sent on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope. Registration fee (25 cents) must accompany each entry. No entries inserted unless paid in advance. Yearly subscription \$1. Address "American Kennel Register," P. O. Box 2832, New York. Number of entries already printed 1490. Volume I, bound in cloth, sent postpaid, \$1.50.

THE EXHIBITORS' CONVENTION.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Perhaps it would be as well to remind those interested in supporting as well as those who manage dog shows of the convention called for the evening of September 16. This meeting is perhaps of more importance than is believed by some of the delegates appointed to meet on the following morning to consider the formation of a bench show association. The call which they are presumably appointed to respond is addressed to clubs which have held a show, and several newly organized clubs appear to have overlooked the wording of the call. The exhibitors' meeting, on the other hand, is open to all for a free expression of opinion on all points of interest connected with the advancement of the interests of breeders, exhibitors or shows. One delegate writes me: "Perhaps it would hardly be proper for me to attend your meeting, as I am a delegate to the other. Still, I attend the other as a breeder, and will act for their interests. We go perfectly uninstructed." I think that gentleman ought to attend to hear what the breeders want, for if he does not he will simply attend the club meeting to represent his own individual views and opinion.

Speaking of individual views reminds me that I have been asked by the signers of the circulars to "prepare a plan of organization and work, etc., to be considered at the meeting," and here I am met with the same objection to my own ideas—they are individual ones. I have during the past month devoted much thought to the subject of a kennel club with a view of

meeting the call, and I have a tolerably clear idea of how I would start it, but I would like to hear from others interested, so as to get pointers to amend my ideas where advisable.

Requests for the issuing of the call for the meeting of Sept. 16 have been received from the following gentlemen: W. Wade, J. F. Kirk, John W. Burgess, J. Frank Perry, Geo. W. Leavitt, E. R. Hearn, Lawrence Timpon, A. C. Krueger, Charles Wheatleigh, John E. Thayer, Bayard Thayer, Rodney Benson, Martin Dennis, Chequasset Kennels, J. Otis Fellows, W. H. Ashburner, Max Wenzel, M. H. Cryer, T. B. Dorsey, Robert Ives Crocker, J. H. Thompson, Jr., J. R. Pierson, J. F. Campbell, W. R. Chamberlain, H. W. Huntington, J. S. Niven, Jean Grosvenor, T. G. Davey, Chickabocheer Kennel Club, Millbrook Kennels, J. A. Long, Charles G. McKenzie, Andrew Laidlaw, E. Lever. EDITOR AMERICAN KENNEL REGISTER.

THE NATIONAL BREEDERS' SHOW.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The National Breeders' Dog Show will be held in Industrial Art Hall, Philadelphia, on Thursday, Friday and Saturday, Oct. 16, 17 and 18, under the auspices of the following prominent gentlemen:

S. Joseph Kelly, Esq., New York, W. Wade, Esq., Pittsburgh, Pa., J. F. Campbell, Esq., Montreal, Dr. J. Frank Perry, Boston, Geo. W. Leavitt, Esq., Boston, J. P. Willey, Esq., Salmon Falls, N. H., T. G. Davey, London, Ont.

Of more importance, perhaps, than the sponsors to the exhibition is the question of judges, and it is with the greatest pleasure that I announce the names, and I desire publicly to express my thanks most gratefully to these gentlemen who have so kindly acceded to my request. I met with but one declination, and that because the gentleman would not be in the country next October:

B. F. Wilson, Esq., of Pittsburgh, for setters. John Davidson, Esq., of Monroe, Mich., for pointers. D. Bateman, Esq., of Philadelphia, for greyhounds and deerhounds. R. Exley, Esq., of Philadelphia, for mastiffs. A. S. Apgar, Esq., of New York, for collies. J. F. Kirk, Esq., of Toronto, for spaniels, foxhounds, beagles, bassetts, dachshunds, Newfoundland, Skye, Yorkshire, Scotch, Bedlington, Dandie Dinmont and black and tan terriers and toys. Ronald H. Barlow, Esq., of Beverly, N. J., for St. Bernards, bulldogs, bull, fox, wire-haired and Irish terriers, and pugs. Miscellaneous, Messrs. Barlow and Kirk.

"Mr. Wilson I know, and Davidson and Apgar and Kirk, but who are the new men?" If you were a mastiff man you would not ask that because you would know all about Exley's Norma, Exley's Victor, Exley's Bosco and other cracks. Mr. Bateman is a gentleman who made courting his hobby for years in England, and Mr. Barlow has shown at the Crystal Palace and other shows, and selected his own classes to judge on this occasion. I am casting no reflections upon any one when I say I feel confident I have secured the best set of judges all around that ever stepped into a ring in this country.

THE PREMIUM LIST.

Champion classes are provided for the following breeds. Conditions, open to winners of three first prizes at any show, winners abroad under English Kennel Club rules to have also won two prizes in this country. A sweepstake of \$5 each for each breed with \$5 added. English setters, dogs, bitches. Irish setters, dogs, bitches. Gordon setters, dogs, bitches. Pointers, dogs, bitches. Field spaniels. Cocker spaniels. Foxhounds, greyhounds, beagles, bassetts, dachshunds, Bull-terriers, Skye terriers, Yorkshire terriers, dogs, bitches; wire-haired and Irish, Bedlington and Dandie Dinmonts. Black and tan terriers. Newfoundland, Bulldogs. Smooth-coated toys, rough-coated toys, King Charles spaniels, Blenheim spaniels. Italian greyhounds. Miscellaneous.

Prizes in the following open classes are \$15 to first, \$10 to second and \$5 to third: English setters, dogs, bitches. Irish setters, dogs, bitches. Gordon setters, dogs, bitches. Pointers, large size, dogs, bitches; small size, dogs, bitches. Fox-terriers, dogs, bitches; Mastiffs, dogs, bitches. St. Bernards, rough-coated, dogs, bitches; smooth-coated, dogs, bitches. Pugs, dogs, bitches.

Prizes in the following open classes are \$12 to first, \$5 to second and \$3 to third: Field spaniels, Clumber spaniels, cocker spaniels, black and liver; any other color. Chesapeake Bay dogs. Foxhounds, greyhounds, beagles, bassetts, dachshunds, bulldogs, bull-terriers, Skye terriers, Yorkshire terriers, dogs, bitches; wire-haired and Irish, Bedlington and Dandie Dinmonts. Black and tan terriers. Newfoundland, Bulldogs. Smooth-coated toys, rough-coated toys, King Charles spaniels, Blenheim spaniels. Italian greyhounds. Miscellaneous.

Stud Dog Prizes.—A medal will be given as a stud dog prize to English and Gordon setters, pointers, spaniels, mastiffs, St. Bernards, collies, fox-terriers, pugs. Conditions: The sire is to be entered in the regular class, not necessarily for competition. From three to five of his get to be shown, the produce of more than one bitch, and the prize to be awarded for general excellence and uniformity of type in the progeny, the sire's individual merits not being considered.

Breders' Prize.—From three to four dogs to be shown, not necessarily the property of the exhibitor, but bred by him. Medal in each class. English, Irish and Gordon setters, pointers, spaniels, mastiffs, St. Bernards, collies, fox terriers and pugs.

Entries will close on Oct. 3, and pending the distribution of the prize lists which will be sent out next week, any information can be obtained by addressing me at P. O. Box 770, Philadelphia.

In view of the determined but, I submit, totally uncalled for opposition to this show, a further explanation may not be out of place.

This show has been stigmatized by the Philadelphia Kennel Club as gotten up by a speculator or showman and has been still more ruthlessly handled in other quarters, and it is only right that exhibitors and breeders at large should be made conversant with the facts of the case.

The idea was first suggested to me as early as June, by a gentleman well-known as an owner and exhibitor, who informs me that he has already written to you advising you of that fact. I was very doubtful whether I could give the necessary time to the show, but after carefully going over the ground I agreed to take a hand in it. I did so upon two conditions, which were, first, that there should be a guarantee fund subscribed of \$1,500, and this was to be placed in my custody or as much of it as I considered necessary by Sept. 20, and further that in the preparation of the prize list and the selection of judges I should be perfectly untrammelled. I believed that I could get up a prize list suitable for the breeders, who were to be more particularly catered for, better than any that has yet been seen, and that I knew of gentlemen to act as judges who would give satisfaction. I secured the services of Mr. W. T. Dunnell as manager, knowing his ability for such a position, apart from the consideration of his having received so many well-merited praises from the press for his excellent work as manager of the horse show at New York.

In order not to antagonize the Westminster Kennel Club in any way I called upon Mr. Elliot Smith, to whom I was referred by Mr. Cornell, and from him received the assurance that he had always been of the opinion that we could not have too many well managed dog shows, and that he hoped the one I was interested in would be a success. My next step was to notify the Philadelphia Kennel Club of the show and the dates, and to assure them that no public notice of the show would be given until the first week of September, by which time their entries would, I presumed, be closed.

It is only proper to say that what is called the Philadelphia Kennel Club show is so only by courtesy. It is the Pennsylvania State Agricultural Society's show, that body providing the prizes, the building and defraying all expenses. Without the Agricultural Society there would be no Philadelphia Kennel Club show this fall. It is a fair question for discussion whether a number of prominent breeders and exhibitors have not as much right to put up money for a dog show in this city as the Agricultural Society to do the same out at Germantown Junction. I do not think that if the gentlemen who subscribed the \$1,500 guarantee had made the same offer to the Philadelphia Kennel Club it would have been declined, for they would only

be too delighted to welcome the funds and provide good classes for their specialties.

If those who have opposed the National Breeders' show had waited another week they would have seen on the premium list the names of the gentlemen under whose auspices and patronage it was to be held, and also the list of judges; and I think they would have been a little cautious in their use of the terms "speculator and showman" and "speculative dog show."

Some kind friend has sent me a circular signed by Charles Lincoln, in which some forthcoming but unnamed show is denounced as a speculation. Since the National Breeders' show is not to be a speculation, of course the circular needs no further attention. I am charitable enough to suppose that Mr. Lincoln obediently prepared and issued the circular at the dictation of the F. K. Club, and only as a part of his allotted work as their agent.

Some people say, why did you pick Philadelphia? That is readily answered. I could not attend to a show in any other city. If the gentlemen interested wanted the assistance I could render them, it was a matter of necessity that the show should be held here. So far as I could see, and so far as they could either, we were not interfering with any one, as the lapse of time since any show had been held in the city, and the fact of the September show being given by an outside association, left the way open for any legitimate enterprise.

Others again say, why crowd the shows together? These people forget the fixture list which was in the FOREST AND STREAM last February. This was it:

March 4-7, Cincinnati.	March 26-28, Toronto.
March 12-14, New Haven.	April 3-5, Cleveland.
March 18-21, Washington.	May 6-9, New York.

There was no complaint of overcrowding then, and there will be none now when people make their entries. The totally ungrounded attacks which have been made on the National Breeders' show before it was announced has brought it more prominently before the supporters of dog shows than could have been done at an expense of not less than \$200 by legitimate advertising. I do not think these people would accept my thanks, but I must nevertheless say that I am greatly indebted to them. JAMES WATSON, Secretary.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., P. O. Box 770.

PHILADELPHIA K. C. SHOW.

Editor Forest and Stream:

A great feature of the Philadelphia Kennel Club's show will be the running of the whippets. Already a large number of dogs are entered, and a stand will be erected for ladies to witness the contest. No entry fee will be required, and the prizes are \$20, \$10, and \$5, for dogs and puppies. The dogs will be handicapped according to regular rules. Every effort will be made to have this attraction acceptable to the most particular. Such races are full of excitement and interest if conducted properly. The complete list of the judges is as follows: Foxhounds, J. A. Stovell, Philadelphia; mastiffs, St. Bernards, Newfoundland and Ulmers, Edward Dudley, Camden, N. J.; deerhounds, greyhounds, whippets and Italian greyhounds, Joseph R. Pearson, Buckingham, Pa.; pointers, Washington A. Coster, Flatbush, L. I.; English setters, John Fottler, Jr., Boston, Mass.; Gordon setters and spaniels of all breeds, Dr. J. S. Niven, London, Ont.; Irish setters, F. A. Diffenderfer, Lancaster, Pa.; beagles, dachshunds, basset and bench-legged beagles, also collies, Dr. J. W. Downey, New Market, Frederick county, Md.; fox-terriers, bulldogs, bull-terriers, black and tan terriers, Dandie Dinmont terriers, Irish and rough-haired terriers, Skye terriers, Yorkshire and toy terriers, James Mortimer, New York city; pugs, W. R. Knight, Philadelphia.

Entries are rapidly coming in, and the non-sporting classes will be as fully represented as the sporting classes, and an elegant opportunity will be had by breeders who want to dispose of their surplus stock, as an immense attendance at the State Fair is assured. HOMO.

S. S. A. FIELD TRIALS.

THE field trials of the Southern Sportsmen's Association (which has succeeded the New Orleans Gun Club) will be run on partridges at Canton, Miss., under the N. A. K. Club rules, commencing on Monday, Dec. 15, 1884.

The Derby—Open to pointer and setter puppies whelped on or after Jan. 1, 1883. Purse, \$350; first, \$200; second, \$100; third, \$50. Entries to Derby close on Oct. 10, 1884; \$5 forfeit, and \$5 additional to start.

The All-Aged—For pointers and setters. Purse, \$500; first, \$250; second, \$150; third, \$100. Entrance, \$15; nothing extra to start; closes at 10 o'clock on morning of Dec. 8.

The Amateur Cup Race—Open to amateurs who have never trained dogs for a consideration. Dogs to be handled by their owners. Prize, a valuable silver cup. Entrance, \$5, payable on morning of race. Parties desiring further information are requested to address the secretary of the club.

National American Kennel Club rules will govern. The Madison County Gun Club have already secured large fields to run the trials in, and report more coveys of partridges within the inclosure of two miles square than the most enthusiastic sportsman could dream of. The fields are nearly flat, no fences, but dividing lines marked by an unplowed piece of sedge land. A quick shot, with two good dogs, ought to fire at least 200 shots in a day at the "whirring" coveys and singles.

The new club is composed of the most prominent sportsmen of New Orleans and the Southern States. Their principal object is to protect game and have those laws already in existence strictly enforced and secure the enactment of others to cover any defects in existing statutes.

GREAT DANES.

BOARHOUNDS, ULMER DOGGEN AND GERMAN MASTIFFS.

IF there is a breed of dogs scarcely anybody understands, it is certainly the one we undertake to speak about in this short study. Those of our readers who do not understand dogs will readily believe the four names we write down, to belong to four different and distinct kinds of dogs. That would be a mistake, but not as dangerous as the one committed by most of our special men, who unwilling, or unable to find out and determine the characters of these varieties, put them all in the same lot under one of the four names we mention above, and not always the same. We believe, and our experience in these sort of things, allows us to say that there are two different breeds of those huge animals, namely, the Great Dane and Ulmer Dogge, Boarhound and German Mastiff. They were separated in the last Paris Exhibition.

One of the best Great Danes we have seen, and certainly the best in Paris, is Devro (Kennel Club Gazette, 62), winner of a prize at Paris this year when only 10 months old, and skillfully represented in M. de Carrier Belleuse, artiste painter, in the Dernier Rendez-vous (Salon of Paris No. 454 or 455). The best German Mastiff we see in Paris is M. de Penäver's Marco, bred by M. Otto Friedrich of Zahna; it is superior to Mr. A. Meyer's Palma, bred by M. Mester of Berlin, and first in the show this year.

Devro is a high elegant dog, standing fully 32 inches at the shoulders, and measuring 72 inches from tip of nose to tip of tail. His head is strongly built, with a large deep mouth; the skull is marked in the middle, from occiput to stop, by a furrow—always existing in the pure Danes; then the skull is higher than the muzzle; the ears wide apart, and standing high. The eyes are very sharp, and, being of a light yellow, impress you with awe when you stare at the animal. The tip of nose is large, flesh-color, being adapted to the general color of the coat (turtle dove). Lips overhanging; neck, long and thick, elegantly curved toward the head, and getting narrower behind the ears. Unlike the German mastiff, he has small dew-lap, and we like it; it adds power to the general appear-

ance, and the Great Danes, in an ancient engraving we know, have the same. The chest is broad and deep; the back is straight; toes closed; nails strong, and of the same color as the coat; hind legs muscular and long (almost like a greyhound); tail reaching the hocks; wiry; not heavy in bone or coating; not straight like the molossus or the French and English mastiffs, not curly either like the greyhounds, but something between the two, just like the dogs fighting a bear, represented by the famous sculptor Barry. The hind paws have no dew claws.

Devro was born in Klampauborg. Devro has but one fault—he wants one inch more from tip of nose to setting in of the tail.

M. de Penalver's dog Marco is a very good German mastiff, head rather short, heavy in shape, no separation between skull and muzzle, no furrow in the skull, no dew-lap nor overhanging lips, mouth too small, neck short and straight, eyes of a dark brown, ears not far apart, the rest of the body like the Great Dane, except the jaws; those are like the French mastiff's (Dogue de Bordeaux); the tail also is heavier. The chest not deep like a greyhound's; the measure round loins longer than Devro's. To be short, the dog is perhaps stronger in appearance, but not elegant like the Dane.

About the names Great Dane seems to say that the first dogs of this description were bred in Denmark. I am not certain about that. Boinround is a bad designation, smooth-coated dogs not being fit for hunting wild boars; bearground would be better. Ulmer dog is too complimentary to Ulm, where there were a few fine specimens of the breed some time ago. German mastiff is the term we adopt, as it is in Germany the breed was created by M. Otto Friedrich of Zabue, who obtained this new mongrel by crossing the Great Dane with the original Dogue de Bordeaux or French mastiff.

The Great Dane is gay, intelligent, and loving; he likes to run about, especially after the horses; the German mastiff, like all mastiffs, prefers to be left quiet. The two breeds have a very good scent. Their great defect is to hate other dogs and attack them.

By the above remarks it can be clearly understood that the Great Dane and German mastiff are two distinct breeds of dogs, one elegant and powerful, and the other heavy and sulky. In both breeds the height is of great importance. When too small, a Dane is sure to have some Dalmatian blood in him; and in the same case the German mastiff has been bred out of a bulldog. In another article I will endeavor to defend the Leonberg against the author of the "Illustrated Book of the Dog."—D. Frank (Paris), in *Live Stock Journal*.

PASTEUR'S SURE SUCCESS.

PARIS, Aug. 13.—In the month of May last the French Minister of Public Instruction, appointed a commission of scientists to examine into and report upon M. Pasteur's system for the extinction of hydrophobia. M. Pasteur's discoveries for the prevention and cure of other diseases, until his time reputed incurable, authorized a hope that here again he might have been successful, although his theory was in some quarters energetically combated. Agonized were the protests of the members of the Anti-Cruelty to Animals Society, indignant the protestations of the inhabitants of Meudon, near which M. Pasteur had obtained leave to establish his kennel of subjects. All the neighborhood protested, believing earnestly that the kennel was intended to be a nursery of rabies, and that, waifs and strays therefrom escaping, all France would soon be overrun with mad dogs. Luckily for humanity and for the canine race in general, neither was the Professor discouraged by the opposition nor was the Government induced to withdraw his license to operate, and last week the Commission—MM. Beclard, Paul Bert, Buzoz, Tisserand, Villémin, and Vulpian—presided over by M. Bouley, of the museum, handed in its report, producing in detail incontrovertible proofs of the reality of M. Pasteur's discovery.

M. Pasteur's thesis is that all animals vaccinated by him become refractory to hydrophobia; that a dog in a state of undoubted hydrophobia can bite another dog previously inoculated with the virus of rabies and this bitten dog will not go mad. His theory is based upon the evolution of rabid microbes by a series of successive inoculations, commencing with the monkey and the guinea pig (the animals most susceptible to the disease), passing through cats, dogs, and rabbits back to the guinea pig and the monkey, the virulence of the virus becoming attenuated with each subject, until finally it not only becomes innocuous, but an agent absolutely preventive. In his laboratory of the Rue d'Ulm M. Pasteur has pursued for three years his patient search after the mortal bacillus; around him are jars and bottles filled with microbes sufficient to depopulate the European Continent; in the cellar below, confined in iron cages, are the wretched beasts whose agony will add a new triumph to the treasures of science. There death is everywhere. A needle's point dipped into one of those pretty crystal vials would make more ravages than the explosion of a bombshell. It is the quintessence of death, and the thousandth part of a drop would kill more surely than the curare of Ceylon or the fangs of a cobra. And yet M. Pasteur will suck up through a glass tube those terrible poisons to inoculate with them dogs and cats who die from their effects a few hours afterward.

No doubt it is all very cruel, in the abstract, thus to torture and destroy the poor dumb beasts, but, in this instance certainly, the end justifies the means. Rabies is vanquished, at least so far that M. Pasteur has succeeded in rendering animals refractory to rabies, whatever be its nature or its mode of inoculation, and there are dogs in that laboratory of the Rue d'Ulm which by trepanation and by venous injection have received the virus, and yet, after twenty different inoculations, remain, at the end of three years, perfectly healthy. All this M. Pasteur set forth in his original communication to the Institute, and on every point the commission has corroborated his statements. The experiments made were numerous and exhaustive; whenever there happened to be among the "subjects" an animal affected "with street rabies," that is which had gone mad naturally, he was allowed to bite two dogs, one vaccinated, the other non-vaccinated, and in every instance—there were twenty-three in all—the first never exhibited a single symptom of hydrophobia, while the second invariably succumbed. One point is then definitely established, the vaccinated individual is refractory to rabies, and this point alone is of immense importance, but there are two others still in suspense, without which its practical results must be null: (1) Does or does not this inoculation impair the health of the patient? (2) Can an unvaccinated individual who has been bitten be cured by the methods indicated by M. Pasteur? This, after all, is the capital question: it is not possible to pre-vaccinate everybody against hydrophobia, and, as M. Bouley observes, the discovery, although scientifically interesting, is of no practical utility, unless "after the bite is received the preventive action of inoculation with attenuated virus be efficacious to annul the action of the virus inoculated by the bite."

The Commission does not consider that it is yet competent to pronounce on this question, but "will continue its labors." Meanwhile, however, the Professor is not idle; he argues that as there is no instance on record of spontaneous rabies in the human being, that it is always the result of an accident by which the virus is introduced into the organism, where it is developed after a period of incubation varying from twenty-five days to a twelvemonth; therefore, in order to put an end to the communication of the terrible disease it will simply be necessary to make obligatory the "pastorization" of all the dogs in France, just as the vaccination of every infant is made obligatory. More still, I am assured that at the proper moment M. Pasteur will make known the results of an operation performed one year ago on a subject of the human species. This is the story: One day in April, 1883, a stranger

called upon M. Pasteur. "My name is X.," he said; "I am neither a savant anxious to examine into your researches, nor a disciple of your doctrines. I am a tradesman and, although like the majority of my contemporaries, an ignoramus in scientific matters, I am interested in your discoveries in the invisible world, and to speak only of the most recent, so soon as I learned that you had discovered the microbe of rabies—" "That is not precisely exact," replied the Professor; "I believe that it exists, but by its infinite littleness it has so far evaded the investigation of our instruments." "That belief is quite sufficient," pursued Mr. X., "the conviction of men like yourself that a thing is, renders ocular evidence comparatively unnecessary. The position assigned by Leverrier to Neptune was accepted as such by astronomers long before any one had really seen that planet. So now, as you have stated in your memorial to the Academy that rabies develops itself in the encephalon, that it there accomplishes its fatal evolution, enabling you to predict the exact minute when its victim must die, I believe such to be the action, as I believe also your theory that by a methodical cultivation of this invisible germ you can so moderate its virulence by a species of acclimation as to neutralize its morbid effect. Am I right in this definition of the results of your labors?" M. Pasteur bowing assent, his visitor continued: "Your marvelous discovery demands its decisive consecration; you have cured rabbits, guinea pigs, dogs and monkeys, but you have not yet experimented on a human subject, because neither you nor it will accept the responsibility of such an ordeal. You need a subject and I have come to offer myself. Do not protest; do not suppose that I am actuated by any foolish sentiment of self-sacrifice; the case is simply this: One week ago I was bitten by a mad dog. Imperfectly cauterized by an apothecary of the Boulevard de la Villette, who declined to use a red-hot iron, I am absolutely convinced that I shall die of hydrophobia within a given time. There is no doubt about the dog's condition; here are all the documents to prove that he was a genuine mad dog in the last stage of the disease. I have no hope save in you. Will you or will you not, before the manifestation of the first symptoms, try upon me that vaccine which you pretend has, during three years, preserved or cured the twenty-three dogs which you keep in your laboratory?" "I certainly will not!" was M. Pasteur's answer. "Very well, then," said the other, "so be it; you refuse to save a fellow creature; you decline to prove the truth of your doctrines, based, you claim, on ten years of uninterrupted success. Here is a bottle of strychnine which will save me from the atrocious agonies of hydrophobia; in three minutes I shall be a dead man; and here is a paper on which are inscribed my last wishes and a formal declaration that I have committed suicide after the categorical refusal of the great Pasteur, author of the remedy for hydrophobia, to save me. Good morning, M. Pasteur!" "Stop! I will accept the ordeal!" exclaimed the savant, "on one condition: during a twelve-month absolute secrecy concerning our interview!" This condition was accepted. During a twelve-month M. Pasteur inoculated his human subject with every known species of rabid virus. To all that subject has remained refractory. The period of incubation has passed, not one symptom of rabies has ever manifested itself, nor will manifest itself. With the man with the dog this terrific malady, to which 200 Frenchmen succumb annually, has therefore, it seems, become a mere plaything in the hands of science.—Correspondence N. Y. Times.

LLANGOLLEN SHEEPDOG TRIALS.

THESE trials took place on Saturday, Aug. 16, on the Llandwyn Farm, Llangollen, in the presence of a large and fashionable gathering. The large number of entries in the open stakes necessitated the dogs being divided, the trials taking place simultaneously in two fields, and the best four dogs in each field being chosen to try conclusions in a final trial in the one field. The proceedings commenced with the Local Stakes, for which there were six competitors, previous winners for this stake being excluded. Ten minutes were allowed this year instead of twenty, as last year. All the dogs worked well, but none succeeded in the task of penning, and the prizes were divided as follows: Mr. Donald McDonald's black and tan bitch Lark, first; Mr. Donald McDonald's black and tan dog Murrey, second; Mr. Thomas Griffith's black and tan dog Ned, third.

The attraction of the day, of course, was the Cambrian Stakes, open to the world, for which there were twenty-nine entries. Mr. Pattinson's Nell failed to pen her sheep in the time allowed. Mr. Williams's Handy, after some trouble, succeeded in penning in the allotted time, and the performance was applauded. Mr. Robson's Mandy brought her sheep to the pen in good time, but they were joined by a "stranger," and, after some trouble, she succeeded in penning all but the interloper. Toss, belonging to Mr. Edwards, Cerrig-y-druidion, Corwen, worked well, but his sheep were very wild, and he failed to pen them. Mr. John Jones's Handy brought her sheep down to the pen in eight and a half minutes, and, amid loud applause, succeeded in getting them inside the pen. Mr. Ewart's Tyn brought his sheep down in good time, and succeeded in penning two; but they broke out, and he failed to get his three sheep in at all. Mr. Rowland's Jenny was fortunate in having some quiet sheep, and, after bringing them through the obstacles, succeeded in getting them inside the pen in nine minutes. Mr. Thomas Jones's Bob failed to pen, and Mr. John Jones's, Llangollen, Eora penned hers in one minute under the stipulated time. Mr. John Robson's Fly failed in the final attempt of penning, and Mr. A. Thomas's Carlo shared the same fate. Jet, belonging to Mr. Jas. Freme, penned in seven and a half minutes; but Mr. Maxwell's Ned, although he started well, failed to pen. Mr. Huck's Fly, from Westmoreland, and a well-known winner, was troubled with some wild sheep, and she failed to pen. Mr. Davies's Handy followed suit, and Toss, belonging to Mr. Harding, Deepclogh, Caton, Lancaster, penned in fairly good time. Mr. Evans's Handy failed to pen, and Corby, the property of Mr. Huck, followed suit. Mr. Lloyd's Jango penned in nine minutes, and Mr. Maxwell's Brandy, who showed some excellent work, failed in the final task; Salt also failed, as did Jerry, the property of Mr. D. W. Roberts, Maesgwyn, Brynhyllwys, Corwen. Mr. Huck's Lady got two of her sheep inside the pen, but they broke out, and time was called before she could pen. Mr. Waddell's Meg succeeded, after some splendid work, in penning in seven minutes. Mr. Ewart's Maggie penned in ten minutes; and Mr. Robert's Fan, who was worked by a boy, succeeded, after some stiff work, in penning in nine minutes. The judges then selected the following eight dogs to compete for the prizes as follows: Mr. John Jones's Handy, Mr. Rowland's Jenny, Mr. J. Jones's Eora, Mr. Jas. Freme's Jet, Mr. Harding's Toss, Mr. Lloyd's Dango, Mr. Waddell's Meg and Mr. Ewart's Maggie. Handy penned in nine minutes. Jannie penned her in eight minutes. Eora had some wild sheep to work, and after penning two, and one getting in the crowd, succeeded in getting them together again, and penned them within the prescribed time. Jet worked capitally, and penned in eight minutes. Toss failed to pen, although he worked admirably. Jango penned in six and a half minutes; and Meg, in capital style, penned in five minutes and a half. Maggie failed ignominiously in her attempt, and the judges awarded the prizes as follows:

First, Mr. W. Waddell's, Waterloo Farm, Sealand, Chester, black and white bitch Meg, 4 years.

Second, Mr. James Freme's, Wepre Hall, Flint, black and white bitch Jet, 3 years.

Equal third, Mr. John Jones's Ddolechog, Cerrig-y-druidion, black and tan bitch Handy, 4 years.

Equal third, Mr. David Rowland's, Hendre Mawr, Llanuwchllyn, black and tan bitch Jannie, 6 years.

The dogs in the final round of this stake had to work nine

sheep, from two different flocks, three of which were marked, drive away six and pen the three marked ones. The silver cup, given by Spratt's Patent for the best looking dog or bitch which competed in the trials, was awarded by the judges to Mr. Donald McDonald's Lark. The second and third prizes, which were the gift of the society, were carried off by Fly, the property of Mr. John Robson, and Handy, belonging to Mr. John Evans.

At the conclusion of the trials the prizes were distributed to the successful competitors by Sir Theodore Martin, who addressed the shepherds in English, and afterwards called upon the vice-president to speak to the competitors in Welsh. Capt. Best was complimented upon the successful proceedings of the day, and after cheers had been given for Sir Theodore and Lady Martin, the gathering separated.—London Field.

SOLOMON IN THE SHADE.—When Solomon was asked to decide which of two women a child belonged to, he called for his sword and proposed to cut the child in two, and give a half to each; the real mother went into hysterics, and Solomon decided in her favor. But at the Mixed Court on Friday morning, an actual division was made, and Solomon's judgment put in the shade. The chattel in dispute was a black dog, with his tail clipped bare except at the extremity, which still retained some long hair. The dog was quite unconcerned, and went snuffing around the arena and under the court table at the magistrate's feet, or wherever his tether would allow him to extend his explorations. The claimants for the dog were a butcher and a washerman. The butcher's assistant held a string in his hand, with the dog at the end of it. The washerman held a basket in his hand containing hair which he had clipped from the dog's tail, and which he produced in proof of ownership. Mr. Hoves, inspector of markets, stated that he had known the butcher for many years, and he had seen the dog at his place; and he believed that the dog belonged to the butcher. It was also stated by the police that an experiment had been tried at Hongkong police station; the washerman called on the dog, but the dog would not follow him; but when the butcher called, the dog heard his master's voice and knew the sound thereof. As a last resort to prove that the dog loved him and belonged to him, the washerman pulled off his jacket and showed a plaster stuck between his shoulder blades, saying that the dog had bit him there. The magistrate decided in the washerman's favor, so far that he was allowed to keep the basketful of hair, and the butcher was allowed to take the rest of the dog.—Celestial Empire, of Shanghai, July 18.

SHOW UP THE BEAGLES.—Editor *Forest and Stream*: I wish to call the attention of all lovers of beagles, especially those of the Beagle Club, to the importance of making a grand display of our favorite hound at the Philadelphia Kennel Club bench show in September, for if beagles are to be made a success at bench shows in the future, now is the time to begin the good work. Never before have such liberal prizes and proper classes been offered as at this show. Now is the time for owners and exhibitors of beagles to show how they appreciate what the Philadelphia Kennel Club has done by considering the claim of the Beagle Club in giving the classes asked for, by entering all the hounds they can and by so doing encourage other kennel clubs and bench show managers to also consider their claim. Heretofore the objections were: not proper classes, not enough prizes and no standard; now all that is changed. There are now proper classes and prizes, and a standard under which the beagles will be judged, so that those who had an excuse before for not exhibiting, have none at present. Let us all do what we can for the success of the beagle both at bench shows and in the field. It all depends upon us what the result is. I hope we won't be governed by any selfish ends, and I also hope and ask all who can arrange to do so, to meet here during the show, as it is very much to our interest that all lovers of our little hound should be acquainted and work in harmony. I hope to see a grand display of beagles with their owners here.—W. H. ASHBURNER.

ROBINS ISLAND FIELD TRIALS.—Brooklyn, Aug. 29.—I have just returned from a week at Robins Island. A most delightful time. The birds have done well; never before have I seen so many there. We have been obliged to plant double the amount of feed for them. Formerly the birds used to congregate, you know, on the east end; now they are all over. This has been brought about by our placing protecting sheds for feed, and also the water boxes near by, and also to the planting of wheat and buckwheat in so many places. The prospect is very favorable for a delightful time at our field trials this fall. The Robins Island Club's Third Annual Field Trials, open to members only, will be held in November. A. T. Plummer, Secretary. We will probably have as usual, All-Aged Stake, Brace Stake and Derby. I think our trials will come off in early part of the month.—S. F. S.

LILLIBULERO'S NOTE last week on dogs in the water has an illustration in an occurrence just reported from Connecticut: William E. McBryan and a friend were fishing in the Housatonic River, near Squantuck, having a large dog with them. In some way the boat upset, and they were precipitated into the water. The friend succeeded in getting ashore; but whenever McBryan would lift his head above water the dog would pounce upon him and keep him down, evidently thinking it was all play. McBryan was drowned.

EASTERN FIELD TRIALS CLUB.—Flatbush, Sept. 1, 1884.—All members are cordially requested to attend the quarterly and governors' meeting to be held at Delmonico's, Fifth avenue, corner Twenty-sixth street, New York city, Tuesday, Sept. 9, at 8:15 P. M. It is most important that a good attendance should mark this first autumn meeting, as work of vital importance concerning the trials must be disposed of at an early date.—W. A. COSTER, Sec. and Treas.

THE PHILADELPHIA CONVENTION.—Messrs. E. S. Porter, Secretary, and G. E. Osborn, Assistant Manager, will represent the New Haven Kennel Club at the Philadelphia convention.—G. E. OSBORN (New Haven).

WE ARE requested to state that Mr. J. H. Phelan, of Jersey City, resigned from the Knickerbocker Kennel Club shortly after the New York show, and withdrew his pointers, Lady Bang, Lady Gleam and Ruby.

DENVER is having a bench show in connection with the exposition.

KENNEL NOTES.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Kennel notes are inserted in this column free of charge. To insure publication of notes, correspondents MUST GIVE the following particulars of each animal:

1. Color.
2. Breed.
3. Sex.
4. Age or date of birth, of breeding or of death.
5. Name and residence of owner, buyer or seller.
6. Name and residence of owner, buyer or seller.
7. Sire, with his sire and dam.
8. Owner of sire.
9. Dam, with her sire and dam.
10. Owner of dam.

All names must be plainly written. Communication on one side of paper only, and signed with writer's name.

NAMES CLAIMED.

See instructions at head of this column.
Grim. By the Chequasset Kennel, Lancaster, Mass., for brindle, with white markings, smooth-coated St. Bernard dog, whelped Nov. 28, 1883 (Otto—Brenner).

An error crept into the table published last week of Event VII, limit of beam 37in. Zulu is past sun on 30. This is a mistake. By the wider brace she was sprung out to 37in., a perfectly legitimate operation.

was somewhat in doubt. Event IX. had six entries, and the second place was contested for. The extra races, though started with very little notice and only a portion of the camp knowing of them, had seven and five entries.

The B canoes are evidently the favorites, nineteen finishing in one race to eight in Class A. The popular sizes are ranged between 14 and 15ft. in length and 30 to 31½ in. beam. The Ellard is probably as graceful a model as any, and has excellent qualities all through. The balance lug sail was the favorite, though there were two boats with the Stoddard sail which brought its good points out in strong relief by carrying off a first prize each, and taking excellent positions in races not won. The Albany cross between the lug and the lateen also had many supporters and certainly is an excellent sail. Lateen pure and simple were in the background with the exception of that belonging to Giroto, which demanded attention by its size and cherubic pluck. Glück won Event X. with lateen sails, by pointing up better than any of its rivals in a very tight breeze.

The Jop, undoubtedly the fastest canoe, in moderate weather, at the meet was ruled out of Event IV. for being over the limit. West sawed a piece of his stem-post off above water line, and thus brought the dimensions within bounds. A rule is a rule and should be observed to the letter. If we will build overhang we must suffer for it.

The Hurry-Scurry race (Canadian) proved a very interesting and comical event, and will make in light and humor. No land and water race was tried this year, and unfortunately for many the sailing and paddling race had to be abandoned for lack of wind and time. If it had come off, the three canoes with records in the twenties, Snake, Helena, and Dot, would have stood excellent chances of beating Hillcrest's record of thirty.

Where were the Pearls? We have all been brought that in sailing they cannot be beaten—for look at the beam, the ballast they carry, and the spread of sail. It would be unjust to their owners to say they were not sailed well. They were manned by old-timers, and have certainly more modern improvements than the majority of other canoes. Was there not wind enough for them? Surely, for in New York Bay it has been shown over and over again that smooth water and light wind are no enemies to the type. The Pearl won the challenge cup under these conditions, and was woefully beaten in a strong northwester with a good tumble to the water. The Queen Mah experienced a like fate, also the transient Ripple to some extent. The Pearls as river cruisers and paddlers certainly are not successes. Wherein then does lie their good points if the lighter boats best them in the water? The answer is in the hull. The only heavy canoe yet built which has given promise of great things is the Guenn, and she has not yet been properly rigged to give her a test. The tendency of the majority can safely be stated to be in the direction of a canoe of the lighter B class, built to sail without lead ballast, and provided with some kind of a convenient folding board, and, may we add, the Stoddard drop rudder.

Was there a canoe in each class? In light and heavy, all four A, C, A, meets? We think not one. Several there were that have been at three. Did any of our readers who were on Delaney Point see the canoe Orford? If so, did you know that this same canoe was Farnham's famous Allegro, in which he cruised along the Labrador coast, and before that cruise even had the honor of being Mr. Alden's Shadow, and the original of that name? Shadow No. 2 (launched and sailed before Shadow No. 3) is twice, and twice, and twice, by the name of Bubble. Many have heard of her. She was not at the meet. Oh, no. Dot was Shadow No. 3, also in the water before her elder sister, and at the '84 meet with sails and hull the same as in '82 and '83—Lake George and Stony Lake, and still feared—a little.

With the experience of '84, a one-canoe rule, a programme of races published not later than the 1st of July, and the fixing of Delaney Point as the place of meeting, the '85 meet should far surpass any former one in interest and excellence, number of entries to the various events and grace of performances—and it will. Think it over.

THE CANOES OF 1884.

IT is a most gratifying feature of each yearly meet to those who are really interested in canoeing, to notice each year the improvements plainly visible in the model, build and equipment of the canoes present, and at no previous meet was there so marked an improvement visible as at the last.

Several attempts to ascertain the exact number of canoeists and canoes present failed, but a fair estimate of the latter would probably be 300 canoes on the island at various times during the two weeks of the meet. The amount of money that this fleet, with tents and equipments, represented, was not far from \$20,000, in fact more if anything. The stroller along the north and east shores early in the morning might inspect at leisure the finest pleasure fleet of very small boats ever brought together, and certainly much of value might be gained by a careful examination.

Most prominent of course were the lapstreaks, by far the best method yet devised for a light boat. Of these the most numerous were of the somewhat peculiar build originated by Mr. Rushton, and made a specialty by him, the collection including some 6 or 8 distinct models of various dimensions. These boats are handsome in finish and certainly have proved themselves very strong and durable, but we cannot consider them equal, for strength and lightness combined, to the usual build of lapstreak with rivetted joints and fewer ribs. Of the latter the Everson canoes are good specimens of strong and substantial, yet light work, as far as the hulls are concerned, though the deck arrangements are not what they might be, and there is yet much room for improvement in fittings and detail. Hull and planking show excellent work, but marred in places by the use of water instead of mahogany in heading and on deck, and an absence of the mahogany wale usually found in the best canoes, that is not compensated for by a superabundance of mickle plate. In fittings these canoes still have the old hatches fore and aft on deck to make room for which, the mast tubes are both placed so far aboard that the amount of sail now considered necessary can only be hauled up by using a jib. The steaming gear, as in fact in the Rushton canoes is still capable of much improvement, while the rudder and yoke furnished with the Shadow canoes is awkward and clumsy in the extreme. The straight keel and beel to sternpost are also out of date, and might well be altered. There is so much really good work in the essential parts of these canoes, that it is great pity that the details are not up to the same standard. Canoeing has long been regarded as a sport, and should be regarded, and canoes to keep up with the sport must change too. Some of the boats turned out this season by Mr. Everson are years ahead of the so-called Shadow as now built.

A good specimen of lapstreak work is an old Spanish cedar canoe in three sections, a Rob Roy of 17ft. length, built in England, we believe, by Biffin, of Haunersmith. Something the planking on this boat is laid in the same way as that on the lateen canoes, and we said of all fairly well-built English canoes, though they are inferior in many respects, notably in timbering, to ours. The nails are smaller, the planking so laid off as to give better lines, and the laps and joints more neatly fitted. The same peculiarities are noticed to a certain extent in some of the earlier American canoes, a good specimen of which is the Payson, built by Mr. Payson, of New York, and of the same material. The English boat mentioned above is made in three sections, which can be fastened together by thumbscrews or taken apart for shipment, and has traveled in almost all parts of the world.

Lying near by her is the only specimen, but one, of a canvas canoe present, a folding canoe invented by Dr. Douglas, somewhat on the plan of the Berthon folding boat. These canoes have more of a boat gun to them than any other, and are not so easily carried, and should be well adapted to small yachts. The one in question is an old boat, and the later ones are much improved. The open Canadian canoes, mostly of rib and batten build, seem to be very strong and light, but this mode of building is better suited to them than it would be to a decked canoe of the ordinary model.

Before leaving the lapstreaks, we must mention the Toronto canoes as good specimens of clinker build. The Isabel is smooth, built, half of each plank being rabbeted out, the planking being ¾ in. thick, making her unnecessarily heavy. Evora and Sapphire are both well-built boats, especially the latter, which is one of the best of the heavier class of canoes we have ever seen, being very light, about 75lbs. for hull, including two centerboard cases; her workmanship is good throughout, though, as the other boats, she has a white deck detracts from the appearance. Last year we heard a good deal about a new method of construction, narrow strips of wood blind nailed together and covered with canvas, which was highly spoken of, but it does not seem to have stood the test. Two or three of these boats were present this year, and at least two of them leaked. With such a mode of building a leak must be fatal, as it cannot be repaired as in a lapstreak.

Another new method of building is that adopted by the Ontario Canoe Company, in which the hull is formed of pieces about 1½ in. wide and 7-16 in. thick, tongued and grooved together, these being cut to lengths, steamed and bent over a mould, either in longitudinal strips or around from gunwale to gunwale. They are firmly held by keel and gunwales, aided by canvas in the joints, and make a handsome, light and apparently durable boat. They are mostly built on the model of the open canoes, but may be of any model and decked if desired. They have stood the test of several seasons, and promise to last well. The Racine Canoe Company were represented by only five boats this year, although many present had formerly owned canoes of their build, while no paper boats were present, they being practically discarded by canoeists. Of the nondescripts the most prominent was a large zinc canoe, while several birchbark boats were also present.

Passing to the question of dimension, the tables published last week in the FOREST AND STREAM are most instructive, showing the canoes actually used by our leading canoeists, and as an actual record far

more valuable than any mere theories can be. The list shows 46 canoes taking part in the races, 7 open Canadian and 39 decked. Of the former 6 were 16ft. long, 1 each of 31, 30, 28 and 27 in. beam, and 2 of 30 in. beam. The decked boats were 15x29, an odd size. An average of these sizes would show about 14 in. beam, and 27 in. length. The canoes nearer 18x26. The 34 decked boats were made up as follows:

18 x 24	—1	32½	—1	33	—1
16 x 30	—1	31	—4	31-2	—1
15 x 31½	—1	31	—4	30-5	13x27 —1
14 x 23½	14.6 x 130	28	—1	28	12x29½ —1
14 x 31½	—1	28	—1	27-5	—1

An average of these sizes, excluding the 18x24 canoe, gives a length of 14ft. and beam of 20½ in. Out of the 34 canoes, 16 are 14ft. long, and 11 are 30 in. wide, and we venture to predict that in the future, if the average plan be adhered to, 15x20 will be found the best for all-around racing as well as cruising, with, of course, a class of smaller canoes for river work of 14x37 in. but the canoeing of the next few years will be done in 14 to 15x30 boats. It will be noticed that in the list appear some half a dozen boats of odd sizes, mostly by amateurs or small builders. A few years ago there was some excuse for such boats, as there were no limits established, and no knowledge as to which was the better size of boat, but all this is now changed, and the dimensions are fixed with sufficient accuracy by common usage, and the A. C. Rules, 15x30, 14x30, or 14x27 will all give good boats, leaving full scope to the designer as to model and details, and will diminish greatly the labor of regatta committees.

A word of caution is needed to those who buy or build, know the dimensions of your boat, and have no friction inside of the measurement, so as to avoid any possibility of dispute. At the last meet one boat had come several hundred miles to race, only to find that she was 7 in. too long for her class. A liberal application of the handsaw at each end, and a straining of the rules of measurement allowed her to enter in a mutilated condition, though liable to a protest, if any one had cared to make it. Another canoeist came to the line in a boat which he had used for several seasons, and was much disappointed to find that it was but 27 in., while he had supposed it to be 30, leaving him out of the race.

Many of the models present were very handsome, but some, though good boats, are capable of much improvement in appearance, being unfair and boxy-looking. The Canadian canoes, both of the ordinary build and the Ontario, certainly have very handsome bottoms, fair and easy lines, without any hollow to the water-lines; but their compressed sheer does not add to their beauty.

Of the larger canoes, the handsomest were the Sapphire and Evora, by Glendenning, of Toronto, who has built all the boats of the Toronto C. C. Sapphire was commenced but three weeks before the meet, and was built by her owner, Mr. Bridgeman. Her lines are much easier than the Pearl, though not of the same class. Her dimensions are 14.6x32½, with good depth, fitted with two centerboards, one forward and one aft, giving good sleeping room. Including the two centerboard trunks, her weight is but 75 pounds, both boards being movable, and she is the best specimen of this type of canoe we have yet seen. Isabel and Boreas are already pretty well known, and both of them had good boats. Isabel had two boards each, the larger or forward board being in two pieces, the inner one slipping out readily.

The canoes of the future will be all centerboard, without doubt, and the question of which board is perhaps the most discussed of all by canoeists. The double board offers the best solution for a moderately fast canoe, but is not thoroughly well done; if not, they may leak and cause much trouble. With one board forward and another well aft, the center of the boat is unobstructed, the balance may be preserved under almost any change of sail, and the boat may be handled to perfection. The dagger board of the sneakbox, seen a year or so ago in many canoes, was not represented at this year's meet, and probably is a thing of the past, as far as canoes are concerned. Two varieties of folding boards are now before the public, the Atwood and Child's. The former occupies some space in the middle of the canoe, which is an objection, and being made of iron, is not adapted for salt water. The latter has the advantage of being entirely under the floor of the canoe, out of the way, except a hinged rod, by which it is lowered. It is also made of brass entirely, so it cannot corrode, and from its construction is very stiff and of good shape in the water.

Next to centerboards rudders claim the attention of the canoeist, and this year there is a new form, the drop rudder. The idea is an old one, but it has only lately been applied to canoes, those of the Mohican Canoe Club all having them. The rudder is made of sheet brass nickleplated, a portion of it being hung so as to drop below the keel like a centerboard. We sketch shortly give an illustration of it, so will not describe it in detail here. One invention is much needed in canoes, and that is some mode of attaching the rudder to the boat quickly, surely, and without movable parts. The best plan now in use is the long pin, but this is liable to be lost at any time, and is difficult to adjust in rough water.

MOHICAN C. C.

THE second race for the Oliver silver cup, for Class A and B canoes sailing together, with limit of 60ft. sail, came off on Thursday, Aug. 28. The prize was offered to encourage general sailing in the club and to demonstrate the possibility of the two classes competing when sails of equal area were carried. Each winner holds the cup for a month until it has been won three times by the same person, in which case it becomes his property and the races close. Last month it was won by P. H. Wackerhagen, and yesterday he again easily led all competitors.

The race was called at 5 P. M. Capt. C. Piepenbrink, starter and judge; Messrs. Hilton and Palmer, timekeepers; Mr. Fernow, clerk of the course. Course triangular, 1 mile, twice around. Race, 2 miles. The wind blew heavily from the south, against current and ebbing tide, raising a heavy sea. The boats were as follows: Thetis, Class B, P. Wackerhagen, Mohican settee..... 56ft. Annie O, Class B, L. Thomas, leg o' mutton mail and dandy..... 60ft. Henrietta, Class B, W. Wackerhagen, Mohican settee..... 56ft. Marion, Class A, R. S. Oliver, Mohican settee..... 47ft. Lasca, Class B, G. Thacher, Mohican settee..... 52ft. The start was made before the wind, the boats crossing the line in the following order: Lasca, 5:19:25; Thetis, 5:19:30; Marion, 5:19:30; Henrietta, 5:19:40; Annie O, 5:19:41.

The Lasca, Thetis and Marion were all bunched together for the first quarter, the Thetis drawing well ahead before the first buoy, and the Marion and Lasca rounding almost together, the latter ahead getting the inside. At the second buoy the boats were all in a bunch, but the exception of Thetis, who went steadily making her lead. On the third leg the Marion was standing well for second place, but lost by bad judgment of her crew in making an extra short tack, and the boats rounded the third buoy, completing first mile in following order:

Third buoy.	Time.	Third buoy.	Time.
Thetis.....	5 35 35	Annie O.....	5 37 35
Annie O.....	5 37 35	Lasca.....	5 38 40
Henrietta.....	5 37 35	Marion.....	5 38 40

The wind, which had been blowing heavily and in squalls, nearly knocked the Marion down several times, but she held her own wonderfully with the B Class boats. On the second mile, the wind moderating somewhat, her crew clapped on the dandy, giving her the full limit of 60 and she began to make her lead, and the Thetis sailed like an arrow, constantly increasing the lead, and finishing as follows:

Finish.	Time.	Finish.	Time.
Thetis.....	5 53 55	Henrietta.....	5 57 37
Annie O.....	5 56 35	Marion.....	5 57 40
Lasca.....	5 56 35	Marion.....	5 57 40

course on the last quarter by a long way. So ended one of the best contested and most exciting races of the season, the Thetis maintaining her previous good record. The Marion delighted her crew by her remarkable speed in keeping pace with B Class boats in such a heavy sea and high wind. Next week the club champion race will be sailed. The Annie O, is the present holder of the pennant and badge.

CANOE CRUISE ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

Editor Forest and Stream:

As Dr. Gilbert, of Dubuque, informed me that you were glad to hear of canoe cruises, I write a few facts in regard to ours. As to our outfit, we have three canoes 14ft. long 28 in. wide, two of which are very near the Shadow model, fitted out with large storage compartments. We carry sails, though depending principally on the paddle. We carry a small round tent, cooking utensils, blankets and provisions to last several days; also a small camera. Three of us started from Davenport, taking our canoes with us on board a Mississippi steamboat to St. Paul, the passage taking four days. After visiting the various points of interest at St. Paul, Minneapolis, Fort Snelling, Minneapolis Falls and Lake Minnetonka, we left St. Paul on our cruise of 400 miles back to Davenport, on Aug. 18. The river is comparatively narrow, but broadens as we descend, often dividing into numerous sloughs, but as we have a government chart with us we have no trouble in keeping in the main channel. On account of the present low water the river is filled with numerous sandbars. For the greater part of the distance it is skirted with high and often rocky bluffs, ranging from 400 to 600 feet, and forming beauti-

ful scenery. Good camping grounds are to be found almost anywhere, and towns or cities are passed every ten to twenty miles. On the 21st and 22d we passed through Lake Pepin, a broad expanse of the river bounded by high bluffs. We there encountered two gales, producing very large waves. We average twenty to thirty miles a day, though yesterday we made forty miles with ease. We occasionally rest by hoisting our sails or drawing our canoes on one of the rafts which frequently go down the river. The Mississippi is an excellent river for such a cruise, as the strong current aids on the entire distance, except in the lake. We are now approaching La Crosse, having left Winona, one of the prettiest cities on the river this morning. G. R. P.

LA CROSSE, Wis., Aug. 25.

THE SAFETY OF CANOEING.—An unfortunate accident, by which a young man lost his life while sailing in a canoe at Spaulding, the other day has gone the rounds of the newspapers and brought out from several severe condemnation of canoeing as a sport. "The Perils of Canoeing" has formed the subject of numerous articles, but all show evidence of having been written by persons wholly unacquainted with canoes. Had the writers ever owned or used canoes they would coincide with the opinion expressed by every practical canoeist that the modern cruising canoe, properly handled, is the safest of boats and will carry sail where many a larger craft would come to grief—a fact which has been put to proof time and again. Primarily, the paddle is, of course, the motive power of a canoe, and until the use of this is thoroughly mastered there should be no attempt to sail than a beginner would essay track riding on a bicycle. It has been repeatedly stated and truly, too, that no person unable to swim should become a canoeist, but many such have cruised hundreds of miles, relying for safety on the air chambers with which every legitimate canoe is fitted and which makes it practically a life boat capable of sustaining its crew and cargo even when filled with water. That occasional disasters, which are almost invariably caused by recklessness on the part of the victim, should be allowed to condemn a manly, healthful and invigorating pastime is manifestly unfair. Baseball, bicycling, yachting, rowing, horseback riding, and a score of other forms of recreation might just as properly be placed under the ban, yet who would have them all suppressed? And in justice to canoeing let us not charge upon it the results of individual carelessness. Let us not, by making it the means of gaining increased health and pleasure. Rather let a word be said in its favor, calling especial attention to the standing of its devotees and its entire freedom from betting, gambling and the accompanying evils of professionalism, which have degraded so many popular sports.—Clytie, in Lowell Daily Courier.

DOWN THE SUSQUEHANNA.—Canton, Pa., Aug. 25.—Two of us have just finished a cruise over the Chemung and Susquehanna rivers from Littleton, N. Y., to Northumberland, Pa., in cedar canoes weighing twenty-six pounds each. We found the water exceedingly shallow in the rifts of the Chemung and Upper Susquehanna, with one or two bad rifts lower down. At Laceyville and Berwick we found rifts through which we did not care to risk our boats. We took the canal from Nanticoke to Berwick, a distance of some twenty miles, avoiding the dam at Nanticoke and rift at Berwick. Otherwise, we had a difficult and brought our boats through the industry and without an upset. We occupied seven days in the cruise, and found it throughout a very pleasant one.—O. E. B.

BAYONNE C. C. ANNUAL RACES.—The annual races will take place on Saturday, Sept. 13, at 4 P. M., off their club house on Newark Bay. The races will be open to members of all canoe clubs. Two races will be: First, 1 mile paddling; second, 3 miles sailing; third, 1 mile tandem; fourth, paddling tandem, lady and gentleman; fifth, upset race.

Yachting.

FIXTURES.

Secretaries of yacht clubs will please send early notice of proposed matches and meetings.

- Sept. 4.—Salem Bay Y. C., Second Championship Match.
- Sept. 5.—Marblehead, Special Match.
- Sept. 6.—Hull Y. C., Third Championship Match.
- Sept. 11.—Quincy Y. C., Last Race.
- Sept. 11.—Brenton's Reef Challenge Cup.
- Sept. 13.—Boston Y. C., Ladies' Day.
- Sept. 13.—Boston Y. C., Fall Matches.
- Sept. 14.—Quaker City Y. C., Review and Cup Race.
- Sept. 15.—Quaker City Y. C., Review and Harbor Cruise.
- Oct. 5.—Quaker City Y. C., Closing Review and Cruise.

SHIP LIGHTS AND RULES OF THE ROAD.

THE late unfortunate collision by which a large portion of the navy of the United States was sunk by a common trading schooner has awakened a fresh interest in the question of collisions at sea and the means for their prevention, and great as the loss is, the old "Posa" will not have been sacrificed in vain if the resulting discussion is made a revision of the rules. We copy the following a letter from Commander Gorringe on the subject, embodying several valuable suggestions. His remedy certainly seems feasible, and the extra trouble and expense of the proposed lights small compared with the increased safety ensuing from their use.

Besides the objection to the ordinary side lights which he mentions, another is an inadequacy in crowded harbors, where two or both sides of the tug are often masked by barges to which she is lashed, no extra light being displayed.

Apart from the advantages on the score of colorblindness and inferiority of the green light, the proposed system of range lights will give a much clearer idea of the position of a vessel than that now in use, while it removes entirely the objection in the case of an overtaking vessel, which is a revision of the rules. We copy the following, and we hope to see now a thorough discussion, and, if possible, a revision of the existing rules.

To the Editor of the Evening Post:

The frequency of collisions between vessels and the loss of life and property resulting therefrom are worthy of the most serious consideration and discussion. Hardly a day passes without a collision being reported. About half the reported collisions find their way into the news columns; the remainder are recorded only in journals devoted exclusively to maritime affairs. Besides those reported, it is probable that a majority of the vessels that are missing have been lost through collision. Of all the dangers attending ocean travel, the most dreaded is that of collision, and generally occurs at night, and always without warning, in a majority of cases with disastrous results. The most experienced seamen dread it most, the reason being that beyond a certain point, experience and caution cannot prevent collision under the present system of rules laid down for the guidance of mariners. The instinct of self-preservation is as strong in mariners as in landmen. It is customary and it is natural for the press and the public to fix their position on the captain or officer in charge of one or the other vessel at the time of collision, but in a majority of cases this is unjust and inhuman; inhuman because the unfortunate man, already deprived of his occupation by the loss of his vessel, is pursued as soon as he reaches land and punished by depriving him of the right to occupy a similar position on another vessel.

The prime cause of all collisions is found in the "rules for preventing collisions on the water" adopted and enforced by civilized nations. For "preventing" substitute promoting, and the title would be applicable. Section 4,238 of the Revised Statutes, embodies the rules relating to seagoing vessels; they are seven in number. Rule 1 defines the term steam and sail vessels; rules 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, and 7 designate the lights to be carried by the different classes of vessels, and fix their position and range. Then follows a series of diagrams intended to illustrate the working of the foregoing system of colored lights. The diagrams are seven in number; they represent vessels approaching each other in certain relative positions that are designated "situations." It is not necessary to reproduce or even to explain the diagrams in order to demonstrate the absurdity of the rules; this is made manifest by the fact that the "situations" in which two approaching vessels may find themselves are limited to seven, and that all are based on the assumption that the vessels are proceeding at the same rate of speed, although this is not distinctly stated. Manifestly the possible relative positions are unlimited in number, and the rates of speed may vary from "steerage way" of a sailing vessel to the eight knots of the Oregon. The diagrams of vessels approaching each other in the seven "situations" are merely illustrations. The answer to this is that any system needing illustrations, must necessarily be defective.

The system of lights is such that a change of course of one vessel cannot be instantly detected by the other, and there are cases where the course may be altered radically, to the extent of five points, say from a beam to a bow or from a bow to a beam, and the vessel, in the minds of the men who control the vessels, as to the movements of the other vessel, that causes collision. The perplexities of any situation are vastly increased by the impossibility of divining which of many possible courses, all in compliance with the rules, the approaching vessel is going to pursue. The evil of the present system is therefore two-fold, and may be summed up in the statement that the lights prescribed by law do not serve the purpose of designating

to one vessel any change of course less than five points by the other; and allow a wide margin of discretion in choosing the change of course in order to avoid collision. There is only one position of a vessel as seen from another, which, by the present system of lights, a change of course can be instantly detected, and this is when she is exactly head on. The wonder is that disastrous collisions are not more frequent.

In dark and hazy nights, and during thick weather, there is no time to deliberate on the "situation," even if it were possible to estimate the course and speed of the approaching vessel from the time her lights are sighted to the moment of danger. The fault of the lookout, under these conditions, is itself, creates a nervous tension; the anxiety to follow the rules so as to be right increases it, the impossibility of reconciling the "situation" as it is with that provided by the rules, results in a loss of self-confidence; the vessels are rapidly approaching; the moment for action has arrived; the situation not according with any given in the rules, no rule is applicable, and often in sheer desperation the fatal order is given. It would be hard enough if this process continued to one vessel, but there are two vessels, two nervous undecided men trying their utmost to do rightly, if for no other reason, surely from self-interest, and in self-preservation; each one trying to determine what the other will do, for safety depends not on the action of one, but on that of both. There is no parallel case on shore. In the case of impending railway collisions there is but one thing to do—stop.

Under the present system of rules, there are a variety of possible results. Under the proposed system, the situation being the same but the speed varying. To stop may be fatal, for in so doing you lose control of the vessel. In stormy weather the blinding rain and high wind impair the vision and stimulate anxiety, besides rendering the vessels more difficult to manage. Instead of denunciation, there should be sympathy for the men who are unfortunate enough to have been in charge at the moment of collision. The fault is not in the system, but in the men who are in charge of the vessels.

The remedy is not difficult to find, but it will be difficult to bring about. As to the lights: Instead of carrying red and green sidelights and a white masthead light, steamers should carry red and white range lights forward, so placed that red will show above white and be directly in line when the vessel is coming head on, and white and red range lights astern, so placed that white will show above red when the vessel is coming astern. Under the present system, the vessels are seen exactly broadside on only. By this system the slightest change of course can instantly be detected by the separation or approach of the lights seen. With the present system no lights are shown aft; that is to say, there is nothing to mark the position in a dark night of a slow steamer or a sailing vessel from a fast one approaching from behind, as landmen would say. Many disastrous collisions have occurred from this defect in the present system.

The proposed system provides the means of detecting a change of course in every possible relative position of any two or more vessels in sight of each other. The advantage of having all the lights visible when the vessel is exactly ahead is in the fact that all danger of collision has then passed and courses may be resumed without risk by vessels proceeding in opposite directions. It is not the purpose of this paper to enter into all the details of the proposed system of lights, but to show that the trouble to make diagrams of vessels in the only number of positions will find that it furnishes exact information of the position and change of course of an approaching vessel under all possible conditions.

It is impossible, however desirable, to have one hard and fast rule for changing course in order to avoid collision; but it is possible to have four simple rules, easily remembered, that need no confusing illustrations, and which are simple enough in order that mariners and landmen should understand them. These rules are as follows:

First—Whenever a vessel is sighted directly ahead, port your helm.
Second—Whenever a vessel is sighted on the port side from directly ahead to directly astern, port your helm.
Third—Whenever a vessel is sighted on the starboard side from directly ahead to directly astern, starboard your helm.

Fourth—Whenever a vessel is sighted from directly ahead to directly astern, the least danger of collision and without regard to any change of course by the other vessel.

Any person of ordinary intelligence sufficiently interested in the subject, who will take the trouble to draw diagrams of two vessels in every conceivable relative position, will find that these rules would apply to both vessels under all possible conditions, and that a rigid adherence to them would make a collision impossible. The vessels are sighted by each other before they are actually in collision.

Sailing vessels carry the same lights (red and green) as steamers, but no masthead light. The green side-light should be abolished and white substituted for it. In misty weather green lights are hardly distinguishable from white, even by acute eyes, the reason being that the moisture collects on the lenses and absorbs the green rays, leaving only the white to pass through. Color-blindness has varying degrees; it is common to find mariners who can readily distinguish red from white, but not white from green.

The present rules make it the duty of steamers to keep out of the way of sailing vessels under all conditions. This is wrong, and is the frequent cause of collision. However inconvenient it may be for a sailing vessel to alter her course, the inconvenience cannot compare with the necessity of preventing collision. But it is most desirable that the two classes of vessels be kept apart by easily recognized, and the proposed system provides for this by placing the white and red lights one above the other for steamers and on the same plane for sailing vessels.

The proposed rules should also apply to sailing vessels; in fact, they are applicable to every possible condition of steam and sail vessel, and herein lies their advantage. HENRY H. GORRIDGE.

32 Waverley Place, New York City.

An officer of wide experience writes to the *Times* as follows: "In connection with the editorials in your columns in regard to the collision between the *Tallapoosa* and a schooner, I would like to furnish you with a few facts, premising that I know nothing about the actual case discussed, and as yet have formed no opinion, knowing full well that the vessel was not at fault. The vessel was on board of the two vessels are opposite. There are causes which tend to produce collision which I have not yet seen referred to, among which are first, Article VI. of the Act of Congress, "fixing certain rules and regulations for preventing collisions on the water." This article permits "small vessels during bad weather" to carry instead of the ordinary fixed side lights, lanterns which are to have the proper colors, and to carry lanterns which are to be exhibited on the proper side "in sufficient time to prevent collision" on the approach of any other vessel. The practical working of this rule is this: The two limited clauses, "small vessels" and "bad weather," are left very much to the discretion and judgment of, in the first case, the vessel's owner, in the second of her master. Small vessels generally carry small crews, and the duty of lookout is frequently devolved on a single boy, who, indulging frequently in small naps, and when, by good luck or bad, as may happen, is not sure to be awake, viz., the steersman, discovers a vessel near by, and failing, perhaps, to rouse somebody up soon enough, jumps himself to shove out the light, the small vessel left to her own devices naturally yaws considerably, and very much puzzles those on the other who are trying to keep clear of her.

The second clause, "bad weather," by a blunder the lanterns have not been properly placed, and catching up the provisions to be correct one, the light shows exhibits the wrong light, and a collision is the result, and the steamer, which probably had good lookouts, and had observed every proper precaution, is held to be to blame. This is not a theory, it is good hard fact, obtained from my personal experience, for I command a large steamer that does much coasting work, and although I have so far avoided a collision, there have been many times when for a few moments things looked doubtful. But a short time ago on a clear starlight night a vessel with no lights was discovered by our lookout a point on our port bow. We could make her out as a schooner, standing so that without changing our course we were sure to cross her stern, her port side being toward us. Suddenly a green light was shown us. A dozen of them would have convinced us that her head was toward us, but she was not, we were aft, so we stood on. Presently the blunder was discovered by somebody on board the schooner—probably "the old man" had turned out—and the proper red light was shown. This vessel, although not very large, was not very small, and the weather was not bad. Just such blunders produce collision. There is a second trivial source, which is the fact that many side lights are filled with cheap glass, and of such a nature as seldom, with difficulty in distinguishing the red light however poor it may be. It is different with the different red, green light and a turbid white one look very much alike at a distance, especially if the weather is a little hazy, and I have seen green lights which I could not have sworn were not white ones but for their location. White lights are carried only at mastheads, therefore naturally higher than the green side light, but between the height of the mast and the height of the side light, which means the lower mast, and that of the top of the rail of a large sailing ship, the difference is small—so small that when seen at such a distance that nothing but the light is visible it becomes another uncertain element in the problem—a problem to be solved with certainty and celerity.

It is a prevailing impression that steamers only carry white masthead lights. This is an error. Sailing vessels carry them when at anchor, and often along our coast, off harbors, schooners waiting for a tide anchor with all sail set, and if head spars cannot be seen it is not always easy to know that they are anchored, and pilot boats which are generally good-sized schooners, carry the white light at masthead well under way. To be sure, these are to burn a "flare," which marks them clearly enough when they burn it, but as this

occurs but once in fifteen minutes there is ample time between for a rapid steamer, misled by her light, to steer a course based on error of judgment. I have written the foregoing not with any intention of being unfair to the sailing vessel, but of the lately reported collision, but rather to show that with the best of management on both sides there are chances of collision, that with either party at all careless or not properly outfitted these chances are greatly increased, and that when after a collision, as is generally the case, all hands on board of one vessel swear exactly the opposite to those on the other, it is not necessarily an evidence of perjury on either side, nor of faulty management. Further, it sometimes happens that even the best of white lights are not perfect. Not long ago, running for the Narvesen Lights, and about ten miles off, two or three times the haze gave them so decided a red tinge, although there can be no purer white light than they, that had I not been perfectly certain of my position and of the true color of the lights I should have been puzzled, and I am not in the slightest colorblind.

KNICKERBOCKER Y. C. PENNANT MATCH.

THE Knickerbocker Y. C. sailed the second of their annual pennant matches on Aug. 26, over a course of 12 miles, from the club house to Fort Schuyler and back. There was plenty of wind from the southeast throughout the race.

The twelve boats were divided into eight classes, the Undine in the first and Maggie in the seventh, no competitors. Lizzie R. fifth class, was the first out to Fort Schuyler, with Nellie R. and Gracie behind her, the latter taking the lead home, with Nellie R. second. The times were:

FIRST CLASS—OPEN JIB AND MAINSAIL YACHTS.				
	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Undine.....	3 07 54	4 53 03	1 45 09	1 45 09
THIRD CLASS—OPEN JIB AND MAINSAIL YACHTS.				
Gracie.....	3 07 32	4 46 58	1 39 26	1 39 17 1/2
Vivid.....	3 07 41	5 02 29	1 54 58	1 54 58
FIFTH CLASS—CAT-RIGGED YACHTS.				
Black Hawk.....	3 07 04	5 19 45	2 12 41	2 08 41
Lizzie R.....	3 02 18	4 49 06	1 46 48	1 46 48
Nellie R.....	2 02 59	4 48 12	1 45 13	1 42 43
SIXTH CLASS—CAT-RIGGED.				
Gilt Edge.....	3 02 41	5 22 11	2 20 06	2 19 26
Truant.....	3 02 41	5 04 37	2 01 56	2 01 56
SEVENTH CLASS—CAT-RIGGED.				
Maggie.....	3 02 09	5 12 47	2 10 38	2 10 38
EIGHTH CLASS—CAT-RIGGED.				
Vaddie.....	3 03 36	5 22 05	2 18 29	2 18 29
Jean.....	3 03 16	5 20 37	2 17 21	2 20 54 1/2
Tonelle.....	3 02 18	5 27 24	2 25 06	2 25 51

OPEN YACHTS ON THE SOUND.

THE open boat races arranged by the Knickerbocker and Harlem Y. C. for Aug. 25 brought out 32 starters. The course for the first four classes was from a mark off Oak Point to and around the buoy off Throgg's Point and home, 10 miles in all, to be sailed twice, and for Classes 5 and 6 from the same starting point to College Point Buoy, thence to mark buoy off Fish Point and return, 15 miles. The allowances were: For Classes 1 to 4, 2m. to the foot; for Classes 5 and 6, 1 1/2m. At high water, 1 P. M., the boats were started, the wind being from S.E., making quick work. Off College Point the Martha Munn capsized, but no damage was done. The times of the boats were:

FIRST CLASS.				
	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Carrie Van Voorhis.....	1 12 43	4 45 30	3 32 47	3 32 47
Metamora.....	1 14 50	4 45 59	3 31 00	3 24 40
H. W. Beecher.....	1 11 36	4 51 06	3 39 30	3 30 10
Emma C.....	1 16 00	4 49 56	3 33 56	3 19 11
Vixen.....	1 14 43	4 49 45	3 35 02	3 18 22
SECOND CLASS.				
Nettie Thorp.....	1 12 01	4 45 25	3 34 25	3 34 25
Gracie.....	1 12 04	4 40 10	3 28 06	3 27 21
Rosita A.....	1 12 12	4 49 50	3 37 38	3 36 08
THIRD CLASS.				
Mamie.....	1 07 45	4 45 32	3 37 47	3 37 47
Daisy.....	1 07 57	4 58 32	3 50 35	3 46 15
Well-Known.....	1 08 22	5 02 00	3 53 38	3 48 28
Tip-Top.....	1 08 47	4 58 24	3 50 38	3 46 18
Just Woke Up.....	1 07 47	4 49 16	3 41 29	3 41 29
FOURTH CLASS.				
Martha M.....	1 06 37	Capized.		
Gussie.....	1 08 17	5 04 15	3 55 58	3 55 23
Gold Dust.....	1 08 30	4 45 55	3 38 25	3 37 25
White Fawn.....	1 08 24	Not timed.		
Ebel.....	1 09 10	Not timed.		
Adele.....	1 10 10	4 51 15	3 41 05	3 39 45
FIFTH CLASS.				
Bessie.....	1 01 40	3 52 51	2 51 11	2 49 07 1/2
Lone Star.....	1 02 04	Did not finish.		
M. J. Gilligan.....	1 02 47	3 59 00	2 56 13	2 50 13
Shadow.....	1 06 00			
Maggie.....	1 05 27	3 49 18	2 43 18	2 37 35 1/2
Bon Ton.....	1 05 27	4 45 21	2 42 54	2 36 54
SIXTH CLASS.				
B. Flat.....	1 04 08	4 03 26	2 59 18	2 59 18
Comedy.....	1 02 50	4 01 12	2 58 22	2 57 59 1/2
Little Deane.....	1 03 43	3 38 10	2 44 37	2 43 42
Jean.....	1 02 18	3 52 38	2 50 30	2 47 37 1/2
Katie C.....	1 03 17	4 07 56	3 04 39	2 58 57 1/2

O. R. Phenes..... 1 13 10 4 51 17 3 37 27 3 37 27
Jennie Willis..... 1 13 15 4 41 20 3 28 05 3 23 25
Vixen was first in class one, \$40; Emma C. second, \$20. In special class, Gracie, \$40, Nettie Thorp \$20; the third class, Just Woke Up, \$25, Daisy \$15; fourth, Gold Dust \$25, Adele \$15; fifth, Bon Ton \$25, Maggie \$15; sixth, Little Deane \$25, Jean \$15. In the special class Jennie Willis took the Gold Dust, Phenes second, Gracie was the pennant for best time over the course, and Bon Ton takes a similar prize over the short course.

THE MARGUERITE, 60-TON CUTTER.

THE name of Inman is a well-known one in the yachting circles of England and America, and it is not surprising that the vessel you are about to buy is a good one in every respect. The ears ago Inman turned out the principal revenue cruisers of the day for the British government, and at the same time was building yachts of every description and tonnage. As builders of the Alarm, *Lulworth*, *Albertine*, *Rosalind*, *Flying Cloud* and other noted racers, they represent a name for fast yachts and it is still well sustained in the present day. The *Marguerite*, 60-ton cutter, was designed by Mr. Richardson, naval architect, as was also the *Katie*, 10 tons, which Inman built in 1882.

There is now building at Lynington a craft which will be looked after with anxious eyes by the racing men of the English yachting fraternity, as her tonnage is at the present time unusual for a racer and will enable her, it is hoped, to preserve time well for the longer courses. The vessel is a 40-ton cutter, with a 60-ton keel, when they are matched against her. This yacht is a 60-ton cutter, Y. R. A. measurement, her dimensions being, we are told, 7 ft. 11 in. by 13 ft. 6 in. beam, and draft of water 12 ft. 6 in. She is of composite construction, viz., with steel framing and deck beams, and as we saw her in frame she looked to be an exceedingly strong boat, her diagonal plates, and stanchions being well put together and calculated to a nicety for the strength of the job. Her outside planking is of oak and American elm, fastened to the framing with forged metal nut and screw fastenings.

Her deck is of selected yellow pine, in narrow widths, the widest plank not being more than 3 in., while a portion of the deck forward in the wake of her capstan and chain fittings is of oak. The skylight, of oak, is of the best material, and the bulwarks and stanchions of the same material, all of American elm. The hull is of an exceptionally low for a yacht of her tonnage, being only about 10 in.

Probably the most interesting point of the whole job is the keel which is being fitted to the yacht. This stealer is about 55 tons in weight, and is shaped to the bottom of the yacht. It is a most satisfactory job, and was cast in one mould and then transported to its present location. It is fastened with diagonal bolts 3 in. in diameter, spaced every 10 in., and is credited to the builder as probably the largest lead keel that has ever been cast in one mould.

The yacht is to be coppered well up above the L. W. L. with cold rolled copper, and is to be launched early in May, 1885, to be ready for the Thames matches in June. The cabin arrangements are very elaborate, and she will be fitted with every convenience for cruising as well as racing. They consist of forecabin, pantry, captain's cabin, and a large stateroom, with two state cabins and after cabin, two ladies' cabin, two water closets and the usual lavatories, storerooms, etc. Under the saloon floor is a spacious saloon, and she has the ordinary saloon abaft the ladies' cabin. The fittings of the saloon and other cabins are of oak and yellow pine polished, and of the crew's quarters white pine, varnished bright. She will be manned by a picked crew of twelve hands all told.

Her spars are made by Laphorne of Gosport, and the builders are to furnish and complete her in every respect ready for sea. The spars are of selected Oregon pine, and the standing rigging is of improved steel wire rope. Blocks all internal iron strapped, and run-

ning gear of the best Europe and manilla hemp, made by her builders, who are also rope manufacturers. All her fittings for spars, etc., are made from the best brands of iron, exceedingly strong, yet light as possible, and all iron work is galvanized.

Her channels and chain plates are of special construction and made of steel, and increase her spread of rigging some three feet. She is fitted with one of Cantello's patent winch capstans, and is provided with good outfit of ground tackle in the shape of anchors, chains, and warps. She will have two boats fitted to davits built of yellow pine, and altogether the yacht will be the latest example of an English racing cutter.

She is being built to the order of Mr. Foster Connor, of Belfast, Ireland (who last season so pluckily sailed the 40-tonner Silver Star), from designs furnished by Mr. Alex. Richardson, of Liverpool, and the work is being carried out under the superintendence of Mr. Wm. Sheldcock, who has recently entered the firm of Inman & Co. as partner, after having been with the firm for twelve years.

THE OPEN RACES AT MARBLEHEAD.

THE open sweepstakes race of the Beverly Yacht Club at Marblehead this year while inferior in point of numbers and size to the wonderful turnout of last August, was, nevertheless, a most exciting event for spectators and competitors, and important as an index of the condition of yachting in the East. The turnout of 79 yachts, from 16 ft. to 34 ft. at the starting line, is one that no other club in the country can equal. The state of the weather may be judged from the fact that the race was postponed for several days, and the order of the nearly all, except those whose yachts were completely disabled, went over the course, and the shaking up that some of them received, will, no doubt, bear good results in stouter gear and ironwork, stronger boats, and a more substantial equipment generally. Shadow again leads first class, Hera was not in, and Lillie takes first; Bessie has first place, as last year; the second class centerboards did not fill as well, Erin being first here, and Bessie was in, and the order of the last year was considerably changed. Quason Mab takes first instead of fourth place, Bannert came home minus her mast, Vesper wins again in the small keels. As far as a comparison of speed can be made between keel and centerboard boats in the various classes, the difference is rather in favor of the board, but is so slight as to amount to nothing compared with the advantages on the side of the keel boat, while the latter are more numerous and better known, we may expect still further improvements in them.

While the aggregate value of the fleet will foot up to a pretty heavy sum, the average cost of the boats composing it is but small, well within the means of many young men with time and taste for yachting, but who do not take it up because they do not know what is within their reach. The small clubs about Boston offer to such an excellent opportunity to enjoy the sport to the fullest extent at a reasonable cost, and the tactics and maneuvers of the race, at least appreciate the opportunity. In New York as yet there is but little encouragement for such craft but we hope some day to see a fleet go out of the Narrows that will put even Marblehead Bay in the shade. Those who have taken part in the arrangements for even a small race will appreciate the amount of labor which such a contest as this brings to a regatta committee, and we congratulate them on the successful result of their efforts.

We are indebted for the following account to our correspondent, "Blue with a Gold Castle."

It seemed as if the weather would spoil the race. The 29th was cloudy, foggy and rainy, and the 30th opened with a light east wind and a pouring rain. However, the rain stopped about 8 A. M., the wind went round to S.W. and increased rapidly in force, and although the race could not start until about 11 A. M., the weather was satisfactory to all lovers of a breeze.

The race being a sweepstakes, it was not expected that the entry would be very large, and no attempt was made to rival the races of '79, '82 and '83. Some 50 starters were expected, and when 79 boats crossed the line in a smashing breeze, the club felt very well satisfied. By the kindness of Mr. M. K. Abbott, the Addie of the Eastern and Bessie of the Western, the judges were able to see the race from directly opposite the Y. C. house, the starting line being outside her.

The preparatory gun was fired exactly at 12, the advertised time, all the others following on the second given in the notice; by this time it was blowing quite hard from S.W., and outside a lively wind sea was getting up at right angles to a heavy swell, the reminder of last week's east winds.

The course in first class was as follows: From starting point, leaving black buoy 5 and 3 on starboard hand, Half-Way Rock on starboard hand, Whistling Buoy off the Graves on starboard hand, Pig Rock stakes, Roaring Bull, Tinker's Island, Tom Moore's Rock and black buoys Nos. 3 and 5 on port hand, to judges' yacht, 20 1/2 miles.

By this time the harbor was full of boats, including large numbers present spectators, among them the *Savannah*, *Isis*, the *Priscilla*, the *Edith*, *Caroline*, and the *Isis* and many other large yachts; the excursion steamer *Plymouth*, and three or four tug boats as well as several steam launches.

Four keels and as many centerboards were entered in first class, but it was generally supposed that at least one of the cracks, the *Magic*, would not start, as the wind was thought to be too much for her. The old *Forcible*, *Shadow*, was first to start at 12:35:57, with *Triton* eight seconds behind her, and *Isis* and *Caroline* a few minutes later. *Naïad* not putting in an appearance.

In second class *Transit* led off at 12:10:10, with *Crocket* just astern, and the rest in close order behind; every boat entered in this class started except *Eva*, who was on hand, prepared to race, but whose absence from the start was soon explained. A few working topsails were carried in this class but some of the boats were reefed.

The third class started at 12:22:10, with *Isis* leading off a fleet of ten keels and as many centerboards, every entry except *Rebie* starting; housed topsails and reefed sails were the rule in this class, which included nearly every crack boat of the size on the bay; this was also true of the second class keels, the fourth and fifth classes.

The fourth class was started at 12:35:41. *Joker* leading at 12:35:41, three seconds ahead of the New York sandbagger *Cruiser*, who started with a full sail, and *Isis* and *Caroline* a few minutes behind her. This class comprised twenty-two centerboards and seven keels, *Wildfire* being the only absentee; fully one-third of the boats were reefed before starting. Great interest was felt in this race to see what *Cruiser* would do in a breeze, many yachtsmen feeling confident that her string of victories would be broken, now that the Eastern boats were beginning to get their weather. At 12:45:15 the fifth class started, with *Isis* leading off, every entry on hand, *Mirage* leading off at 12:43:17, closely followed by *Flora Lee*.

By the time the little fellows were clear of the harbor, the schooner *Brenda* came in from outside with the *Eva* in tow, the latter having broken her gaff, while trying a preliminary spin. The *Brenda* was closely followed by the *Isis*, towing the sloop *Agnes*, whose mast had gone at the deck and the bowsprit at the stem; then came *Bannert* with a broken bowsprit, and *Isis* and *Caroline* a few minutes later. *Naïad* then a white sloop with her mainsail and boom on deck, and *Kismet* with a broken tiller, making it very evident that there was plenty of wind and sea outside.

The fourth and fifth classes sailed the following course inside Beverly Harbor: Leaving black buoy on Selman's Berth on port; black buoys Nos. 3, 5 and 7 on port; stakeboat off Curtis' Point on starboard; Bowditch's black buoy on starboard; red buoy No. 6 on port, to judges' yacht, 7 1/2 miles.

It was a free run to Curtis' Point, wind on the quarter to Bowditch's Ledge, and a dead beat back to the starting point. Almost every boat in fifth class and many in the fourth were reefed before starting, and nearly every cat and sloop in both classes showed the home line under reefs, *Thistle*, *Psyche*, *Imogene*, *Caprice* and a few others being the exceptions; the cutters all carried full sail.

Cruiser rounded Bowditch's with a good lead, but the minute she hauled in the wind, it was clear that it was too much for her, and soon a catboat went through her lee, then another and another went by, and she was beaten boat. *Thistle* was happy, the wind suited her, and she went to the front handsomely; but came throwing the whole race away by forgetting to leave No. 6 on p she sailed broad with a free wind, still outside but rather under lee of the islands. From Gale's to Bowditch it was close on the wind, and from this point home a dead beat across the harbor.

The favorites in both classes came to grief as soon as they felt the

force of the wind off buoy 5. Seabird lost her topmast but kept on and made a plucky race, while Banneret's mast broke short off about two-thirds above the deck, leaving her a complete wreck. Seabird was first in at 2:30:15, then Queen Mab 2:30:18. Among the keels Kitty led easily at 2:40:17, with the cutters Witch and Saracen making next best times.

The second and schooner classes sailed the following course: From starting point, leaving Black Buoy No. 5 and 3, Tom Moore's Rock, Tinker's Island, Roaring Bull and Pig Rock stakes on starboard hand, stakeboat off Spindle Rock at entrance to Swampscott Harbor on port hand, stakeboat No. 1 of Pig Rock on port hand, Pig Rock stakes, Roaring Bull, Tinker's Island, Tom Moore's Rock, and Black Buoy Nos. 3 and 5 on port hand to Judges' wharf, 13½ miles. Outside the whole way. As they hauled on the wind off No. 5 for the dead beat to the Pigs they got it hot and heavy, Raven's bowsprit broke short off of Tom Moore's; and Thialfi got a couple of heavy knockdowns. Topsails came in all round, and the boats pounded away against a heavy sea, Bessie at one time taking a dive that left seaweed on her jib and foresail. From Pigs to the Spindle it was jam on the wind on port tack, then most of them just fetched the Edge Rock boat, though a few had to make a tack. Here spinners went up for the run home, some reefs were shaken out and topsails set. Thialfi came in with a good lead at 3:55:55, then Countess 3:55:23, then Transit, Cricket, Gem, Bessie, first schooner 3:24:13, Polly leading the centerboards 3:27:45 and the rest.

The first class had it all outside, with a dead heat across the bay to the Graves, then a free run home; Shadow won with ease at 4:23:11; Lillie was first keel at 4:38:3; Egir lost her topmast at the Graves. In addition to the accidents given above some half dozen other boats lost topmasts.

Before the race Elsie protested against length of Flora Lee and Mirage. Flora Lee was measured, found to be 16.10 in place of 16.7; and her allowance figured on that basis. Mirage could not be picked out in the crowd, and is still to be measured.

Flora Lee and Charlotte G. protest that Sassacus and Elsie cut inside Buoy 6. These protests have not yet been decided by the judges and may change winners in fifth class.

Black Cloud protests that J. S. Poyen, Jr., forced her round while having right of way, if Poyen is ruled out, Bessie Ethel gets fourth prize. Joker protests against the length of Thialfi.

The race, on the whole, was the most successful that has been sailed for some time. Wind true and strong, no flukes, nearly all the crack boats in, and the number of starters, though small for an open race, was the largest of the season, and the largest on record for a sweepstakes. Summary as follows:

FIRST CLASS CENTERBOARDS.			
	Length.	Actual.	Corrected
Shadow, B., sloop, John Bryant.....	34.02	4 19 14	3 30 08
Cygnar, H., sloop, E. B. Rogers.....	33.05	4 57 57	4 07 44
Naiad and Magic did not start.			

SECOND CLASS CENTERBOARDS.			
Lillie, Bv., sloop, J. P. Gale.	Length.	Actual.	Corrected.
Viking, D., sloop, L. D. Shepard.	36.06	4 29 22	4 43 45
Egri, J., sloop, W. McCormick.	35.07	4 38 38	4 43 25
Triton, S. B., sloop, D. H. McKay.	35.02	4 45 01	4 57 23

SCHOONER CLASS.			
Bessie, B., Chas. P. Curtis.	Length.	Actual.	Corrected.
Cleopatra, S. Bay, Wm. Winslow.	32.02	3 07 12	2 38 57
	35.00	3 36 28	3 00 30

THIRD CLASS KEELS.			
Erin, Q., sloop, J. Carver.	Length.	Actual.	Corrected.
Folly, H., sloop, J. F. Shepard.	25.09	3 07 55	2 36 41
Eugenia, B., cat. I. S. Palmer.	25.05	3 07 51	2 35 56
Eva, B., sloop, Daniel Sargent.	25.10	Disab.	

FOURTH CLASS KEELS.			
Thialfi, B., sloop, Amos Cutting.	Length.	Actual.	Corrected.
Countess, B., Geo. B. Chase, sloop.	33.00	2 50 43	2 18 17
Transit, H., sloop, E. L. Hoyle.	26.09	2 57 00	2 20 55
Cricket, B., sloop, C. F. Adams, 8d.	29.11	2 59 23	2 19 23

FIFTH CLASS.			
Gem, B., sloop, H. W. Savage.	Length.	Actual.	Corrected.
Mist, Marblehead, sloop, W. E. Cummings.	30.03	3 00 27	2 24 17
Zelus, J., sloop, Jacob Rood.	26.05	3 00 39	2 19 25
Raven, B., sloop, G. H. Williams.	25.09	3 18 42	2 42 37
		3 29 07	2 48 30

SIXTH CLASS.			
Seabird, Bv., sloop, G. H. Forbush.	Length.	Actual.	Corrected.
Queen Mab, H., cat, Burwell & Litchfield.	32.01½	2 10 13	1 33 41
Black Cloud, C. A., slip, Brown & Cunningham.	22.10	2 10 26	1 33 24
J. S. Poyen, Jr., New, slip, Pierce & Bowen.	23.04	2 13 08	1 36 49

SEVENTH CLASS.			
Bessie Ethel, New, sloop, P. Ellis.	Length.	Actual.	Corrected.
M. A. Hamilton, Swampscott, cutter.	33.10	2 13 10	1 37 29
Jos. Hamilton.	33.11	2 15 15	1 44 06
Alda, Bv., sloop, W. H. Wilkinson.	23.09	2 19 29	1 44 32

EIGHTH CLASS.			
Pearl, L., sloop, F. J. Lee.	Length.	Actual.	Corrected.
Raldon, C. A., sloop, F. R. Martin.	23.02	2 20 26	1 45 17
Comfort, C. A., sloop, H. H. Paul.	21.08	2 23 32	1 46 54
Rebie did not start.		2 24 21	1 47 09
		2 32 33	1 54 25

NINTH CLASS.			
Kitty, Bv., sloop, E. H. Tarbell.	Length.	Actual.	Corrected.
Ruth, S. Bay, sloop, W. G. Remmon.	24.09	2 14 58	1 39 17
Saracen, Bv., cutter, W. P. Fowle.	23.07	2 18 37	1 44 39
Witch, B., cutter, B. B. Crownshield.	22.06	2 19 38	1 44 16

TENTH CLASS.			
Judith, J., sloop, E. T. Bigcon.	Length.	Actual.	Corrected.
Delia, H., cat, W. P. Thayer.	22.01	2 20 06	1 43 47
Nolan, S. B., sloop, O. Dana.	22.02	2 21 16	1 45 29
Mannie, S. Bay, cutter, E. L. Williams.	21.11	2 22 07	1 44 48
Lydia Adams, D., sloop, H. Davenport.	22.05	2 30 44	1 53 32
Banneret, H., sloop, J. F. Brown.	24.06	2 32 31	1 54 59
		2 37 38	2 00 46

ELEVENTH CLASS.			
Thialfi, S. B., cat, S. A. Freeman.	Length.	Actual.	Corrected.
Joker, H., cat, Geo. Coffin.	30.02	1 36 23	1 08 28
Pet, C., cat, J. W. McFarland.	19.03	1 37 12	1 08 34
Cruiser, B. & Larch, sloop, A. B. Alley.	20.06	1 38 19	1 09 39

TWELFTH CLASS.			
Comus, S. Bay, cat, John Newcomb.	Length.	Actual.	Corrected.
Herald, Q., sloop, W. B. Smith.	30.06	1 38 23	1 10 07
Zuntho, Nabant, sloop, John Cole.	30.09	1 39 40	1 09 44
Hornet, B., cat, H. L. Hargis.	18.03	1 40 46	1 12 30

THIRTEENTH CLASS.			
Snider, B., cat, Walter Abbott.	Length.	Actual.	Corrected.
Madelon, D., cat, W. A. Tucker.	20.07	1 41 34	1 13 34
Amy, Q., cat, E. W. Baxter.	20.09	1 42 18	1 13 18
Niobe, H., cat, F. L. Dunne.	20.01	1 42 52	1 13 12
Hestia, C. A., sloop, W. H. Dennen.	18.03	1 42 52	1 14 41
Myrle, H., cat, R. C. Poor.	19.01	1 43 24	1 14 54
Spray, Q., cat, H. M. Faxon.	18.04	1 43 24	1 14 38
Daisy, D., L., cat, F. W. Martin.	18.11	1 43 29	1 14 15

FOURTEENTH CLASS.			
Rita, B., cat, H. B. Richardson.	Length.	Actual.	Corrected.
Imogen, H., cat, B. T. Wendall.	18.03	1 46 32	1 16 29
Kismet, H., cat, H. W. Curtis.	18.06	1 49 81	1 19 51
Kittiwake, H., cat, C. E. Cunningham.	20.10	1 49 55	1 19 02
Samarita, E., cat, J. E. Peabody.	17.07	Disab.	
Helen, D., sloop, F. B. Hoiden.	17.07	Disab.	

FIFTEENTH CLASS.			
Vesper, W. L., cat, R. M. Benner.	Length.	Actual.	Corrected.
Carmita, B., cutter, C. H. W. Foster.	20.10	1 43 17	1 13 54
Vera, Marblehead, cat, Paine & Randall.	19.09	1 44 21	1 16 26
Fearless, S. B., cat, F. G. Cooley.	21.05	1 45 27	1 16 22
Caprice, B., cat, J. B. Rhodes.	17.07	1 46 50	1 19 31
Carlie B., S. B., cat, W. J. Benson.	17.03	1 46 50	1 19 51
Faith, Marblehead, cat, D. F. Follett.	17.03	1 56 41	1 29 12
		Not timed.	

SIXTEENTH CLASS.			
Sassacus, C. A., cat, B. Griffin.	Length.	Actual.	Corrected.
Flora Lee, S. B., cat, D. H. Lincoln.	16.10	1 43 45	1 10 40
Mirage, B., cat, L. M. Clark.	17.05	1 48 30	1 15 25
Elsie, Q., cat, C. F. Hardway.	16.07	1 41 31	1 16 35
Pert, New, sloop, Lincoln Coffin.	15.08	1 45 01	1 17 01
Psyche, B., cat, R. D. Sears.	17.05	1 52 45	1 18 22
Charlotte G., S. B., cat, G. G. Garraway.	17.07	1 53 23	1 21 27
Spark, C. A., sloop, F. H. Gaffney.	16.11	1 54 08	1 22 25
Tulip, B., cat, Gordon Dexter.	18.09	1 55 05	1 23 28
Frolic, W. L., cat, W. R. Blaney.	16.09	2 00 25	1 27 34
Snark, Marblehead, cat, 12.09	12.09	2 02 21	1 29 30

SEVENTEENTH CLASS.			
B. South Boston; S. Bay, Salem Bay; Q., Quincy; H., Hull; L., Lynn; C. A., Cape Ann; E., Eastern; New, Newburyport; W. L., West Lynn.	Length.	Actual.	Corrected.
		Not timed.	

The winners, barring protests, were: First class centerboards, Shadow; first class keel, Lillie, Viking, Egir; schooner class, Bessie; second class centerboard, Bessie Ethel; second class keel, Thialfi, Transit, Gem, Countess; third class centerboard, Queen Mab, Seabird, Black Cloud, J. S. Poyen, Jr.; third class keel, Kitty, Witch, Saracen, Ruth; fourth class centerboard, Thialfi, Joker, Pet, Comus, Cruiser; fourth class keel, Vesper, Vera, Carmita, Fearless, Caprice; fifth class, Sassacus, Flora Lee, Mirage, Elsie, Pert.

The tug Confidence, chartered by W. E. H. Lincoln, the photographer, managed, as usual, to get in the way at the start.

The judges were Messrs. Daniel Appleton, James H. Blake, W. A. Jeffries, George H. Richards, John Dane, W. Lloyd Jeffries.

BLUE WITH A GOLD CASTLE.

AN OCEAN TRAMP IN TROUBLE.—The dory Bibber, in which Captain Traynor was making the attempt to row across the Atlantic, was run into by a steamer during the night in longitude 51deg. 12min. She was turned over five times, her side stove in, and stern damaged. She was towed into St. Pierre, Martinique, on Aug. 26, where her captain will repair her and resume his voyage. On Aug. 18 she passed a dory with No. 4 on her bow, in which were two dead men.

GOLEET CUP RACE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Podgers's Cruise Along Shore—III." must indeed have been along-shore or somewhere too far off to see accurately the movements of the yachts. He says that in the race for the Goleet cups, "nothing was proven in favor of cutters." "The day was such that no test could be made, it was anybody's race; whichever happened to catch the breeze most favorably. The cutters were the most fortunate in their selection of tacks and kept together, standing to the southward, all the others kept to the northward. When the wind died, Comus came from the south and they were thus miles and miles to windward." To any one who was there this statement will sound so absurd that there seems to be little use in setting it right; but many of your readers will accept as final any report published in the Forest and Stream, and in the interest of fact and cutters, if you have the space, permit me to state as briefly as possible wherein Mr. Podgers is mistaken. The three cutters did not stick together. Approaching the buoy off Block Island they were as widely separated as possible. Wenonah from the start to Block Island buoy, passed every single-sticker in her class on the same stretch with them and under same conditions barring Ileen, who started behind her. First the Bedouin, who tacked some time after to the eastward, the following then, sloops, she tacked in the wake of Crusier and Michiel, going through the lee of each. The wind did come from the south and the sloops got it first, not miles and miles to leeward. After passing Gracie and establishing a long lead, Gracie tacked again to the southward, and afterward coming for the buoy on the same stretch with Ileen who had held her tack to the southward from the time the wind shifted, crossed ahead of Wenonah and rounded next after Ileen; but this victory, the result of finding a stronger breeze while Wenonah and Michiel were lying with very little, between this wind and Bedouin's from the eastward, was of short duration, for Wenonah again passed Gracie before the wind, and the result at the finish was Bedouin, Ileen, Wenonah, the three cutters. You will observe that I have incidentally contradicted every assertion of Podgers in his paragraph relating to the cutters. I do not desire to get into a newspaper controversy as to facts, but will refer to Mr. Gule and Mr. Earle's statement with regard to the statement or mine is most accurate, and trust that his next account of a yacht race will be from a more desirable point of view than "along shore."

THE CRUISER IN EASTERN WATERS.

The well-known little sandbagger Cruiser, of the Larchmont, Seawanhaka and Beverly Yacht Clubs, came round to Boston recently to sail a series of matches, which had been previously arranged.

Early in July she challenged Rebie, Spider, Hornet, Hoiden, Seabird, Queen Mab, Black Cloud, Viva, Thialfi, Amy and J. S. Poyen, Jr. Rebie and Poyen, who were the only ones to accept, sailed on July 10. Amy was so long in making terms that all the time was taken up before anything definite was arrived at, and the race was given up. The others accepted the challenge, Queen Mab stipulating for shifting ballast, the challenge being New England Yacht Racing Association rules. Working sail and stationary ballast.

Cruiser made her first appearance Saturday, Aug. 10, in the Hull Y. C. open race, wind very light from the east, and water like glass. She was named by her owner, Mr. A. B. Alley, Messrs. W. T. Alley, Fisher and Scott of her regular crew, and a local pilot, picked up that morning after the best men were taken up by local boats.

The result was that Black Cloud beat her one minute, she took second prize, beating Thialfi, Queen Mab and many others.

Aug. 16, in the morning, her first match came off at City Point with the Viva, H. T. Hutings, S. B. Y. C., a boat a little smaller than Cruiser, which is 30.6 water-line and over all, 9.9 beam, and 16in. draft.

There was a very light S.W. breeze, and the water like a millpond; just Cruiser's play. Course: From starting line between Thompson's Island and Fort Independence, leaving Coast Pasture Buoy on port, round Black Cloud, 1/2 mile, and then to starting point, 5/4 mile. Cruiser was named by Messrs. A. B. and W. S. Alley, Fisher, T. H. Cabot, of the Peri, and Arthur Dean, one of the best professionals round City Point.

Viva started first at 10:41:30, Cruiser 25 seconds behind; but Cruiser soon passed her, and at the end of the beat rounded Coast Pasture at 11:14:15; Viva, 11:17:15. Off the wind Cruiser gained steadily, and round Black Cloud at 12:01:15; Viva, 12:05:10. From Buoy 6 home it was a drift, Cruiser crossing at 12:42:40; Viva, 12:48:33.

In the afternoon she sailed her second match with the Thialfi, S. A. Freeman, S. B. Y. C., 20.5 water line, 23.6 over all. 8.5 beam, 2.4 draft. Wind better than the morning, but still light; course from starting point round Coast Pasture, No. 6, starting point, No. 6 and home to starting point, 5/4 mile. Cruiser was named by Messrs. A. B. and W. S. Alley, Fisher, T. H. Cabot, of the Peri, and Arthur Dean, one of the best professionals round City Point. Viva started first at 10:41:30, Cruiser 25 seconds behind; but Cruiser soon passed her, and at the end of the beat rounded Coast Pasture at 11:14:15; Viva, 11:17:15. Off the wind Cruiser gained steadily, and round Black Cloud at 12:01:15; Viva, 12:05:10. From Buoy 6 home it was a drift, Cruiser crossing at 12:42:40; Viva, 12:48:33.

Both matches were sailed cat-rig, stationary ballast, mainsail only, N. E. Y. R. A. rules. The judges for both were Mr. M. Bond, Referee, Mr. J. P. Phinney. Tuesday Cruiser sailed down to Marblehead in a dense fog.

Wednesday morning was fixed for the match with Hornet, but the fog rendered it impossible. Wednesday afternoon the fog cleared off and the catboat Hoiden, Mr. P. C. Severance, S. B. Y. C., 19.9ft. water-line, 23ft. beam, was named by Messrs. A. B. and W. S. Alley, Fisher, T. H. Cabot, of the Peri, and Arthur Dean, one of the best professionals round City Point. Hornet was named by Messrs. A. B. and W. S. Alley, Fisher, T. H. Cabot, of the Peri, and Arthur Dean, one of the best professionals round City Point.

Wendy very light S.E., and the race a foregone conclusion, as Hoiden is fast in a breeze, but of no use in a calm.

Hoiden got off at 3:24:15; Cruiser, 3:28:33. The wind was free to No. 3, and Cruiser soon took the lead, increasing it rapidly, till at No. 7 she was a long way ahead.

It was a dead beat to Archers Rock, and at Buoy 3 Cruiser had to fight her way through a calm streak, she succeeded, and getting a light air beyond, worked out to Archers's, and then started back to No. 7. Hoiden could not get on against the drift, and was forced to give up.

For some time was passed by Cruiser at No. 3 as she ran back. When Cruiser was at No. 3 for second time Hoiden had only reached No. 5, and gave up the race, going home to Marblehead, as it was evident Cruiser would be at Archers's ahead of her. Cruiser kept on and after a tiresome drift finished at 6:29:17. Judges, John Bryant, W. A. Jeffries.

Thursday morning early the match with Hornet was sailed in a very hard S.W. wind. Course, around Half Way rock and return, 6½ miles, terms same as for Hoiden, sea quite rough outside. Messrs. Alley had aboard Mr. Fisher, Mr. S. W. Burgess and Mr. Shaw.

Hornet is 18.11 waterline, 19.1 over all, 8.5 beam, 19in. draft, and is a light weight boat belonging to Mr. H. L. Harding, Beverly Y. C. Hornet started 7:50, Cruiser 7:50:59, both boats carrying full sail before the wind and Hornet holding her own. Cruiser's crew being posted on main sheet, outrigger, and the boat seeming to be buried.

At the Rock Cruiser took in two reefs, and here Hornet made her first mistake. She took in three reefs, and finding this too much, shook them all out half way home. This was as bad the other way, and she had to keep her sail shaking all the time, while Cruiser had a good full on.

Cruiser came home at 9:29:05, Hornet 9:41:50; corrected time, Cruiser 1:22:06, Hornet 1:44:17. Judge, W. Lloyd Jeffries. Had Hoiden had this breeze the result might have been different.

The match with the Queen Mab. Messrs. Burwell and Litchfield, Hull Y. C., were appointed for this morning. Queen Mab is 21.6 water-line, 24.8 over all, beam 10.8, draft 2.3. She was named by Messrs. A. B. and W. S. Alley, Fisher, T. H. Cabot, of the Peri, and Arthur Dean, one of the best professionals round City Point. Queen Mab was named by Messrs. A. B. and W. S. Alley, Fisher, T. H. Cabot, of the Peri, and Arthur Dean, one of the best professionals round City Point.

Queen Mab's crew was chosen as follows: Mr. M. Bond, Referee, Mr. J. P. Phinney. Tuesday Cruiser sailed down to Marblehead in a dense fog.

Wednesday morning was fixed for the match with Hornet, but the fog rendered it impossible. Wednesday afternoon the fog cleared off and the catboat Hoiden, Mr. P. C. Severance, S. B. Y. C., 19.9ft. water-line, 23ft. beam, was named by Messrs. A. B. and W. S. Alley, Fisher, T. H. Cabot, of the Peri, and Arthur Dean, one of the best professionals round City Point. Hornet was named by Messrs. A. B. and W. S. Alley, Fisher, T. H. Cabot, of the Peri, and Arthur Dean, one of the best professionals round City Point.

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It was a dead beat to Archers Rock, and at Buoy 3 Cruiser had to fight her way through a calm streak, she succeeded, and getting a light air beyond, worked out to Archers's, and then started back to No. 7. Hoiden could not get on against the drift, and was forced to give up.

A start was at once made for Abbott's Rock, but when it was reached, about 12 M., the wind had gone, leaving a light air only, and Queen Mab chose to forfeit the race. It is unfortunate the race was not sailed; the Queen is the best catboat matched with Cruiser, and would probably have won had she started, as a brisk breeze soon sprang up from a S.W., which would have enabled them to make the course without a head wind and her size would have told at this work.

Friday the 32d, Cruiser appeared with her small jib and mainsail rig for her race with sloop Seabird, Mr. Geo. S. Forbush, Bo. Y. C., 23.1½ water line, 25.8½ over all. 9.8 beam, 2.11 draft. Terms: stationary ballast N. E. Y. R. Rules: Seabird to carry jib, mainsail and small topsail; Cruiser was allowed the same, but of course could not set a topmast on a S.W., which would have enabled them to make the course without a head wind and her size would have told at this work. The start was made by Seabird at 11:13:55, Cruiser, 11:14:12. It was dead before it to the Beacon, and Seabird gained, Cruiser as usual being busy with the pumps, the Ledge was rounded as follows: Seabird 11:40:30, Cruiser 11:41:41. On the beat up they split tacks, and the Cruiser was left rounding the judges' boat at 12:30, while Seabird had rounded at 12:35:30, more than her allowance ahead. On the round, however, Cruiser gained a trifle, and the Ledge was rounded, Seabird 12:38:39, Cruiser 12:39. On the heat home Cruiser gained, and won the race on allowance as follows:

	Finish.	Actual.	Corrected.
Seabird.	1 21 34	1 38 25	1 37 05
Cruiser.	1 53 24	1 39 43	1 37 05

This was by far the best of the matches. Judges: for Cruiser, Mr. W. A. Jeffries; for Seabird, Mr. Stetson; referee, Dr. Bryant.

Saturday, the 33d, at Nahant, in the Beverly Y. C. race, wind very light, course 3¼ miles dead to windward and return, Cruiser beat Spider and won on allowance two minutes and a half on allowance, and distanced Rita, Mosquito and Witch. This race has been described in Forest and Stream.

Sunday, Aug. 30, she started in the Beverly sweepstakes in a strong S.W. wind, under single reefs and was overpowered, being beaten by Thialfi, Joker, Pet and Comus, as appears elsewhere. She was named by Messrs. Alley, one Boston amateur, and a loughshoreman, who was named at a dinner table in regard to the race. The general result seems to be that in light airs and smooth water no Eastern boat can look at her, but that in a wind and sea she can easily be beaten.

For every day comfortable sailing she cannot compare with the Eastern boats, as it takes a large, trained crew to handle her. She is very watertight and leaks like a sieve, but for a racer she is a success, and would win five out of six races right through the Cape.

BLUE WITH A GOLD CASTLE.

WRECK OF THE OI-KAZE.—This yacht was wrecked on Aug. 22, as described below in the Halifax morning Chronicle. She was built in 1850, and was of the OI-KAZE class, and was built in England. Her dimensions were, waterline 3ft. 3in., deck 3ft. 3in., beam 10ft. 6in., draft 5ft. She was enrolled in the

QUINCY Y. C., Aug. 28.—The third championship match was sailed on Thursday last, on Quincy Bay. The wind was fresh from south-west. The first class championship had already been won by Queen Mab, and by this race Joker takes second class. As each of the three boats in third class have won one race, it is necessary for them to sail again. The times were as follows:

FIRST CLASS.	Length.	Actual.	Corrected.
Erin, John Cavanagh.....	20.08	1 39 10	1 14 54

SECOND CLASS.

Joker, George Coffin.....	20.05	1 30 06	1 09 23
Niobe, F. L. Dunne.....	20.06	1 33 00	1 05 22
Pet, J. W. McFarland.....	20.01	1 35 57	1 07 53
Spray, H. M. Faxon.....	20.04	1 38 07	1 04 13
Wildfire, H. A. Keith.....	18.01	1 34 59	1 04 36
Parole, H. T. Bower.....	18.10	Not taken.	

THIRD CLASS.

Flora Lee, D. H. Lincoln.....	17 03	1 23 58	0 57 15
Zip, O. W. Morton.....	16 09	1 32 35	1 06 19
Ellin, C. F. Hardwick.....	16 09	Not taken.	

The judges were Messrs. E. W. Underwood, George A. Ordway and George Steward.

THE AMERICAN SHIPBUILDING CO.—A Philadelphia paper of recent date says that this company has been for some time in the hands of Receiver ex-Commander Gorringer, the former president of the company, who is engaged in completing the contracts taken by the company. The following work remains to be done: A large passenger steamer for the Merchants' and Miners' Transportation Company of Baltimore, a companion vessel to the Frassburg, built at the yard and recently put in service; a steamer for the Barney Dumping Barge Co., of New York; a small steamer for use in Mexican waters is nearly completed, and will soon be delivered. About 600 hands are now employed. It was stated at the office recently that upon closing up the business of the American Shipbuilding Co. Mr. Gorringer intends to organize a new company upon a plan he has now under consideration. The new organization, it is stated, will enter into business under very favorable auspices, with Mr. Gorringer at its head. It is thought the new company will be ready for organization in about two months.—The Iron Age.

MIGNONETTE.—The little yacht, described in the FOREST AND STREAM of March 6, 1884, has made her first cruise to New London, Narragansett Pier, Cuttyhunk, Tarpaulin Cove, Oak Bluffs, and Edgartown, returning to Newport, her crew consisting of her owner and his brother. Her performance, though only rigged for cruising, has been very satisfactory, and her appearance excited the admiration of

all who saw her. Her owner reports that she steers to perfection under her present rig, and puts in his evidence in favor of the double head rig, even on so small a boat.

A MODEL TRAP.—In the late challenge race of the Toronto Y. C. the sloop Mischief first signalized herself by blowing over at her moorings, and then capsizing during the race. Her dimensions are 21x7½ft. waterline, draft 1ft.

NEW HAVEN Y. C.—On Tuesday, the 26th ult., a race was sailed over the club course around Charles Island buoy, for a cup offered by the New Haven Register. But two yachts entered, the Vixen being aground and unable to get off. Ceres started first and soon had a good lead; Stranger's throat halliards carrying away and delaying her; but in spite of this accident, after repairing damages, she overtook Ceres, beating her by half an hour. The judges were Messrs. Dudley, Peck and Shepherd.

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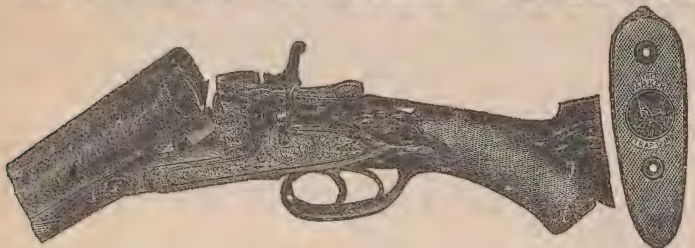
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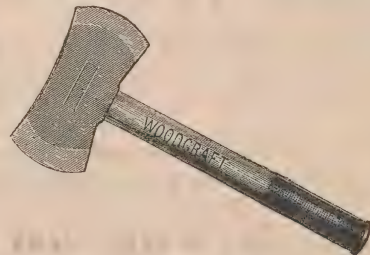
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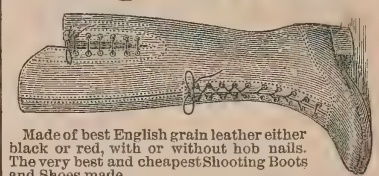
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VOL. XXIII.—No. 7.
Nos. 39 & 40 PARK ROW, NEW YORK.

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THE FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. Communications upon the subjects to which its pages are devoted are respectfully invited. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. No name will be published except with writer's consent. The Editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

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WYOMING GAME AND FISH.

SO far as talk and legislative enactments go, Wyoming is far ahead of the other Territories on all questions pertaining to game protection and fishculture. It has a game protective association, whose headquarters are in Cheyenne, and this association has originated much of the excellent legislation upon this subject. We have never been able to learn, however, that this body has done anything to enforce the laws which it has fathered. That the matter is one which presents many difficulties we are quite prepared to admit. Without funds to pay officers it is manifestly impossible to efficiently police a great and sparsely settled country; and if such necessary funds are not to be had in the thickly settled and wealthier districts of the East, as they are not, it is scarcely to be expected that they would be contributed by the busy settlers of a comparatively new country. One plan, however, might be adopted by this society, and at a merely nominal cost might prove very effective. Prominent among the officers and directors of the Wyoming Game Protective Association are a number of the leading stock men of the country, individuals who own thousands of head of cattle, or who represent corporations which own tens of thousands. Many of these men are officers, or are prominent in the councils, of the Wyoming Stock Growers' Association, a body which largely controls the most important interests of the Territory. If the men who are members both of the stock association and the game protective association could be induced to move actively in the matter, the stock detectives, employed by the former association, could be appointed deputy sheriffs with power to arrest all violators of the game laws as well as other offenders. These stock detectives are constantly traveling through the Territory, and in every direction, and would be the men of all others the most likely to run across parties of game butchers.

What is needed in the wilder sections of the West more than anything else—if our game is to be protected—is some one to frighten away the wholesale butchers. Something should be done to create an impression that the game is being looked after. If it were generally believed by the skin-

hunter and the English, Eastern and Western slaughtering parties, who now make annual trips to the mountains for game, that the Territorial statutes were rigidly enforced, there would be a general migration of such people to other regions where there were more lenient laws less stringently carried into effect.

That the game is going fast is more true now than ever before, but it has been repeated so often that people cease to heed the warning. The cry is becoming monotonous. It is going fast, and ultimately it must all go; but let us try to make its decrease as gradual as possible; let us protest against all useless slaughter.

In the matter of fishculture in Wyoming, on the other hand, we can see some tangible results. The fact that no trout are found in any of the streams flowing into the North Platte River, except such as have been planted in them, makes the question of fish food an interesting one to a large proportion of the inhabitants of the Territory. Among the newspapers which have urged the importance of the subject on the people, one of the most important is the Laramie *Sentinel*, whose editor, Doctor J. H. Hayford, is well known throughout the Territory as one of its most able and enterprising citizens. In a recent issue he gives an account of the steps recently taken in behalf of fishculture in Wyoming, and this account we publish elsewhere.

THE CREEDMOOR MEETING.

THE fall meeting at the national range opened on Tuesday last with a very fair showing for a good time. The hot weather made life on the range rather uncomfortable, but competition made it still warmer, and, with the steady wind which prevailed, the shooting was above the average. It looks as though the efforts of the board in offering liberal prize lists were to be rewarded with an abundant return in the way of entrance fees, and if it can be shown that free outlay meets a generous response from the marksmen, it is likely that our Creedmoor meetings will again become events of note. There is a fair representation among the several matches of the various shooting elements. The regulars are there as far as they can be spared, and the militia of three States show sufficient interest to put teams in the inter-State match. The individual matches seem to be well filled, enough in each at least to make a sharp struggle necessary if any prizes are to be taken. In fact, it is a meeting of experts, and it may be well to consider whether it is not wise in such gatherings to have a system of classified matches, as is the practice in trap-shooting, and so give the marksmen of inferior but growing skill some chance of securing a trophy. It seems likely that the five days of the meeting will be clear of bad weather. We hope they may, that the experiment of the board may have a full and complete trial. In our next issue a full report of the meetings with detailed scores, will be given.

THE NATIONAL BREEDERS' SHOW.

A VERY erroneous opinion appears to have obtained in certain quarters respecting the dog show which will be given in Philadelphia next month. A false impression has been created by the misinformation so industriously circulated by those who have for some reason, quite beyond conjecture, assumed an aggressive attitude to ward the proposed exhibition.

The National Breeders' show will be given a month later than the Pennsylvania State Agricultural Society's dog show. The latter will be under the auspices of the Philadelphia Kennel Club. That there might be no possible confusion in the public mind, the secretary of the October show withheld all public mention of that exhibition until such time as the entries of the September show should be in.

But pending the official announcement of the Breeders' show, the Philadelphia Kennel Club sent out circulars broadcast, denouncing it as a speculative affair and inimical to the kennel interests of the country. This journal was importuned to take a firm stand against the October show, on the ground that it was speculative. We declined to do so until we had some proof that it was as represented. We do not often have occasion to speak of individuals as parasites preying on dog owners; and when we do find it necessary to refer to people in this way, we always prefer first to know to whom the epithets are to apply. So we wrote to the gentleman who was reputed to be the secretary of the October show. His explanation of the origin and character of the exhibition was printed in the last number of this journal.

The facts being given, the charge that the show was to be speculative was at once seen to be utterly absurd. The sponsors are gentlemen of wealth and high standing: to de-

fend them from the silly charge of preying on dog owners and giving a dog show for speculative purposes would be an affront to themselves and to the public. To defend the judges from the abuse with which journalistic ignorance or malignity has already greeted them would be another affront to the intelligence and fair-mindedness of the public.

Having learned the facts, instead of denouncing the October show as a speculative venture, we said last week that the names of those connected with it were a sufficient guarantee of its good standing, and we added that we thought it would have the cordial support of owners, breeders and exhibitors. It surely deserves this, all the more now that it has weathered the thunderstorm of ill-advised opposition. We take pleasure in indulging the belief that those who have misconstrued its character, now that they are better informed, will gracefully change their attitude and give the gentlemen who are at the back of the National Breeders' Show their hearty co-operation.

BOY MARKSMEN.—This heading may appear somewhat of a bull, but a bull in a china shop does not create half the commotion that some of these boy shooters have made among the old crack shots. The lad Whitney has been creating something of a furore in the shoots about his Central New York home. He has been filling in his vacation by dropping in at shooting tournaments and scooping up the major prizes, while the grizzled old mug-hunters who have been calculating on a "sure thing" have been left badly out. He, the boy, will have a superabundance of small change for sweets and toys, while they, the M. Hs., will be sadly short on their tobacco allowance. It will become a serious question, if this thing is to go on, whether it will not be wise to get up a handicapping rule on an age allowance with an inverse ratio factor so that the veterans will stand in to the trap while the infant shooters will be back by the grand stand. The question will naturally arise, how is it that mere youths, who have had no training as shots, can pick up a gun, often an inferior one, and do much uniformly good work. There is in snap-shooting a certain knack, or instinct or trick, or whatever else it may be called which marks the good shot. It is that interaction of the brain, eye and hand, which must be brought into play if the shot is to be anything more than the wildest chance. This may be acquired by training and effort, and is so secured in the majority of cases. Occasionally it seems to exist naturally, and then the phenomenal shot appears conspicuous when he is a boy, not so much so when the ability is suddenly discovered by a full grown man. As this knack can be acquired so it can be lost, and it would not be surprising to see these wonderful marksmen of one season, prove very commonplace ones the next.

ANOTHER "DON'T."—Our list of cautionary "Don'ts," it appears, was not complete. We must add to it "Don't hang your loaded gun up on the wall." Here is an illustration of what happened to one man who did it: "Lightning struck the house of John Queen, of Jacob's Creek, Pa., knocked from the wall his loaded gun, and at the same instant his daughter Nancy dropped dead. The gun was discharged, and the contents struck her in the breast. Whether she met her death by the lightning or the shot will never be known."

THE SUFFOLK COUNTY PROTECTOR.—We notice in the papers a report that some of the Suffolk county sportsmen are moving to secure the withdrawal of the present occupant from the office of game protector, on the ground that he has not succeeded in breaking up the netting of wild fowl in Long Island waters. On the other hand, the game protector avers that he is not responsible for what is only an apparent dereliction on his part, and requests a suspension of judgment until the facts are known.

PHILADELPHIA DOG SHOW ENTRIES.—We have received a dispatch from Mr. Chas. Lincoln stating that the entries for the bench show of the Philadelphia Kennel Club number nearly six hundred, and that among them are very many fine animals.

THE YELLOWSTONE PARK.—One of the staff of this journal is visiting the National Yellowstone Park, a region with which former visits have made him familiar. The results of his present investigations there will be given in these columns.

HALF-COCKED.—A gun that goes off at half cock rarely hits any game. More often it is liable to wound the person holding it.

The Sportsman Tourist.

THE LOG OF THE BUCKTAIL.

DOWN THE TIADATTON.

TO call a bright, rapid river 140 miles in length a creek, is a misnomer. Wherefore I abjure the name, "Big Pine Creek," and use the Indian name, Tiadatton, which signifies River of Pines, and is especially appropriate. For, even at this day, after seventy-five years of lumber skinning, it is essentially a "River of Pines."

It is thirty-six years since I first chose this wild, beautiful stream, as my stamping and camping ground. At that time there were six sawmills, with their consequent boarding houses, between March Creek and Round Island. Each mill employed from twenty to forty hands the year round. For fifteen miles the river runs between mountains where there never was and never can be anything in the way of settlement or agriculture. So long as the "clear pine" lasted this region was quite lively. The axe resounded from hill to hill. The clank and clang of the gaud saw was incessant. When there came a "rafting flood," there was a constant procession of board rafts going down stream from daylight till dark. The whoop of the raftsmen was a constant quantity of hoodlum racket.

It is quiet enough now. Of the 200 choppers, sawyers, hunters, etc., not one is left. Of the six mills and the boarding houses there is not a vestige remaining, save one heavy timber that marks the site of Slide Island Dam, and two tumble-down stone chimneys that mark the spot where once stood the two Manchester boarding houses. It seems so strange that this region should be more wild, more lonely and silent to-day than it was thirty odd years ago. But such is the fact.

No man will ever know, even approximately, how many millions of pine lumber have been "rafted down" between these dark, fir-clad mountain spurs. To note the effect of this constant depletion of green timber is a part of my business. And what is the effect? How is the region thus depleted altered or affected in, let us say, a period of three decades. It goes without saying that in one or two seasons a terrific fire clears off dry tops, limbs and the inflammable debris always left in the wake of the lumberman. If the fire has been fierce enough to "kill the soil" the first after-growth is apt to be fire weeds as dense as hair on a dog. Then come the trailing blackberry, the fire cherry and small poplars or aspens, followed by scrub oaks. Sometimes the upright blackberry intervenes, followed by black and red raspberry vines. The original timber is seldom or never reproduced. In less than twenty years there is a more dense growth of cover than was cut off by the lumberman.

But the springs, the trout streams, the trout, the deer, have all suffered in the interim. They may and do recover to some extent, but the recovery is very slow. Where the land is susceptible of cultivation there is no chance of recovery. I can point to a score of hills that I have known at one time or another as little more than barren fire scalds, which are now covered with a dense growth of shrubs and timber. And the cover is better for game than it was thirty years ago; but the game is not there, for, as the hand of the lumberman is raised, the two hands of modern civilization come down heavily armed with the fatal breechloader. The shy, persecuted wild things are fearfully put to it for a breathing spell in which to reproduce themselves, for the roar of the 10 bore is quite apt to be heard in the close season. Perhaps even the open season would be sufficient, and violation of the law only hastens the time a little.

Some such reflections as these pass through my mind as I leisurely fan the Bucktail down Marsh Creek into the Tiadatton, almost past "Flat Rock," where I once stood on just such another bright June day, and took with the angle 350 fine brook trout between sunup and sundown. Was I then a trout hog? Not a bit of it. The trout were coming up on the June rise. Had I held my hand off not a trout of them would be alive to-day. And they were all used. So under the brightest of skies and waters, I paddle down to the "Eddy." Now the Eddy is an old favorite camping ground, not only with me, but with scores of outsiders and friends, with whom I have camped in the years long gone by.

I land up on the right hand side, and spend an hour making camp. It is an old story. Hemlock bark for fire, hemlock browse for bedding; the old shelter tent put up at a sharp pitch over a long strong pole sharpened at each end, the smaller end being planted in the bark of a large spreading elm, the huge trunk of the tree making excellent backing for a camp-fire, saving thereby much labor in cutting and packing back logs; and long before sundown I have established a cosy woodland home. About all the home I should ever need—if summer would hold. An hour spent in picking browse, another in collecting night wood, and there is still daylight enough left to catch a few minnows and stretch an outline across the foot of the Eddy, for the outline is my weakness, and I seldom camp for a single night on the banks of the river without putting out a few hooks. It is something that one can look forward to. It includes the comforting elements of hope, expectancy and uncertainty; also a possible breakfast of fresh fish. I like the outline, and if it be voted that this relegates me to the ranks of the pot-hunter, so be it.

In handling a canoe a pleasant, handy landing is of some importance, and this is quickly made by the aid of a couple of slabs held in place by as many stakes; a few feet of common trolling line by way of painter, and the Bucktail swings airily to her moorings, even as a thing of life. Never quite still, no matter how quiet the water; resting on the glassy surface like an egg-shell, and always in graceful motion, but so gently, so softly, that at times she seems motionless. I make it a point to moor a canoe where I can lie idly on a bed of browse, smoke and watch the graceful motion of the little craft, as by imperceptible degrees she takes in every point of the compass. And while engaged in this laudable occupation it happens that I forget all about it. The pipe tumbles on to the blanket, and I unconsciously drop off into a sweet, healthy, unremediated sleep—to be awakened by a nightmare dream that I am in the rapids of Niagara above the falls, and paddling for dear life to catch on to Goat Island. With a spasmodic jerk I sit on my "head's antipodes," and still the roar of the falls is in my ears; but only for a few seconds. My head gets level, and I remember where I am—at the Eddy, in camp for the first night of the season, after a long and bitter winter. And below, on the opposite bank, a bright flashing light comes glinting and gleaming athwart the open spaces among the trees, followed by a buckling, clattering noise of wheels, and a dimly seen line of coal cars limned against the opposite

mountain. Then comes the red stern-light of the caboose, and in less than a minute the whole affair has faded into distance and silence. Yes, the Pine Creek Railroad is an accomplished fact. Once I would have staked my existence that no engineer could plan and build a railroad along these mountain sides. I give it up. It is like a chapter from the Arabian Nights.

Thirty years ago, I and my favorite hunting chum, "Kit Stowell," were apt to spend the entire hunting season along this stream, and we often hugged ourselves with the argument that here no farmer or settler would ever attempt to clear land, and no engineer could ever plan and build a railroad. We knew that the high mountains were rich in coal, but three generations had paid taxes thereon and had never received one cent in return. The coal couldn't be got at, and the lands were repeatedly sold for taxes. Here she comes at last—the fiery-eyed locomotive. And the lands are worth \$200 per acre.

It is modern magic. The magic of science.

A double steel ribbon is dugged and planted in the steep, rocky mountain side, and almost hourly heavily laden coal trains go rattling and roaring up stream, while long trains of bark, timber, boards and merchandise go down stream, to be placed where they will do most good. And six to eight light passenger trains go over the road every twenty-four hours at high speed.

And do I, an old woodsman, regret this? On the whole, I rather like it.

A train does not stop to go marauding about my camp, nosing around to steal whisky and loose duff, as the old-time logger did. And I cannot see that the railroad interferes with the game or fish. I do not see why it should or could. Moreover, when I am ready to break camp I can step on to a car, take a cushioned seat, and in an hour or two be at my own door. Only four years ago this would have called for an exhaustive, all-day, up-and-down tramp with a heavy load. (I think I won't go back on railroads.)

Musing thus, and still smoking, I drop back on the fragrant browse and again forget, to be again awakened by the clashing, clattering roar of a passing train. But this time I only rise on one elbow, watch the gleaming headlight flash by, and drop off to slumber before the train is out of hearing, to once more awaken at the first gleaming of daylight. Starting the dull embers into a lively blaze, I step into the Bucktail, drop down a few yards, and overhaul the outline. The catch is not such as the conventional outer is wont to boast of. Just two silver-bellied eels, one of them large. As I take them in I say, "Two days' rations of first-rate fish. It is enough. More would be useless." Then I go to camp, wash up, clean the camp, make a model fire and dress the eels. By the way, an eel is more easily and quickly dressed than any other fish, if you know the proper way.

And it is yet only 5 A. M. The days are long on the 4th of June. I amuse myself by organizing the camp to my notion, and then cooking a plain meal in my best manner. Two slices of fish, parboiled, rolled in meal, and fried to a light brown; a mealy potato, a slice of brown bread and sweet butter, a cup of powerful coffee—that is all. But the appetite. Where did I get it? I wish I had boiled another potato or fried more fish. I will get even at dinner time.

There are fifteen hours of bright summer sunlight to pass somehow, before I shall again turn in. (I wish it were fifty instead of fifteen.) When the camp is in order, dishes washed, and everything clean and neat, I cut a long, slender rod, plant it firmly in the sand by the landing, with a bushy, genuine bucktail at the tip, as a camp signal. As the morning passenger train dashes by, friendly hands are waved in recognition, while the signal is frantically shaken in answer, and the train goes on its way leaving all silent and lonely as before.

There is a long summer day before me. The thermometer must be high up in the eighties, and it is necessary to kill the time in some way, more or less enjoyable. Now while the little shady flat on the west side of the Eddy is one of the finest camping spots on the stream, it is open to the objection that there is no available spring on that side, and your average Pennsylvanian always considers a cold, clear spring, the first requisite of his camping ground. It happens that on the opposite side of the Eddy, a cold spring comes dashing and splashing over cool, mossy rocks, to lose itself in the main stream. It is only pastime to paddle across whenever I want cold water.

The heavy stone rip-rapping of the railroad affords an excellent chance for a strong cache, which is indispensable in this region, for there is not a night during the open season in which you can lay by meat, fish or butter, where hedgehogs and coons will not find it. Their strength and persistency in digging out your larder is something surprising. I have a butter cup with a tight-fitting cover, and a square tin case for keeping pork, also with a tight cover. Time and again I have had these tins raided by raccoons, nosed around, wallowed in the mud, and moved yards away from the cache; but the covers stuck like burrs, and it must drive a coon frantic to work half the night in unearthing a butter cup and then with only one thickness of tin between his nose and the longed-for butter, be unable to get a taste of it. Unless the coon dialect has plenty of cuss words I don't see how he could ever get over it.

So I make a cache that I am certain is strong enough this time, and make a neat package with linden leaves for the fish; and then, like an old school boy, make a neat little pond just above where the spring loses itself in the river. This is to keep minnows for bait. And the forenoon is not half spent.

The sun beats down with scorching power on the placid waters of the Eddy. But up on the steep hillside I can see tall, heavy-topped, heavy-limbed hemlocks scattered around in a promiscuous sort of way. It is a good chance for browse. And so tying the blanket bag at one end, I go leisurely up the hill and kill a couple of hours collecting pine browse until the old blanket bag will hold no more. Then I paddle back to camp, and arrange the bed until there is no chance for further improvement. And still it is not dinner time. I get out the rod and soon have a dozen and a half of minnows darning around the little pond waiting to be impaled for bait.

Dinner is a repetition of breakfast, with the addition of a Johnny cake, in the making of which I rather count myself an expert. It is easy to kill the next two or three hours—cleaning up dishes and snuggling the camp, with dozing and smoking. Then I get out the set lines and cross over to the preserve to "string" the bait, and as I near the landing a large water snake comes directly from the little pond and swims clumsily across my bows. He is full to repletion, and has been stealing minnows past a doubt. But I do not kill him, I never kill a harmless snake. I do not admire him, but he is less offensive alive than dead. At the pond, with

the head of a small sunfish in his mouth, is another and larger snake. He, too, is full to the neck, and not at all disposed to be scary or give ground. When I take the fish by the caudal fin and pull gently but steadily he gets himself together and pulls against me with all his little strength, and when I finally drag the fish away from him he still remains in position, regarding me wickedly with his bright, bead-like eyes. When it was too late, I was sorry that I robbed him of his prey. It would be interesting to know if he, being already full to the neck, could manage to swallow a spiny sunfish three times as broad as his own head.

It takes an hour to make good the lost bait, for there are only four left in the pond, and by the time I have tied the setlines it is getting dusk. Now, if I were a trout enthusiast I could find very fair fly-fishing by going a couple of miles, but I am not. I had a surfeit of trout fishing and trout eating when they were really abundant, and the fervor has left me, forever, I imagine. I am here to rest, cruise, and enjoy open-air life.

The second night is one of sound sleep and healthful rest, scarcely broken by the roaring, rattling trains that go past almost hourly. In the early gray of the morning I get into the canoe and overhaul the outline, finding the catch rather a slim one for eighteen hooks, thirteen of them being bare. There are, however, three fine eels and a large white chub, the latter being a poor pan fish during warm weather. So, as he is lightly hooked, he is given his liberty. Also, on the last hook, just where the spring water turns around the rocks, there is a large trout hanging by the lip. As I judge her to be a female, and as catching trout on setlines goes against the stomach of my sense, she gets her liberty, and makes the most of it by dashing frantically up stream like an arrow. Long before sunrise the fish are dressed and snugly packed in moss and leaves. Then I paddle across to cache them and get out the others for breakfast, because, "first caught first cooked," is a good rule for fish and fishing.

It happens that the rule does not apply in the present instance. For, long before reaching the bank, I note a couple of dirty-looking tin dishes and a lot of torn, muddy leaves and moss scattered loosely along the margin of the stream.

The sharp-nosed coon has been there, and, as usual, has undermined the cache. The soft sand is thickly studded with his tracks, looking for all the world like the footprints of a ducky baby. The tracks of the fretful porcupine are also there, and I wonder how the two very different animals made it. Did they divvy up amicably, or did the sharp-nosed, sagacious coon get away with the entire steal? Or did the porcupine stand him off by dint of quills, which every wild animal dreads and avoids? And how did they feel about it when they found that the corner in pork and butter would not work, because the stock was "covered"? And the overfed water snake that I left in quiet possession of the pool. Did they make a "lame duck" of him, so to speak? I never shall know. The bright-eyed wood folk have their own mysterious exchange; but I do not get their reports regularly, and can only say that they beat me quite as often as I beat them.

NESSMUK.

Natural History.

ANTIDOTE FOR SERPENT'S VENOM.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your issue of Aug. 21, Mr. John Williamson speaks of the healing virtues of the plantain leaf for rattlesnake bites. Another remedy, which is, perhaps, not so easily obtainable but sure to have a beneficial effect if taken immediately after the bite, is simply a quart flask, or, if possible, what is yet better, a two quart flask of good whisky, into which is put about a handful of pounded sassafras root. Shake thoroughly, cork tightly and you have ready for immediate use one of the most powerful as well as certain expellants of snake venom that is known. It should be taken not only internally but externally as well by an application immediately to the wound.

Of this valuable remedy I learned when on a trout fishing excursion through Sullivan county. I had returned home tired, wet and hungry, to the cabin of my backwoods host and had just prepared my fish to become a "party of the second part" in a trout supper when, happening by mere chance to look on what in a more modern structure would be known as the mantle, my eyes fell upon two very interesting objects. The first was a set of rattles, which numbered fifteen; the second was the dried skin of an enormous copperhead. Of course, I asked the old man to tell me all about it, and he very willingly unbosomed himself. He said that in the fall of 1877 he was hunting deer, and was creeping through the bushes endeavoring to flank a large buck when, without any other warning than the usual rattle, a rattlesnake, one of the largest of its species, sprang upon him, sinking its fangs deep into his leg. Quick as thought he killed it with his hunting knife, bound tightly the limb above and below the wound and made hasty tracks for his cabin. Arriving there, he applied the whisky and sassafras root in the manner previously described, and in about ten days he had recovered.

On another occasion he was out trapping, when he was attacked by a copperhead, which bit him in the big toe of his left foot. This bite was treated to the same dose and in the same manner, and speedy recovery followed, while the skin and rattles were kept as trophies of his two snake adventures.

I also know a woman who was bitten in the foot while at the spring getting water, and who, after using the remedy, recovered fully and in a very short space of time.

C. A. R.

PITTSBURGH, Pa., Aug. 24.

In her book, "Snakes, Curiosities and Wonders of Serpent Life," Miss Catherine C. Hopley writes on the subject of "The Venoms and their Remedies," as follows:

"To conceive of an antidote to snake poison in the true sense of the term," Sir John Payrer explains, "one must imagine a substance so subtle as to follow, overtake and neutralize the venom in the blood; one that shall have the power of counteracting and neutralizing the deadly influence it has exerted on the vital forces. Such a substance has still to be found and our present experience of the action of drugs does not lead to hopeful anticipation that we shall find it."

With regard to the many drugs used in various countries for the cure of snake bite, it is curious to note that as a rule, they are procured from the most deadly plants. As like cures like, so poison cures poison. Pennyroyal, says Charas, was held to the nose of a viper, who, by turning and wriggling, labored hard to avoid it, and in half an hour's time

was killed by it. This was in July, at which season these creatures are computed to be in the greatest vigor of their poison.

Another drug which is poison to a venomous snake is tobacco, within the reach of most persons. This, among native remedies, has always been in favor, and we have heard of its efficacy ever since the weed was known to Europeans. Various species of tobacco and its allies are indigenous to most tropical countries, and probably were in use for both man and snake bites long before civilized nations took comfort in smoking. Man carries more poison in his mouth than a snake, said an old Virginian writer, alluding to nicotine. He can poison a rattlesnake more quickly than it can him. Nicholson states that it also rapidly affects a cobra, and he recommends it, should you wish to destroy the snake uninjured. "You have," he says, "but to blow into his mouth a drop or two of the oil from a dirty pipe."

Two young men chopping wood together in Virginia espied a rattlesnake. With a forked stick one of them held its head close to the ground, keeping the body constrained with his foot, while his comrade took from his own mouth a quid of tobacco which he forced into that of the snake. The reptile was then released, and had not crawled a couple of yards before it was convulsed, swelling and dying within a short time.

Strychnine appears to have a similar effect to tobacco on snakes. Fayer found cobras extremely susceptible to the influence of strychnine. An almost impalpable quantity caused a cobra to twist itself up in a rigid series of coils and die. Carbolic acid is another drug which produces powerful effects. Poured on the floor of their cages it will kill venomous snakes in a very short time. A large Bungarus died in ten minutes in this way.

Dr. Weir Mitchell approves of carbolic acid. The *Lancet* recommends every backwoodsman to supply himself with a little of it, which is easily portable and manageable in capillary tubes. In several of Mitchell's experiments with crotales venom, carbolic acid applied to the wound was attended with success. But it must be done at once.

The whole secret of cures—when cures can be effected at all—lies in promptness. It is celerity on the part of the Indians which insures their success. In an instant, if his comrade be bitten, the savage is on his knees sucking the wound, grasping the limb firmly or strapping it tightly above and below the bite, knowing quite well the importance of checking the circulation. He has his "poison pills," and tobacco in his pouch. He explodes gunpowder on the wound and loses not an instant, nor does the victim lose heart. He submits with courage and confidence, and in these lies another element of success.

Many cases are on record of persons being at death's door through fear alone, when bitten by a harmless snake, but recovering on being assured that there was no danger. And other cases are well known where bitten persons have died of fright and the depressing influence surrounding the accident, when they might possibly have recovered.

And now for a few words about the most popular and perhaps the most attainable of all remedies—alcohol. No wonder that the backwoodsman resorts to this, which, without any chopping-off of fingers or toes, or personal pyrotechnics, or other local tortures, deadens his sensibilities, renders him unconscious of all suffering, and sends him into a happy obliviousness of danger. It is not a refined mode of treatment, nor one that presents many opportunities of exhibiting professional skill; and it is no doubt somewhat derogatory to admit that to become dead drunk is an effective victory against snake venom. During a sojourn in Iowa some years ago, when wild and uncultured lands formed the "streets" of the town in which I was staying—Lyons, on the Mississippi River, and as lovely a spot as artists and botanists can wish to revel in—it was by no means an infrequent occurrence to hear of rattlesnake bites.

"What was to be done to the man? Is he alive?" were questions naturally asked.

"He drank a quart of raw whisky and got dead drunk."

Generally a quart had the desired effect, that is, of causing intoxication. Persons unused to intoxicants might be affected by a less quantity, but so violent is the combat between venom and whisky that a large dose must be swallowed before any effects at all are produced. I heard of a man in Nevada, George Terhune, a teamster (I give his name, having reason to believe the truth of the story) who was bitten in the hand by a rattlesnake while stooping to reach some water out of a spring. The man was alone and far away from human habitations. It was an instinctive and momentary business first to kill the snake; then rushing to his wagon, he drew the bung from a keg of whisky and took a large draught of the contents. After swallowing as much as he could, he took some tobacco from his pocket, saturated that with whisky, and applied this poultice to his hand. He then proceeded with his team, drinking whisky at intervals, until he reached a dwelling, when he removed the poultice and found that the wound had turned green. Applying another of the same kind, he resumed his journey and his potent doses, reaching his destination the next day as sober as a judge, having imbibed enough fire-water to intoxicate a dozen men.

The quantity sometimes swallowed under such circumstances is utterly incredible. Professor Halford describes a snake-bite, near Melbourne, in which two bottles of brandy were drunk without any symptoms of intoxication, and another of a girl of fourteen, who, when bitten by an Australian snake, drank three bottles without being intoxicated. She recovered.

Alcohol has powerful attractions for oxygen, writes Professor Halford, on the theory that the venom has produced foreign cells in the blood; so that if alcohol engage the oxygen absorbed by the poison, the cells perish and recovery ensues. Dr. Shortt, of Madras, says: Bring the patient under the influence of intoxication as speedily as possible; make him drunk and keep him drunk until the virus is overcome. Dr. Weir Mitchell states that delicate women and young children under the influence of snake poison could take quarts of brandy without injury, and almost without effect. One man—a man of temperate habits—took one quart and a half pint of brandy, which only slightly intoxicated him for about four hours. Another man, bitten in the throat, was cured at the end of twenty-four hours, during which time he had two quarts of whisky in one night, and renewed, as the pulse fell, besides red pepper and other stimulants.

WHEN THE AMERICAN ORNITHOLOGICAL UNION convenes we hope the members will take up the discussion of the destruction of small birds by irresponsible gunners and by taxidermists' agents.

SMALL BIRD DESTRUCTION.

Editor Forest and Stream:

THE FOREST AND STREAM has said many good words for the protection of our song and insectivorous birds, but the missionary work is not all done yet. An importer of millinery goods is authority for the statement that from the south shore of Massachusetts, including Cape Cod, there have been shipped to Liverpool during the past year about 40,000 tern, a species of small gull or sea swallow, common in that locality. They go to Liverpool and thence to Paris, where they are prepared for ornamenting ladies' hats. They are shipped from Massachusetts at twenty-five cents a piece, but the wholesale dealer in millinery goods imports them into this country again at \$2 each, though they are largely worn in Paris.

What is to be done to save these birds? It is of not the slightest use to ask Dame Fashion to put her veto upon the wearing of them. The only hope is that they will soon be out of style, and that the worst is over for this time.

Our government is to be asked to appoint specialists to investigate the subject of the dying out of the spruce trees in the northeastern part of the domain. Some insect is eating around the stems and spruce lumber is endangered by the wholesale. Well, men and boys go into the woods by scores nowadays, and in the absence of other living creatures what do they shoot? Insectivorous birds. Woodpeckers have been among the first victims to fall before the "gunning craze." Twenty years ago, in the vicinity of these very spruces that are dying out, woodpeckers were numerous. To-day they are scarce. What does the woodpecker do? Bores for insects day after day. Kill off the woodpeckers and what is the result? The answer is plain; the insects multiply till whole spruce forests are in danger. Then, worse yet, these dead trees are almost sure to be followed by fire.

Only a few years ago the Canada jay was very common in the vicinity of the Androscoggin Lakes. That region has been made easy of access to the would-be hunter. Alas! every boy who goes into those woods in season and out of season, is armed with a shotgun or a rifle. For what? To shoot bears. But the poor Canada jay, a pretty bird, falls the victim. To-day not one is to be seen in a day's tramp, and the spruce trees are dying. There is law enough in the most of the States to save the birds, but how is it to be enforced? The birds are shot miles away from anybody who will inform against the destroyers. The only way is to create a stronger public sentiment. Make every man and boy who is likely to carry a gun feel that it is a wicked shame to destroy the life of song and insectivorous birds. You, dear FOREST AND STREAM, are doing a noble work in that direction, and I speak it right out here, although I suppose you will blush like a ripe peach—good to the very core—with modesty.

RECENT ARRIVALS AT THE PHILADELPHIA ZOOLOGICAL GARDEN.—Purchased—One red-bellied squirrel (*Sciurus aureogaster*), male; two European squirrels (*Sciurus vulgaris*), male and female; two passerine parakeets (*Psittacula passerina*), male and female; four cactus conures (*Conurus cactorum*), two males and two females; one blue-streaked lory (*Eos reticulata*), and four undulated grass parakeets (*Melospiza undulata*). Presented—Two opossums (*Didelphys virginiana*), one flying squirrel (*Gliricorys volucella*), one red squirrel (*Sciurus hudsonicus*), one black and white creeper (*Amphispiza varia*), two great horned owls (*Bubo virginianus*), two land tortoise (*Emys guttata*), one mud turtle (*Cinosternum pennsylvanicum*), one alligator (*Alligator mississippiensis*), one banded rattlesnake (*Crotalus horridus*), and one copperhead snake (*Ancistrodon contortrix*). Born in the Garden—One fallow deer (*Cervus dama*), female.

Game Bag and Gun.

BULLET VERSUS BUCKSHOT.

Editor Forest and Stream:

When "Piute's" communication on the barbarisms of buckshot appeared in your issue of July 24, I could not but commend the feelings and sentiments it expressed. I had, however, purposed to have said nothing on the subject, inasmuch as I did not then think that any one professing to be a sportsman would openly advocate the "barbaric" usages of buckshot for hunting deer, but since "Wells," "Backwoods" and "S." have entered the lists in its favor, I join hands with "Piute" in protesting against it.

Time and again have I heard the virtues of a double-barrel load of buckshot descanted on, but never for the purpose of killing deer. Occasionally I have seen it used with terrible effect, and believed at the time that it was the right thing in the right place, but the game was not "the most beautiful animal in creation" referred to. "When in Rome do as Rome does," says "Backwoods," writing from West Virginia. But the use of buckshot for the purpose he indorses can hardly be the custom there. The West Virginians were, I thought, famous for their skill in the use of the rifle, at least they were so accounted when I was a boy (for I too am a West Virginian), and I believed until I saw "Backwoods's" letter that the rifle still had charms for that sport-loving, backwoods people. But be that as it may, the custom of hunting deer with buckshot is not common in the West. At all events I do not know it, and I have lived in that section for quite a while. Our hills are more wild and broken, and in places the undergrowth more incomparably denser than any afforded by West Virginia, North Carolina, or in fact any State east of the Rocky Mountains, and yet the rifle for deer hunting is almost invariably used.

The sharp, clear, clean crack of a rifle is peculiarly fascinating to the hunter, the broad, bawling bang of a buckshot-laden gun is abhorrent to the soul of a sportsman. It is I know to that class of men hereabouts. These go-between sportsmen, these buckshot bangers belong to that category of men, who, through the columns of the FOREST AND STREAM, have for the past six months been clamoring for a more deadly and destructive hunting rifle. This broad assertion will, I know, hit many a good man but poor hunter, for such they certainly are who demand a better rifle than any now in use for the killing of any animal that walks that part of the earth bounded by the Atlantic and Pacific oceans. There may be, as "Backwoods" claims, a pro and con to the game, but it is hard to make those who have been there see it. Buckshot has its legitimate uses, but killing deer is not one of them. "Hand cannon" finds no favor for that class of sport in the West, and, I fancy, with none but "go betweens" in the East. Not on the plea of humanity, however good that may be, but because it is not sportsmanlike.

Rifle shooting is an art perhaps not easily acquired, but when once learned it is never again surrendered for a hand cannon and buckshot. To be a successful sportsman, other

than target practice must be had; with that alone a bullseye hitter would be an unsafe man to wager on as a deer killer. Familiarity with the rifle in the haunts of the beast hunted is essential to success. Get that, and in ordinary conditions the chances are in your favor. This I say from personal knowledge. I am free to believe that there are many better marksmen than myself, but the woods are not full of them, for if venison is procurable I can get it and at the same time give the deer the advantage of his first jump. This may be regarded as a vaunt, but I have many times sprung two deer together and killed them both, and that too with a single shot (Sharps) rifle. I once killed three under the same conditions. The knack of the thing is to kill the leading animal and those in the rear will momentarily slacken their speed when it tumbles.

The last deer that I ever drew trigger on was distant possibly 400 yards. We were much closer together when it first started, but the configuration of the country was such that I could not again see it until it reached the crest of a ridge at about the distance stated. As it came in sight I fired, unfortunately as I then thought; the deer hesitated before crossing to the other side at the instant I pulled the trigger. I imagined, as the deer sprang back and headed down the swale it had just left, that the bullet had cut the ground immediately in its front; in fact, I thought that I had seen it strike. I ran to the crest of a ridge lower down, hoping to get a second shot if it again attempted to cross the hills, but not seeing it I concluded that it had kept on down and into the canyon below. Curious to see what had become of my bullet, I went to where I imagined it had struck. To my surprise, the rocks and grass were splashed with blood, and not 100 yards below lay my deer, with its jugular vein cut in two. It was the nearest thing done I ever saw. I had calculated for a shoulder shot, and the sudden halt on the part of his buckskin came near losing me my venison. I have killed deer with a revolver at 200 yards. I have killed them with a rifle not 10 feet from me, in fact with nothing but a small jutting boulder between us, and again I have downed them at almost incredible distances. The longest shot I ever made may be put down to chance, if such a thing there be, but I made it with the best possible calculations.

The wind at the time was blowing hard, and as it seemed to insist on going my direction, turn which way I would, I found it almost impossible to get a glimpse at a deer, to say nothing about getting a shot at one. I consequently headed toward camp, and for easier travel held to the backbone of a mountain spur that debouched into a wide and broken cañon below, in which myself and comrades had at that time made our home. At the extreme point of this ridge I saw several deer disappear. I stood for a moment to watch, if possible, the course taken, when I saw what afterward proved to be a spiked buck, standing head and shoulders past a big pine tree, and looking up the hill directly toward me. To approach closer, under the circumstances, I knew would not be possible, and to attempt the shot looked foolish; but as it was that or none, I determined to venture it. So, raising my sights to the 800-yard notch, I fired, off-hand, twice at where I thought the deer to be, for I could not see it through the sights, but it never flinched other than to uncover itself a little more.

I then put in practice a little frontier lore and lined his body with the tree against which he stood. I lowered my hind sight one notch, and marked in lieu thereof sufficient space above the deer's back to make it good, for I believed I needed every notch, and thus cleared my sights from the dark body that would otherwise have been before them, and again fired. My game vanished in an instant, and not until I reached it was I certain of its fate. I found it a short distance below the tree walking on its fore feet and dragging its hindquarters, which were perfectly helpless. Having dispatched it, I looked in vain for other wounds than the cut throat, the work of my knife, but could find none. I went back to the tree, the rough bark had been burst off for an inch in depth, showing plainly the course the bullet had taken, but that was all. Nor was the problem solved till the deer was skinned in camp, when a black spot about the size of a silver dollar on one side of the backbone, showed where the bullet had struck, and although it had not broken the skin, it had still carried sufficient force to paralyze the deer in its hinder parts.

I cite this last shot, however extreme it may be, to prove to "S." that deer are more "comatable" with a rifle than with a shotgun. It is but now and then that you can catch a deer nodding. From 300 to 500 yards is a fair killing distance and one that no handy rifleman will refuse. Deer in the West are not targetable any more than are the deer in the East. When in the rut they, under certain circumstances, are an easy prey, but the same law holds good everywhere.

In the rutting season I have seen from one to a dozen males keep company with one female, and had I been so minded, could in almost every instance have killed them all. The secret is first kill the doe, and as the bucks will not leave her body, they fall an easy prey to any one unscrupulous enough to kill them, but as this fact is not known to hunters generally, they blaze away at the first thing they see with horns on, and the doe with the major part of her coterie, invariably escapes. The bucks at this time have great swollen necks and are dangerous to approach, this I know from an encounter that then bade fair to cost my life, but it was a chance to use my rifle and not shotgun I prayed for.

Perhaps, like "Piute," I may be accused of trying to bolster up the virtues of a cheap rifle, and possibly I may be induced to acknowledge the soft impeachment. High-priced guns are not common to every man's hands. A plain, solid-looking shooting iron, with indorsed qualifications for accuracy and reliance, is good enough for me. A few years, or perhaps a few months, of constant service, such as they were formerly subjected to in Arizona, will take the polish (and that generally is what the high price consists of) and leave a high-priced gun as modest-looking as its less pretentious but equally as efficient fellows. A Sharps carbine that stood my friend in many a dark corner, cost me but \$26 new, and now they can be bought much cheaper. But it was a worker, and did what it was told to do. What manner of man is he that asks more? Before it parted company with me (by sticking to a greaser's hands) it looked old and travel worn, but in my grasp it was still as true as the magnet to the pole. I missed many times, but the fault was mine, not its. An armory of shotguns could not have replaced the loss. I have another of the same make, but it was given to me. I own a little shotgun that likewise came to me as a gift. I use it to collect a few bird skins occasionally, and now and then for a day at ducks or quail. For such uses it is, of course, fitted, but to ram in 12 or 25 buckshot and thus convert it into a "hand cannon" for the pur-

pose of banging at deer, is not to be considered. If the advocates of that practice will abandon it for the rifle when deer hunting they will, on a proper qualification for its use, have a clearer, far-searching eye, a steadier nerve, kill more game, a cleaner conscience and be entitled to rank themselves as sportsmen the world over. I respectfully ask every buckshot banger that reads the *FOREST AND STREAM* to try it.

ADIOS.

TUCSON, ARIZONA, Aug. 26.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have handled both bullets and buckshot and shall not try to give any other than my own experience and views. There may be a few kinds of hunting, such as quail and duck shooting and some others of a kindred nature where a rifle would be of little use. But for hunting anything larger, be it bird or beast, my choice upon all occasions would be the rifle in preference to the shotgun. I am aware that the subject scarcely includes hunting anything smaller than deer, but let us enlarge the subject and consider in general the rifle compared with the shotgun.

If the object in hunting were simply to procure a delicacy for the table or camp then I must heartily indorse "Cap Lock" in last week's issue, for I scarcely ever saw a dish of small game that had been killed with shot that could be called a delicacy. Compare a dish of squirrels killed with shot, splintered bones, wads of hair, bloodshot meat (and a shot between your teeth now and then for variety), with a dish of the same killed by a rifle, the meat as white and clean as the finest veal or mutton. And suppose we do occasionally shoot one through the body, if the wounded part be removed when dressed the remainder is far preferable to that killed with shot.

But the principal object in hunting generally is not so much in the meat obtained as in the enjoyments of the chase. In this tastes differ. But on the score of mercy I think the rifle has decidedly the advantage. For my own part I can find more pleasure in quietly following the wild creatures of the woods and fields and studying their ways and habits and seeing them enjoy their liberty undisturbed, than in a wholesale slaughter of everything endowed with life, whatever be the means used.

I have hunted nearly every species of game known to our country smaller than buffalo and grizzly bear, in the woods of the East, on the prairies of the West, and from the lakes and glades of Northern Minnesota to the pine flats and cypress swamps of Louisiana and the plains of Texas, and I can say that when my immediate wants were supplied I never had a desire to kill just for the sake of killing. But when I want meat then I love to pit my reasoning faculties and skill with the rifle against the instinct and cunning of the denizens of the woods.

How much more well-earned is a saddle of venison if the hunter has followed the antlered monarch of the woods into his most secluded haunts, and by superior cunning has brought down the coy king with a single bullet, than if he has simply stood upon a runway and hurled a handful of buckshot from a hand-cannon at his flying and unsuspecting victim, as he was endeavoring to escape from a dozen hounds. The skill and cunning in the latter case are simply and solely on the part of the hounds. I know it takes a certain amount of skill to kill a quail or prairie chicken on the wing with a shotgun, for I have been there, and I also know how much practice and skill it takes to enable a man to hit a squirrel's or pheasant's head with a rifle or to hit the vital part of a deer at 200 yards, and I pride myself more upon my skill to bring down game at long range with a single bullet, than to riddle it with shot at short range, as any boy or half-blind old man might do.

LEW WILLOW.

LEVERTON, MO.

OPENING DAY AT WORCESTER.

ONE could hardly imagine a more glorious day for the opening of partridge shooting than was Monday, Sept. 1, and there was something a little peculiar about it. The last days of August were hot and sultry, and as the boys gathered in "Shattuck's," it was the general prediction that all who went shooting on "opening day" would pay dearly for their fun. It appeared, however, on Saturday evening, that about everybody had concluded to go, and there was a large and lively party at the "rendezvous" till quite a late hour. Conversation ran brisk, and remarks like the following could be heard on all sides: "Who you going with?" "Which way you going?" "What time going to start?" "Bet you the cigars no party of two gets fifteen" (no takers). "Guess that's safe enough," etc. Monday morning dawned with a clear sky, a fresh breeze from the northwest, and as cool and comfortable as heart could wish. Many a ride of five to ten miles had been taken, and many a Worcester sportsman was in cover before 7 o'clock.

Never do I remember of finding the foliage so dense on the first of September as the present year, the covers appearing about as they usually do the last of June. Many a bird was pointed and flushed within twenty feet of the shooter that was never seen till the dog brought it in, the shot having been fired merely at sound. There is, without doubt, a fair supply of partridges in this vicinity. Some of our fellows had their ideas very high, and because the woods where they happened to go was not fairly alive with them, are inclined to be disappointed. However, the results of the first day show conclusively that the birds are more plenty than for many years. It does not require a bushel of birds to satisfy your correspondent, therefore his first day's shooting was entirely satisfactory. My shooting companion was "Uncle" Nathan Harrington, and just here let me say that I believe we have not failed of going together on opening day for about a dozen years if I except the season following the amputation of his foot at the instep, the result of an accident while fox hunting some eight years ago.

The old gentleman is now seventy years old, but he enjoys the sport with all the zest of a young man. His eyesight has failed him somewhat and he is obliged to shoot with glasses; notwithstanding he can do very creditable work, and his powers of endurance are something truly wonderful, an excellent example of what field sports will do for a man physically, for while "Uncle Nathan" has always been a thrifty, industrious man, he has done a goodly amount of shooting for more than fifty consecutive years. Our bag consisted of six partridges and two woodcock. Happy Jim D. was one of a party of three who bagged nineteen birds, eleven partridges and eight woodcock. If Jim killed a brown rabbit he forgot to mention it. Mr. S. had three friends in his party and reported seventeen partridges to four guns. The best individual bag reported was killed by Ed. Whittaker and consisted of eleven partridges. There were many others who got good bags, and nearly every one had at least a fair shoot and a good time generally.

Now comes the peculiar part mentioned at the commencement of this letter. Monday, Sept. 1, was like an oasis in a desert—for it has been followed by a succession of the most blistering hot days we have known for years. Meantime the birds are taking a rest. The evil resulting from the present woodcock law was exemplified here the last week in August. A man who hunted through a woodcock cover about three miles from the city, bagged three partridges in this way: His dog brought them to him. One dead, freshly killed, the other two alive, one with both legs broken. A gentleman living in the neighborhood informed him that a party was shooting there the day previous. The fox hunters are looking forward to the first of October with high anticipations. They give the dogs an occasional run on moonlight evenings just to keep them in good trim, while their owners sit and listen to the delicious music.

The other night while Messrs. Kinney & White's pack were taking a run the leader of the pack met with a fatal mishap. The fox had apparently run under a picket fence and the dog in attempting to leap over, fell back, caught on a picket by his collar and strangled. Mr. Kinney feels the loss deeply, as it was his most valuable dog and exceedingly hard to replace.

E. SPRAGUE KNOWLES.

WORCESTER, MASS., Sept. 8, 1894.

ILLINOIS SHOOTING GROUNDS.

THANKS to Mr. Van Dyke for his "Memories of Senachwine Lake." It is still a famous resort and large bags are made there every season, though no doubt the game is less plentiful than it was twenty years ago. At that time I resided in Peoria, and then the whole Illinois River was the paradise of sportsmen. The local sportsmen of Peoria had their choice of Hoosaw Slough, at the northern extremity of Peoria Lake (the latter a widening of the river ten miles or so in length) or Bessan Lake in the bottoms, a mile or so below the town, and indeed of many points on both lake and river. I was the happy possessor of a boat, a set of decoys and two guns (this was in muzzleloading days), and a ten minutes' row would bring me among the ducks or to the best of snipe ground. I never saw such woodcock shooting as could be had in the bottoms opposite town, and in these same bottoms back among the farms nearer the bluffs quail were always plentiful, while a twenty mile trip by rail either east or west would bring one among the "chickens." Happy the man whose lot is cast beside such a stream as the Illinois was at that time. What with geese, duck and snipe in the spring, woodcock and bay birds in the summer, and all of the flight birds again in the fall, grouse and quail until January, our guns were kept warm for ten months in the year. Then the fishing was not to be despised, although the bass as a general thing rarely exceeded three pounds.

I had a shooting companion, one of the best of fellows but a little nervous, and I always kept one eye open to see that he didn't blow my head off. He is a gray-haired old man now, and I have not seen him for nearly twenty years, but there has been some kindly correspondence and a tender feeling still for the old time comradeship. Well, I'm getting pretty gray myself, and I find that shooting from a blind suits me better than July and August tramps after woodcock and prairie chickens.

Our own bags were always moderate—enough for our use and that of our neighbors—but the market hunters would come home with their boats loaded to the gunwales. But I don't care to imperil my reputation for truth and veracity by stating just how plenty geese and ducks were in the height of the season.

The summer has been so dry here that woodcock shooting has been very poor. Ruffed grouse are more plentiful than in the last few years, and give promise of some fine shooting this fall. Should I go to Dakota for geese in October you may hear from me after my return.

HARRY HUNTER.

HIGHLAND PARK, ILL.

NEW YORK GAME LAWS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

There seems just now to be considerable discussion as to the game laws and the enforcement of the same. Only last session the member of Assembly for Suffolk county introduced an act to amend the game laws by permitting the snaring of quail. The execution of these laws requires much tact, patience and care to render them as little obnoxious as possible, and a preventive system is the best to adopt. The owners of the land think they ought to have some voice in making the laws, and that the laws should not be made (as they believe them to be) for the benefit of the self-styled gentleman sportsman, who often is the first to break them when it is for his pleasure and amusement to do so. There can be no question as to the advisability of restraining the snaring of quail and partridge, and as to the latter the men and boys engaged in it do not make the wages they could get by legitimate work. Yet let an officer do anything that interfered with the personal liberty or the property of any one of these men and boys and the people and press of the county would give him no rest. As to snaring quail, many owners and farmers think it an injustice to them that their boys cannot enjoy this pleasure, but the law in this respect should be enforced or this beautiful bird will soon become almost extinct, as the prices they now command would give a great impetus to the taking of them. Still the sportsmen, most of whom are non-residents, should not be in too much haste or they will get no shooting at all, as already threats out of revenge have been made to poison the birds. The people for years have been educated to believe they are entitled to do what they please with the game upon their own land, and have claimed and enjoyed this privilege in contradistinction to the great abuse so freely imposed by the game laws in England. The people are, however, now becoming more reconciled to the game laws here, and it only requires time to convince them that the law is not only not prejudicial to them, but a benefit, and increases the value of their property.

I would cursorily examine the means we have for the enforcement of these laws. There is a State game protector for four counties in this district, a game constable in each town, and a bay constable in some of the towns. The game constable is elected at the town meeting, and his becomes a political office of no value either to the people or to himself. Who knows of a single prosecution having been made by them? The State game protector is appointed by the Governor, and subject to removal by him alone. His duties are onerous and under the present laws the means of performing them unsatisfactory. He gets no credit and is a target for every man who thinks he can make himself of some consequence in writing an attacking letter to some periodical or to serve a revengeful spirit for some personal notice unconnected with the office. If the law could be so framed

as to give the protector power to appoint deputies for special purposes, he would at once become an important officer and would be able to serve the people to his own and their satisfaction. The cry now is why does he not rigidly enforce the law, birds are being snared by the thousand. Does this mean that he is expected to seize and arrest in doubtful cases? Suppose we admit the facts of birds being snared contrary to law, the law is framed in such a way that a breach of it cannot be reached. Remedy the law and then hold the protector responsible, but he is not to be blamed in anything that is defective and which he had no hand in making, his duty is to take it as it is and make the best of it. If the sportsmen would get together and frame a law for the next Legislature and get the practical experience of the game protector, a great deal might be accomplished.

There should be framed separate acts, one for game, birds, etc., and one for fish, and not combined, for the reason that if there be an objectionable clause in the fish act it would throw out the whole bill although that part with reference to game may be unobjectionable, and *vice versa*. The gentleman who is now the game protector in this district published his views in the *FOREST AND STREAM* some two years ago; those views which related to seasons for shooting have been adopted by the State of New Jersey, and are almost identical with the law sought to be passed by the State Association at the last Legislature.

One word as to the ducks in the bays. There is a growing dissatisfaction by the people at the wholesale slaughter of ducks by shooting from batteries, more especially in the Shinnecock and East bays. The ducks no sooner get to their feeding grounds than there are dozens of guns blazing away at them, which drive the ducks to sea and into Peconic Bay and some of them entirely away. I have heard that one man owns six batteries there. Then as to the netting, it is against the law to take ducks in nets, and no doubt it will be stopped. I understand it only remains with the Commissioners to give instructions to the game protector and he shall have no alternative but to take just such steps as they may direct. The netting is not as bad as the battery shooting—if neither were used there would be splendid shooting along the banks and points of the bay, and why should Shinnecock Bay be excepted by this act, to serve the interest of half a dozen persons to the injury of hundreds. Mr. Editor, I propose in a future letter to show you what the fishing interest is and what kind of fish is caught in the South Side bays.

BETA.

GAME LAW JURISDICTION.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Would it be possible for a citizen of the State of Illinois—provided with proper evidence—to secure in one of the United States district courts in the State of Illinois, the conviction and punishment of a citizen of Iowa, who had violated the laws enacted by his own State for the preservation of game and fish, the object being, of course, to make it very expensive and troublesome to the law breaker? It is very difficult to secure convictions before local magistrates in many parts of the West.

CIBOLO.

NEW YORK.

ANSWER.—The laws of Iowa for the protection of its game and fish provide for that class of crime known as offenses against public policy. They are criminal statutes inflicting punishment by fine or imprisonment in the county jail, or both, and, therefore, should be strictly construed. The forum in which offenders are to be prosecuted is expressly designated. Violators of the game laws may be brought to trial either in the county in which the offense was committed, or in any other county where they have had or have in their possession game in violation of the statutes.

Punishment for infraction of the fish laws is provided for on conviction before a justice of the peace, or in the language of one of the statutes "on conviction before a justice of the peace in the township in which he [the offender] resides, or where the offense be committed, if arrested therein."

Further than that, the district court would have no jurisdiction of the subject of the action. United States courts were long ago held to be without criminal jurisdiction in common law cases, unless conferred by an act of Congress, making the deed a crime. A former Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court is authority for the statement that no man can be prosecuted in the Federal courts on a State law. Although jurisdiction of parties may be obtained by their consent, it is otherwise as to the subject of the action. Where the subject matter of any suit is not within the court's jurisdiction everything done is void.

Our correspondent's inquiry, therefore, must be answered in the negative. First, because the game and fish acts of Iowa designate a court for prosecuting offenders other than the one he desires to proceed in; and, second, because the U. S. District Courts of Illinois could have no jurisdiction.

THE SEASON OPENS IN MICHIGAN.

SEPT. 1 was ushered in, not by the booming of cannon, as is the 4th of July (although not enough for a first-class 4th), but by the incessant booming of the shotgun from every point of the compass. Nor did our market-hunters wait for the first, but took a good early start by going out Saturday night and Sunday, so as to be first on the grounds. There were some good bags brought in on Monday and Tuesday, the largest consisting of fourteen ruffed grouse, eleven prairie chickens and five ducks, by two guns (market-hunters). These men make no secret of it that they did most of the shooting on Sunday, Aug. 31. Very few woodcock have been brought in. Quail shooting will be excellent in November from all reports. Several gentlemen of this city have purchased a forty-acre tract of marsh land on Fish Point, Saginaw Bay, and have formed a club without by-laws but plenty of constitution, and Messrs. Adams, Whitehead and Cooley are up there now giving the ducks a salute. We expect to hear some big duck stories on their return, and perhaps have a bone to pick, as they are veteran duck hunters and generally "git thar."

Knowing full well that the early bird catches the worm (that is some kinds of worms), still I have had no desire as yet to overheat myself or dog by taking a tramp this hot weather. Old Pard looks at me once in awhile, when he sees the ardent sportsman going by with his gun, as if he would say: "Why can't we go too?" but I only pat him on the head and say, "Never mind, Pard, we may not get so many birds, and we may have to go further after them, but we'll have heaps more fun when our time comes." Pard likes to fish as well as hunt, and I generally take him when I go; he will go to the banks of the river and fish alone for hours, and will actually stand as if on a point when he sees a fish, and woe be unto the minnow that comes too close. "I

never saw him get quite so excited, however, as he did yesterday, when a friend who was fishing with me hooked a pickerel which weighed 10½ pounds; from the first leap of the fish out of the water the dog was all excitement and watched intently every move of fish and fisherman, and twice, as the fish broke water, Pard started in to retrieve it; he felt very much hurt to think he could not take a hand in, but when the fish was landed safely he was content to lay down and wait for another bite. I have seen dogs that would hunt frogs, but never saw one take the interest in fishing that he does. "You can know a man by the dog he keeps."

RASELSTONE.

NOTES FROM BOSTON.

A GOOD number of the boys have "been a gunning," and the reports thus far are quite satisfactory. From Maine comes the news, carefully mouthed around among friends, that partridges are plenty—more plenty than for several seasons in that State. Two Boston merchants went up to the "old haunts" to try guns and rods last week. They went up as far as Bethel, Oxford county, Me., by Eastern Grand Trunk Railroads, and then by team some sixteen miles "up into the mountains." They met a brother-in-law with team all ready to start next morning at 4 o'clock. One of them with the brother-in-law tried the trout stream, catching twenty, as hot as was Friday. He says the trout are actually larger than when he fished the stream as a boy, and such is the fact in many of the mountain streams where fishing has not been overdone. The other brother strolled over the hills with shotgun in hand. His score was six grouse before sundown and two were shot on the way home; the brother-in-law's horse submitting quietly to firing over his head at a partridge rising from the road. The party came home well pleased with one day's outing, and they need not have been more than three days from Boston. The what some are pleased to call excessive game protection in Maine is likely to be felt most agreeably by the gunners even this the second season.

The hunting parties which will go to Maine this fall are more numerous than ever. A party of four will leave Boston on the evening of the 15th per steamer for Machias, where they hope to arrive the next day at noon. A lumberman is engaged to meet them at the steamer with a two-horse team, and their luggage will be loaded while the boys are at dinner. By 1 o'clock they hope to be on their way into the woods. They are going back sixty miles from Machias, the last half day of the route by logging road—to some lumber camps—which they hope to reach by night of the second day. But the hunting begins earlier, for the route is through the woods and much of the distance will be tramped ahead of the team. Reports have it that the deer are standing in rows beside the road waiting to be shot; but, alas! the open season does not begin till Oct. 1. For this reason the boys are to stay over that date. SPECIAL.

WOODCHUCKS IN NEW HAMPSHIRE.—State Treasurer Carter, of New Hampshire, has received and placed on file the bills for bounties on wild animals from forty-three towns, most of which include only the animals killed prior to July 1. These bills amount to \$1,782.90, of which sum \$1,251.70 is on woodchucks alone, \$301.20 on crows and \$230 on bears. It is a singular fact that the towns along the Connecticut River have remarkably large woodchuck bills. Lyme leads the list with a total bill of \$183.90 for 1,729 woodchucks, 1 bear and 10 crows; Lebanon claims \$164 for 1,640 woodchucks; Hanover \$158.80 for 1,229 woodchucks, 359 crows; Charlestown, \$96.70 for 735 woodchucks, 232 crows; Haverhill, \$68.60, all crows; Milan, \$31.50 for 3 bears, 5 crows, 10 woodchucks; Littleton, \$86.80, all woodchucks; Cornish, \$69.20, all woodchucks; Sullivan, \$8.60, 12 crows, 74 woodchucks; Washington received \$25.40, all woodchucks; Croyden, \$17.10, all woodchucks; Goffstown, \$10.80, all woodchucks; Whitefield, \$29.60, all woodchucks; South Newmarket, \$3.50; Litchfield, \$4.10, all woodchucks; Randolph, \$10.20, 1 bear, 2 woodchucks; Troy, \$8.40, 6 crows, 78 woodchucks; Fitzwilliam, \$18.90, all woodchucks; Shelburne, \$2.60, all woodchucks; Westmoreland, \$82.30, 74 crows, 749 woodchucks; Meredith, \$44.30, 54 crows, 389 woodchucks; Belmont, \$12.60, 24 crows, 102 woodchucks; Gilsum, \$20.20, 2 crows, 200 woodchucks; Alstead, \$51.40, all woodchucks; Salers, \$5.40, all woodchucks; Dummer, \$57.80, 5 bears, 78 woodchucks; Waterville, \$40, 4 bears; Lee, \$20.40, 193 crows, 11 woodchucks; Derry, \$5.60, all crows; Dorchester, \$9.10, 29 crows, 62 woodchucks; Campton, \$39.80, 123 crows, 175 woodchucks; Pittsburgh, \$20, 2 bears; Langdon, \$26.20, 57 crows, 205 woodchucks; Seabrook, \$11.30, 63 crows, 50 woodchucks; New Ipswich, \$11.80, 52 crows, 66 woodchucks; Madison, \$15, all woodchucks; Canaan, \$96.90, 116 crows, 553 woodchucks; Tiltonborough, \$33, 328 crows, 2 woodchucks; Rindge, \$19.20, all crows; Thornton, \$18, 80 crows, 1 bear; Wentworth, \$50.70, 4 bears, 55 crows, 52 woodchucks; Unity, \$35.70, 166 crows, 191 woodchucks; Marlow, \$33.70, all woodchucks; Stratford, \$23.80, 38 crows, 2 bears.

RAIL SHOOTING.—A very unexpected run of good morning tides favored the rail shooters of our city during the past week, which was the opening one of the season. This was caused by the approach of the full moon, although the winds have been unfavorable for much water. Birds have not been plentiful, and the boats ran from twelve up to thirty to a tide. During the coming week it is expected there will be larger tides, and if the weather changes many birds will be killed. Most of our Philadelphia sportsmen who are fond of rail shooting go further down the river than the old grounds at the Lazaretto and Chester. Alloways Creek on the Jersey shore, Port Penn on the Delaware side, and Morris River are now the favorite resorts of the wise ones. At any of these places good accommodations can be secured, and it will repay New York sportsmen who have never had rail shooting to run over and try it for a few days. The crop of reed is good, and later on in September teal duck shooting can be taken on the same grounds and at the same time. Some snipe have already arrived, but the meadows are so rank with vegetation that they are difficult to find.—HOMO.

GAME IN QUEBEC AND VERMONT.—Montreal, Quebec, Sept. 4, 1884.—The season opened up here and in Northern Vermont but fairly. Some good bags of black and wood ducks have been made but no snipe and but few woodcock have been killed. Cause, too much killing during the past years, too little protection during the close season, the cold backward spring followed by the dry hot weather in July and August, each of the above causes have helped to make the birds scarce in this vicinity.—STANSTEAD.

GAME IN NEW YORK MARKETS.—Venison is from Michigan, Minnesota and the Adirondacks. It brings by the whole deer 15 cents a pound, or 25 cents a pound if sold in small pieces. Antelope is 25 cents and bear meat 20 cents a pound. Wild pigeons cost \$2.50 a dozen; stall-fed pigeons are \$3.50 a dozen. Partridges cost \$1.75 a pair. Grouse are 75 cents each. Spruce grouse, that feed in spruce forests and whose flesh has a flavor of the spruce, are 75 cents a pair. Woodcock are from Rhode Island, Connecticut and this State; they bring \$1.75 a pair. Willet snipe cost 15 cents each, curlew snipe 25 cents, deer birds 50 cents and English snipe 20 cents each. Jersey snipe are 25 cents, plover 25 cents and grass plover 40 cents each. Corn plover and small yellow legs are \$1.50 a dozen. Large yellow legs cost \$3, doewitch are \$1.50, robin snipe \$1.50, brant snipe \$1.50 and bay plover \$3 a dozen. Small snipe bring 25 cents a dozen. Reed birds are 75 cents a dozen. Rabbits are 50 cents a pair and American hares \$1 each. Duck fillets are 20 cents each. Guinea fowl are \$1 and wild geese are \$1 each. Swans are \$1.50 each. Canvasback ducks cost \$3 a brace. Redhead and brant ducks are \$1.50 a brace. Mallard ducks cost \$1 a brace, as do black ducks. Teal ducks cost 75 cents each, taking greenwing 87½ cents, and gray, wood, broadbill, blackhead and widgeons 75 cents a brace.

CATCHING A RUFFED GROUSE ON THE WING.—Years ago, when I was a boy, I lived on a farm in the town of Salem, N. Y. Our farmhouse was situated in a pleasant valley, between two ranges of wooded hills, which in those days abounded in partridges. Near the close of one summer's day, having finished my work in an adjoining field, I had driven home to the well (in front of the house) to water the horses. They had drank and started for the barn. As I was walking along behind I chanced to look toward the hills and saw something come sailing along; at first I could not tell what, but as it came nearer I saw it was a partridge. I followed its flight with my eye, thinking if it should alight I would get my gun and shoot it. After flying part way across the meadow, it circled around and flew straight as an arrow to where I was standing, and would undoubtedly have hit me in the face had I not put up my hand and caught it firmly. It came with such force as to nearly upset me. For a moment I was too astonished to think or act, but recovering my senses found I had in my hand a full-grown partridge; and so far as I could see it was without a scratch. I carried it to the house, and after showing it to the folks put it in a barrel. On going to look at it next morning I found it dead.—D. L. I. (Albany, N. Y.).

IOWA.—Decorah, Sept. 6.—Last Saturday (Aug. 30) three men living in Decorah, were arrested for violating the game law by shooting prairie chickens before Sept. 1, they each plead guilty to shooting one bird a piece and were convicted and fined in all \$88.45, each man, or thirty days in county jail. This is the first time that the game laws have been put into force in this county and I think it will be a lesson to a good many other law breakers in this section of country. I wish we could get some one into the Legislature who would try and urge the appointment of game wardens, as the way the law is now it makes it too personal a matter to prosecute.—FAIR PLAY.

A PROVINCIAL ASSOCIATION.—At the last monthly meeting of the Toronto Gun Club, held in their rooms, 120 King street, East, Toronto, Ont., the following resolution was passed: Resolved, That the secretary send a communication to the city papers calling upon the secretaries of all organized shooting clubs in the Province of Ontario to send to him their addresses and name of such clubs, for the purpose of forming a Provincial Association for the better protection of game.—J. W. MILLAR (Hon. Sec'y, 99 King street, East).

QUAIL SHOOTING AT CAPE COD, MASS.—A few weeks ago I wrote to a gunner at Harwich, Mass., who keeps well posted on quail, to find out what the prospect for quail shooting is this fall. The man states that he can't bear of any young ones being seen by any one, and is afraid that the heavy rains which we have had this season during the last two months has drowned many of the young birds.—CHESTER.

A STATEN ISLAND WARNING.—A gunner on Staten Island bagged three robins and a highholder last Friday. Justice Casey at West Brighton sentenced him to the county jail for five days for each bird found in his gamebag.

MAINE COMPANION WANTED.—Editor Forest and Stream: I wish to find a FOREST AND STREAM reader who would like to spend a week or two in October at some of the lakes in Maine.—C. (P. O. Box 1547, Philadelphia).

Camp Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

136.

AMONG the many quaint characters on the Buffalo range along about 1876, John H. was one of the drollest. Being a little near-sighted, he used a telescope on his gun, and also wore spectacles. The boys never tired of playing pranks on him. One morning, while John was reloading some shells, one of the boys availed himself of the opportunity to paint a miniature buffalo on the front glass of the telescope of John's gun. This done it was laid carefully near John, and the cry of "buff!" raised. John made a rush for his gun, and hastily throwing in a cartridge looked through the telescope in the direction indicated, saw it sure enough. He fired, but the buffalo still stood there. Then he became terribly excited, and when one or two of the boys fired a random shot, he went to shooting as fast as he could reload, and only stopped when he had fired ten or twelve shots, and looked around for his wiping stick to clean his gun. The boys, convulsed with laughter, were rolling on the ground in vain endeavors to conceal their mirth. "Dummit, what on yarth are you all laughing at?" asked John, and then suddenly recognized the sell. Although this was several years ago, if you want to "hack" John just ask him to tell of the time he shot out all of his ammunition and let that buffalo get away. INO.

CLARENDON, TEXAS.

137.

It was some thirty-five years ago. A party of us, given to hunting and fishing, were sitting around the fire at a country store in Northern Louisiana, when in came Dr. C., a man about sixty years of age, regarded as one of the best

physician in that section, well informed, observant and a great reader of natural history, but impatient of contradiction, and at times exceedingly irritable at the least expression of a difference of opinion. On this occasion he sat down; smoking his pipe as usual, and getting the drift of the conversation, said: "I saw something a few days ago that was strange, and I'll tell you, boys, about it. I had a call in the country to see a patient last week. I was riding along a road that ran through a canebrake; it was a warm day—about 9 o'clock in the morning—when I heard a rattling noise in the cane, and on looking in that direction saw two snakes, each about three feet long; one was a brown color, the other green, with white spots. They were twirling around, over and over each other. The brown snake soon killed the spotted one, and began to swallow it. I rode on to see my patient. Her illness detained me until the next day. In the afternoon, as I returned through the canebrake, it occurred to me to look after the snakes. They were in the same place, and one had swallowed the other about half of its length. I watched them awhile, but neither of them moving, I came home."

One of his auditors asked, "Doctor, how long was it from the time you saw the snake begin to swallow the other until you came back?"

After a moment the Doctor replied, "About thirty hours, sir."

"Well," said the questioner, "it took a long time to swallow only half the other snake."

The Doctor glared at him and roared out, "Time! time! What's time to a snake!"

That broke up the meeting.

NORTH MIDDLETOWN, KY.

P.

138.

A true story is told at the expense of an acquaintance of mine, who is now living in a certain town in Wisconsin. He had never handled a gun much, and one day went out rabbit hunting for the first time. Not meeting with any of the little cotton tails, he was on his way home when suddenly an old white jackass bounded across the path in front of him. Being an excitable man, and not knowing exactly what he saw, he blazed away and killed the donkey on the spot, the shot taking effect behind one of his ears. "Hurrying home, the man told a lot of the university boys that he 'had killed the father of all rabbits.'" They asked why he had not brought it home with him, and he replied that it was too heavy. Wondering what kind of a rabbit it was, the boys followed him to the woods and found that he had actually shot an old jackass. Our hunter had to "grin and bear it," in fact, he never heard the last of it. The boys used to say that he was the originator of "jack rabbits."

RED WING.

GLENCOE, ILL.

Sea and River Fishing.

TIM AND SEVEN PONDS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

My vacation has ended. It was a pleasant one, and I did as I have done for many years—visited Maine, my native State. Her shores, her inland waters and her mountains are a blessing to thousands whose homes are in a more southern latitude. Her opportunities for comfort and the gratification of the desires in the breast of real sportsmen are a mine of wealth to her. The crowds that go there each season for happiness, health and game are simply innumerable.

After a brief visit to the old homestead in Fayette, where the ponds, streams and forests awoke hundreds of associations connected with boyhood days, and dropping a line for some one of the myriads of pickerel in the Mount Vernon ponds and black bass in Long Pond, I set out with my old cheery friend Simon and a lad for the hunting and fishing grounds of the northwestern part of Franklin county; Simon furnished an excellent team for the purpose. The air was clear and refreshing, and the drive through Vienna, Farmington, New Vineyard, Kingfield and Jerusalem to Smith's farm, in Eustis, gave us a grand, natural and continuous panorama of waving grain fields, beautiful villages, plains, mountains, vast forests and foaming streams. Seven times have I traversed the way and feasted on the loveliness spread out for the gaze of those that pilgrimage on this route to Tim Pond and the Seven Ponds. At this now famous retreat we found several old friends and some new faces.

August is not the best month to catch for count, but here the sport was good and we could have easily caught more than was needed for the table. One morning, Simon and I, as the result of an hour's fishing before breakfast, brought in a string of fifteen beautifully marked trout, weighing nearly six pounds. This may be taken as a fair sample. Others had larger and some smaller results. Deer, I think, were more numerous than any previous year I have known. We saw five in one flock come down to a distant shore of an afternoon on a rainy day. Large broods of ruffed grouse were seen, and there were positive indications that they will be very plenty this autumn.

The number of visiting sportsmen at these resorts has been very large this season—both at Tim and the Seven Ponds. Some of the best guides of the Rangeley region who go to the Seven Ponds from Rangeley by the old trail, return via Smith's buckboard road to Tim Pond and the Farmhouse, then on to Copeland town, and across to Greenville. You will recollect this is as I foretold two or three years since it would be. In August and September these ponds are much sought, while the trout do not rise well to the fly in the lakes and most ponds.

Aug. 18 we reluctantly turned our faces homeward. Instead of returning via Jerusalem and Kingfield, we drove through Flagstaff, Dead River, over the "Horseback," through the gate of Mount Bigelow, Lexington Plantation to New Portland, thence to Mount Vernon by the route we came. We had a grand trip and the best of sport, and hope to repeat next year. We do not boast of so great doings as some, but we were satisfied. And this reminds me of a fish story I recently read somewhere, telling of a party of four or five who took some 2,200 trout in a short time, "just for the sport," and returned them to the water. Does this exhibit the highest qualities of a true sportsman?

Aug. 25 Simon and I went to Long Pond for our farewell fishing for 1884. It was a glorious day, and the funny tribe seemed to appreciate the situation, for they yielded to our wishes right heartily. In a few hours we took forty-nine black bass and white perch about an equal number of each. Some of the perch, weighed by actual weight more than a pound and a half, the largest of the bass about two and a half pounds; the aggregate of bass and perch was nearly

forty-eight pounds. The bass fishing in this pond is fast improving, and is likely to continue to for some years yet. On the morrow it was fish day in the village.

Aug. 28 we took the rail for our Connecticut home, arriving after an absence of more than a month without one delay or one accident by boating, shooting, driving and railroading. The fifteen of us that went to Mount Vernon as "summer boarders" are all safe and sound, and recount the pleasures we have enjoyed with zest and gratitude.

J. W. T.

NEW BRITAIN, SEPT. 6, 1884.

ON THE MOOSELUCMAGUNTIC.

IT has been my intention for several years to spend a week or two on the above named lake, but I never had that pleasure until the present season. Seven of us met at the railroad station on the morning of June 3, equipped with rods, reels, lines, and all the needed outfit for camp life in the woods, and as the train moved north we felt more like boys just out of school than business men on a vacation, and after a two days' ride on cars, buckboard, stage and steamer, we found ourselves unpacking our traps in the very pleasant camps owned by Capt. Fred Barker, at the mouth of Bemis stream.

Our party was composed of merchants, manufacturers, mill superintendents, insurance agents, bankers, lumber dealers and designers. It would be strange if out of them all some would not be found full of fun and frolic, and in this case we were favored with two or three of the most fun-loving, side-splitting jokers that ever struck the Maine woods, and no man has any business with such a crowd as this was unless he has a double fastening put on to his trousers and vest buttons before he leaves home.

We had been in camp two days and some of us had taken several large trout, which were put into fish cars that were fastened to a boom of logs. Some of our party who had stayed behind a day or two now came into camp and, of course, had to take a look at the big fish, and this was just the place where the fun began. Out walked the new-comers to the end of the boom, and craning their necks to peep into the car, the log on which they stood began to roll. Now, no one but a first-class "river driver" can stand on a log turning at the rate of twenty times a minute. So in they plunged, waist deep, into the cold water. To say that yells, screeches and roars of laughter filled the air would be putting it light, for one of the party, "who should have been a minister," actually danced a jig on a flat rock near by in the presence of the whole company. This was a good send off, as it acted as a cooler on a hot day, and the jig gave unlimited sport to all that were fortunate enough to see it.

The next day some of the mugwumps of the tribe went down on the steamer to Upper Dam to meet some friends they expected in to join the party, as they wished to give them a proper reception, and a little surprise also, at the same time. They besmeared their face and hands so they were just dripping with tar and oil, but as they neared the landing they looked in vain for their friends, and no one stood ready to grasp their friendly hands. In their stead a crowd of admirers followed them around with such exclamations of delight as, "Big Ingun—waugh! Heap black man—waugh! Much red man! Caroin acin chemokama!" and other pet and endearing names. It was noticed, however, that they took the first boat back to camp, and they were whiter if not wiser men.

The "great joker" of the party weighed only 114 pounds, and it was surmised by some that Capt. Barker imported this same fellow to keep us from eating him out of house and home, for at every meal some of us had to leave the table or burst at his jokes and queer sayings; but we always forgave him, for he was a splendid fellow, take him as a whole. We did, however, have one really "troublesome customer" in the party. We christened him the "infant," on account of his size and his terrible hankering after milk. He weighed 246 pounds "when quiet," but when "stirred up" he would swing nearly 1200 pounds; this is no joke, for he would actually "clean out" the whole camp when in his tantrums. As this was his first trip to the Rangeleys, we used to tag him with a large pasteboard tag, as he had a habit of wandering off in the woods, and with all our care of him he strayed away over the mountains and was gone all day, but finally turned up all right with about a bushel of small trout in a bag strung across his back, which in part compensated us for the trouble he made us. He tried fly-fishing with a bait rod, but when he saw some of the old veterans kill some large trout with a 9-ounce split bamboo, he declared he was "converted," threw his bait rod into the lake, borrowed a spare fly-rod that was in camp, and fished like a little man ever after. When he was fairly "domesticated" he proved to be the "very best fellow" in the whole camp.

I think some of the old campers ought to be in for their share of "pightheadedness," but for want of space will only mention one or two brilliant feats. One day while the writer was trolling, he leaned over the side of the boat to change the water in the minnow bucket, and just at this instant an old "sockdologer" of a trout struck the bait. To grab the rod and strike the fish took but a few seconds, but turning to take the bucket into the boat again, "lo and behold," the bubbles that came to the surface of the water was the only indication of where the bait and bucket was to be found, i. e., on the bottom of the lake. There was no "cuss words" about it, but that boat was "yanked" about a mile to camp in double quick time, and the old man shut himself up in his room for about two hours.

I was down at the pier next morning about 6 A. M., laying the flies off across the stream when, "gewhiteker!" what a trout rolled up at my fly but missed it. The blood went to my fingers' ends with a rush, and my heart thumped my breast like a trip-hammer, and every instant I expected he would come up again. Hearing a rattling of the stones on the pier I turned to meet the gaze of one of the old veterans, who with disheveled hair and eyeballs glaring wild and wide, spake thusly: "Did you—did you—hear that moose?" "Moose be darned, you squash head, did you not know that Barker's cow got lost in the mountains yesterday, and has not been found yet?" It is needless to say I was instantly left alone on that pier to meditate on moose and my big trout.

We chartered Barker's small steamer Oquossoc one day, and arranged for a trip up the Mooselucmaguntic to Cupsuptic Lake, across that to the river, then up the river to Cupsuptic Falls and the head of navigation, and only twelve miles to Parmachenee Lake. It is impossible for me to describe the trip up this river, just wide enough for the little steamer to follow its snake-like channel. I think the steamer headed to every point of the compass going up. The trees were covered with white, long-hanging moss, and just in the background the grand old mountains reared their heads heaven-

ward. At 11 A. M. we ran the bow of the Oquossoc into the bank below the falls and tied her to a small tree, and off we scrambled up the stream to test the trout fishing.

For myself, I selected a long reach of rapid water, which I think is called the Second Falls. As the old and tried split-bamboo pitched the flies outward and upward and finally settled on the rushing current the golden sides of two noble trout came gleaming up through the water, and with a splash took the dark-winged Montreal and silver doctor. The usual merry song of the reel is heard as they rush down the stream and the fight begins. At this instant I hear shouts just above me up the river, and turning I see one of our party with his rod bent to a half circle and his face beaming with smiles and a satisfied expression, which means much with a genuine trout fisherman. We spent two hours taking plenty of fish, then adjourned to the steamer where we partook of a good dinner of fresh broiled trout, boiled eggs, fried potatoes, fresh bread and plenty of good coffee. After dinner the steamer was headed down the river and we arrived in camp at 8 P. M. We decided that this trip was the most enjoyable one we had while on the lakes.

There are four ponds upon and between the mountains three miles back of Barker's camp, and boats are kept there for the use of sportsmen. These ponds are clear as crystal and swarming with trout. Barker has built a good log camp on the shore of the largest of the ponds, which makes it the best and jolliest place to camp in the Maine woods.

So I start in my boat, casting the flies over the clear sparkling waters, with a cool breeze from the northwest, and a snow bank of half an acre on the south side of the ponds on the 25th of June, taking trout two at a cast and weighing from $\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{3}{4}$ pounds each. I thought of the people at home, sweltering in the hot sun with the thermometer at 90° in the shade. As I filled my lungs with the exhilarating air, redolent with balsam and pine, I muttered to myself, "How foolish some people are who can come to such a place as this as well as not, and still neglect it year after year for the sake of losing a few dollars for some one to wrangle about hereafter." I know some have not a taste for trout fishing and do not care to enthuse over beautiful mountain scenery, cool brooks or the lovely wild flowers that grow in such profusion in the wild woods, but with me it is different. As the body begins to weaken and the eyesight to fail, the mountains seem to take on new beauties and more majestic forms as tier after tier loom up in the dim distance. Once I used to pass by the tiny flowers, but now I often stoop and gather a few of these gems of the woods, to sniff of their fragrance and admire their wonderful beauty, and as the memories of the many happy days come crowding upon me I long for the time to come when I can again hie away to that haven of rest and enjoyment, the Maine wilderness.

E. T. W.

PUTNAM, Conn., Sept. 1.

TROUTING IN NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your issue of Sept. 4, now lying before me, I see an article signed "Von W." describing a trip in June last to the Second Connecticut Lake. Among other sentences describing the experiences of the trip I find the following: "What can I say of the adventures of the three men from Connecticut who went up to Uncle Tom's upper camp, where he spends the winter trapping for sable and fishers, spent one night and fished down the East Inlet the next day, coming out of the woods looking as if they had been parboiled and then skinned."

I presume I was one of the men to whom reference is made. It is quite probable that our appearance when we returned from the East Inlet that afternoon was a surprise to the men who slept on Uncle Tom's comfortable beds. However that may have been, certain it was that their conduct on the day previous was a greater surprise to us. For nineteen years I have made one, and, when possible, two trips to the woods every season. I have met on those trips and shared my blanket with men in all of the walks of life. The Indian, the half breed, the trapper, the settler, the guide, and even the millionaire tourist, have, without exception, whenever I have met them, shown the humanity and unselfishness which I had thoroughly come to believe was so much a part of life in the woods as the sweet scent of the pine on the restful outlines of the everlasting hills. Upon reaching the Second Connecticut Lake on this June morning, I met for the first time in the forests, a spirit of hogishness and selfishness (and I can call it by no lighter names) that would have even disgraced the civilization of our large cities.

These were the circumstances under which it was exhibited. We three, on the day previous, having been stopping at the First Lake, some eight miles from the Second, saw Uncle Tom's man, Harding, and told him as he was going into camp that we would be there on the following day to stop with Uncle Tom a few days. We arrived at Uncle Tom's cabin a little before noon, and found, I think, six persons there, among whom I presume was the writer of your article. Uncle Tom came out to the corner of the cabin in a few minutes with an expression of what I took to be genuine disgust upon his countenance at the position in which he was placed, and proceeded to explain the situation to us. He said that Harding had brought the announcement of our intended visit to him the day before, and that he then had informed the gentlemen(?) who were his guests at that time of our coming. Each man was occupying a good-sized double bed alone, and he expected them, he said, of course to do as others always had under like circumstances, double up and let us in.

"But," said he, "what did they say to me but that their money was as good as anybody's else, and they would pay me anything I asked if I would turn you fellows from the door and let them each occupy the whole of a double bed, and," continued he, "I suppose I must."

We went into the cabin, looked around a little, talked the matter over in their hearing, they the while looking at us as though we had intended stealing something to which they had a vested right, and finally concluded that as we must sleep somewhere, and the little cabin up the inlet was nearer than the place from which we started, we would go there. Those six men stood on the steps and watched us start off for a seven-mile trip up an exceedingly narrow and difficult stream to find a bed for the night.

After a hard trip we arrived at our destination about dark, and went to work at once to cut boughs for our bed and make ourselves as comfortable as circumstances would admit. Work as hard as we could it must have been long after each of these six gentlemen had rolled over in the comfort of his whole bed, before we were in a position to turn in.

The next morning we packed up and came back, as there was no fishing there, and we had no provisions after eating our breakfast. I presume we looked a trifle rougher when

we came back than did any one of those gentlemen who had slept for the night in a most comfortable bed surrounded by a good mosquito bar; but we didn't start up there that afternoon looking for fun exactly, but rather in search of that which they would not give us—a bed. For my own part I cared but little about the discomfort, for I am accustomed to all sorts of roughing it, but the gentlemen with me were not, and to them it was far from comfortable. Had I not seen this article in print I should probably have never asked for admission to your columns on the subject, though at the time we all felt decidedly unpleasant about it.

Now this is what the three men from Connecticut can say about their own adventures. What they said at the time about the conduct of the gentlemen who had made those adventures necessary was, while true, rather too pointed for publication in the pages of your paper.

A word as to the trout. The day I was there your writer and his companion came in from the main inlet with two creels of fish. Three or four of them were of fair size, a dozen or so smaller still, weighing about a quarter of a pound, the bulk of the remainder so small that I looked first at the fish and then at the man, wondering how he, a man of years, and formerly officially connected with the business of caring for fish in the State, could have been led into slaughtering such infants.

BRIDGEPORT, Conn.

THREE-BARREL.

SKINNING THE TROUT STREAMS.

MR. JAMES ANNIN, JR., the well-known trout culturist at Caledonia, N. Y., sends us a letter which he received from a man in Oswego county last January, which says: "Having heard that you intend stocking up your trout ponds, I thought I could furnish you, as that business I have followed for ten years, more or less. I stocked a pond last summer located in Onondaga county. Trout taken from the creeks wild average in length from four to eight inches. I would like to engage with you for 4,000. They are becoming very scarce in this country. Hoping to hear from you soon, I remain," etc.

We do not care to give this man's name, and thereby advertise his business, which is probably that of netting trout. In sending us this letter, Mr. Annin writes: "I intended to have sent this letter before, but it has been mislaid and has just turned up. It shows how the young fish are cleaned out of the streams by these fellows. From what I hear I think there is no doubt but what there has been a great amount of this work done during the past season. I know of its being done in Western Pennsylvania. A man was paid by the month by a person having private ponds, to go on the streams and camp out and fish, keeping the fish, large and small alive, and about once in ten days the pond owner would send in for them and take them to his ponds and afterward sell them."

Just how far this may be legitimate rests entirely on the mode of capture. The only remedy is to prohibit the capture of trout below a certain size by any means.

THE MONSTER BLACK BASS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I returned from Lake George Friday night after several days of poor fishing. This is the second week that my Texas friends and I have put in at that over-fished lake. Next we will try the back bay of Lake Champlain and then the St. Lawrence. On the 28th I caught a bass of about two pounds that the spawn was oozing from as I put the net under it. Lake George is a very late lake for bass spawning, because, I suppose, of the cold spring water of which it is largely composed.

When I got home I was informed by about 50 people that Long Pond (4 miles from here, where I caught a bass of 7 pounds 14 ounces in 1877, of which I sent you a photo) had knocked the record out of sight by furnishing a small-mouth black bass—the only kind in it—of eleven and one-quarter pounds. Great Scott!! How do you feel now? The statement paralyzed me when I was obliged to admit that it was about correct. The fish was caught last Wednesday by Reuben Seeley. I interviewed his son who did the weighing and he tells me he weighed the bass on steelcyls. No one but Mr. S.'s family saw the fish weighed, but Mr. Norman Cole, editor of the Glens Falls Messenger, saw and measured it; and he gives the measurements as 25 inches long and 21 inches girth. This is three inches longer and 2½ inches greater girth than my fish. My bass weighed 8½ pounds on steelcyls when caught, but grocer's scales, fifteen hours after, only made it 7 pounds 14 ounces. While Seeley's bass may not have been as correctly weighed as it might have been on grocer's scales, I am forced to admit that it must have weighed about the weight claimed. Maud S. knocks only a quarter of a second off the "record" at a time, but this fellow puts on 3 pounds at a single clip.

Long Pond (very nice people now call it Glen Lake) is between here and Lake George, and is about 1½ miles long. You see the pond from the plank road as you get within a mile of Brown's "Half Way House," and now the railroad runs along its west shore. I did not wish to believe the tale concerning this big fish, but was forced to do so after investigation.

A. N. CHENEY.

GLENS FALLS, N. Y., Aug. 31.

GROWTH OF CARP.—Nashville, Aug. 8.—Editor Forest and Stream: To-day I met Mr. H. B. Gray of this county (Davidson) and from him I learned the following experience with German carp. In April he placed nine adult carp in a pond in which there had never been fish of any sort. These carp were of two varieties, five scale and four leather. On last Saturday Mr. Gray seined the pond, and found to his surprise, five hundred fry, averaging in length from three to six inches, and fifty which were at least ten inches in length. The question now arises as to the presence of the large ones. Mr. Gray is personally known to me and I am satisfied that the above mentioned is correct. In addition Mr. Gray said that the flesh of the fish were excellent food, especially those which had remained a few days in a small pond of clear cold spring water. Mr. Dave Jackson from near Lebanon, in Lincoln county, has had experiences in carp culture almost as fabulous as those of Mr. Gray, and is as enthusiastic in his admiration of the new industry in this State. George Eberhardt procured fifty or sixty carp fry, two years ago, from Col. Geo. F. Akers and placed them in a pond upon his farm near Nashville. The original ones have grown to an enormous size, and the increase in the numbers of young ones is beyond belief. I have never hesitated to say that the introduction of carp into Tennessee was destined to be of incalculable benefit to her citizens, and the statements of such as the above, are only convincing proofs of the success or the enterprise.—J. D. H.

SIZE OF RANGELEY TROUT.—Bethel, Maine.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Your correspondent "Knickerbocker" in your issue of Aug. 21, makes a statement that a boy caught a 24-pound red-spotted trout in 1872, and since then others have caught 15, 12 and 114-pounders. Are the larger weights taken in our Rangeley lakes? This statement would give a very wrong impression among those unacquainted with our waters, but those best acquainted here would know that it was simply ridiculous. No *Salmo fontinalis* has ever been taken in any of the Rangeley lakes weighing over 14 pounds. A fish of that weight was caught in 1880, by Stevens E. Morse, of Upton, Me., a guide to a gentleman of Boston at the time, and the trout was mounted in Boston and sent to Prof. Baird, Washington, D. C., and is now in his keeping there, in the Smithsonian Institute. I would not like to have this mistake go on record as truth.—J. G. RICH.

THE CONEY ISLAND ROD AND GUN CLUB, of Brooklyn, offers fishing prizes for September and October, for the largest weakfish and striped bass from the creek and bay. GEORGE L. AYERS (Secretary, 109 Flatbush Avenue).

Fishculture.

THE NEW YORK FISH COMMISSION.

ON Thursday, Aug. 27, a meeting of the New York Fishery Commission was held at the rooms of the President, 17 Nassau street, New York, Messrs. Roosevelt, Sherman and Blackford being present. The question of ways and means came up, and it having been found that the expenditures for putting the salt-water work in order at Cold Spring Harbor had exceeded the estimates, a report from Supt. Fred Mather was read, in which he showed that the unexpected difficulty of meeting springs and quicksands had caused the excess. In speaking of the work accomplished this season, Mr. Mather reports that the hatchery has supplied and has had planted in New York waters, whitefish 1,000,000, salmon 450,000, land-locked salmon 12,000, brook trout 20,000, European trout 40,000, rainbow trout 30,000 and shad 77,000—a total of 1,629,000 fish.

The appropriation of \$15,000 for the year ending Aug. 31, 1885, was divided as follows: \$10,500 for the use of the Caledonia station, \$3,500 for the station at Cold Spring Harbor, and \$1,000 for shad hatching. In connection with this Commissioner Sherman said that unless a larger appropriation could be secured next year the Commission would be obliged to lessen the work. The sum of \$15,000 was not sufficient, at least \$20,000 being necessary.

The location of a hatchery in the eastern Adirondacks, authorized by the Legislature last winter, was placed in the hands of Gen. R. U. Sherman, who will begin an examination of the country soon.

Respecting the oyster investigation, which was placed in the hands of Commissioner Blackford, with a special appropriation for conducting the same, he said that he had commenced work and had employed Prof. Rice to investigate as to their artificial propagation. He considered Cold Spring as an oyster center, and it was there that the work would be carried on. Commissioner Blackford also said that he felt confident that the codfish could be hatched successfully at Cold Spring, where the salt water was of the same density as in the East River.

The *Long Islander* gives the following: On Thursday Commissioners Eugene G. Blackford of Brooklyn, Gen. Richard U. Sherman of New Hartford, in company with Prof. Rice and Superintendent Mather of Cold Spring, visited the hatchery and in response to a kind invitation, the *Long Islander* representative was present on the occasion. Upon arrival by the morning train the visitors proceeded immediately to the hatchery where everything was inspected carefully and the sentiments of all were voiced by Mr. Mather when he declared that there was not another spot in the world where equal facilities were afforded for the purposes of hatchings salt and fresh-water fish on the same premises. A bountiful stream of fresh-water only 300 feet distant from the sea, and yet 50 or 60 feet above the sea level affords an unequalled chance for a continued supply of fresh water unvarying in temperature and quality. The handsomely graded slope and occasional plateaus afford an unequalled chance for laying out the buildings so as to secure a supply of water on each floor and the best of arrangements for the out-of-door tanks and ponds for the keeping of the larger fish. In addition to this supply from the stream above, an abundant supply can be obtained from a short distance below the surface of the ground, a distance easily reached in digging the ponds, over any portion of the territory occupied by the commission. In addition to this the large mill ponds south of the hatchery are accessible, and the owners, the Messrs. Townsend and Wm. E. Jones, generously offered every assistance. The temperature of all this water is just right, they are natural trout waters. As previously stated the salt water in an endless supply is near at hand, within 300 feet of the works.

The building at present provided for the propagation of fresh-water fish contains 32 troughs capable of hatching out 50,000 trout or 32,000 salmon to each trough. There is in addition to these troughs facilities for hatching out four millions of whitefish. Eighty thousand of shad have been hatched during the past year in these waters, a fish that were never hatched before except in their natural spawning places. Many of these fish were placed in the waters of the Nissequogue at Smithtown.

A Ryder's hot air engine, capable of pumping 1,000 gallon of water an hour to a height of fifty feet, has been provided for the purposes of the salt-water hatchery, and provision has been made in this department for hatching out twenty millions of cod, seventy-five millions of Spanish mackerel, and an equal number of tomcod. The pure salt water of a proper density to be had so handily is a sure guarantee of success in this enterprise. The work will first be undertaken with the little tomcod, then this will be followed with the cod hatching, the spawn being obtained from December to March. In June the Spanish mackerel begin to spawn in Chesapeake Bay, and the eggs of these will be obtained. It is a question whether bluefish are a desirable fish to cultivate. Their despicable shark-like habits cause them to destroy more food than they are worth. Even when they are gorged they will take the bite from the mouths of other fish. Few smaller fish can live beside them.

Prof. Rice has been engaged here during the summer season looking up the matter of the cultivation of oysters, and he has already spawned some six or seven millions of eggs, so small that they cannot be seen without the aid of the microscope. The little creatures only move about for about twenty-four hours after birth, when they locate, so that provision must be made for detaching them easily by providing a soft or smooth substance upon which they may temporarily locate; cloth, wood, pottery and shells are used for the purpose. When they have reached the age of one year and are about the size of silver dollars, they are then ready to ship as seed oysters to all parts of the State where salt water exists. Thorough researches are being made by the Professor, as to the best methods of cultivation of the oyster and as to the best means of preventing the growth of his natural enemies, such as the starfish. Preparatory to this work, circulars have been sent out to every oyster grower in the State, giving 100 questions to be answered.

After visiting the hatchery the company were treated to an

excellent dinner, with some choice dishes of the products of the sea, served by the kind hostess Mrs. Mather, in a style to be envied even by the fair ladies of Huntington, as excellent cooks as most of them are. The walls of the cozy dwelling of Mr. Mather were adorned with some very fine pictures in oil, many of them piscatorial scenes and all the products of Mrs. Mather's skillful brush. Mr. Mather's technical library and collections of the curiosities of the sea, including curious anatomical specimens of the denizens of the deep, betoken the enthusiasm and diligence of their owner in this his chosen profession in which he is a leader.

THE SHELLFISHERIES OF CONNECTICUT.

[A paper read before the American Fishcultural Association.]

BY DR. WILLIAM M. HUDSON.

[Concluded from Page 111.]

A PLAN of taxation was also recommended in accordance with the requirements of the original law, and the result was the passage of an act providing for the taxation of oyster grounds, a copy of which is here inserted.

CHAPTER CXXV.

AN ACT PROVIDING FOR THE TAXATION OF OYSTER GROUNDS.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives in General Assembly convened:

SECTION 1. All owners of shellfish grounds lying within the exclusive jurisdiction of the State, shall, on or before the first day of November, annually, deliver to the Commissioners of Shellfisheries a statement under oath specifying the number of lots owned by them, the location and number of acres in each lot cultivated, and the value thereof per acre, the number of acres in each lot uncultivated, and the value thereof per acre; and printed blanks for such statements shall be prepared by the Commissioners and furnished to such owners upon application to them or at their office; and upon the failure of any owner to deliver such sworn statement to said Commissioners at their office within the time above specified, said Commissioners shall make up such statement from the best information they may obtain, and shall add for such default ten per cent. to the valuation so made.

SEC. 2. All statements so made or delivered shall be alphabetically arranged, and said Commissioners shall equalize, if necessary, and determine the value of all the property so returned and described in said statements, which property shall be liable to taxation at the valuation so determined, including the ten per cent. for default as aforesaid; and said Commissioners are authorized and empowered to declare and lay a tax thereon, annually, at the rate of one per cent. upon such valuation, which shall be payable at the office of said Commissioners on and after the first Monday in May annually; and said tax shall be a lien upon the grounds so taxed from the time it is so laid by said Commissioners until paid, and shall be in lieu of all other taxes on said grounds.

SEC. 3. If any tax so laid shall not be paid on or before the first Monday in July, the said Commissioners shall make and issue their warrant for the collection thereof, with interest thereon, at one per cent. per month from the day such tax became due and payable until paid, together with the expenses of such collection, which warrant shall authorize any reputable person named therein, to seize such grounds and any oysters or other shellfish thereon, or any other property of the owner or owners thereof not exempt from execution, and to sell the same, or so much thereof as he may find necessary, at such time and place, and in such manner, and by such person as said Commissioners may direct, whereupon such sale shall be so made, and such warrant shall be immediately returned to said Commissioners by such person with all his doings indorsed thereon, and he shall pay over to said Commissioners the money received upon said sale, and they shall apply the same to the payment of such tax and all the expenses thereon, including the expenses of such sale, returning any balance that may remain to such owner or owners; and all moneys received by said Commissioners in payment of taxes and interest thereon shall be accounted for and paid to the State treasurer for the benefit of the State, within thirty days from its receipt. Said Commissioners shall each, in addition to the bond now required by law, give a bond with surety in the sum of one thousand dollars to the State, conditioned for the performance of the duties imposed upon them by this act.

SEC. 4. All other shellfish grounds lying within the waters of this State shall be taken in the same manner in all respects as real estate in the several towns within the meridian lines of which such shellfish grounds are situated, and no other tax or rental shall be laid or collected on said grounds, or the franchise of any person therein.

SEC. 5. All expenses necessarily incurred in carrying out the provisions of this act shall be audited by the Comptroller and paid by Treasurer of the State.

Approved, April 20, 1882.

It provides that all owners of shellfish grounds shall on or before the first day of November, annually, deliver to the Commissioners a sworn statement of their property, the number of acres cultivated, the number uncultivated, and their estimate of the value of each. In case of a failure to make a statement, the Commissioners are empowered to make one from the best information they can obtain, and add ten per cent. for the default. The Commissioners are authorized to "equalize if necessary, and determine the value of all the property so returned and described," and to lay a tax of one per cent. thereon, and said tax is a lien upon the grounds so taxed from the time it is so laid by the Commissioners until paid. If the tax is not paid by the first day of July, the Commissioners are required to make and issue their warrant for the collection thereof, with interest at one per cent. per month from the time the tax became due until paid. The Commissioners are further empowered to enforce such warrant by the seizure of any taxable property which the party in default may own.

Under this law the Commissioners collected in 1882, \$3,651.47, the entire tax laid. Of course there are difficulties in estimating the value of oyster grounds, and the Commissioners were obliged in many cases to equalize and determine the value of the grounds returned. The general plan of valuation adopted was the following: The Commissioners assumed that the very best grounds should be assessed at a given figure, and then all were graded with reference to their proportionate value compared with the best. This subject is one requiring careful consideration, and the system may doubtless be improved by further experience. As no appeal can be taken from the assessments of the Commissioners, they have themselves acted as a board of relief for the present year. In other words, after the valuations of the grounds had been fixed according to the best information obtainable by the Commissioners, appointments were made of certain days on which they would be present with the lists at each of the principal towns along the shore, and listen to any parties who might wish to present reasons why the assessment of their grounds should be reduced. This proved to be a very popular move, and when the assessment was finally fixed, the only one seriously dissatisfied with the result was the one owning the largest acreage of oyster grounds in the State. The oystermen of this State are divided into two principal classes, namely, those who own and cultivate grounds of their own, and those who gain a subsistence by work upon the natural or public beds. The former are generally men of some means, and work with steamers, the latter are poor men, who use sailing vessels. The public beds have been ranked so constantly for a number of years, that very few large oysters can be found upon them. Most of the "small," as it is called, taken from them is used for the planting of other beds more or less remote.

A few years ago a serious controversy arose as to the effect

of steamer work upon the natural beds. The steamer owners claimed that their work tended to improve the bed by preparing the bottom for a better set of the spat in the breeding season. The owners of sailing vessels, on the contrary, claimed that the heavy dredges of the steamers plowed up the ground to such an extent as to ruin it. The result of the discussion of the subject was that in 1881 the Legislature passed an act forbidding the use of steamers upon any of the natural beds of the State, and that law still remains in effect to-day. While most of the natural beds are in comparatively shallow waters, the cultivators of oysters do not deem it safe to plant oysters in less than twenty-four feet of water, and many of their productive beds are in water from thirty to sixty feet deep. They claim that in less than twenty-four feet of water the crop is liable to be destroyed by heavy storms, the oysters being either covered up and smothered with mud or sand, or washed ashore by the action of the waves.

The hydrographic work of the engineer of the Commission is so accurate that confidence has been given to cultivators to take up claims in deep water, with a certainty that if they secure valuable ground and their stakes and buoys are removed or carried away by storms or steamboats, they can be replaced. The system adopted in this respect is the following: When an applicant has secured a grant of a plot of ground from the Commissioners, on an appointed day, the engineer with assistant proceeds to the locality with the applicant, and having fixed the precise situation with their instruments, the buoys are placed in position, and a record is made of the spot which is transferred to the books of the office, each buoy being numbered. If at any future time, the buoys are misplaced, all that is needed to correct the error is to consult the number of buoys in the records, and they can be replaced without difficulty. The amount of ground lying within the exclusive jurisdiction of the State returned to the Commissioners for taxation, in 1882, was 74,950 acres, of which 13,008 acres were described as cultivated and 61,922 as uncultivated. In 1882 the returns were 9,007 acres cultivated and 45,916 uncultivated. The gain therefore for 1883 was 4,001 acres cultivated and 15,606 uncultivated. New applications are constantly being made, and more acres are annually put under cultivation.

The usual method of planting new ground is to strew about three hundred bushels of oyster shells and thirty bushels of spawning oysters to each acre. In some cases where the new ground is in the vicinity of a natural bed or other ground on which are spawning oysters, a good set is obtained without the deposit of any mature oysters. The time of planting is from June 15 to Sept. 1, the deeper the water the later is the "set," and the cultivators govern themselves accordingly in their work, the great requisite being that the "cultch" shall be clean and fresh at the time of the floating spat. All kinds of business have their drawbacks, and the cultivation of oysters is no exception. In Connecticut the two principal enemies of the oyster cultivators are the starfish (*Asterias rubens*), and oyster thieves of the human species. The oyster growers sometimes say that it is questionable which is the greater pest, the "five fingers" or the "ten fingers." The starfish are much more destructive in some years than others, and during the same season inflict great injury upon the beds in one portions of the State, while in others they do not appear at all, or in such insignificant numbers as to do no appreciable harm. Until recently the only remedy has been to remove the oysters and starfish together, the starfish being destroyed, and the oysters either sold or removed to some locality where no starfish were to be found. Mr. J. F. Homan, of New Haven, in this State, has invented a dredge which, it is claimed, will remove the starfish without taking the oysters. Its construction is based upon the fact that the starfish is of lighter specific gravity than the oyster. The bag of the dredge is located about six inches behind the bar or rake, and a few inches higher.

The practical effect is that the oyster and starfish being stirred up together, the oysters drop back to the ground and the starfish fall into the open mouth of the bag. When this pest makes its appearance upon the oyster grounds, great vigilance is needed to prevent the loss of the crop. The owners of private beds watch their grounds carefully with a view to prompt action in case of necessity, but the public beds being open to every one, no one takes special pains to remove the starfish, and it has been claimed that some of the oystermen have thrown them overboard after being taken. A stringent law to prevent this was passed at the last session of the Legislature, and the owners of private grounds introduced an act to enable the Commissioners to remove starfish from the public beds at the expense of the State, but as some of the sections of the bill were deemed objectionable, the act was defeated.

Another effort will be made next year to accomplish the same end, and uncomplicated with other measures, will probably be successful. The whole area of ground in the exclusive jurisdiction of the State is about 300,000 acres. Of this about 45,000 acres were designated by the town committees before the appointment of the Commission. The aggregate area designated by the Commission during the last three years has been 88,548 acres, making in all 88,548 acres under their supervision. In addition to this, applications for 15,714 acres are now awaiting action, and this number will be increased as fast as parties discover what they consider to be advantageous locations. The oyster cultivators seem to be generally thriving, are eager to acquire larger areas of suitable grounds, and new steamers and sailing vessels are constantly being added to the fleet. New purchasers are coming into the field, more capital is being invested, and under the fostering care of the State the industry bids fair, at no distant day, to be one of the largest and most important in the entire commonwealth.

LIUT. WINSLOW: I would like to ask if, at the last session of the Connecticut State Legislature, any act was passed which would facilitate the detection and punishment of theft from the oyster beds. As I understand the law, as it existed a year or so ago, a designation of a natural oyster bed could not be made. Therefore, when the thief wanted an oyster he assumed all beds to be natural, and took what he wanted. He did not care whether it was a natural bed or not. The burden of the proof did not rest upon him, but upon the owner of the area. Any bed was assumed to be natural until the owner could prove to the contrary. Such a state of affairs surely militates very seriously against the owner. It has seemed to me that, after an area has once been designated, the owner should not be called upon to prove that it was not a natural bed. I would like to know if any measures have been adopted looking toward a remedy for that evil.

DR. WILLIAM M. HUDSON: Such a bill was introduced in the Legislature, but owing to the unfortunate fact that our oystermen in the western part of the State were in opposition to those in the eastern part, the bill fell to the ground. Earnest efforts have been made by our State Fish Commission to bring about that bill, and yet the only act passed in reference to the oyster interest was one that simply prevented, under heavy penalties, any of the oyster dredges from throwing back into the water any starfish they might catch. But the attempt to pass an effectual bill failed on account of this opposition between the east and west sections of the State. I think that possibly during the next twelve months a suitable bill will be passed.

LIUT. WINSLOW: Another question occurs to me. After having once adopted the system of proprietary ownership, the greatest difficulty was experienced in detecting a theft. You cannot prevent a man from traveling over the ground, and although you can readily see his appliances, dredges, etc., for taking the oyster, you have to prove that the man has actually taken the oyster; in other words, you must catch him in the very act, and prove that they are your oysters before you can really accomplish anything toward punishing him. Now, that

is a very difficult thing to do, and it seems to me that there should be incorporated in the laws a provision for the punishment of a man found on a area with implements for taking oysters. His presence under such circumstances should be sufficient ground for his arrest, because evidently his intention is to take oysters. The excuse cannot be made that he mistook the ground, for each area is marked plainly. When you see the dredging-line going, it is pretty good proof that oysters are being taken. Public opinion is now very strong against the stealing of oysters, and it certainly seems to me that a provision should be made which would assist the oyster grower in bringing an offender to justice.

Dr. Hudson: I think that what Lieut. Winslow has said would be readily acknowledged by any who have looked into the matter. The Connecticut Commissioners are anxious for favorable legislative action on this matter; but, as I have stated, there is unfortunately this controversial feeling which has arisen between the natural growers and the cultivators, which has thus far been the means of preventing the enactment of such laws as Lieut. Winslow has referred to. I have no doubt, however, that perhaps in the immediate future suitable laws will be passed.

Lieut. Winslow: I would like to say in addition that I do not know of any State that has made so great an advance in this matter as Connecticut. By examining the legislation on the subject for the last four or five years, it may easily be seen that it is of the most practical nature, and it is based on sound business principles. The people of Connecticut, proverbially shrewd, have certainly managed to get all the milk out of this particular coccoanut.

Prof. Goode: I think that there can hardly be too much stress laid upon the importance of the work which Dr. Hudson and his colleagues are carrying on, the results of which have been described by him this morning. I have been looking into the history of the oyster industry of Europe lately, and am convinced that Connecticut is putting into practice the best system of oyster culture in the world. The manner in which that State is dealing with the questions of fishery legislation is certainly extremely interesting and worthy of commendation. The eyes of the world are upon Connecticut at the present time. I can appreciate this fact perhaps better than most of us here, having heard the eager questions and seen the intense interest of the fishermen and oyster raisers of Europe last summer in London, and having heard what was said concerning the action of Connecticut. Every country which has any oyster fisheries is trying to solve the same problem, viz., how to protect the beds and give oyster culturists right of property by the fruit of their labors. It really appears to me that this subject—the progress of the work in Connecticut—is one of the most interesting that could be brought before this society.

WYOMING.—A recent number of the *Laramie Sentinel* gives the following: "A law was passed at the last Legislature—an act for the propagation and culture of fish in Wyoming—Chapter 45 of the Session Laws. It provided for the appointment of a Territorial Fish Commissioner, by virtue of which Otto Gramm, of this city, was appointed and confirmed. The act further made an appropriation of \$500 for the construction of a hatching house, to be located at some suitable place in the Territory by the Fish Commissioner, with the advice and consent of the Governor. After considerable trouble and delay Commissioner Gramm has at last succeeded in getting the location fixed for the hatching house. It is to be located at the "Soldier Springs" near this city—the springs which watered Fort Sanders. These springs furnish an inexhaustible supply of the purest water, and are so located that large reservoirs can easily be constructed. Commissioner Gramm has secured the services of G. F. Slocum, a gentleman who for ten years past has been in the employ of the Iowa Fish Commission and is perfectly familiar with all operations and details. Mr. Slocum will superintend the construction and operation of the hatchery for the next six months and get everything into working order. Work will commence in a week or ten days. Commissioner Gramm has made arrangements to secure a large lot and variety of eggs from the Fish Commissioners of Iowa and Wisconsin. He has also the promise of some eggs of the rainbow trout from California. As soon as this establishment is fairly in operation Mr. Gramm expects to be able, at very much less expense than heretofore, to supply the whole Territory with suitable kinds and varieties of fish spawn in any desired quantity. The thorough knowledge of the business, combined with the public spirit and enthusiasm which Commissioner Gramm brings to the discharge of his duties, insures success in this enterprise of fishculture. It is fortunate that the inauguration of this infant industry is committed to so good hands."

Answers to Correspondents.

No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.

W. H. D., Jr., Dubuque.—We know of none.

F. W. C., Lafayette, Ind.—Write to Reiche Bros., Chatham street, New York.

J. W. B., Wakefield, Mass.—Law on ruffed grouse in your State is up Sept. 1.

H. L., Brooklyn, N. Y.—If any portion of a boat, including her spars or oars, touch another boat or a mark, it is considered a foul.

W. H. B., Deposit, N. Y.—The protector for county of Broome is F. P. Drew, Washington Mills; for Delaware county, Francisco Wood, Schoharie.

J. G. W.—For lug sail for Rob. Roy, take 7½ ft. on foot, 5½ ft. head, 5 ft. luff, 8½ ft. leach, tack to peak 9½ ft., clew to throat 8½ ft., 45 ft. area. This sail is rather large, but can be reduced proportionately for cruising.

INQUIRER.—Could you inform me as to the best bait for catching pike and German carp? They are very numerous in our lake but we cannot catch them with ordinary bait? Ans. The best bait for pike is the minnow, live or dead, and the trolling spoon. For carp several baits are recommended, boiled peas, a mixture of dough and cotton, angle worms, etc.

THE WORM WEDGE.

SOME time ago there was a great outcry that the English S anti-pigeon shooting agitation was the entering wedge which should ultimately disrupt the interests of sport and the general well-being of this country. We have not heard much about this lately, but there is now ample material for further alarm. In the *Chicago Criterion* of Aug. 25, the following note occurs: "The English government has passed a law forbidding the use of angle worms as fish bait, so that the angle worm paragraph will be seen no more in English comic papers." An esteemed Michigan correspondent sends us the clipping and anxiously inquires what it means. It may imply one of two things, either the British are sick and tired of the reiteration of that angle worm joke, and are determined to suppress the funny man even at the expense of their favorite sport, or else it means that they have taken pity on the worm, and propose in the future to protect him from impalement on the barbed hook. There is good reason then for regarding this as another direful "wedge" against sport, and we shall await with interest to hear the howl go up again that our national institutions are endangered.

OVER SEVENTEEN THOUSAND MEN were paid cash benefits in 1883 by the Travelers Insurance Company, of Hartford, Conn., for losses by accidental death and disabling injury.—*Adv.*

The Kennel.

FIXTURES. BENCH SHOWS.

Sept. 9, 10 and 11.—Third Annual Bench Show of the Montreal Kennel Club. Entries close Sept. 1. Chas. Lincoln, Superintendent. J. S. Wall, Secretary. P. O. Box 1340, Montreal, Canada.

Sept. 16, 17 and 18.—Collie Bench Show and Field Trials of the Ontario Collie Club, Toronto, Ont. Entries close Aug. 23. Mr. H. J. Hill, Secretary, Toronto.

Sept. 16, 17, 18 and 19.—Bench Show of the Philadelphia Kennel Club. Chas. Lincoln, Superintendent. Mr. Benj. O. Satterthwaite, Secretary.

Oct. 8, 9, 10 and 11.—Third Annual Bench Show of the Danbury Agricultural Society, Danbury, Conn. Entries close Sept. 27. E. S. Davis, Superintendent, Danbury, Conn.

Oct. 16, 17 and 18.—National Breeders' Show, Industrial Art Hall, Philadelphia, Pa. James Watson, Secretary, P. O. Box 770. Entries close Oct. 3.

Oct. 21, 22, 23 and 24.—First Annual Fall Bench Show of the Westminster Kennel Club, Madison Square Garden, New York. Entries close Oct. 6. Mr. Chas. Lincoln, Superintendent.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. —.—Third Annual Trials of the Robins Island Club, Robins Island, L. I. Open to members only. Mr. A. T. Plummer, Secretary.

Nov. 17.—Sixth Annual Trials of the Eastern Field Trials Club, at High Point, N. C. W. A. Ooster, Secretary, Flatbush, L. I.

Dec. 8.—Sixth Annual Trials of the National American Kennel Club at Canton, Miss. D. Bryson, Secretary, Memphis, Tenn.

Dec. 15.—Southern Sportsmen's Association Trials, Canton, Miss. Mr. T. K. Renaud, Secretary, New Orleans, La.

A. K. R.

THE AMERICAN KENNEL REGISTER, for the registration of pedigrees, etc. (with prize lists of all shows and trials), is published every month. Entries close on the 1st. Should be in early. Entry blanks sent on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope. Registration fee (25 cents) must accompany each entry. No entries inserted unless paid in advance. Yearly subscription \$1. Address "American Kennel Register," P. O. Box 2832, New York. Number of entries already printed 1490. Volume I, bound in cloth, sent postpaid, \$1.50.

THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

In reply to the letter of the editor of the *American Kennel Register* in your issue of Sept. 4, let me say that it was not the intention of the Westminster Kennel Club to confine the National Association exclusively to those clubs which had given shows but to include all formed for that purpose. Personally I would extend it to the field trials clubs, but that is a matter which doubtless will be discussed at Philadelphia. The "newly organized clubs" are perfectly justified in overlooking the wording of the call. I may add that I am satisfied that Major Taylor agrees with me on the first point, but I am sorry to say that he does not believe in admitting the field trials organizations.

ELLIOTT SMITH.

New York, Sept. 4.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

At a meeting of the Howard County Kennel Club, of Maryland, held this day, the following officers were elected: President, D. M. Groverman; vice-president, N. Dorsey; treasurer, J. H. Leishner; secretary, T. B. Dorsey. Mr. T. B. Dorsey was chosen as the delegate to represent the club at the coming convention at Philadelphia.

T. B. DORSEY, Secretary.

ELLIOTT CITY, Md., Sept. 2.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

On Wednesday, Aug. 27, the Franklin Sportsman's Club and Game Protective Society elected the following officers: Alexander Vincent, President; J. B. Nicklin, Sr., Vice-President; C. D. Elliott, Secretary; William Wenzel, Treasurer; Dr. I. St. Clair, R. G. Lamberton, and C. P. Sibley, E. Jennette and James Quinn, Directors, and G. S. Creswell, Attorney for the Club. J. E. Gill was named as representative to the National Bench Show Association at Philadelphia, Sept. 16. As our club has held a bench show under the rules of the N. K. A., we consider we are entitled to representation. Please publish this in your next issue of the *FOREST AND STREAM* and oblige,

C. D. ELLIOTT.

FRANKLIN, Pa., Sept. 1.

[Dr. J. S. Niven and Mr. T. G. Davey will represent the Dominion Kennel Club.]

LANCASTER BENCH SHOW.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

The bench show, held at Lancaster in connection with the county fair, has proven beyond doubt that bench shows in Lancaster, held yearly and under experienced management, can be made a success and would prove profitable. I cannot refrain from giving the managers of this year's show a few taps. The benching was excellent, and the dogs were supplied with water at regular intervals, but the bedding and feeding of dogs was left entirely to exhibitors. This is a great mistake, for it would be against common sense for exhibitors from a distance to send their dogs to a show where they know their dogs will not be cared for. I have no doubt the management will make different arrangements in another year, and then it will become a pleasure to exhibit at their shows.

English setters were an excellent class, mostly entries of Mr. H. B. Vondersmith, of Lancaster, and to his credit be it said that he possesses some extra fine dogs. Duke, the first prize winner, is a fine Laverack and fit for any company. Flash, the other entry in setter dogs, is off in eyes and nose, being a trifle snipy, otherwise a nice dog. In bitches the first prize winner is a beautiful looking bitch; head good, with exception of ears, which are too much on the spaniel order. May, a good bitch, should have exchanged places with Lill. Snowflake, a pure white, with exception of a few small spots on head, possesses good coat but a very bad tail. In puppies Gertie is a first-class puppy; not much to choose between her and Nettie, a little Laverack beauty. Don is also quite a good one. The other two entries were not as good, the legs of the one being especially bad.

In Irish setters there was only one entry, and she was off in color, consequently received no mention.

The class of Gordon setters showed a dog of splendid color and good all over, in Tom. Bess is showing age, yet possesses lots of quality. In puppies, Mab with her litter of puppies was a pleasing sight. Countess is also a promising puppy. The remaining entry was not good enough to win.

All of the pointer entries were of the small variety. Nellie Bird is a splendid bitch and looks every inch a worker. Her ears might be carried a trifle better, and her muzzle be a trifle better, but otherwise she is near perfection. Lady Bird is a nice bitch, but not the equal of Nellie. Lady Bird, with her litter of nine puppies, formed the most interesting part of the exhibition; they were a beautiful lot, sired by Shot, all of them solid liver. Biz and Quail, in puppy class, are a promising pair. Biz has somewhat the best head, but in body and chest Quail surpasses him.

In beagles Rena was by long odds the best. She is one of the best beagle bitches in this country. Her large and pleading eyes obtained for her many pats from beautiful hands. Bessie is not a bad bitch. Victor I did not like as well; he carries his ears badly. Don is good in coat, eyes, ears and body, but is undershot and not quite straight in the legs. The remaining entry, I am convinced, was a foxhound puppy.

In collies there were only two entries. In sheep dogs, both Sport and Rhoderick were strong-boned, powerful dogs. They were rightly placed.

The only entry in fox-terriers was quite a fine specimen and well deserved his card.

Dalmatians only had one entry and he was only passable. In French poodles, Mr. Liller, of Lancaster, showed a pair of beauties which, without a doubt, can hold their own in any company.

In the miscellaneous class a powerful young dog, a cross between a bloodhound and a Newfoundland, was shown.

LIST OF AWARDS.

English Setters, Dogs.—1st, Vondersmith's Duke; 2d, Fordney's Flash.

English Setters, Bitches.—1st and 2d, Vondersmith's Lill and May. English Setters, Puppies.—1st and 2d, Vondersmith's Gertie and Don.

Gordon Setters, Dogs or Bitches.—1st and 2d, Vondersmith's Tom and Bess.

Gordon Setters, Puppies.—1st and 2d, Vondersmith's Mab and Countess.

Pointers, Dogs or Bitches.—1st and 2d, Jos. Trissler's Nellie Bird and Lady Bird.

Pointers, Puppies.—1st and 2d, Trissler's Biz and Quail. Beagles, Dogs or Bitches.—1st, A. C. Krueger's Rena; 2d Nissly's Bessie.

Collies.—1st and 2d, Simon B. Cameron's bitches. Sheep Dogs.—1st, W. J. Madden's Sport; 2d, J. F. Heinitch's Rhoderick.

Fox-Terriers.—1st, J. H. Shepherd's Gypsy.

Dalmatians.—1st, Fram's Jack.

French Poodles.—1st and 2d, Liller's dog and bitch.

Miscellaneous.—1st, C. W. Eshleman's dog.

WRIGHTSVILLE, Pa., Sept. 4, 1884.

Razor.

GREAT DANES.

WE published last week a letter from Mr. D. Frank to the *Live Stock Journal* relative to the Great Dane, boarhound, Ulmer dogge and German mastiff. We are indebted to the same journal for the following correspondence upon the subject:

D. Frank, in his article on these breeds, which appeared in your issue of Aug. 1, premises his remarks with rather an ambiguous statement, in which he seems to endeavor to make out that he is treating of a breed—to use his words (but, in reality, a group of breeds possessing more or less affinity)—that scarcely anybody understands. That these breeds are at present but imperfectly understood by the majority of Englishmen who admire these large dogs, I admit (and, moreover, have a very strong suspicion that most foreigners—especially Frenchmen—know still less about them); at the same time, there have been, and are, in this country judges of the dog who understood and understand these breeds quite as well as D. Frank, and could describe them quite as clearly. In a contemporary some four or five years since, I myself pointed out the grades of difference between the heavy mongrel German mastiff, the rough Sulist or Austrian boarhound and the greyhound-like Great Dane, who forms a sort of connecting link between the true Vertragal and Molesian groups. There are, however, several important remarks in Mr. Frank's letter. First, he rightly points out the difference between the pure-bred Great Dane and his allied mongrel cousin the German, or as it is generally known to English breeders as the Ulmer mastiff, a name obtained simply through being found existing in good mastiff-like type around Ulm. Mr. Frank points out that smooth-coated dogs are not fit for hunting wild boars. This may be a sporting fact, of which I plead ignorance; at the same time I can only say, taking an interest in the subject, I have inspected many pictures by foreign (chiefly German) artists of boar hunting scenes, in which many of the dogs employed have been smooth-coated, others maned (as in Hogarth's *Bulldog*), others protected with a coat of armor, while some have approached the rough Austrian Sulist boarhound in type. Owing to this, I have always classed these allied breeds roughly as boarhounds, but see the advisability of particularizing the various breeds.

There is one point I should like to be further enlightened upon by Mr. Frank. He states that the German mastiff was a breed originated by Otto Friedrich, of Zaherze; now, perhaps I may be very ignorant, but cannot recall ever having heard of that worthy man, and should be glad if D. Frank would mention about the date of the manufacture of the German mastiff, for I thought it was a very old variety, and have seen mastiff-like looking dogs painted by Weenix Snyder and other German artists, introduced into pictures of wolf and boar hunting that if in the flesh, would hold their own, as not mere outsiders, if shown among a class of English mastiffs. Now, I am well aware artists often make very great mistakes through not being *au fait* in the subject they depict, still these artists must have had such animals to depict from, and such pictures are a standing proof that such animals existed at their date, and the artist often becomes the naturalist's historian. I should much like to trace the origin of the German mastiff, also of the Great Dane, the latter I believe to be identical with the large greyhound-mastiff-like dog figured on Egyptian sculptures. I have been puzzled to trace how the breed obtained the name of Great Dane, and have endeavored to trace the earliest mention of it and any information concerning this variety from works on Danish and Norwegian hunting, but my researches in this line have been limited, and I only mention it as suggestive to others with better facilities. I note, that like myself, Mr. Frank is in the dark as to the origin of the term. Not having seen the specimen Devro Mr. Frank mentions I cannot offer any opinion of his merits, except that I (and no other English judge, I fancy) would consider a fawn-colored Great Dane with a flesh-colored nose perfect, and beyond all controversy, whatever fancies and likings for any particular feature Mr. Frank or any other judge, breeder, or exhibitor may have. Any indication of a dew-lap in a Great Dane is at variance with true character, and any trace of it reveals alloyed blood, which will generally be the mastiff. Mr. Frank must not think we Englishmen know nothing of these breeds, as the splendid class at the late Crystal Palace proves, and personally I have taken great interest in these breeds, and been at some trouble to investigate their true characteristics in a naturalist's point of view, for some years now. Hoping this may elicit further historical data from Mr. Frank and others.

M. B. WYNN.

Late Hon. Sec. of the late Mastiff Club.

In answer to Mr. B. Wynn's remarks, I will say that I do not mean no Englishman knows about these breeds of dogs, but only that they are better known on the continent than here. I have been living in Paris for these eight years, and I venture to say that the specimens of Great Danes I see there are better, as a general rule, than those that have been exhibited at Stroud or Henley-on-Thames. I have not been fortunate enough to see the Crystal Palace Show, but the same individuals were there, I hear. I lived also in Turkey for seven years; have been in Greece and Austria, and do not well see which special breed Mr. Wynn calls the Sulist or Austrian boarhound. All I know about the differences which distinguish the two distinct breeds of Great Danes and German mastiffs, I have already, and not ambiguously, stated in my article published on Aug. 1, so that I have nothing to add, as I have no more facts in memory about the origin of the name Great Dane than Mr. Wynn himself. All I know is that Devro, who is much thought of in France, was born in Klagenborg (Denmark); but that does not prove anything. The breed might have been imported.

Van Dyck has represented the Great Dane fighting the bear, not the boar. Those represented in the picture of the National Gallery are so indistinctly defined that I cannot well make out what they really are. All I have to say is that I think the dog we speak about is more apt to kill a bear than a boar; it has the habit of catching any animal by the top of the neck, there where the boar has very hard hair which would oblige the dog to fall off, while it is the most vulnerable part of the bear.

I am happy to see that Mr. Wynn and I are of the same opinion as to the existence of two different breeds. The Ger-

man mastiff is a new breed; and it is so true that I have never seen two of them quite alike, the best proof that the breed is not yet well established. M. Otto Friedrich is a breeder of Zahna (Saxe), whom Mr. Vero Shaw names in the lxxvi. chapter of the "Book of the Dog," and whose catalogue I have at the disposal of Mr. Wynn, as well as the best portrait of Devro, who is not fawn color at all, but more dove color than anything else. As for the nose, it follows the color of the coat, as well as the nails, and I think that is pretty.

I never said Devro was perfect, but I only mentioned him as the truest type of the Danish breed I have seen.

In fact, at Stroud and Henley, if we except Thunder, Nero and Devro, the dogs exhibited would be classed with the German mastiffs by any judge on the continent, and Mr. Petrzywalski's Sultan II. would not be prized.

I will end by thanking Mr. Wynn for answering my first letter, as I like controversy, and only dislike blind obstinacy. I hope that in the next Palace show there will be two different classes for the German mastiffs, and the pure Great Danes.

D. FRANK.

LONDON.

With reference to the correspondence re "Great Danes, German Mastiffs," etc., at present going on in your columns, I beg to say that I lived in Denmark from 1861 to 1864, and had up to 1880 visited the country yearly for twenty years, during which time I saw but one specimen of the breed there, and that in Copenhagen, which belonged to a gentleman who came, I think, from Germany and who remained a few months only, when he left taking the dog with him.

As a modern Danish breed up to that time (i. e. 1880), I have no hesitation at all in saying it was unknown.

EDMUND WORMALD.

THE PHANTOM SHOWMAN.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Get your editorial out of the pickle tub "right away." I have a clue to the speculative showman, and he must be crushed.

From no less than three newspaper offices in this city I have the story from the editors that they were waited upon by several gentlemen who informed them that Mr. Charles H. Mason, of Tompkinsville, S. I., is interested in a speculative dog show to take place in this city. Two editors, not being doggy men, had things mixed, and somehow got this affair of Mr. Mason's mixed up with the National Breeders' show—which I may parenthetically remark is to be held at Industrial Art Hall, in this city, on Oct. 16, 17, 18—but that is of course a mistake, because I named last week all the gentlemen interested in any way with the N. B. S. There must be something in this Mason story though, for no less than three gentlemen have also asked me about it. They got their story at the Philadelphia Kennel Club rooms and somehow or another they had got the same story as the editors. Come to think of it, the gentlemen who called on the editors belonged to that club. So there is the line for you to follow up—the P. K. C. members know all about the showman you thought was a phantom. They know something else besides, and I tell it because it will be as much news to you as it was to me. I have it in black and white from a gentleman who is a perfect George Washington, that he heard there that I had paid you for the editorial of last week.

About Mr. Mason, don't you think you might give him the pickle anyhow. If he hits back, or you see what an ass you have made of yourself, I'll hunt about for a knothole for you to wriggle through.

JAMES WATSON.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa.

[If the Philadelphia Kennel Club members have any evidence that there is to be a speculative dog show in their city they are unwilling to impart it to others. We wrote last week to the president of the club and to two other members, asking them if they had any such evidence, to send it to us that we might make it public. We have had no replies.]

PHILADELPHIA K. C. SHOW.

Editor Forest and Stream:

It would seem to us that the fact of any man or company of men holding a bench show of dogs in the city of Philadelphia, almost immediately after one held by the Philadelphia Kennel Club in conjunction with the Pennsylvania State Agricultural Society, which show given by said club and society is for the express purpose of giving breeders an opportunity to exhibit their animals, so as to encourage the breeding of fine dogs, is sufficient within itself to show that the proposed show by the man or company of men has a speculative purpose.

Our show to be held in Philadelphia on the 16th, 17th, 18th, and 19th of September, 1884, has one of the largest and most valuable prize lists ever offered in this country, and there will not be any admission fee charged. A person once admitted to the State Fair Grounds, has free admission to the bench show, which will be of great advantage to breeders, as it will open up a new field of visitors to a dog show.

As Philadelphia has not had a show since 1870, it is hoped all breeders will exhibit here at once, that we may have a guarantee of their appreciation of our labors, and thereby warrant us in holding a bench show every year hereafter.

SAMUEL G. DIXON,

President of the Philadelphia Kennel Club.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Sept. 2.

[The above communication, it will be seen by the date, was written before the announcement in this journal last week of the National Breeders' Show. A reference to that announcement will be sufficient to show that Mr. Dixon's inferences as to the character of the show were premature and wholly unfounded; and we presume that they have since been modified. We hope that the Philadelphia Kennel Club's show will prove so successful that the club will be encouraged to give an annual exhibition.]

Editor Forest and Stream:

The entries for the Philadelphia Kennel Club show far exceed the expectations of its most sanguine members. Four hundred dogs was fixed as the limit to be reached, but for the past two or three days the entries have been pouring in at such a rate that it is feared many will be refused. The building set aside for the dogs at the State Fair grounds will comfortably accommodate 550 dogs, and the members of the club are satisfied they can fill it. The quality of the animals entered is the best, and at no bench show has there been more first class animals than will be exhibited on Sept. 16, 17, 18 and 19. Breeders from all parts of the United States have entered their dogs, and at the club rooms this afternoon numerous telegraph dispatches were received, asking for space to be reserved. A display of the rich special prizes given to the Philadelphia Kennel Club by the leading merchants of Philadelphia has been made in a prominent window on Chestnut street, and is attracting a great crowd of people at all hours of the day. These special prizes are the richest ever given at any show, and will be the subject of illustration in more than one periodical. The Irish red class will be particularly hot, and will contain all the cracks.

The English setter class is also strong and good. It will repay the lover of hounds to visit the show if for no other purpose than to see the splendid packs entered. Shaner, of West Chester, enters one pack, the West Chester Hunt a second, Bryn Mar a third, and three others are on hand.

Mr. Jeff Shaner, the Nestor of fox hunting in this State, stated to-day that he wished to encourage the holding of a similar show next year, and as a breeder, would work for us.

The Pennsylvania Railroad will carry dogs free to the show. They will also run special excursion trains to the Fair Grounds during the show.

HOMO.

MODERN JOURNALISM.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Allow me space in which to illustrate to your readers how a certain enterprising Western paper is conducted. In his last attempt the editor appears to have fairly earned his reputation and even to have outstripped himself. Some of the back numbers of the paper reveal many startling facts, but there is nothing there to beat the record of the past few weeks which is brilliant beyond description. I have just been reading that Mr. Davidson was a gentleman, a man of honor, and the best judge in America until he refused to bow to the dictum of an unscrupulous and corrupt character, when he ceased as suddenly as comes a clap of thunder from a clear sky, to be a judge or even a man under whose judgment exhibitors would intrust their dogs; an ostracized individual with whom no respectable person would judge. I have also read how the Westminster Kennel Club was held up to ridicule, its members denounced as know-nothings, and its esteemed and lamented secretary denounced in the strongest language to be found in the English dictionary. I have noted the sudden change as follows: "The Westminster Kennel Club has our most cordial support, and deserves the co-operation of every man who is interested in dogs." I have asked myself the meaning of this newly acquired friendship, and have not had far to go for an answer, but let time reveal the facts. I have seen how various dogs, when owned by certain parties, have been well high perfect, and I have noticed their collapse into mediocrity when they have changed ownership. I have seen them dwindle down into mongrels, and then rise again as quickly as the mushroom grows, only to be buried again in oblivion with another change of ownership. Pitiful as such things are, they sink into insignificance when a body of gentlemen and sportsmen, respected by the entire honest community, are described as having on their skins parasites of a worse kind than can be found on dogs. Truly such work is a disgrace to journalism, but as an old farmer once remarked, "What can you expect from a pig but a grunt?" Well, here is a little more consistency; but he understood, "we conduct this paper in a thoroughly independent manner, and on the principle of the greatest good to the greatest number." ("We" in this case represent the greatest number.)

JULY 12, 1884.—"The majority are not breeders, including Mr. Mason."

JULY 12, 1884.—"Nor was he [Mr. Mason] a successful exhibitor."

JULY 12, 1884.—"A man to be a teacher must possess knowledge. That Mr. Mason is not the judge he professes to be we most positively assert."

JULY 12, 1884.—"The only possible way in which Mr. Mason could break up dog shows would be for him to judge at a few; that would do it, but happily we shall never see Mr. Mason judge at a show of any importance."

AUG. 16, 1884.—"He [Mr. Mason] shall never pollute our columns again."

AUG. 16, 1884.—"Can Mr. Mason tell us of an instance of an American judge doing what he did at the London show?"

AUG. 16, 1884.—"There is not a man to-day so thoroughly ostracized socially by the sportsmen of America, and to whom so many of their doors are closed."

AUG. 16, 1884.—"So long as we can wield an arm with a pen or without one, we will not permit any man to come to America and insult our institutions and our people, and to cover with the mire of dishonor those who are entitled to and have the respect of Americans."

MARCH 26, 1881.—"Prominent among English breeders will be in attendance Messrs. Henry Lacy and C. H. Mason."

MARCH 26, 1881.—"Messrs. Henry Lacy and C. H. Mason, both of whom have been very successful exhibitors at home."

AUG. 27, 1881.—"Under the management of Mr. Lincoln, with Messrs. Taylor and Mason as judges, the public will look for nothing else but a satisfactory exhibition."

OCT. 8, 1881.—"Mr. C. H. Mason judged fox-terriers, greyhounds, collies, mastiffs, St. Bernards, Newfoundland, bulldogs and bull-terriers, Skyes, Dandies, Scotch, Yorkies, Irish, black and tan, toy terriers, pugs and miscellaneous. The judging gave general satisfaction. "A notable fact, there was not a protest against any of the awards."

AUG. 16, 1884.—"Will Mr. Mason give us the true version of the Faddelford matter?"

OCT. 8, 1881.—"His own report of the London show: 'The judging gave general satisfaction.'"

Here let me quote from letters received from prominent sportsmen:

CHAMPAIGN, Ill., July 24, 1884.—"Adopt an honest and honorable manner in which you present your side of the case in reference to the protest in FOREST AND STREAM of July 17."

BROOKLYN, N. Y., July 7, 1884.—"Mr. Mason says every gentleman in N. J. with whom he had talked upheld you in your position."

BUFFALO, N. Y., AUG. 23, 1884.—"Never rest until the whole business is exposed. You are indorsed by honest people."

SEPT. 6, 1884.—"Our ventilation of this speculative show, in our last issue, did not fall dead on the public ear, as the numerous letters we have already received go to prove. Among these letters is one from a prominent breeder and exhibitor, who after denouncing the scheme, writes: 'It cannot be a success, for no owner of a dog who has the interest of dogs at heart, and respects himself would lend himself to such a scheme by exhibiting a dog. Sturges, the character of the men who only could be got to judge at such a show, would prevent any one who valued his dog from competing, as to who would not be an honor. A respectable man could not be got into such a scheme. Only those who [sic] no legitimate show would have to judge, could be induced to judge.' Our correspondent is right, a respectable and an intelligent judge could not be induced to sacrifice his position to officiate at such a bogus affair. Another correspondent, commenting on the 'Little Joker' show, as he terms it, declares that there will have been shows enough given by the time the Westminster Kennel Club's October show is over, until the winter shows commence, and can not see what possible good, under any circumstances, could come of it. Our correspondent is right; but he must remember there are parasites on the owners of dogs as well as on dogs, and of the two the one on the owner of the dog is a greater blood sucker than the one on the dog."

The following are the promoters and the judges of the show as above described: Promoters—Joseph Kelly, Esq., Ed. Kelly, Esq., Rodney Benson, Esq., W. P. Stevenson, Esq., A. H. Moore, Esq., John E. Thayer, Esq., W. Wade, Esq., J. F. Campbell, Esq., Dr. J. Frank Perry, Geo. W. Leavitt, Esq., J. P. Willey, Esq., T. G. Davey, Esq., Judges—B. F. Wilson, Esq., John Davison, Esq., D. Bateman, Esq., R. Exley, Esq., A. S. Apper, Esq., J. F. Kirk, Esq., Ronald H. Barlow, Esq.

Let us now see what weight this gentleman's paper (?) carries

with the respectable members of the community. Under date of Aug. 16, the editor writes: "The question has been fairly put before the public (very fairly) and the verdict is that Mr. Mason should be barred from bench shows." The decision of the public came in the form of a decided snub for editor and paper as follows:

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Aug. 26, 1884.

C. H. Mason, Esq.:

I am requested by the committee of the Philadelphia Kennel Club, to solicit the favor of receiving some entries from you for their show.

CHAS. LINCOLN.

MONTREAL, Sept. 4, 1884.

Chas. H. Mason, Esq.:

If you show Beaufort we will give an extra prize of twenty-five dollars for the best pointer in the show.

J. F. CAMPBELL.

I have asked your permission to present the above examples, because the editor in question having made an unprincipled, unmanly and cowardly attack upon me, has for obvious reasons closed his columns to my just defense. I have asked no space in which to defend myself against an attack of such a character; that is unnecessary, but it is best the public should know how this gentleman's paper is conducted.

CHAS. H. MASON.

TOMPKINSVILLE, Sept. 9, 1884.

ENGLISH KENNEL NOTES.

XIII.

MUCH to everybody's surprise the show at Tunbridge Wells was a great success. Kennel celebrities were rather conspicuous by their absence, but the novices turned up in great force. There must have been a very energetic "whip" for local entries. This is just the sort of show that will be a big failure next time. The entry fees were extortionate, the prizes paltry, and the management revealed the presence of "prentice hands." The favorable balance that should remain with the committee they will do well to husband up for next year's accounts. The attendance was very numerous, and the ladies showed up handsomely in numbers. A foreigner would have regarded with envy these healthy English girls with their homely faces and pleasant smiles, and if he had strolled along the Pontiles and listened to their conversation, he would have found they are as interested in their "hops" as the town belle is in her balls and bazaars.

I don't know anything against the beagle judge at this show, Mr. Carey Gibson; I have no beagles of my own to sell, so I don't look upon him with the envious eyes of a business man. He seems to have scribbled himself into the beagle fancy, and possibly looks forward to enjoying the fruits of his labor. I opine from the sharp attacks upon him that regularly appear in the *Sporting Times*, that he has in some way or other crossed the path of the jealous "Wildflower." If Mr. Gibson has ever owned any good beagles the public has not seen them. Still if in one way or the other he assists in exciting attention to these merry little hounds, he will serve a purpose.

I heard exhibitors comment upon the bad form of the committee in allowing a judge (Mr. Gibson) to advertise in the catalogue that he was able to supply "the nobility and gentry" with specimens of the breed he was to officiate upon. Such acts are calculated to lower the tone of dog shows.

Henley-on-Thames should be a warning to Tunbridge Wells. I hear that the show of the regatta town, in spite of the amiability of the officials and the intense heat, was a—frost. Several classes appear to have attracted no entries at all, and the impracticability of the sweepstake principle as applied to champion classes was conspicuously demonstrated.

Mr. D. Frank writes about Great Danes and boarhounds again. His desire is that in "the next Palace show there may be two different classes for the German mastiffs and the pure Great Danes." I hope he may get it. As the secretary of the Kennel Club is himself an exhibitor of this variety, Mr. Frank can rest assured that the breed will not lack attention. Another correspondent on the same subject says he has a personal knowledge of Denmark for twenty years, and during this period he has only seen one Great Dane there, and that came from Germany.

"Boot dere was only von Sharman dere, Und he was a Holstein Dane."

Mr. Edmund Wormald sums up his historical remarks on boarhounds with this statement: "As a modern Danish breed up to that time (i. e. 1880), I have no hesitation at all in saying it was unknown." This corroborates Mr. Gustav Lang's writings, which go to show that the Great Danes come from Stuttgart, the German mastiffs from Ulm, and the German mongrels from Leonberg and Zahna.

Mr. J. E. Gunn, secretary of the Cardiff dog show, has deservedly got himself into hot water for his careless manner of dispatching the exhibits to their destination after the show. Many of these secretaries are most unbearable jacks when they are in office. Polite and servile to prominent exhibitors and those they know, but off-handed and "uppish" to the meek-mannered searchers for information. They fuss about with upraised hands, vacuous confusion in their countenances and a generally bewildered aspect that indicates the shallow, inexperienced mind within. They assume all the airs of a factory boy smoking his first pipe, and present an appearance little less ridiculous and quite as amusing to the observant spectator.

Sir John Lubbock has made his "pile" at banking, but there is still a chance for him to earn an honest livelihood in the ring, not the judging ring but the circus ring. I suppose he still keeps his performing ants (I have not much opinion of that insect since I read about him in the "Innocents Abroad"), but he now possesses a black poodle which he has educated to ask for what it requires by bringing cards with the words "food," "water," etc., printed thereon. I am, of course, much struck with the poodle's intelligence, but I am also puzzled when I consider the amount of leisure that must be employed by our bankers and statesmen when I read of their developing the "business" of the powdered clown.

Mr. Ernest George Martin has written a letter to the *Shooting Times*, which among much that is practical contains, I am sorry to say, much that is injudicious and hot-headed. That exhibitors are getting a bit sick of the Kennel Club's stock judge, the Rev. W. J. Mellor, I am obliged to admit, but it is unpleasant to see the mine sprung under him by one of his fellow members. It tends to prove that the boasted *esprit de corps* of the Kennel Club is melting away under supercilious and limited control. Writing of Mr. Mellor's awards in the bull-terrier class at Henley, Mr. Martin says: "A greater fiasco or miscarriage of justice has never been witnessed in the history of dog shows." He complains that Mr. Mellor would not "honestly admit" his mistake. If Mr. Mellor had stopped at that I should have indorsed his conduct, but he unfortunately spoiled the effect by "giving his reasons;" than this I know nothing more foolish and implicating. Mr. Martin then offers to make a bet of £50 with the judge, which I don't think the latter is likely to accept. In his postscript he cuttishly advises the committee to "look more to the real interests of exhibitors and spend less on champagne lunches!" Dear me, is that so! I wish I had been at Henley. I think Mr. Martin is rather hard upon the committee. The reports say the heat was tropical, and one must drink, you know. It is true the Thames is handy, but the papers say that is running dry. The best joke of the whole affair, though, is this. Mr. Martin says that the owner of the winning dog "candidly" told the *Shooting Times* reporter that Mr. Martin's was the better terrier, and yet, to Mr. Martin's suffocating astonishment, he reads in the report that he was unwise to show in a big class. Save me from my friends!

"But Anniss, crafty seer,

Came crammed with capon from where Pollis dines."

In the same paper under the heading "Is this right?" appears a leading article containing an ungenerous, ill-advised attack

upon Mr. George Lowe. I think this interesting to my American readers, because both the writer, Mr. Lewis Clement (Wildfowler), and the subject Mr. Geo. W. Lowe (Leatherhead), are well known to sportsmen your side of the pond. Both are journalists who have gained fame by making sport their theme, and neither are now about turning their experience and reputation to pecuniary advantage, and the medium both have chosen is dogs; *hinc illa lacrima*. Mr. Lowe's nom de plume "Leatherhead" at the end of a paper insures its being read. He was, I believe, the first secretary of the Kennel Club, and why he ever resigned I have never been able to understand. I believe it is to him the Kennel Club owe the idea of starting their own organ, the *Kennel Gazette*. The *Kennel Gazette* is purely official and has no literary pretensions. It merely records the names of dogs registered and a small monthly list of second class fanciers who have sought the equivocal honor of being elected "associates" of the Kennel Club. Mr. Lowe was the paper's first editor and continues to write the leading article for a yearly remuneration of \$50. Mr. Lowe has honorably earned a reputation for his setters and has turned it to a good commercial account. By so doing he only differs from the majority of the Kennel Club members who practice cryptically what he pursues openly. Mr. Clement in *Belle's Life*, where he was Leatherhead's colleague and on the *Field* over the name Wildfowler, made familiar and fascinating that uncomfortable form of sport from which he took his nom de plume. As I have in a former letter explained, he started the *Shooting Times* for the very laudable purpose of putting money in his pocket. I have no hesitation in saying that nobody approaches him in the continental export of dogs. His advertisements can be read in every language, in every clime. His article on Mr. Lowe appears to be written with the object of showing the public that Short is their friend not Collin.

He commences with an absolute blunder. Mr. Lowe stated that Gordon setters should have no white, Mr. Clement says they were originally black, white and tan dogs and that "collie blood" has been resorted to in order to produce black and tans, and that they owe their deep black and tan to collie blood. This is a curious error that any collie man could set right. It is quite the other way round, the collie tan was not deep but light, and it is the endeavor of the collie men to get rid of the deep tan which they unfortunately got into the breed by the Gordon cross and it is a fact which a cursory glance along the collie benches will prove that the collies with a rich red tan show in their heavy heads, substantial build and settey ears, the bar sinister of the Gordon cross. This fact goes far to account for the fashion in sable collies, as they are admitted to show more collie character. It may be as "Wildfowler" wrathfully complains that "Leatherhead" makes the best use of his opportunities to cry up his own wares, but so long as he does not run down dogs of others and so long as there are so many great abuses in doggydom that cry aloud for redress, I do not think it necessary to expend so much righteous indignation upon a point more personal than public.

I think the comment of most people upon the quarrel will be that there is room for both of them, let them shake hands, make it up and "what'll they take?"

It appears from the revenue returns that the number of dog licenses in Great Britain is decreasing. That this is so is not to be deplored. In 1882, 908,360 were paid for; in 1883, only 894,906. It may be taken for granted that the missing tykes are no loss to anybody, teaching them to swim with a brick round their necks will lessen the scourge of hydrophobia, and there remain still plenty only fit to be sent to Mons. Pasteur for experimental purposes. Of such poor wretches it might be appropriately said that

"Nothing in their lives
Become them like the leaving it."

Some scared lunatics are clamoring for the dog tax to be raised to 10s. The present amount is quite sufficient if it be effectively collected. Should it be augmented there would be good reason for trying to evade the heavy impost.

At the time it was raised from 5s. to 7s. 6d., I wrote a letter to the *Times* pointing out that the revenue would not benefit by the increase, and that they would do better to provide for a surer means of collection. I suggested that the postman should undertake the duty, for nobody knows better, often to his cost, who keeps a dog.

Mr. Bucalossi, musical director of the Comedy Theater, has composed a piece of music illustrating all the incidents of a hunt. The *Referee* critic says he entered the theater the other evening when the "full cry" was on, and all the audience was joining in and "giving tongue." The effect is said to be tremendous. I wonder the neighbors don't complain.

I am constantly coming across a popular form of ignorance in the shape of stupid people who, as soon as a dog has bitten anybody want it shot. They have a vague belief they can't explain that the sudden extinction of the dog will cure the wound and avert any ill consequences. Just such a case came lately before a magistrate. A child had been bitten by a dog. The mother wanted compensation, but much preferred to have the dog shot. That seemed to her simple mind necessary to effect a cure. It is a pity the magistrate did not know more about it himself, so as to be able to point out to her the vital importance of allowing the dog to live. If I were bitten by a strange dog of unhealthy appearance in the street, I should right away with or without the owner's permission, march that creature to my own home. There he should be tied up out of danger, and treated like a cavalier's pet. Each morning I should go and have a look at him, his health and comfort would be mine. If he continued well, so I should know that I had nothing to fear from his bite, his bright face and cheerful tail would send me to town with a light heart, and when I was quite reassured I would buy him such a collar, and on it should be engraved "To a good dog, from Lillibulero," but had this good dog been shot, fancy what fears and anxieties would have weighed me down for months probably, while I dreaded that fatal disease. But if the dog became ill, grew worse and at last succumbed, why then I should know the worst, I would find myself with another look round at all that was fondlest, read a chapter out of the book I love best, smoke again the pipe that is sweetest, and then in order not to waste myself, I would sally out and bite my enemy.

LILLIBULERO.

AUGUST 20, 1884.

THE BELGIAN FIELD TRIALS.

THE field trials of the Society St. Hubert were run off at Othee, near Liege, on August 16 and 17 under very favorable circumstances. The ground was the same as in 1882, and nothing better for the purpose could be desired. Game was plentiful, and as the crops of potatoes, mangold, and clover were good, cover was abundant. The heat in the middle of the day was at times very trying, and the scent was as good as could be expected. The ground was five to six miles from Liege. The judges appointed were Gen. David of Antwerp, M. N. Marius of Hanover, and Mr. Sam Price of Bow, North Devon. Gen. David was prevented from attending through illness, but a substitute was found in Baron W. del Marmol of Enival, who is a thorough sportsman, and was quite capable. The judges adopted the system at the National Trials held at Shrewsbury, discarding almost entirely the heat system, and their awards seemed to give general satisfaction. There was an entry of sixteen in the Puppy stakes, and thirty-nine in the All-aged stakes.

The first prize in the Puppy Stakes was won by M. Charles Medard of Liege, with his pointer Sam, by Banjo (a son of young Bang) out of Plume; second, by Mr. F. Lowe of Sittingbourne, with his setter bitch Rose, the winner at the last Shrewsbury Trials; and third, by Prince Albert de Solms, with Luck of Hesse. Comte de Beaufort's pointer Countess of Kent, and M. Jules Dodeumont's pointer Drake were very highly commended. In the All-aged stakes, Sam, the Puppy

Stake winner, took first; M. Ad. Lapke of Hanover, second, with his setter Nelly; and Prince Albert de Solms third, with Grant (pointer). Comte de Beaufort's pointer Duchess of Kent, M. J. Dodeumont's Do (pointer) and M. Victor Dellowe's Frisky (pointer) were very highly commended.—*Live Stock Journal*.

EXHIBITORS' CONVENTION.—The meeting of exhibitors and all interested in dog shows will take place at the Colonnade Hotel, Fifteenth and Chestnut streets, Philadelphia, at eight o'clock on the evening of Oct. 16. The object is to consider the advisability of establishing a Kennel Club. We have received a letter from Mr. H. W. Ashburner in which he requests that his name be withdrawn from the call for an exhibitors' convention to be held at Philadelphia Sept. 16.

THE POISON FIEND.—Savannah, Ga., Sept. 1.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I regret to have to report to you the loss of all of my dogs from poison. Echo and Gall, both as fine specimens of setters as ever pointed a bird. Echo is the dog that "Baldy" mentioned in his letter to you on woodcock, and from that letter you can judge how I feel for the loss of such a brace of dogs, and those the last of my stock.—*VITUS*.

THE BENCH SHOW ASSOCIATION.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Philadelphia Kennel Club hereby cordially extends an invitation to all breeders of dogs not members of the club to communicate their views on bench show standards, etc., so that the delegates at the convention can truly represent the breeders' interest.—*SAMUEL G. DIXON* (President of the Philadelphia Kennel Club).

KENNEL NOTES.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Kennel notes are inserted in this column free of charge. To insure publication of notes, correspondents MUST GIVE the following particulars of each animal:

- | | |
|--|---------------------------------|
| 1. Color. | 6. Name and residence of owner. |
| 2. Breed. | 7. Buyer or seller. |
| 3. Sex. | 8. Sire, with his sire and dam. |
| 4. Age, or | 9. Owner of sire. |
| 5. Date of birth, of breeding or of death. | 10. Dam, with her sire and dam. |

All names must be plainly written. Communication on one side of paper only, and signed with writer's name.

NAMES CLAIMED.

See instructions at head of this column.
Don Sensation. By Mr. Robert Mount, New York, for lemon and white pointer dog, whelped April 11, 1884, by Sensation (A.K.R. 217) out of Flirt (A.K.R. 1248).

Flirt Sensation. By Mr. I. H. Valentine, New York, for lemon and white pointer dog, whelped April 11, 1884, by Sensation (A.K.R. 217) out of Flirt (A.K.R. 1248).

Duke de Richelieu, Senator, Winchester and Lady Promise. By Mr. E. W. Jester, St. George's, Del., for English setters, one blue belton and two lemon belton dogs and one lemon belton bitch, whelped June 25, 1884, by his Zanzibar (A.K.R. 1182) out of his champion Dashing Belle (A.K.R. 816).

Royal Beaufort. By Mr. L. Gardner, Mount Vernon, N. Y., for lemon belton pointer dog, whelped June 1, 1884, by Beaufort (A.K.R. 694) out of champion Grace (Match—Nell).

Clyde. By Mr. I. Bremner, Brooklyn, for black, white and tan collie dog, whelped May 25, 1884, by Kilmarnock Bruce (A.K.R. 1423) out of Willie (A.K.R. 1431).

Dixie. By Mr. S. L. Farrar, Bath, Me., for black, white and tan beagle bitch, whelped March 25, 1884, by Flute (Rattler—True) out of Thorn (Victor—Lucy).

Notion and Virgie. By Mr. A. H. Wakefield, Providence, R. I., for white, black and tan beagle bitches, whelped Aug. 16, 1883, by imported Ringwood out of Thorn.

Dandie and Vicen. By Mr. A. H. Wakefield, Providence, R. I., for beagles, dog and bitch, whelped Aug. 11, 1883 (Flute—Queen).

Zita. By Mr. J. P. Hunt, West Rutland, Vt., for lemon and white English setter bitch, whelped June 17, 1884, by Rex (Druid—Bessie Lee) out of Countess Bess (Fred—Flirt).

BRED.

See instructions at head of this column.
Novice—Otho. Mr. Fred. W. Rothera's (Simcoe, Ont.) imported rough-coated St. Bernard bitch Novice to his Otho (A.K.R. 483), Sept. 5.

Duke of York. Mr. C. H. Malleon's (Hudson, N. Y.) King Charles spaniel bitch Jumbo (A.K.R. 1485) to Mr. A. W. Lucy's imported Duke of York (Don Carlos—Queen of Bow), Aug. 29.

Bess—Glueho. Mr. Fred. Waterman's (Hudson, N. Y.) red Irish setter bitch Bess (Chief—Tilly) to Mr. W. H. Pierce's champion Glencho, July 19.

Daisy Zulu—Oba II. Mr. J. M. Dewey's (New Haven, Conn.) cocker spaniel bitch Daisy (Oba I (A.K.R. 381) to Mr. J. P. Willey's champion Oba II (A.K.R. 431), Aug. 15.

Blackie III—Oba II. Mr. J. P. Willey's (Salmon Falls, N. H.) black cocker spaniel bitch Blackie III (A.K.R. 382) to his champion Oba II (A.K.R. 432), Aug. 23.

WHELPS.

See instructions at head of this column.
Vick. Mr. W. P. Kelly's (Corsicana, Tex.) pointer bitch Vick (Sleaford Belle), July 22, seven (three dogs), by Pettit's Tory (Maxim—Accident).

Belle Boyd. Dr. Robt. I. Hampton's (Athens, Ga.) English setter bitch Belle Boyd (A.K.R. 1277), Aug. 20, eight (seven dogs), by Count Dan (A.K.R. 1282), the bitch since dead.

Fanny. Mr. Geo. Sanderson's (Moncton, N. B.) imported Skye terrier bitch Fanny, Sept. 3, four (three dogs), by his imported Watly.

SALES.

See instructions at head of this column.
Abbess. St. Bernard bitch (A.K.R. 783), by the Schoonhoven Kennel, Black Rock, Conn., to Mr. Henry Muller, Clifton, S. I.

Riot. Mastiff dog, whelped July 12, 1884 (Agrippa, A.K.R. 449)—Rena, A.K.R. 202), by the Riverview Kennel, Clinton, Mass., to Mr. H. E. Sargent, Leicester, Mass.

Rolls—Blasdel. Dog, whelped July 12, 1884 (Agrippa, A.K.R. 449)—Rena, A.K.R. 202), by the Riverview Kennel, Clinton, Mass., to Mr. J. B. Hanson, Taunton, Mass.

Beulah. Blue belton English setter bitch, age not given (Count Derby—Dashing Countess), by Mr. E. W. Jester, St. George's, Del., to Mr. John D. Carr, Foxburg, Pa.

Lady Promise. Lemon belton English setter bitch, whelped June 25, 1884 (Zanzibar—Dashing Belle), by Mr. E. W. Jester, St. George's, Del., to Mr. P. Bowers, Clinton, Mass.

Fair O. Fawn Italian greyhound bitch, age not given (—Naughty), by Mr. E. W. Jester, St. George's, Del., to Mr. W. D. Judkins, Roanoke, Va.

Alto. Maltese Italian greyhound bitch, age not given (—Naughty), by Mr. E. W. Jester, St. George's, Del., to Mr. W. Y. Warren, Wilmington, Del.

Chic. Fawn Italian greyhound bitch, age not given (—Naughty), by Mr. E. W. Jester, St. George's, Del., to Mr. R. C. Prount, Newark, O.

Senator. Lemon belton English setter dog, whelped June 25, 1884 (Zanzibar, A.K.R. 1182—Dashing Belle, A.K.R. 816), by Mr. E. W. Jester, St. George's, Del., to Mr. G. F. Clark, same place.

Dashing Dido. Black, white and tan English setter bitch, whelped May 28, 1884 (Zanzibar, A.K.R. 1182—Dashing Jessie, A.K.R. 815), by Mr. E. W. Jester, St. George's, Del., to Mr. W. W. Davis, Philadelphia, Pa.

Winchester. Lemon belton English setter dog, whelped May 28, 1884 (Zanzibar, A.K.R. 1182—Dashing Jessie, A.K.R. 815), by Mr. E. W. Jester, St. George's, Del., to Mr. J. R. Hoffecker, Middletown, Del.

Dashing Tansey. Black, white and tan English setter bitch, whelped May 28, 1884 (Zanzibar, A.K.R. 1182—Dashing Jessie, A.K.R. 815), by Mr. E. W. Jester, St. George's, Del., to Mr. G. F. Clark, same place.

Count Zau. Lemon belton English setter dog, whelped May 28, 1884 (Zanzibar, A.K.R. 1182—Dashing Jessie, A.K.R. 815), by Mr. E. W. Jester, St. George's, Del., to Mr. J. C. Calhoun, Massey, Md.

Foreman—Bush whelp. White, black and tan beagle dog, whelped May 30, 1884, by Mr. A. H. Wakefield, Providence, R. I., to Mr. Tobias Burke, Nayatt, R. I.

Dandie. Beagle dog, whelped Aug. 11, 1884 (Flute—Queen), by Mr. H. Wakefield, Providence, R. I., to Mr. M. B. Cornell, Arlington, R. I.

DEATHS.

See instructions at head of this column.
Don II. Liver spaniel dog (A.K.R. 1310), owned by Mr. H. P. Blackman, Wilkesbarre, Pa., Aug. 24, from distemper.

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

THE CANADIAN WIMBLEDON.

OTTAWA, Sept. 1.—The annual meeting of the Dominion Rifle Association commenced at Rideau Range this morning. The attendance of riflemen was unusually large, about 800 competing in the Nursery match. This was the opening match, open to members who had not won a prize of \$10 or upward at any previous meeting. During the forenoon there was quite a brisk breeze. In the afternoon, however, the wind died away and the sky became beautifully clear, affording marksmen every opportunity of showing their skill. The arrangements at the range this year have been greatly improved, all riflemen expressing great satisfaction with the changes in the positions of targets, etc. During the afternoon Major-General Middleton and other staff officers visited the grounds, remaining for some time. For the first time since the Association was organized, Colonel Mikulski is absent from the annual meeting. The first match was the Nursery, range 500yds, Snider rifles. The following were the leading scores:

Sergt Kennedy, Queen's Own.	25	Private J. Kambery, 5th.	23
Gunner Collins, W. F. Battery.	21	Major T. J. Egan, 63d.	23
Gunner Campbell, Halifax Art.	34	Private Beatty, 8th Cav., N. B.	23
Lieut Jamieson, 12th.	23	Private G. Cook, 5th.	23
Lieut G. A. McMillan, 4th.	23	Private Jas. Walls, 44d.	23

Manufacturers Match.—Value of prizes, \$320; open to members of the Association; range, 500yds.; 7 rounds, Snider rifles, any position: Capt L. Buchanan (ret.) 33 Major White, 4th Cav. 32 Capt W. McDonald, 1st Batt. 33 Sergt Dent, 10th. 32 Sergt Brown, 10th Royals. 33 Staff Sergt Clarke, 13th. 32 Capt Corbin, 62d. 32

Rideau Match.—Open to members of the Association; entrance fee, 50 cents, range 500yds., rounds 7. position arranged with head to target; total value of 53 prizes, \$315. Following are the leading scores: Lieut H. Chamberlain, 43d Batt. 33 Private Stanton, 60th Rifles. 32 Col-Sgt Mitchell, W. Peg Rifles. 33 Corp W. Hilton, 49th Batt. 32 Corp Miner, 4th Batt. 33 Corp Henderson, 62d Batt. 32 Capt Todd, 3d F. R. 32

Sept. 2.—The competition in the match for the McDougall Challenge Cup was continued at the Rideau Range this morning. The wind was blowing briskly, but some excellent scores were made. The prizes were the cup presented by Lady McDougall with \$300 added by the Dominion Rifle Association, the match being open to members of the active militia, members of staff, and officers and men of the army who have retired retaining their rank, as well as all officers and men of the British army stationed in Canada. The cup to be the property of the member winning it twice consecutively. Ranger 400 and 600yds., Snider rifles. The McDougall Cup was last year by Lieut. Chamberlain, of the 43d Battalion. The following were the leading scores:

Lance-Sergt. O'Shaughnessy.	25	500yds.	600yds.
Lieut W. Mitchell, 33d.	23	400yds.	500yds.
Kirkpatrick, 6th.	24	23	25
Lieut-Sergt. McEwan, Wpg Rifles.	21	21	21
Capt Hart, St John Rifles.	22	22	22
Private Jamieson, 12th.	23	23	23
Staff-Sergt. Whittall, Q. O. R.	24	24	24
Private Dover, 78th.	23	23	23

Masson Match.—Firing in the Masson Match commenced with 310 entries. The prizes amounted to \$420. A heavy wind blew across the range while the match was in progress, and consequently the scores were small. Following is the list of leading prize winners, 7 shots per man:

Staff-Sergt W. S. Kussel, 45th.	30	Bomb Case, H. G. A.	28
Sergt Short, G. G. F. G.	29	Major Bennett, retired list.	28
Private W. O. King, 45th.	29	Corp Mountain, 8th R. R.	28
Sergt Kennedy, Q. O. R.	29	Jas Hunter, St John, N. B.	28
Private M. O. Clark, W. R.	28		

Sept. 3.—The contest of Militia's match was concluded this afternoon, the team from the Queen's Own battalion carrying off the first prize. A challenge cup was presented by the Minister of Militia with \$460 divided among 34 teams and 54 individual prizes added by the Association. The following were the conditions: Teams of 3 men to be selected from the competitors entered as individuals and composed of three previously named representatives of the active militia, whose names shall have been given in writing to the Secretary of the Dominion Rifle Association by some duly accredited representative of the affiliated association on or before July 1, 1884; ranges 500 and 600yds.; Snider rifles. The team competition resulted as follows:

Queen's Own Rifles.	500yds.	600yds.	Total.
Eighth Royal Rifles.	88	88	176
Sixty-third Rifles, Halifax.	84	77	161
Guards' Rifle Association.	87	74	161
Hamilton Rifle Association.	76	82	158
Fifth Royal Scots.	86	72	158
	84	73	157

The Grenville Rifle Association scored 157, but was counted out on ties. Victoria Rifle Club, Hamilton, and Thirteenth, of Hamilton, scored 156.

Sept. 4.—The competition in the Dominion of Canada Match was continued to-day and finished about 2 o'clock. The prizes were for teams, \$300; individuals, \$570; open to efficient members of the active militia, members of the staff and officers of the active force who have retired retaining rank, and to all officers, non-commissioned officers and men of Her Majesty's regular army and navy stationed in Canada who are also members of the Association. First prize, a badge and \$60—Queen's Own, 422. Second prize, \$50—Fifth Battery Royal Scots, 417. Third prize, \$40—Seventy-first N. B. Battery, 402. Fourth prize, \$30—Eighty Royal Rifles, 402. Fifth prize, \$20—Thirteenth Battery, Hamilton, 400. The Forty-third scored 218; Guards 394 and Sixty-third 391. Individual prizes:

Staff Sergt. Walker, Q. O.	31	32	30	92
Lieut. Kincaid, Sixth Cavalry.	29	32	30	91
Capt. McDonald, Q. O.	30	32	28	90
Private J. Cook, Fifth.	30	35	25	90

The Bankers' Prize.—The Grand Aggregate.—The scores in this match were made up from the teams and the men who have made the highest aggregate scores in the manufacturers, Rideau, McDougall, Mason, Dominion and Minister of Militia matches. The following was the result:

Staff-Sgt Russell, 45th.	265	Pte D. Smith.	260
Pte Cooke, 3rd Royal Scots.	262	Sgt Kennedy, Q. O. R.	260
Staff-Sgt Wynne, Q. O. R.	261	Capt. Dalrymple, 5th.	260
Staff Sgt. Asher, Q. O. R.	261	Lieut. Forrest, 8th.	260

The British Challenge Shield match for the shield presented by the auxiliary forces of Great Britain to the Active Militia of Canada, with 25 sovereigns added by Colonel Gzowski, open to sections of five men as in the Gzowski military match. First prize, Gov. General's foot guard, 110; second do, 8th Cavalry, N. B. 137.

The Dominion Rifle Association.—The shooting was practically concluded to-day. The first match was the London merchants' cup and \$144 open to teams from each province. Ranges 500 and 600yds., entrance fee \$15 each team. Teams were entered from Ontario, Quebec, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island, and Manitoba, and the score stood, first prize, New Brunswick, 432; second prize, Ontario, 410; third prize, Quebec, 404; fourth prize, Nova Scotia, 375; fifth prize, Prince Edward Island, 350; sixth prize, Manitoba, 355.

Governor-General's Prize.—Value, \$50, to be competed for by fifty winners in the grand aggregate. First prize, a special badge and \$250; second prize, a badge and \$150; third prize, a badge and \$100; total \$500. Each of the seven next highest competitors to receive a badge, 300yds. standing or kneeling, at 500 and 600yds., position any.

Capt Corbin, 62d Rifles. 91 Sergt Curzon, 10th Reg. 88 Sergt McLaughlin, 45th Reg. 81 Pte Cooke, 8th Reg. 87 Capt Perley, H. O. S. 89 Pte Armstrong, G. G. F. G. 87 Sergt Mitchell, Wpg Rifles. 88 Corp W. Hilton, 49th Reg. 86 Lieut W. H. Cooley, 8th R. R. 85 Pte A. Kimberley, 49th Reg. 85

The special Provincial prizes were also competed for to day. The Marquis of Lorne offered \$500 to be divided into five prizes of \$100 each to be open to British Columbia, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Manitoba, and Prince Edward Island. Heretofore the two large Provinces monopolized the military matches, and it was with the object in view of encouraging the smaller Provinces to compete, that His Excellency offered these prizes. The result of the above matches was issued at 4:55. It was as follows: 1. Nova Scotia—Sergt. Larkin 21, Major Wells 20, Sergt. Shepherd 20. 2. New Brunswick—Pte. McMillan 28, Sergt. G. Langstroth 28, Lieut. S. Langstroth 26. 3. Manitoba—Gunner Collins 29, Pte. Blasdel 26, Pte. Nay 26.

During the afternoon the Minister of Militia and Madame Caron held a reception in their tent on the grounds, at the conclusion of which the prizes were presented.

As a result of this year's competition in the Dominion Rifle Association matches, next year's Wimbledon team will be selected from among the forty-eight gentlemen who made the highest scores in the grand aggregate and the Governor-General's match, provided they are members of the active militia. Following is a list of their scores: Pte. Geo. Cooke, 5th Royals, 349; Lieut. Forrest, 8th Rifles, 348; Pte. D. Smith, 5th Royals, 349; Color-Sergt. Dalrymple, 5th Royals, 342; Staff-

Sergt. Russell, 4th, 341; Capt. Corbin, 63d, 340; Pte. Kinnerly, 49th, 347; Staff-Sergt. Ashall, Queens Own, 340; Assistant Gunner McLaughlin, 15th, 339; Corporal Hilton, 49th, 338; Capt. Perley, H. Q. Staff, 338; Sergt. Keane, Queens Own, 338; Color-Sergt. Mitchell, Wm. Rifles, 337; Corp. Miner, 71st, 337; Pte. Armstrong, G. F. G., 337; Staff-Sergt. Allan, 83d, 335; Sergt. Curzon, 10th, 333; Staff-Sergt. Wynne, 5th Royals, 333; Capt. Hart, St. John Rifles, 331; Capt. Thomas, 54th, 330; Sergt. Kincaid, 6th Cav., 330; Pte. Stanton, 6th, 330; Sergt. Walker, Queens Own, 329; Lieut. Patterson, 85th, 329; Lieut. Sherwood, G. F. G., 329; Sergt. W. Mitchell, 32d, 328; Pte. King, 45th, 327; Sergt. Larkin, 63d, 326; Sergt. Dent, 10th, 326; Lieut. Jamieson, 30th, 325; Capt. Laurie, G. F. G., 325; Sergt. Short, G. F. G., 325; Sergt. Goodwin, 13th, 325; Capt. W. Macdonald, 1st B. F. A., 324; Lieut. Kirkpatrick, 6th, 324; Pte. Fraser, Queens Own, 324; Sergt. Doyle, 53d, 324; Pte. Bartlett, Queens Own, 323; Col. Adam, 13th, 322; Sergt. Wilson, 33d, 320; Jamieson, 43d, 320; Sergt. Jack, 10th, 320; Capt. Panton, 40th, 320; Pte. Ridgel, 6th, 317; Pte. Lordly, 63d, 313; Lieut. Fisk, 63d, 312; Sergt. Langstroth, 31st Cav., 310.

BELLAIRE SCHUTZEN SOCIETY.

WHEELING, W. Va., Sept. 3.—The Bellaire Schutzen Society held their first Schutzenfest at this place on Aug. 25 and Sept. 1. The shooting was done at Siebert's Garden, a pleasant picnic ground some two or three miles from the city, within easy reach by trains every hour. Music and dancing also occupied one part of the day, and the amusement was very well inclined. The targets were eight in number, and nicely arranged on poles, which were for quick marking. The distance was said to be 130yds., and a 100yd. target used with 4in. bullseye. There were two kinds of targets used, viz., one with the Massachusetts rings were used with 11 and 12 counts in bullseye, and another which only had a pasteboard 4in. bullseye hung in center of white field. On the first of these targets targets nothing counted in the five shots but those which struck the bullseye. Of these bullseyes that made the first prize was given the shot nearest the exact center, and second prize to next nearest, and so on down to tenth, there being ten prizes on each target of the same value. The first prize on each target being a large silver cup with riflemen and targets finely engraved and two deers' heads standing out on the sides. Second prize ten dollars cash, and each lower prize graded down to one dollar for the tenth prize, aggregating seventy dollars on each target except No. 1, which was practice target with no prizes, and No. 8 target, which was for members of society only to shoot for title of Schutzen King. One feature of the meeting was the shooting at a large wooden eagle, a fac simile of the Prussian coat of arms. This eagle was about 1ft. high and on a pole 50ft. high and 50yds. from the firing point. Members took turns in firing, and prizes to the amount of \$100 were awarded to the shooters who brought down various pieces, such as \$10 for the crown, another sum for wing, etc. The last piece shot down was also awarded a prize. Below are the scores in the various matches which were the result of the two days' shooting, and as many re-entries as were desired were allowed.

Target No. 2.—Open to breechloaders with open sights only, off-hand, 130yds., 5 shots:

E Dwight.....	12	8	11	11	50	F Nimmer.....	6	8	8	8	5-35
Oto Jaeger.....	11	9	11	11	10	F Nimmer.....	3	12	10	2	7-34
C E Dwight.....	11	9	11	7	11-48	F Nimmer.....	8	8	6	2	9-33
C E Dwight.....	11	8	11	6	9-45	F Nimmer.....	7	12	2	2	3-33
H Scraggens.....	7	8	8	12	43	John Himlin.....	10	10	10	3	2-25
C Rumbaugh.....	12	4	8	10	9-43	F Nimmer.....	6	2	2	7	6-23
J Scraggens.....	8	9	10	7	9-43	C Rumbaugh.....	8	5	4	3	0-20
W Schmidt.....	9	7	10	7	9-42	C Rumbaugh.....	6	0	2	5	2-15
C Gantert.....	9	10	8	11	41	W Schmidt.....	4	7	2	2	0-15
Oto Jaeger.....	8	10	8	11	5-41	F Nimmer.....	8	8	6	2	9-15
C Gantert.....	8	7	7	11	40	W Schmidt.....	9	0	5	9	9-14
H Scraggens.....	10	6	8	6	9-39	Blumenburg.....	2	4	6	0	0-12
Chas Hill.....	10	4	8	8	7-37	Chas Hill.....	0	6	3	0	0-10
F Nimmer.....	7	11	5	6	8-37	F Fry.....	0	0	0	0	0-0

No. 3.—Bullseye Target.—Open to open-sight rifles only, any construction of rifle to be used, off-hand, 5 shots, only bullseyes count, string measure: F. Nimmer first, C. E. Dwight second, C. Rumbaugh third, John Rumbaugh fourth, C. E. Dwight fifth, F. Nimmer sixth, C. Rumbaugh seventh, C. Rumbaugh eighth, F. Nimmer ninth. Each following shot 5 shots and got no bull; only nine bulls made. William Schmidt, F. Nimmer, Chas. Hill, Wm. Cox, C. Rumbaugh, J. Rumbaugh, E. Burfield.

Target No. 4.—Any rifle, any sight, off hand, 100yds., Massachusetts target used at 130yds., 5 shots:

J F Shirk.....	1	12	9	11	11-51	H Scraggens.....	9	8	6	10	12-45
Oto Jaeger.....	10	11	12	9	9-51	Oto Jaeger.....	7	10	10	8	9-44
R S Stewart.....	11	10	9	12	9-51	J F Shirk.....	9	10	9	8	9-44
Oto Jaeger.....	11	8	11	9	11-50	Wm. Cox.....	7	10	10	8	9-44
Oto Jaeger.....	9	11	10	9	11-50	H Scraggens.....	11	6	8	7	11-44
Wm. Cox.....	11	8	11	9	11-50	G Scraggens.....	11	6	8	7	11-44
C O Dwight.....	11	11	10	9	9-50	Wm. Cox.....	7	10	9	8	9-43
R S Stewart.....	5	11	12	12	10-50	Oto Jaeger.....	9	14	9	5	4-43
C E Dwight.....	11	10	10	7	11-49	R S Stewart.....	10	10	7	8	8-43
Oto Jaeger.....	10	12	10	9	9-49	Wm. Cox.....	6	9	10	10	4-43
C Gantert.....	11	10	10	9	11-48	H Scraggens.....	11	5	8	10	4-42
R S Stewart.....	11	10	11	10	49	J F Shirk.....	10	10	9	8	4-42
R S Stewart.....	9	10	10	9	11-49	Wm. Cox.....	10	7	10	9	4-42
C E Dwight.....	10	8	12	11	8-49	R S Stewart.....	9	9	8	6	4-41
J F Shirk.....	11	10	10	9	9-49	F Minger.....	10	9	4	11	7-41
Oto Jaeger.....	10	10	8	12	49	J Rumbaugh.....	10	10	10	8	3-41
C E Dwight.....	9	9	11	10	48	H Scraggens.....	9	9	7	8	4-40
C E Dwight.....	11	10	10	9	11-48	R S Stewart.....	9	9	7	8	4-40
J F Shirk.....	8	7	11	9	12-47	H Scraggens.....	10	8	7	8	4-40
R S Stewart.....	11	9	7	8	12-47	F Minger.....	7	8	5	8	3-36
J F Shirk.....	11	9	7	9	11-47	Wm. Cox.....	9	8	6	7	5-35
H Scraggens.....	13	9	10	7	9-47	L Heller.....	9	11	8	7	5-35
J Robinson.....	7	11	10	11	8-47	Wm. Cox.....	4	8	6	6	7-33
J F Shirk.....	9	10	11	5	11-46	F Minger.....	6	4	3	12	7-32
J F Shirk.....	11	9	8	11	9-46	F Minger.....	5	5	7	4	3-30
R S Stewart.....	8	11	9	7	10-46	F Minger.....	6	5	7	4	3-30
G Scraggens.....	12	4	8	11	10-45	J Rumbaugh.....	7	5	5	5	6-27
H Scraggens.....	9	9	8	10	45	Fred Yunker.....	5	9	0	5	8-27

Target 5.—Bullseye target, same as No. 3, only for any sights, any rifle, 5 shots, only bullseyes count: F. Nimmer first, John Rumbaugh second, C. E. Dwight third, William Cox fourth, John Rumbaugh fifth, William Cox sixth, Oto Jaeger seventh, John Rumbaugh eighth, William Cox ninth, F. Nimmer tenth. One Bullseye—H. Scraggens, John Rumbaugh and F. Nimmer. Two Bullseyes—J. F. Shirk, F. Nimmer. Five Shots, no Bullseyes—Oto Jaeger, L. Heider, Fred Yunker, Blumenberg.

No. 6.—130yds., any rifle, any sights, rest, only bullseyes count, nearest shot first prize, etc.: F. Nimmer first, Wm. Cox second, C. Rumbaugh third, F. Nimmer fourth, C. Rumbaugh fifth, E. Beufelt sixth, M. Keith seventh, C. E. Dwight eighth, C. E. Dwight ninth, E. Beufelt tenth. Thirty-five other bullseyes made which got no prize, all being further from center than the first ten, which received prizes as above.

No. 7.—Bullseye Target.—Same as No. 5, only 4 shots allowed: Louis Fuhr first, Wm. Smith second, C. E. Dwight third, B. Kraus fourth, C. Rumbaugh fifth, F. Nimmer sixth, F. Nimmer seventh, Oto Jaeger eighth, C. Rumbaugh ninth, F. Nimmer tenth. Twenty-five bullseyes made besides those above which got no prize. WIND.

NEW YORK RIFLE CLUB.—Donaldson sporting match, at Creedmoor, Sept. 10, following scores were made out of a possible 105 at 100, 200 and 300yds., 7 shots off-hand at each range:

J W Todd.....	35	29	27-91
J Duane (mil.).....	32	25	30-87
Major Shorley (mil.).....	29	20	26-84
F C Hamilton (hunting).....	32	27	24-83
J H Brown (mil.).....	32	w.	

Mr. Hamilton shot a new .40-90 hunting gun made by Mr. Brown. It would pay some of your correspondents on the "Choice of Hunting Gun" to visit Mr. Brown's shops and inspect this gun. Judging from what some of them have written designed "to fill the bill" for "want." At the close of the 100yd. shooting, Mr. Brown left to shoot at the long ranges where I doubt not he held up his end. There was a very variable wind at the 200yd. range which partially accounts for the poor scores made there.—DUANE (Act. Adjutant).

PHILADELPHIA, Aug. 27.—In response to the call issued by Mr. J. E. Bloom, president of the Ligovsky Clay-Pigeon Club, representatives from seven gun clubs assembled in room 42, Girard House, this evening, in order to form a provisional organization for the purpose of holding an interstate clay-pigeon tournament. The meeting was called to order by the gun editor of the Philadelphia Item, who was asked to act as temporary chairman. Representatives of the clubs were: Grand, Isaac M. Davis; Orion, T. P. Greger; Norristown, Dr. J. D. Peters; Eureka (Norristown), F. Miller; Penn (Norristown), H. W. Gammons; South End, D. Weir and A. Spear; Keystone, A. J. Rust and H. Fitzgerald; Mr. H. Fitzgerald, gun editor of the Item, was made President of the provisional organization. Vice-President, F. Miller, Eureka Club, Norristown; Secretary, Isaac M. Davis, Girard Club; Treasurer, A. J. Rust, Keystone Club. It was then moved and seconded that one representative from each

club form an executive committee, as follows: Isaac M. Davis, T. P. Greger, F. Miller (chairman), Dr. J. D. Peters, H. W. Gammons, A. Spear, A. J. Rust. As additional entries are made, each club will appoint a representative to act in conjunction with this committee. Mr. Rust said that he had been a participant in the New York tournament given by the Ligovsky Clay-Pigeon Company, and stated that the way in which the traps were arranged, and the contests conducted, made the shooting ten times as lively and interesting as he had ever seen in Philadelphia. "We have not," continued Mr. Rust, "shot at clay-pigeons here properly, the traps being erroneously arranged, both as regards position and elevation. I learned a great deal in New York, and thought more of the sport than I had ever thought before. I hope the traps will be similarly arranged for our tournament." It is hoped that representatives of clubs from the Middle States will take part, and that the clubs will form a Middle States' Clay-Pigeon League. A Southeastern league is being formed, with Washington as the center; a Southern States' league, with New Orleans as center; a Western States' league, with St. Louis as center; a Northwestern States' league, with Chicago as center; a Northern States' league, with Cincinnati as center; a Pacific coast league, with San Francisco as center. The proposed tournament in Philadelphia will be open to any duly organized gun club in Pennsylvania, New York, New Jersey and Delaware. It will probably be held during the latter part of October, and be a three-days' event. A meeting will be held during the tournament for the purpose of organizing the Middle States' league.

BULLSHEAD RIFLE CLUB.—No. 323 Third avenue, Aug. 28.—Twelve-rifle target, possible 110:

M Dorrier.....	119	J F Campbell.....	104
Zimmermann.....	118	B Walter.....	105
A Lober.....	117	D Louizick.....	102
C Rein.....	115	S F C Weber.....	98
J Schmidt.....	108	J Shaw.....	96

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 28.—To-day at the Shell Mound Range, the fourth and last competition for places in the interstate team took place, under the supervision of Major F. A. Klose, Inspector of Rifle Practice. There was a noticeable improvement in the shooting, and the scores were high. Klein distinguished himself by a record of 35 out of 40 shots. Each marksman is allowed two shots at the target to "get his hand in," and at the 500yd. range Klein's two sighting shots were bullseyes, giving him twelve successive bullseyes. Kuhnle did his shooting at Petaluma, and until his official score is received at headquarters it is impossible to state just who will compose the interstate team, but to-day's score, given below, will probably show all but one.

	200yds.	500yds. Total.		200yds.	500yds. Total.	
Klein.....	45	50	Carson.....	46	41	87
Walther.....	45	47	Johnson.....	41	46	87
Hovey.....	46	45	Mangels.....	45	42	87
Carson.....	46	45	Carson.....	41	45	86
Perkins.....	45	46	Robertson.....	40	46	86
Perkins.....	45	45	Sprowl.....	40	43	83
Klein.....	47	60	Townsend.....	35	45	80
Barrere.....	44	46	Diers.....	40	38	78
Perkins.....	43	46	Simpson.....	40	37	77
Kuhls.....	45	44	Hovey.....	40	35	75
Barrere.....	44	44				

Captain H. Parker, of Carson City, is proud of the Nevada boys, and to show evidence of his faith in them, he wagered a little something with Major Klose that the best of the interstate team to-day would beat that of an equal number at Shell Mound. It will be seen by the score of California's first ten men, that the Nevada boys will have to do some very good shooting to come up to the mark—or to average 90.7 out of a possible 100.

BOSTON, Sept. 6.—The rifle shooting at Walnut Hill to-day was confined to a comparatively small number of contestants, owing, doubtless, to the heat. The features of the day were the score of 99 made by Salem Wilder in the decimal rest match, and the 49 made by Mr. Francis in the Creedmoor practice match. Following are the leading scores:

Creedmoor Practice Match.

J Francis.....	5	5	5	5	5	5-49
F Stetson.....	4	5	5	4	5	4-43
J E Stanton (mil.).....	4	4	5	3	5	4-43
T Stewart.....	4	4	4	3	5	4-43
J A Hall.....	3	3	3	2	3	4-41
H B Presby (mil.).....	3	4	2	3	4	4-41

Creedmoor Prize Match.

H Cushing.....	5	4	5	4	4	4-46
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Decimal Rest Match.

S Wilder.....	10	10	10	10	10	10-60
W Warren.....	9	10	10	10	10	10-59

Decimal Off-Hand Match.

J B Fellows.....	8	8	8	9	7	7-50
R Reed.....	7	10	6	7	8	9-54
H Cushing.....	6	10	6	8	8	8-54

GARDNER, Mass., Sept. 3.—There were only a few of the members of the Gardner Rifle Club present to-day at the regular meet of the club at Hackmatack range. The new American decimal target was used, shooting off-hand, distance 300yds., with a possible 100. The best totals were as follows: W. C. Loveland 90, G. F. Ellsworth 85, F. A. Knowlton 81, A. Mathews 81, H. C. Knowlton 79, J. F. Sweeney 76.

NEW HAVEN, Aug. 26.—The shoot between the Irish-American team of this city and the Sixty-ninth Regiment team of New York resulted in favor of the new team. The visitors secured 101 points at 200yds., but at 500yds. the home team wiped this out and closed with a balance of 33 in their favor, as the following 500yd. score shows, 7 shots per man:

New Haven Team.—P. O'Connor 26, James O'Connor 34, Lawrence O'Brien 24, Sylvester Keohane 20, William F. Murphy 25, Michael O'Connell 25, James P. Landers 21, Joseph Purcell 24, James Bradley 27, James Hackett 28, T. K. Dunn 22, Frank Gaffney 2. Grand total, 278.

New York Team.—T. F. Stewart 31, P. McCarthy 24, E. Duffy 23, J. Kerr 10, P. Farrelly 23, J. Moran 27, D. C. McCarthy 33, J. J. Cunningham 17, J. G. Wallace 19, P. Carroll 21, M. Brennan 19, P. Leonard 7. Grand total, 231.

THOMASTON, Conn., Aug. 30.—The third and last of the series of matches between the Empire Rifle Club and the Canton Rod and Gun Club was shot to-day, on the range of the latter club, near Collinsville. Canton won by 31 points. The match was mostly shot in the rain.

Canton Team.

O B Hall.....	9	9	12	10	12	10-109
J D Andrews.....	12	11	11	11	11	8-11
S J Lyons.....	10	9	11	12	10	11-103
—Bidwell.....	10	9	12	8	7	11-7
B O Higley.....	10	10	9	11	5	12-10
J S Laubenstein.....	10	7	8	7	9	12-10
G F Lewis.....	7	11	11	9	9	7-10
G J Case.....	5	9	11	9	7	11-9
G Barbour.....	9	8	9	7	8	7-11

Empire Team.

G A Lemmon.....	9	9	12	11	8	12-11
G C Gilbert.....	9	9	9	11	12	9-11
G C Campbell.....	9	10	12	11	10	7-11
G P North.....	12	8	9	12	11	10-98
W H Dunbar.....	11	11	9	10	9	8-11
F W Williams.....	6	9	8	12	10	9-88
E Thomas.....	19	9	8	10	9	11-8
C L Alling.....	9	10	5	9	4	10-9
E W Bennell.....	11	10	8	5	11	8-29

Sept. 6.—The weather conditions at our shoot to-day were a very bright, hot sunshine, no wind. Following are the scores:

C F Williams.....	12	11	8	12	10	11-9
W H Dunbar.....	12	11	8	10	10	10-92
G F Lewis.....	8	12	10	8	11	9-97
C L Alling.....	10	10	8	11	8	11-92
G A Lemmon.....	10	8	9	9	9	9-91
G C Gilbert.....	8	7	9	10	11	9-91
Fred A Perkins.....	11	10	12	3	9	7-10
A S Hubbard.....	10	7	10	6	10	12-7
A Fox.....	6	9	10	11	8	8-78
F Carr.....	10	9	12	10	6	7-10
R S Goodwin.....	10	9	12	0	7	5-11

SENSELESS ORDERS.—Boston, Sept. 2.—Mrs. Melvina Butler, while leaning over a stove at her residence in East Boston this morning, was struck in the breast by a Springfield rifle bullet which entered through the wind and the wound was to fire directly forward. Investigation by the police showed that the bullet came from the direction of the Charlestown Navy Yard, and it was soon ascertained that a marine named John C. Murray had at precisely 9 o'clock fired a shot over the head of a river pirate who was endeavoring to steal some of the material from the ship Pennsylvania, which is being broken up. Murray's orders were to warn these thieves verbally, and if they did not heed the warning he was to fire directly forward. This action did not have the desired effect, he was to fire directly at them. Murray was simply obeying orders when he fired, and never thought the bullet would injure any one. The distance from the point where the marine stood to Mrs. Butler's kitchen across the harbor is one mile.

THE TRAP.

Correspondents who favor us with club scores are particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only.

NEW JERSEY STATE TOURNAMENT.

Editor Forest and Stream: The preparations for the New Jersey State tournament are progressing favorably. Nearly all the clubs belonging to the Association have been heard from and new clubs have written their intention to join to be represented both in the convention and also the shooting tournament. A number of prizes have been donated already, and before the end of the week the committee thinks of getting out the detailed programmes. There will be live bird and clay-pigeon shoots during all three days. The first day, Sept. 17, will begin with a clay-pigeon sweep at 9 A. M., and at 11 o'clock A. M. the State trophy will be shot for. The trophy consists of a beautiful large solid gold medal, live pigeons will be used, 15 birds per man, entrance money \$10, open only to members of the Association. After this there will be Association and open-to-all shoots at clay-pigeons, \$5 entrance, 7 birds and two sets of 5 traps each will be kept going constantly. On the second day, Thursday, Sept. 18, the ball will be opened with clay-pigeon shoots, and shortly before noon will be opened a grand free-for-all live bird sweep, 10 birds per man, \$5 entrance, live birds and traps. The rest of the day clay-pigeon traps will be kept going at \$2 and \$5 sweeps open to all, and one close shoot.

Another form of board was described in FOREST AND STREAM of May 4 and June 4, 1882, in which the frame work was of wrought iron, with sides of sheet iron, leaving a space inside in which a plate of lead could be inserted. By this device a light or heavy board could be had, while the weight was divided for carrying. If the board be fixed in the canoe a brass bolt is put through it and the trunk, on which it turns, but the usual plan is to fit the board to lift out. The board is hung from a brass rod, or between two brass strips, as described for the small board, the top having a handle, and also a catch to prevent the lifting rod from pulling forward. A rivet is also put through the keel to retain the

(as the present one is) in the way of islands and shoals. When I made the survey last winter, I endeavored to get such a course as you suggest, but found I would have to make the start nearly a mile from the shore. I would, however, then, on two of the angles, I ran into the rushes. It may be possible to get such a course as you mention by running from the present starting buoy close along shore, to and beyond Picnic Point, and turn off to the N.E., but even that I fear would carry us behind the islands and across the shoals, to say nothing of being forced to keep under the lee of the land on the first angle. This is mere guess work on my part, as I have not the chart by me from which to make the measurements. The matter of expense should also be taken into consideration. The present course has cost the Association over \$50, and the other two are of an additional expense in order to preserve the points for another season.

CHAS. A. NEIDÉ, Secretary A. C. A.

CANOES AND SAILS FOR SALE.—We would call attention to the canoes offered for sale in our last issue by Commodore Oliver, who is going into a Class B boat. The Marion is well known to canoeists as a most complete canoe in her fitting and equipment. It is, however, the only small canoe in the club the other being 30 in. The winter racing sails will also find a set for sale in our advertisement columns.

CHAS. A. NEIDÉ, Secretary A. C. A.

THE GALLEY FIRE.

CANOE AND CAMP COOKERY.

VII.—VEGETABLES (CONTINUED).

BOILED GREEN CORN.—The sweetness of corn is better preserved in the boiling if the outer layer of husks only is stripped off. Turn back the inner husks and strip off the silk, then replace the inner husks and tie the ends. Put the corn into enough boiling salt water to cover it. Do not leave it on the fire a moment after it is done. See time table for cooking vegetable in No. VI. of this series of papers.

Fried Corn.—Cut cold boiled corn from the cob, mixed with mashed potatoes, and fry in butter or pork fat.

Roasted Corn.—Leave the ear in the husks, cover it well with hot ashes, and let it remain an hour.

Stewed Corn.—Cut the corn from the cob, put it into a pot, barely covering it with cold milk. Season it with pepper and salt, and if common field corn, sugar. Cover and stew gently till very tender.

Succotash.—Cut the corn from the cob and shell the beans. If string beans are used, string and cut into half-inch pieces. The right proportion for succotash is two-thirds corn to one-third beans. Put them into enough boiling salt water to cover them. Stew gently till tender, stirring frequently; then drain, add a cup of milk and a piece of butter the size of an egg, and stir till it boils up once. Season to taste.

Boiled Beets.—Winter beets must be soaked over night in water. Wash them, but do not scrape or cut them, as they lose in color and quality by being cut. Put them in boiling water enough to cover them well, cover and boil till done, then drain and put in enough cold water to cover them. Press them down till the pot is full as they "boil away" and lose more than half in substance. Cover, and boil steadily till tender. Then drain and press out the water. Season to taste with butter, pepper and salt. Greens are good boiled with salt pork, bacon, corned beef or ham. Put them in the pot in time to be done with the meat.

Stewed Tomatoes.—Peel by pouring over them boiling water, when the skin will easily come off. Cut up, discarding unripe and hard parts. Put into a pot, seasoning with butter, pepper, salt, and if very acid, two tablespoonfuls of sugar. Cover, and stew gently. See time table.

Boiled Turnips.—Wash and peel, and if old, pare off part of the "meat" next the skin. Cut into pieces of a uniform size, soak in cold water half an hour, put into enough boiling salt water to cover them, cover, and cook according to time table. Season with butter, pepper and salt. Omit the butter if they are cooked with meat.

Mushrooms.—Edible mushrooms are found in clear, open, sunny fields and elevated ground where the air is pure and fresh; poisonous ones are found in woods, low, damp ground, in shady places and upon putrefying substances. The edible kind are most plentiful in August and September; after spring up after low lying fogs, soaking dew or heavy rains. They first appear very small and of a round form, on a little stalk, the upper part and stalk being then white. They grow very fast and, as the size increases, the under part gradually opens and shows a fringed fry (called "gills") of a delicate salmon color. After the mushroom is a day old this salmon color changes to a russet or dark brown. The gills of the poisonous variety are red, green, blue, yellow or orange red, and sometimes white, but they never have the delicate salmon color of the edible mushroom. The latter have an agreeable odor, and the poisonous have sometimes a similar odor, but generally smell fetid. The flesh of the edible kind is compact and brittle; that of the poisonous generally soft and watery. The skin of the former is easily peeled from the edges, and the seeds or spores are for the most part roundish or oval; the skin of the latter is not easy to peel and the seeds are mostly angular. Some poisonous ones assume a bluish tinge on being bruised, and others exude an acrid milky juice. The mushroom should have all of the above-named characteristics of the edible variety before it is put in the pot, and it is safest not to select mushrooms gathered by somebody else, as they change color after being picked several hours and the two kinds are then difficult to distinguish. Finally, if a white spot appears on the gills, or if the mushroom turns black, or if a silver spoon with which they are stirred, or which turns black, don't eat them, and if you don't know a salmon color from a yellow let some one gather them who does.

Stewed Mushrooms.—Select mushrooms of uniform size. Wipe them clean with a soft cloth; peel, commencing at the edge and finishing at the top; cut off the lower part of the stem; put them into a tin or earthen vessel and half cover them with cold water, and stew gently for fifteen minutes, frequently stirring to prevent burning; season with pepper and salt. When the stew is done stir into it one or more tablespoonfuls of butter, previously cut in small pieces, and rolled in flour; stir three or four minutes. Do not let it boil.

Fried Mushrooms.—Prepare as directed for stewing; heat in a frying-pan enough butter to thinly cover the bottom; put in the mushrooms and fry both sides a golden brown.

Broiled Mushrooms.—Prepare as above, put on a broiler with gills uppermost, sprinkle on a little salt and pepper and a tiny piece of butter, and hold over a bed of coals.

Fried Beans.—Put enough butter in a frying-pan to just cover the bottom when melted. When it is hot put in your beans, already boiled and drained, and fry brown, stirring occasionally. SENECA.

FAN CANOE SAIL.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* There was one at the meet, the one that has been written about. After seeing it worked by Mr. Tyson on the Isabel, one thing struck me about it that had not before occurred to me—viz., it cannot be made a flat sail. The battens radiate from a center. The sail cloth between them must give a little. The result is that the sail is a series of fittings, if it can so be called, and each batten and part of the sail near it is taking the wind, so as to make a direct leeward forcing power, and no propelling power. The battens in the lug sail being parallel to the boom, have very little retarding surface, the mast and part of the yard being the main retarding surfaces. These do not amount to nearly as much "back" as the fan arrangement. The fan sail is certainly complicated in make and probably useless for racing. It may be made a good cruising sail, but this I consider doubtful for many reasons. The claimed advantage of having no mast is much more than balanced by the amount of labor necessary to get the fan made in the first place, and keep its many parts in working order in the second. For reasons stated above it does not seem possible that it can have the same driving power as an equal surface arranged balance lug, settee, or Stoddard sail. B. LUG.

DOWN THE ST. LAWRENCE.—Mr. R. B. Burchard, N. Y. C. O., who is now making a cruise home from the meet by way of the St. Lawrence River, writes us, Aug. 29, from Lancaster, Ont.: "Am stormbound here; was a little nervous about the Long Sault, but went through clean as a whistle, no trouble whatever." Later advices state that he has run all the rapids of the St. Lawrence.

KNICKERBOCKER C. C.—The fourth annual regatta of the Knickerbocker C. C. will be held on Saturday, Sept. 20, at 3 o'clock P. M., on the Hudson, 153d street and North River. The programme will consist of paddling races of eight miles each for classes A, 4, and sailing races of three miles each for classes A and B. If time permits other races will be called. A. C. A. rules will govern the races.

N. Y. C. C.—The Marmalade Lodgers gave a chowder supper to their lady friends on Friday last, after which a moonlight trip on the Larks was made, Freak, Mosquito, Jersey Blue, Silpaing, Jessica, Lark, Minx and several other boats taking part.

PHOTO OF SNEAKBOX.—"Bojum" will please accept our thanks for photo of his "box."

MONTHLY LIST OF PATENTS

For Inventions Relating to Sporting Interests, Bearing Date Aug. 20, 1884. Reported expressly for this paper by Louis Bagger & Co., Mechanical Experts and Solicitors of Patents, Washington, D. C.

893,411. Breechloading Firearm—H. Allender, Detroit, Mich.
893,474. Socketjoint for Fishing Rods—J. Webb, Georgetown, Ky.
893,475. Fishing Rod—A. Watson, Cape Vincent, N. Y.
893,486. Fishing Rod Reel Fastening—H. F. Price, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Yachting.

FIXTURES.

Secretaries of yacht clubs will please send early notice of proposed matches and meetings.

Sept. 11.—Quincy Y. C., Last Race.
Sept. 11.—Brenton's Reef Challenge Cup.
Sept. 12.—Dorchester Y. C.
Sept. 13.—Boston Y. C., Ladies' Day.
Sept. 13.—Tul Y. C., Fourth Match.
Sept. 13.—Boston Y. C., Fall Races.
Sept. 14.—Quaker City Y. C., Review and Cup Race.
Sept. 18.—Race for Catamarans, New York Bay.
Sept. 19.—Knickerbocker Y. C., Fall Regatta.
Sept. 24.—Sweepstake Race, New York Bay.
Sept. 28.—Quaker City Y. C., Review and Harbor Cruise.
Oct. 2.—New Jersey Y. C., Fall Matches.
Oct. 5.—Quaker City Y. C., Closing Review and Cruise.

LARCHMONT PENNANT RACES.

The Larchmont Y. C. were disappointed on Saturday last, the day set for their fall pennant races, as there was hardly any wind, and but few yachts entered. Only three went over the course, the Fairy, Cruiser and Ada. Six boats started at 11:54 to go over the course to Execution buoy, Matinecock buoy, Constable Point buoy, thence to Execution again and home, 17 miles.

The wind was very light from southwest, and the tide just fell when the yachts started, as follows:

Skibbereen	11 54 37	Ada	12 03 16
Eclipse	11 56 05	Nymph	12 03 30
Fairy	12 01 15	Cruiser	12 03 00

The windward work to Execution was slow and very tedious, Eclipse and Skibbereen giving up. Cruiser was first to turn at 1:50, with Fairy second and Ada third. The order at Matinecock was the same, Nymph being out of the race by this time. Cruiser 3:28:23, Fairy 3:40:29, Ada 3:40:00.

By this time the wind had freshened, and the beat to Execution was made in fair time. Cruiser rounded the buoy at 5:29:30 and finished at 5:53:46, the others not being timed. The elapsed time of Cruiser is 5:53:46, and corrected time 5:58:46. She wins Commodore Munroe's \$500 cup, as well as the class pennant.

OPEN BOAT RACES ON THE BAY.

THE race for open boats, postponed from Aug. 20, was sailed on Sept. 3, under more favorable conditions, from Captain Schmidt's Good Anchorage, off Tompkinsville, the course being around Fort Lafayette, thence to Buoy 18 off Bay Ridge, thence to Buoy 17 off Robbin's Reef, and home, to be sailed twice over, making 14 miles. Besides the regular prizes offered, Mr. Bechtel presented a \$500 cup, to be given to the yacht making the best corrected time. The wind was fresh from southwest, and tide flood. Besides the open boats, a sixteen yachts started in five classes, as follows:

First Class—Cabin Yachts.—Vixen 27ft. 3in., Whisperm 27ft. 4in.
Second Class—Open Cat-Rigged.—Parole 27ft. 4in., Snoozers 27ft. 3in.
Third Class—Open Sloops.—Rambler 24ft. 2in., Emma W. 22ft.
Fourth Class—Cat-Rigged.—Martha M. 24ft. 8in., Shadow 20ft. 2in.
Fifth Class—Cat-Rigged.—Fedora 19ft. 10in., C. Noly 19ft. 6in., Water Lily 19ft., Comanche 17ft., Lone Star 18ft. 4in., Teaser 18ft., Maud 18ft., and Psyche 16ft. 8in.

The allowance was 1m. 24sec. per foot. Parole was across first at 1:46:14, then Maud, Water Lily, Vixen, Lone Star, Teaser, Rambler, C. Noly, Martha M., Whisperm, Shadow, Snoozers, Fedora, Psyche, Comanche, with Emma W. last. The first leg of the course, to Fort Lafayette, was windward with the first of the flood on the weather helping them, but once around the point the wind changed, a hard beat to windward against a strong tide. The first round was completed as follows, Martha M. having withdrawn:

Parole	3 07 42	Rambler	3 19 00
Vixen	3 09 33	Maud	3 20 59
Whisperm	3 10 47	Lone Star	3 22 18
Snoozers	3 13 27	Comanche	3 25 34
Teaser	3 15 10	Psyche	3 30 20
Emma W.	3 17 25	Water Lily	3 32 10
Fedora	3 18 13		3 35 56

Water Lily and C. Noly also withdrew here, leaving the others to finish.

The second round was not made as quickly, the tide being stronger and wind lighter at the end. Parole and Vixen had a dispute over the turning of No. 17, the former claiming a foul. The summary is as follows:

FIRST CLASS—CABIN SLOOPS.			
	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Whisperm	1 47 40	5 02 03	3 14 17
Vixen	1 48 55	4 57 45	3 10 50
SECOND CLASS—CAT RIGGED.			
Parole	1 46 14	4 59 07	3 12 53
Snoozers	1 48 35		
THIRD CLASS—OPEN SLOOPS.			
Rambler	1 47 32	5 24 13	3 36 41
Emma W.	1 49 37	5 25 59	3 36 22
FOURTH CLASS—CAT RIGGED.			
Martha M.	1 47 39		
Shadow	1 48 14	5 06 26	3 18 12
FIFTH CLASS CAT RIGGED.			
Fedora	1 48 14	5 17 35	3 29 21
Water Lily	1 46 40		
Comanche	1 49 24		
Lone Star	1 47 05	5 28 10	3 41 05
Teaser	1 47 10	5 05 01	3 17 51
Maud	1 46 15	5 51 00	4 04 45
C. Noly	1 47 36		
Psyche	1 48 20		

The times for the Bechtel Cup were:

Elapsed.		Corrected.			
Whisperm	3 14 17	3 14 17	Shadow	3 18 12	3 08 13
Parole	3 12 53	3 12 53	Fedora	3 29 21	3 18 58
Vixen	3 10 50	3 10 48	Lone Star	3 41 05	3 38 36
Rambler	3 36 41	3 32 15	Teaser	3 17 51	3 04 54
Emma W.	3 36 22	3 29 01	Maud	4 04 45	3 51 49

Teaser takes the cup, the class prizes going to Vixen, Parole, Emma W., Shadow and Teaser.

SAN FRANCISCO Y. C.—AUG. 30.

THE race of the San Francisco Y. C. on Aug. 30 proved the advantage of their new course, plenty of wind being found, and a view of the entire race being afforded from Meigs's Wharf and Telegraph Hill. This course, which was sailed over several years since and abandoned, is as follows: Starting from an imaginary line between Meigs's Wharf and a stakeboat anchored 500yds. off in the stream, to and around a stakeboat on edge of Berkeley flats; thence to stakeboat off Presidio Wharf; thence around the stakeboat on Berkeley flats; thence around stakeboat off Presidio Wharf and back across starting line, both Presidio and Berkeley stakeboats to be left on the port hand on turning. In both coming and going each time between the stakeboats at ends of course, yachts must pass between the Meigs's Wharf stakeboat and Meigs's Wharf.

The yachts were in four classes: A, yachts 55ft. or over on deck, belonging to the San Francisco Y. C.; B, yachts under 55ft., belonging to the S. F. Y. C.; C, yachts under 35ft., not belonging to the club. In Class A the time allowance is 3/4m. to the first difference in sailing length, the sailing length being the over all and waterline measurement added together and divided by two. In all other classes the allowance is 1m. to the foot. Class A also giving 1m. to the foot to the other classes.

No shore sails were allowed, but staysails without booms were permitted.

The race was sailed under the rules of the S. F. Y. C. The weather on Saturday was clear and pleasant, with a fresh breeze, sending top-sails below on the wind. The starters were:

CLASS A.			
	Length.	Beam.	Draft.
Nellie, schooner (centerboard)	55.00	19.01	5.10
Chipsa, schooner (centerboard)	55.00	19.00	5.00
Lurline, schooner (keel)	72.03	21.00	6.03
CLASS B.			
Frolic, yawl (centerboard)	44.00	10.03	5.06
Rambler, schooner (centerboard)	37.00	14.00	4.00
CLASS C.			
Restless			
Eva			
CLASS D.			
Lively	34.09	11.00	2.06
Fleetwing			

A start was made at 1:30 P. M., Frolic going over first. The main interest in the race centered in the fight between Nellie, Chipsa and

Lurline, the Chipsa leading at the line and gaining a little further on Nellie being boarded by the government steamer Manzanita, which ran in her way. Lurline was first down the wind, turning at 1:53:17, but at the next mark she went to windward of Alcatraz instead of passing between Meigs's wharf and the stakeboat. This put her out of the race, although she sailed over the rest of the course.

Down wind from Fort Point, Nellie gained a little, but when booms time in and the lee rails went under as the puffs came down heavily. Chipsa pulled up a little and for a time took a slight lead, but Nellie was soon ahead again. The fight at the end was very close, both keeping near together, but Nellie finally crossed ahead by 54 seconds. Rambler beats Frolic on allowance.

The summary of the race is as follows:

CLASS A.			
	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Lurline	1 36 21	4 54 03	3 17 47
Chipsa	1 35 10	5 08 04	3 32 54
Nellie	1 37 12	5 07 10	3 29 58
CLASS B.			
Frolic	1 31 29	5 46 30	4 15 01
Rambler	1 38 31	5 55 20	4 16 49
CLASS C.			
Restless	1 35 11	5 45 14	4 10 03
Eva	1 35 17	5 44 45	4 09 28
CLASS D.			
Fleetwing	1 36 42	4 28 09	2 51 27
Lively	1 37 30	4 15 17	2 37 47

Besides the club flag Nellie wins a silver fruit dish, and silver set. The Regatta Committee were Messrs. J. A. Magee, Jr., J. M. Shotwell, Chas. W. Kellogg.

HULL Y. C., SEPT. 6.

THE championship races and 46th regatta of the Hull Y. C. were sailed on Saturday last, off Hull, 25 yachts competing. There was a fresh breeze at the start, but it fell later on, so that some of the boats could not finish; their times being taken at the Point Penobscot, as provided by the rules. No boats started in class four, as Queen Mab won the pennant in the previous races. The summary of the race is as follows:

FIRST CLASS.			
	Length.	Actual.	Corrected.
Shadow, c. b., John Bryant	34.04	1 56 03	1 29 54
Lillie, k. j. P. Gale	36.11	2 00 00	1 35 32
Just My Breeze, c. b., R. W. Jones	30.00	2 21 44	1 53 46
SECOND CLASS.			
Transit, k. E. H. Ingalls	26.11	2 09 33	1 36 26
Banneret, k. J. F. Brown	25.02	2 11 35	1 36 31
Rambler, c. b., J. H. Henry	27.00	2 30 17	1 37 17
THIRD CLASS.			
Sea Bird, c. b., G. S. Forbush	23.01	2 17 38	1 53 93
Alda, c. b. W. H. Wilkinson, 2d.	24.01	2 18 41	1 55 30
Kitty k., Tarbell & Adams	23.09	2 16 11	1 52 44
FIFTH CLASS.			
Viva, c. b., P. M. Bond	19.06	2 10 19	1 42 54
Wildfire, c. b., H. A. Keith	18.01	2 18 19	1 49 18
Hornet, c. b., Harding & Merrill	19.00	2 17 32	1 49 24
Shearwater, c. b., W. M. Merrill	18.00	2 17 44	1 49 31
Spider, c. b., J. Abbott	12.11	2 18 12	1 50 06
Myrtle, c. b., C. H. & R. C. Poor	19.06	2 20 11	1 52 46
Imogen, c. b., T. Wendell	18.10	2 21 11	1 53 02
Spray, c. b., H. H. Faxon	18.10	2 29 47	2 01 38
Kismet, c. b., H. N. Curtis	18.11	Withdrawn	
SIXTH CLASS CATS.			
Mirage, L. N. Clark	17.10	2 18 07	1 48 49
Cadet, Belcher & Dunham	17.01	2 29 38	1 58 45
Idlewild, H. Taggard	17.03	2 33 45	2 02 43
Elsie, C. H. Hardwick	16.09	Withdrawn	
Charlotte G., Freeman & Carroway	18.00	No time taken	

Shadow wins in first class centerboards, Rambler in second, Sea Bird in third; Kitty in third class keels. Several races are yet to be sailed to determine ownership in the other classes.

In the evening the members attended a dinner at the Oregon House.

BEVERLY Y. C.

NINETY-THIRD RACE, MONUMENT BEACH, SEPT. 5.

THE sail off for the second class Buzzard's Bay pennant took place on the 5th. Course from Judge's yacht off Bird Island light, leaving Scraggy Beach buoy, black buoy No. 3 on starboard and red buoy off Tobey Island on port, buoy No. 3 on starboard and return, 11 miles. Wind S.W., good breeze. Judge, Thos. Codman. Judge's yacht, Tantrum.

The start was fixed for 11 A. M., and at that time Violet, Mattie and the judge were on hand, but Atlanta was not. The others waited for the first start, but when the start was made at 12:30, Violet carried away her forestay and was practically out of it.

	Return.	Time.
Atlanta, J. R. Thomas	2 18 06	2 09 06
Mattie, Vice-Com. Stockton	2 20 58	2 11 58
Violet, G. H. Richards	2 28 05	2 19 05

NINETY-FOURTH RACE—MONUMENT BEACH, SEPT. 6—OPEN REGATTA.

The race was sailed under the rules of the N. E. Y. R. A., the start was fixed for 11, but at that time the judges' yacht off Tobey Island boats were all becalmed and none reached the starting point until 11:30 when a S. W. wind struck.

It took half an hour to distribute numbers and receive entries of boats who came in with the breeze; the preparatory gun was fired at 12:07 at which time a nice S. W. wind was blowing, rapidly increasing in force, till boats not racing were all reefed.

Eight or ten boats arrived from Mattapoisett as the fourth class were starting. Addie of Bechtel club was in time to start with her class, and Atlanta of the first class on started, but the official time being, of course, taken from the expiration of the five minutes allowed her class, but her real time is also given here.

Course for sloops and first and second class cats, leaving black buoy No. 3 on starboard, Bird Island buoy off Scraggy Neck, and black buoy No. 3 on port and return, eleven miles.

Course for sloops and second class cats, leaving black buoy No. 3 on starboard, leaving No. 3, Abial's Ledge Buoy and Dry Cove Buoy on starboard, black buoy No. 3 on port and return, 7 1/2 miles.

The boats went off in good shape, including nearly every one of the fast boats in the bay; the course was covered in very quick time, as follows:

SLOOPS.			
	Length.	Actual.	Corrected.
Curlew, C. S. Robinson, B. Y. C.	24.15	2 14 15	
FIRST CLASS CATS.			
Surprise, J. F. M. Codman, B. Y. C.	24.00	1 54 23	1 40 03
Amira, J. P. Phinney, Mon. Beach	25.03	1 55 59	1 43 11
Mattie, Vice-Com. Stockton, B. Y. C.	25.10	1 56 43	1 44 30
Myrtle, Wm. Phinney, Mon. Beach	24.03	1 57 23	1 43 21
Pansy, Daniel Crosby, Osterville	24.08	1 58 07	1 44 43
Brooke, S. Phinney, Mon. Beach	24.09	1 58 32	1 45 01
Atlanta, J. R. Thomas, B. Y. C. (official)	26.05	2 03 32	1 52 33
Violet, G. H. Richards, B. Y. C.	24.00	2 03 31	1 52 48
Whisper, F. W. Sargent, B. Y. C.	25.00	2 05 48	1 52 48
Atlanta (real time)		1 55 29	1 44 07
SECOND CLASS CATS.			
Good Luck, A. M. Phillips, Digton	22.03	2 05 01	1 44 10
Faimus, F. H. Tobey, Mon. Beach	23.06	2 07 07	1 46 25
Onaway, J. F. Perry, Mon. Beach	23.06	2 07 01	1 46 40
Cadmus, H. E. Perry, Mon. Beach	23.06	2 03 24	1 47 25
Tantrum, J. M. Codman, B. Y. C.	24.01	2 03 49	1 46 44
Edna, C. H. Crosby, Osterville	21.10	2 03 56	1 46 32
Eleanor, R. Codman, B. Y. C.	21.03	2 06 20	1 48 34
Iris, E. A. Bangs, B. Y. C.	21.08	2 06 46	1 49 22
Lestrade, Olan, B. Y. C.	21.09	2 10 14	1 52 50
Zella, J. Jenny, Jr., Marion, started late; did not finish course.			
THIRD CLASS CATS.			
Dolly, A. H. Hardy, B. Y. C.	20.01	1 30 06	1 16 24
Alce, A. F. Marvel, Pocasset	19.08	1 38 14	1 24 16
Vink, Moses Williams, B. Y. C.	17.11	1 43 38	1 27 35
Halie, D. Hall, Onset	31.07	1 44 49	1 32 42
Conada, C. Currie, Mon. Beach	17.04	1 44 51	1 38 12
Addie, Mattapoisett	31.09	1 45 07	1 38 25
Wideawake, F. Tudor, B. Y. C.	15.06	1 53 00	1 38 58
Annie, David Ellis, Mon. Beach	30.11 6-10	1 29 51	1 17 14
Annie sailed the reverse of the course and was ruled out. Judges—Edward Bangs, E. C. Bangs, F. Elliott Cabot, W. Lloyd Jeffries. Judges' yacht, Madcap, B. Y. C.			

The sail off for second class championship was sailed at Marblehead Sept. 6, and was open to Witch, Cruiser and Rita.

Cruiser having gone back to New York did not appear, and the other two sailed over the usual 7 1/2-mile course, leaving B Buoy 3, 5 and 7 on port, stakeboat off Curtis Point and Bowditch Ledge Beacon on starboard, R Buoy 6 on port and return. Wind S. W., light at start but rapidly breezing up. Start was made at 12:25. Rita was outsailed, being some five minutes astern when Witch crossed home line at 1:50:30 and hauled out of the race. Time of Witch, 1h. 46m., 40s. Judges—Amos Cotting, John Dane, Judges' Yacht—Thalia, B. Y. C.

The sail off for championship in first class between Thalia, Crickit and Countess will be held at Nahant, Friday, Sept. 12, at 12 M.

BLUE WITH A GOLD CASTLE

EASTERN Y. C. SLOOPS AND CUTTER RACES.

TWO prizes of \$300 and \$200 were offered by Commodore Hovey, of the Eastern Y. C., for a race for first and second class sloops and cutters, and seven yachts met at Marblehead on Monday, Sept. 6, to sail for them. The entries included Ileen, extreme cutter; Huron and Isis, wide cutters; Oriva and Maggie, medium cutters; Valky, compromise, and Shadow, deep sloop, a representation of all the competing types except the shoal sloop.

The wind was light from southwest for a greater portion of the day with a flat calm thrown in for a while, making anything but a "cutter day," and the results are interesting. Ileen beats all, allowing time; Oriva beats Huron by 8 min. 37 sec., on corrected time, and Valky 31 min. 40 sec., corrected, while Maggie not only beats her old rival, Shadow, by 20 min. 56 sec., but comes in next to Oriva and ahead of Huron, Valky and Isis, the latter making but a poor showing in seventh place. Beam was evidently at a discount, and lead, though low down, at a premium.

The course was from Marblehead Rock to Halfway Rock, thence around Harding's Bell buoy, thence around Egg Rock to start, 28 miles. At 11:20 A. M. the gun was fired and the yachts crossed with Huron ahead at 11:22:30, Ileen 11:22:49, Valky 11:24:03, Maggie 11:24:05, Oriva 11:34:21, Isis 11:34:58, Shadow 11:35:17. Ileen soon took first place, and Oriva soon worked up to third, but the wind died out entirely for some time. When it came it blew harder than in the morning, making fine sport to the finish. Ileen rounded Bell buoy at 2:31; Oriva, Oriva 1:45:15, Huron 2:46:45 and Maggie a little after 3 P. M., the rest not being timed as they were far astern. Down the wind Ileen led the others. Huron and Oriva had a close fight for the entire 11 miles, and Maggie kept on bravely. The final time was:

	Finish.	Actual.	Corrected.
Ileen	4 10 40	4 47 51	4 47 51
Oriva	4 29 45	5 05 21	4 57 05
Huron	4 30 33	5 08 13	5 05 32
Valky	5 00 34	5 36 21	5 28 35
Isis	5 49 17	5 49 17	5 49 17
Maggie	4 49 50	5 18 42	5 03 55
Shadow	5 14 53	5 49 53	5 30 11

The Regatta Committee was as follows: Daniel Appleton, George A. Goddard, H. B. Jackson, E. H. Haven and F. E. Peabody.

FINE ENOUGH FOR A YACHT.—New Haven, Conn., Sept. 4.—

Preparations are going forward here with rapidity for the immediate launching of the monster new and elegant three masted schooner John H. Tingle. She is intended for the merchant service, and is a handsome vessel named after Mr. Tingle, of Seymour, this State, the eccentric and wealthy plush manufacturer. Mr. Tingle has a monopoly in the manufacture of plush, and has become rich by it. He was a poor boy when he was young. Now he is a millionaire. He has come of \$80,000 a year. He is very generous. He it was who set the women of the country at work collecting old shank buttons, no two to be alike, and after he had accumulated several hundred thousand of them from all parts of the country he presented them to the State of Connecticut in elegant cases. He has built up the pretty village of Seymour, and is well liked there. One of his latest exploits was the uniforming of the Seymour Brass Band in red plush uniforms, to over-garters from his factory. The peculiarity that created much talk about the launch of the schooner John H. Tingle is the style of regal magnificence in which Mr. Tingle has fitted up her cabins in consequence of her having been named for him. He has expended thousands of dollars in the work, and her accommodations are so far from the plan and usual style as to rival the fittings of the finest yacht. Capt. J. M. Seaman, her commander, a jolly old sea dog, walks about the luxurious cabins as awkwardly as a man in a milliner's store. The Tingle cost \$36,000. The cabins contain large fore and after saloons, captain and mate's room, three spare rooms, closets, bathroom, pantry and storerooms. Mr. Tingle covered the thresholds of the doors with polished copper, took up the Brussels carpet in the after cabin and put down a gem in olive velvet, and had an elegant raw silk parlor suit put in the room. The velvet backs of some of the chairs are worked with figures of the heads of Angora goats, which Mr. Tingle was the first to import, and the wool of which he uses in his plush. One chairback has John H. Starin's Glen Island worked in it. Mr. Starin is a warm friend of Mr. Tingle. The captain's fine stateroom is built with rich heavy raw silk carpeting, on massive brass rods. All of the rooms are finished in hard wood. The pantry is supplied with beautiful wine sets of Dresden glass and chinaware. The whole exceeds in elegance anything ever seen on a vessel in this harbor. Mr. Tingle has given the ship a full set of colors and a set of international code signal flags, all of the finest make. More than 500 invitations, printed on crocodile paper, have been issued for the wedding which will occur next week. A regular banquet will be served by a New York caterer, and the Tingle Brass Band will be aboard. Miss Maud E. Seaman, the pretty daughter of the captain, will crack the champagne bottle over the bow and will christen the John H. Tingle as she strikes the water. By the by, the State Legislature will be applied to next winter to change the name of Seymour to Tingle, in honor of the lavish plush manufacturer.

A FLOATING COFFER DAM.—Until the erection of the large dry-docks at the Erie Basin the facilities for repairing vessels have been entirely disproportioned to the immense commerce of New York, and even now the following device which has been in use for some time both in New York and Boston, is a most valuable auxiliary to the large docks, as many repairs can be made more quickly and at much less expense. We copy the following description from the Boston Commercial Advertiser: "It is used in the repair of vessels which are damaged either at bow or stern. When it is remembered that nearly nine-tenths of all marine mishaps occur at these points of a vessel, it will be seen that its field of usefulness is large. Nearly half of the accidents occurring on the coast are due to the injury to the bow or stern when such an accident was at all serious the repair bill has been very burdensome both in direct expense and delay. Such repairs were necessarily made in dry dock, which necessitated the shifting and storage of cargo meantime. The floating coffer dam is nearly square in shape, and is constructed throughout of the best hard pine lumber. It is 35 ft. long, 32 ft. beam at the gate end, and 28 ft. beam at the closed end of the water and leaves the injured portion as high and dry for repairs as if it were in a dry dock. It has the advantage over a dry dock that in cold weather it can be temporarily roofed over and heated so that it will serve all the purposes of a workshop. This is an important consideration in the repair of iron vessels in the winter season."

MORE STEAM YACHT RACING.—As will be seen by the following amusing correspondence another steam yacht race is promised, we hope with more satisfactory results than the last ones:

New York, Sept. 1, 1884.
Mr. H. A. Taylor:
Dear Sir:—I hereby challenge your boat, the Sphinx, to a series of three races, to be sailed between Sept. 5 and 15, over the New York Y. C. course—i. e., from Bay Ridge to and around the Scotland lightship, start to be made each day at 11 A. M., prize to be a cup of the value of \$250, to be paid to the winner by the loser; each yacht to be allowed to carry as much steam as its captain may think proper. The prize to be awarded to the yacht which wins the three races. I understand you have not a high opinion of the steaming qualities of the Petrel. So I issue this challenge in hopes that we may have a race which will settle the question beyond any doubt. Hoping to receive an early reply. I am yours truly,
CYRUS W. FIELD, JR.
Mr. Taylor replied as follows:

New York, Sept. 4, 1884.
Capt. C. W. Field, Jr.:
MY DEAR SIR—Your favor of this date received, and your challenge to the Sphinx noted. I have long been desirous for the encounter, but it seems to me that it won't take me three days to beat the Petrel. Life is short for such a prolonged encounter, and besides my wife won't let me stay away so long from home on so hazardous a mission. But I will race the Sphinx on some day to be agreed, prior to the 15th of September, for a \$250 cup, and will endeavor to meet you within a day or two to see if we can agree on the details. Yours respectfully,
H. A. TAYLOR.

MICHIGAN Y. C., SEPT. 4.—The Michigan Y. C. held their first regatta on Thursday last, the prizes being club pennants. The course was 25 miles for first and second classes, and 6 miles for third class. The first class comprised the schooners Louise and Ives, the second, schooner Annie K., yawl Lella, sloops Annie S., Adele, Petrel and Jennie J.; third class, Michigan Central, Madeline, Sunset and Frolic. The race was sailed in a fresh wind. The Ives was the first class pennant in 4h. 45m. actual time. Annie S. lost her topmast, but won in second class in 5h. 25m. 15s. Madeline won in third class in 2h. 56m. 45s.

PUNTING ON THE THAMES.—There have been a good many yacht races on this week, and at Southsea there were one or two events of considerable interest. On the Thames, too, the regattas are beginning to occupy the public attention. Those at Reddington and Twickenham yachts have possessed some interest for people unacquainted with a kind of exercise which is almost unknown away from the Thames. Those who have had no experience of punting might be apt to think it a mere exertion of rude strength. The very contrary is the case. The deft use of a punt pole is as pretty an exhibition of downright skill as rowing in an outrigger. The difficulties are to keep the boat on the punt between the pushes of the pole, to steer to right or left while punting at one side of the punt only, and to pass safely over deep places. The object is attained by a vigorous shove at the very end of the stroke. In his first attempt to do this, the tyro almost invariably takes an involuntary dive into the water. Steering is effected by changing the angle of the pole, and by pressing the pole against the side of the punt, using the bottom of the river as a fulcrum. Just because so much skill is required there is more fascination in punting than might be supposed, and many amateurs especially in the upper reaches of the Thames, make it their favorite form of exercise. It must, however, be said that the best amateurs are immeasurably inferior to the professional fishermen. In the recent championship contest Bessley, of Oxford, was the winner. This is really an interesting fact with regard to hereditary aptitudes. The Bessley family, as most Oxford men know, have supplied champion punters from time immemorial.—Cor. Toronto Globe.

"PODGERS" REPLIES TO "CUTTER."—And now comes a cutter man who is not satisfied with beating the skimming dishes in the fluke of a race for the Goelet cup at Newport, but wants it all. Some people are never satisfied. He is very touchy because I said the cutters got the best position at the wind, while the sloop was in front, from the south, and were able to lay a better course than the sloops, but wants to prove that the favorable slant had nothing to do with it, but that it was all the superior sailing of the cutters. "I say no," but I don't care a tinker's red cent about the matter either way. I was not there to report the race for anybody, and gave my version of it as I saw it. As for the insinuation that I was not there at all, and if I was probably don't know much about such matters. I will merely state that I was within a few hundred yards of the Block Island buoy when the cutters rounded it, and as for not knowing much about yachting, I have owned not less than twenty yachts of all sizes, most of which I modeled and planned and sailed without the aid of a dry (wet) nurse in the shape of a sailing master, which I imagine is more than "Cutter" can say. As for newspaper controversy, "Cutter" says he don't want any. Mo too. But I would like to test our relative knowledge of yachts and yacht sailing by a little controversy on the water, each man at the helm of his own yacht, with the "Cutter's" dry nurse ashore. That would be much more satisfactory. What do you say, "Cutter"?—PODGERS.

PORT AND STARBOARD IN THE FRENCH NAVY.—The terms "babord" and "tribord," equivalent to port and starboard, have been formally banished from the French navy, as far as steering is concerned, by a circular lately issued by the Minister of Marine, and the terms "à droite," or to the right, "à gauche," to the left, substituted in their place. The order to put the helm amidships is now "zero," and "comme ça" signifies to keep the vessel on her course. When it is desired to move the helm as quickly as possible, the command is repeated several times, and when the change is to be made slowly, the words "en douceur" are added, the command for helm hard over being given by adding the word "toute" to "à droite" or "à gauche." All orders are to be twice repeated by the steersman, once as a signal that they are understood, and again when the order is executed. In addition to the spoken orders, signals are made with the hands, to starboard for "à droite," to port for "à gauche," and vertically for "zero." The terms "babord" and "tribord" are still employed for the usual commands not connected with the steering of the ship. It is a long time since "larboard" was discarded on account of its similarity to starboard and port substituted for it among English speaking sailors, and it is strange that the change noted above has not been made before.

A SWEDISH TORPEDO BOAT.—A new torpedo boat has been recently added to the Swedish navy, named the Hugin. The vessel is built of steel and is of the following dimensions: Length over all, 116 ft.; width, 12.83 ft.; draft of water aft, 6.67 ft., and forward, 2.65 ft. The screw is a single one, and the engines, which consist of 890 indicator horse-power, are expected to give her a speed of 19 knots per hour. The vessel is fitted with two steam rudders. For the ejection of torpedoes there is an apparatus for discharging Whiteheads 15 ft. long and 4 ft. in diameter, the launching tubes being two in number, one on each side, a little above water. The vessel is further armed with a four-barrel Palmercat machine gun, and fitted with electric light apparatus. In addition to the spoken orders, signals are made with the hands, to starboard for "à droite," to port for "à gauche," and vertically for "zero." The terms "babord" and "tribord" are still employed for the usual commands not connected with the steering of the ship. It is a long time since "larboard" was discarded on account of its similarity to starboard and port substituted for it among English speaking sailors, and it is strange that the change noted above has not been made before.

YACHTING ON THE LAKES.—On Wednesday, Sept. 17, a race will take place between the Norah and Atlanta for the Fisher cup for the championship of the lakes, won by the latter at Chicago last year. Mr. R. K. Norah, of Chicago, has challenged the Atlanta. The race will be over the regular course of the Bay of Quinte Y. C. The third of the matches for the championship of Burlington Bay was won by Brunette, on Aug. 30, beating Caelique and Coquette by 15 minutes. The breeze was very fresh and all of the boats shipped a good deal of water.

BEVERLY Y. C. SWEEPSTAKES.—In the account of this race in last week's FOREST AND STREAM the following misprints occurred: Cruiser did not have to turn back to round buoy No. 6, Comus was the boat named. All boats marked B. Y. C. in the list belong to the Beverly Y. C. All those marked B. Y. C. (a misprint for B. Y. C.) belong to the Boston Y. C. None of the protests were allowed.—BLUE WITH A GOLD CASTE.

A CATAMARAN RACE.—A sweepstakes race for catamarans will be sailed on Sept. 15, from Communipaw Docks to Southwest Spit buoy and return, 35 miles. The boats already entered are the Rocket, of Noank, Mr. Humphries, owner; Hermis, Yonkers, Mr. Thomas Fearon; Duplex, Jersey City, Col. Longstreet, and the Colonel and Jessie, owned by Fred Hughes. A steamboat will go over to the course with the boats. The entrance fee is \$25.

TORONTO RACES.—The race of the Royal Canadian Y. C. at Toronto, set for Saturday last, was postponed until Monday on account of weather. On Monday the calm still prevailed, so the race, as well as the Toronto Y. C., which was to have been sailed then, was postponed until Tuesday.

SPERANZA.—The first vessel built by the Bay Ridge Construction Company, was launched on Sept. 10, from the yard at the Bay Ridge. She is a schooner yacht for Mr. H. W. Collender, and will be named Speranza.

THE NEW GATLING GUN.

THE Second Machine-gun platoon is composed of Lieut. A. L. Howard, Sergeants F. Bailey and E. Cooper, Corps. E. H. Ticknor and W. H. Forsyth, and Privates E. B. Hotchkiss, John R. Hall, F. Heaney and W. Grohowsky. This platoon took charge of the new Gatling battery gun which reached this city yesterday. The gun now stands in its room directly opening in the Union Armory. The room opens from the corridor at the entrance of the building. In front of the gun room are the parlors for the platoon which mans it.

Early last evening the gun was examined by crowds, which completely filled the room at times. Lieut. Howard and the men of his command were present and explained the working and action of the machine. Ten barrels, about the same size and shape of rifle barrels, having a caliber 45-100 of an inch, are fastened to the muzzles to a circular perforated plate, in the center of which is a pivot on which the cluster of barrels revolves. In the center of the cluster is a long shaft which pivots at the breech as at the muzzle. This shaft is supported at the muzzle end by a cross-piece which rests on two long steel bars, which enter from the carriage on both sides of the barrels, to which they are parallel. Turning a crank at the breech of the gun causes these barrels to revolve very rapidly. The breech back of the barrels is of brass. On the top of the breech is a slot which connects with a cylinder inside the breech. When the crank is turned this cylinder revolves also. On the outside of this cylinder are ten grooves to correspond with the ten barrels. In each of these grooves is a sliding steel breech-plate, on which is a shell extractor and a central firing pin with hammer. In the limber which accompanies the gun are about 100 tin cases, about two feet long and three inches by one. On one side of each tin case is a groove, in which slides the handle of a metal valve, which moves up and down in the case. Each case holds sixty rounds of government cartridges. The end of this case

fits into the slot on the breech of the gun. When the case is full the valve is on top of all the cartridges, and a man pressing down on it can shove the cartridges into the slot of the gun.

The United States tactics for the Gatling gun furnish a manual for ten men, but Lieut. Howard will probably rearrange the tactics for six men. At the command "Ready," one gunner steps forward and unlooses the crank at the breech, another places a case of ammunition into the breech, and the death-dealing machine is ready. The sergeant sights the piece. On the order to fire, gunner No. 1 turns the crank and 1,000 bullets a minute fly from the barrels. When the cartridge drops into the revolving slot it is caught by one of the sliding breech blocks and pushed forward into one of the barrels. On the right hand frame-bar, which is parallel with the barrels, are two sighting-pins. No barrel is discharged until it comes around to this frame bar where the sighting-pins are. When that barrel reaches the place to be discharged, a hammer strikes the firing-pin in the sliding-breech block, which moves in that barrel's corresponding groove, and the cartridge is expended.

There is a shell-extractor in every sliding breech block which pulls out the cartridge into the revolving groove again, and the empty shell is again carried around in the groove until it is on the lower side of the cylinder, when it drops on the ground. There is very little or no noise made by the mechanism when in motion, except the rapid click of the hammer as it strikes a firing-pin about twenty times a second. The breech of the gun is elevated or depressed by a screw. By moving a little key the turning crank will cause the breech of the gun to keep moving to the right and left, thus spreading the leaden storm over a wide space.

The gun is mounted in about the same style as an ordinary six-pounder, and the circumference of the circle formed by the ten barrels is about the same as that of the brass six-pounders in the Gulfport battery. Two horses will draw the gun and its limber, which carries 5,000 rounds of ammunition. Although the mechanism seems to be complicated, Lieut. Howard can take the whole thing to pieces and put it together again with no other tool than a wrench and a screw-driver. The breech is of brass and the barrels are to be nickel-plated to protect them from the salt and damp air at Natick. The machine gun and its platoon will probably do terrible execution during the impending engagement near Camp Couch next week.—New Haven Palladium.

POT LUCK FROM EXCHANGES.

THE willows wave in noontide glare
To meads that smile beyond,
The beetles drone in the sleepy air,
And all seem lost in the dreaming where
I seek the pickered pond.

Ah, dear old pond! 'tis many a year
Since last I took my pole
And wooed fatigues of wold and weir
To try a bout with fortune here
Where thy calm waters roll.

How well I recollect each day
In those sweet times of yore—
I toiled the sweaty hours away,
Alluring the coquetish prey
From thy dark depths ashore.

So now I come with hook and line
And men's cries over fond,
To live again the auld lang syne
And taste once more the sweets of thine,
O veteran pickered pond.—Chicago News.

Thirteen hundred and eight wolves were killed last year in France, mainly on the border lands of Belgium and Germany.

A fisherman at Santa Barbara, Cal., the other day hooked a fish weighing about two pounds, and in drawing the same to the boat it was swallowed by a large rock cod weighing twenty to twenty-five pounds, and he succeeded in landing both safely in the boat.

The small prices obtained at the Liverpool sale of wild beasts have created something like a panic on the continent. The *Monde Illustré* announces it as a new horror—"le krach des faunes." What seems to have specially alarmed the French financial mind is the fact that a tiger which had eaten two keepers consecutively was sold for 1,200 francs—"only 600 francs a keeper."

"Mariar," said an Allen county peasant to his other half, "have you enny idee how many young 'uns we have?" "Nigh onto leven, I guess." "And how many dogs are they round yere?" "Most a dozen, I guess; there's Tige, an' Bruce, an' Growler, an' her four pups, an' the hound, an' the terrier, an' them others o' Hank's that loaf 'round yere." "Say 'leven children and only a dozen dogs. Mariar, don't ye think we have most too many children? Times is most tarnation hard, ye know. Say, can't we put out some o' our chunkiest gals to work? I 'low that they could make enough in a spell for us to buy another dog or two." "Jist as you say, Hezekiah." "Wall, I 'low 'f we could swap two o' our young 'uns for four more dogs we'd be fixed. I guess I'll try it."—The Hoosier.

"WHAT were you fishing with—bent pins and strings?" asked Justice Duffy as he frowned down on four trembling boys in front of the bar of the Yorkville Police Court yesterday. "Yes, sir," tearfully assented each urchin. "Well, don't you know it's against the law to fish in the park. If you catch all the fish out there won't be any for other boys to look at. Which one of you caught a fish?" "I did," said Harry Capler as he raised his hand. "You didn't raise your right hand," said the Judge; "do it again. I shall be very severe on you. Two months is what you will get. One month each for you other boys. Officer, take them to jail." As this sentence was given a wail arose from the four culprits. "Hold on," said the Judge as they reached the door, "come back here. Will you ever do it again?" "No, sir." "Well, then you are discharged. Run home."—N. Y. Herald.

It is asserted on the authority of persons who have recently visited Marlette Lake that the prodigious increase of trout in its waters has overstocked the lake. At times they can be seen massing themselves in the small streams which are tributary to the lake, and on these occasions they have been crowded out on the grass growing on the borders of the streams. Thousands could be thrown out with a pitchfork. A piece of bark thrown into the lake will cause a dozen or more of trout to leap for it. The coyotes have caught the knack of fishing, and sit by the shore watching for leaves to fall into the water. The instant a leaf touches the water the fish rise, and like a flash the coyote bounds into the thick of the fish, and is certain to bring out one or two in his mouth. The coyotes are shot whenever any of the lumbermen see them, but by stealing up in the underbrush they generally manage to escape observation.—Carson (New) Appeal.

Those of our citizens who have studied the fish supply of Western Maryland have become alarmed at the results which have been produced by the introduction of bass into the Potomac and the neighboring streams. The bass are very voracious in their habits, and attack all kinds of aquatic life for food. They have either devoured or driven away most of the fallfish, the sunfish, the catfish and other native fish, and they have very greatly diminished the number of eels, and have even destroyed many of the turtles and watersnakes. If this wholesale slaughter continues it will not be long before the bass will be almost the only fish in our waters, and then the question as to their future food will be difficult to decide.

They have increased very rapidly, and are now found in large quantities in all the streams which enter the Potomac. As they even now devour their own young, it may be that, when the other fish becomes extinct, they will turn upon their own species and start a Kilkenny struggle for existence.—*Baltimore Correspondent Cincinnati Commercial.*

A small and dejected dog stood upon one of the stone draw-
piers of the Congress Street Bridge yesterday gazing long-
ingly at the inaccessible bridge, and occasionally uttering a
sorrowful whine. He walked around the top of the pier at
intervals, looked at the city, then down at the water, and
when apparently about to jump turned away as if appalled
at the fearful height and returned with plaintive whining to
the side of the pier facing the bridge. "That's the third time
he's been out there to-day," said the bridge tender. "He don't
seem to learn by experience, and now he's got to stay there
until the Albany boat comes up, and that'll be more than an
hour. He won't jump off. Last spring, when the ice was just
going out, a cur dog came over from West Troy and ran out
to the pier when the draw was open. He got left and was

terribly scared. The draw struck when I closed it, because the
heat of the sun had expanded the iron, and I couldn't get it
open until night. So I took my ladder out to the pier, and
went up after the dog, but he wouldn't let me take him down,
and I had to push him overboard. Well, sir, he swam around
these two piers twice, cold as the water was, and when he
found he could not climb up he just swam down to the ferry
landing, crawled ashore and came up the street and across the
bridge here like a streak. He never stopped to wag his tail as
he went by, but just lit out for West Troy as if he was sent
for."—*Troy Telegram.*

It was announced recently that Lieutenant Fred Schwatka,
United States Army, had resigned his commission for the
reason, as intimated, that he was about to enter "foreign
service." A Portland (Ore.) newspaper explains this report
as follows: "He is not intending to embark in a change of
flag, but he is about to enter the Scotch service in this wise:
Last year he was deputed by the Government to lead an
expedition up the Yukon River in northwestern Alaska, to
explore its channel, resources, etc. He crossed to the river,

1200 miles above its mouth and descended to the sea, making
an accurate record in full compliance with his instructions,
but in the meantime he attended to a little side show of his
own. In addition to what he was specially instructed to
examine and report upon in the Aleutian Islands group, he
discovered and mapped out the central channel of the noted
Japan current and its thermal effect upon the temperature
of the several islands in its track. These islands are said to
aggregate about two thousand square miles, with a perennial
climate of about sixty degrees Fahrenheit the entire year, and
covered with grasses and verdure adapted for indefinite
grazing, and having no parallel on the planet for stock
ranges. On the lieutenant's return from the Yukon expedition
he stopped in Portland, and entered into confidential terms
with 'Scotch' Reid in respect to gobbling these perennial
islands for cattle ranches, to be conducted under the auspices
of a corporation to be organized in Scotland, with plenty of
capital to back the enterprise, for which purpose Reid left
here several weeks ago. Lieutenant Schwatka is to take
special superintendence of the business there, with a due
ratio of non-assessable stock, of course"—*Etc.*

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The rod has two tips, one 6 inches shorter than the other; the shorter tip is used for trolling and in casting when wading.

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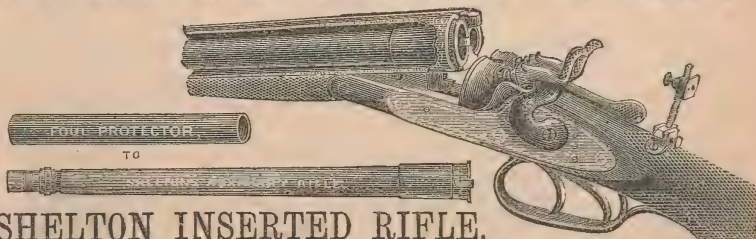
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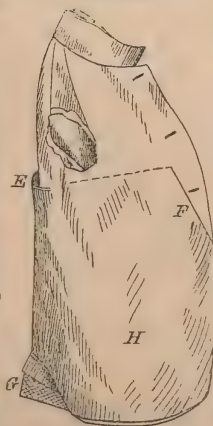
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NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 18, 1884.

VOL. XXIII.—No. 8.
Nos. 39 & 40 PARK ROW, NEW YORK.

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THE FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. Communications upon the subjects to which its pages are devoted are respectfully invited. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. No name will be published except with writer's consent. The Editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

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THE CREEDMOOR MEETING.

THE full report which we give of the work on the National Rifle Association range during the past week will tell of the doings at a very successful meeting. With over 1,500 entries scattered through the nineteen matches on the programme, there was abundant competition, and those who won prizes high in the lists were compelled to show some very fine scores.

The militia did not make such a showing as it was fair to expect they would, but the regulars were shown that there is plenty of good shooting talent among the non-professional men of arms. With the close rivalry came, of course, many protests, but the management was prompt in disposing of all questions brought up, and of the general conduct of the meeting there are as yet only words of praise. The financial exhibit has not yet been made up, but it is safe to estimate that, while the meeting was not a success in the way of paying for itself completely, yet it was sufficiently supported to encourage the directors in presenting as good or better programme next year. It has been a triumph for those who advocated a policy of wise expenditure, even to the point of liberality, over those who wished to bring economy to the verge of parsimony.

One of the novel sequences to the meeting was the wail it evoked from some ancient Fluellen in arms, through a column of space in the New York Herald of the 15th inst. The writer had evidently seen one of the special military rifles such as modern experience demands shall be provided for such of the military as shall show themselves extra proficient in marksmanship and enable them to make the best use of their skill against the enemy in the ranks of the sharpshooters' squad. Without troubling himself about the facts in the case this stickler for the obsolete and the defunct proceeds to draw a very pretty pen-picture of the modern soldier with a special military proceeding to work before an imaginary enemy as though he were operating on a lawn before a target, and by inference leaves the deluded reader to believe that Creedmoor is given up to practice with small-bore, special military rifle. In fact, this class of practice represents the very advance guard of real military shooting.

Among those who study small arms in behalf of the several great armies of the world, the special endeavor now is to secure an extra-accurate, long-range, small-bore weapon, with as many appliances for securing the best results as can possibly be put upon it. The demand is for a light weapon capable of carriage for the average man and yet not a mere blunderbuss for short-range slaughter. The tendency is to improve the gun and train the man up to the machine rather than simplify the weapon down to the stupidity of the man. Brain will beat brawn when the test comes, and if the Fluellens range themselves on the side of the latter they must abide by the result. Statistics, too, are against our ancient advocate. The recent meeting at Creedmoor was really a military gathering, in which the present armament of the troops was abundantly recognized. There was just a leaven of small-bore effort and of special military shooting just sufficient to show that the management is cognizant of the latest drift of the science of arms.

There were nineteen matches, of which two were confined to small-bore sporting weapons, and they had just twelve entries. There was another match, open to any rifle, with a handicap in favor of military arms, and this had 310 entries, the large majority being of the military class. In the any-military class there were four matches, and the aggregate entry list was but 156, and here again the service arms were employed in large measure in open competition with the weapons whose excellence so troubles our venerable text-writer. All the remaining matches were open only to military men, either regular or militia, carrying the service arm of their corps. The total entry list ran up to 1,036. Here the shooting was done by men who bore arms just as they came from the official armory, and with all the hindrances and defects retained on them by Boards of Ordnance conservative enough to suit our protesting friend. More than this, eight of the matches, embracing 549 entries, were confined to men using the New York State model weapon—the "gas pipe"—which has so often filled the fair breezes which float over the broad Creedmoor lawn with the azure tints of hearty and well-deserved profanity. It is a weapon after Fluellen's own heart. It is crude; it is capable of immense service in the way of banging about, a crook in the barrel may or may not affect its inaccuracy, and it is nakedly innocent of any appliances which would enable the user to find the bullseye. Such weapons are lying about loose at Creedmoor, and it may cheer F.'s heart to know that fully two-thirds of the shots fired at Creedmoor for the past week came from the muzzles of these .50-caliber contrivances. The desire to enter into competition was so strong that chances were taken with these arms. They have done good service in the past, but we will hail the day when America shall recognize the fact that the right arm for the coming soldier is the very best one which ingenuity can contrive, and make a grand clearing out sale of much of the junk now stored away in arsenals and depots.

POEMS ON FIELD SPORTS.—Some years ago we noticed the proposed publication of a volume of poems by Mr. Isaac McLellan. The manuscript was destroyed in the Park Row fire. Having, with most commendable perseverance, collected the poems again, Mr. McLellan makes the welcome announcement that the volume will shortly be ready for the press. Mr. McLellan was a college mate of Longfellow at Bowdoin, and has been favorably known as a poet for more years than some of us have lived. We presume several thousands of schoolboys have spoken his poem on the death of Napoleon Bonaparte:

Wild was the night; yet a wilder night
Hung round the soldier's pillow—

and we know that tens of thousands of readers have been found for his numerous poetical descriptions of the pleasures of field and stream. It is natural that Mr. McLellan should desire to see his poems gathered together from the various journals in which they have been printed into a more permanent form, and it is altogether fitting that his book should be given cordial welcome and hearty support. For particulars we refer our readers to the author himself, whose address is Greenport, Long Island, N. Y.

A SUGGESTION FOR BENCH SHOW MANAGERS.—Is it not about time to put an end to the fictitious valuations of dogs in bench show catalogues? What do the characters "\$10,000" after an entry signify? It would be more becoming and sensible, if the animal is not for sale, to so state it. Here is a chance for some club to inaugurate a reform by substituting the words "Not for sale," in the place of the ridiculous figures now so common.

THE RETURN OF THE GROUSE.—The ruffed grouse is a notional bird. Sometimes it takes a fancy to disappear so utterly and mysteriously from a locality that the sportsman may hunt over his favorite grounds without even finding a trace of one. Where or why the birds go is something that no one as yet appears to have determined with any degree of satisfaction. Breechloading shotguns, grouse ticks, the clearing up of land, and half a dozen other causes have been assigned, but they do not explain the puzzle. Two or three years ago this disappearance of the birds was so general that it caused alarm. Last year the birds began to come back again, and this season they are on hand in force. Many favorable reports have come from different localities, which indicate that the ruffed grouse shooting of 1884 will be remembered. There is scarcely any game that American sportsmen could so ill afford to lose as the ruffed grouse. All the more, then, should measures be taken for its protection from the snarers, who are after all probably the most destructive agents engaged in its diminution.

THE WONDERFUL KEELY GUN.—The famous "motor" man of Philadelphia has been turning his attention to guns; and if the papers of that city are to be credited, he has at least succeeded in astonishing some army officers who have seen the performance of the new engine of destruction. The gun is loaded with a wonderful "etheric vapor," whether the same that makes the "motor" stock sell we are not told. The vapor was introduced into the gun, in the presence of the invited guests, and a number of leaden bullets more than an inch in diameter were fired through a board and flattened out against the iron plate as if they had been pounded with a trip hammer. We are promised a public exhibition in New York. Meanwhile the folks who are getting up an electric gun have to be heard from.

A POLAR EXPEDITION is projected by the Russian Ministry of Marine, to be conducted on the plan suggested in the FOREST AND STREAM of July 24. The scheme is to have several large parties to start from Jeannette Island and proceed entirely on foot across the ice, leaving large depots of provisions in their rear. It is thought that there are many islands north of Jeannette Island that could be utilized. The rumor that the New York Yacht Club was to join with Cyrus W. Field, Jr., in sending out Chief Engineer Melville on a new polar expedition is denied by the officers of the club and by Mr. Field's brother.

A. O. U.—The next meeting of the American Ornithological Union promises to be interesting and important. It is probable that several well-known ornithologists from abroad will be present, among them Dr. P. L. Schlater, Secretary of the Zoological Society of London, and for many years editor of the *Ibis*. Dr. Schlater came over to attend the meeting of the British Association of Montreal, thence he goes to Washington, where he will be the guest of Dr. Coues. Messrs. Henry Seibohl and Howard Saunders, it is expected, will also attend the A. O. U. meeting.

THAT BIG BASS HEAD.—The head of the Florida black bass—the leviathan of 23½ pounds—has been set up in a glass case and is now on exhibition in this office, where all who may be interested in such things are invited to call and inspect it. It is one of those wonders which must be seen to be appreciated.

THE POLITICAL BONE.—The office of game protector in this State is important, but not of such consequence, one might think, as to be looked upon as a political gift. It is quite true, however, that the office has in some cases been peddled out as a sop to political influence.

THE PICTURED ROCKS are described in the current number of *Lippincott's*, over the signature of D. D. Banta, a name very pleasantly remembered by readers of the "Between the Lakes" papers recently published in these columns.

DR. ELLIOTT COUES returned from Europe last week. He reports that his trip was both pleasant and profitable in the way of new material secured.

SHOTGUN ACCIDENTS are numerous reported this year. They are mostly confined to apple orchards, melon patches and vineyards.

The Sportsman Tourist.

THE SEA OTTER HUNTERS.

IF an Eastern man should be suddenly set down in the capital of Washington Territory, and assured that if he wished to visit one of its finest sections he would be compelled to ride forty-five miles in an uncovered wagon, over a road as rough as it is possible to imagine, and then be consigned to the tender mercies of a Siwash Indian, to finish the remainder of his journey, some thirty miles, sitting in the bottom of a kanim (canoe), he would probably conclude to remain where he was; but to those who are familiar with traveling in the far Northwest, this would be taken as a matter of course, and the difficulties of the trip did not deter our party from making the attempt.

We left Olympia just as the gray dawn was breaking, and crossing the long wooden bridge that spans the Sound, climbed the steep hill on the opposite side, and entered the forest beyond. The only road is the one used for hauling logs, and as the rainy season was hardly over, it was in frightful condition. In some places an attempt had been made to form a road of corduroy, but the logs were floating around loosely, and our horses floundered through, frequently up to their bellies in mud and water. Pharoah's heart has become proverbial for its hardness, but if there is anything harder than a cushionless board stretched across the gunnells of a dead X wagon, I should like to know what it consists of. We had gone but a very few miles before the majority of the party concluded that they would much prefer walking wherever it was practicable.

The road still ran through a dense forest of fir, spruce and cedar. Some of these trees were of immense size; it was not uncommon to find them nine feet in diameter and fully 300 feet high. Although the mills on the Sound weekly cut millions of feet of lumber, it will certainly be many years yet before these vast timber tracts will be exhausted. The high wind of the previous night prostrated numerous trees across the road, and the monotony of the ride was somewhat varied by all hands having to help unhook the horses and pull the wagon over some huge log that blocked the way.

At noon we reached a small clearing where some enterprising settler was endeavoring to raise a crop among the girdled trees. He told us that his greatest trouble was from the wild animals that killed or carried off his stock. He pointed with pride to the grinning head of a large cougar nailed up against the gate post, which, he said, he had shot some days previously while in the act of carrying off one of his choice sheep. The animal had scaled the corral, which was some twelve feet high, and was making a terrible commotion among its occupants when he arrived on the scene and promptly dispatched it by a well-directed ball through its head. After eating our dinner we again took the road, and arrived just at nightfall at the village of Elma, a place of some half a dozen houses. Here we put up at a primitive hotel, where one could lie in bed and see all that was going on out of doors through the cracks in the boards. The site of the village is a very pretty one. A prairie about a mile long lies in front of it, while a large spring from a neighboring hill sends a fine stream of sparkling water through the center of the place.

We left early the next morning and crossed the ferry over the Satsop River in a flat boat ran on a novel principle. The river, although shallow, has a very swift current; a large cable having been stretched across it at an angle, the boat ran rapidly across without effort on the part of the boatman. We at last reached Montesano, the capital of Chehalis county. It is a place of perhaps half a dozen houses, and is located on the banks of the Chehalis River, about fifteen miles from its mouth. All through this section are magnificent stock and dairy farms. The business is very profitable, for the stock requires no feeding and keeps sleek and fat the whole year round on the abundance of grass the banks of the river and the neighboring prairies afford. It being too late in the day to continue our journey by water, the balance of the time we spent in bargaining with the numerous Indians for a kanim to carry us the remaining thirty miles. We succeeded in procuring a canoe large enough to carry us, with our luggage, etc., with a couple of Indians to paddle, for the very moderate sum of \$12, and commenced our journey next morning at daylight.

The Chehalis being a tide-water stream, the current is very rapid, running fully five miles an hour, and as it had just begun to ebb we made fine progress as, seated in the bottom of the cranky craft, for there are no seats, we kept careful watch for half-sunken logs. The banks of the river are covered with a similar growth of timber to that which we had already come through, and presented a beautiful appearance in the morning sunlight. We could now realize the immense height of these trees, for a crow flying just over their tops looked no larger than a blackbird.

It took us but a few hours to reach the mouth, and a wild cry of delight came from us as we shot out on the broad bosom of Gray's Harbor, with its myriads of sea birds and sporting seals. Here a party of capitalists were building a large sawmill, the only one on the harbor; here, also, we saw some Indians fishing for sturgeon, and their peculiar way of catching them interested us very much. To a slender pole some twenty feet or more long is attached a barbed hook; it is then carefully let down to the bottom, and the canoe is left to drift with the current. The sturgeons, as they feed along the bottom, come in contact with the pole, which is immediately jerked upward, securely hooking them. Great numbers of them are taken in this way, some of which were of large size, and one of which would certainly weigh 100 pounds.

The wind having changed, we hoisted the small square-sail and coasted along the shores of the bay. The scene presented was one to delight the heart of a naturalist or sportsman, for hundreds of ducks, gulls, cormorants, pelicans and the smaller species of sea birds were to be seen on every side, and seemed to have very little fear of us.

Late in the afternoon we reached our journey's end, and pitched our camp adjoining the otter hunters. Here we remained some six months, having a fine opportunity to gather what little information it is possible to obtain, regarding the natural history of that singular animal, the *Enhydra marina* of naturalists, and of the men who devote their lives to its capture. The sea otter, formerly abundant from Cape Mendocino northward, has from the great value of its fur and the constant warfare waged against it deserted its former haunts, and of late years has appeared off the Japan coasts. The only place in the United States where they can still be found in any numbers is along that rough and stormy strip of coast extending from Gray's Harbor north to the Flattery Rocks, a distance of about sixty miles. Here in the heavy

surf the otter may still be seen, but so shy and retired have they become, that it requires the practiced eye of the rifleman to distinguish them from the numerous hair seals that also inhabit these waters. Although the seals frequently come on shore to bask in the sun, the otter is never known to do so; the open sea is its home, sleeping or waking, in storm or sunshine, it is all the same to him. During a residence of many years on this coast, all of which were spent in the pursuit of the otters, an old hunter assured me he had never seen one of them on the land, or even in the rivers and bays unless disabled. Only to feed do they approach near enough to the shore to be reached by a rifle ball.

Although the otter undoubtedly subsists partly on fish, in my dissection of them I could not find traces of anything but the remains of the large crab (*Cancer magister*), so abundant in these waters. Diving to the bottom they secure one of these, then, rising to the surface, they lie on their backs, holding it between their paws and crushing the thick shell with their strong teeth like paper. After finishing their meal they swim out beyond the breakers, which here extend fully a mile from shore, and, with heads just above water, will sleep for hours, gently rocked by the huge rollers. The female seldom, if ever, has more than one young one at a birth, which is carried with her, its little paws firmly grasping the thick fur about her neck. Even in death it still clings to her. Quite a number of young have been obtained in this way. All attempts to domesticate them, however, have failed, for as soon as they were able to take care of themselves they immediately returned to their former haunts.

The otters sometimes go in pairs, but generally in companies of some half a dozen individuals, and when beyond the reach of a rifle ball they are very sportive. With their broad hind feet, webbed to the very nails, they make wonderful speed through the water, leaving a long track of foam behind. They know a derriek as well as a human being, and at the sight of one will dive and swim fully a quarter of a mile under water without once rising to the surface. With such a wild, wary animal to be captured, it requires a cool head and steady nerve to succeed, and such the otter hunters possess to an unusual degree, years of training being necessary to make successful men.

The origin of the present band of hunters was as follows: Many years ago an old California miner, hearing from the Indians about the gold lands of this, then almost unknown, region, shouldered his rifle and came up the beach to what is now known as North Point. He found gold plenty enough, but so fine that it did not pay to collect it. He then turned his attention to the otters, which were very abundant and quite tame, and, being a good shot, he soon killed three. With these he made his way to the nearest post of the Hudson Bay Company, where he realized \$150 for them. Elated with his success he immediately returned, and here for upward of twenty-five years he has remained, leaving only at long intervals. He has been very successful, and one year made \$5,000. In time he was joined by others, until now there are about a dozen hunters distributed along the beach.

A stranger riding along the coast would wonder for what purpose these curious-looking towers, erected every few miles along the beach, with the heavy surf breaking around them, could be for, and would be told that as the otters became more wary, the hunters were compelled to resort to other methods to get within range than shooting from the flat beach, so at extreme low tide they sunk deeply in the sand three poles of about forty feet long, nailing strips across to form a ladder; at the top is a rough kind of a house to protect them from the sun and rain. By this device they gain some 400 feet from high water mark. These towers or lookouts are called derrieks. Here with their heavy rifles resting on a swivel they await the approach of the otters, which generally feed on the incoming tide. These rifles were made to order, most of them by the Sharps, and are very heavy, weighing from 15 to 18 pounds. They are provided with telescope sights, which are seldom used except in misty weather, a plain globe and peep sight answering every purpose.

Some of the wonderful shots made by these men would astonish an Eastern rifleman. With a mark barely four inches in diameter, for the otter seldom shows more than his head amid a boiling surf and high wind, it is not uncommon for them to put a ball through the head of their game at 1,000 yards, although the usual distance is much less than this; seldom, however, being under 200. Many a man who considered himself a good shot has come here to try his fortune, but after expending all his powder and lead in unsuccessful firing, has returned disgusted, the deceptiveness of distance on the water, high winds and heavy surf having caused a total failure. The experienced hunter knows better than to fire at an otter moving at an angle, but keeping it carefully covered, he waits until it turns for the shore, and as its head appears on the crest of an incoming wave, it remains stationary for a moment; this is the time he fires.

Even when an otter is killed there is no certainty of getting it, for it generally sinks and remains under water until the gases are sufficiently generated to cause it to float, which is usually from five to seven days, and during this period it may drift many miles away. Should it not come in with the next flood tide, word is sent to the derrieks in the direction the current would probably carry it, and they keep a sharp lookout for it, promptly restoring it to the owner. Disputes as to ownerships are very rare; as an additional precaution, however, all the bullets are marked.

Every two or three hunters employ an Indian to run the beach for them, and also to skin the otters taken, which is a very tedious and difficult process. After skinning, the fur is placed on a frame and stretched as tightly as possible, then with a long, thin knife it is carefully gone over and all the flesh and fat removed; this reduces its thickness fully one-half. It is then still further stretched and left for forty-eight hours, until it is set, and then it is taken off the frame and the fur side turned out and beaten with a round stick resembling a ramrod. Not until this process is completed can its value be determined. The quality of the fur is ascertained by blowing with the mouth, and should no portion of the skin appear it has body enough. Should it then have a good top fur plentifully sprinkled with white it is considered an A1 skin and readily commands from \$100 to \$125, or even more if it be extra large.

Should an otter be killed and float it is amusing to watch the operations of a large Newfoundland dog belonging to one of the hunters. This intelligent animal has been so trained that when commanded he will swim out in the surf and, at signals from the shore, will go in either direction until the otter is found, when he seizes it and brings it safely back to shore. As his master has the lowest derriek the dog's services are in great demand, and \$500 has been refused for him from the men of the upper stations.

Some of the younger men have always had a great desire to get out beyond the surf and try their fortunes with a shotgun, but there are scarcely half a dozen days during the summer when it is possible to get through the surf. They once resolved to make the attempt, however, and had a sea kanim built by the Indians expressly for them. The labor required to make one of these boats is almost incredible, an Indian being the greater part of a year in finishing one. Their only tool is a small hatchet with which the top of a log is first flattened. The center is then burnt out with large stones heated red hot. The sides are shaped and the rough edges burnt off. After this it is scraped and the rough edges burnt off. After this it is scraped and the edges are fancifully stained. There are no seats, two pieces of wood being placed across and lashed to the sides, to give it stability. Being built of cedar the craft are very buoyant, and as a sea boat they are superior to anything I have ever seen.

With one of these canoes and an Indian to paddle it, a young otter hunter successfully ran the surf and reached smooth water beyond. They secured two otters, and just as the hunter raised his gun for the third shot, the Indian swung the paddle around bringing his hand in range and received the charge in his wrist, smashing the bone and leaving the hand hanging by a few shreds. All thoughts of shooting otters were now abandoned, the problem was how to get back. The Indian was suffering fearful agony, and moreover was in danger of bleeding to death, and the pain making him unable to help, so lashing the gun fast, the hunter made the attempt alone. When about 100 yards from shore the boat capsized, and half drowned the two were washed ashore. The hunter generously gave the Indian the otters and paid the expenses of amputation also.

At another attempt made by two Indians, the canoe split from stem to stern; by dint of hard swimming they managed to save themselves, although their guns were lost. Since then there has been no more attempts.

As fall approaches, two of the hunters go up the beach some twenty miles to a small rock situated about a quarter of a mile from the shore. Here they have a small house built, and on a calm day enough provisions are taken out to last them for six months. They then go out themselves, and sometimes have been compelled to remain several months before a chance has offered of getting on shore again. So profitable was shooting from this rock, that they procured from San Francisco a wire cable and stretched it from the shore to the rock, but it only lasted a short time, its great weight causing it to part, and it has not been replaced.

Trials of skill are of frequent occurrence among them, and some of the shots made are surprising. Five small ducks were sitting in a pond some hundred yards away, and with as many shots, two of the men cut their heads off as clean as if done with a knife. The shooting of birds on the wing is a common occurrence, also the killing of porpoises as they swim along; the oil taken from their jaw being of a very superior quality, and used by them as a preventive against rust. But the most remarkable shots are those at wild geese. These birds fly along the beach in the spring and fall in immense numbers and usually fly quite low. I have known the hunters, getting as many as possible in a line, to kill five at a distance of several hundred yards, and with a single ball.

Accidents are very rare. But three years ago an old hunter named McFarlane received a bullet in his leg by a premature discharge of his rifle. Word was immediately sent to the nearest physician, some sixty miles distant, but before he arrived the old man had bled to death. The most singular thing in regard to this accident was that he was the only married man among them.

The otter hunters were formerly much annoyed by the Indians of the Quinalt reservation, twenty miles above, who would steal their otters or whatever else they could get when the hunters were on their derrieks. Some settlers also were killed in cold blood, and no trace of their murderers ever found; but after the mysterious disappearance of some of the leading braves with their principal tyces or chiefs, these depredations ceased. There is no reason to suppose that the hunters killed them, although the Indians thought they did. The probability is that they were lost while crossing the harbor. This tribe has been peaceable ever since, and old Fort Chehalis, which for years had stood on the opposite side of the harbor, was abandoned and is now a crumbling pile of logs.

If the history of the lives of these men were published it would make a column of rare interest, but I will content myself with a short sketch of one of the noblest-looking men I have ever seen. He might be said to be a man with a history. Coming from an old Vermont family, his great desire to see the world led him in his early manhood to brave the dangers of a voyage 'round the Horn, and he landed in California in 1840. Here he made a somewhat precarious living until the discovery of gold in '49, and being one of the first at the diggings, he made a good strike, and realized a fortune and returned home. Finding the woman of his choice already wedded to another, he turned his back on his native town forever and again came to California. Here he soon lost his money in speculation. About this time word came to the mining camp of the discovery of the precious metal in Australia. He immediately left for Ballarat, and remained in the country seventeen years. Success attended him there also; but the government escort to which he had intrusted all his savings being killed by the bushrangers and his gold plundered, the old man was left penniless again. Back to California he came, and, drifting up the beach to the otter hunters' camp, he has remained there ever since.

No one could fail to be impressed with the truth of what the old man says. His long silvery hair and beard make him one of the most venerable-looking men I have ever beheld. Many a night we have sat up until the small hours of the morning, listening to his tales of adventure and hardships such as rarely fall to the lot of men.

With their log cabins nestled under the shadows of the giant spruces and the little garden patches adjoining them, the hunters lead a quiet life. If they have not the pleasure a city affords, they at least are free from its cares. Some of the pleasantest days of my life were spent among them, and so attached did I become to this wild life that it was with the deepest regret that I left them, to seek in other parts of the Territory those ornithological treasures that this section did not contain.

KALLA KALLA.

SALEM, MASS., Sept. 15.—Rail shooting on the Powwow and at Indian River and Town Creek has been pretty good of late. One party got sixty. Several single bags of twenty were made. Self and partner got sixty-two, and the chances will be good until October if frosts keep off. Other shooting matters are quiet. Some coots, so called, are in the bay.—X. Y. Z.

HUNTING IN THE HIMALAYAS.

Lights and Shades of an Indian Forester's Life.—III.

I REACHED the plains by the end of October, and pitched my camp by the sacred city of Hurdwar, a city inhabited by men and monkeys in about equal numbers. Between the adult population of both races there appeared to be a perfectly good understanding, but between the boys and the monkeys there was not so much a peace as a perpetual armed truce, ready to break out into petty hostilities at any moment, and as an impartial observer, I am bound to admit that the monkeys were not infrequently the aggressors. The Hurdwar boy when he comes into the street with anything eatable in his hand, takes good care not to stand near the houses with his back to the wall, but even in the middle of the street he knows that the eyes of all the monkey population are watching him from every roof and rail, and other vantage ground; but with all his precautions the boy is sometimes off his guard, the monkeys never; and let the boy become for a moment indifferent to what is passing behind him, some enterprising monkey is sure to steal up and make a dash at the coveted morsel. Well, the monkeys are servants of the god Humaiyoon, and the Hindoo may be a monkey himself some day, so he treats his hairy brother considerably.

I pitched my camp here in the comparatively open country, for the fever king still reigns in the Sewalik, and it is not held safe to venture into its recesses before the 15th of November, and further, it was a good point from which to take stock of all the railway ties collected at the various catching depots on the Ganges, and to hunt up the considerable number that, coming down in freshets, when the river overflowed the country for miles, had been left stranded in the low jungles, and sometimes misappropriated by the villagers.

I had been here some two or three days, when I thought it time to get rid of my three cows which had gone dry, and of my three yearling, and three two year old calves. I had to keep a man specially for them and buy fodder, and was getting tired of it. They would have been slaughtered in the summer, but being in independent Hindoo territory, I dared not have committed such a sacrilege. I knew, too, that the Hurdwar people, although in British territory, had very decided opinions on the same subject, and preferring always to leave a favorable impression behind me, I thought it better to dispose of my cattle and confine myself to my muttons, varied by such game as my rifle and fowling piece might provide, so I sent into the city and gave public notice of the intended sale for the next day. A dozen or more dealers and merchants attended to the summons, but although my cows were of the purest blood and snow white, the natives thought I was at their mercy in the matter of price, and had agreed to offer me no more than a third the market value. I sent them away and in the evening, when all was quiet, I called the herdsman, who was a Mahomedan and a competent butcher, and ordered him to get up at daylight and slaughter a two year old steer. The servants, who were all Mahomedans or low caste, smiled, they expected a row, but they also expected that I should come out of it unscathed, and when I turned out after my morning's coffee I saw the herdsman dressing the carcass.

I stayed at home to await results, and about 9 o'clock my bebrah came to report that the district magistrate—a Musselman and the head men of the city wanted to see me. I ordered them to be ushered in, received them all with special courtesy, pointed the Magistrate and the chief Brahmin to chairs, and apologizing to some other natives presumably entitled to the same courtesy for the scantiness of my camp furniture, begged them to make themselves at ease on the carpet, on which they all seated themselves on their haunches. Turning to the Magistrate, I made particular inquiries after his health, and he seeing that he would get into difficulties with the Hindoos if he appeared too cordial with me, being moreover divided between the necessity of upholding his magisterial dignity on one hand and the equal necessity of being respectful to an English officer in my position, hastened over the preliminary conversation to tell me that the whole city had been shocked by the report that I had killed an ox within its limits, and that the headman had summoned him to investigate it. I listened patiently to his speech, and then, turning to the Hindoos, I said, gravely and calmly: "You see, gentlemen, every nation has its own customs, and the people of one country justify what in another country is considered an offense. For the ordinary traveler it is desirable that when he visits a new country he should study the habits and prejudices of the people he finds himself among and conform to them in every matter, but we English have occupied this country for more than a century; we have made it our home, and we act on our own opinions as freely as in our own country, and you all know that we eat oxen, and that the flesh is exposed in the markets of the European stations all over the country. For my own part I always like to consider the feelings of others, and a day or two since, when I was about to have a steer killed, it occurred to me that some of the people of this very religious city might be offended, and rather than give offense I had the news publicly proclaimed in the city that I would sell the cattle. Some merchants came and offered me a third of the value, and thinking I must have been mistaken as to the sentiment of the people of the city, I had one killed." "But, sir," said the chief Hindoo, "the Lord Sahib long ago passed orders in reply to our petition that no cattle should be killed nor carcass brought within two miles of Hurdwar." Turning, with a tone of grave rebuke to the Magistrate, I said: "Tehsildar Sahib—I ought to have been informed of this. You know that we English, equally with you Mahomedans, are allowed by our religion to eat beef; you know that we are in the constant habit of doing so; and seeing me come a stranger to the place it was certainly your clear duty to put me on my guard against an action which not only is an offense to these worthy Hindoos, but which is misunderstood as calculated to make the citizens believe that although the Lord Sahib gave the order, he allows his officers to break it with impunity." Having thus turned the tables on the Magistrate, I paused for a reply, but he was speechless; his countenance presented a most lugubrious expression; so gravely expressing my regret to the Hindoos for the mistake I had inadvertently been led into, I requested them to explain to the citizens that I had received no intimation on the subject; and then rising gave permission to depart. The Hindoos behaved in perfect temper, and told the Magistrate that the fault was his.

Getting outside and congratulating myself on having got through very well so far, I began again, "But, gentlemen, what shall I do with these cattle; they are in prime condition and fit to kill, the cows are good milkers, but as they are useless to me, I shall have to kill them when I get into

the forest, but as you hold their lives sacred, are there no people in the city who would care to redeem them from the knife? You are men of standing and know the value of the animals, fix a price and let the citizens take them. I leave the matter in your hands." In ten minutes I got a fair price for my cattle, and the herdsman drove them off. As they left, I addressed the Magistrate smilingly, saying: "Well, Tehsildar Sahib, we have got over the difficulty with the rice eaters without unpleasantness; the beast was killed by a Mussulman and is in prime condition, you have only to say which is your favorite joint and I will have it sent down in the evening." Thus, with a little display of tact, I got a fair price for my cattle, a supply of fresh and pickled beef for my camp, read the Tehsildar a homily for neglecting to pay his respects on my arrival, and at the same time established amicable relations with him and all the people of the city.

While taking luncheon at 2 o'clock I ordered the howdah to be placed on the elephant, and as soon as he was ready I set out for some cover three or four miles distant, where I expected to find some birds. The road lay through a scantily stocked forest with a strong undergrowth of prickly *Ziziphus*, on mounds which formed a favorite cover for small pigs and hare.

Beating these for hare I put up several half-grown porkers, but did not fire as I had plenty of meat in camp. I bagged a brace of hare on the way, and reaching the grass cover I beat it for an hour, and succeeded in bagging two brace of black partridge and a young peafowl, after which I started for home. About a mile from my camp I came to a few huts where I found my shepherd, who announced the unpleasant news that while grazing my little flock of sheep, then reduced to seven, a panther had charged in and killed two or three, when his own shouts and the shouting of some villagers near by had frightened the beast off; the sheep that escaped had vanished into the jungle. Taking the shepherd and some villagers along with me to the scene of the slaughter, I found three dead sheep, one of which was tolerably close to a tree suitable for building a *mehran* or perch on, and with the aid of some light poles and small rope the villagers soon had a perch built for me, about twenty feet from the ground. Climbing into this from the howdah, I had the other two sheep secured on the elephant, and as there was no moon I told the mahout to return for me soon after dusk, and meantime to take the shepherd along with him and search for the living sheep. The panther must have been near enough to hear the noise, for the elephant was still visible from my perch less than half a mile distant, when I saw the panther walking boldly toward me about a hundred yards on my left. Advancing twenty yards he disappeared behind a clump of *ziziphus*, but he failed to reappear at the near end of it, and I feared that he had caught sight of me and vanished. I dared not turn my body or the noise would have disturbed him, but I twisted my head as far as possible—in vain. I must have sat there a full half hour, not venturing to stir, scarcely daring to breathe, when I concluded decidedly that he had seen me and would not return before night. I moved slightly, for the one position had become insupportable, when the beast stepped out from under the tree, and with one spring was on his prey. I did not feel disposed to fire at his quarters, although he was only twenty yards from me, and waited for him to offer me a broadside; but he quietly picked up the sheep and walked leisurely away. I let him go a few paces and fired; with a yell he dropped on his haunches, but managed to drag himself forward at a quick pace, and by the time I had covered him again he was disappearing behind a clump of *ziziphus*. I fired, but was unable to determine with what effect. I neither saw nor heard anything more of him; so, loading my pipe, I sat up to a quiet smoke pending the arrival of my elephant, which did not turn up until the night had closed in.

"The villagers told me you had fired, Sahib," said the mahout, as I seated myself in the howdah. I confirmed the report, and added that the beast was badly wounded, but that we would leave the final settlement until daylight. A wounded panther brought to bay is more ready to charge an elephant than a tiger is, and although I thought my beast was disabled from springing, I did not care to be present at an encounter between my elephant and a wounded panther, and the night too dark for me to cut in, so we plodded home to dinner.

The elephant was ready betimes in the morning, and as soon as I had despatched my coffee I was in the howdah and away. We beat round a good circle without coming on him, and then went back and took up the blood trail, which brought us at about three hundred yards to a dry, disused canal cut, fringed with wild saccharum about eight or ten feet high. Putting the elephant into the ditch, we beat it up about a quarter of a mile without result, then got out, went back to the spot at which we had entered it and beat up the other way. We had not got more than fifty yards when a furious growl almost at our feet proclaimed the presence of the foe. I could not see him for the tall grass that spread from bank to bank of the ditch at the spot, and the continued growling convinced me that the beast had all the will, but not the power to spring. Satisfied of this, I told the mahout to back the elephant half a dozen paces. This he did, the panther still growling but not advancing. "I can see him now," said the mahout, "seated on his haunches." "Make the elephant sit down," I ordered, and this being done, I too was able to see something of the beast through the reeds, and fired. The shot took effect, as I judged from the violent cursing in which the panther indulged. I saw him fall over too, but could not make out whether he was moving away or struggling only.

Giving the word, the elephant rose to his feet, got out of the ditch, and making for the spot where we still heard the panther, threw his trunk round the tufts of wild saccharum and laid them low, revealing the panther in his last struggle. The elephant was now too excited to keep quiet and was with difficulty restrained from taking the principal part, with the result that my next shot was a yard off the mark, and, finding it impossible to steady him, I dismounted and stepped into the ditch. The panther was about five yards from me, with his tail toward me; but his head was up, and, dropping on one knee to get clear of the grass, I gave him a ball in the back of the neck, which finished him. The mahout then took the elephant to the spot, made him mow down the grass with his trunk, and explained to him that the panther was dead, a fact of which the elephant satisfied himself by touching the carcass with his trunk. The three of us—for I always had a handy man in the back seat of the howdah—next latched a rope to the panther, and made the elephant drag him out of the ditch, when, finding that he was quite dead, we hoisted him to the rump of the elephant, by means of a couple of small pulleys fastened to the howdah, and started for home.

While the elephant had been displaying excitement and refusing to stand still while I fired, the mahout had employed most injuriously reproachful if not actually abusive language toward him. He called him "a pig-headed, obstinate, no-man person, the bastard son of a pig," prodding him in the back of the head with his heavy prickers at every word, and now that both were cool the mahout began to talk quietly to him about the impropriety and folly of his conduct. The elephant displays so much intelligence and is so apt at learning anything required of him; he remembers distinctly so many words of command that a mahout speaks of his elephant as understanding Hindoostani in the same sense as if he were speaking of a foreigner. "He understands Hindoostani," said my mahout in reference to this same elephant, "as well as you or I do, but they are obstinate sometimes and won't do what you tell them to."

Three of my muttons had turned up at the camp shortly after I left, and some days later the fourth was recovered. The two dead sheep sent home the night before were made over to my sweeper, who gave a grand dinner to all his caste men. The panther skin was a very handsome one, but it had cost me dear.

Natural History.

A HUMMING BIRD COMBAT.

WHILE out collecting near Aurora, N. Y., I noticed a hedge of lilac bushes, and attracted by the delicious odor I seated myself near them and partook of my lunch. I had just finished and was preparing to continue my walk when a singular twittering, not unlike that of the blackcap titmouse, arrested my attention. Looking up I discovered a fine male ruby-throated humming bird, almost within reach of my hand. He circled uneasily for a few moments then alighted on a decayed twig, within three feet of me, and began to arrange his plumage. I remained very quiet and he did not seem to notice me until I made a sudden motion with my head. In an instant he was out of sight, but soon returned with his mate, and after a few half suspicious glances at me hovered above the branch for a few seconds; then closing their wings both birds grasped the branch with their little feet. While observing them, I noticed a small, dark shadow coming toward them and suddenly the stillness was broken by a succession of sounds, which very much resembled a swarm of bees; and then another male bird dashed down and made a savage lunge with his beak. But the first bird was not to be caught so easily. He sprang lightly from the limb and the other came in contact with another limb and almost stunned himself, he recovered sufficiently to grasp the limb near the other's mate. When the first bird saw this he dashed at his rival with the fury of a miniature whirlwind; and the ruby and green feathers fairly showered to the ground. The female looked as unconcerned as if they were not present. After a few minutes of battle, both combatants dropped to the ground. One flew away, but as he acted very strange I think his eye was pierced by the sharp beak of his adversary. The other returned to his mate, a very sad-looking bird. His tail feathers were gone and his beautiful throat was full of blemishes, but he was far from being conquered as his scornful twitter showed.

CHAS. C. TRUESDELL, JR.

SYRACUSE, N. Y.

THE BIRDS AGAIN.

Editor Forest and Stream:

"Wilmot" is mistaken. If he will carefully read my article again he will see that I said nothing about "ten berries." A short time ago I had a lively tilt with some "bird lovers" through the columns of the *New York Examiner*. After the smoke of the battle had cleared away, the inclosed article, from the pen of a well-known horticulturist, appeared. I think it hit my critics in the flank. Please let "Wilmot" see it.

PRCKET.

The article, by T. H. Hoskins, M.D., is as follows:

"I admire the spirit of those who defend the birds. They belong to the class who help to make life worth living by their geniality of spirit and their abhorrence of bloodshed. They are a force in the world, and in many respects a force for the good; but for all that, they are not safe people to put in the jury-box to try criminals. Their bias is even greater than the law requires on the side of the accused. And worse than all, they are apt to regard beautiful plumage and a sweet song as an offset to proved offenses.

"It seems to me that in discussing the question of the right to life of the animal races, in opposition to human interests, the just judge will utterly exclude the items of beauty and sweetness. The rat has just as much right to live as the robin, and the woodchuck as the squirrel. If we may destroy one as a nuisance, we may the other. To be sure, as regards ourselves, we may give weight to agreeable qualities, and on selfish grounds may spare the beautiful and sweet-singing birds, while we destroy the no more harmful crows. But if we do so, let us recognize the nature of our motive, and not flatter ourselves that it is not selfish.

"I like to see the robins on the lawn; I like their song, and that of the catbird and thrushes. It is painful for me to destroy them, and I cannot myself separate distinctly the reasons why it is so, without much self-analysis. I will endure far more loss from them than from crows or blackbirds, before I will shoot. And it is so with the lively squirrels. But when (as happens in some years) we have an invasion of squirrels, and they swarm in the barn, the cellar and even in the store-room, I not only shoot but poison, and console myself with thinking that if I do not they must starve from the excessive increase which has driven them to unaccustomed burglary.

"If, then, one has had his love for the pleasing birds chilled by their costly depredations, it seems to me that it is quite as natural and right for him to kill them as to trap gophers, rats or moles. The only question is, is there any doubt about the question of injury? Here the bird-lovers (usually not fruit-growers) join issue with those who would destroy the depredators, and in doing so they are very likely to tamper with the facts. Hundreds of writers insist that the yellow-bellied woodpecker ('sap-sucker') is after worms when he pecks those regular ranks of holes down the trunks of our apple and cherry trees, and upon the beeches, birches, poplars, firs and pines of the forest. Nobody has ever proved this, and it is essentially improbable that the larvae of any insect exist beneath the apparently healthy bark of so many different species in such regular lines, horizontal and perpendicular. As to the frequent assertion that the robin picks only the wormy cherries, it is proved to be untrue by

the fact that he does the same here, where wormy cherries are unknown. And how about the strawberries and the currants? Are they wormy, too?

"In regard to the claim made for birds that they keep us from being ruined by the insect world, it may be correct to the full extent insisted on; but the proof so far is insufficient. I recently made a list of forty-four species of insects most common in gardens, which exist, multiply, and if not met with active means of destruction, would utterly prevent the cultivation of many kinds of cultivated plants, yet which the birds we can most closely watch, such as the robin, never (or scarcely ever) eat at all. And I want to call attention to the fact that the confessedly useful birds about which there is no dispute (the swallows, for instance, but there are many others) do not depredate upon gardens and farms at all. Like the toad, they are useful only. These I believe in protecting, both by law and public opinion. The few species that frequent our gardens we may spare or not according to individual taste and necessity. But will not the plunders for all birds, indiscriminately, be a little more careful about the character of their statements and the correctness of their evidence? It is a poor cause that needs buttressing with inexactitudes."

NEWPORT, Vt., August, 1884.

Editor Forest and Stream:

"Wilmot's" figures in FOREST AND STREAM of Sept. 4. are as interesting as "Picket's," in a former issue, though "Wilmot's" sum in addition is wide of the mark. He credits "Picket" with one hundred too many, which ruins his table; and then, too, he does not allow for what the birds would eventually destroy had they not been killed, nor for those kept off by "Picket's" fusillade. To my mind the evidence points to a cheap saving of fruit. Here we do not consider catbirds or thrushes, other than robins, fruit eaters to any extent. I may say that "Wilmot's" articles are all well worth reading, and that I agree with him in the main, still, I think sometimes a little powder and shot used with discretion may effect a saving in small fruits. I sincerely hope, however, that "Picket" will not have to destroy a thousand birds next year.

MERGUS.

EAST WAREHAM, MASS.

ANTIDOTE FOR SNAKE'S BITE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Ancient the discussion on snake bites. Why is it that our hounds escape death? In this section of the mountains I have never heard of a hound dying from a snake bite, yet there must be over a hundred hounds in a radius of five miles from here. I have known of dogs being bitten, and the bitten part swelling up and sloughing out, often leaving a deep hole, but I never knew the dog to die. I believe that the poison kills by depressing the action of the heart; hence the counter-acting stimulation of the heart action by alcohol saves the patient, and further the well known fact that an "old soaker" is but slightly benefited by administration of alcohol. Another instance supporting this theory: A man bitten in the neck by a copperhead (not as dangerous a bite as that of a rattlesnake, died in ten or fifteen minutes. The poison entered the jugular vein and went directly to the heart. Now, is the heart action of our hounds so strong that it resists the depressing influence of the poison? S. F. M.

FARMINGTON, Pa., Sept. 10.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Several years ago I was out after deer, when a friend shot a fine buck, which ran into a deep ravine and was caught by the dogs. On arriving at the place where the deer lay, I discovered that Blue, our main dog, was missing. Looking for him, I soon found him standing in the water and apparently very sick. Examining him, it became apparent that he had been bitten by a very large snake. I took him in my arms and galloped four miles to a store, where I got a bottle of what they called "Schnapps," which I poured into him. It made him very drunk, but cured him fully in a short while.

PROTECTION.

EL PASO, TEXAS, SEPT. 9.

HORNETS AND YELLOW-JACKETS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

A few years ago I was on a sporting excursion among the mountains of Mendocino county, this State, during the month of August. Hornets and yellow-jackets were very abundant, especially the latter, which were so fond of venison that we were obliged to encase in sacks the carcasses of the deer shot, as well as to prevent their being covered and filled with eggs of flies. Not having a sack, the next best thing was to close the incision in the abdomen from which the venison had been drawn with wooden pegs or pins, and the sooner and more completely this was done the better.

A fall on the rocks while fishing in one of the rugged mountain streams for trout put an end to my sport for some days, but gave me plenty of time to watch the depredations of the hornets upon the yellow-jackets. A bone or other refuse from the table would be literally covered with yellow-jackets, and the hornets, sometimes one only, would hover two or three feet above them, select a victim, fly down and alight upon its back, clasp it with its legs and after a short struggle, lift it from its feet and fly away with it to its young, as I supposed, but being to lame too walk far I was unable to settle this point.

The yellow-jacket would sometimes get free from the hornet after being carried twenty or thirty yards, and return to its meal apparently uninjured, and the hornet would also return to secure another victim. This was enacted thousands of times in my presence. Only the yellow jackets which were attacked seemed to have the slightest interest in the movements of the hornets.

Your correspondent "H. J. T." Aug. 28, is correct in saying hornets will not sting a person who keeps perfectly quiet. It is not necessary to lie down as he advises. L. BELDING.

BIG TREES, CALAVERAS COUNTY, CAL.

CARDINAL REDBIRD ON LONG ISLAND.—Flushing, L. I., Sept. 9.—On Sept. 7, 1884, I was fortunate enough to secure on a gentleman's place in this village, a male cardinal redbird (*Cardinalis virginianus*). He was in very poor plumage, moulting, but was evidently a wild bird. I have never met with one of this variety in this neighborhood before. I wonder if the warm weather of the last few days was the cause of his wandering so far away from the sunny South.—ROBERT B. LAWRENCE.

Game Bag and Gun.

HOW WE LOST W. P.

SUMMER has come in Southwestern Kansas. A green, flower-spangled ocean of prairie. The sun beating down on a country guiltless of shade trees. Bronzed cowboys riding into the little forlorn-looking towns that are scattered along the A. F. & S. F., uniformed in the white hat, dirty shirt and leather leggings of their tribe. Emigrant wagons creeping westward on the road that hugs the railroad track wherever it goes. Cattle and antelope scattered everywhere, calves and fawns in plenty, but no hunting or fishing at this season. We have no game law, but we don't kill antelope in summer except an occasional buck for home consumption. So I read the FOREST AND STREAM and long for the shady brooks of the East. Bless the old paper, it helps me along through the summer to read about how our guild hunted last winter. I feel that I too owe a contribution to this summer entertainment, and what better than an account of how I lost W. P. Dixon on the prairie, and how I didn't find him (for he found himself).

George Dixon was night telegraph operator in Cimarron during the winter of 1882-83, and his brother, W. P. Dixon, of Livermore, Pa., came out to visit him, accompanied by a friend from the eastern part of this State, named Bert (his last name I have forgotten). George wanted me to take them out hunting, and offered to pay the expenses of the trip. So I got Tracy with his old wagon, and, taking a two-seated open buggy, we started the next noon, forded the river, and pulled out southwest for a rain-water lake that lay about thirty miles away. We had a head wind and heavy road, so we did not make more than about twelve miles, and camped in a little hollow among the sand hills, put up the tent, gathered cow chips for the fire, cooked supper and soon went to bed in the tent. It was a pretty close fit, five of us and a big dog in a tent 10 by 7, but we got settled down finally and put in a comfortable night. At noon the next day we reached the lake and were disgusted to find a place that had evidently been just deserted by a hunting party. Antelope heads were lying around, there were wagon tracks, the spot where a tent had been, and a dead fox that must have prowled around after the party went away and got a dose of poison which had been left in the antelope offal.

We decided to camp and try our luck for a day anyhow, so after burying the stuff that lay around (so that my dog Nig could not get it), we moved to the other side of the pond and camped. The next day we hunted on foot, and tried hard to kill some of the few antelope that still watered at the lake, but they were very wild, and at noon I gave it up as a bad job, and came in with my mind made up to give them a run in the buggy and shoot them on the wing as they ran past. Bert and Tracy still clung to the foot hunting, but the Dixon boys came with me in the buggy, accompanied by Nig the dog. We made a good run in ahead of two antelope, and W. P. and I missed them nicely about four shots apiece.

We then drove off into the sandhills about five miles from camp, and saw a band of antelope as soon as we struck broken ground. Leaving the horses we crept up to within 200 yards and both fired together. Both shots took effect but did not kill, and the band ran over a hill followed by the two wounded ones. We made a run, and when we reached the top of the hill there stood our wounded game, and we settled them at once. W. P. was delighted at our success and we soon got the team up and put our game in, and started after the band. Got around them, and as they ran past W. P. got in a lucky shot and broke a buck's leg. I turned Nig loose, and he caught him after about a mile run. We then went to camp and found that Tracy and Bert had also been successful and got one apiece.

The next morning George Dixon concluded that he would stay in camp. Tracy and Bert went off together afoot and W. P. and I struck for the sandhills in the buggy. After traveling about seven miles we saw antelope in a hollow and, unhitching and picketing the horses, crept toward them. We got to the brow of the hill unnoticed and had a good chance at 75 yards. I told W. P. to let me crawl a few feet away from him, so that his smoke would not get in my eyes, and then take his shot, and that I would give him the first chance; but just as I got into position, in that unaccountable way that things sometimes happen, my gun went off in the air as soon as I cocked it. We both jumped up and shot, and one of us wounded a fine buck. Following the band half a mile we saw the main bunch standing on a knoll a mile away and the wounded one near us, but to the left. W. P. wanted to go after the herd, I wanted the wounded one, so we separated, though I knew I ought to go with him. I told him: "If you get lost and can't find the wagon, get on the edge of the burnt ground and follow it to the old freight road and take that to camp." "All right," he said, and away he went.

I followed my buck around for several miles but he was wild and ret better so I could not put in a shot, and finally at about 2 o'clock, he led me past the wagon, so I stopped, ate up half the grub and drank half the water, lay down and went to sleep and woke up with a start at about sunset. It was Dec. 24 and very cold. W. P. was not in sight, I stood on the wagon seat and looked all around with my field glass. I could not see anything. Pulled the harness off one of the horses and rode about two miles, rifle in hand, to the highest point in the direction I saw W. P. last, and fired my gun, perhaps twenty times, two shots at a time, listening between shots; no response; went back to the buggy; it was getting dark; I knew that I could hitch up and get to camp but if I left the spot and W. P. was out wandering around he might come that way and find me if I stayed there, and besides his brother George would feel as if I had deserted him, so I gathered all the wild sage I could and got a small loose board from the buggy and as soon as it was dark made a fire on a knoll and kept it up till wood, splinters and sage brush gave out. No W. P., so I went down into the hollow and wrapped myself up in the light blanket we had on the seat and prepared to play freeze-out.

W. P. had on light pants, shoes, vest, and no coat when we parted, the thermometer was about 5 above zero, and windy. I knew he was suffering if out. I was all right, but he was lost, and all sorts of grizzly thoughts ran like uninvited ghosts through my head in spite of my efforts to drive them away. No water, big buffalo, wolves. I knew that men went crazy soon when lost, that the sun does not seem to rise in the East for them. I knew he had money on his person, and his brother might think I had murdered him. Well, the fantastic things that came into my head that night were too numerous to mention. I made up a plan of action if we did not find him the next day—to go to the river and

start every team from three towns out into that county at \$5 a day apiece for four days, with \$50 for the man that found him. But all drazy things have an end at last, and when daylight came I hitched up and drove for camp, hating to show myself and yet hoping that W. P. had got back there. At last I saw Bert coming afar off, nearer with a grin on his face. He surely wouldn't grin if he saw me alone and did not know where W. P. was. Did he come in? Yes, he got in at 11 last night, but he was awful hungry.

The load was off my heart. The camp was packed ready to start for home when I reached it. I ate and drank as soon as I could, and we pulled out for Cimarron. Bert told me the events of the night as we rode along. When we didn't come in at dark the boys got anxious and soon after dark fired a few shots. Then George went out and got lost within half a mile of the tent. Shot away all his cartridges, the boys thinking he was firing for us and paying no attention to him. When he saw the fire thought it was another camp-fire, and when the boys went out for him ran away from them. They saw my fire at last, and about that time W. P. came in on the freight road hungry and foot-sore. He had been lost, but remembering my directions at last hit the road and came in all right. Then Bert wanted to go after me, but Tracy said he is all right, and they all went to bed and slept well while I suffered. We got home that night after a hard drive, and I vowed that if I ever take a tenderfoot out on the prairie again I will never leave him out of sight of camp alone. W. J. D.

CIMARRON, June, 1884.

THE TEXAN ANTELOPE HUNTERS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have just read your editorial on "The Need of the West, and I feel so strongly its force and truth that I wish to express my earnest commendation of all you wrote. I cannot refer to all the points covered by your article, but I do wish to refer to the item on meat and skin hunting.

Recently, in company with two friends, I took a trip on the "Llano Estacado," in the western part of this State, and while out had occasion to note the following facts: There are now preparing for the fall and winter hunt, not less than fifty hunters, who do absolutely nothing during the spring and summer. These men are well armed, fine shots and murderous hunters. Under their constant warfare, the antelopes are rapidly disappearing, and the buffaloes will be about extinct after this winter. Just so soon as the weather grows cool enough to enable these men to successfully jerk meat, their murderous work begins. Antelopes are killed in vast numbers, and yield a profit of about \$1.50 per head. Buffaloes yield a more handsome profit. These men so cover the country, camping at the few watering places, that sportsmen can get only very poor shooting when they go out for amusement.

Our State laws offer no protection whatever, as they cover only partial districts, and are so very faulty that we might as well have no game laws at all. This murderous work will not be stopped until the game on the plains is exterminated.

In passing, I call attention to the fact that, as "all is not gold that glitters," so all the meat sold in the markets as buffalo beef or "jerky" is not exactly what it is sold for. Every now and then a mustang falls to ride shot, and his flesh goes in with the other and is sold just the same. Don't be sure every time that your buffalo meat is not horse flesh.

Our mountain country is well stocked with the mule deer—commonly, but improperly, called blacktail—but this winter's hunt will leave us but little hope for the future. Many market hunters are now establishing their camps, and soon the markets will be filled with venison. O, cannot this murderous work be stopped? My heart is sick and my soul is faint as I think of the way our game is being slaughtered.

Push your work. Push it. You cannot work too fast; you cannot hit too hard. Yours in earnest,

PROTECTION.

EL PASO, TEXAS, SEPT. 9.

DUCK SHOOTING IN CALIFORNIA.

OF ALL the sports of field or flood, the art—for truly it is an art—of duck shooting is the most exhilarating and exciting. To be able to stop the old drake canvas-back as he comes sweeping along in the teeth of a "southeaster" is no easy task, but calls for both experience and expertness. What a thrill of delight is felt by both novice and skilled sport-man as the old bird, stopping short in its flight and doubling up over the sights, comes down with a crash at the report of the double barrel hammerless, or the little green-wing teal just skimming the surface of the pond, and which, as you rise in your blind, doubles and "flirts" from right to left, as he "climb" to escape your laden hail.

The shooting, of which I am to speak more directly, is that confined to within the limit of one hundred miles of San Francisco city, including the large marshes bordering the bay, and at the junction of the two large rivers of the State, the Sacramento and the San Joaquin, with Suisun Bay, an affluent of San Francisco Bay, and more directly speaking, of the tract known as the Suisun marsh, which is about twenty miles long by ten wide, having the shape of a half moon its concave side being Suisun Bay, and its convex side the foothills of the coast range. This tract embraces, as a whole, probably the finest shooting grounds of the State for snipe and all waterfowl. It is traversed by the Central Pacific Railroad, and is in time only two hours and a half from the bustle and hurry of the city by the Golden Gate. The marsh was long ago taken up, and is now leased by three shooting clubs who hold all the land, and I being the happy possessor of a membership in one of them, have my full share of the sport.

The shooting is of two kinds—pond shooting from a blind, over decoys, and sculling the sloughs which thread the marsh in every direction. Let me describe one of our parties.

The 3:30 Overland train of a blustering November afternoon finds four of our members aboard, our "Mr. President," B., our crack shot; T., our funny man, and the writer. The ride along the bay on the Oakland shore is delightful. The green hills on our right and the broad expanse of the bay stretching to our left, do ted with sailing craft, with the dark outline of fortified Alcatraz rising from the bay, standing like a sentinel guarding the Golden Gate, beyond which old Sol is sinking to rest, having the appearance of a ball of molten gold, which, with the dark clouds above, makes a sunset indescribably beautiful. But we are soon whirled along out of sight of the city and its surroundings, and after crossing a neck of land emerge upon an arm of San Francisco Bay, called San Pablo Bay, which is connected with Suisun Bay, heretofore spoken of, by the Straits of Carquinez. Our first stopping place is Vallejo Junction

where across the Straits are situate the United States Navy Yard, on Mare Island, and the city of Vallejo. Five miles further we stop at Port Costa, the great grain *embarcadero*, from which point over half of the entire grain crop of California is "floated." Here the train runs bodily on the immense transfer steamer Solano, which takes only ten minutes to cross the straits, and we are soon spinning along on the northern shore. After passing the United States Arsenal, located at Benicia, and two or three other points of interest, we turn directly north and run over the first of the Suisun marsh. All of this time we four have been sitting quietly enjoying the ever-changing scenery, laughing at the dry wit of "Mr. President" or listening to "the latest" from F., the time passing so quickly that we all jump when the brakeman, thrusting his head in the door, yells "Teal Station," and as we scramble for our bags the train slows up and stops at our destination.

We are cordially greeted by Charley and Jake, two of the crew, as we step on the platform, and the first word generally is, "Well, how are the birds?" and we then hear the latest news from the ponds. A five minutes' walk along the track brings us to the yacht and the arks where, descending into the cabin, we find a steaming hot dinner of "18 minutes canvas-back" and salad; dishes fit for a king. Here discarding our city attire, we put on our comfortable flannels, and sit down to our sumptuous repast. The record book is pulled out, the latest scores criticised, and the prospect for the morning's shoot discussed. Dinner over, the dogs, which have been standing all this time with their noses in the cabin door, nearly wagging their tails off at the delight of seeing their masters and the prospect of the morning's hunt, are fed and caressed. Cartridge cases and traps are then looked over, and everything got in readiness for the early morning's start. A rubber of whist or a game of draw is hardly over before the clock reminds us that we had better turn in if we want to shoot with a quick eye and a steady hand in the morning.

It seems as if I had only been asleep five minutes, when whirr-r goes the alarm clock, and out we turn to find a steaming hot breakfast already on the table, and the cabin as warm as toast. The hands of the clock mark five, and we must be off by half-past, so tumbling into our warmest clothes, as the weather at this season of the year is none of the mildest, we dispatch our breakfast of crushed Indian and cream, "Bunker's club sausages and buckwheats," and are soon ready for the boats. Going outside we find them loaded and ready, with Jake and the dogs waiting patiently our departure. In a few minutes we are all aboard and the oars are going merrily.

The ponds on which we are to shoot vary in size from small "mallard holes" not one hundred feet across to sheets of water covering three or four acres. These are permanent ponds, the depth of water being about three feet, and that of the mud immeasurable. Each pond is connected with the slough, which runs nearest it by a small artificial ditch, which does away with the necessity of making carries, and sometimes ponds are ditched into each other, making a string a mile or more in length. In these ponds grow the celebrated vallisneria, miscalled wild celery, which makes the "can" such a "royal blood." F. and I, who are going down to the Haywards, spin along ahead of the others, who are to shoot nearer in the string. By the time we reach the landing, the eastern sky has begun to assume a reddish tinge, which gradually increases as the day approaches, telling us to hurry if we wish to be in our blinds in time for the first flight.

The rule is to never fire a gun until it is light enough to eclipse the flash, as it is that which frightens the birds more than the report. Our traps are soon transferred at the ditch from the skiffs to the pond boats, each man occupying one to himself, with his dog, gun, etc., and paddling silently down the ditch and out upon the pond, we startle the flocks of feeding ducks, which whirl in dark streaks over our heads, and the geese flying more slowly, but filling the air with their ceaseless honk! honk! F. and I are to shoot the two blinds at each end of Hayward's, which will leave us about 200 yards apart. We paddle quietly to our blinds, and as Jake puts out our decoys, we arrange everything ready for the morning's flight.

There is a moderate southeast breeze blowing, just enough to ripple the water and make the decoys bob around in a most life-like manner. I have just seated myself on my cartridge tub and am talking to Rob, my spaniel, when "Mark! South! Canst!" comes booming over the water from F., and peering over my blind I spy a flock of "royal bloods" (you can tell them by their size and speed) heading directly for me. Down I go in the bottom of the blind, and remain perfectly motionless as the birds come up wind circle over my decoys once, and in completing the circle they pass with a rush so close over my blind that I could strike them with an oar; but I remain breathlessly motionless, then as they swing off to the left I give them a coaxing call, which brings them back immediately, and, after circling once more, they alight among the decoys. I peep through my blind and select the thickest of the bunch and, rising, give them one barrel on the set and, as the survivors rise, startled and bewildered, I pour in the other barrel, and there lie five fine "cans"—four cocks and a hen. As the flock passes F., at the other end of the pond, he rises suddenly and makes one of the prettiest right-and-lefts I have ever seen. As Rob goes for two of my birds which are wounded, I reload my breech-loader and look out for another advent. The dead birds are allowed to remain on the ponds till after the shooting is over and are then recovered, so a dog is not absolutely necessary, but I consider one a great help and pleasure, as you never lose a wounded bird.

The canvas-back has two calls, one as he is flying or rising from the water, and the other while feeding. The first may best be imitated by the words purr-r, purr-r, with a peculiar roll to the r, which is repeated several times and sounds about as loud as the quack of a drake mallard. The other call sounds very much like the grunting of a hog and is only given out when the bird is feeding. I was just admiring the symmetrical beauty of the old cock which Rob had just placed in my hand, when bang, bang! goes F.'s hammerless and the flock of teal which he has fired into come running toward me just skimming the surface of the pond. They are well bunched for a raking shot, and as they get abreast of me I let go both barrels in quick succession into them, and looking up I expect to see the water covered with dead and wounded, and there all alone flaps one poor little teal with a broken wing. My miss is easily accounted for when I come to think of the speed at which they were going with a southeast breeze at their tails, and the extra allowance caused by F.'s shot. I should have held fifteen feet ahead of them instead of five. Just as Rob springs into the water after that duck, I see F. waving his hands wildly

as pointing to the east he yells, "Swans, swans!" and sure enough there came a flock of those magnificent trumpeters. They are very wary birds, and it is just my luck to have the dog on the pond as they are approaching, but there is no calling him back when once after a wounded bird, but, nevertheless, I crouch in my blind and urge him as much as possible. I watch first the swans and then the dog.

As the former approach they spy F.'s decoys and swing off toward him; but, no, they change their course and are coming directly to me, when suddenly spying the dog, which has caught his duck and is half way in shore, they turn abruptly to the left, and as they pass about sixty yards from F., he springs up and gives them right and left. The shot has no apparent effect, as they go steadily along as if nothing had happened, when suddenly the leader commences to waver in his flight, and, turning on his back in the air, he comes down with such a crash that we know that it is a shot in the brain. Tossing our hats in the air we both give a simultaneous cheer, which immediately arouses Jake, who has been asleep in his boat hidden in some tall rushes, and he starts to retrieve the swan, and soon returns with a magnificent specimen of the "king of waterfowl." There is a curious incident connected with the movement or non-movement of the swan while on the wing, and for a long time I have been unable to account for it, and that is, as they fly along, in passing over a blind, the sportsman may spring up and pour both barrels or a dozen barrels at them, and unless you wound or kill them the discharge has no effect either in frightening them or making them change their course; they do not even try to rise out of the way of the shot, as is the case of every other waterfowl, but fly along in the same order and with the same regularity, just as if you had never fired your gun. While looking the matter up I came across the following, which probably explains the reason: The swan's wings, though very large in themselves, are inadequate in size to do more than just sustain the immense weight of the bird in flight; so that he cannot indulge in any movements outside the usual mode of flying.

By this time the sun is just rising behind a bank of clouds, and the birds, both ducks and geese, are leading from all directions, back and forth from the bay to the ponds, and *vice versa*, and a continual fusillade is kept up, which grows more and more exciting as the flight increases. By 9 o'clock the morning's flight is practically over, but nevertheless, the birds keep moving more or less all day, and at about eleven, F. calls for lunch; so shoving from our blinds we paddle to a point which juts out about half way between the two blinds, and there we join forces, and throwing ourselves on the luxuriant grass, we proceed to demolish our lunch of cold duck, bread and butter and claret. In the meantime Jake paddles around the pond and collects the spoils of the morning's shoot. Our noonday siesta, being ended by a snooze or a pipe, the programme for the afternoon's shoot is discussed. Our debate is whether to stick to the blinds, skulk the sloughs, go for snipe or goose shooting. We both agree on leaving the blinds to give the ducks a chance, so to speak, and F. decides to skulk, while I am to take my chances with the snipe, and then give the geese a rattle on the way home.

So leaving Jake to pick up the decoys and follow me in the skiff down the slough, I fill my pockets full of shells from my cartridge bag and start out over the snipe patch. The breeze from the south makes the birds lie well, and they all flush within thirty yards and dart away as they utter their sharp scap! scap!! Now is the time the sportsman glories in the possession of a good retriever, as I would have lost a large number of my birds on account of the grass which is knee deep, had it not been for Rob, my spaniel. He is a little hard-mouthed on account of being used entirely in retrieving heavier game, but nevertheless works splendidly. I am not much of a shot on snipe, and therefore my count would not well compare with my empty shells, but still I have a goodly string as I reach the turn of the slough and find Jake with the boat, waiting as patiently and contented as ever, and smoking the "everlasting weed." I remember well the day that Jake, by some oversight, left his pipe and tobacco behind him at the yacht, and of all the woe-begone darkies, he was the worst; he could not keep still in the boat, and it being a rainy day, he was perfectly miserable.

A little below us on the slough the geese were feeding, but I did not feel like stalking them, as I had shot half a dozen from the blind in the morning and was very tired. The geese we have here are of five different varieties, there are four gray species and one white. The gray is the Canada goose or "houker" (*Bernicla canadensis*), the speckle-breasted goose (*Anser gambeli*) also the common brant, and very rarely the black brant. But in numbers these all combined do not compare by one hundred or one-thousandth part with the white geese, or snow goose, as it is called in the East (*Anser hyperboreus*). They arrive here every year, from the 15th to 18th of October and stay until March. They come by thousands and ten thousands. I have seen acres and acres of the tule just white with them, and they keep up a continual cackle, day and night, it is the first thing you hear as you step off the train and the last thing as you leave. When the large flocks rise it sounds like thunder or a train going over a trestle-work. This sounds very much like exaggeration to one who has not seen them, and the sight is sometimes worth traveling to see. On some mornings, just after sunrise, when the geese are all moving, you can see nothing around the whole horizon but clouds and clouds of geese. Of course all the club men get very blasé about shooting them, and after shooting half a dozen in a morning, you generally have had enough. They are very good, however, to fill up your sack with and put the ducks on top. One afternoon for amusement, I bagged thirty in about two hours, and could have easily shot thirty more, but they loaded my boat, and were all that I could really use, as of course they are good eating as the old song says:

"It is my own opinion,
When cooked with sage and 'ntion,
No bird which flies,
'Is half so 'nize,'
As goose, with sage and 'ntion."

On coming round a bend in the slough, we meet F., who has been sculling, and has quite a number of fine birds in the bottom of his boat as the result of his afternoon's shoot. This sculling requires a peculiarly-built boat, and the hunters on this marsh, who always build their own boats, have, with years of experience, succeeded in constructing a perfect model adapted in every way for the work for which it is intended. They are so well built that they can be propelled very swiftly with the long, flexible sculling oar, and are so perfectly noiseless that an adept can approach very close to birds sitting in the rushes at the edge of the sloughs.

I think that it is one of the prettiest ways to shoot, as it

requires some skill both to propel your boat and handle your gun successfully, and you have also to be on the alert all the time, as you never know the moment a bird is going to spring from the rushes not twenty yards away.

Our party soon arrived at the station, and found the others there ahead of us. After unloading the boats, we assort and count our game, which is duly entered in the record book with the incidents of the day. Our bag of to-day shows a majority of sprig, teal and widgeon, with a sprinkling of mallard, "cans" and gadwall.

Those of us that have to return by the evening train proceed to change our comfortable corduroys for our abominable (at least, they seem so to us at present) city clothes and sit down to discuss one of the cook Jim's pet dishes—a goose stew with dumplings.

The great beauty of the shooting on these marshes is the length of time which it lasts; it commences in the middle of September and lasts until the middle or end of February, and we have good shooting the whole of the time. This marsh is not just a stopping place, as the birds migrate, but a rendezvous where they come to spend the whole winter, and being well protected, there is no reason why the sport should not be good for years to come. In some places the widgeons collect as the white geese do, and when you hear ten thousand or more widgeons all whistling at once, it makes a sound unlike anything else I have ever heard, and very startling to a person unacquainted with the noise. It is very pretty shooting to call widgeon down to decoys by answering and imitating their whistle, which can easily be done by the means of a small tin whistle, and which will also bring them down when flying at an immense height. I have seen some flying so high that on ordinary occasions you would suppose them to be migrating. But on answering their whistle down they will come, at a tremendous rate of speed, similar to the dive of the hawk; and checking themselves just before reaching the water they alight right among the decoys. After dinner we lounge around the arks until train time, either shooting white geese from the railroad track or amusing ourselves with the dogs, until the whistle of the train far up the track reminds us that there is not much time to lose, and we are soon at the station with bags and game, and as the train stops we step aboard and bid good-bye to the station for a week or two.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal.

DEER IN NORTH CAROLINA.

"WALT, let's try the deer in the morning. What say you?"

"All right; count me in."

"Let's get off early, and take Ike or Smith, or both, and see what we can do. I've spoken to some of the boys and they do not seem inclined to go, so let's get off anyway, and if we kill a big buck they will feel badly. If we fail they can't get the laugh on us, as we'll tell them we merely went to see if there was any sign."

So next morning early found us at the cabins of the aforesaid Ike and Smith, two stalwart Fifteenth Amendments, always ready for a hunt—deer, fox or 'coon. But it seems that on this particular morning Ike is troubled about many things. Having, by tooting horn and howling hound, at last aroused him, he began a series of mournful excuses. "Boss, you knows I'd like ter go huntin' wid ye dis mornin', but I'll hush my jaw ef I kin see any way er gittin' off. I'm got er job er work ter do to-day dat I can't put off 'dout ketchin' Hail Columbus. An' mor'n dat, I'm bound ter be dar soon, too. Smith 'll go, an' he kin manage dese dogs most's good as I kin."

After a little more parleying, we chose three of the most reliable deer dogs and set out for the deer grounds, some seven miles distant. Arriving there, we make our horses fast and make the best of our way to the stands previously decided upon. In the meantime Smith has gone in with the hounds. Not many minutes elapse ere we hear the bugle-like notes of Monroe, our strike dog. The trail seems cold, so we take a seat at the foot of a gum tree and break a pine twig to fight "skeeters." Soon we hear the other dogs trailing also, and we know that the scent is warming up. But the dogs are working away from us, and soon it is difficult to tell whether the buzzing one hears comes from dogs or is caused by the millions of mosquitoes. After a few moments, however, we know that the dogs have jumped the game and are going directly away from us and up into the great Dismal Swamp. Very soon all sound of them is lost, but we have faith in the dogs and know that sooner or later, unless he takes water, the deer will come ashore and strike for high land, but woe unto him if he should stay in the swamp until he begins to fag, for should he do so he will be caught by his swift-footed pursuers in a very short time after striking high land, even should we fail to get shots.

After waiting and listening for three hours or more, we seem to hear the faintest murmur of dogs away off to the right, too faint to be sure of it, yet we think they must be coming. A little later we are sure of it. They are coming—only two dogs in full cry—the third dog has gone in another direction, so there are two deer up. Straining every nerve, I listen. He is passing to my right about a mile, also below the stand where Walt is waiting. Soon he turns and bears for the millpond some two miles away, and all seems over. But hark! they are coming again, and the deer is making back for the swamp. Again he passes to the right of Walt, and all is quiet. Soon they are coming again, this time in my direction, and only one dog in hearing. Nearer and nearer come the notes of my favorite Monroe, and again he swerves and bears to my left, and is gone like the honk of a gang of wild geese, and soon again all is still. We wait until we are tired, and getting our horses we sadly start home. We feel badly, for having examined the track, we know it is a very large buck that has been chased, and we dislike to lose him.

We have not gone more than a mile, when on tooting our horn, Monroe comes running to us. We conclude that the game is up and start on. Passing a cabin, the woman of the house comes to the door, and calling us tells that the deer ran through her yard, with "that same dog" (referring to Monroe) close on him; that the "dog ran off through the woods and soon hushed up." We immediately got down, tied our horses, and calling the dog, put him on the scent where the deer had crossed. The dog immediately gave tongue, and although he had been once over the tracks, took the trail through the dense wood and undergrowth for about a quarter of a mile, when he stopped and began whining, and on going up we were surprised to find him sniffing as fine a buck as it has ever been my good fortune to behold. He had actually run the deer down and killed him, and no doubt lain by him until hearing the horn, retraced his steps to us. We were not long in getting the buck out of the woods, and making the best of our way home, where the

deer was exhibited to an admiring crowd. Though our pleasure was somewhat lessened by not being able to tell just how we shot him, still it was something to know that we had a dog more than a match for the "biggest buck in de woods," as Smith remarked. The deer weighed a little over 200 pounds. We learned next day that one of our dogs had chased a large doe in another direction, several parties having seen both dog and deer. We think there are quite a number of deer in our drives this season and will try them again soon. Should the eye of Mr. T. G. Tucker chance to scan this sketch, I would say that the dog Monroe is a Byron and his sire came direct from the kennels of the gentleman named; a better dog never made tracks, or howled in response to toot of horn.

A. F. R.

BELVIDERE, N. C.

BULLET VERSUS BUCKSHOT.

Editor Forest and Stream:

"Piute's" discussion with "Wells" as regards the advisability of the shotgun in shooting deer, has been read with much interest by me. Now, while I am a great admirer of the rifle and a good rifle shot, I cannot say that I think all men who use a shotgun are "barbarians." "Piute" must take circumstances into consideration. I have not the least doubt that he is honest in his convictions, while at the same time I likewise have no doubt that if he shot deer before a pack of hounds (and that is our only chance to shoot them here) in our tangled swamps, he would soon abandon the rifle and take up the "scatter gun," at the same time "taking back" all he has said in derision of it.

Why shooting a fleeing deer, before a pack of hounds, is not as sportsmanlike and as ennobling as creeping up to a feeding deer and shooting it down in cold blood, with its mouth full of grass, is another problem I fail to understand. I never shot but one deer by stalking, and I felt about as jubilant and elated over that as I should have done had I shot my mother's milch cow while feeding in her stall. I felt as mean as a "sheep-killing dog," while, on the contrary, to kill a deer at full speed, even with "buckshot," makes my blood flow freer, and my conscience doesn't trouble me in the least.

I must say that I do not, from personal observation, find that hounding deer drives the deer away. I have hunted the same piece of woods for weeks in succession, hunting three days in the week and jumping deer every day within a mile of the first "start" of the season. More than that, I ran with my hounds last week a very large doe; she by some means eluded the dogs. We blew off at 12 M. At 3 P. M. the same day she was seen making her way back to the woods from whence she was started. Had she been so terribly frightened, she must surely have gone further and staid longer. The same deer was seen leisurely walking along the road, while the dogs were at fault, and mousing around within less than half a mile of her—of course, "circumstances alter cases." Deer are undoubtedly frightened at times by being chased, but they almost invariably return to their haunts within forty-eight hours, unless badly worried.

A. F. R.

BELVIDERE, N. C., Aug. 18, 1884.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The communication of "Piute," which appeared in the FOREST AND STREAM of the 4th inst., is in such honorable contrast with some others which I have seen, that if I had entertained any malice toward him it would have been driven away. Although it is probable enough that our views are so diverse upon the question which he has raised that no concurrence can ever exist, yet he evinces such good temper, and shows such a thorough acquaintance with the courtesies which should characterize all controversies between persons who are sincere in their convictions, I feel forced to accord to him very profound respect.

If he will carefully read the article of his which germinated the existing troubles, I think he cannot fail to see that I did not misrepresent him at all. He may not have used apt words to thoroughly convey the views which he holds, and, hence, said what he did not mean to say. In his zeal for the maintenance of an honest opinion, he may have used arguments which were not appropriate, and which, carried out, make his position an absurdity. It is certain I thought so; and in defending my own practices I regarded it as only fair that I should show, by a sort of *reductio ad absurdum*, he proved entirely too much. With all respect, I think I proved that. I am still of the opinion that a legitimate construction upon the words used by him justified the deduction I made; that is, for all game the rifle, because of its destructive character, was the only weapon which should be used. There can be no doubt at all that he meant no other was proper for deer shooting.

I have admitted that in an open country where "stalking" can be practiced, it is much better, because more effective in its range. But even in the prairies and open timbered lands no one, whatever may be his skill, can always place his ball where it will almost instantly kill the deer. Oftentimes a mortal wound is inflicted, and the animal escapes, to die and become a prey for dogs, wolves or buzzards. From this fact I drew the deduction, that the argument would hold equally well against the shotgun for small game. This was proving more than was desirable, as I thought, and hence illogical. It seems, however, that "Piute" uses a shotgun for pinnated grouse and sage hens, and no doubt, would use one for the bird which we call partridge, but which he calls quail. When hunting deer in the mountains, he finds the ruffed grouse; he uses the rifle because as I suppose, he has no other weapon. I should do that too, and hence there is no use of saying anything about "my good opinion of his sportsmanlike characteristics to the contrary notwithstanding."

But "Piute" asks, "does the contrary proposition hold good, that because a shotgun is the most suitable for quail, it is also the most suitable for deer?" Does it follow that because an ordinary rifle shot can easily hit a deer, he can as easily hit a grouse? Does "Wells" logic teach him that a rifleman can hit a running elephant or a flying humming bird with equal ease? Surely "Piute" cannot be serious in these interrogatories. To the first one I answer that if a weapon is to be inhibited which does not always kill, but sometimes wounds only, then the rifle is under the ban too; or if it will more certainly kill when it makes a wound, and the gun should be exclusively used which makes fewer wounds, as contradistinguished from deaths, it should be used on all game. Of course, I believe no such thing. It was only a legitimate deduction from "Piute's" argument in behalf of the rifle for deer. It does not follow that because a shotgun is better for small game, it is also better for elk or deer, or buffalo. I have never said any such thing, nor thought any

such thing. I am somewhat surprised that "Piute" should propound the question.

To the second inquiry, as to the capacity of a sportsman to hit, with equal ease, a flying grouse and a running deer with a rifle, I respond that he would be exceedingly expert if he could—more expert than, as I think, any one is. My logic does not teach me, nor does my common sense, that a humming bird is as good a target as even a grouse, much less an elephant. Now, if "Piute" will pardon me, I will say to him, in all candor, that a man of his intelligence should not have made such an attempt to evade the real question at issue. Nor should he have placed in my mouth an argument which I never made, when he speaks of my "logic," proving that because No. 10 shot are large enough for Bob White they are large enough for a bear. Let him recollect his position in regard to mortal wounds not immediately productive of death, and his deduction therefrom adverse to the shotgun, and he will see that he is condemning his own bantling in the interrogatories which he submits. Not having expressed such views as he attributes to me, but, to my mind, very plainly declared to the contrary.

I am surprised that "Piute" should not have seen that he is doing himself and me manifest injustice. If he will put himself to the trouble to read his first article he will see that the position which he then took, made legitimate every deduction which I drew, intending to demonstrate by these deductions that his argument was defective in logic. That a man of his intelligence should, in vindication of his views, entirely pervert the evident meaning of his antagonist, and place him as the advocate of what he clearly denounces, would fill me with consternation if I had not too often witnessed similar exhibitions. Is there a line in my article which gives the faintest pretext for alleging, as "Piute" has done, that I supposed No. 10 or even No. 2 shot, with $\frac{3}{4}$ to 3 drams of gunpowder to propel them, would be effective on buffalo or bear? Not one. And yet he tries to make me say so. He must excuse me. I will take no such position, and not a word which I ever wrote makes a tolerable excuse for the imputation. It was his logic, if any one's, which allowed such a startling conclusion. But even his did not authorize it.

I confess that neither my skill as a marksman nor my points of argument is equal to the labor of proving the absurdity which he attributes to me. For his tribute to my abilities in the latter, I am, I trust, properly grateful, but I am not entitled to the distinction which he confers. My standing as a sportsman is far higher than any I ever attained at the bar. I believe I was regarded when I professed to be a lawyer as having more ability to manage the facts of a case than the law pertaining to it. In the present case, however, it is only a question of argument, which requires no professional training.

It is well sometimes, after a controversy has proceeded to some length, to go back to the origin of the dispute. Unless I am incapable of comprehending the meaning of the language which "Piute" used in the article to which I took exception, he denounced the use of a shotgun in deer hunting as a barbarous practice, and gave what he regarded good reasons for his statement. Among them, and probably chiefest, was that the shotgun often wounded without instant death, and that a weapon ought not to be employed which had that unfortunate defect.

Having for years used a shotgun of 15, 14 and 12-bore at deer and not dreamed that I was guilty of the offense of barbarism; thinking that "Piute" was unnecessarily severe in his language, and that his arguments would logically lead to an entire abnegation of all field sports—because all weapons would often wound without immediate death, or sometimes without death at all—I took up the gage which he threw down and have contended with him as best I could. If he had contented himself with expressing an opinion that he thought, when the character of the country allowed it, a rifle was far preferable to a shotgun for large game, I should have maintained silence, because I would have concurred with him. But when he attempted to fortify the opinion with language caustically severe toward those who did not agree with him, and used an argument in sustentation of his position which I regarded not only as unsound, but as leading necessarily to an absurdity, I thought myself justified in an attempt to controvert it.

In an open country, the rifle, because chiefly of its superior range, I should regard as the proper weapon. In a country thickly wooded, my choice would be a shotgun, which I have found to be quite effective at distances under sixty yards. Beyond that the chances of killing are not good, though a buckshot, if it should happen to strike a vital part, has force enough to do good work even over a hundred yards. A sportsman should not shoot at anything unless he thinks the prospect of "bagging the game" is good, whether he uses a shotgun or a rifle. And when an expert rifle shot pulls the trigger on a running deer, at any distance, even when there is neither twig nor weed to change the flight of the ball, he is not sure that his shot will strike the head, break the neck or spinal column, or pierce the heart or aorta. It is possible that by defect of aim or other cause, he may simply break a leg or inflict a flesh wound. The fact is, such mishaps are inseparable from hunting with any kind of a gun. My ideas of humanity have not become so refined. When I hunt, I do not take with me "the milk of human kindness," or a tender consideration of the feelings of "the antlered monarch of the waste," or the beautiful mallard, or the innocent Bob White. I go to kill. I go to regale my nostrils with the smell of death, as it comes "reeking from the spicy bowers" which the quarry has sought.

The difference, at last, between "Piute" and myself is this only. For large game he thinks the rifle the only legitimate weapon. I agree as to some large game, but hold that for other kinds a sportsman may properly use a shotgun, especially in thick cover. For small game such as ducks, plover, rail, grouse and partridges, the shotgun is *par excellence* the weapon.

I gracefully appreciate the courteous invitation to visit "Piute" in "the land of the setting sun," in case I should ever visit it, and shall gladly avail myself of it. Under his "vine and fig tree" I feel sure I should experience the warmest hospitality, and that not one word would escape my host to cause me to express my gratitude for his benevolent consideration of my "evil ways," but that every effort would be used by him to show that he realized the sublime sentiment, too often, alas, forgotten, "enemies in war, in peace, friends." Both he and I would try, in friendly contest, undimmed by a bitter recollection of our battles, to minister to each other's happiness.

And now, with me, "the hatchet is buried," and "the pipe of peace" shall be filled with the most fragrant weed. I shall endeavor to "live to a ripe old age" by a life of temperance and healthful exercise, and occasionally, "as the

spirit moves me," endeavor to fill the soul of "Piute" with joy by allowing him to read other "pleasant hits and well-told stories."

WELLS.

ROCKINGHAM, N. C., Sept. 10.

Editor Forest and Stream:

After a long experience on the runways, I have arrived at the conclusion that no true sportsman, if he can help it, ever fires a charge of buckshot at a deer. A rifle, a single bullet, and the deer on "first jump," constitute the real sporting mode of killing a deer. Bleating, whistling or making any noise to bring the animal to a stand is unsportsmanlike, but not as much so as buckshot. ALGONQUIN.

OTTAWA, Can., Sept. 13, 1884.

Editor Forest and Stream:

After a moderate reply to the fierce assault made by "Piute" against the shotgun, I had concluded to let this controversy alone, being entertained more by the contributions of others than by any selfish gratification that might arise from anything I could hope to offer. The more so since "Wells," of whom I am but a humble compeer, most ably sustains the identical position I occupy in the discussion. I heartily indorse all that "Wells" has said in his most admirable reply to our adversary, published on the 4th of September.

"Piute" in your same issue charges me with "personal innuendo and vituperation." It needs no finger-board to point where that applies. In his blind rage he scorns facts, works entirely upon his imagination, and supposes I am the user of a \$8.50 "Zulu." For his personal information allow me to say I neither own, use nor have I seen such except in print, so, touching that, I am in a measure driven to his own resources—conjecture. Now, I suppose that a "Zulu" is nothing more nor less than a dangerous and worthless low-priced gun. If it was this sort that brought about the original attack of "Piute," it must be an implement terrible in its suggestions of savage barbarity.

Permit me in conclusion to quote the last sentence of "Piute's" article: "I had rather be a dog and bay the moon than such a Roman," directed specifically at myself. What if he be even now transmigrated into a luckless cur, baying the moon, agreeably to his own imprecation? Far better had it been for him to have retired to some mountain fastness of his own State, and posted the grounds, "No admittance for shotguns. Penalty, extermination." There he might have amused himself with his several rifles, bayed at "Wells" and and myself to his heart's content, and enjoyed immunity from the presence at least of a weapon that to him seemed endowed with such violently disturbing, savage and barbaric influences.

BACKWOODS.

WEST VIRGINIA.

SHOT CARTRIDGES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Closely allied to the subject of "The Performance of Shotguns," lately discussed at some length in your columns, is that of the various forms of shot cartridges.

I have used them pretty extensively in my hunting, and have experimented with them also in various ways. As to their utility, I may present little that is new or novel to the old and experienced. Still, my experience may be of some benefit to some of your readers who make frequent inquiries as to the use of the larger sizes of shot, etc.

There are several varieties, the wire, concentrators, thread-wound and flannel shot cartridges, besides such nondescript varieties as the sportsman of an ingenious turn may choose to prepare for himself.

The main object to be attained in the use of any shot cartridge is to carry the charge in a more concentrated form, and to a greater distance or range, than a loose charge of the same shot could be driven, and at the same time to preserve a proper and even ratio of distribution—a good pattern, as it is termed.

If the cartridge fails materially in any of these essentials, it is little, if any, better than a loose charge, nor in fact as good, if it have the fault of balling or failing to deliver its shot. It then becomes a mere slug, with all the elements of uncertainty and the almost sure result of a clean miss.

Of the different kinds, my experience and repeated trial lead me to the conclusion that the wire cartridge is the best. I shall give my reasons for this conviction.

The well-known construction of this cartridge, consisting of the shot packed in layers of soft bone dust within a cylindrical wire cage, preserves the spherical form of the pellets and admits of their gradual escape while the charge is in motion. This principle, for obvious reasons, insures a performance fulfilling the requisite essentials I have named above.

In advocating this preference, I am not actuated by any motive to either boost up the one nor detract from any merit the others possess. Like the fisherman who ties his own flies, I make my own cartridges, and can vary them to suit my own ideas or judgment as to the results I wish to accomplish. I simply give facts and results as I have found them, solely with a view to inform those who are without experience.

The wire cartridge, if properly made, is uniform in its performance, which, I think, is more than can be said of any others. I have used pretty much all kinds, and have found in all the others a considerable element of uncertainty. Sometimes the concentrators work all right and sometimes they don't. Sometimes a thread-wound cartridge delivers its shot all right and sometimes fails, the thread adhering and failing to unwind; it goes in a body, and the same may be said of the flannel. So that to these uncertainties must be added want of confidence in yourself, when you know that no amount of foresight on your part can give you any assurance of what the thing will do.

Now, about charging. It is not necessary, nor is it advisable to put a wad between the cartridge and the charge of powder. If you insert any, use quite a light one. A well made wire cartridge performs better without; and if you use any over the cartridge let it be a light paper one, or what is equally as good simply crimp the shell over it. A heavier charge of powder can be used with the "cartridge" than with the same size loose charge.

Use the cylinder-bored barrel; it will give you a much better pattern and performance with the shot cartridge than a full choke will.

BACKWOODS.

BEVERLY, W. Va.

CLEANING BRASS SHELLS.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Will you permit me to inquire of your correspondents how they clean brass shells. I am aware that there are several methods, and should like to hear the experience of others.—A. T. K.

NEW JERSEY GAME.—Madison, N. J.—Although quite a number of cock quail have been heard during the summer whistling their accustomed song, it is a hard matter to find a bevy of birds now or even in November. During July the woodcock were very scarce, consequently but few birds were killed. The best bag on woodcock made in July for a day was one of 10 birds, killed by myself and a friend one morning. I predict good fall shooting, however, on woodcock, since so few birds were killed in July. Woodcock are more plentiful now than in July, but it will not be lawful to kill them until Oct. 1. Partridges I find more plentiful than for five years past, and expect some fine sport in November. Partridges are found in considerable numbers near running streams, at least I find it so around here. Rabbits are in fair number, but not as many as last year. The Passaic River, two miles from here, is dragged almost nightly, and, therefore, it is impossible to catch a decent mess of fish with hook and line. One fishing along the Passaic River can see plainly the marks of the fishing net made the night before. Although the law forbids fishing with nets, nevertheless nets are dragged nightly. Ducks will be in larger numbers this fall than formerly, judging from the amount of food now growing along the river. Ducks do come in considerable numbers along the Passaic River, but it seldom pays to hunt them. The weather for the past week has been extremely warm. Cowbirds are in flocks already, the only bird, I believe, to flock so soon.—SIXTEEN-BORE.

PHILADELPHIA NOTES.—A flight of snipe settled down on our meadows around Philadelphia last week, but the great bulk of birds occupy the drift on river shore as the meadows are very dry and afford no food. Rail shooters will find more of them than sportsmen with setters on the main land. The flight, by-the-by, is not a large one. A prominent sportsman of Burlington, N. J., has leased almost all the rail grounds in the neighborhood of Salem Creek, and, consequently, the local sportsmen of Salem county are compelled to seek other sections for shooting. Should a big tide come (as is expected) next week, the leased grounds will be trespassed upon. There are very many rail in the marshes, but it has been too hot for pleasurable shooting, and the tides during the past week have been poor. Few upriver boats have secured more than twenty birds each to a tide, and I learn that the Chester and Lazaretto men have done but little better. The change of wind to a westerly quarter has caused poor tide. Teal ducks are now quite plentiful on the streams flowing into the Delaware below Chester. Several flocks have occupied Salem Creek, and numerous bunches have chosen Augustine for their feeding grounds. Not many have come up the river yet.—HOMO.

WEST JERSEY SOCIETY.—The annual meeting of the West Jersey Game Protective Society will be held at 531 Market street, Camden, N. J., on the 17th of September. Following is a statement of the finances of the organization: Receipts—Amount on hand Sept. 20, 1883, \$941.33; received from R. T. Miller, late secretary, \$27; received from game committee, \$2.24; received from sale of certificates to Sept. 1, 1884, \$1,619—total, \$2,589.56. Expenditures—Vouchers, drawn by C. A. Bragg and R. T. Miller, \$215.68; C. V. D. Joline, services as solicitor from 1877 to 1883, \$160; C. H. Barnard, expenses securing society's books, \$100; Robert Yonker, police, \$48.16; Edward Anclutz, issuing certificates, \$15; C. H. Kendrick, carriage hire for committee, \$8.25; game committee, purchasing quail, \$650; expenses distributing quail, \$15.60; special officers, \$63.29; boat for officers, \$30; badges for officers \$7; expenses directors, \$63.30; secretary's salary, \$187.50; treasurer's salary, 1883, \$50; rent of hall for meetings, \$20; printing, \$98.37; postage, \$14.87—total, \$1,747.02; cash on hand Sept. 1, 1884, \$842.54. During the past year the West Jersey Game Protective Society bought and planted 2,500 quail.—HOMO.

A NEW DETROIT CLUB.—Detroit, Mich., Sept. 15.—Articles of incorporation of the Detroit Fishing and Hunting Association were filed in the office of the Wayne county clerk Saturday. The capital stock is \$20,000, in shares of \$100 each, of which there are now 50 on the market. A tract of land, 300x500 feet, has been purchased from William A. Butler at the Flats, the plat lying between Mr. Butler's residence and the old club house. Dredging and filling will be commenced this week and a club house will be erected to cost between \$10,000 and \$12,000. The north wing of the club house will be built this winter or early next spring, in time for use next season. The idea of the association is to furnish a place where young business men and their families can secure quiet rest and enjoyment. William A. Green has been elected President; Lou Burt, First Vice-President; Dr. Phil Porter, Second Vice-President; Freeman B. Dickerson, Treasurer; Charles F. Beck, Secretary; Campbell Symington, George W. Moore, Albert A. Worcester and Dr. E. C. Moore, Board of Directors. There are thirty charter members, and application has already been made for about twenty shares in excess of those held by the charter members.

THE "NESSMUK" KNIFE, of which an illustration is here given, was designed by our well-known correspondent, and a sample made after his specifications has been received at this office. We have handled the knife, though we have as yet had no opportunity to actually try it in camp. It comes up to our notion of what a hunting knife should be, and has handled well in the imaginary work we have done with it.



The drawing, while as nearly correct as calipers could make it, inadequately represents the graceful lines of the weapon. Altogether we commend the knife to those who are so fortunate as to have a use for it; and others who cannot go hunting this year will find it an excellent pencil-sharpener to whittle their points for writing to the FOREST AND STREAM accounts of former game excursions.

DAKOTA PRAIRIE CHICKENS.—I have just received a letter from my friend, F. Trumbo, of Choteau Creek, Dak., inviting me to "come up chicken shooting," and in his letter he states that he shot over his dog last week and killed 122 chickens at 123 consecutive shots. How is that for shooting? Frank's word is as "good as gospel," and if he says he did it, I am not afraid to indorse it. He says further that chickens are abundant.—A. F. R.

THE NYE CREASER has been examined and used by us. We find it simple, convenient and rapid, altogether as neat, handy and satisfactory as any creaser we ever used.

DEATH OF HIRAM JENKS.—Troy, N. Y., Sept. 13.—Hiram Jenks, the oldest hunter and fisherman at Schroon Lake, Essex county, was found drowned in the lake yesterday. He was eighty years old.

"SHORE BIRDS" is a timely little work for this season. It tells all about the habits of the bay birds. We have many letters recommending it. Price, 15 cents.

Sea and River Fishing.

KENNEBAGO.

THE unusually warm weather of the early part of this month has interfered greatly with the fishing of the big lakes in this region, and from Mooselucmagentic, Upper Dam, Rangeley and all other resorts comes the same story; but yesterday, the day before and this morning no one complains of heat, and with the thermometer ranging from 32° to 50°, and a flurry of snow on Friday, it looks as though the big trout might ere long find it cool enough to show themselves.

The pleasant and well-kept hotels, which are generally at this season well patronized, are now lonesome places, and even here at this headquarters of fishing-made-easy but a few members have as yet arrived.

At Kennebago, however, and Little Kennebago and adjacent waters the fishing has been excellent. These lakes seem full of trout ranging from 6 to 10 ounces, and now and then a good one. Prospects just good enough to keep up excitement. Per example, my first day's fishing brought me 78 fish, of which 60—less than $\frac{1}{2}$ pound weight, which was the standard—went back again; the 18 left ranged up to a pound. The next day one of 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ pounds and three others over a pound gave good sport; and on the next one of 24 pounds surrendered himself. As by the third day everybody at Kennebago gets in the habit of putting back, I resolved to make a use of that trout that I would remember, and, grateful to him for the pleasure I had derived from our fifteen minutes' acquaintance, I, after weighing, let him go, too.

At the Seven Ponds, parties had about the same style of fishing—any quantity from small to medium—none large.

By the way, the FOREST AND STREAM is taken by Richardson at Kennebago, and the letter of your correspondent "Knickerbocker" has made considerable sensation.

Somebody must have been geying him fearfully in the general verdict, for the stories he has "verified" of big trout are way up beyond anything we can hear of elsewhere. Beginning at 24 pounds, he runs down to 11 $\frac{1}{2}$ by a series of big weights; and just where he knocks off is the figure for the biggest fish that I can get any authentic information of.

One thing that parties going into Kennebago should know and many of them don't until too late, is that from Rangeley in by buckboard, the charge for baggage is \$2 per hundred. No notice of this is posted anywhere, and during my stay there were victims. One man and his wife paid seventeen dollars for traps of which they had no need during their short stay. The road into Kennebago is rough, but the stories in regard to it are exaggerated. I walked in the seven miles in two hours ten minutes; and there are lots of worse roads in the Adirondacks, which, though, I think I shall never try again, as the Maine woods will absorb all of my future spare time.

For Kennebago fishing the most successful flies are scarlet and split ibis and bee, for trolling, Pamachenee belle, Montreal and blue jay.

CAMP KENNEBAGO, Sept. 13.

MINNOW CASTING FOR BLACK BASS.

I WISH to invite the attention of black bass anglers to the special contests of "casting the minnow for black bass," which is to be included in the programme of the tournament of the National Rod and Reel Association, to be held next month at Harlem Mare. The rules governing this contest are framed with the design of making the contest approach as nearly as possible the conditions of actual fishing, and for this reason only such tools and tackle and weight of siuker are allowed as would be used on the stream. Rods are limited in length from eight to ten feet, and in weight from seven to ten ounces. The weight of siuker (representing the minnow) is one-half ounce. While these limits provide for an ample and liberal variety in the length and weight of rods, they preclude the specially-constructed trick rod, gotten up solely for long distance casting; for it is well known that a rod of say five feet in length and weighing five ounces, can cast a given weight much further than a longer and heavier rod—but there its functions end, for such a wand would be of no use in actual angling.

The mode of casting will be underhand, to the right or left, and but one hand allowed in making the cast. The casting will be on water, over the same course as the fly-casting, and the system of scoring or counting is similar to that heretofore used in the fly-casting contests, wherein accuracy and delicacy or style, as well as distance, are provided for. Each contestant will be allowed five minutes for distance and five minutes for accuracy and style. The distance for accuracy and delicacy or style will be at sixty feet. The longest cast will count in feet, to which will be added the number of points for accuracy and style, the maximum of each being 25. For instance: To the cast, say 75 feet, is to be added, say 20 for accuracy and 15 for style, aggregating 110 points. By this method of scoring the battle is not always to the longest cast, and the more desirable features of accuracy and style are encouraged.

Any multiplying reel may be used, but which, in casting, is to be controlled entirely and alone by the thumb; that is, the use of clicks, drags, etc., are barred. The line shall be a practicable one, not smaller than No. 6 (letter H) braided silk. No. 1 sea grass, or corresponding sizes of other material.

I have received numerous letters, at various times, from anglers who seemed to think that a cast of forty or fifty yards should be easily made before they could be called experts; but such casts are phenomenal. I never made a cast of fifty yards unless under exceptionally favorable conditions; as casting a heavy minnow with a strong wind, and with the very best tools and tackle. An ordinary minnow (weighing not to exceed a half ounce) cannot be cast much further than the artificial fly, and as in fly-fishing, forty to sixty feet is really far enough in practical angling.

I hope no one will be deterred from taking part in the black bass minnow-casting contest because he cannot attain remarkable distances. If he can cast sixty feet accurately and with delicacy and good style, he stands as good a chance of winning as the long-distance caster. I do not believe that

forty yards will be cast at the tournament. Twenty-five or thirty yards, with a half-ounce sinker, is a long cast.

I have secured the following liberal list of prizes, manufactured expressly for this contest, and it now remains for black bass anglers to show their appreciation of the generosity of the donors by entering and contesting for them. If this class be well filled, we hope to have two or more contests for casting the minnow at the tournament of 1885.

LIST OF PRIZES.—Extra fine selected black bass minnow-casting rod, Henshall pattern, hancewood joints, two tips, extra fine German silver mountings, solid German silver reel-plate, wound butt, bamboo tip-case. Manufactured and donated by Thos. J. Conroy, 65 Fulton street, New York. Value, \$25.

Fine Leonard split bamboo Henshall rod, made strictly to specifications, German silver mountings, patent ferrules, standing guides, wound butt, extra tip, etc. Manufactured for and donated by Wm. Mills & Son, No. 7 Warren street, New York. Value, \$30.

Extra fine hand-made Henshall rod, ash butt, Bethabara joints, two tips, fine German silver mountings, ferrules banded and milled, wound butt, etc. Manufactured and donated by A. B. Shipley & Son, 503 Commerce street, Philadelphia. Value, \$15.

Fine split bamboo Henshall rod, with best German silver mountings, extra tip, wound hand-piece, flush joints, patent reel-seat. Manufactured and donated by Charles F. Orvis, Manchester, Vt. Value, \$15.

Fine split bamboo Henshall rod, fine German silver mountings, non-dowel joints, braided hand piece, extra tip, solid grooved wood case. Manufactured and donated by Thos. H. Chubb, Post Mills, Vt. Value, \$15.

Extra fine German silver multiplying black bass reel, size No. 2, latest pattern, handle next to cross bar, adjustable click, drag or rubber. Manufactured and donated by B. O. Milam, Frankfort, Ky. Value, \$20.

Extra fine German silver multiplying black bass reel, size No. 2, narrow pattern, click and drag, with adjustable German silver reel fastening. Manufactured and donated by J. L. Sage, Frankfort, Ky. Value, \$20.

Extra fine German silver symmetrical black bass reel, Henshall & Van Antwerp pattern, automatic thumb for casting, adjustable compensating joints, alarm. Manufactured and donated by Thos. H. Chubb, Post Mills, Vt. Value, \$15.

J. A. HENSHALL,
Chairman Special Committee on Black Bass Casting.
CYNTHIANA, Ky., Sept. 8, 1884.

POINTS ON SUCKERS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your issue of Sept. 4, "Kelpie" asks what kind of fish were meant when I wrote "suckers." Literally, my meaning was just as submitted, though if I were to classify, I would say they were common red horse or white suckers.

If my memory serves me right, this species as a member of the sucker family, is of the genus *Myxastoma*, and bears the name of *M. macrolepidotum*. The fish is silvery in color, the lower fins being red or orange. It is found in all clear waters of the West. It is not especially prized as an article of food, though large numbers are taken early in the season with both net and hook.

Persons who practice fishing for this and other varieties of the sucker family with a hook, usually sink a small sack of meal at the head of a deep pool in creek or river. If after baiting a hole they return in a day or two, well supplied with good lines, small hooks and plenty of angle worms, the reward will be about all the suckers one would like to carry. In baiting the hook one should aim to get all the worms on that is possible and then fish on the bottom. To such as have fished for bass, trout and salmon, such play would be tame.

I might say in connection with this that there is another branch of the family, the common sucker (*Catostomus teres*), that swarms in every stream and pond in Ohio. It bites readily, and when bait is laid in a pool is always on hand to take part in the frolic. It varies some in form and color as found in different streams, but when served at the table all variations cease and it is the same old sucker.

The stone roller (*C. nigricans*), the chub sucker (*E. succella*) and the spotted sucker (*M. melanops*) will also take the hook, but are not usually found in such numbers as the other varieties mentioned.

This explanation, I trust, will be satisfactory, though I must admit that, without reference at hand, I may have erred in classing the fish.

BAIRD IRON WORKS, Gore, O.

BASS FISHING.

Editor Forest and Stream:

As large scores seem to be the order of the day, and as some of your readers may be disposed to view my previous statements as "fish stories" I deemed it advisable to repeat the dose, and add to the figures already published. I addressed my friend, Dr. Quackenbush, quarantine physician at Mayport, and in reply he informed me that his first capture in 1884, was on the 13th of May, when he landed at the White Shells, eight channel bass, largest 32 pounds, total weight 168 pounds.

On May 24, in company with Mr. J. C. Kerner, he fished at the White Shells, and inside of one hour they captured 18 bass, averaging 20 pounds. Three of the Williams boys fished near him and took 11 in out of the wet.

On the 25th, with his boatman, he visited the same point and they captured 15. Returning home they stopped at Mile Point and added 5 to the score. Being early in the season the fish were small and averaged about 20 pounds.

During the month of June he fished a number of times and captured from 2 to 14 on each occasion. On July 30, in company with his young son he anchored on the Shells in front of the old light house, and in one hour and a half he landed 19 bass, the smallest weighing 18 and the largest 48 $\frac{1}{2}$ pounds, total weight estimated 540 pounds.

On Sept. 1, Mrs. Marvin and four friends in one boat anchored on Ward's Bank, near the jetties and fished on the last of the ebb at this point, and on the young flood at Mile Point, with the following result, the fish being channel bass: Miss Bernard 18, Mrs. Marvin 8, Miss Thornton 7, Frank Marvin 7, B. Talliaferro 3. Number caught 43, average weight 30 pounds, total weight 1,290 pounds.

On Friday last, Sept. 5, my friends, Dr. Fernandez, Mr. Ely and Mr. Bastnett, fished with rod and reel for a short time at Ward's Bank with the following result: Dr. Fernandez, 1 bass of 27 and 1 of 35 pounds; Mr. Ely, 1 of 27, 1 of 30 and 1 of 32 pounds; Mr. Bastnett, 1 of 27 pounds. Num-

ber of fish 6, average weight 29 pounds 10 ounces; total weight 178 pounds.

On Monday, 8th, Tuesday, 9th, and Wednesday, 10th, Mr. H. A. Pryor engaged in tarpon fishing in the Back Channel, near Dames Light, and as a side amusement, to while away the time, he devoted a short time each day to bass fishing. On Monday he landed 4; Tuesday, 15; Wednesday, 5; total, 24; aggregate weight, 744 pounds.

Since the preceding was penned I have received a short communication from my friend Dr. Quackenbush, of Mayport, in which he says, "Was down Saturday on the South Beach in front of Miles Cottage [about three miles south of Mayport], and fished in the surf and captured eight large bass inside of 40 minutes. One of them would weigh over 40 pounds; and as I got him in the last row of breakers, and in sight, a shark captured the tail end, and followed him until the water became so shallow that his back fin was entirely out of water. Shark not extra large, not over 8 feet long."

This simply goes to show that fishing is good along the beach, as well as in the river. Our fishing is something remarkable and should be known and utilized.

Large scores are made daily, but I merely refer to those made by my friends. In May and June the fish are small, and will average about twenty pounds. In latter part of July, August, September and a portion of October they will average about thirty pounds. The fishing season continues about five months, but the best fishing appears to be in last week of August and the first two weeks of September. The bait used is mullet and hard-backed crabs. Bass are generally captured on the last of the ebb, slack water and the young flood, but the enthusiastic and patient fisherman will be rewarded with bites at other stages of tide. The privilege of capturing our gamy channel bass costs nothing, and our fishing grounds are easily and cheaply reached from New York, and it is surprising that the lovers of piscatorial sport do not take advantage of our unrivalled fishing.

AL. FRESCO.

JACKSONVILLE, Fla., Sept. 9, 1884.

HOW A TROUT TAKES THE FLY.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

In your issue of Aug. 7, "F. W. A. C.," in speaking of trout taking the bait by means of the tail, says he hooked a trout under the tail fin, and therefore the question of "tail bait" is conclusively settled, and he claims the honor of being the fortunate discoverer of the "popular" mystery. Now really I dislike to disprove "F. W. A. C.," but I always like to hear two sides of a question in order that it may be sifted. I remember in the Susquehanna and Juniata rivers, I hooked to my certain knowledge three fish—two common perch and one catfish—unnaturally, yet I claim no honor, and advance no new and startling theory in connection with the *modus operandi* of a fish enjoying, contrary to Martin Luther, its "diet of worms." In one of the trout streams of the Allegheny Mountains, in 1882, I remember of having hooked a brook trout in the dorsal fin, yet I feel humbly confident that fish did not attempt to take his bait with his dorsal fin, or in fact in any other way than the natural way, and by natural I of course mean by the mouth.

I have for many years taken a lively interest in studying the brook trout, and after careful observations from not only my own eyes, but from those of others who were with me, and who agree with me, I am positive the brook trout does not take the fly or worm with any artificial assistance from the tail. It is the lightning-like rapidity of motion in the trout when feeding which induces some to believe in the tail theory. Let the observer look closely when the trout strikes for the worm or fly, and he will in all probability see that, as he hears the hook, he does actually "swish" his tail; but it is evidently intended to check his onward motion and at the same time to wheel him to the right or left, though I believe generally the latter, as he apparently in almost every case has a tendency to wheel in that direction, which, of course, would have him strike for the bait a few points to the right of it.

C. A. R.

PITTSBURGH, Pa.

BASS NEAR HARTFORD.—Hartford, Conn., Sept. 9.—Last week I had the pleasure of witnessing the capture of two large bass on a mountain pond not more than thirty miles from our city. Mr. R. S. Gladwin, one of our best anglers, and myself were fishing from a boat with all kinds of conceivable bait, to cater to the taste of the fastidious bass, and having some good sport, when Mr. G. had a tremendous tug at his 7-ounce rod, and after a hard fought battle, secured a 44-pound fish. He took an ignoble earth worm. Our boat claimed the honors for that day, but on the next, Capt. Andrews anchored near us and secured a fine 54-pound bass on an 8-ounce rod. This one had a taste for a green king frog, and took him out some 120 feet before he stopped to make a meal of him. Both fish were hooked slightly and fought magnificently, breaking the water frequently. The rods were of Bethabara, of Capt. Andrews make, 84 feet long. Sportsmen who desire to try our mountain ponds this fall will be given any information desired, by—ARSENKOS.

BLACK BASS IN SALT WATER.—A boy fishing at the mouth of the canal in the Hackensack River, on Wednesday evening, caught a black bass weighing about half a pound. The lad was fishing for perch in salt water and was using shrimp for bait. This is the first black bass ever known to have been taken from salt water by hook and line, although both large and small mouth bass are frequently found in the nets in the bay during the fall.—*Newark (N. J.) Call*, Sept. 14.

A FATAL REALIZATION.—Chicago, Ill., Sept. 8, 1884.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: A recent issue of the *Buffalo Times* says: "An amateur fisherman of Milwaukee was drowned while hauling up a realization of one of his big lies." It seemed so mighty apt and timely that I thought I'd forward it and let you laugh, too.—LEW VANDERPOEL.

FLY-CASTING AT BUFFALO.—We gave the result of the contest in single-handed fly-casting, which closed the shooting tournament of the New York State Sportsmen's Association at Buffalo, in our last issue. As it has been overlooked by some of our readers, we will refer them to our issue of Sept. 11, page 132, middle of third column.

LARGE WHITEFISH.—What we believe to be the largest whitefish, *Coregonus albus*, lay on Mr. Blackford's stand in Fulton Market, last Saturday, and weighed twenty and one-half pounds. It was shipped from Westfield, Chataugua county, N. Y., and probably came from Lake Erie, which is only a mile or two from that place.

BACK FROM THE BASS ELYSIUM.—My success in Canada, black bass fishing, has been unparalleled. "Truthful James" and I come home covered with glory. We found the elysium of perennial bass.—WAWAYANDA.

Fishculture.

THE PENNSYLVANIA FISH COMMISSION.

THE Pennsylvania Commissioners of Fisheries reorganized at Harrisburg on Sept. 9. Mr. John Gay, of Greensburg, was elected president, Mr. H. H. Duff, of Wilkesbarre, recording secretary, and Mr. James Duffy, of Marietta, treasurer. Mr. A. M. Spangler, of Philadelphia, was elected corresponding secretary, and the president and A. Maginnis, of Monroe county, and August Duncan, of Chambersburg, were made the executive committee. Col. James Worrall, of Harrisburg, was continued as actuary. Messrs. Maginnis and Duff were appointed a committee to prepare for presentation to the next Legislature amendments to existing laws in relation to the extirpation of fish baskets and other illegal ways of taking fish; also a proposal to change the time for catching trout to the 15th of April; defining accurately what shall be the size of mesh for shad nets in the Delaware River, and making a change in the law referring to the shad in both the Juniata and Susquehanna rivers.

It was considered that the Pacific coast salmon could not be successfully raised in Eastern rivers, the temperature thereof being too warm.

A committee was constituted for the breaking up of fish baskets and weirs, each member to make a report from their localities regarding the extent of this illegal fishing. A proposition was made to secure a quantity of wall-eyed pike for stocking the tributaries of the Ohio and Delaware rivers.

HOMO.

PRESENT CONDITION AND FUTURE PROSPECTS OF THE OYSTER INDUSTRY.

[A paper read before the American Fishculture Association.

BY LIEUT. FRANCIS WINSLOW, U. S. N.

I beg that you will bear in mind that in a consideration of the oyster industry, present or future, there is opened to us so wide a field for investigation that it is hardly possible in a few minutes to treat the subject fully or thoroughly. I shall not attempt to go into minute details, but confine myself to the general principles which, in my opinion, govern successful oyster culture.

At the last census, the oyster industry of the United States employed nearly 53,000 persons and over \$10,500,000 of capital. Its production amounted to more than 22,000,000 bushels of oysters, valued at about \$13,000,000. While these figures are not of astonishing magnitude when compared with those of many of the industries of the country, they indicate, nevertheless, a gratifying volume of business, and when compared with the returns from the other fisheries they show the oyster industry to be of more importance than any.

I learn from Professor Goode's paper read at one of the conferences held in connection with the late London Exhibition, that the entire fishing interest of the country employs 181,426 persons and nearly \$38,000,000 of capital, and produces \$43,000,000 of products. Thus it is seen that the oyster industry employs nearly one-third of the persons, more than one-fourth of the capital, and produces over one-third of the income. Its product is about six times as great as that of the whale, seal, or menhaden fisheries, and considerably more than one-half of the product of all the other fisheries put together. Surely such an industry is well worth care and preservation. The question is, what degree of care does it receive; is its preservation in any way endangered?

The question is of considerable moment, but that I need not impress upon you. Its full discussion would occupy more time than either you or I have just now to spare for it. I shall, therefore, only touch upon a few of the more important points and salient features.

Oysters are found along the whole coast of the United States from Maine to the Rio Grande, and a species also exists on the northwest coast. But notwithstanding this wide distribution, pointing out the possibilities of the future, the greater part of the fishery and business is confined to the Chesapeake region; that is, to the States of Maryland and Virginia.

Of the 53,000 persons employed, nearly 40,000 belong to those States; and of the \$10,500,000 of capital, over \$7,000,000 is credited to them, while of the 22,000,000 bushels of oysters, more than 17,000,000 come from Chesapeake Bay and its tributaries.

That is four-fifths of the laborers, seven-tenths of the capital, and considerably more than three-fourths of the product should properly be assigned to the Chesapeake region. Evidently, then, any consideration of the oyster industry must be to a great extent a consideration of the industry as it exists in the bay. Whatever other localities may produce, however valuable systems and methods in use in other States may be, whatever superiority of means or intelligence other fishermen may possess, they have not yet succeeded in wresting the trade from the Maryland and Virginia people. Superiority in intelligence, means, systems and crops are but as so many drops in the bucket when compared with the natural advantages offered by the Chesapeake and enjoyed by those who fish in her waters.

The present condition of the Chesapeake fishery is then, practically, the condition of the whole industry, and the future prospects of the whole may be largely predicated upon the prospect in Maryland and Virginia. What is that condition? What are those prospects? Generally speaking, the condition is bad; the prospect worse. It is stated by many persons of good judgment and sufficient knowledge to enable them to speak with authority, that not only has the number of oysters on the great natural beds diminished very much of late, especially during the last five years, but it is stated by one of the most eminent and experienced observers and students of this question, Dr. William K. Brooks, of the Johns Hopkins University, chairman of the Maryland Oyster Commission, and a member of the National Academy of Sciences, that the oyster property of the State is in imminent danger of complete destruction. From time to time during the last decade notes of warning have been sounded, but unfortunately, have not been heeded. Only within the last few years has the public awakened to the gravity of the situation and the necessity of taking steps to avert the threatened evil.

The vague feeling of alarm which seized the oystermen as they discovered that the apparently exhaustless beds were no longer yielding their former returns, became sufficiently concentrated two years ago to cause the appointment, by the State of Maryland, of a commission to investigate the condition of the whole oyster industry. The rapid deterioration, both in size and quality of the oysters offered in the Baltimore markets, together with the frequent failure of the supply altogether, roused the packers of the city to set in motion under their own auspices, an entirely separate investigation. The expansion of the guerrilla-like depredations of the dredging vessels upon the beds reserved to the tongs, into first, a systematic onslaught of periodic occurrence; and second, into open, defiant and serious warfare with, not only the tongs, but also the civil, military and naval forces of Virginia and Maryland, led to a more thorough and thoughtful discussion of the whole oyster subject, by both press and people. The results of the discussions and investigations are not necessary that I should review them in detail. It will suffice if I mention but a few of the many indications of deterioration.

The report of the commission created by Maryland and Virginia in 1883 shows that the production of the Chesapeake was, in that year, 21,500,000 bushels. Possibly, says a writer in *Lippincott's Magazine*, it went as high as 25,000,000 bushels. If these figures are trustworthy, in spite of the improvements in implements, boats and general apparatus of the fish-

ery, the production has fallen off rather than increased during the last fifteen years. Indeed, the testimony of all the oystermen is to the same effect. According to them, from three to seven times as many oysters could have been taken twenty years ago as at present, and a larger number actually were taken, some five years back. I am inclined to doubt the accuracy of the figures quoted for 1868. I am rather of the impression that the yield at that time was considerably less than it is now. Possibly not half so great. But there are very sad indications of a decrease within the last few years, even if the yield was an absolutely essential factor in determining the condition of the beds. But it is not essential by any means. An abnormally large production is quite as alarming, if not more so, than an abnormally small one, paradoxical as the statement may seem.

According to Mr. Edmunds, the gentleman who investigated the condition of the Chesapeake beds for the census, not only has the trade in raw oysters been greatly hampered, but, during the year of 1882, the packers were frequently compelled to quit steaming oysters on account of a deficiency in the supply. My own investigation in 1883 confirms this statement. One of the most prominent and well-known Baltimore packers stated to me that he was compelled to take stock at 25 cents per bushel which three years back he could have purchased at 5 or 10 cents per bushel, and five years back would not have had at any price at all.

I might continue quoting opinions indefinitely with the same result, but the decision of the matter is based upon sounder postulates than opinions.

In 1878-79 I made an examination of certain beds of the Chesapeake and found them to be in a much impaired condition. Comparing my results with the results obtained by himself in 1883, Dr. Brooks states that the beds have decreased in value more than 39 per cent. This statement is based upon the following data: My examination in 1878-9 showed that in Tangier Sound there was about one oyster to every 2.3 square yards. Dr. Brooks, after examining the whole of the Maryland beds, states that in 1883 there was only one oyster to each 4.2 square yards. That is, the deterioration equalled nearly 40 per cent.

In 1879 Mr. Otto Luggier visited most of the Chesapeake beds and measured the quantity of shells and oysters obtained by dredging. He found 3.7 bushels of oysters for each bushel of shells.

In 1879 I made an examination of seventeen beds and found 1.9 bushels of oysters for each bushel of shells. A decrease of 1.8 bushels in three years.

In 1882 Dr. Brooks found 1.3 bushels to each bushel of shells; a decrease of 0.5 bushels in three years, showing that the deterioration was continuous. It is quite evident that an increase in the number of shells and a decrease in the number of oysters obtained at each haul of the dredge, is an indication of impairment, and combining that indication with the decrease in the number to the square yard, as shown by my own and Dr. Brooks's measurements, the impoverishment of the beds is apparent to the most superficial observer. But other evidence is not wanting. The principal test of the decrease of a commodity is the increase in its price, and it is well known among all oyster dealers of this region that oysters have been not only much more difficult to obtain, but much more expensive than they were a few years back. Fully twice and three times as much are now paid per bushel as was customary ten and fifteen years ago.

In 1861, oysters in the Chesapeake were worth, according to the writer in *Lippincott's* whom I have already quoted, 15 and 20 cents per bushel. In 1868, they had advanced to 25 and 30 cents. In 1879, the average price of the crop of 17,000,000 from Maryland and Virginia was over 40 cents per bushel; and at the present time it is nearer 50 cents than 40, and occasionally is much higher. And this increase in price is not wholly due to increase in demand. There has been an actual diminution in the number of oysters produced. The number of oysters in the Chesapeake and Delaware canal, the Chesapeake and Delaware bays, is a pretty fair indication of the production of the Chesapeake beds.

In 1879, in round numbers, 940,000 bushels passed through. In 1883, only 550,000. That is, the reduction was about forty per cent. of the amount in 1879. And it is worthy of notice how close this result agrees with Dr. Brooks's statement that the oyster beds had fallen off thirty-nine per cent. in value; since the examination made by myself in 1879.

The facts I have recited certainly should be sufficient to convince any one that the oyster industry in the Chesapeake is in a very bad way; and, as I have explained, the condition of the Chesapeake fishery is virtually the condition of the whole. In other words, the present offers but little encouragement. Does the future offer more?

A correct answer to the question necessitates the examination of the several causes which may have operated in bringing about the present state of things. We must decide upon the agency which has been at work, and having discovered it, consider how it can be precluded from further operation. It may be confidently asserted that no natural cause has had any considerable deleterious influence.

The natural influences and conditions to which the oysters were exposed in the past and under which they increased and multiplied so greatly, have in no way changed. Temperature and density of the water have been no more various than in the past. Channels and bottoms have remained stable. Factories and mills with their polluting excrement have not been erected. Organic life of any kind has neither increased nor diminished to any noticeable extent. In fact, the environment has remained exactly as it has always been—with one exception. Continuous and exhaustive fishery has sprung up with all its attendant evils. To that and to that alone is the condition of the beds due. The prophecy so often made is at last coming true. The demand has outgrown the supply, and in the effort toward equalization the beds, the source of wealth, are fast becoming a total sacrifice.

All the facts, all the opinions, all the evidence, was before the legislatures of the two States, and they did nothing beyond building a few more police boats. The influence of the oyster men was too strong to be overcome. They either would not or could not submit to any restriction of their privileges, and the influence so strong in the present is not likely to be diminished in the future, unless it is shown that it is for the best interest of the fishermen that a change of policy radical and entire, is absolutely necessary for the preservation of the industry.

Look at the facts. The natural beds in the Chesapeake like the natural beds in the Northern States, are no longer capable of returning an adequate supply. What has been done to remedy the evil? An increase of the police force! In other words, a more perfect restriction of the fishery—a more extensive diminution of the supply. Surely, that is not what we want! We do not care to have a valuable food product diminished. That is no real remedy. What should be done is to follow the course of the Northern States and endeavor, by artificial means, to cultivate the oyster and increase the productive area and supply.

I ask you but to look at the charts of the oyster beds exhibited in the fisheries section and you will see a marked difference between the region north and south of the old Mason and Dixon line. In the northern portion the preponderance of the artificial over the natural beds is as marked as the reverse in the southern portion. Years ago the natural beds of Long Island Sound returned a sufficient supply to satisfy the demands of the consumers. Gradually such demands increased and with them the disposition toward the inordinate fishing of the beds. The natural consequence followed. The beds were overworked, became depleted, were exhausted. But the demand still existed and had to be satisfied. New beds were created; new methods introduced, and to-day Rhode Island has some 10,000 and Connecticut some 100,000 acres o-

oyster ground over and above the allowance originally made by nature.

If the industry in the Chesapeake is to follow the same course as in the Northern States, then the establishment of artificial beds and artificial extension of the oyster area with its consequent increase of the supply, will take place only upon the destruction of the present natural beds. Indeed, a prominent and intelligent oyster planter testified before the Virginia Legislature that he was half inclined to hope for just such a consummation, so little had he to expect from the present condition of things. But a careful study of the Northern fishery and the laws, statutory and natural, which govern it, will show quite plainly the steps necessary to be taken in order to accomplish the desired end. And if history and experience are to have any influence in forming men's opinions and guiding their actions, the measures indicated by the study should surely be adopted. So far as I am able to see, the recuperation of an oyster industry is entirely independent upon the recognition and adoption of one great principle as the foundation of the work. The principle is the right of the State to cede and the individual to hold tracts of bottom under a tenure similar to that governing uplands. In other words, the practice of holding the oyster area open to any and all as common property, necessarily prevents in practice the adoption of conservative measures, or a policy of comprehensive and systematic improvement. On the other hand, no sooner is an individual and proprietary right affected, than that powerful lever—self interest—is brought into play, and progress becomes assured.

Evidently cultivation of the common property will never be undertaken by the individual. Yet it must be undertaken by some one. It is impossible for the State to assume work. The Chesapeake oyster area equals some 400,000 acres. If the cost of cultivation did not exceed \$10 per acre, and it is much nearer \$80 than \$10, the expense would be \$4,000,000 every three years. If the State of Connecticut undertook to cultivate her artificial beds, it would cost her from one to three millions per annum. If Rhode Island entered the field it would be at an expense of from \$100,000 to \$300,000 per annum. Evidently the expenditure of such a sum for the benefit of a portion of the population is out of the question, even was it necessary. But it is not necessary. Oyster cultivation can be carried on by individuals just as well as the cultivation of potatoes or rearing of live stock. That this is not understood is the principal difficulty met by those who desire the advancement of the fishery, and the first condition I would make with a fish culturist in discussing this question, is that he should dismiss from his mind all impressions he may have which are based upon the supposed analogy between oyster and fish-culture. It is true that we can impregnate the eggs of an oyster in virtually the same way we impregnate the eggs of a fish. It is true we can keep the young oysters alive for some time in practically the same manner it is accomplished with a fish. But there the similarity ends.

Whoever may hatch the fish egg, the general public only can reap the benefit. Fish are migratory. Fisheries cannot be preserved. But the oyster is not migratory. It is an animal of domestic instincts and strong local attachments. Where it is placed it stays. Consequently its cultivation is eminently a proper field for the employment of individual exertion. I would not be understood to mean by the term "cultivation" in this relation, the artificial impregnation of the eggs. That has not yet been made of practical importance. I refer, principally, to the cultivation of oyster ground rather than oysters. To the improvement of areas and beds rather than of stock. To increasing the facilities for natural expansion, rather than the exercise of natural function.

It is quite possible to take a totally barren tract of bottom and seed it with mature oysters, fertilize it with shells, and in a few years reap from it an abundant crop. But evidently no one will undertake this trouble or expense unless he is reasonably certain of gathering the harvest. Equally evident is it that the State cannot sow the ground for the fishermen. Naturally but one conclusion can be reached. The harvest must be made sure to the individual, and it can only be made sure by the possession of indefeasible proprietary rights. How soon the industry revives under such conditions is proved by the history of every Northern fishery, but I have not time to quote them in detail. Rhode Island offers perhaps the most instructive instance. In 1805 there was only some 60 or 70 acres of bottom under cultivation. The product was only some 71,000 bushels. The price was \$1.75 per gallon.

In that year the law was passed which gave individual and proprietary rights to oyster ground, and an advance began which has never since been checked. In 1883 11,000 acres were under cultivation; the product was in the neighborhood of 1,000,000 bushels, and the price per gallon had fallen to less than a dollar.

The fishery in Connecticut will be, I understand, the subject of a subsequent paper by a member of the Association, and I will not therefore do more than touch upon it. It will suffice for my purpose to state that since the operation of the law giving proprietary interest in defined tracts of bottom, an enormous area of what was entirely barren ground has been turned into productive oyster beds, and the crop of native oysters increased from insignificance to millions of bushels. Indeed, so great has been the success and so encouraging the prospect, that the most prominent planter in the State has said that the Connecticut people could easily afford a subsidy of \$50,000 per annum to keep in existence the present Chesapeake policy.

These facts appear so overwhelmingly conclusive that it is a matter of astonishment that the course indicated by them has not been immediately adopted. Yet, though it has been urged with great persistency for several years, advocates and adherents have gathered but very slowly. The most important work to be done is, therefore, that of proselyting. But to accomplish this, methods differing from the usual ones must be adopted.

Experience shows that the class which it is desirable to convert cannot be reached by mere arguments, no matter how sound the postulates upon which they are based may be. It is useless to apply reason to prejudices. Only actual, tangible evidence can have any effect; and such evidence can only be given by what is practically a system of "object lessons." An excellent illustration of the value of such examples is given by the success of oyster culture in France. There the individual oyster culturist has been educated by the observation of the model government *parcs*, until perceiving all the advantages which would accrue from systematic and intelligent effort in this field, he has engaged in the pursuit with wonderful success and credit. Some such system, it seems to me, must be adopted in the Chesapeake region, if we wish to secure sensible legislation and actual advance prior to the destruction of the great natural beds. The people must be educated—must be made to see the folly of their ways and the wisdom of those of others. And, though I am utterly opposed to the entrance of the State into the oyster business, yet if the establishment of a few model oyster farms can teach the people of Maryland and Virginia how to husband and increase the wealth nature has given them, I should regard the money expended in such establishment well spent.

But I have detained you far longer than I intended when I first thought of addressing you, and must bring this paper to a close. The range of my subject and the importance of the principle I have been most desirous of urging upon your consideration, have precluded discussion of many minor points of great interest to oyster culturists, and possibly to the general public. It has also necessitated a more general and superficial treatment of the question than I would desire. But if I have succeeded in impressing the need for some more efficacious measures than have yet been adopted my end has been accomplished. Certainly something should be done. Glance at the census tables and you will find that, with the exception of Vir-

ginia, Maryland employs ten times as many persons, and produces ten times as many oysters as any other State. The gross value of her product is two to four times as large, and her capital five times as great. She has at work two and three times as many vessels, and produces nine and ten times as many oysters. In every respect upon a superficial examination, Maryland's oyster trade appears head and shoulders above that of any other locality.

But when a comparison is made of the percentage of capital returned as income, instead of Maryland heading the list, as would be supposed, she actually brings up at the bottom, her industry returning a smaller income than any other State in the Union. Though the area of the oyster ground is about 400,000 acres, the yield per acre is only 40 bushels, while at the North it is fully three times as much. Such a condition of affairs appears bad enough; but unless some such measures as I have suggested are undertaken matters will soon be worse. If the people are left to themselves, they will, in their ignorance, give us only another instance of exhausted beds and destroyed industry.

Unless they can be convinced of the folly of their present course we will have but a repetition in the Chesapeake of the experience in Long Island Sound.

The natural oyster of marketable size will disappear and only a small "seed" oyster will be left. The goose will be killed; the golden eggs will be laid no more. And the vast fleet of pungies and canoes, and multitudes of men and women will have no employment beyond picking out the pin feathers of the inanimate carcass.

In the examination of one of the largest beds in Pocomoke Sound, I found that the shells represented 97 of the product; in other words, I had to get about fifty bushels of shells before I could get one bushel of oysters.

PROF. RYDER: I have listened to Dr. Hudson, Prof. Goode and Lieut. Winslow with a great deal of interest, and it seems to me that all the data furnished in their papers point in the same direction, but I cannot but believe that artificial oyster culture still holds out to us some little hope of success. I have lately read a recent paper by M. Bonchon-Brandely, in which he makes the following remarkable statement: "It is to the French investigators that we are indebted for the first advances and experiments in artificial oyster culture." That includes, I presume, the development of the methods of artificial oyster culture, or rather of artificial fertilization as applied to oyster culture. And I take this occasion before the American Fish-culture Association to make a reclamation in favor of American investigators, and especially Prof. Brooks, of Johns Hopkins University, in whose footsteps I and several others have trodden, and particularly in our work along the Chesapeake Bay. We have succeeded in confining the spawn of the American oyster in artificial ponds, so as to develop the fry to that point in their life-history at which they can be transferred from the fertilizing pans or dishes to parks, and there placed under such conditions as will enable them to grow into adult oysters. I do not mean to insist that the American methods of confining the oyster spat are of paramount importance, but I do assert that we were the first to practically apply any methods, or to devise suitable apparatus for such experiments. In the pamphlet to which I have referred, there is described a machine in which the embryo are confined and in which the water is kept in continuous circulation. That machine was devised and operated by Colonel McDonald in 1882. I believe that Lieutenant Winslow, in association with Professor Brooks, operated a similar machine about the same time. Both of these experiments were successful, I think, in getting the fry attached within about twenty-four hours after artificial fertilization. So much for the facts. Subsequently, or about a year later, I carried on some experiments at Stockton, Maryland, following out on a larger scale the methods which he had devised in 1880, in order to confine the artificially fertilized eggs with the result of getting, spat from artificially fertilized eggs. The method of confining the fry is simple, and merely involves the use of a diaphragm of sand through which the tide may ebb and flow automatically, and thus renew the water in the inclosure. It is evident that such a diaphragm might be utilized to confine the larvae which are thrown off from the beds, and which are confined to covers or areas with restricted months; in other words, that there are a great many places (as indicated on the maps in this hall, prepared by Lieut. Winslow) in which diaphragms might be constructed on a very simple plan, but upon a larger scale, and by means of which we could actually confine the spawn and prevent it from escaping from the areas, while we would provide in those same waters clean "culch" to which the spat could adhere.

The history of the attachment of the spat has been worked out very carefully by Professor Huxley and myself, for both the American and European species. The papers in which these matters have been discussed may be found in the *English Illustrated Magazine* for 1883, and in the *Bulletins and Reports of the United States Fish Commission* for 1881 and 1882. So that I think that purely artificial methods, as applied to the cultivation of oysters in this country, are not altogether without indications of success in the near future.

LIEUT. WINSLOW: I did not mean that the artificial propagation of the oyster might not in the near future be brought to some practical issue. I only stated that it had not yet been. But while the process of raising oysters by artificially fecundating the eggs of the female, will not, probably, soon be made a matter of economic importance, the study of the embryonic life of the oyster will certainly be of great value to oyster culturists in the future. For instance, the usual method of the oyster farmer is to deposit in the spring or late winter months a certain number of "spawners" or mature oysters. After those oysters have lain on the ground three or four months and the spawning season has approached, vast quantities of shells or other suitable "culch" are scattered in the vicinity for the young fry to fasten to. Now it is of the utmost importance that this "culch" should be clean, and consequently the later it is thrown overboard the better, as the deposit of sediment is thus avoided. But care must be used not to wait too long, else the time when the fry attach will be passed. Now, as every oysterman knows where an oyster is spawning, if, through the study of the embryological life of the animal, we could tell him just how much time elapses between the spawning and the attachment, we would provide him with information of great practical value. For reasons such as I have just recited, I think embryological work in this direction desirable. Possibly we may also make oyster raising through the artificial impregnation of eggs a matter of practical importance, but so far as my experience goes, I am inclined to doubt any such consummation, desirable though it may be.

PROF. RYDER: The results of my own experiments and observations in this matter are I think of some value. I have found by more recent study of spat which I obtained in vast abundance at Buzzard's Bay that after the fry-shell had grown to the dimensions of 1-90 inch or about four times the size of the fry-shell when it first affixes itself, there was proof that the fry-shell had been attached to the surface of fixation for a considerable time before the spat-shell was formed, and that the fixation of the fry-shell was continuous with the fixation of the spat-shell, which may last until the diameter of the lower valve is nearly two inches. I take it that the fixation occurs in from twenty-four to seventy-two hours. There is, however, this fact opposed to it. I have found embryo oysters not larger than 1-250 inch still free; that is about twice the size of the larva oysters ordinarily observed in our waters or obtained by artificial fertilization. These large free oyster larvae were obtained from the stomach of adult oysters.

PROF. GOODE: It seems to me that, from what we have today heard from Dr. Hudson, Lieut. Winslow and Professor Ryder, we cannot fail to see what no doubt we have all par-

tially realized before, namely, that there is a great cause for alarm as to the future of the oyster fisheries. I have already stated that the natural oyster beds of Europe have become almost extinct, except as a source of seed for private cultivation, and it seems as if our own beds were becoming similarly destroyed. I think that Professor Ryder has not in the least overstated the importance of the artificial culture of the oyster, as developed by himself and others. One of the most striking events connected with the participation of the United States in the fishery exhibition at London last summer, was the receipt of a telegram from Professor Baird, stating the results of Professor Ryder's work at Stockton, Maryland. The substance of the telegram was printed in one of the English papers, and in less than a week it had been reprinted in at least 5,000 papers. Letters began pouring in from Russia, Denmark, Holland and Scotland, asking for details, and the general enthusiasm over the matter was indeed astounding.

Some of the recommendations which Lieut. Winslow has made with reference to the encouragement on the part of the Government by the establishment of model farms, are of great importance, as also are many of the other suggestions which he made. It seems desirable that the United States should carry out that system, as has been done at St. Jerome, Md. I think that a special obligation of this Association is to utter a word of warning to this country that unless something is done very soon, a portion, at least, of the oyster grounds in some of our States will be as worthless as some of those of the European countries have already become. And it appears to me that we ought to put forth some official utterance in the matter, which shall be quoted in legislative houses as the deliberate opinion of this body of men, which includes all who have given any attention to the subject of fish-culture. I therefore move that a committee be appointed by the president of the Association to report before the close of the session some resolution which shall express the opinion of the society as to the necessity of protecting our oyster fisheries by legislation, by artificial propagation, and by all other possible means.

MR. BLACKFORD: I second the motion, and believe this matter to be one of the most important that could come before this meeting. I am of the opinion that such a resolution, going out at this time from the Association, would have a great effect upon the action of the State legislatures, some of which are now considering the propriety of taking some measures for the protection of the oyster industry—especially in New York.

THE PRESIDENT: It is moved and seconded that a committee be appointed by the president, to report as soon as possible, as to what steps shall be taken by this Association to warn the different States in regard to the oyster depletion. I will appoint for that committee, Messrs. Goode, Winslow and Ryder.

THE OYSTER INDUSTRY OF THE WORLD.

[A paper read before the American Fish-culture Association.]

BY G. BROWN GOODE.

THE oyster industry of the world is seated chiefly in the United States and France. Great Britain has still a few natural beds remaining, and a number of well-conducted establishments for oyster culture. Canada, Holland, Italy, Germany, Belgium, Spain, Portugal, Denmark, Norway and Russia have also oyster industries, which are comparatively insignificant, and in the case of the last two countries, hardly worthy of consideration in a statistical statement. Recent and accurate statistics, Mr. Goode said, were lacking except in two or three instances. A brief review by countries in the order of their importance was presented. The oyster industry of the United States was shown to employ 52,805 persons and to yield 22,195,370 bushels, worth \$31,433,552 and that of France in 1881, employed 29,431 persons, producing oysters valued at \$3,464,565. The industry of Great Britain yielded a product valued at from two to four million pounds sterling. Holland was shown to have a considerable industry in the Province of the Scheldt coast valued at about \$400,000; while the products of other European countries mentioned were too insignificant to deserve a place in this brief abstract. An estimate of the total product of the world was presented as follows, the figures being given in the number of individual oysters produced:

United States.....	5,550,000,000
Canada.....	22,000,000
Total for North America.....	5,572,000,000
France.....	680,400,000
Great Britain.....	1,600,000,000
Holland.....	21,800,000
Italy.....	20,000,000
Germany.....	4,000,000
Belgium.....	2,500,000
Spain.....	1,000,000
Portugal.....	800,000
Denmark.....	200,000
Russia.....	250,000
Norway.....	250,000

The oyster industry is rapidly passing from the hands of the fishermen into those of oyster culturists. The oyster being sedentary, except for a few days in the earliest stages of its existence, is easily exterminated in any given locality, since, although it may not be possible for the fishermen to rake up from the bottom every individual, wholesale methods of capture soon result in covering up or otherwise destroying the oyster banks or reefs, as the communities of oysters are technically termed. The main difference between the oyster industry of America and that of Europe, lies in the fact that in Europe the native beds have long since been practically destroyed, perhaps not more than six or seven per cent. of the oysters of Europe passing from the native beds directly into the hands of the consumer. It is probable that sixty to seventy-five per cent. are reared from the seed in artificial parks, the remainder having been laid down for a time to increase in size and flavor in the shoal waters along the coasts.

In the United States, on the other hand, from 30 to 40 per cent. are carried from the native beds directly to market. The oyster fishery is everywhere carried on in the most reckless manner, and in all directions oyster grounds are becoming deteriorated, and in some cases have been entirely destroyed. It remains to be seen whether the governments of the States will regulate the oyster fisheries before it is too late, or will permit the destruction of these vast reservoirs of food. At present the oyster is one of the cheapest articles of diet in the United States, while in England, as has been well said, an oyster is usually worth as much as, or more than, a new laid egg. It can hardly be expected that the price of American oysters will always remain so low; but, taking into consideration the great wealth of the natural beds along the entire Atlantic coast, it seems certain that a moderate amount of protection will keep the price of seed oysters far below the European rates, and that the immense stretches of submerged land, especially suited for oyster planting, may be utilized and made to produce an abundant harvest, at a much less cost than that which accompanies the complicated system of culture in France and Holland.

THE BLADDERWORT. — Bergen-op-Zoom, Netherlands, Sept. 3. In the edition of *FOREST AND STREAM* of July 24 last I find an article about fish-eating plants. In the "Physiologie of Plants" of Prof. Hugo de Vries, Amsterdam, C. L. Brinkman, 1880, 1 find, page 205, that *Utricularia vulgaris* "if a small water animal swims against one of the bladders it is

caught at once," and page 206, "if a branch with leaves of *Utricularia* is put in a glass of water with plenty of animal life, after a few hours every bladder has caught one or more of them. Ever since I have taken the *Utricularia* as eaters of fish embryos, as I call the newly hatched fish till they have got their proper form and are able to care for themselves, and was under the impression every one knew it, as the book was printed for the use of the higher class of schools (viz.: *Uoogere Burgerscholen*).—C. J. BOTTEMANNE.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BRNCH SHOWS.

Sept. 10, 17 and 18.—Collie Bench Show and Field Trials of the Ontario Collie Club, Toronto, Ont. Entries close Aug. 23. Mr. H. J. Hill, Secretary, Toronto.

Sept. 16, 17, 18 and 19.—Bench Show of the Philadelphia Kennel Club. Chas. Lincoln, Superintendent. Mr. Benj. C. Satterthwaite, Secretary.

Oct. 7, 8, 9, 10 and 11.—Third Annual Bench Show of the Danbury Agricultural Society, Danbury, Conn. Entries close Sept. 27. E. S. Davis, Superintendent, Danbury, Conn.

Oct. 16, 17 and 18.—National Breeders' Show, Industrial Art Hall, Philadelphia, Pa. James Watson, Secretary, P. O. Box 770. Entries close Oct. 3.

Oct. 21, 22, 23 and 24.—First Annual Fall Bench Show of the Westminster Kennel Club, Madison Square Garden, New York. Entries close Oct. 6. Mr. Chas. Lincoln, Superintendent.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. —.—Third Annual Trials of the Robins Island Club, Robins Island, L. I. Open to members only. Mr. A. T. Plummer, Secretary Nov. 17.—Sixth Annual Trials of the Eastern Field Trials Club, at High Point, N. C. W. A. Coster, Secretary, Flatbush, L. I.

Dec. 8.—Sixth Annual Trials of the National American Kennel Club at Canton, Miss. D. Bryson, Secretary, Memphis, Tenn.

Dec. 15.—Southern Sportsmen's Association Trials, Canton, Miss. Mr. T. K. Renaud, Secretary, New Orleans, La.

A. K. R.

THE AMERICAN KENNEL REGISTER, for the registration of pedigrees, etc. (with prize lists of all shows and trials), is published every month. Entries close on the 1st. Should be in early. Entry blanks sent on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope. Registration fee (45 cents) must accompany each entry. No entries inserted unless paid in advance. Yearly subscription \$1. Address "American Kennel Register," P. O. Box 2832, New York. Number of entries already printed 1560. Volume I, bound in cloth, sent postpaid, \$1.50.

IMPORTING DOGS FROM ENGLAND.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Reading Mr. Wade's handsome notice of my article on deerhounds, which appeared in your issue of July 31, gives me occasion to point out the errors, which have crept in through my carelessness. I expect, rather than from carelessness on the printer's part. Although my particular fancy, like that of Mr. Wade, has always been the mastiff, and although at the present time (the first almost for the last twenty years) I do not own a mastiff, or in fact a dog of any description, yet I feel there are others whose fancy lies in other varieties, and having kept and studied various breeds, especially the noble St. Bernard, the collie, the bloodhound, and all the short-faced breeds, and having judged all classes of dogs at various shows in this country, and also collected many notes, at times I have a fit of *cacoethes scribendi* and like to air my views on the various breeds. For the true lover of the dog is something like the politician, neither one nor the other can rest content if he thinks his particular views are lacking an advocate. I think, however, it will be more for the benefit of your readers this time instead of writing on any particular breed, I venture a few remarks on the subject of importing dogs from England. This is timely since the love for high bred animals is on the increase among our countrymen, who rightly and naturally turn to this country, as not only the source whence to derive practical information, but also the nursery from which to obtain carefully bred stock. This is simply because we have given more and longer attention to the subject than you have; although I fully expect in a few years, America will quite equal England in producing high-class specimens of all the larger varieties of the canine race, for your country has better facilities than our crowded little hive of an island, and I for one have no mean opinion of American talent in breeding dogs as well as other animals.

At present, however, some of our countrymen are somewhat astonished and even appalled at the prices that first-class breeding and show dogs exchange hands for among English fanciers, while others unwarily become, too frequently, I fear (either for the permanent good of the English breeder, or the pocket of the American purchaser), the dupes of such Englishmen as, I blush to admit, are sufficiently unscrupulous to ask and receive high prices for stock that they know to be not even second-rate, and which in this country would be almost unobtainable, in fact, a drug in the market. I have heard only recently from American correspondents of importations of dogs into America costing over £50, which in this country could easily be beaten both on the show bench and for breeding purposes, by specimens that could be procured for from £20 to £25. Importing such outsiders does much harm. The importer naturally deems he has secured valuable breeding stock, and is only undeceived too late, when he has not only sunk a handsome sum himself in the cruel deception, but has in many instances innocently partly recouped himself by selling the offspring for high prices to American gentlemen who have not had the advantages of seeing the number of high class specimens that we so constantly do, collected together at our frequent shows.

Again, another mistake Americans fall into is in applying direct to breeders for specimens. Much paper and ink have been used over this subject, and some very nasty but not altogether unequalled for reflections have been made on the English breeder, but the whole matter may be summed up in the fact that nearly every English breeder is anxious to keep the best of his young stock for himself for future exhibition, and it is only the surplus and draft stock that he wishes to part with. Americans should bear this in mind; also, that for the drafts some are unscrupulous enough to ask long prices from the American purchaser, who is often too credulous and over sanguine of the merits of such costly culls.

Since the appearance of my article on deerhounds, I have received a letter (for which I had to pay extra postage as well as that for forwarding) and regarding the lady whose really high bred kennel I noticed, in reference to purchasing puppies, etc. In this instance I can safely say that I feel Miss De la Pole is one who would scorn to send out anything but high bred, healthy specimens, and all her dogs are well bred. But a writer has often to mention good dogs as well as horses that belong to very questionable parties, and there are too many breeders of indifferent stock in this country who would be only too glad of the chance to dispose of any and every mortal thing they own in the way of dog flesh for money, and I would warn my readers that these Shylocks are rather longer-sighted than the celebrated merchant of Venice.

I would suggest to all intending importers the advisability of either getting a friend in England to select for them or else to employ some known, competent judge as agent, remunerating him for his time, trouble and necessary small expenses, I venture to say from £5 to £7 laid out in this way would, in nine cases out of ten, secure to the importer an animal twenty-five per cent, better in quality than if he dealt even with a

straightforward breeder who has his own draft stock to dispose of—to say nothing of falling into the hands of those that would not scruple to pluck the unwary.

Another point. I would advise all purchasers to insist on the dam of the specimen they are about to purchase being by a noted dog, and if possible the maternal grand dam also by a noted sire, for there are many that put their indifferently bred bitches to the best and most noted sires, but breeders in this country are too wary to purchase. The offspring, which are often in results little better than three quarters bred, having a vast proportion of inferior blood in them. An agent in England, if he knows what dogs should be, has every advantage and inducement to secure good and well bred specimens, for it is to his advantage to send out to his employer a good article, hoping it may lead to further commissions; while the English breeder and the vender of indifferent stock is well aware that his victim is not likely to come a second time and therefore he must squeeze all he can out of him at the first haul. This is not a pleasant picture I have drawn but it is nevertheless only too true.

The errors in my article on the deerhound were as follows: 1. The name of the sister to Derrig is Clovyn, not Clover. 2. The last litter by Hector was whelped out at Los Angeles, i. e., the place. 3. For vertriba read vertriba. 4. In transposing the Greek character in which I wrote the word, the printer has rendered it batin, whereas it should be balon. 5. The Archbishop of Rheims was Fulco, not Tulos. 6. For Earl of Mae, read Earl of Mar. M. B. WYNN.

THE ELMS, Rothley, Loughborough, Leicestershire, Eng., Aug., 1894.

SPECULATIONS AND SPECULATORS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Since your refusal to print my Fish Lines (thereby placing me in very embarrassing relations with a number of FOREST AND STREAM readers, who very kindly sent me their poetical productions), I had about made up my mind to let you go your way and I'd go mine. But now that a subject has come up on which I want some light, I propose to come to you for it.

I have seen the remarkable and futile attempt which has been made to prejudice the public against the coming National Breeders' show, and have noted with great satisfaction your own fair and sensible treatment of the same enterprise. I and I try to have faith that those who have shown such haste to exhibit their envy, malice and all uncharitableness, will not prevail. Now to my questions.

What is a speculative dog show? How does it differ from other dog shows? Is it wholly a question of profits or of the anticipation of profits? The first show given by the Westminster Kennel Club was so profitable that a sporting paper (*The Country*) was started on the proceeds. Subsequent Westminster Club shows are understood to have paid well. The second show given by the Massachusetts Kennel Club entailed a loss of some \$2,500 or over. The third show (the so-called "paper" show) was so profitable that the Club got back the \$2,500 and something more.

Now, are the Westminster members, because they have made something out of their exhibitions, to be set down as dog show speculators? Some persons may think so, but I don't. The idea is preposterous. Were the Massachusetts Club men speculators? On the first and second occasions I think not; the third time they may have reasoned that having given \$2,500 (or to be more exact \$2,700) to the cause, it was right to get it back. I am now inclined to agree with them, though at the time I did talk rather loudly at my winning dog receiving a diploma instead of a prize. Granting then, that at this time the Boston men did go into the enterprise for speculation, was there anything inimical to the kennel interests of the country about it?

Again, Mr. Charles Lincoln has given several shows at different points, commonly reputed to have been for his own individual profit. Some were successful and others not. The proceeds, where there were any, went to Mr. Lincoln. Were these shows speculative?

Not so very long ago, at Chicago, a bench show was given. The men who got it up are understood to have been Messrs. Charles Lincoln, C. B. Whitford (or his employer), of Chicago, and John Olcott, of Cincinnati. This show, it is also currently reported, was a profitable enterprise, and the profits went into the pockets of the three (or three of the four) individuals named. Was this a speculative affair? If it was, how comes it that we have been treated to this rant about speculative shows from the pen of the employer who directly (or indirectly through his employee) made something out of the Chicago show?

One more question: Is it to be taken for granted that American breeders have no memory? I ask this because I am totally at a loss how to satisfactorily reconcile the recent torrent of indecent rant about parasites who prey on dog owners with a certain little transaction by which that N. A. K. C. Stud Book, its fees and appurtenances, disappeared from public view promptly and to all appearances irrevocably.

There is yet another point. At many of our bench shows—for example, the one to be held this week at Philadelphia—breeders are urged to show because they will have "a good opportunity to dispose of their surplus stock"—that is, they are to show for speculative purposes. Is it legitimate to show for speculative purposes? If so, is it legitimate to organize a show for speculative purposes? If not, where and what is the hair-splitting distinction?

P.S.—Can you give me any information about the Cotton Centennial Exposition, which is to be held in New Orleans this fall? I have heard it intimated that the whole show is gotten up for speculative purposes, and in direct opposition to the Centennial Exhibition which was held in Philadelphia in 1876, and it is understood that it will not be given "with the sanction" of the Centennial managers. M. H.

[We will print "Meat-Hawk's" poetry if he will send it to us, but since there is no speculative dog show now before the public, we beg to defer a discussion of that subject until there is some reason and pertinency in taking it up.]

AN OLD-TIME STORY.

THE following story is an old one. It has been in print several times. We copy it from the "Life and Adventures of Davy Crockett." Crockett writes:

While walking along and thinking whether it was altogether the right gift to leave my poor country at a time she most needed my services, I came to a clearing, and I was slowly rising a slope, when I was startled by loud, profane and boisterous voices, which seemed to proceed from a thick covert of undergrowth about two hundred yards in advance of me and about one hundred to the right of my road.

"You kin, kin you?"

"Yes, I kin, and am able to do it! Bo-o-o-o!—O! wake snakes and walk your chinks! Brimstone and—fire! Don't hold me, Nick Stoval! The fight's made up, and let's go at it.—my soul if I don't jump down his throat and gallop every chattering out of him before you can say 'quit!'"

"Now, Nick, don't hold him! Jist let the wildcat come, and I'll tame him. Ned'll see me a fair fight—won't you, Ned?"

"O! yes, I'll see you a fair fight; blast my old shoes if I don't!"

"That's sufficient, as Tom Haynes said, when he saw the elephant. Now let him come."

Thus they went on, with countless oaths interspersed, which I dare not even hint at, and with much that I could not distinctly hear.

In mercy's name! thought I, what a band of ruffians is at work here. I quickened my gait, and had come nearly opposite to the thick grove whence the noise proceeded, when my eye caught indistinctly, through the foliage of the dwarf

oaks and hickories that intervened, glimpses of a man or men, who seemed to be on a violent struggle, and I could occasionally catch those deep-drawn emphatic oaths which men in conflict utter when they deal blows. I hurried to the spot, but before I reached it I saw the combatants come to the ground, and after a short struggle I saw the uppermost one (for I could not see the other) make a heavy plunge with both his thumbs, and at the same instant I heard a cry in the accent of keenest torture, "Enough! my eye is out!"

I stood completely horror-struck for a moment. The accomplices in the brutal deed had all fled at my approach, at least I supposed so, for they were not to be seen.

"Now, blast your corn-shucking soul," said the victor, a lad of about eighteen, as he rose from the ground, "come cuttin' your shins 'bout me agin, next time I come to the Court House, will you!—Get your owl-eye agin if you can."

At this moment he saw me for the first time. He looked as though he couldn't help it, and was for making himself particularly scarce, when I called to him, "Come back, you brute, and assist me in relieving the poor critter you have ruined forever."

Upon this rough salutation he sort of collected himself, and with a taunting curl of the nose he replied: "You needn't kick before you're spurr'd. There ain't nobody there, nor hain't been nother. I was jist seel'n' how I could a 'fout.' So saying he bounded to his plough which stood in the corner of the fence about fifty yards from the battleground.

Now would any man in his senses believe that a rational being could make such a damned fool of himself? All that I heard and seen was nothing more nor less than what is called a rehearsal of a knock-down and drag-out fight, in which the young man had played all the parts for his own amusement, and by way of keeping his hand in. I went to the ground from which he had risen, and there was the prints of his two thumbs, plunged up to the balls in the mellow earth, about the distance of a [phantom dog show] man's eyes apart, and the ground around was broken up, as if two stags had been engaged upon it.

THE KENNEL HOSPITAL.

DISTEMPER: ITS NATURE, CAUSE AND PROTECTION.

ALTHOUGH a correct knowledge of the nature and cause of distemper will not totally prevent outbreaks in this country, it will go a long way, if acted upon, to limit the spread of the disease. The majority of the owners of dogs fancy that an attack of distemper at least once in an animal's life is inevitable—that there is something in the dog's nature which under some indefinite circumstances is certain to generate the affection. This is not so; the disease is a specific one, and only arises under one definite condition. Distemper is a contagious febrile disease of dogs, analogous to influenza in the horse, or influenza in man. These three diseases are not due to the same cause, they are not interchangeable or communicable from one species of animal to another. They are similar but not the same. Each is *sui generis*, but they are all so analogous as to admit of classification together under the same natural order of diseases—catarrhal fevers. Distemper then is the specific catarrhal fever of the dog. It is characterized by an inflammatory condition of the membranes of eyes and nose, giving rise to a discharge from those organs, and is usually accompanied by sneezing or cough, by more or less prostration, and a tendency of local complications of various kinds, depending upon extrinsic causes or structural weaknesses. There is no such thing as a "dry distemper," and there is no case of distemper capable of being cut short or suddenly and permanently arrested. Such conditions are positive evidence of the non-existence of distemper. It is a febrile disease, and all fevers run a definite course. It is a catarrhal fever; and all catarrhal fevers are characterized by some degree of inflammation, leading to discharge from the eyes and nose. Distemper has been called a typhoid disease. It has no analogy to the human typhoid fever whatever, either in its essential symptoms or its post-mortem lesions. Some authors have, following the great Dr. Jenner, described it as a variolous disease, i. e., as analogous to small-pox. This is an error traceable to the fact that some few cases present a pustular eruption on the thighs and belly like the pustule of variola or small-pox. This eruption is, however, comparatively rare. Instead of being a diagnostic symptom, as in small-pox, it is merely an occasional complication. The essential symptoms of distemper are fever with discharge from nose and eyes and the nature of the disease only admits of its classification in the pathological group of specific catarrhal fevers. The cause of distemper is in many cases difficult to trace, but when traceable its origin is always found in contagion. There are certain circumstances favorable to its origin—the congregation together of large numbers of dogs, the transit of dogs through the same places and in the same vehicles, contact with strange dogs—all of which are simply facilities for the conveyance and transmission of the specific poison of the disease. In kennels of hounds the most common time for outbreaks of distemper to appear is when the young entries arrive, i. e., when the young hounds which have been farmed out at various places return home. Any of these have been in contact with a dog suffering from distemper, and if one be infected all in contact with it suffer. The possibilities of the introduction of disease are in exact proportion to the number of places from which the animals are collected.

Dog shows are a fruitful cause of the spread of distemper. No matter how well managed they may be, the mere fact of collecting from various places a vast number of dogs renders a large show almost certainly a focus from which the disease is disseminated widely. In some cases a large show has been the means of infecting nearly every puppy sent to it. The malady is not at once made evident, but shows itself a few days after the return home of the animals. This cannot altogether be prevented. Dogs just convalescent and free from any apparent disease are sent to shows and are capable of communicating distemper to others. Even healthy dogs having an immunity from the disorder, because of a previous attack, may carry the disease in their coats if they have been in recent contact with a diseased dog, and so spread the malady without ever being suspected. Some of these risks might be obviated by requiring all exhibitors to state that for one month previously their kennels have been free from contagious disease and that their dogs have not been in contact with diseased dogs for a week anterior to the show. Railway boxes, hampers and portable kennels are sources of possible contagion which might be lessened were disinfection and washing more methodically carried out.

Distemper can be easily transmitted from a diseased to a healthy dog by a nasal discharge. It is often spread by means of the food which a diseased dog has left. Its contagiousness probably no one disputes, but most men believe that there are cases which arise quite independently of any contagion. The basis of such a theory is the fact that in some cases the exact method of communication is not traceable. Until a case can be found under circumstances which render the conveyance of the specific poison an impossibility, this theory has absolutely no facts to support it. The method of communication of disease is often difficult to trace; we can satisfactorily account for ninety cases out of a hundred by contagion, and it can hardly be called begging the question to say that the odd ten, presenting the same sign, running the same course, and being equally contagious, are due to the same cause that actuated the ninety.

There are many alleged causes of distemper. They are—sudden changes of temperature, improper bathing, cold wet weather, damp dark dwellings, badly ventilated kennels, the immoderate use of animal food and insufficient exercise, overgrowing, fatigue and debility. Now dogs have often been submitted to each of these without showing any signs of distemper, and on the other hand dogs have often had the disease when none of these conditions have been present. These

2yrs., A.K.R. 35 (Prince—Fairy III.); E. I. Martin's Fairy Lass, black and white, 2yrs., A.K.R. 36 (Prince—Fairy II.); Edward Herzberg's Lucia, blue belton, 5yrs. (Sim's Dash—champion Maid of Honor); D. B. Ford's Leah II., black, white and lemon, 4yrs. (Royal Duke—Lea).
DACHSHUNDE.—Awards withheld except a com. to Dr. Eugene Lamparter's Waldmann, black and tan, 4yrs.

BEAGLES.—CHAMPION—Dog: D. O'Shea's Rattler, white, black and tan, 2yrs. (Rover—Music). **OPEN—Dogs:** 1st, D. O'Shea's Kino, white, black and tan, 2yrs; 2d, Pottinger Dorsey's Rover, black, white and tan, 2yrs. (Lee—Rill); 3d, Geo. Goodman's Monroe, brown, 4yrs. High com., Lowen Tugwell's March, tan and whit, 2yrs. (Blunder—Fanny).

POLTERERS.—UNDER 55LBS.—Dogs: 1st, C. M. Munhall's Donald II. (Donald I.—Devonshire Lass), liver and white, 2yrs.; 2d, C. L. Dick's Young Sleaford (Lort—Lass), liver and white, 2yrs.; 3d, G. F. Jordan's Booth (St. George—Dinah), liver and white, 2yrs. Very high com., Clifton Kennel's Robin Alder (champion Faust—Mudge), liver and white, 2yrs. **Bitches:** UNDER 55LBS.—1st, Geo. H. Appold's Daisy Bravo (Bravo—Lilly II.), liver and white, 1yr.; 2d, H. T. Towner's St. Kilda (Rango—Lilly), liver, white and tan, 16mos.; 3d, Geo. G. Barker's Princess II. (Princess I.—), black, 15mos. Very high com., Clifton Kennel's Lady Bang (Bang—Jean), liver and white, 2yrs.; 4yrs., and same owner's Little (Shot—Daisy), liver and white, 2yrs. High com., B. F. Seitzer's Lady Croxteth (Croxteth—Lass), liver and white, 2yrs.

GORDON SETTERS.—OPEN CLASS—Dogs: 1st, E. Maher's Royal Duke, 3d, G. Simen's Wragge, 3d, C. R. Taylor's Gem, High com.; J. H. Davis's Ranger, Bitches: 1st, H. McIlwain's Crete II.; 2d, R. Huey's Lutra; 3d, Mrs. Geo. Emilen's Fannie, Very high com., C. M. Thomas's Bess, High com.; T. S. Clarke's Man e.

IRISH SETTERS.—CHAMPIONS—Dogs: 1st, W. H. Pierce's Glencho. Bitches: 1st, same owner's Trix, OPEN—Dogs: 1st, M. Wenzel's Chief, 3d, W. H. Pierce's Snap; 3d, J. H. Robert's Bruce, Very high com., H. B. Guehin's Chief II., High com.; H. W. Burns's Jack; C. W. Reeves's Duke, Com.; B. Reid's Boyne; J. C. White's Blaze; E. I. Martin's Glendolen and Bird, Bitches: 1st, W. H. Pierce's Reeta; 2d, W. W. Kendall's Lorna Doone; 3d, S. Barr's Hazelnut, Very high com., W. H. Mann's Peggy O'More, J. S. Wibert's Creole, I. H. Robert's Jessie, M. Wenzel's Ruby, High com.; I. H. Robert's Leigh Doane, Com., W. G. Ridgway's Bess.

VILLAGE SETTERS.—1st, A. Chamber's Maggie, 2d, A. Chamber's Jack; 3d, G. Johnson's Johnson's Beauty, High com.; A. Chamber's Lether-com.

FOXHOUNDS.—OPEN CLASS—Dogs: 1st, Rocklin Hunt's Lead; 2d, D. O'Shea's Torrence; 3d, same owner's Rally, Bitches: 1st, T. Davis's Jessie; 2d, D. O'Shea's Countess; 3d, same owner's Roxey II.

DEERHOUNDS.—Dogs: 1st, Clovenook Kennel's Maro; 2d, W. D. Whipple's Maid.

GREYHOUNDS.—CHAMPION—Dogs: 1st, H. W. Smith's Friday Night, OPEN CLASS—Dogs: 1st, H. W. Huntington's Bouncing Boy; 2d, G. F. Kolb's Leo, Bitches: 1st, H. W. Huntington's School Girl; 2d, same owner's Victoria, Com.; Eugene Lorb's Fannie, and H. E. Brisba's Maid.

BE (GLE) OVER 12LB.—Bitches: 1st, D. O'Shea's Mischiefs; 2d, C. Sawwell's Marjory; 3d, L. Sloan's Myrtle, Very high com., E. A. Massey's Nell, High com.; J. Satterthwaite, Jr's Fly—UNDER 12LB.—Dogs: L. Sloan's Bannerman, Bitches: A. C. Krueger's Rena.—BASSSET—Dogs: 1st, P. Dorsey's Major; 2d, F. A. Bond's Dyke —BENCH BASSET—Dogs: 1st, W. Chamberlain's Nemours; 2d, J. Heidrick's Sport—BASSET OR BENCH-LEG BEAGLE—Bitches: 1st, F. A. Bond's Rose; 2d, F. A. Bond's Bessie, Very high com., Associated Fanciers' Maid.

FOX TERRIERS.—CHAMPION—Dog: L. & W. Rutherford's Royal Bitch, L. & W. Rutherford's Diana.—OPEN CLASS—Dogs: 1st, L. & W. Rutherford's Bolgrave Primors; 2d, Clovenook Kennel's Scarsdale; 3d, Surrey Kennel's Flippant, Very high com., Clovenook Kennel's Trajan, High com.; W. T. McAlister's Crisp, Com.; C. Cesar's Jim, D. McChuch's Teddy II., Bitches: 1st, L. & W. Rutherford's Dance and Jossie; 2d, J. H. Shepperd's Gipsy, Very high com., Surrey Kennel's Jill, F. C. Wheeler's Vernon II., Com., R. P. De-chert's Betsy.

BULLDOGS.—1st, J. Patterson's Bill; 2d, J. J. Thompson's Leon; 3d, J. W. White's Dot, High com., C. T. Thompson's Ida.

BULL TERRIERS.—OVER 25LBS.—1st, E. V. Porter's Victoria; 2d, J. Hooley's Nipper.

BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS.—CHAMPION, OVER 12LB.—1st, E. Lever's Vortigern.—OPEN CLASS—1st, Mrs. E. Lever's Lady; 2d, J. Whitaker's Brilliant, Very high com.; E. Lever's Reveller, J. Ritter's Sport, Com., F. Lever's Fortune.

DANDIE DUMMOT TERRIERS.—1st, R. P. Palmer's Wasp; 2d, Mrs. J. H. Naylor's Pansy.

NATIONAL BREEDERS' DOG SHOW.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The premium lists of the National Breeders' Dog Show, to be held at Industrial Art Hall, in this city, on Oct. 16, 17 and 18, have now been sent out, and any person desirous of obtaining one who has not been already supplied will please make application at once. I am pleased to state that a large number of exhibitors at the show now in progress here promise to support the National Breeders' show liberally, and on all hands the premium list, with the excellent array of judges to back it up, is received with favor. Several applications have been received from England, which would indicate an arrival of foreign exhibitor to attend the October shows.

JAS. WATSON, Secretary.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa.

NEW YORK NON-SPORTING SHOW.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The premium lists are now ready for this show, and can be had on application. This, the first show of non-sporting dogs, promises to be an unusually brilliant one, and will be largely supported by breeders and owners of dogs, as the time of year selected is a capital one. As every one will have returned to town with their dogs, and as they will be in good coat, it is expected a large number of them will be entered. Several entries have been promised from England. Railroad and express arrangements will be duly announced. The entries close Oct. 6.

CHAS. LINCOLN, Supt.

DANBURY DOG SHOW.—We have received the premium list of the bench show to be held at Danbury, Conn., commencing Oct. 7. The list includes nearly all the recognized breeds of dogs, with a champion class for each breed, and a first and second prize to each in dog, bitch and puppy classes. The amount of the prize is not stated, but double the amount received as entrance money in each division of a class will be paid as cash premiums should the exhibitor so desire. Silver medals for first and bronze medals for second prizes will be given instead of cash. A number of valuable specials are also offered. Mr. James Mortimer, New York, will judge all classes except pointers, setters and spaniels, which will be judged by Dr. George Walton, Boston.

MONTREAL SHOW.—The third annual bench show of the Montreal Kennel Club was held at the Victoria Skating Rink on the 9th, 10th and 11th inst. The building is well adapted for a dog show, being of ample dimensions and well ventilated. Sporting dogs, with the exception of spaniels, were poorly represented, but the non-sporting classes were well filled, especially so in the mastiff, collie, pug, Bedlington terrier and toy terrier classes. The report of our special correspondent has not come to hand, and we are in consequence obliged to defer its publication until our next issue.

THE NEXT MAN TO DIE is just as likely to be yourself as any of your neighbors, and unexpected death is continually happening. Take a combined life and accident policy in the Travelers, of Hartford, Conn.—Adv.

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

DENVER, Col., Sept. 7.—The Routt Rifles scores to-day for a prize presented by J. P. Lower & Sons, to be won by the member making the best score in his first 10 shots:

A W Peterson.....454444344—39 C J Kelly.....444443444—39
J Stone.....454545454—44 P M Lesley.....334544434—38
W Anderson.....454545454—44 P M Lesley.....334544434—38
W Maguire.....454445454—42

After this shoot some good scores were made by some of the members while practicing, as will be seen by the following scores:

T Stone.....454545454—44 T Stone.....454545454—45
W Anderson.....444544454—42 A W Peterson.....454545454—44
W Maguire.....444544454—41 W Anderson.....454444454—43
A W Peterson.....444444444—40

THE CREEDMOOR MEETING.

THE twelfth annual prize meeting at Creedmoor was carried out according to the programme published in the FOREST AND STREAM of Aug. 28. The nineteen matches provided by the directors were generally sharply contested, and taken by high scores. The weather from the opening of the meeting on the 9th to the conclusion on the 13th was remarkably fine, so much so as to lead to the remark that the range was merely an open air gallery. The heat was intense but no great suffering was felt. The gathering passed off without mishap, and with the giving of the detailed scores, the whole story of the meeting is told.

A feature of the meeting was the number of protests which were entered against members for the violation of the rules. They were given careful hearing by the Executive Committee, and so far as heard appeared to be justly decided. One competitor shoots in a formal military match without the prescribed uniform of his corps, and is very properly debarred when attention is called to the violation. Yet another shoots, and one of the most expert shots and experienced protesters of the country, takes a rifle already used in a match and proceeds to make a score, which is a direct violation of a rule of long standing. There were other cases where valuable prizes were lost through carelessness in abiding by the rules, and the rightful decisions of the directors will teach competitors the importance of obeying rules when the interests of so many are to be observed by such observance. The offenses in all cases were of a technical sort, and there is no question but that the shooting was all fair, and above board.

It would be well in drawing up programmes for future meetings to have the copy prepared by some one having a fair knowledge of the English language. There was no end of wrangling over confused meanings, brought about by badly written rules and conditions. Another point of importance is, that no prize should be announced until it is actually in the possession of the Association. A week after the meeting Gov. Waller, of Connecticut, had failed to send on a promised trophy, and the prize distribution was considerably delayed.

THE RECORD OF THE MEETING.

Following the order of the printed programme, the winning scores of the several contests stand as follows:

No. 1.—Directors' Match, 200yds., by any military rifle; open to directors:

J H Brown.....45345—21 J F Ackerman.....44424—18
J W Wingeat.....44845—20 E J Zaluski.....39343—16
W W DeForest.....44444—20 E J Seabury.....32240

No. 2.—Judd Match, 200yds., by any military rifle. There were 199 entries in this match.

C H Humman.....554545—33 G Doyle.....545454—31
J H Brown.....554545—33 E J Crum.....554454—31
T J Dolan.....555545—33 M D Hinds.....454544—31
W Scott.....445544—33 T E Webster.....554454—31
H P Warfield.....454544—33 F J Rabboth.....444454—31
J S Case.....445544—33 J W Enos.....444454—31
J Blatter.....554454—33 J Johnstone.....444454—31
J Cramley.....554454—33 G B Spelman.....444454—31
G Joiner.....544455—31 B R Spelman.....444454—31
J Smith.....444455—31 G Steinger.....445445—30
G H Walcott.....444544—31

No. 3.—Wimbledon Cup Match, 1,000yds., any rifle; but 6 entries:

J W Todd.....443544355555—64 32355555555545—65 129
H P O'Neill.....52353425443550—59 255554445555345—64 123
De F Manice.....33534423555553—57 55335353535345—63 120
C H Gaus.....45215335353455—62 03243544554443—64 116
W W De Forest.....03640255043555—61 555453342455552—60 111
F H Holton.....32300554333333—61 33344343434343—60 77
Geo Joiner.....03504030245302—33 32335423302543—42 75

No. 4.—President's Match: First stage, 200 and 500yds.; open to Army, Navy and National Guard; 71 entries. Second stage, 600yds.; 1 point to .50-cal. Remingtons; 38 entries.

First Stage.

200yds.	500yds.
J Smith.....455544—32	554545—28—65
H T Lockwood.....455554—33	554544—28—65
J S Shepherd.....454344—29	555555—34—63
G Joiner.....454545—31	554455—34—63
J Cramley.....554455—31	554335—32—63
C P Miller.....444444—28	555555—34—62
T E Webster.....444455—29	455545—31—62
C W Monroe.....435444—29	455445—31—62
J W Enos.....454454—31	455555—31—62
G L Fox.....455445—31	444544—31—62
J Cavanagh.....553445—31	553445—31—61
J J Douglis.....444445—28	455545—31—61
M D Hinds.....455444—29	555554—32—61
M McOrmack.....544445—30	554454—31—61
W Driscoll.....544534—30	554454—31—61
H W Wilson.....544534—31	554454—31—61
C Renaud.....444444—28	554454—31—60
J Blatter.....444444—28	554454—31—60
F Stuart.....433544—28	555444—32—60
H R Anderson.....433444—28	455533—32—60
T J Dolan.....445454—30	445454—30—60
A Krebs.....445454—30	445454—30—60
J Gardner.....443445—27	454455—32—59
G B Thompson.....443444—27	554454—32—59
R MacMillan.....354444—28	553454—31—59
M H Ogden.....355334—29	355443—30—59
A W McNaughton.....444454—29	444454—30—59
J McEwen.....445444—29	544454—30—59
C Byrne L.....445444—29	445444—30—59
F A Wells.....455454—31	554454—30—59
F A Day.....444444—28	554454—30—59
P Farley.....444444—28	454454—30—59
J H Manning.....444444—28	454454—30—59
C E Chase.....444444—28	445444—30—59
C W Humman.....444444—28	444444—30—59
G H Walcott.....444444—28	444444—30—59
C W Hinman.....444444—28	444444—30—59

Score disallowed. Not in uniform at 200yds.

No. 5.—Shorkley Match, 800, 900 and 1,000yds.; any military rifle; 30 entries:

T J Dolan.....455555—31 545455—33 454444—32—92
W W DeForest.....453444—32 544454—31 433333—27—90
W Scott.....453444—32 544454—31 234555—28—87
J S Shepherd.....543455—31 345435—29 453555—28—86
J Smith.....435455—31 833333—27 355445—27—85
W M Farrow.....553444—29 235444—27 353233—28—81
C W Hinman.....353444—29 233444—27 353233—28—81
R MacMillan.....455544—32 353444—28 304443—18—78
L N Walker.....455544—32 353444—28 304443—18—78
C E Mattingly.....455544—32 353444—28 304443—18—78
J Cavanagh.....333333—26 554433—25 552333—24—72
F Stuart.....350345—24 303444—24 243333—24—72
M D Hinds.....404455—21 055554—20 440333—23—73
S Williams.....055433—25 303033—15 243444—25—65
J G Gardner.....550333—25 303033—15 243444—25—65
J R Anderson.....443444—20 443234—20 443234—20—64
R McNevin.....333340—21 034433—23 203333—20—64

No. 6.—Continuous Match, all-comers, 800yds.; any rifle; 1 point to military rifles; 310 entries by 79 individuals:

H Oehl.....455455—31 554545—31 554545—31—63
T J Dolan.....455455—31 554545—31 554545—31—63
E J Crum.....455455—31 554545—31 554545—31—63
C E Tanytor.....555545—34 545555—33 545555—33—67
J Smith.....544555—33 544555—33 544555—33—67
H R Anderson.....455555—31 544444—31 544444—31—67
W M Farrow.....455555—33 544545—33 544545—33—66
G Joiner.....455555—33 544545—33 544545—33—66
T P White.....455555—33 544545—33 544545—33—66
J Duane.....444555—33 555554—31 555554—31—66
A B Dodge.....555554—31 555554—31 555554—31—66
J H Brown.....554454—32 554454—32 554454—32—66
W Simpson.....544455—32 554455—32 554455—32—66
J G Newbury.....544455—32 554455—32 554455—32—66
J G Seabury.....544455—32 554455—32 554455—32—66
E E Lewis.....445545—32 544454—32 544454—32—64
J S Case.....445545—32 555444—32 555444—32—64
L Baird.....445545—32 554454—31 554454—31—63
B R Spelman.....445445—31 554454—31 554454—31—63
W H Beardsley.....554444—31 444444—31 444444—31—63
C H Gaus.....554444—31 444444—31 444444—31—63
A Hoppe.....544444—31 444444—31 444444—31—63

G L Fox.....454545—31 554444—30—63
W Munson.....445454—30 445454—31—63
F J Rabboth.....445454—31 545444—31—62
G A Leighton.....454454—31 545444—31—62
C W Hinman.....444454—31 545444—31—62
J Garrard.....444454—30 445444—30—62
E H Forest.....454444—30 444444—29—62
J S Shepherd.....454444—31 444444—29—62
F H Holton.....444444—31 444444—30—61

No. 7.—Governor's Match, 500yds.; Remington, Springfield or Sharps rifle; 378 entries by 82 individuals:

R McMillan, Sharps.....555555—35 455555—34 555555—34—103
J Smith, Sharps.....555555—35 455555—34 555555—34—103
L N Walker, Remington.....555554—34 555555—34 555555—34—103
Geo Doyle, Springfield.....555554—31 555455—31—08
F J Dolan, Sharps.....554555—34 555554—31—08
W P Pickett.....555555—35 555554—31—08
Johnstone, Springfield.....555555—35 555554—31—08
P Farrelly, Sharps.....555555—34 555455—31—07
G B Thompson, Springfield.....555454—31 555354—31—07
G Joiner, Remington.....455554—33 455544—31—07
J Garrard, Springfield.....554545—34 545454—31—06
M D Hinds, Sharps.....554554—33 545455—33—09
F Stuart, Sharps.....553455—33 545554—33—09
J Blatter, Springfield.....544554—33 355555—33—06

No. 8.—All-Comers and Marksman's Badge Match, 200 and 500yds.; re-entries; 250 entries by 109 individuals:

200yds.	500yds.
H H Spies.....53555—23	55555—25—43
H T Lockwood.....44454—22	55555—25—47
J S Shepard.....44445—22	55555—25—47
C H Hoyt.....45553—22	45555—24—46
D H Odgen.....44544—22	45555—24—46
W M Farrow.....44544—22	55455—24—46
O J Fredericks.....35455—22	55554—24—46
C F Robbins.....55544—23	55445—23—46
G Joiner.....44452—21	45555—24—45
B R Spelman.....35545—22	45445—23—45
E DeForest.....33444—19	55545—23—44
M D Hinds.....55444—23	45445—23—44
W P Pickett.....54445—23	54445—23—44
F McEwen.....54445—23	54445—23—44
J H Brown.....44531—20	44445—23—44
F Stuart.....44444—21	43555—23—43
T J Dolan.....44444—21	55445—23—43
J Cavanagh.....44444—19	55445—23—42
W P Pickett.....44444—19	55555—23—42
G W Munson.....45444—20	22445—23—42
G F Merchant.....54444—21	33445—21—42
J F Elliott.....45444—21	25445—21—42
G McNevin.....43544—21	33445—21—42
F Young.....54444—21	84445—21—42
W Underwood.....44444—21	54445—21—42
J Smith.....54444—21	44445—21—42
J K Green.....44444—21	45445—21—42
W F Higgins.....43544—19	35544—23—41
J P M Richards.....44444—19	54533—22—41
H B Thompson.....44444—19	51544—22—41
F Alder.....44444—20	44444—21—41
G F Power.....54444—21	54444—21—41
J Smith.....54444—21	44444—21—41
J R Byrd.....54444—22	55444—22—41

No. 9.—Brooklyn Furniture Co. Match, for teams from Second Division N. G. S. N. Y.; Remington rifle:

Twenty-third Regiment Team No. 1.

200yds.	500yds.	Total.
Brown.....44444—29	55455—33	61
Kraft.....34431—25	254545—30	55
Wells.....45444—25	45454—32	63
Candee.....34444—27—112	44545—33—125	57—237

Twenty-third Regiment Team No. 2.

200yds. 500yds. Total.

DeForest.....30 23 53
Joier.....30 23 53
Fox.....30 23 53
Simpard.....31—119 33—117 63—236

Twenty-third Regiment Team No. 3.

200yds. 500yds. Total.

Prothingham.....25 8 33
Elliott.....21 31 52
Pickett.....21 31 52
Perham.....27—110 31—118 58—228

Fourteenth Regiment Team No. 1.

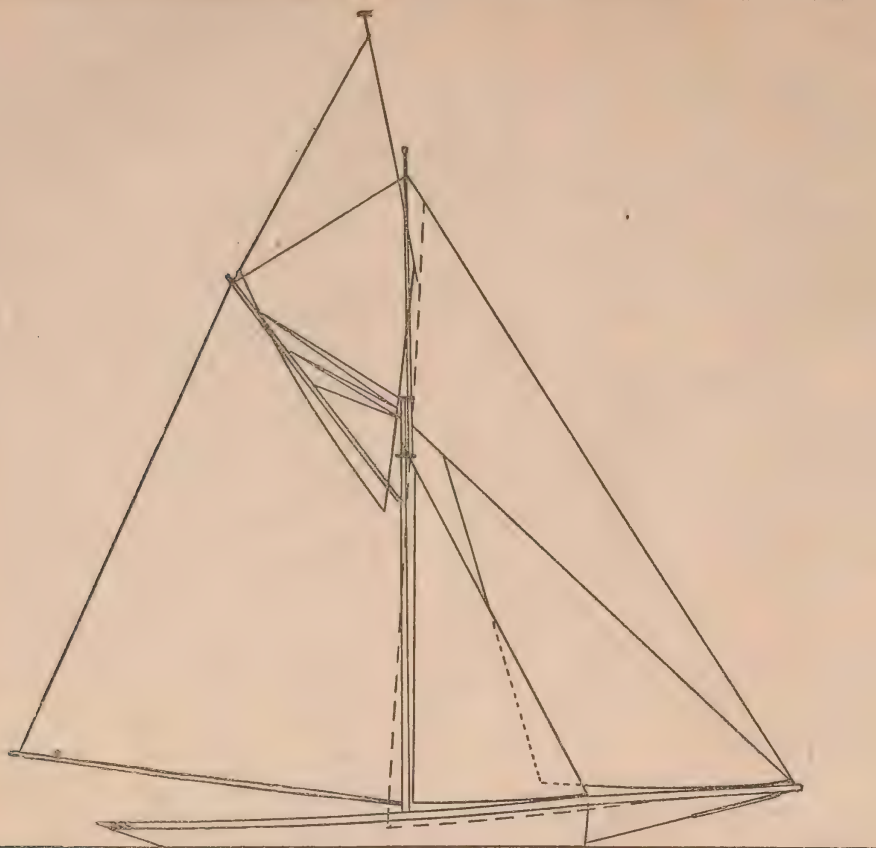
200yds. 500yds. Total.

Browe.....24 28 52
Jennings.....26 28 54
Taylor.....23 28 51
Robinson.....25 28 53
Anderson.....29—109 14—95 43—204

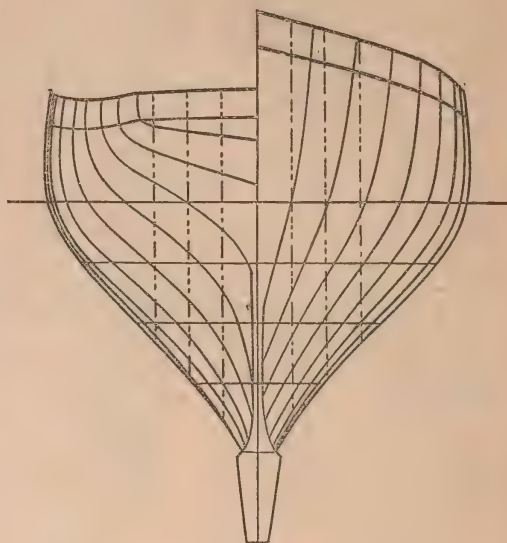
Fourteenth Regiment Team No. 3 (Company A).

No. 11.—Jones Match, 200 and 500yds., for teams from First Division N. G. S. N. Y.; six teams in all:

Seventh Regiment.		500yds.		Total.
200yds.		500yds.		
Higgins	444444-20	444543-28		57
Young	514444-29	551455-33		62
Greene	434444-27	445444-30		57
Underwood	455445-32-117	455545-33-124		65-24



SAIL PLAN—"YOLANDE" CUTTER.



BODY PLAN—"YOLANDE" CUTTER.

Yachting.

FIXTURES.

Secretaries of yacht clubs will please send early notice of proposed matches and meetings.

- Sept. 18.—Race for Catamarans, New York Bay.
- Sept. 19.—Knickerbocker Y. C., Fall Regatta.
- Sept. 23.—Lynn Y. C., Third Championship Match.
- Sept. 24.—Sweepstake Race, New York Bay.
- Sept. 27.—West Lynn Y. C., Second Championship Match.
- Sept. 23.—Quaker City Y. C., Review and Harbor Cruise.
- Oct. 2.—New Jersey Y. C., Fall Matches.
- Oct. 5.—Quaker City Y. C., Closing Review and Cruise.

QUINCY Y. C. REGATTA, SEPT. 11.

THE wind was very light during the afternoon, but at the finish of the race came a squall which troubled all the boats, leaving the Erin disabled. The summary is as follows:

FIRST CLASS.			
	Length.	Actual.	Corrected.
Queen Mab, E. B. Burwell.....	22.08	3 16 15	2 48 25
Erin, John Cavanaugh.....	26.08	3 17 30	2 53 14
SECOND CLASS.			
Wildfire, H. A. Keith.....	18.01	3 00 40	2 30 17
Pot. J. W. McFarland.....	20.01	3 02 05	2 34 01
Spray, H. M. Faxon.....	19.04	Not taken.	
THIRD CLASS.			
Mirage, A. J. Clark.....	17.10	2 41 00	2 15 54
Elsie, C. H. Hardwick.....	16.09	2 48 10	2 21 54
Zip, G. W. Morton.....	16.09	2 50 10	2 23 54
The judges were George A. Ordway, E. W. Underwood, P. H. Gavin and E. A. Perry.			

The judges were George A. Ordway, E. W. Underwood, P. H. Gavin and E. A. Perry.

HULL Y. C., SEPT. 18.

THE second and fifth classes of the Hull Y. C. sailed on Saturday to settle the ownership of the pennants. The wind blew heavily from the northwest, increasing during the race. The yachts started at 2 P. M. over a course of eleven miles, Transit and Banneret in the second class and Viva, Spray and Kismet in the fifth. Banneret lost the jaws of her gaff, and Transit met with an accident as well, but the latter led over the course. The fifth class started at 2:50 P. M., Viva over first, with Spray second and Kismet last, keeping this order to the close. The times were:

SECOND CLASS KEELS.			
	Length.	Actual.	Corrected.
Transit, E. H. Ingalls.....	25.10 1/2	1 56 06	1 02 23 1/2
Banneret, J. F. Brown.....	25.02 1/4	2 01 32	1 26 28 3/4
FIFTH CLASS.			
Viva, P. M. Bond.....	19.06	1 38 58	1 01 33
Spray, H. M. Faxon.....	18.10	1 39 32	1 02 23 1/2
Kismet, H. M. Curtis.....	18.11	1 06 11	1 06 11

A private match for \$25 a side, course seven miles, was also sailed between the Spider and the Hornet, the latter winning in 11:28, with Spider 2min. 23sec. behind. The judges were Messrs. Harrington, Kiley, Miller and Griffin. The Seabird has been sold by Mr. Forbush. She has won, under his ownership, twenty-three prizes out of twenty-five starts.

BEVERLY Y. C. 97th REGATTA.

THE Beverly Y. C. will sail a special match on Saturday, Sept. 20, at Nahant, open to yachts of the Dorchester Y. C. The races will be sailed under the rules of the New England Yacht Racing Association; allowance being based on length on waterline plus one-fifth overhang aft, but classification will be based on waterline alone. Prizes will be awarded in each class. A second prize will be given, provided more than two boats start. A special prize for second class keels will be offered, provided two boats start; if only one starts, centerboards and keels to race in same class. In first class, schooners to carry mainsail, foresail, forestaysail, jib, flying jib, jibtopsail, main-topstaysail, gafftopsails and spinnaker. Cutters and sloops to carry mainsail, forestaysail, jib, flying jib, jibtopsail, topsails and spinnaker. One man will be allowed for every 5 ft. sailing length and fractional part thereof. In second and third classes, sloops and cutters may carry mainsail, forestaysail, jib and flying jib; catboats, mainsail only. No trimming by dead weight or change of ballast allowed during the race. Race must be made by one boat in first class at the rate of 2 1/2 miles an hour; in second and third classes, at the rate of 2 1/4 miles an hour. The rule requiring yachts to be sailed by members of the club will be waived for this race. Yachts belonging to B. Y. C. can appear at the start as usual without previous entry. Yachts belonging to Dorchester Y. C. must enter by 2 P. M., Friday, Sept. 19, at the office of W. Lloyd Jeffries, 78 Devonshire street, Boston, giving name, rig, name of owner, length on waterline, overhang aft, and description of private signal. As soon as the courses are decided on, white flags bearing their number will be displayed on the judges' yacht.

Courses for First Class.—No. 1. From judges' yacht, off old steamboat wharf, leaving Fog buoy, off the Graves, on starboard hand, red

buoy No. 2, off Winthrop Head, on starboard hand, to judges' yacht, 10 1/2 miles. No. 2. From judges' yacht, leaving red buoy No. 2, off Winthrop Head, on port hand, Fog buoy, off the Graves, on port hand, to judges' yacht, 10 1/2 miles.

Courses for Second and Third Classes.—From judges' yacht, leaving red buoy No. 2, off Winthrop Head, on starboard hand, to judges' yacht, 7 miles. No. 4. From judges' yacht, leaving Fog buoy, off the Graves, on starboard hand, to judges' yacht, 7 miles.

Regatta Committee.—Geo. H. Richards, chairman; Gordon Dexter, Geo. B. Inches, John Dane, W. Lloyd Jeffries, secretary.

BOSTON Y. C. THIRD CHAMPIONSHIP RACES.

LAST Saturday was a glorious day for yachting in Boston. A strong northwest wind and cool weather after the intense heat of the early part of the week. At noon there was a prospect of rain, but it soon cleared away. The prizes to be sailed for were, for yachts of or over 33 ft., the Connor championship cup, besides a second prize of \$30 and a third prize of \$20, besides a silk flag to each yacht going over the course. In the second class, all under 33 ft., besides the Pfaff cup, two of \$30 and \$20 for second and third yachts, and flags for all who completed the course. Schooners received an allowance for the windward part of the course, sailing at four-fifths of their tonnage.

The courses were from off the club house through the Narrows, leaving Spectacle Island, Nix's Mate bell buoy, Galloupe's Island, George's Island on starboard, Sound Point Beacon on port, Toddy Rocks and Point Allerton Buoy on starboard, Harding's bell buoy, whistling buoy off the Graves, Egg Rock and Ram Head Buoy on the port, Fawn Bar buoys on the starboard, Sound Point Beacon on starboard, to the judges' boat, passing between it and the flagboat, and from off the club house through the Narrows, leaving Spectacle Island, Nix's Mate bell buoy, Galloupe's Island, George's Island and Point Allerton Buoy on the starboard, Sound Point Beacon on the port, Harding's bell buoy on the port, Point Allerton Buoy on the port through the Narrows, leaving George's Island, Galloupe's Island, Nix's Mate bell buoy on the port, Sound Point Beacon on the starboard, to the judges' boat, passing between it and the flagboat, distances of 25 and 16 miles respectively.

At 12 M. the preparatory signal was given, and at 12:30 that for the start. After the start Adrienne took the lead and kept it, Edna leading the second class. On the last leg Brenda and Undine were having a duel for second place, when the latter lost her topmast and fell behind, although she still made good speed. Below is the summary:

FIRST CLASS.			
	Length.	Actual.	Corrected.
Adrienne, J. Pfaff.....	64.02	3 45 15	3 16 00
Shadow, D. J. Bryant.....	34.08	4 16 46	3 17 23
Undine, B. Dean.....	56.09	4 00 18	3 23 13
Tempest, H. F. Whittier.....	56.09	4 05 20	3 29 36
Brenda, J. H. Abbott.....	63.05	4 00 10	3 30 18
Clytie, F. Cunningham.....	34.09	4 30 52	3 32 05
Lillie, W. B. Gale.....	36.11	4 38 54	3 43 44
SECOND CLASS.			
Edna, A. F. Smith.....	28.06	2 31 55	1 46 13
Eva, Daniel Sargent.....	26.00	2 47 14	1 57 38
Kitty, E. H. Tarbell.....	23.01	2 58 31	2 03 40
Saracen, W. P. Fowle.....	24.01	2 56 44	2 03 46
Alda, W. H. Wilkinson.....	24.01	2 57 11	2 04 13
Folly, Joel F. Sheppard.....	27.01	2 45 31	2 07 30
Boho, B. M. Putnam, Jr.....	25.04	3 09 44	2 16 01

Adrienne was the Connor Cup for the second time, Shadow takes second prize and Undine third prize. Edna takes the Pfaff Cup, Eva second and Kitty third. Each cup must be won three times to be retained. The first races last year were won by Shadow and Frolic. The second races this year were won by Adrienne and Seabird. Both Seabird and Frolic, being out of the club, have forfeited their claim to the prize. Adrienne has but one more victory to take the Connor Cup. This race about finishes the season of the Boston Y. C.

THE CARMELITA.

THIS new schooner, now building at Driscoll's yard at Greenpoint, has a long trial trip before her, as she is to sail around to San Francisco when completed, her owner, Mr. J. V. Coleman, being a resident of that city. That she will astonish the yachtsmen of the Pacific coast is very certain, as she is as different from the few New York boats now in their waters as she can well be, while she differs no less from the type of yachts evolved by the local builders. In model, proportions of beam and depth, in ballast and rig, she is the opposite of her future competitors, Lurline, Casca, Halcyon, Chispa, Nellie and the sloops, and we shall watch with great interest the transfer of the field of battle between the types from the Atlantic to the Pacific coast.

The Carmelita is 70 ft. 10 in. over all, 65 ft. on waterline, 16 ft. 5 in. extreme beam, 10 ft. draft, with 3 ft. of freeboard. She will carry a mainmast of 46 ft. 6 in. deck to hounds, with 5 ft. 6 in. masthead and topmast of 30 ft. 6 in. fid to truck, the foremast being 44 ft. head 5 ft. 6 in. and topmast 27 ft. 6 in. The main boom is 47 ft. 6 in. gaff 26 ft., foreboom 20 ft., gaff 16 ft. 6 in. The bowsprit is 12 ft. outboard, jibboom 28 ft. over all and 16 ft. outboard.

The frame is of white oak, the keel moulding 10 in. and sliding 20 in. stem sliding 7 in. and sternpost 8 in., tapering to 4 in. at heel. The frames at the bow are of hackmatack in single lengths, and amidships of white oak, double sawn, sided 3 1/2 in., moulded 6 in. at heels and 3 in. at heads, the top timbers being of locust 3 1/2 in. at deck. The floor timbers are of hackmatack knees sided 4 1/2 in., and doubled bolted to the keel, with galvanized iron bolts, besides the composition keel bolts. The frames are spaced 20 in. centers. The keelson is of yellow pine in one length, 8 x 4 in., shelf also of yellow pine 5 x 4 in.,

tapering to 3 x 3. Clamps 2 x 6 in. Deckbeams 5 x 5 in. Partner beams 5 x 6 in., with 4 in. hanging knees at each beam. The ceiling is of 2 in. yellow pine, floor beams 3 1/2 in. square, wales of white oak, 3 1/2 x 2 1/2 in., planking of white oak, 2 to 2 1/2 in. The deck will be laid of white pine 2 1/2 in. square.

The Carmelita was designed by Mr. A. Cary Smith of New York, and is building under his supervision. She will be the first of Mr. Smith's boats in Pacific waters, but from her appearance we believe she will make his name as favorably known there as Mischief has in New York, and Harbinger and Fortuna in Boston. It is expected that she will be ready to sail late in October. Later on we shall give a description of her interior arrangements.

YACHT RACING AT TORONTO.

THE guardians of the winds were very unkind to the yachtsmen of the Royal Canadian and Toronto clubs last week, as for several days they had nothing but calms for their races. On Saturday, Sept. 6, the date set for the R. C. Y. C. races on Toronto Bay, all the fleet were ready but there was no wind. Both classes were started, but neither finished in the calm. During the race a heavy squall struck the fleet but did no damage, and after it passed there was not wind enough to finish. In the evening the club gave an entertainment at their club house.

On Monday and Tuesday the weather was the same, but on Wednesday the second class yachts were started at 11 A. M., Iolanthe first, Emma second, Surprise third. The wind was very light all day, the yachts carrying all canvas. When near the finish, at evening, a very heavy squall struck the racers, driving Surprise and Emma out into the lake, and they were unable for a long time to work in; but Iolanthe was more fortunate, being far enough in to work up to her moorings. Emma takes the Cosgrove cup and \$30 cash, being the only Toronto yacht in. Iolanthe takes a cash prize of \$100 in R. C. and \$60 T. Y. C. prize. On Wednesday the weather changed, a brisk northwester giving the long-desired opportunity to the yachtsmen.

	Waterline.	Beam.	Draft.
Aileen, cutter.....	55.00	11.08	8.03
Verve, cutter.....	36.00	7.11	6.00
Oriole, schooner (c. b.).....	67.00	18.02	5.03
Atalanta, sloop (c. b.).....	64.00	19.00	5.10
Cygnat, sloop (c. b.).....	42.00	15.06	4.00
Condor, sloop (keel).....	35.00	13.08	7.00

The courses were: From the eastward of a line drawn from the wharf at the Exhibition Grounds to the judges' boat, thence keeping the judges' boat to port, to buoy No. 5 in the lake, and so on twice round the triangle and finishing opposite the club house, keeping all buoys to port, except club house buoy, which must be kept to starboard.

The start was made at 10:30, the times of crossing being:

Oriole.....	10 31 15	Atalanta.....	10 32 35
Aileen.....	10 31 40	Condor.....	10 32 50
Verve.....	10 31 55	Cygnat.....	10 33 45

Spinners were set for the run to south buoy, Verve getting there out smartly. The bell buoy was turned as follows:

Oriole.....	11 34	Cygnat.....	11 30
Aileen.....	11 25	Verve.....	11 33
Atalanta.....	11 29	Condor.....	11 38

Off to Scarborough Heights the wind was abeam and puffy, and canvas was reduced accordingly. Atalanta carried away her throat ballard block, and Cygnat her jibboom, delaying both of them somewhat. The time at the buoy off Scarborough Heights was:

Aileen.....	12 15	Atalanta.....	12 15
Oriole.....	12 11	Verve.....	12 16
Cygnat.....	12 15	Condor.....	12 16

The next leg of five miles to windward was improved by the cutters, Verve taking fourth place at Bell Buoy:

Aileen.....	13 55	Verve.....	1 09
Atalanta.....	1 06	Cygnat.....	1 10
Oriole.....	1 08	Condor.....	1 15

Down the wind all went, spinners set, Verve taking her old place, the Cygnat gaining on the leaders. The time at the South Buoy was:

Aileen.....	1 37	Cygnat.....	1 50
Atalanta.....	1 40	Verve.....	1 52
Oriole.....	1 47	Condor.....	2 00

On the wind again the lee rails went under with the heavy puffs, Aileen gaining 2 min. on Atalanta, while Verve and Cygnat kept even, the times being at Scarborough Heights Buoy:

Aileen.....	2 15	Cygnat.....	2 33
Atalanta.....	2 20	Verve.....	2 35
Oriole.....	2 23	Condor.....	2 40

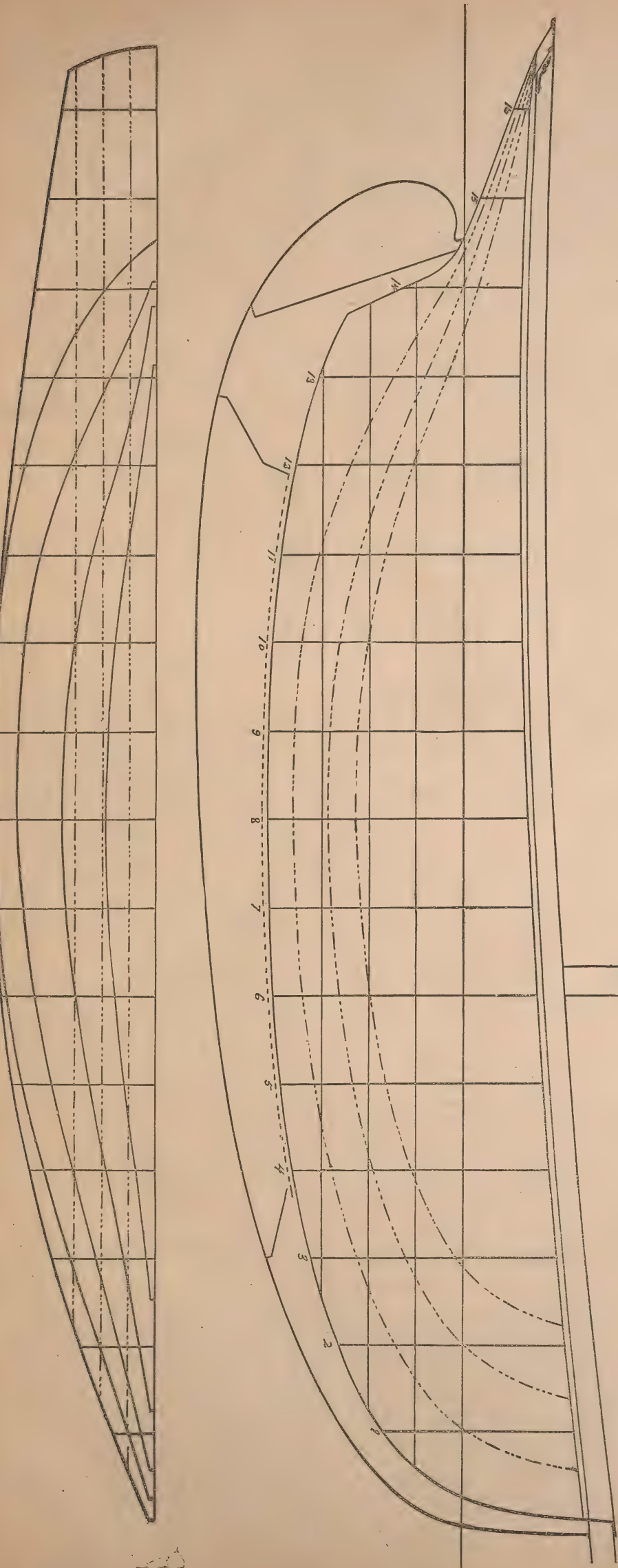
Home to the bell Buoy went the fleet, Atalanta now doing much better, passing the buoy as follows:

Aileen.....	2 29	Cygnat.....	3 22
Atalanta.....	3 00	Verve.....	3 26
Oriole.....	3 10	Condor.....	3 36

From here Atalanta took the lead, Aileen's spinnaker getting away from her and being finally cut adrift. The finish was as follows:

Aileen.....	3 41 35	Actual.	Corrected.
Atalanta.....	3 37 15	5 09 55	5 00 49
Verve.....	4 17 35	5 46 00	5 15 43
Oriole.....	3 50 30	5 19 15	5 19 15
Cygnat.....	4 09 22	5 53 37	
Condor.....	4 23 35	5 59 40	

Aileen takes the R. C. Champion Flag, the Prince of Wales Challenge Cup, the Anderson Challenge Cup, the Murray Challenge Cup, the Champion Flag of the Toronto Y. C., and \$150. The Atalanta takes a second prize of \$75 in the R. C. and one of \$50 in the T. Y. C., and Verve takes two-thirds of \$40 and \$35.



YOLANDE.

WE publish this week the lines and sail plan of the little Yolande, built in 1880, by Piepgrass, of Greenpoint, from the designs of her owner, M. Roosevelt Schuyler, Esq. After designing the Muriel in the previous year, for Mr. Charles Stillman, Mr. Schuyler, one of the earliest and most enthusiastic advocates of the cutter, planned the Yolande for his own use.

The main object sought was to obtain room for living on board in comfort, not merely room for an occasional night's rest if caught out, but such quarters as a man could be comfortable in, and the division of space is not less ingenious than economical. The forecabin is so arranged as to give room for a berth for a man, besides stove, lockers, ice box and room to cook. A bulkhead separates it from the owner's stateroom which lies just abaft it and is 6½ ft. long and of the same width, with 5 ft. 10 in. under the skylight, there being, of course, no house, but a low skylight.

On the starboard side of the cabin is the berth, with stowage space below, and on the port side is a clothes locker, bureau and wash basin. The locker is so arranged that the lower portion opens into the stateroom and is used for clothes, and the upper portion opens into the cabin, making a china closet. The opening into the after cabin is closed by a curtain, and an ingeniously devised lamp is hung to the bulkhead so as to be turned into the cabin, or, if desired, swung forward over the berth in stateroom, making a reading light.

In the cabin are two seats, making up beds at night, while the space aft is divided into lockers for stores, lines, etc. Under the cockpit, which is high above the water-line, is a drawer for linen and clothes. The ballast is nearly all outside, thus giving up all the space inside for accommodations.

She is rigged, of course, as a cutter. While she has taken part successfully in a number of races, she has been used mostly for cruising.

DIMENSIONS AND ELEMENTS OF YOLANDE.

Length on deck	31ft.
Length on L.W.L.	26ft. 6in.
Beam	7ft.
Draft	5ft. 10in.
Ballast on keel	9,600lbs.
Displacement	8 tons.
Area midship section	14.78sq. ft.
Area load waterline	118sq. ft.
Midship section abaft center of L.W.L.	1.3ft.
Center of buoyancy abaft center of L.W.L.	1ft.
Center of buoyancy below L.W.L.	1.4ft.
Meta center above center of buoyancy	1.5ft.
Mast, deck to hounds	23ft. 6in.
Masthead	4ft.
Topmast, fid to sheave hole	19ft.
Bowsprit outboard	14ft. 8in.
Boom	35ft.
Gaff	17ft.
Splinker boom	31ft.
Area of mainsail	479sq. ft.
Area of foresail	115sq. ft.
Area of jib	171sq. ft.
Total area of sail	765sq. ft.

RACES AT LYNN, SEPT. 13.

THE second championship race of the Lynn Y. C. was sailed on Saturday last, starting at 4 P. M. The course for the second class boats was from off clubhouse, around old sunk buoy, leaving Point of Pines, western lobster rock and old sunk buoys on port, returning leaving western lobster rock buoy on starboard (seven miles) and for third class, from judges' boat, leaving Point of Pines and western lobster rock buoy on port to starting point, distance five miles. The wind was from the northwest, blowing fresh, with squalls. Daisy D. the winner of the first race of the series, carried away her throat halliards and was last home.

SECOND CLASS.			
	Length.	Actual.	Corrected.
Jennie L., C. H. Lockart	23.00	1 31 53	1 08 27
Pearl, J. F. Lee	22.04	1 35 29	1 10 50
Viola, E. C. Smith	20.00	1 40 00	1 15 06

THIRD CLASS.			
	Length.	Actual.	Corrected.
Georgie, W. B. and F. E. Newhall	18.06	1 06 24	0 46 01
Crest, G. B. Gordon	18.06	1 03 18	0 47 55
Daisy D., F. W. Martin	18.07	1 08 50	0 48 32

The next race occurs on Tuesday afternoon, Sept. 23, over the same course.

Judges—Joseph W. Haines, Arthur L. Babb and J. L. Atwill.

The West Lynn Y. C. also raced at 3 P. M. on the same day, the course for first class being from the judges' boat around Pine's Point, Western Lobster Rock, and old sunk buoy to judges' boat, 7 miles, and for second class, around Pine's Point, Western Lobster Rock and Sand Point to judges' boat, 5 miles, and for third class a 3-mile course.

The winners were: First class, Blooch, 1:09:33; second class, Raven, 0:48:18; third class, Crescent.

The prizes sailed for were pennants in each class to the yacht winning two out of three races. The next race will be on Sept. 27.

Judges—Com. C. W. Rowell, Robert Brymer and Lew Snelling.

"PODGERS" AND THE CUTTERS.—"Cutter" would like to ask "Podgers" whether he wishes to repeat his statement made in his "Cruise Alongshore—III." that the cutters kept together, that the southerly wind placed them miles to windward of the sloops, and whether passing sloops in the same stretch and under the same conditions means nothing. As to the relative amount of seaanship possessed by "Podgers" as compared with "Cutter," it seems to "Cutter" immaterial. The only question is as to a statement of fact, and "Cutter" proposed as arbitrators in this connection the owners or their representatives of the sloops sailing for the Golet cup. "Cutter" repeats his assertion that the facts as presented by "Podgers" were inaccurate, and would ask how the three cutters could have kept together when they approached the Block Island buoy from different points of the compass. That "Podgers" was there, "Cutter" is willing to admit, because he says so, but would never have believed it from his account of the race already referred to. "Cutter" has never been sufficiently wealthy to possess a sailing master, but would be charmed to take "Podgers" for a sail in his small cutter if he dares risk his precious life in the type of craft for which he professes so much contempt.—CUTTER.

A REVIVAL IN HAMILTON.—The series of yacht races on Burlington Bay, of which the fifth was sailed last Saturday, has given the sport a much needed boom in Hamilton. Interest in yachting has all along been manifested there, but it failed to take deep hold among those who were most able to indulge in it. Of late, however, there is a marked revival of the yachting spirit among gentlemen of means, and half a dozen fine boats are reported as probable additions to the Burlington Bay fleet next season. Mr. F. S. Mallock, who had a tidy 6-ton yawl built for this season, is reported to have given an order for a fine 40-ton cutter for next year. It is said that Mr. H. W. Sewell will also be a yacht owner next season. Both boats are to be built by Thomas Dalton, who has turned out several fast ones. Several East-end residents are also among the prospective yacht owners of Hamilton, and it is altogether probable that the Burlington Bay yachting fleet of next season will be such as would be a credit to any lake port.—Toronto Globe, Sept. 12.

THE LOSS OF THE YACHT MIGNONETTE.—The Mignonette, 33 tons, left Southampton, Eng., for Australia, on May 19 last, and on June 11, when near the equator, was sunk in a heavy squall. Four of her crew, the captain, two seamen and a boy, took to the dinghy, with a few cans of provisions hurriedly gathered, but no water. After suffering terribly for twenty days, eight of them without any food at all, the captain opened a vein in the boy's arm, and on his death ate his flesh, which kept them alive until their rescue by the German bark Montezuma, on July 5. Their boat had drifted 1,000 miles in the twenty-four days. On their arrival in England the captain was tried and found guilty of manslaughter, but has not yet been sentenced.

REGATTA AT COLLINGWOOD, ONT.—The annual regatta was sailed on Sept. 12 in high wind over a course of 11 miles. The starters in the first class, for a purse of \$100, included three schooners, Sunrise, Mystery and Philadelphia, and a sloop, the Wideawake. The second class included the schooners Mary, Empress and Florence M. A start was made at 11 A. M. for first class and 11:30 for second. Philadelphia was first in, but Mystery protested against her, claiming a foul at one of the buoys. The referee ordered the race resailed on the following day. Mary won in the second class.

CLEVELAND Y. C.—The annual fall regatta of the Cleveland Y. C. on Sept. 10 was spoiled by the weather, the wind being too light to make a race in six hours. The yachts entered were started at 11:10 A. M. The times of starting were: Davis, 11:16:50; Daisy, 11:17; Lady Ida, 11:18:15; Rover, 11:18:50; Lulu, 11:19:50; Ida, 11:24:25. The course was sixteen miles, half of it to windward. The times of finish were: Lulu, 5:29:30; Daisy, 5:54:45; Ida, 6:13; Rover, 6:20. As the Lulu was a few minutes over the time, it has not been decided whether to call it a race or to order it resailed.

A TINY STEAMER, brought across the Atlantic in a big one and towed through the St. Lawrence River and lakes, is finally to be carried by men 40 miles overland to Lake Pend d'Oreille, which is close to the northern boundary line of Idaho. She is owned by Englishmen who have bought a tract of land there.

ADRIFF IN A SMALLBOAT.—Last Thursday afternoon two men in the yacht Bertie anchored off Life Saving Station No. 12, on Cape Cod, and went ashore in their dinghy for water. In returning they broke one oar and were unable to row, and drifted offshore as evening approached. After drifting some time, their little 10ft. boat being half full of water, they were picked up by the schooner H. B. Metcalf, Capt. Rossitt, and landed in Portland. The Bertie was brought into Provincetown by two of the crew of a fishing schooner.

RACING AT MONTREAL.—The annual race for the championship flag of the Montreal Y. C. took place over the six-mile course at Longueuil on Saturday, and was won by Messrs. Roberts' Violet, sailed by Mr. C. W. Barnes, 1 hour 42min. 40sec. The Wanderer came in second, with Iris a good third. For the open sailboat race there were five entries: distance, three miles. Mr. D. Beattie's Swiftsure came in first, Mr. E. Sheppard's Hattie second.—*Toronto Mail*, Sept. 12.

AN ACCIDENT TO A BOATING PARTY.—At a picnic near Brown's Mills, N. J., on Sept. 12, six girls, one of whom could swim, were out on the lake in a row boat, which after drifting into deep water, capsized. The Rev. Robert Burke and E. A. Fairchild of Philadelphia, who witnessed the accident, swam out, and with great difficulty succeeded in getting the girls to the boat, where they hung on until rescued from the shore.

A BLOCK ISLAND BOAT IN FRANCE.—We learn from *Le Yacht* that a boat has been built in France from the designs which we published some time since, and which appeared later in *Le Yacht*. The builder was M. Pexier, of Paris, and the boat has attracted much attention in the ports she has visited.

BELLEVILLE Y. C.—The first race for the flag presented by Com Biggar will be sailed early next season, probably in May. As the Atlanta is about to be sold out of the club, Mr. Bell has been asked to withdraw his challenge.

STEAM YACHT RACE.—The race between the Sphinx and Petrel did not take place last week, and is now declared off.

Canoeing.

FIXTURES.

Sept. 20.—Knickerbocker C. C., Fall Races.
Oct. 4.—New York C. C., Fall Races.

THE CANOES OF 1884.

[Concluded from page 114.]

OF course next to the boats themselves, the sails were the most important feature to the observer, and of these there was a great variety. The lateen, pure and simple, was less numerous than at the other meets, but its rival, the balance lug, was there in full force; however, it looks as though the question was to be settled by the adoption of a compromise. Against many bad ones, the lateen can claim one excellent feature: When the sheet comes in on a wind, the boom exerts an actual leverage on the yard, being hinged to it, prying the head of the latter directly to windward, a result obtained with no other sail, making it possible to lie very close, but in spite of this advantage there are too many points against it as a cruising sail.

The lug, on the contrary, in one shape or another, is adapted for almost all work, but there is one strong objection made by those who have used it on small and light ballasted canoes, the excess of weight aloft. It is improbable that we shall see a sail of more than 100 sq. ft. in a sail for instance, but an ingenious individual has hit on a compromise between it and a lateen, which has been tried on a number of boats, and promises good results. This sail, devised, we believe, by Mr. S. R. Stoddard, is really a balance lug with the lower portion, or all up to the second batten, cut off, leaving a settee sail with one batten. That portion above the batten is, of course, triangular, and when the sheet comes in on a wind, while the portion between boom and batten is rectangular, as in a lug, the full sail thus resembling a balance lug with two reefs in. The reefing and hoisting arrangement are very ingenious, but require cuts to explain them properly, which we will give later on. This sail with a mutton leg or lateen dandy makes an excellent rig for small canoes, and a number were seen in the races.

The jib also appeared on several boats, being required to preserve the balance owing to the positions of masts and centerboard, but we still doubt necessity for it in a properly-planned canoe. Spinnakers were not seen at the meet, and in fact have not come into general use here yet.

The balance lugs were many of them fitted with excellent reefing gears of various kinds, by which sail could be quickly and surely reduced. One or two boats essayed topsails, but they were of more trouble than they were worth. Psyche astonished the camp one day by appearing with a mainsail of 55ft. forward, above a topsail, her small mizzen of 17ft., and a mizzen aft of 35ft., presenting a very peculiar appearance. One fan mainsail was present, but did not create a favorable impression. One thing is evident from the races, that the average standard of sailing has risen greatly, and a man who will must avail himself of every advantage, perfect sails, proper trim, good boat, and a thorough knowledge of what he is doing. The ignorance of some fairly good sailors, as to rules of the road, and the Association rules, does little credit to them, and we advise them to study carefully all such questions during the winter. The Regatta Committee owe it to every man who takes the trouble to get his boat ready for a race, to enforce strictly the rules, and disqualify, without a protest, every one who breaks them. We have mentioned rudders, but the other end of the string, the steering gear, is just as important.

The connection between the two is now made in several ways. Some employ chains, some cord and some copper wire, the latter being the best, but the wire must be so fitted that it is not bent at each movement, or it will soon be twisted off. We have seen it condemned for this reason when, if properly fitted, it will last for years. One boat that came under our notice, a high-priced and handsome craft, had two little strings for rudder lines that broke the first time any strain was thrown on them. It is on such details as these that the comfort always, and sometimes the life, of the canoeist depends, and if the price will not allow the builder to make everything first-class let him skimp some of the gimcrack and fancy work and put in reliable steering gear and stout apron or hatch, but then the average canoeist, who looks through some one else's eyes at this or that fancied improvement, would not buy the boat.

Here is advice gratis to all beginners who are buying canoes—but they won't follow it. First—have a hull of good dimensions and safe model, stiff and seaworthy; second, have the best compartments, wood, metal, or other material you can get, and have a rudder of proper size, hung on strong brass braces, with little screweyes as sometimes used, and connected by very strong lines to a very strong steering gear that can be adjusted to your leg and that cannot slip out of place. If it is going to do such a thing, it will choose the time when all depends on keeping head to sea, and when it is simply impossible to take off the apron, go below and repair damages. The leg of a man is a toggle joint, one of the most powerful combinations known, and when the back is firmly braced, the force exerted by the foot is enormous and enough to carry away a much stronger gear than is usually furnished, especially as the pressure cannot always be carefully graduated in a race or in a hard pull. Now that you have the requisites you can nickle-plate them, gild them, veneer them, and do all you can to make a canoe look like anything but a boat, but you love canoeing, don't you, and bring discredit on it by an accident due to a neglect of these essentials.

Now for the ugly hatch, an invention of Mr. Tredwen's, who has probably devised more ingenious fittings than any other canoeist. The well is square forward and aft, the coaming at the forward end is about 1/2 in. higher than the sides, the hatch is flat, no curve, and comes against the deck by means of a hinge, but the side coamings, and is hinged to the forward coaming by a peculiar hinge which allows it to be taken off easily, but prevents it being washed away. The sides of this hatch are outside of the coaming, and extend down to the deck. This hatch extends over nearly one-half the distance from the fore end of the well to the canoeist, the other half being covered by a similar hatch hinged to No. 1. An apron may be carried, rolled up on No. 2 in front of the hatch, or buttoned on the flounce jacket may take its place. In use hatch No. 2 is hinged to the other, and to open it it is turned back, lying flat on No. 1. Now to open both they are turned forward once more, until No. 2 lies on the deck, forward of the well, No. 1 lying on top of it. Both are hinged fast and cannot wash off, they are instantly closed or opened, they make a flat table when closed, and are a perfect protection against water, but they are as strong as can be, the square well being out of harmony with all the curves of the boat. We have not enumerated all their advantages, however, and shall defer them until a picture is ready, when we think it will be possible to show another great point, dispensing with a four-storied pile of lock-up hatches, as now provided. The pointed well is, without doubt, the handsomest yet put in a

canoe, and the best, except for the difficulty of fitting an apron to it, which is considerable. It throws the water to either side, and keeps it out for a long time after it would come in in showers with the square well, but when you have to close it in a hurry, its bad side is visible at once. The hatches are curved and will spring out of shape.

The paddles at the meet were of various patterns, the majority being of the styles made by Rushton and Stephens, larger blades than the old paddles. Emerson had some with a short, wide blade, and while not as handsome as the other styles, they were no better in use. The lengths ranged from 8 to 10 ft., although some of 9 1/2 and 10 ft. were used. Where we stop it is impossible to say, but 8 ft. will soon be considered as short for a 20in. boat as 7 ft. was a few years ago; and, on the other hand, it is improbable that the coming paddle will exceed 10 ft., as beyond that the leverage is too great. We venture to predict a standard for 30 to 35in. boats of 9 ft. The single paddles were present in large numbers, but less diversity of pattern.

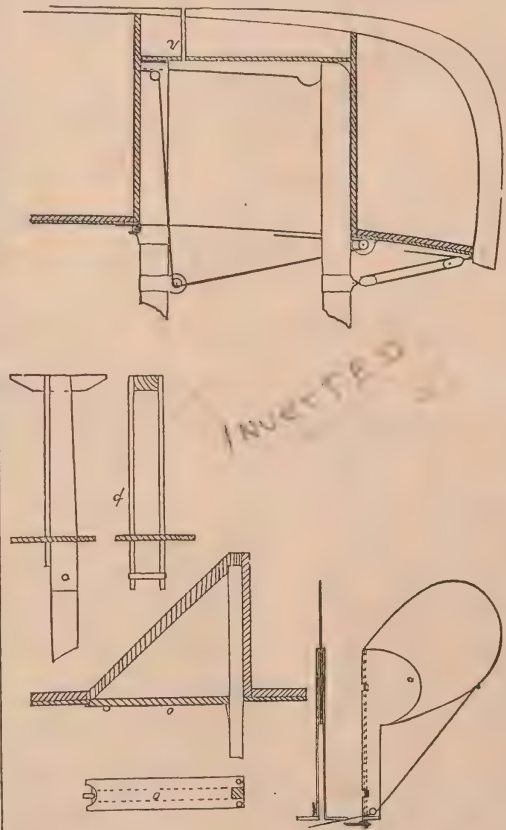
About seats, canoeists each year are sitting higher in paddling, and we have not seen any one yet who found himself too high. Mr. Johnson used a box for a seat, bringing him above the coamings. The Mohican C. C. have a very ingenious seat, which makes a backboard in paddling, and when turned down makes a seat as wide as the boat across the coamings, for sitting on deck in sailing. Apropos of position in a canoe, a canoeist told us lately that he had sat for two years where the builder told him to, and only within two weeks discovered by accident that in a position one foot further forward he could paddle easier and faster, and his boat sailed very much closer; so do not take it for granted that a builder knows all, but go ahead and learn your boat for yourself.

AMATEUR CANOE BUILDING.

Fifteenth Paper.

RUDDERS.

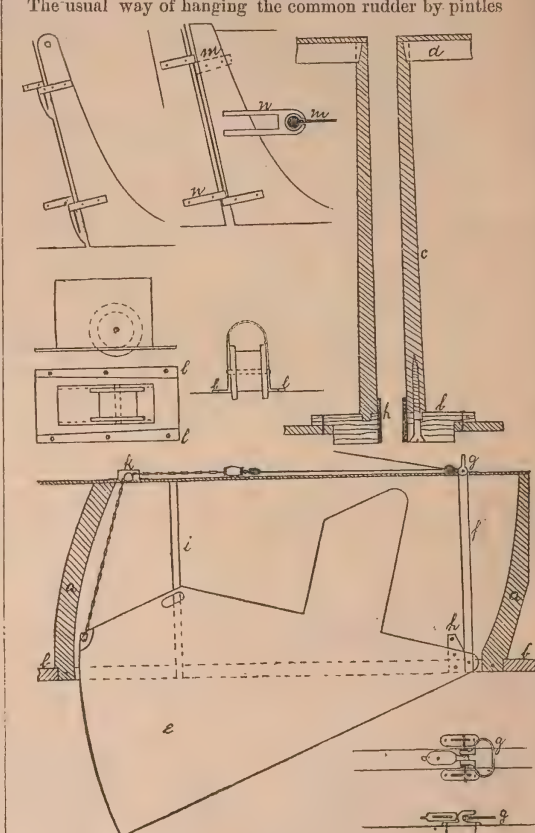
IT is most essential to the safety of a canoe that there shall be some means of steering besides the paddle. The boat is so long that it cannot be turned quickly by the latter, the leverage being comparatively short, and on all but the smallest Rob Roys a rudder is a prime necessity. The first canoes were built with stem and stern nearly alike, both with a long curve, to which it was very difficult to fit a rudder. One plan was to use a curved rudder and braces fitted to turn, but such a rudder is not only difficult to ship but will unship itself on the least provocation. In another plan a false stern was made fitting the sternpost, to which it was fastened, but straight on its after edge, to which the rudder was hung. This plan also was clumsy and unsatisfactory, and finally discarded. Another plan was to use a long arm



for the lower brace, projecting three or four inches from the sternpost, so that the rudder hung vertically; but this, too, is now little used. For many years the sternposts have been straight, though mostly set at an angle to the keel, as in the old Shadows, giving a good support for a rudder. There was a decided objection to this plan, however, as it was very difficult to launch the canoe from a bank or dock if the water was shoal, the sternpost sticking in the mud and, in addition, it made the canoe hard to turn round. To obviate these objections and yet allow the rudder to hang properly without causing a drag, as it will on a curved or raking sternpost, some canoes of late have had the sternpost vertical, or nearly so, from the water up, giving 7 to 9 in. to support the rudder, but below the water the heel is rounded quickly away into the rocker of the keel, allowing the boat to be pushed stern first into mud without sticking fast, and also increasing the ease of turning.

In form the rudder, especially for rough water, should drop below the level of the keel several inches, so as to have a good hold on the water, even when the boat is pitching among waves. With this form of rudder, shown in the large plates of canoes, a tricing line is sometimes used, being made fast to the rudder, and running over a sheave in the sternpost at deck, by means of which the rudder may be raised in shoal water. The idea of a drop rudder in two parts is not new, but its practical application to canoes is of recent date, one of the first having been fitted to the Atlanta by Mr. S. R. Stoddard in 1883. These rudders, now coming into general use, are made of sheet brass, as shown in the drawing, a portion being fitted on a pivot like a centerboard, allowing it to drop to a distance or to rise on striking any obstacle, while it may be raised by a line from the well. This rudder acts, to a certain extent, as an after centerboard, allowing the centerboard proper to be placed further forward than would otherwise be possible. Besides this it has a further advantage, that on most canoes it may be so proportioned as to fold up, leaving nothing below the water-line, thus obviating to a great extent the necessity for removing the rudder at all, as the boat may be launched with the rudder attached, but folded up so as not to strike bot-

tom. If the rudder and yoke are both strongly made, they offer excellent handles by which to lift the after end of the canoe. The stock of the rudder is made of one piece of sheet brass doubled, the rod on which the rudder hangs running down inside the seam as shown. The top of each side is turned down horizontally, and to the two the rudder-yoke is rivetted. The drop portion of the rudder fits between the two sides, a bolt or rivet passing through the three. The usual way of hanging the common rudder by pintles



and braces, is shown also. A better plan is to have two braces on the rudder, as well as two on the sternpost, with a rod of 1/2 in. brass running down through them, allowing the rudder to rise up, but not to unship. An old but very good plan is shown at (m). On the rudder are two braces, each with a hole through it. A similar brace is placed below on the sternpost, and a brass rod is screwed or riveted permanently into it. The upper end of the rod is held by a brace with a slot cut in it, as shown, so as to allow the lower brace on the rudder to pass through it. A somewhat similar device is that patented by Captain Knight, while one on a different plan has lately been perfected by the writer.

The rudder yoke should be strong and well proportioned, as it sometimes receives heavy blows. The arms need not be over 4 1/2 to 5 in. long each, as the shorter length will give power enough. Sometimes instead of a yoke a grooved wheel is fitted to the rudder head, the lines running in the groove. This gives control of the rudder in any position, even when backing, and has another advantage in that the mizzen sheet cannot foul and the yoke cannot catch in lines or bushes.

TABERNACLES.

It is now considered necessary in order to spar a canoe to the best advantage, to place the masts so near the ends that it is very difficult, or even impossible to unship them when afloat, especially in rough water. The requirements, both of convenience and safety, however, dictate that they must be capable of being lowered, both for bridges, trees, warps and when in very rough water. The arrangements by which this end is attained are called tabernacles, several styles of which are shown. In one form the deck is not cut, but the heel of the mast is pivoted between two pieces of (p) oak, each 2 1/2 x 3 in. above deck, fastened securely to the keel and projecting 4 1/2 to 5 in. above deck. These pieces are covered above deck with sheet brass 1/2 in. thick, and the heel of the mast is bound with the same to prevent splitting. A pin or bolt of 1/2 in. brass goes through the three, the mast turning on it. The after side of the tabernacle is also of 1/2 in. oak, projecting 1 1/2 in. above deck, or enough to catch the heel of the mast and prevent the later from going forward. The mast is raised and supported by a forestay and tackle from the stemhead, to permit which, the sail, if a balance lug, must have a great peak.

Another simple form was fitted to a canoe in 1880 by the writer. A triangular box was set in the forward part of the canoe, fastened at the bottom to the keel, and at the top to the deck, in which a slot was cut, as wide as the mast and about 1 ft. long, the box, of course, being of the same width inside. In practice, the canoeist, seated in the well, could place the mast in the box, leaving it, for paddling, lying at an angle of 45 degrees, but when desired to raise it, by going on the knees the mast could be thrown easily into an upright position, and held by a wooden chock (o) slipped into the slot behind it. This chock, with its sides projecting over the slot, completely covered it, and kept out all water. When the mast was not in use, its place was taken by a square plug. The chock was fitted at its fore end and to slide under two screw heads which held it down, and its after end was kept down with a brass button.

Another and better form of tabernacle is that devised by Mr. Tredwen and fitted to the Pearl canoes. This is a square box 15 to 18 in. long, as wide as the diameter of the mast and as deep as can be fitted to the boat. It is lined with sheet copper and provided with a drain (r) at the bottom. For racing purposes two light boxes of wood are made, wide enough to fit in the tabernacle, their united length just filling the remainder of the box when the mast is in it. If the mast is to be set forward, both boxes are slipped in behind it; the mast may be set aft, the boxes being forward of it, or the mast may be placed between the two boxes. By this device the mast may be tried in almost any position until its proper place is found. In the Pearl the large and small

mainsails are both used with the same mizzen, the position of the sails being changed so that both will balance properly. In cruising, the mast is fitted to lower by means of a line from the well. In one method the brass band to which the blocks are fastened is fitted with two lugs or trunnions, at the height of the deck. These lugs engage in two hooks screwed to the deck at the after end of the tabernacle, being raised by a heel rope led over a sheave in the heel of the mast, thence through a sheave on the after side of the mast above deck, and thence through a sheave forward of the tabernacle, giving a very powerful purchase. By another plan the mast is hoisted by a purchase made fast at the stem head and also to the mast above the deck. With either of these arrangements, no forestay is needed. To set the mast at the fore end of the tabernacle, no lugs are required, but a chock is dropped into the bottom to prevent the heel from coming aft, and the purchase is used to bring the mast upright and hold it there.

A. C. A. EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.
AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION.
EXECUTIVE OFFICE, ALBANY, N. Y., SEPT. 9, 1884.
THERE will be a meeting of the Executive Committee of the Association, at the Delevan House, Albany, N. Y., on Saturday, Oct. 4, at 10 A. M.
All members of the Association are cordially invited to present, either in person or by letter, any suggestions or ideas for the action of the Committee that they may deem of benefit to the Association. By order of the Commodore. C. A. NEDÉ, Secretary A. C. A.

ROCHESTER C. C.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Rochester reports an increased interest in canoeing, the meet having supplied the needs any place. Our Captain, Rear-commodore Andrews, has presented a silver cup, to be sailed for in a series of races, the winner to be the owner. For these races the average system has been adopted, and the first race was sailed on September 11. Three entries were made: Rowen, a Row, Class B; Eleanor, a single, Class B; Bertha, a Mellen, Class A. Course, 3 miles, triangular. Sail area limited. Class A, 50ft.; Class B, 75ft. The wind was anything but satisfactory,

heavy squalls and calms alternating. The Rowen was the only canoe to finish, the Bertha having spilled her crew at the first buoy, and the Eleanor losing her mainsail at the same point. Rowen's time 1:07:30. The fall races will occur Oct. 9, at Irondequoit Bay.—ELEANOR.
BAYONNE C. C. This club held their first annual regatta on Sept. 13, in a high northwest wind, which caused a change in the programme. A number of canoes were on hand at the club house on Newark Bay, among them some from Newark, and several boats of the New York C. C. The paddling race, 3/4 miles, was won by F. B. Collins, B. C. C., in the Mist. The sailing race, 3 miles, was won by C. V. K. Schuyler, N. Y. C. C., in the Pirate.
KNICKERBOCKER C. C.—At the regatta of this club on Saturday next, one sailing race will be open to club members only. The club house is at 1521 street, North River.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.
PONTIER.—See note on rail shooting in our Game Bag columns.
MAY 28.—We can supply back numbers of any date you wish.
J. H., Philadelphia.—Address the party at No. 230 Goswell-road, London, England.
W. D. L.—New York law provides that you may shoot ruffed grouse after Sept. 1, squirrels after Aug. 1 and quail after Nov. 1.
A. F., New York.—Go to Fuller's at Meacham Lake, or to the Forge House, via Boonville. You will be too late for trout fishing.
R. M., Good Ground.—For ruffed grouse try Rockland county. We do not know where you can find the grouse and ducks in conjunction.
J. W. C.—1. Quail will not be in season before Nov. 1 in this State. For the other birds try the vicinity of Monticello, Sullivan county. 2. We cannot refer you to any one from whom you could hire a dog for a fortnight.
H. B., White House.—1. Try Wm. Lane's, Good Ground, Long Island. 2. Non-pedigreed very frequently make good ones; the excellence has to have a beginning somewhere. 3. The names of shot you give are trade marks. 4. Cast barrels are not so strong as the twist and others.
C. R. G., Salamanca, N. Y.—Please inform me what the law is in regard to bringing game to the States from Canada. Ans. The law provides that "the export of deer, wild turkeys and quail in the carcass or parts thereof, is hereby declared unlawful and prohibited, and any person exporting or attempting to export any such articles, shall, for each such offense, incur a penalty of \$100, and the articles so attempted to be exported shall be forfeited, and may, on reason-

able cause of suspicion of intention to export the same, be seized by any officer of customs, and if such intention be proved, shall be dealt with as for breach of the customs laws."
A. W., Massillon, O.—The Per-lan insect powder will keep fleas off from dogs. It can be had at drug stores. Rub in well. We know of no such gun. Other query will be answered next week.
J. G. G.—1. You do not state distance at which gun performance was made, but if it was thirty or forty yards, the pattern was all that could be desired. 2. The thick felt wad will answer admirably. 3. You will find better results from the use of brass shells.
E. W. P., New Bedford, Mass.—The wild rice will undoubtedly prove an attraction for the wildfowl if you can succeed in making it grow. Write for seed to Charles Gilchrist, Port Hope, Ont. The rice should be sown in the fall. Rabbits would stay on the island, but it is questionable if the birds would.
H. Q., Falmouth, Mass.—1. Should one feed pups (just weaned and after) on hot food? 2. Can a person who has had no experience raise a pup? 3. Have any of Nimrod's (champion) get taken first prizes at bench shows, or won in field trials, or in any way made themselves famous? Ans. 1. Warm, but not hot, 2. Yes. 3. We have no record of any.
B. H. J., Boston, Mass.—Ans. 1. For eligible guide who is familiar with the Moosehead Lake and West Branch of the Penobscot regions, put yourself in communication with the proprietor of the Mt. Kineo House, Moosehead Lake, Me. 2. You will find large game there and grouse. 3. The fishing will be over Oct. 1. For digest of the game laws, write to E. M. Stillwell, Bangor.
J. L. S.—I have read my split bamboo rod for two weeks' fishing this summer and two weeks of last summer. Last week I revarnished it (the first time since I bought it) and it looks very well; but I am not certain that it should not have another coat or two, or will the one be sufficient? Ans. If the varnish is not cracked it will be best to let it remain. If it needs varnishing send it to the maker, as it will then be properly done.
CONSTANT SUBSCRIBER.—Is it too late to fish for black bass about Oct. 15, and if not, what, in your judgment, would be the best bait to use at that time? Also, please inform me how crayfish are kept alive? are they kept in water or in moss? also, how can I tell an Oswego from a black bass? Ans. It is not too late. The best is the dobson or helgramite, crayfish, frogs, and minnows are also good. Crayfish may be kept in wet moss. The big-mouth black bass has the maxillary bone very long and it reaches behind the eye; the small-mouth has it shorter, it comes below the front or middle of the eye. The "Oswego," as you miscall it, is the big-mouth; it has no fine scales on its dorsal fin as the other has; hold the fish to the light to see this.

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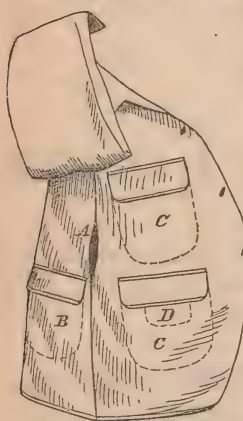
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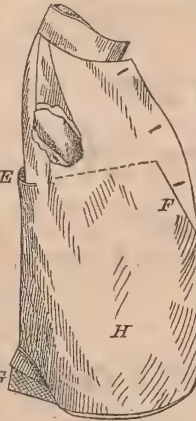
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FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

TERMS, \$4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY.
SIX MONTHS, \$2.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 25, 1884.

VOL. XXIII.—No. 9.
Nos. 39 & 40 PARK ROW, NEW YORK.

SUBSCRIPTIONS

May begin at any time. Subscription price, \$4 per year; \$2 for six months; to a club of three annual subscribers, three copies for \$10; five copies for \$16. Remit by registered letter, money-order, or draft, payable to the Forest and Stream Publishing Company. The paper may be obtained of newsdealers throughout the United States, Canada and Great Britain. American newsdealers should order through the American News Company, those in England, Scotland and Ireland, through Messrs. Macfarlane and Co., 40 Charing Cross, London, England.

Address all communications,
Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

Nos. 39 AND 40 PARK ROW.

NEW YORK CITY.

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THE SUPPORT OF BENCH SHOWS.

EVERY man or club having the pluck is at perfect liberty to give one dog show or a dozen. Every owner of a dog also has the right to exhibit it or withhold it from exhibition.

This liberty being conceded, there yet remains the consideration of expediency. A dog show is expedient just so far as it is beneficial to the interests of breeders and owners. The good results are secured in a variety of ways: public appreciation of the several breeds is stimulated; a generous rivalry is excited among breeders, and the products of careful and intelligent mating are rewarded. That these ends may be secured, it is essential that the promoters of a show should hold such a position, being themselves representatives of the community of sportsmen, as shall afford assurance that the exhibition will be conducted without a suspicion of fraud or prejudice.

So long as the exhibitor is satisfied that these conditions are fulfilled, and has the added guarantee that his dogs will be properly cared for at the show, and that any prizes which may be awarded them will be promptly paid, clearly the financial management of the show is none of his concern. If the money to hold the show and to pay the prizes be guaranteed, it is not of great importance whether it be guaranteed by a club, as at the Westminster shows, or by an agricultural society, as at Philadelphia last week, or by a number of individual breeders, as at the forthcoming National Breeders' Show. Nor, so long as the exhibitor receives his prizes, need he give himself very much concern as to who shares the profits if there are any, or who makes good the losses if any are entailed.

These are the sound and proper principles by which sportsmen in America have been guided in the past in their support of bench shows. They are so very simple and familiar that there would be no need of referring to them now, but for the extraordinary attempt which has been made to lead the public to forget them, and to substitute others of a less tenable nature. Actuated by petty individual malevolence—the grounds of which may be explained in due time—a journalistic endeavor is being made to prejudice the public against the National Breeders' Show, which is to be held at Philadelphia in October. The facts concerning the exhibition have all been published in our columns, and through this journal the public has been fully informed of the character of the exhibition. The secretary, the sponsors and the judges are well known to dog breeders. With men of such standing as its promoters, the intelligent exhibitor can readily form an opinion whether or not the Breeders' Show fills the requirements of the exhibitions that should be heartily indorsed and cordially supported.

Unless we have most woefully misjudged the good sense of American sportsmen, they will not consent to have their eyes blinded by the "mud slinging" to which reference has

been made, nor will they be bullied by such malicious and fatuous misrepresentations into withholding their support of the Breeders' exhibition, and so being unwittingly used as instruments for the wreaking of personal animosity.

THE KEELY GUN TRIAL.

AT the Government station on Sandy Hook on Saturday last a group of gentlemen stood about a very small gun. Its bore was only one and a quarter inches, and its projectile was a 4½ ounce leaden ball. There was no powder in this gun, no dynamite, no compressed air, no explosive of any kind, so far as any of the spectators could see, "no nothing," as one of the staring boatmen comprehensively put it. The weapon was the new vaporic gun invented and constructed by the famous John W. Keely, of motor fame, and this was the first trial in public and over an out-door range. The gentlemen standing about were army officers and experts in other directions of things mechanical. They came, they saw, they were convinced that they had seen something, but just what that something was not one of them could comprehend or explain.

Mr. Keely had come on from Philadelphia to make the exhibition, and had brought with him his bottled up force, and upon a broad platform raised above the sand a few inches the experimental machinery had been arranged. Four feet of copper tubing, about the diameter of an electric light wire, connected the generator with the gun, entering at the vent. The antique bit of ordnance selected by the inventor to demonstrate the adaptability of the mysterious power which he has brought to light looked like an ordinary yacht cannon, mounted upon a wheeled carriage. In the two-inch bore was inserted a brass tube that projected ten inches beyond the mouth. The gun barrel is of steel. The large generator, to which was attached the copper wire tubing, was of chilled iron, with a holding capacity of five gallons. Two feet beyond the generator lay a small heavy iron cylinder, resembling in size and appearance a baker's rolling-pin. This the inventor styled the intensifier. It was of chilled iron, with a capacity of half a gallon. The bore of the copper tube connecting the generator with the intensifier was of one-sixteenth of an inch in diameter, in appearance the same as that connecting the large cylinder with the gun. To load the gun the inventor unscrewed the barrel and placed against the orifice in the chamber three washers, one of rubber and two of gutt-percha. This was to prevent, as he explained, any leakage of the "etheric vapor" with which the gun was about to be charged. Screwing the muzzle back in place, he rammed home against the washers a leaden ball.

Then there was a lively scattering for places of safety and after the inventor had beat a short tattoo upon the holder of the cannon with a wooden mallet, a stop cock was turned and the shot went off with a short, sharp sound. There was, of course, no smoke; neither was the gun heated appreciably, and the recoil was very slight. Shot after shot was fired, until in all nineteen had been sent from the weapon. The initial velocities were taken and showed some variations. The highest was 533 feet per second, or about one-third that obtained from an army rifle. Steel bolt shots were substituted for the leaden ball and one was sent through a three-inch plank, and half way into a second plank. The pressure, according to the claim of the inventor, was about 7,000 pounds to the square inch.

Of course Mr. Keely was interviewed after the experiment and he took up a column of space in telling once more the fairy tale of his invention. He confessed that he had stumbled on his discovery and then went on to talk of humming steel cores, and molecules and streams of etheric vapor, until he had succeeded in creating a fine maze in the mind and then gave this explanation which at least has the merit of brevity. He said: "Stripping the process of all technical terms, it is simply this: I take water and air, two mediums of different specific gravity, and produce from them by generation an effect under vibrations that liberates from the air and water an interatomic ether. The energy of this ether is boundless and can hardly be comprehended. The specific gravity of the ether is about four times lighter than that of hydrogen gas, the lightest gas so far discovered."

Here is the whole thing in a nutshell, and not a very big nut at that. There is no extravagance in the use of either air or water, since the inventor says that the shots at Sandy Hook were fired by the use of six drops of water and a pint of air, and that after all of the shots were fired the air and water remained in the cylinders, which were then filled with more power or energy than when they started. Now comes the era of application after all the years of experimenting.

"Complete success is near at hand. The adaptation of my force to gunnery is positively assured," says the inventor. On a large or small scale the thing is bound to succeed, and it now only remains for gunners to throw their favorite breechloaders into the junk pile and provide themselves with this etheric-vaporic shotgun of the future, a wee cylinder tucked away in the stock, a moistened cap perhaps, and the sportsman is armed for the day. Even the electric gun becomes a clumsy contrivance beside it, and the innovator who has been going about with a battery strapped about his waist, finds himself nowhere besides this latest contrivance for getting something out of nothing, and by tickling a modicum of air with a drop of water, getting a power beside which the great enginery of the world becomes weak in comparison. We are promised a big thing, and we shall wait and see whether it is only a great stock jobbing bit of clever bluff, or whether the long dreamed of power of the future is at hand. The improbable is always happening, has been well said, and if there is aught more improbable than these doings at Sandy Hook, we have yet to hear of it.

BIRDS, BONNETS AND BUTCHERS.

IN one of her stories, George Elliot tells of the little boy who loved birds—that is, loved to throw stones at them. Tens of thousands of matrons and maidens love the birds, too—that is, to wear them on their hats and bonnets and dresses. Birds being in demand for bonnets, butchers are found to supply them.

The industry of slaughtering birds for their feathers is one of such magnitude, that those not familiar with the details are loth to credit truthful statistics. We gave some startling figures on the subject the other day; but we have the best of reasons for believing that they were moderate estimates rather than overstatements.

This work of bird destruction is well organized and persistent. It goes on through spring, summer, autumn and winter, from one year's end to another. There are laws intended to protect some of the birds killed, and prescribing punishments for those who do the killing. But the average bird butcher cares little for such laws. He snaps his fingers, declares that he is "going to knock every thing that wears feathers higher 'n a kite," and consigns the game wardens to perdition. In most cases, unfortunately, the bird butcher is justified in his contempt for the laws.

Here is one example of the class of milliners' agent to which we have had reference. A man living on the eastern end of Long Island acts as a sort of wholesale bird skin purveyor for firms in this city. He has turned his dwelling into an abattoir and a factory for the conversion of bird skins into the various forms demanded by the houses for which he works. Sub-agents are constantly employed in killing sea birds, song birds and insectivorous birds, and bringing them in to him at so much a head or per dozen. Their campaign will be waged so long as there are enough birds found on the island to make it pay. Some persons may think that when the snow comes and the birds have gone the bird butchers' work will cease. Not a bit of it. Birds go south. Butchers can go south, too. The Long Island man is up to snuff. When the birds go to Florida, then he will be there to meet them. He is making preparations for the winter campaign. His boats are already in course of construction. He has bargained for his shot in bulk, at wholesale prices from the manufacturers. He has engaged his assistant butchers. He has provided his cheap guns for the negroes who will aid in the work of destruction. His chemicals, tools and paraphernalia have been selected with the care and knowledge of one who has been there before, as he has been. All through the winter on the Florida coast, in the bays and inlets, and up the rivers and on the lakes, he and his men will gather all that flies. "Shoot everything that has feathers" is the motto. "If it is not called for now," he explains, "it may be some time, and then, you see, I'll have it." When the birds begin to come north he will follow along, banging and skinning and preserving. At Port Royal another headquarters will be established, and there he will secure the services of other negro gunners. Then, by and by, having completed his circuit of bird slaughter, he will swing around to Long Island again.

This is only one. How many more are we have no means of knowing. But this single instance should be sufficient to set men to thinking what the end will be, and to devise some way in which this shameful war of extermination may be interrupted.

The Sportsman Tourist.

RHYMES FOR THE SEASON.

DANVIS, Charlotte Co., Vt.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Here is another fragment which I saved from Mrs. Lovel's rag bag, where, perhaps, it might better have been allowed to remain till it went to the making of good, clean white paper. To that use it may be you will now think best to consign it.

Very respectfully yours,

H. MUMFORD, Teacher in Dist. 13.

IN THE FALL OF THE YEAR.

When the popple leaves 's as scace an' as yaller as gold;
When the braown leaves rustle an' the year's a-growin' old:
The crickets creaks slow when the nights grows cold.

When the patridges' flight has growed strong an' bold,
An' the fox gits so fussy he's a beauty to behold,
The crickets creaks slow when the nights grows cold.

When the wild goose arser is a-shootin' from the cold,
'Taint the time o' year 'at a hunter grows old,
When the crickets creaks slow an' the nights grows cold.

For his heart grows young an' his sperrit scorns the mould
That his body 'll be become when his death bell is tolled:
The crickets creaks slow when the nights grows cold.

'N' his thoughts haint o' things that is bought an' is sold,
'N' it's no matter then if the wimmin folks scold;
The crickets creaks slow when the nights grows cold.

Ole Time drops his glass, 'n' his scythe's aidge don't hold;
For a feller that's a hunter the hours haint told,
When the crickets creaks slow an' the nights grows cold.

A CHATTY LETTER.

Editor Forest and Stream:

A scattering letter, desultory, chatty, and of little account anyhow, that is what I am sending you to-day; for I am at home, the mercury at 98°, and I am resting up after a three months' outing. Not "fishin' an' huntin'," but outing; cruising light canoes (I have two of them), building camps, cooking, botanizing; looking up all points of interest in natural history, so far as I can see and understand; taking in the fine scenery on the upper Susquehanna, and the many cosy camping spots thereabout. My fingers and thumbs are cramped and blistered by paddling; my feet and legs are peeled by sunburn. I am ready for a rest; ready to read up and write up. And firstly the back numbers of FOREST AND STREAM. I see the old controversy of bullet versus buckshot is still going on. "Pickett" has a sensible article on the much-protected but utterly thievish robin, which "Wilmet" answers illogically, while "R. T." wants to treat him as a "game bird;" and "Elkridge" talks very sensibly on the bread question; and the question of snake bites, with the best remedies therefor, has prominent place. Now, I am no scientist. What I have to say is, as Mr. Toots remarks, "of no consequence, not the slightest." But I like to consider myself around the camp-fire, and when better lars than I have talked themselves to a standstill and sheathed their little hatchets, I like to dip my modest paddle into the controversy.

And firstly, as regards buckshot versus bullets, rifle against shotgun. Boys, you are all right, and each wrong. No one style of gun can cover the ground. The best possible gun for quail and snipe isn't the tool you want to go after the grizzly you have lost. The best rifle for heading squirrels is not the one you want for moose and caribou. The best rifle for watching a runaway on a broad river is not the gun you want for "ridging" or starting dogs in a tangled thicket. Cut your coat according to your cloth. If you are delegated to start two "set" of fierce, unruly bounds, and expect a shot among the briars, poplars, chestnut sprouts and fire cherries, take the most powerful shotgun in camp. Load each barrel with six drams of powder and two ounces of buckshot. If you get a shot you will never know whether or no the gun kicked. If you get no chance at a deer you may as well draw the charges.

I like a neat 6½-pound, 20-gauge for snipe and woodcock, a 7½-pound, 14-gauge for grouse, and a heavy 10-bore for duck, wild geese and brant.

Capt. Bogardus, with his skill and his heavy far-killing duck gun, can beat the best of us cutting down deer. And he will send fewer wounded deer away to die miserably than the best rifle shot among us. While the green tenderfoot, who loads his gun as though it were a pair of candle-molds, will wound far more than he kills. Skill, pluck and judgment count for something in hunting, as elsewhere.

There was a time in my earlier hunting days, when, having become rather expert with the hair-triggered muzzle-loader, I came to have a most thorough contempt for the "scatter-gun." I laid down some platforms in those days, the planks of which turned out a little shaky in after years. For instance, "It takes but one bullet to kill a deer; and if a man has but one shot he is pretty certain to make it count." "If you can't get a fair shot don't shoot; and if you can't hit a deer with a fair chance it is only right and sportsmanlike to let it go." All very pretty. But as honest Hans says: "The sooner a man liff the longer he know, the more he find by shimany oud." I found "oud" that I was missing a good many deer, or sending them off wounded, where a second shot would have made an easy, sure thing of venison. Also, I struck places and game that made me fairly long for the despised scatter-gun. Notably in Southern Michigan, where I found myself one bright October, at a time when the M. S. R. R. was just being cut out and graded to the westward of Hudson.

I had started for a fall hunt on the Muskegon, but had stopped at a little village west of Hillsdale to visit an old friend who had emigrated to Michigan with his young wife at a time when half of New England was singing enthusiastic songs about Michigan. His enthusiasm had a good deal abated. Both he and his wife had gone away from their home rosy and healthy. I found them pale and ague-stricken, with three peevish, sickly children. I chose not to quarter myself on them, but took my traps to the Button House, where old man Button agreed to take care of me for \$3 per week, while his buxom daughter offered to keep my clothes in good order for a weekly stipend of twenty-five cents. Those were cheap times and money was scarce. Game and fish were most abundant about the little village of J., and as the weather was warm, and it was early for still-hunting, and as I could have a pleasant rustic room right under the

roof, where I could hear the patter of the rain, and as there was a full supply of milk and eggs, and I was a young man, and Sukey Button was really a fine—but no matter. I decided to camp there for an undecided length of time.

It happened that I didn't camp anywhere else that fall, didn't even see the Muskegon. For the people were kind, the living was good and wholesome, fruit was plenty, and as for game and fish, I could take more in one day than the little hotel could use in four. And the country was, and is to-day, one of the finest and pleasantest in the land, subject to that curse of Michigan, "fever 'n' ager." So I stayed, in an off-hand, unpremeditated way, until I barely caught the last boat from Toledo to Buffalo. How did I pass the time? Gloriously. There was not a day, rain or shine, on which I did not fish or shoot. Scarcely an evening when I did not have a pleasant visit with old man Button and his daughter Sukey, especially his daughter Sukey. The old lady was a victim of "ager," and the daughter was virtually landlady. A smart, capable young woman, with an eye like a moist violet, and a wealth of waving, blue-black hair. Healthy and well formed. Not the sort of a girl you would look for in a malarial country. But it was nothing to me, nothing. Though only twenty-three, I had solemnly sworn that I would have no spouse but the rifle. No wife. But Dame Nature for a mother.

Still, it was pleasant to come in just at dark loaded with game, wash up, get a wholesome supper, then sit by the bright open fire reading poetry to her and old man Button, for they were both intelligent and loved poetry.

The old man tied to Pope and Burns. His favorite poems were the "Essay on Man" and the "Universal Prayer," for Pope, with "Burns's" "Advice to a Young Friend." The daughter liked Byron and Burns. Her favorite poems were "Highland Mary," "Cotter's Saturday Night," and "The Dream." Next to off-hand shooting, I had a conceit that reading poetry was my "best holt."

When I confess that I practiced reading "The Dream" in the woods when alone, it must be understood that it was from no spooony sentiment about any young woman; but only that I might contribute to the innocent enjoyment of a pleasant family circle. ("The Dream" was her favorite.) The duties of the bar often called the old man away, and I think we did not care how much whisky he sold at three cents a glass.

There was a gander-shanked, gawky-looking young fellow, with a high collar made from common sheeting, who used to call about twice a week, and sit twirling his thumbs and looking hungrily at Sukey while we read poetry. I thought he was in love, and did not blame him. Rather I was disposed to be sorry for him and help him, if I could. He "owned a sawmill 'bout five mile off, and was gettin' rich," so old Button told me. From some casual remarks he made to me, and about me, I was led to conclude that he was sharper than he looked. But this is digression. I started to write something about guns and game, and was near being led into a love story. To return.

From the village of J., looking to the west, there was a gradually narrowing vista through the dense forest that seemed to end in a peak as far off as the eye could reach. This was the "Michigan Southern," cut out, but only partially graded. The cars came no further than Adrian, forty odd miles to the eastward. Only two miles up the track there was as good hunting as any man could ask. Two rather extensive, swampy thickets furnished excellent cover for deer and turkeys. Grouse and squirrels were too plenty and tame, and there was not a day in which beaves of quail were not seen in the village, while ducks swarmed on the wheat stubble every evening. The men who worked on the road told daily of seeing scattering deer and droves of turkeys crossing the track within shot, and I began to tire of clipping (or missing) the heads of grouse and squirrels and to hanker for a shot at something larger. It soon came, and rather to my disgust.

I had taken an early start to get on the ground before the workmen came up the track, and was sitting on a stump resting and watching for game when a big gobbler glided out of the swamp and made for the opposite side of the open, followed by a dozen or more well grown turkeys. The rifle came to shoulder and I caught the bead in an instant, but to get the bead fairly on the old gobbler was another matter. His quick, gliding motion, between a walk and a run, fairly threw me out, and I attempted to catch on the next and then on the next. Finally, as they all seemed getting away, I took as good an average as I could get at the tail end of the flock and cut loose, missing the whole blasted lot. And, oh! for the much-abused double-barreled shotgun just for five seconds, for they crossed within thirty yards, and any decent shot could have stopped a couple of the biggest ones. It rattled me so badly that I could not hit a squirrel for the next hour.

There was a genial young doctor in J., who had a fine 14-gauge shotgun, but no time to use it. I went to the village before noon with a fair show of small game, and proceeded to interview the doctor for the loan of his gun, leaving the rifle with him in case he might be called to visit a patient where it was worth while to take a gun along.

I spent a part of the afternoon cutting wads, arranging ammunition, and getting a good ready for a shotgun raid on the turkeys. Early the next morning I was on the ground, and I still-hunted on the best ground till long after noon, but not a turkey could I get sight of.

Smaller game seemed plentier than ever. Even the fox squirrels had lost their accustomed shyness, and gazed calmly on me at short range. But I was not there to shoot at squirrels with four drams of powder, an ounce and a half of BB shot and double wads. So I hunted till the middle of the afternoon without firing a shot, and then made for a spring I knew to rest and eat a lunch, for I had eaten nothing since five in the morning. After lunch, a rest and smoke of course; and while smoking, out walks a lordly buck, twenty rods away, followed by a large doe and a fawn. They came within seventy-five yards of the spring and stopped, broadside on, in the open. Ah, me! The wrong gun again. A big gobbler lost because I had a rifle; a big buck, because I had not one. My notions as to the best hunting gun began to grow a little foggy.

For a full minute they stood still, cautiously looking about, then the buck laid his ears forward, lowered his head, and poked his nose far out in my direction. Something in the air did not suit him. Suddenly he raised his head, whistled and snorted loudly, and galloped off grandly to the swamp, followed by his little family. It was a fine sight, but discouraging. I started for the village in a reflective mood. Suppose I had been using a mongrel gun, i. e., a double barrel, rifle and shot, the barrels lying vertically, rifle barrel on top, and each barrel good of its kind. It is as certain as sunrise that neither deer nor turkey would have

escaped me. I went back to the hotel in a most unamiable state of mind.

Just before sundown I went down to the lake, hid in the shrubs near a cove which the ducks affected, and waited for them to come from the wheat fields. When I had a nice huddle swimming within six rods of the blind, I raked them viciously with both barrels at once, and got kicked flat on my back; but left six unfortunates sprawling on top of the water for old man Button to pick up with the dugout. * * "Went to the hotel; washed up and rubbed shoulder with liniment. Tried to get up a meek, religious frame of mind, but was too full of cussedness. Sukey got up a neat supper and was pleasant as usual.

"Am afraid that girl is thinking too much of me for her own peace of mind.

"In the evening John Hinckley, the gawky sawmill man, came around.

"He sate as usual, twirling his thumbs, looking spooony at the girl, or regarding me with a quizzical smile hard to understand. Perhaps because he owns a portable sawmill and is a few years the oldest, he is inclined to look down on me. He is a good fellow, though, and offered me free quarters if I would come out to the mill and hunt deer. I wish the girl would fancy him."

The above in quotation marks is about what I entered in my diary that night. I reproduce it to show what an "egregious ass" a conceited youngster of three or four and twenty can make of himself.

I modified my notion of sport, and concluded to divide the thing about equally between fishing, wing-shooting and "sneak-hunting" with the rifle. I did so, and can hardly say which afforded the best sport. On one day I would spend the morning fishing from the dugout with a preposterous tamarack pole and strong linen line. In the afternoon go out with the doctor's shotgun, loaded with No. 8, for quail. Limiting myself to a round dozen, I could cut them down in sight of the village, and in an hour. They were so tame that I often had to shy the old wideawake over a bevy to make them rise. Yes, game was plenty then. Just before sundown I would load up with No. 3, and, taking a low sag of the swampy timber, just where the ducks came in for the wheat stubble, make a few easy shots at them. I came to make an aesthetic thing of it. I usually limited myself to a dozen quail or six ducks. I was also a little curious to know how years of careful rifle practice had affected the wing-shooting, in which I once delighted. Well, I found it had made me slower, but not less accurate; rather more certain and deadly. I had fine sport in the timber shooting grouse and squirrels, but for days had no luck on turkeys or deer. Luck came at last.

"All things come round to him who will but wait."

I had gone to the timber early on a bright October morning, notifying old man Button that I would bring in just four grouse and four fox squirrels—grays and blacks to be passed by. Now the grouse were easy to get, and I soon had the four with heads neatly clipped. But the squirrels cost me nearly the rest of the day. No animal that runs the woods is more sagacious than the fox squirrel, and I think him the hardest animal to get a shot at that I ever saw.

If I made three or four misses I did not count them. And if I spoiled one or two by body shots, I did not bring them in. But just before sundown I was walking down the track with my full number, handsomely strung on a broad strap, tails down. They made a handsome picture. And then, two hundred and fifty yards ahead of me, a large doe loped out of the swamp on the left and made for the opposite side. On reaching the middle of the road she paused for an observation, and dropping to a knee rest, I held a full bead at the top of her back and cut loose.

For a moment there was no stir; then she bounded convulsively into the air, tore down the track like mad, and after running a hundred yards, keeled over dead. For a round ball and a light charge of powder, it was a most surprising shot, to me, at least; and I have never since killed a deer at as great a distance, nor have I shot as large a doe. She weighed 120 pounds dressed. That day I had the right gun in the right place.

What with fishing, hunting, and a little platonic love-making in the long, cool evenings, the time stole by almost imperceptibly, and the 10th of November was on me almost before I knew it. The weather had become cold, roads were frozen, and ice formed along the margin of the lake. Wild geese swarmed to the lake every evening, and I took to watching them from the lower corner of a wheat field, where the light seemed most promising. Though I loaded heavily with BB shot and the flocks looked near enough, it was only a partial success. Three evenings and a dozen shots only resulted in three geese and a very lame shoulder, and I began to think of going home.

Now, it happened then and there, as it often happens in frontier settlements, that an old rogue of a buck had taken up his quarters in the swampy thickets about the lake, just where he could handily make midnight raids on wheat fields and turnip patches. Passing his days in easy hearing of dogs, guns, men, cow bells, and all the many noises pertaining to farm life, he had become so cunning that Button declared he "knew more 'n' a boy ten year old." Hewas often jumped by the farm dogs of the settlement, and took it coolly, making a short detour to the clearings, coming back to the lake, and finally swimming off to a brushy, briery island surrounded by reeds, rank grass and wild rice. This was his stronghold, from which neither men nor dogs could hunt him out. Just how and where he managed to hide so cunningly no man ever knew. Several times he was chased by the old dugout and a single paddle, but he could out-swim a hollow log, and always got away. He was what hunters call a "swamp buck," heavy-bodied, short-legged, dark-colored, and with an immense foot for a deer. The local hunters believed he would weigh 250 pounds, and more than one of them had secretly resolved to hunt him down on the first tracking snow. They were doomed to disappointment.

It was in the second week of November that, one cold evening an hour before sundown, I had taken my usual stand to watch for geese. I had scarcely been in position for ten minutes when I heard the eager, sharp yelping of a little cur dog, and in a minute or two a buck—the buck—broke out of the thicket into the wheatfield. He was not fifty rods off, and my heart almost ceased beating as he turned and skirted the margin of the field straight toward my stand. Would he keep on, or dodge into the thicket before getting near enough for a safe shot with anything so small as BB?

The suspense was painful, but of short duration. Steadily, and with head down, he came right on, galloping slowly and

clumsily, not at all like the gallant stags in books. I braced up, kept my nerves down, and just as he was passing within thirty feet, let him have it back of the foreleg. It may have been a barbarous shot, but it was effectual. An ounce and a half of BB, backed by four drams of powder heavily wadded, did the business. Heart and lungs were rattled like a colander, and he only made one heavy, lurching jump after the charge struck him. He was dead almost as soon as he fell. The cur dog did not come in on the track, and by a little after dark, with the help of old man Button, a cart-horse and pung, the big buck was safely housed.

Then I suddenly decided to start for home the next morning before daylight, a decision which Button seriously objected to.

"Better stay with us all winter," he said. "You can go out into the timber and hunt deer as long as the season lasts, from John Hineckley's camp, and you'll be among friends. Snkey thinks a heap of you; and she and John are goin' to get married Christmas—"

"Eh? what!"

"Yes; hadn't you mistrusted it?"

Oh yes, of course I had. And I felt a lump rising in my throat, and was conscious of looking like a fool. I don't know why; the girl was nothing to me—that is, nothing more than a very pleasant acquaintance.

But at 5 o'clock the next morning I was *en route* for Buffalo, which it took two days to reach, and where I found the snow eight inches deep, and the boats in a slushy, snowy jam. But I took a Redbird packet, and as we had the right of way, less than twenty-four hours brought us to Rochester, where I sold the buck for \$25 to "Butcher Edwards," who, if he be alive, will take his "alfred david" that the deer did not weigh 250 pounds, though it did weigh 223 pounds, and was the largest buck I have ever killed.

Two deer and no wild turkey is not much to boast of for a six weeks' tour; but I somehow remember that outing as one of the pleasantest episodes of my life. And it was while coming down the lake that I evolved from my inner consciousness the plan of my next gun, which was briefly as follows: Rifle and shot, barrels lying vertically, looks "over and under," weight 8½ pounds. Shot barrel 14-gauge, rifle, 30 round balls to the pound, conical bullet 40 to the pound. I had it made that winter, and it proved the best all-around gun for sporting and general use I have ever owned. Rather heavy for chipmunks, and not powerful enough for grizzlies. But, as I never hunt either, I managed to keep myself tolerably well healed for anything from a squirrel to a deer. Had the gun not gone up in an unlucky fire it would probably be my favorite to-day.

We mostly—old hunters though we may be—vary in our methods of hunting. "Adios" tells of shooting one deer at 400 yards and another at 800 yards, and says "from 300 to 500 yards is a fair killing distance." I have never killed a deer at as long a distance as even 300 yards, and only one as far off as 250.

Of all the deer I have killed I have shot only two as far off as 200 yards, and to offset this I have shot two so near me that the hair on their sides was powder-burned. I think my shots at deer have averaged less than fifty yards, and I have shot many at about half that distance.

WELLSBORO, Pa., Sept. 6.

A SEARCH FOR AMUSEMENT.

IN the month of July last, our friend, Rev. W. T. J., visited his father, a well-known Baptist clergyman, who, at that time, resided in the immediate vicinity of Hendersonville, in this State, in quest of pure air and water, which his arduous clerical labors had made necessary for his health. Though a "fisher of men," Brother J. does not regard it as unworthy of "the cloth" to indulge, when favorable opportunity offers, in the use of the breechloader and the rod. After sojourning a while in that delightful neighborhood, and feeling somewhat refreshed, he made arrangements for a trip to the upper waters of the French Broad, in Transylvania county, where he was assured the ruffed grouse and speckled trout were in abundance. Knowing quite well the weakness of your correspondent and one or two other friends in this vicinity for the sport which he anticipated, he addressed us an urgent letter, advising us of the day of his intended departure, and earnestly requested that we should reach Hendersonville by the train which left Spartanburg, S. C., at 5 P. M. on Thursday, the 7th of August, and be the guests of his father that night. Teceel and I concluded that we could afford to leave our business for a short while, in order to have such an enjoyable time as was promised, and, accordingly, left home at 3 A. M. of that day, and at 8 o'clock arrived safely at the point of our immediate destination. At the station we were met by our friend and one or more of his brothers and taken to the dwelling where we were to be guests. A cordial welcome awaited us, and, after a pleasant chat with the father, mother and sister of our friend, we were shown to our bedroom and soon became oblivious of all earthly things. At all events, I did; but Teceel assured me next morning that the "sable goddess" brought no repose to him until the "wee sma hours ayant the twn," long after my stentorian breathing had ceased to fall harshly on his ears, and then, in sheer physical exhaustion, he had fallen asleep. Next morning, soon after the sun had gilded the mountain tops, or "joecund day stood tiptoe on the mountain tops" (it has been some time since I read it, and the quotation may not be literally exact) we rose from our couches, went below, and waited but a short while before that welcome sound was heard which is so pleasant to a hungry man. Coffee and milk, and bread, butter, chickens and eggs were eaten with a relish, and the preparations commenced for the trip which we were about to take.

Not long after this, a six-seated vehicle, called a hack, drawn by two horses, made its appearance, and into this our baggage, guns and ammunition were placed, and Sam J., a young lawyer of Greensboro, J. F. J., of Asheville, one of the best wing shots in the country, W. T. J., Teceel and "Wells" took their seats, the first named acting the part of Jehu. Bro. J., the elder, and a "spring chicken," as we call the boys when the down on their upper lips begins to color, whom I shall call Sparrow—that being his nick-name—got in a buggy, and bidding adieu to that part of the household who remained, we drove off in the direction of Brevard. We had two dogs—Jeff, an old pointer, who had been, so we were told, an excellent hunter in his earlier days, and a young bitch of gentle blood and unfathomable bottom, who was deficient in training. In a little more than an hour we reached the French Broad, and took up its right or eastern bank for a few miles, when we crossed it on a bridge. Just below the bridge we saw the unusual sight of a steamboat, which had been built to ply between Asheville and Brevard,

when the people in that section supposed the Federal Government would spend many thousand dollars in making the river easily navigable for vessels of her class. Alas, for human expectations! She will probably rot where she now lies without even transporting a single one of those numberless tons of produce which the ardor of the people supposed would be carried to market on her decks. Getting on the west side of the river, our route led us somewhat off from its banks, and we did not see the stream again until soon after we passed "the old Gash place," once a favorite resting place for travelers.

About noon we drew up to a double log house, owned and tenanted by a plain family named Allison, who had been advised by Brother J. that we would reach their house that day, and partake of such hospitalities as they might be able to offer. The proprietor was not at home, having been called off to Brevard on business, but his wife gave us a hearty reception, which was as sincere as it was unstudied. There was no guile in her welcome, but it came forth pure and undefiled as the fountain which supplied her waterpail. She was indeed glad to see us, and she did "the best she could" for our accommodation. I have seen more sumptuous repasts than the one which she spread, but never have I seen one which more clearly illustrated that "better is a dinner of herbs where love is, than a stalled ox and hatred therewith." It was substantial and neatly prepared, but its great glory consisted in the fact that it was not grudgingly given, but with heartfelt pleasure. We enjoyed that frugal dinner and the smiling face of our excellent hostess. She made no charge whatever, alleging that if we felt gratified she had all the compensation which she desired. On our return we stopped again for dinner, and were fortunate in meeting her husband, who, we thought from what we saw, was exactly suited to the woman whom he had made his wife. He refused to take one cent of remuneration, stating that though poor, he had bread enough for his own household and a loaf now and then for a "wayfaring man." That is a happy family. No sordid cares eat up their souls, and in the hereafter they will have "harps of gold," while others who dress in "purple and fine linen," will, perhaps, not enjoy that sweet music which floats through the arches and corridors of "the mansions of the blest."

Bidding our kind entertainers farewell, we resumed our journey up the immediate valley of the stream, and passing some of the best farms in the western part of the State. About six miles above Brevard night overtook us, and we took lodgings at the house of Mrs. Duckworth, where we were comfortably entertained. Bro. Jordan, the elder, his son Jim and Sparrow, went about two miles beyond and stayed with an excellent and hospitable family named Galloway, but rejoined us in the morning. About 7 o'clock we turned squarely to the right and commenced the ascent of the mountains. After an hour or two of toilsome travel, in which it became necessary for the vehicle to be emptied of its living contents, we reached the top, and began to go down to the western branch of the French Broad. This was safely reached, and then leaving that stream and taking up another which emptied into it, a journey of a few miles brought us to Robinson's, the place which we were seeking. We arrived about midday, and soon thereafter sat down to an excellent dinner, which all of us enjoyed.

The house is made of logs, but is two stories in height. On the north side there is a piazza extending its whole length. An excellent bed in a room up-stairs, where everything was clean, was assigned me as a place of repose, and my associates were Sam and Jim J. and Sparrow, whom I "took in" as a sleeping companion. It is but just to him to say that during the night he conducted himself with eminent propriety, and neither kicked, pulled off the cover—and cover was quite comfortable—snored nor grunted. His digestion, I take it, is remarkable, because if otherwise he would have shown some physical uneasiness, after the successful destruction which he always made of our hostess's viands. What an appetite that boy has! He is a small specimen of humanity, to be sure, but then people who have "a lean and hungry look" are usually gifted with a capacity for victual storage which is really astonishing. Mud and Sparrow would be unwelcome guests in any family where the larder was low, provided their gastronomic powers were known.

North of Robinson's, and distant less than a mile, flows the French Broad River. At that place it has a width of about thirty feet, and there are quite a number of pools, where the water is several feet in depth. It looks as if the trout would be abundant in the stream. Indeed, I understand that they are, but generally of small size. Occasionally one is caught which weighs a pound. One of our party spent an hour or so with his rod and line, and brought back a nice little string. Unfortunately they were not properly cooked, and, hence, were far from being so palatable as they should have been. The fact is, I have never yet had the good fortune to have a dish of these fish set before me which commended itself to my palate, or which was comparable to the bream of Waccamaw Lake, or the pigfish of the sounds near Wilmington. It is possible enough that if I had had the courage and strength to take up or down one of their mountain streams, kill any fish I caught, and cooked them when they were fresh, I should have enjoyed them. They ought to be first-class, because they live only in cold and pure water. I tried the rod and line but once during the visit, and though I used all my skill, I did not succeed in getting a "nibble." Probably this result was caused by the fact that there had been rain just preceding the time of my effort, and the fish had had plenty to eat, and were not, therefore, tempted by the red worms which I used.

Our party hunted grouse assiduously for two or three days and thoroughly traversed grounds which gave promise of abundant sport, but we failed to start the birds. Only five or six were found, and they rose at such distances from us, that we did not get even a feather. This was discouraging to men who were prepared with over a hundred shells each, that though our accommodations were good, the atmosphere and water delightful, and the mountain scenery lovely as heart could wish, we could stand our poor luck but three days, and sorrowfully, but wisely, "homeward turned our sail." Grouse may be there, people say they are, but we were unable to find them. The fact is, I find that this bird and I are doomed to be strangers, for he inhabits localities which my physical powers are incapable of visiting.

Some time ago one of your correspondents expressed a desire that some of the sportsmen who write for the FOREST AND STREAM should give an account of one of their unsuccessful hunts. I have gratified the anxiety of that individual, and trust that he is profoundly grateful for the consideration I have shown for his wishes.

Now, although we got neither game nor fish, we had a pleasant time and the expense was inconsiderable. If, in the

month of October, a small party of hardy men, well equipped with guns, dogs and tackle, should visit Robinson's, they could, no doubt, enjoy themselves. Indeed, there are many places all through our mountains where moderate sport could be had, and where health of body and mind could be secured, for a comparatively small outlay of money. They would have to undergo a deprivation of a daily mail, and content themselves with extracting comfort from a newspaper somewhat antiquated in date. But persons who want recreation need not care for that. It is only so much to their advantage.

As indicated in my last, I have placed my sword in the scabbard upon the warlike question of rifles and shot-guns. They who choose to use either weapon may do so, for aught I shall say. I shall only reserve to myself the right to adopt either at my pleasure on any kind of game. If I choose to be simple enough to load my 14-bore with No. 12 shot even for deer, it is only an evidence of my own folly, for which no man is responsible. But I shall use No. 1, 2 or 3 buck for that purpose, and when I come to small game shall use one ounce of 8, 9 or 10, depending upon the season of the year. And I shall shoot a cylinder gun, weighing less than 7 pounds, having found it quite as effective as I desire. If I fail to kill, the fault will be mine. Nor shall I shoot at every bird which I see, regardless of distance and opportunity. There is no sense in that course. Sometimes, even with the best chances, I know I shall only wound the game, and it will escape. But I can't help it. I wish my aim was always so true that this mistake would not occur. It never was and never will be, either with me or with any one.

If, in "the heat of debate," anything has fallen from me which was unpleasant to my humane friend "Pute," I sincerely regret it, and say to him, in all sincerity, "Let there be no strife, I pray thee, betwixt me and thee." WELLS.

ROCKINGHAM, N. C., Sept. 15, 1884.

A HUNT WITH THE COMANCHES.

IN the year 1875 I was a trooper in the Fourth United States Cavalry, belonging to a company stationed at Fort Sill, Indian Territory. On the 15th of October, that year, I received an order, early in the morning, "to report at the adjutant's office right away with eighteen days' rations, arms and ammunition." Upon reporting I was sent to the commanding officer, Gen. MacKenzie. Said he: "I want you to go with a party of Indians on their winter hunt." "Alone?" I asked him. "Yes," said he, "I will send you along with them by yourself if you are not afraid to go; if you are, say so and I will send another man along with you." That just suited me, I wanted no other man, and it did not take me long to tell him so. Then he ordered me to start right off and go to the Wichita Agency, thirty miles north of Sill, get there that night and report to the agent. I saddled up my horse, took a pack mule, got rations, plenty of ammunition for carbine and pistol, and was en route for the Wichita in less than an hour. Getting in there late in the afternoon, the agent told me that my Indians would be down on the next day to get their supplies, a hunting pass, etc., and I could then join them. They did not put in an appearance until the next afternoon, quite late. Then they held a pow-wow with the agent concerning the length of time they could remain out. They finally concluded to stay out four months if buffaloes were plenty. Then we started for their camp, some ten miles up the river. I found that they numbered fifteen lodges and about seventy-five men, women and children. Their chief was A-sa-habit. He was about the hardest case on the reservation, so the agent kindly informed me, and his looks did not belie it. As it was dark when we got into camp, I did not have a chance that night to see much of him or his band.

Next morning at daylight the camp was astir, squaws being busy taking down the tepees, cooking breakfast, and packing mules. We got off at sunrise, going west all day and camping late in the afternoon near Wichita River. While on the march this day I had a chance to see how the Indians traveled, as I rode in the rear along with the chief. They divided up their drove of ponies in six or seven separate bands, loose ponies, ponies packed, and ponies carrying the younger children. Each squaw had her own ponies to drive and pack. The packs were continually coming off and the squaws were kept busy all day fixing them again. The chief had quite a herd himself consisting of mules packed with flour, coffee, sugar, etc., and some thirty or forty loose ponies. He had besides five or six large American horses which he never rode himself nor allowed any one else to ride. What he kept them for I never could find out; I do not believe he knew himself. Upon coming to the place where the chief decided to camp, the men would dismount, take off their saddles, turn their ponies loose and lie down under the nearest tree, while the squaws took off their packs, put up the tepees, got wood and water and cooked supper.

The chief was the only Indian in the band who spoke a word of English. He had a negro boy about twelve years old that he had bought, so I understood, when he was quite young. The agent took him away from the Indians the following summer and placed him in the school, but at this time the chief had him herding ponies, driving them on the march and helping the squaws generally. He acted as an interpreter between the Indians and myself until I picked up a little Comanche. The chief would never speak English while around camp, but when out with me alone he could talk it all day.

As soon as we camped this night and the lodges were up, he directed a squaw to fix me a bed in his own lodge directly opposite the door. I afterward found out that this was the place of honor in the lodge.

Next morning it was raining, but that made no difference; we were looking for buffalo and were bound to find them. I saddled up a pony that morning and every morning after that, and rode my own horse no more that winter; but turned him loose to pick up his living among the ponies. The march this day was about a repetition of yesterday's.

On going into camp that night the chief announced that to-morrow, "may be so, we get buffalo." We got them. Late in the afternoon we came to the North Fork of the Red River, and saw the first buffalo of the season. They had been very plenty there some time back, but a party of white skin-hunters were in camp at the river, and had been killing them off. The river here is the boundary line between the Indian Territory and Texas, and these white men were on the Territory side of it. That made the old chief mad; he wanted them moved off right away. I told them they would have to cross, and after taking a look at our outfit they concluded to do so. Our Indians were nearly all armed with breechloaders of different patterns, but most of them were old model Winchester. The chief had a Springfield carbine and a Colt's pistol that he had bought from some deserter from the cavalry service. We killed quite a number

of buffalo that evening, and held a council that night in the chief's lodge. After the pipe had gone around the chief announced that buffalo were not plenty enough here, and he wanted to cross over to Texas. I told him he could do so.

The next morning it looked like rain, and we concluded to remain in camp and give the squaws a chance to stretch and scrape the hides secured the day before, and cure the meat. Whenever it was possible, after killing a buffalo all the meat was brought to camp, cut into narrow strips, and then dried and put up in bundles of about fifty pounds each, rawhide being used for a cover. Three of these packs made a load for a pony. After breakfast I took a pony and crossed over to the white hunters' camp. They were getting ready to leave, as they did not want to remain near the Indians.

We spent this day and the following in this camp, getting a few buffalo, and then moved across to McClellan Creek, about twenty miles away. Here we stopped about ten days. Our camp was near where some companies of the Fourth Cavalry had fought a band of Comanche Indians (the Que-ha-da Comanches in 1872). I told our chief about it. He knew it all, and said that to-morrow we would go over there and visit the locality. We went, and after he had looked for the place where the camp had been until we were both tired, he announced that he could not find it. Then I tried, and succeeded better. The camp had been in the river bottom, and all vestiges of it down there were washed away. We had burned the camp after the fight, I, however, found where the chief's lodge had been up on a higher bank. This fight then furnished us a subject for conversation at nights around the camp-fire for some time.

On leaving the Agency there had been given to me a roll containing the names of all the men in the party. Every night they would examine it and ask to be shown their names on it. They soon could point out each man his own name. I found that they counted from the top or bottom and so located themselves. My watch was another unfulfilling source of amusement to them; they never tired of watching the movement in it; then my pocket compass and map of Texas would claim their attention.

The chief had an excellent field glass, but he never used it, and so I carried it, and found it often very useful. While we were in this camp, we were joined by a large band of Tachi and Wichita Indians; they had left the Agency some days after us, and had not found any buffalo yet; they had no rations along and were very hungry. Our Indians fed them, and after holding another council that night, we decided to move again, our party to go west and the Tachis north. I noticed this evening that our Indians brought their saddles, packs, and all loose articles inside the lodges. Before this they had always been kept outside on small racks made for the purpose. I was told that the Tachis were great thieves, and would steal all loose property found lying out after night; the chief also sent a guard out to the pony herd, which was kept at night some two miles from camp.

The next day we broke camp, and the day following got to the Salt Fork of the Red River, where we stopped for about two weeks, still hunting every day. At this camp the wolves were very plenty; they gave us a free concert each night and kept it up all night. I tried to shoot them with a rifle but did not succeed very well. The chief had two ounces of strychnine along, and we began to poison them, and saved about 150 of their hides, which came very useful after on.

Here we had another adventure with the skin-hunters. Going out one morning with the chief we found a wagon track twenty-four hours old. Not knowing of any white men being in the country we followed it. From the zigzag course it took we soon concluded that they were lost, and so it proved. We trailed them to where they had camped the night before. Their fire was still burning, and the carcass of a deer had been left in camp. Still following them, in about an hour we first sighted them on a divide some three miles off. I examined them through the field glass and saw that there were two of them, with a two-horse wagon. It did not take us long to overtake them. They had their wagon loaded down with green buffalo hides, and wanted to go to Fort Elliott, Texas. They were going there, but it was by way of China. They said they had been lost for nearly a week; had had nothing to eat most of the time, and could not eat buffalo or venison for want of salt. They had passed within a mile of a large salt lake without knowing it until I told them. We put them on the right road, or rather gave them the right direction, for there was no road, and left them. They told me that they got one dollar each for their largest hides and seventy-five cents for small ones. This is where the buffaloes have gone. There is not a single one now in all that country. The carcasses have been left to feed the wolves.

Our next move, still west for two days, took us to a small creek, not down on the map, but about on the line between Texas and New Mexico. Here the chief said he would stay one moon—a month—and then start back.

After we had been in camp here a few days I concluded to see more of the country to the west of us. Taking two young Indian boys, about 15 years of age, and our ponies, some bread, coffee and sugar, I started on a hunt of my own. Not liking my gun I left it in camp and took bows and arrows. We made about 30 miles the first day, taking our time and camped at a small lake or water hole. All the game we found this day was a few prairie chickens which were killed with bows and arrows, and we made our supper off them. Next morning the weather turned cold and it blew a norther, which turned into a snow storm at about noon. Putting our ponies to the gallop we kept on looking for timber and found it at 2 o'clock P. M. Just before getting into it we jumped a band of antelope, and before they got away I dropped two of them, thanks to the repeater. Leaving the antelope where they fell, we went on to the timber and found a small canyon, well wooded and sheltered from the wind. After tying our ponies out on grass, we brought in and dressed our game. As it was still snowing one of the Indians and I put up a shelter with our saddle blankets, while the other Indian started a fire and got our dinner ready. The snow continued to fall, but not very heavy. We stopped here all night.

In the morning it turned warm again; the snow had stopped falling and was melting off very fast. I started off on foot up the canyon to look for wild turkeys. My Indians went off in another direction, and the camp was left in charge of the ponies. After hunting for an hour and seeing no game, I came back to camp. My Indians had not returned, so I sat down to wait for them. I had not waited long before I heard two shots, followed by a yell, which I knew came from a white man. Just then my two Indians came tumbling down the bank, so badly scared that they could not speak. They were shortly followed by a white man and two Mexicans. They stopped upon seeing me and

I invited them into camp. It seemed that they had come across the Indians back some distance on the plains and, of course, must take a shot at them. Had I not been there these Indians would have gone to the happy hunting grounds then and there. After taking a smoke with the strangers they told me that they belonged to a large party, mostly Mexicans, who were hunting the buffalo for hides over on the Pecos River. They killed them with lances altogether, not using guns at all. I declined an invitation to visit them and started back toward our camp again. We bore south-to-day and part of the following day, then turned northeast, and got into the hunting camp on the evening of the fifth day from the time we left it.

Buffaloes were getting scarce again, so the chief concluded to go home. He packed up to start next morning. We had hardly gone a mile when more buffaloes appeared. They were coming from the east, being driven west by other bands of Indians. We went into camp and commenced killing again. This stop lasted a week. At the end of that time every mule and pony not wanted for the saddle was loaded down with meat, and we made another start for home. When we got to the Salt Fork we found that the Cheyennes and Arapahoes had been hunting there since we left, about a month previous. They had left, but before going they had taken particular pains to burn off all the grass, and from that point into the Agency they kept on a few days in advance of us and burned everything behind them. This compelled us to alter our course and travel south to get below the burned district. On account of the poor condition of our stock and because of their being overloaded we could only make eight or ten miles a day, and could travel only about four days in the week. Christmas found us on the Salt Fork, out of flour and nearly out of coffee and sugar. We were living on dried buffalo and what deer and turkeys we could kill. I was glad when one of our Indians brought in news that there was a trader somewhere below us. Leaving the party in camp, some of us started out the following day to find him. The chief and I going down the river came upon him about fifteen miles away. He was afraid to come up to our camp, but we compromised, he coming up ten miles, and I promising to have our camp kept where it then was, and to have a few Indians at a time come down and trade. He made me promise to remain in his camp while the trading was going on, and I readily agreed—anything to get flour and tobacco.

He had hardly stopped his wagons at the designated place before our band was all around him, and trading began. He had five large wagons well loaded; his prices were Indian prices, 5 pounds of flour for a dollar, 1½ pounds of coffee or 2 pounds of sugar for a dollar. Tobacco a dollar for a 4-ounce plug. Before he opened up he directed me to go to his wagons and help myself, and I did so with alacrity. Calling up one of the chief's squaws, I loaded her pony with about fifty dollars' worth of his supplies (Indian prices). They were worth about ten dollars, but I paid him nothing, so did not care. His "checks" were felt gun wads, each representing a dollar. He paid one dollar each for our wolf skins, and whatever was agreed upon for each buffalo robe. Among his stores were a number of boxes of rifle cartridges of all calibers, also some whisky. I warned him not to sell any whisky, but told him to let them have all the ammunition they wanted. He was afraid to do so, however, so as we were out of ammunition, I got together a lot of his gun wad checks, taking one or more from each man, and bought all his Winchester cartridges and gave them out myself. Trading was kept up pretty lively until dark, when we went home. Early the next morning some of our Indians went over to look for him, but he had gone.

From this time until we got back to the Agency nothing of note occurred. The return march was very tedious, but we finally got into the same camp we had left the previous October, and on the morning of the day after arriving there I bade my Indians good-by, and, taking my own horse, rode down and reported to the Agent.

When we first began to kill buffalo the chief had had one of the finest robes tanned and offered it to me for a present, but I would not take it; so, when leaving camp this morning, he brought up a small white pony, one that I had ridden a great deal that winter, and asked me to take him as a present from him. Not wishing to hurt his feelings by a refusal, I told him I would accept the pony, but that for the present he must keep him for me. I never called for him, and three years afterward I was told that the chief was still taking particular care of him, and would not allow an Indian to mount him.

I had intended in this paper to say something about the customs, religious beliefs, etc., of the Comanches. I have traveled before and since with a great many different tribes of Indians, among them the Kiowas, Cheyennes, Arapahoes and Pawnees, but never found any that I liked so well as those Comanches.

FORT LOWELL, ARIZ., September, 1884.

Natural History.

ROBINS AND STRAWBERRIES.

I HAVE been much interested in "Picket's" article on "Fruit-Eating Birds," and his table of "cold facts," ("Picket" and I can agree better on this question than on dogs and guns). The assumption of "Wilmot" that the robin takes ten berries and then goes away like a little man, to steal no more, is simply absurd.

If "Picket's" robin had ten berries in his crop at 5 A. M., you can take it that he was ready for ten more before 7 A. M., and that he will also gobble them at the same rate all day long.

And if he saw a flock of 150 at one time, you may be sure that three times that number will raid the berries before night. Does "Wilmot" know that a healthy robin—young, and in confinement—will eat more than a quart of berries weekly throughout the season? Yes; he will eat ten gills.

I have tested it, and will wager my best canoe that a healthy, full-grown robin will eat more than the above quantity. ("Picket's" 13 robins when shot had 17 insects and 109 berries in their crops; but no matter). As figures seem to be in order, let us figure on the single flock of 150, very briefly.

Say 150 robins, each eating one quart of berries weekly for two weeks, quarts..... 600

At 25 cents per quart..... \$150

This is for a single flock, and for the robin only. Seriously, it does not represent a quarter of the damage that may be done to a large plantation of berries in a single season by birds; for nearly every couple of robins will have a nest of young near by, and a nest seldom contains less than five

young birds, and the young robin is a squalling, greedy, gape-mouthed glutton as every schoolboy knows; he never seems full, never satisfied. As cold facts are in order, and as I have had bitter experience with fruit-eating birds, allow me to give a few facts.

In 1850 I had a few beds of strawberries, containing a little more than 800 hills. They were well attended, runners closely cut, weeds kept out, and in May of that year the beds were white with bloom. As soon as the berries began to color the birds found them, and the way they double-banked the crop was discouraging to an amateur who was trying to raise a supply of berries for home use.

There were robins, cedar birds, jays, thrushes, catbirds, cuckoos, song sparrows and chip sparrows. I think that comprises all the birds; but they were assisted by chipmunks and red squirrels, the latter not very destructive. The robin was the worst. He was a constant quantity and he was insatiable. He and his querulous wife built scores on scores of their mud-and-grass houses, wherein they reared large families of callow, open-headed, gluttonous young. He took his ten berries at sunrise, and he kept taking them at short intervals until sundown. Also he took, with the help of his wife, ten berries to each of his ill-looking offspring, and he kept it up all the day long.

The cherry bird or cedar bird, was also very destructive. He can eat more berries in a given time than any bird of his weight, but he does not carry them off to any extent.

The sparrows aggravated me by hunting out the finest berries and pecking the sunny side, when they were half ripe. The cuckoo was a gentleman. He would take a single berry, eat it leisurely, and then finish his meal on insects.

The bluejay, too, was very moderate in his stealing, and I, at least, had little fault to find with the catbird. His bright ways and pleasant song paid for the few berries he took. He was not numerous or greedy. The robins stole more than all the others. Wellsboro is a village of shade, and the villagers encourage the birds. I suppose there were at least fifty families of robins in the village which depended largely on my berry patch for subsistence, and the surrounding country was well stocked with the rascals. As to the quantity a single robin will eat—we captured a healthy youngster just out of the nest and kept him in confinement until the close of the berry season. He would eat a gill of ripe berries daily and peep for more.

The robin is an "insectivorous" bird; yes, when he cannot get small fruits. When he goes on the skirmish line for insects his favorite food is the harmless angleworm, as any ornithologist knows. We kept a few fresh angleworms in the cage with our experimental robin, and no one ever saw him touch a worm when he could get a berry.

From 800 fine hills, estimated to yield over 150 quarts, I got a moderate supply for the table by covering a couple of the most promising beds with netting. Outside of the netting I did not get ten quarts, and these of poor quality. The next year the vines promised still better, and again the birds beat me. I saved just as many berries as I could afford to cover with mosquito netting. The birds got the rest. Next year I plowed the vines under. Ten berries to a bird, hey?

In the spring of 1875 I commenced with strawberries again, putting out 3,000 hills and laying in a stock of No. 10 shot, with a firm resolve to harden my heart and shoot off the last possible winged thief without remorse. I commenced with the earliest robins, and waged war without pity for years with but partial success. I got in the aggregate many bushels of fine berries—and so did the birds. In the end I got sick of it. It was not conducive of sound sleep to lie of a June night by an open window and listen to the faint cheep, cheep of young robins, slowly starving to death, wearily calling, day and night, for the parents I was conscious of having murdered. I reduced my hills to 200, which I thought I could afford to cover; but strawberries raised in this way are too troublesome and expensive. Three years ago I plowed under the last bed, and gave it up.

Verdict: Beaten by robins. (Of course, in the large open fields of such growers as Messrs. Ellwanger & Barry, John Collins, Wm. Parry, etc., the birds do little appreciable damage.)

NESMUK.

WELLSBORO, PA.

DOMESTICATING QUAIL.

Editor Forest and Stream:

"Thus far we run before the wind." Translated to suit the present subject, this may be rendered by the statement that my first generation of quail hatched by the parent birds from eggs laid in confinement are now fairly launched into life with a good prospect of reaching a healthful maturity. To go back a little.

On the 11th of August the hen quail, Betty, began to sit on thirteen eggs of her own laying. This was late, even for birds in confinement, but my pair had not been introduced to each other till June 10, and the coop in which they were placed was new to both when they were placed in it a week later. So that, in fact, when the hen began laying, on the 16th of July, it indicated a reasonable disposition to adopt herself to her new environment.

The first thirteen days of incubation the hen sat alone. Bob during this time was mostly loafing in the sun arranging his feathers with superfluous care and pretending now and then to keep an eye out for imaginary foes. But at the end of the thirteen days he took his place on the nest beside the hen and never afterward left it, except for food, till the young birds were hatched. Betty was always the more timid bird, and during the laying period and the first few days of her sitting I was extremely careful not to disturb her. But afterward I resumed my habit of going into the coop daily and found that she not only refused to leave the nest when I sat down beside her, but when I insisted upon her rising actually spread her wings and attacked me like a full-sized hen. Indeed, she would peck my finger if I put it into the nest, and when she was forced to leave it went back the instant I allowed her to do so. The wild idea of self-protection had been merged entirely in the mother's instinct.

The period of three weeks (twenty-one days) said to be necessary for incubation expired on the morning of Sept. 1. During all that day, however, no chicks appeared, and the old birds both remained on the nest. On the morning of the twenty-second day I took an egg from the nest and broke it open to find that it contained a live bird. On the morning of Sept. 4 the remaining twelve eggs hatched out twelve live birds. This, it will be observed, covers a period of twenty-four days, or three more than is supposed to be required.

At this writing the young birds are eleven days old and apparently lively and hearty. They feed well, and have a special fondness for flies and grasshoppers, which are served to them occasionally. Thus far I have lost but one chick,

which died yesterday morning, presumably from having been left out and chilled by an unusually cold night. But I shall be surprised if the whole brood reaches maturity without any greater percentage of loss. J. B. B.

TOLEDO, O., Sept. 15.

THE CATBIRD.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The discussion with "Byrne" on the catbird as a fruit destroyer has developed to including the thrush family in the later correspondence with "Picket." Narrowing our remarks down to the starting point, the discussion of the catbird, we would have found, I still think, that he is "more sinned against than sinning," and that the actual damage done by him as an individual is small. If I remember aright "Picket's" catbirds were in the minority, but being found in bad company they had to suffer. "Picket" says, referring to me, "who is in nowise injured by the pests he defends." Not quite true. The robins steal many of the finest of our cherries every year, and visit the strawberries too, and still we let them steal. Why? Because we view them as "Picket" views the bluebirds, "and have not the heart to kill them," to use his own words. If ever he is visited by the sturdy little Britisher (*P. domesticus*), and I sincerely hope he will not be, he will find that that rascal is "simply immense" on grapes, Delawares preferred, and can discount, and does discount in our section, in this way anything that wears feathers. But why continue? I do not purpose to defend the entire feathered tribe against the fruit growers, but would ask for proofs of damage, actual pecuniary loss to them, occasioned by the subject of my article, the catbird (*Mimus carolinensis*), in which I simply voiced the opinion of many of his friends. That very able and interesting letter from "Mass" and the remarks of "Mergus" cover the whole ground. In conclusion, are eminent ornithologists, such as Wilson, Coues and others, all at sea when they say the catbird is more of a benefit as an insect destroyer than otherwise? I think not, and my limited observation confirms my opinion. WILMOT.

Game Bag and Gun.

POINT OF BEACH.

HEARING of the great flights of snipe on our beach, I concluded to try my hand, and engaged my man and boat to take me down to the Point of Beach. I was on the dock punctually at 4 A. M., and in fifteen minutes we were under way. I had anticipated a good deal from this trip, having heard such favorable accounts and being told by my guide that he was an expert in the business. We landed at the big hotel, and the understanding was that my guide and self would walk down the beach toward the Point, shoot what we could, and then at the proper place put out our decoys, and be ready for business, the boat in the meantime to move on down to the Point and meet us there.

We saw no birds, except now and then a piper and small flocks of surf snipe. The prospect became discouraging, and after walking several miles through the sand, I became hot, disgusted, and tired. The mosquitoes, too, were no small discomfort, which, added to the sickening odors sweeping directly over from Barren Island right in our faces, was too much. Called a halt and proposed that we should immediately proceed home. My companion thought it a good idea, although up to this time we had not rested once nor put out our decoys, or hardly made an attempt to capture a bird. Acting upon my advice we hastened to meet the boat, and after scrambling over sand dunes, marsh and thick grass, say nothing of rivers and creeks, we found—lo, and behold, the boat had returned without us, and was almost a speck in the distance, while between us and home lay marsh and hillock, impenetrable grass, covering acres and acres of bog and water now made high by the flood tide.

While struggling under the weight of gun and high boots, the distance accomplished was little gained, as a retreat was necessary now and then in order to get around the canals that shot far into this part of the island. The sun, which had been obscured for three or four days by cloud and rain, began now to shine bright and hot, while the deep-grass mosquitoes, brought to life by its enlivening rays, proved more hungry than the others and tame as kittens. It was a disheartening sight to look ahead and see in the distance the "mammoth hotel," which seemed but a spectre or a shadow in the morning mist, made up of spray and dew mingled with the fumes of Barren Island. It certainly required extraordinary fortitude to keep bad thoughts and expressive language from escaping one's lips. But with patience to the bone, and studied tranquility, your humble servant strove on, measuring the distance from time to time, which hardly seemed to grow nearer.

The sun rose higher and higher, the heat became more and more intense, while the perspiration rolled down like rain—all of which gave fresh impetus to the courageous mosquitoes and horse flies, which now began to plough deep furrows on our hands, necks and faces.

A "lonely piper," seen now and then, had no more charm for us. Pleasure had long been discarded, and business, downright business, had begun. Even the snowy ocean billows had lost their soothing effect, and all we saw now was the goal beyond and the tracks of our feet left deeply buried in the sand.

At last we reach the "big hotel," my companion, a sailor by occupation, and a great gunner by profession, asks for the privilege of a rest. I grant him permission, and bid him good-bye. In due course of time I reach home, and with a cheerful but warm countenance I ask for a little "lemon juice." I am then ready for breakfast, but the lingering odors of Barren Island so affect my taste that my keen appetite has a hard struggle to make the repast an enjoyable one. I soon finished and with family seated about me I narrate the adventures of the morning, its heat, its trials, and disappointments. They sit in silence listening to the details of my story, and at its close hear me exclaim, "Point of Beach has no further attractions for me, and now if I were told that each mosquito was a yellow-leg snipe and that the millions of grains of sand were pliver, and every horsefly a curlew, with Barren Island the driving force to scatter the birds hither and thither, giving innumerable wing shots, I could scarcely be tempted." Barren Island would settle it, for of all the sickening, deadly odors (Hunter's Point included), Barren Island stands first on the catalogue. R.

ROCKAWAY, N. Y.

[For the benefit of those who are not familiar with the

gunning grounds near New York, it may be explained that on Barren Island, to which our correspondent alludes, are the factories for converting the dead horses and slaughter house offal of the metropolis into oils and glue and fertilizers. The horrible stench from the try works are nauseating at several miles' range, and one who has once encountered the horrible effluvia will never forget it.]

GAME OF WASHINGTON TERRITORY.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Well, they seem to have lots of talk about what there remains of game in the far East, and I read of boys watching covets of grouse with wonderful interest. Ruffed grouse here are almost too numerous to be called game, while deer may be found nearly everywhere. Orcas Island, which lies about eighteen miles from here, is covered with deer, though they are very small; it takes a large buck to dress sixty pounds. Tommy Island, seven miles distant, has large deer like those found on the mainland; in fact, they swim from the mainland to the island. Whidbee's Islands have a great abundance of deer, and some of them are white and spotted. Now and then shooters kill a whitetail on the mainland. I don't think the mule deer ever crosses the summit of the Cascade Mountains; all through the eastern slopes there appears to be lots of them. Now and then a stray caribou is found in the snow range, although I don't think there are many, and they probably come from British Columbia. Once in a while the moose is found west of the Big Bend. I have never seen any of the longtail deer, but some of my friends killed some. Elk are found quite numerous in places, while there are mountain sheep and goats, I think both the large and small kind. I have never seen any of the large, but have seen the small kinds that live on Mount Baker, and there they climb to the top. The ibex, in the Olympian Mountains is different from either. Its horns are long, curved back, and covered with rings. I have thought of trying next season to catch some of the kids of the white goat. I saw them in July and they were too large then; in about the first of June they would be small and easily taken if the snow has melted enough by that time to climb up to them. MESATCHIE.

WHATCOMBE, Washington Territory, Aug. 16.

HINTS AND QUERIES.

MY camping-out kit consists of only what I can carry on my back, good thick blanket, small iron kettle, leather case hanging from belt containing knife, fork and spoon (for I do not consider my hunting knife, a 7 inch blade, buckhorn handle, bowie, very well adapted for ordinary purposes), hunter's half axe hanging from belt well back of hip, a good supply of pepper and salt, some matches, also flint steel and punk wood in case of matches giving out. Although I have often started a fire by drawing the shot or ball from a cartridge and holding my gun parallel with and about three inches from the ground, fired, and so ignited some dried leaves, or for the want of something better, a piece of my shirt. Should recommend a shooting coat made of extra quality duck, dead grass color and waterproof—cost about \$5.50. I prefer a pocket to a belt for carrying cartridges. If deer shooting, I sometimes use a repeating rifle .44-40-200; still I like my old rifle, a single shot .40-70-310.

With something like the above described outfit, not forgetting a good congenial comrade who can keep a closed mouth when in the vicinity of game, and who can creep from tree to tree and not step on all the dried sticks in the woods, something like good sport can be had. If you intend to stay in camp through the shooting season with one or more companions, you will need a few extras when you arrive at the end of the railroad part of the journey, if you cannot hire some one to cart your traps to a suitable camping ground, then there is nothing left but to shoulder your share of things and step manfully forward. Before putting up a permanent log shanty, it will be best to look around a little. Find out where the deer have their runways and places to water; at the same time keep your eyes out for signs of bear and other game. Do not build the cabin too close to the runways; better walk a mile or so early in the morning.

When you kill a deer within a circumference of two miles or thereabouts from camp, set to work and build a dead-fall of logs. Bait it with the intestines, and when you come that way again in the morning you will stand a good chance of getting a bear. It does not take a great while to make a good dead-fall with an axe, and, when once built, it is always handy. When deer are killed in different directions about camp, it is well worth while to rig a dead-fall for bears or wolves. Stand on the runways early in the morning, and again from about 4 until the dusk of the evening. The middle of the day can be utilized in looking up turkeys, small game, etc. I mention morning and evening for the runways, because deer will be on the move on or about such times. They will hardly ever spend the night where they feed.

Some times wish that hounds and repeating rifles were at the equator. Still, of the two evils, the repeater is the least; and instead of shooting the poor dogs, as some of the Michiganders do, it is the owner who should be peppered. Venison obtained in such a manner is unfit for food. It is only a matter of time, and not long either, before Michigan will not have anything larger than a rabbit for the sportsman. I used a repeater two seasons, and, in justice to the arm, I must say that it never missed fire or got out of order and refused to work; but I soon found out that it did not pay to load one's own cartridges. I never could obtain uniform shooting, although I tried several brands of powder. Some were too quick and others would not stand packing, but would cake behind the ball and the result would be wild shots. Still, I am in favor of a first-class double-barrel B. L. rifle. It is gun enough for all the game where most of the sportsmen go. Of course there are some exceptions, and even then a gun with but one lock and extra mechanism, like the repeater, involves some risk to the holder—a defective cartridge or a failure to pump, for instance. Whereas, with the double gun you are a lock ahead.

Then again, with a repeater a man is apt to be a little too hasty. He will sometimes risk too much. He says, "If I miss I can peek it to it again." So he can, but I take it that his chances on frightened game are somewhat slim. Now, with a double gun he does not feel like taking much risk, so he will be pretty certain of his game before he will pull trigger. Of course, this is in reference to still-hunting. I have heard (and on good authority, too) of men who stood on a runway where it crossed a large creek when the poor frightened deer came flying along followed by dogs, and who got as excited as the hounds, and when the deer flung itself into the water to swim across, would "pump" at it about three or four rounds per man; and then go back to

camp feeling an inch or so taller to think that two or three men and as many dogs killed a deer while swimming for its life. Perhaps this is true sport. If so, I fail to see it. Did you ever know of a first-class butcher who would kill an over-heated animal for beef, mutton or pork?

Now I would like to say a few words about shotgun shells, ask a few questions, and I hope to receive an answer from some one. In using brass shells one has to use wads two sizes larger than bore of gun. My field gun is 12 at breech and choked to 14 at muzzle. A brass 12-bore shell would require a 10-gauge wad. That would be four sizes difference at muzzle. When the wad is forced through the barrel it bulges up in the center, and the bulk of the shot are put next to the barrel; consequence is that the center of the target will be comparatively free from pellets. Will an extra thick felt wad (almost $\frac{1}{2}$ inch) be an improvement? Or suppose we were to use an extra thick brass shell (for instance, same as paper shells), heavy enough to take a 12-gauge wad, how would that do? I use felt wads. I like paper shells for cleanliness, but the cheaper grades (say good for one shot) blow apart in the chamber. Now the question is, does the gas that escapes lessen the force of charge, to say nothing of dirt in breech of gun? If a man uses first quality paper shells, will it ever come the obstacle? Brass shells once bought are more economical, expense being ammunition only. J. C. Y.

MACOMB COUNTY, Michigan.

BULLET VERSUS BUCKSHOT.

Editor Forest and Stream:

If "Piute" is right in thinking that the majority of sportsmen will regard him as an innovator when he denounces the use of the shotgun against deer, there is still left to him the satisfaction of having struck a manly blow at an obvious cruelty. I love the gun and the forest too well to wish even that any should be excluded from their every enjoyment. I do not forget that the time is coming for all of us when the eye will dim and the right hand lose its cunning, but I fancy the most of us who have educated ourselves to the use of the rifle and learned to love it will think—and think rightly, too—that we can "fix the sights a little," and be more than satisfied to cling to it as long as our limbs will be able to carry us to the wilds where the red deer feeds. My observation is that among those who ever hunt deer, not one in a hundred have sufficient defect of sight or nerve to in any wise excuse them for using a bird gun to wound deer with. It is all nonsense to talk about men not shooting at deer except at such short range that they will be sure to kill cleanly or even mortally wound. Many a time have I known hunters (?) to hurl their rain of pellets over a distance of seventy-five yards, or even more, at a flying deer, and they didn't have the "buck ague" either. They don't really expect to kill, but not rarely—and here comes in the provoking cruelty of the thing—the trail shows blood, which more than likely serves as an occasion for our buckshot devotee to descant upon his skill (?), the great range of his gun, etc. Of course there are men who use the shotgun on deer who wouldn't do this, but they are few.

Man is selfish, grasping, and too often wantonly cruel, and it is not always that these characteristics are left behind when he goes into the woods. Since the keenest enjoyment of the hunter is only realized when that he pursues has yielded up its life, it follows that if he be humane and tender of heart—qualities no honest man will be ashamed of, even in this wicked and shooting generation—he will use that weapon against his game that will be least likely to send it to a lingering death. If "the game must go" let its taking off be sportmanlike and workmanlike.

I do not advocate the use of the rifle against deer, because more game can or cannot be secured by its use, but because I fully believe as "Piute" has already stated, that the chances that they will be crippled and not killed are increased ten fold when the shotgun is the weapon used. Neither do I believe any rifle using extremely small charges of powder—like the old Henry, for instance—should be allowed any place in the category of deer hunting guns.

I cannot think as some seem to that the use of the rifle should be encouraged for the hunting of birds and other small game. The danger to human life would be too great when used outside the woods, except of course in a wild and uninhabited country.

We all know that the skill required to plant a load, or portion of a load, of buckshot in a moving or standing deer, at any distance within which a shotgun can be regarded as in any wise effective, is not great under ordinary circumstances, and I believe this preference which some express for the shotgun hinges more on this one matter of skill than all other things combined. The sportsman who is content to rely on a "scatter gun" because it is more "comprehensive," so to speak, and better adapted to his use, because his nerves are not of the steadiest perhaps, rather than by patient practice—even though it be after protracted failure—acquire sufficient skill to do fair work with a rifle, is lacking in spirit of the true hunter and foregoes more keen enjoyment than he will ever understand or know. One need not be discouraged because he cannot excel at the target. Many a good man at the target would make a sad failure on game in the forest or on the mountain's shaggy breast; nor can the fairly successful hunter be depended upon to make a good showing at target practice. In the use of the shotgun on large game there is but little chance for the exercise of skill. It is more a question, "Will he come within my 40-yard limit?" It is not altogether the amount of game we bring to bag, but how it is done must gauge the pleasure attendant upon success. Doubtless "Wells" will use his shotgun, and I am sure "Piute" will his rifle so long as their hunting days may last—and may they be many—and so with all of us on whose locks the dust of the road of life is fast gathering. We are, no doubt, fast wedded to our idols, and may as well be let alone; but to any young sportsman not already "sot" in way, and who even now may be thinking of buckshot, wire cartridges and the like, I want to say very emphatically, "Don't." And, further, "don't" shine deer, and "don't" hound them. The first is mean and both are cruel. If you must do either, wait until your limbs are too feeble to more than sit upon a stump, or allow of your being propped up in the prow of a canoe.

I would say to "Medico" that if the object in hunting is to wound and disable, with no care as to how long the victim may be in dying, then use buckshot by all means, and a slug, too, if one is willing to risk head and shoulder behind a charge of that sort. "Bobolink" will find it hard to get guiding "facts." A friend of mine deposited six large buckshot in the side of a small deer, three of them very near the vitals; after two or three hours of faithful following he was about giving up the chase wondering how it was possible he could have scored an almost clean miss—for the trail showed

only an occasional drop of blood—at only twenty-five yards; and he would have been wondering until this day had not the poor thing chanced to run across my rifle. He for once was made to acknowledge the cruelty of his favorite weapon. I am not "authority" in these matters, only a tiller of the soil, a sometimes shooter of the gun and a faithful reader of *FOREST AND STREAM*. But when any of you drop off to see me, with venison in your thoughts and blood in your eye, please bring a gun worthy your game. CHIPPEWA.

AUDUBON, Minn., Sept. 13.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have no special wish to be drawn into the controversy of "Bullet vs. Buckshot," yet I can not help putting in my oar to remark that like nearly everything else on this mundane sphere your correspondents seem to imagine that the question is entirely one-sided and that inasmuch as each one is right, so must the man who differs from him be all wrong. Can not both, to a certain degree, be right? Until I came to Florida I had never killed or seen killed a deer with anything but a rifle, but since coming here I have seen several killed with buckshot, and under circumstances when more than ordinary skill would have been required with a rifle; the deer running ahead of hounds through brush and timber and at a goodly distance, too.

My judgment formed from what I have seen is that the shotgun is more deadly than the rifle, and in the hands of men who can hold on a jumping deer, that fewer will get away to die a lingering death than with a rifle. I have shot many deer in the West through the lungs and anywhere back of that, that would run so far that unaided I would never have found them. Now I have seen no deer killed here at less than sixty yards (some at over one hundred and none hit with less than three buckshot, and out of more than a dozen killed in this way none ran more than one hundred yards after the shot. Let "Pinto" say if this is very great cruelty.

To "Bobolink," in your issue of Sept. 4, I would say that his gun is probably not bored properly, or else he does not use a size of shot that exactly fit his chamber. With my gun, a 10-30-10, I can put from three to five out of a charge of 12-0 buck in a twelve-inch circle at seventy-five yards every time, and once put ten out of twelve in a target 18x24 at seventy-eight long steps. Several of my friends here have guns that will do as well, and one, a 10-36-11-pound Parker, will do better. Q. U. ATL.

ORLANDO, Florida.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In reply to "Bobolink" in your issue of Aug. 28, I would say that a good B. L. gun is sure of a deer at 60 yards, providing said gun is properly loaded (and held right), which is the most important part. I have a gun, 12-bore, 8½ pounds, that will do it every time with my mode of loading; but then I don't use pistol balls for shot. My charge is 4 drams good powder, 21 No. 3 buckshot. It is not often a deer is killed over 40 yards in this scrub oak country; only occasionally a long shot is had. Perhaps "Bobolink" may think No. 3 shot too small, but I feel sure they would kill a deer at 90 or even at 100 yards, providing they struck in the vicinity of the vitals. Please let us hear from others on the subject. DEER HUNTER.

HATCHVILLE, Cape Cod, Mass.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your issue of Sept. 4 comes an article from "Wells," in which he criticises my statements of Aug. 10 in reference to using shot on large as well as small game. In speaking of the latter, he "thinks I was unfortunate in the use of my language." I stated the case fairly as it looked to me, and do not wish to alter it now. I love to see the woods full of game, and when they are I can always get my share with a rifle; not as much, perhaps, as one would have brought to bag with shot, but then I like the appearance of it so much better killed with ball that I was willing and could afford to do with less. When game became so scarce that I could not get enough with the rifle, I never thought of calling to my aid the use of the shotgun, as I would look upon its use in my woodlands on small game with as much contempt as a man would upon a can of nitro-glycerine to be used in his fish ponds.

"Wells" does not agree with me in thinking that it is "barbaric" to hound deer, and he wishes to know how, and if hounding foxes is barbaric. I hope he does not class a fox, pursued and killed for mere fun, stripped of its hide and thrown away, or the wolf, wildcat and many other depredators (on which there is a bounty paid for the killing) on a level with the deer. To either of the former I could deal out a dose of strychnia with impunity, and perhaps "Wells" could do the same; but I could not think of slaughtering deer in that way. I should make a grand distinction therefore in the mode of hunting and killing of game, owing largely to the kind and use to be made of the same after its capture. I have lived in a country and at a time when the hounding of deer was in full vogue; have seen them driven by dogs into the fields when they were so exhausted that they could not jump the fence to make their escape, and in their vain endeavors to find a hole or low place to get out overtaken by the pack and torn into a mangled mass; have known the pack to follow them all day and even into the night, and then the dogs could be shaken off only by the deer taking to some large pond or river; have seen them driven into lakes, where they would be rowed down and brained with a club, filled with buckshot, or butchered any other way to dispatch them.

"Wells" wishes to know if shining a deer's eyes at night and shooting him standing with a rifle are civilized and sportsmanlike, and whether approaching a deer at feed among the lily pads in a boat is civilized and sportsmanlike? To both of which I would reply yes, as I think it much more civilized and sportsmanlike to secure a shot in that way than before the hound, for the reason that if I bagged the game in that way the venison would be cool, light colored, of good keeping qualities, taste natural, and be wholesome. If I missed, the game would only have to skip into the brush out of sight and be free. But suppose I took a shot before the hound and hit it hard. If so it is cut up with buckshot, and if the chase had been continued long the meat is black and feverish, has lost its fine flavor and keeping qualities and will be classed only as third-rate at best. If I miss or wound slightly, the chase is kept up, the deer harassed all day and perhaps all night; it is lucky if it escapes its pursuers, but is liable to be caught and torn into pieces to appease the appetite of a hungry pack of hounds. This is the distinction I make as requested by "Wells" in comparing the two modes of hunting deer. Nevertheless, were I placed in a southern latitude without snow to assist in stalking, on ground so thick with brush and brambles as to preclude all chances of

success with a rifle, I might be provoked into trying some other mode of hunting, a hound and buckshot, however, would be my last resort. Rather than that I would try the plan of Robinson Crusoe on them for a while, honestly believing they would, could they have their choice, much prefer being snared than run down by dogs or riddled with buckshot. CAP LOCK.

FREWSBURG, N. Y., Sept. 8.

["Cap Lock's" communication was inadvertently omitted from our last issue.]

Editor Forest and Stream:

Why do not some of our buckshot deer slayers give us some practical experience and not so much theory? I for one have been using buckshot for several years shooting deer, and must say with great success. Some years ago my first shot at a deer was with a Sharps rifle. I hit it in the body about the middle, the ball passing through and coming out just forward of the hip. The deer seemed to skip along, as if nothing had happened, to a point of land extending into a lake some three hundred yards from where we were standing. The deer on reaching the point saw some parties in a boat, turned and came back to where we were standing. A friend who was with me had a shotgun loaded with buckshot, and as it passed gave it a "blizzard" which keeled the old fellow over without it knowing what hit it. The deer was going all the time at a Maud S. gait. I have no doubt that if I had struck it in a vital place the bullet would have done the work, but the chances were certainly in favor of the buckshot, at least six to one. Before the season closed the past year I shot five deer, making five straight shots and killing them within a distance of from forty to eighty yards. Four of them fell within their tracks when shot, the fifth within fifty yards. I could mention many more cases. For deer on a runway, when one has a chance to shoot at from fifty to seventy-five yards, give me a good shotgun, properly loaded, every time, and if I don't get venison it will be the fault of the shooter. For still-hunting and long-distance shooting of course the rifle must be used.

Great care must be taken in loading buckshot. For a chokebore No. 12 gauge use No. 2 buck, provided they chamber nicely in the muzzle of the gun, and place them in regular layers of say five shot each, leaving a space in the center. Use three layers, making fifteen shot, in the load, still keeping the space open in the center, then place over the shot a thin cardboard wad. The space in the center will relieve all danger in shooting shot from a chokebore gun, and the charge will make a better distribution than anything I have ever tried. The following is the result of a few experiments I made a short time ago in relation to charges of powder and sizes of shot:

Target 24x20; used Ladin & Rand's Orange Lightning No. 6 powder, Tatham's shot; two pink-egy (Ely) wads over powder and cardboard over shot; 9 pellets shot to the charge.

Powder, drams.	Shot.	Distance, yards.	Shot in target.	Powder, drams.	Shot.	Distance, yards.	Shot in target.
4	00	40	4	3	0	40	6
4	00	60	4	3	0	60	2
3½	00	60	5	3	0	75	1
3½	00	60	2	3½	No. 2 Buck.	60	5
3	00	40	7	3½	"	40	11
3	00	75	1	3½	"	40	7
3	00	75	2	3	"	40	7
3½	0	60	3	3	"	75	4
3½	0	40	4	3	"	60	9

The best distribution and penetration was made by using three drams of powder. In using 00 I think there is more or less danger in a chokebore gun; would therefore not advise it. J. W. V.

FAIRMONT, Minn.

NOTES FROM MASSACHUSETTS.—Taunton, Mass., Sept. 22.—The opening week of partridge shooting here was so very hot (in fact, the hottest weather we had for the summer) that it was impossible to endure a tramp through the woods and thickets after the grand old grouse. Sept. 13 was a cool, clear day, and I took advantage of it by going over one of my old partridge and woodcock grounds. I did not find as many partridges at this place as I did last year, but they may be stowed away in some thick swamp because of the dryness of these grounds. I succeeded in bagging two fine grouse and two woodcock. I found woodcock more plentiful than I have seen them before for quite a number of seasons. Have been out several times since, but do not find as many partridges as I did last year at this date. The foliage is thicker than I ever saw it before at this time in September. Several partridges I shot I would not have found but for the dog. I have not heard of any great bags of birds made here yet, and do not think there has been any. From what I have seen and heard, quail have bred well and are quite abundant. Since I wrote last I have heard from several places on Cape Cod, and at these places quite a number of fine coveys of quail have been seen lately.—CHESTER.

DODGING BULLETS.—Camp in Blue Mountain, San Juan County, Utah.—Editor Forest and Stream: In the fight on the 15th of July between F. and B. Troops, Sixth Cavalry, and forty cowboys on one side, and 100 hostile Piute Indians on the other side, which commenced at 6 o'clock A. M. and continued all day till 9 P. M., as many as 3,500 shots were fired. Distance, 800 to 1,100 yards. It was no trouble to dodge the bullets by watching the flash of the guns, even after you heard the reports of the guns. It would be much harder to dodge a charge of 45-500-150. Just after we left Arizona last spring Sergt. Morrison, of F. Troop, killed 14 deer at 18 shots, 100 to 350 yards, then dropped the carbine in Black River on return. The boys made up a collection to pay for it in about fifteen minutes. One chief and thirty "bucks" compelled ten of the Twenty-second Infantry to give up seven prisoners four days ago. This Piute war will cost "Uncle Sam" as much as the Modoc war, see if it don't. Game of all kinds is very scarce here now, saw none on a ride of 300 miles.—G. H. COOPER.

WHEN WE KIN GET 'EM.—"We don't care much about laws up here; we generally take things when we kin get 'em. It makes 'em taste better," said a resident of Sussex county, N. J., to a Newark *Sunday Call* reporter the other day, when the remark was made that none of our game birds could be shot in September. He only differed from his neighbors in being a little more candid than some of them. When asked if any one in the vicinity would interest themselves enough to apprehend a city sportsman if he was violating the law, a countryman said he "reckoned" he would if the man looked as if he could pay a fine. None of the natives could remember a case in which a gunner had been punished for killing game out of season in their county.

GAME IN MARKET.—There is not much liveliness in the market, although the supply is abundant and prime. Wild turkeys, the breast meat of which is dark, bring 25 cents a pound. Venison from Minnesota is 25 cents a pound. Wild pigeons cost \$3 a dozen, stall-fed bring \$3.50 a dozen. Partridges cost \$1.50 a brace. Grouse are \$1.25 a brace. Woodcock has advanced to \$2 a brace. Willet snipe cost 25 cents each. English snipe are \$3 a dozen. Jersey snipe bring \$3; and plover are \$3 a dozen. Corn plover and small yellow legs cost \$1.50 a dozen. Large yellow legs bring \$3 a dozen; reed birds cost \$1.25 a dozen; rice birds bring 50 cents a dozen; small birds cost 50 cents a dozen also, and corn snipe cost \$1 50 a dozen. Guinea fowl are \$1.50 a pair; canvasback ducks bring \$5 a brace, redheads \$1.50. Both mallard and black ducks sell for \$1.25 a brace. Teal, gray ducks, wood-ducks, broadbills, widgeon, etc., sell for 75 cents a brace.—N. Y. *Evening Post*, Sept. 19.

A DENVER CLUB.—About twenty-five of our most prominent citizens, lovers of field sports, have just organized the Standard Shooting Club, and leased a series of lakes and propose erecting a club house. Among the number are Rev. Myron Reed, the pastor of the Congregational Church, who is a genuine sportsman; Col. C. W. Fisher, president Denver & New Orleans Railroad; Mr. S. H. Standard, secretary of the Cattle Growers' Association, who is president of the shooting club, and in whose honor it is named; the Sedow brothers, crack field shots; Gen. John Pierce, president Union Bank; Hon. Alfred Bulters, a prominent cattle man, and Messrs. Bostwick, Dingle, Edbrooke, Higgins, Kinzey, and others prominent in business and professional circles. So that when you get out this way we will endeavor to show you a few "dooks."—W. D. T.

NEW JERSEY GAME NOTES.—Madison, N. J., Sept. 19.—A few woodcock have been seen along the Passaic River lately. Woodcock are in considerable numbers in the spring, but are seldom seen during the summer months. Was fishing yesterday at Passaic River—no luck. A few black bass have been caught in the river weighing from ½ to 2 pounds. Started a fine bevy of partridges yesterday three-fourths grown. No snipe yet. Our meadows are in very bad condition at present, since no rain has fallen for some time past. If we have a good rain before the end of next week snipe will afford fine sport. Some years ago one could bag enough birds for a day's sport around here, but now the game is so scarce it is almost impossible to break a dog half way decently.—SIXTEEN-BORE.

"SPLENDID WORK."—The East Saginaw, Mich., *Morning Herald* copies, with the headline—"Splendid Work for a Summer Vacation. Even if It be Contrary to Law"—an account from the Milwaukee, Wis., *Wisconsin*, of the way deer are killed in the latter State in summer and contrary to the law. The account says: "The deer are not in very good condition, many being abandoned after the killing owing to their leanness." It must be "splendid work." We know sportsmen in East Saginaw who can give the *Herald* editor some points on what real deer shooting is, and we hope that he may be taken in hand as a fit subject in need of moral enlightenment.

RAIL SHOOTING.—Philadelphia, Sept. 20.—Adverse winds, causing poor tides, continues to make poor rail shooting. There are plenty of birds but no water. The old heads patiently wait for the easterly winds of the autumnal equinox, and can start in an hour's notice when water enough comes into the river wherewith to reach the places where the rail are now secure. The absence of rain for some time has dried up the snipe ponds, and a dense growth of vegetation covers the meadows. Quite a number have been killed on the drift stuff on the borders of the river. Teal are fairly plentiful on the Delaware.—HOMO.

RAIL IN CONNECTICUT.—Middletown, Conn., Sept. 20.—The quail and partridge shooting promises well about here. I was at Essex yesterday, bagged seventy rail, but these were not plenty, and contrary to the common opinion, which is, that the later in the season the larger and fatter the birds, were notably small and poor. My pusher, B. Hayden, says he has noticed that to be generally the case. It may be accounted for by the excessive shooting, which clears out the birds before they have time to rest and fatten, and so all we get are fresh flights.—A.

OHIO QUAIL.—Moscow, Ohio, Sept. 19.—The hunting near this place promises to be the finest that we have had for a number of years. While out some days ago, I noticed several fine coveys of quail, and as they were protected by the farmers last winter, they are numerous and very tame. Never before have rabbits been so plenty as now, and squirrels can be had in abundance near here. All sportsmen in and around here are making great preparation for the coming harvest in the hunting line.—G. G. J.

CLEANING BRASS SHELLS.—Editor Forest and Stream: A correspondent in your last issue wants to know how to clean brass shells. I have used brass shells ever since they came out, and my experience has been that the less they are cleaned (inside) the better work they do. Let the inside of the shell alone; if it is dirty it will hold the wads more securely. Vinegar rubbed on with a rag, followed by hot water will clean the outside. I think it a good plan to use nickel-plated shells.—MEAT-HAWK.

OHIO RUFFED GROUSE.—Wooster, O., Sept. 15.—Ruffed grouse shooting splendid—better than for years, and everybody that hunts can have all the shooting they want, but to get all the birds they want is quite another thing. The dense cover makes it difficult shooting. Some extra good bags have been made, running from two to ten brace a day. My best bag the past week was ten and a half brace, over Keon, a sixteen-months old pup, the property of Mr. Frank A. Magee, Chelsea, Mass.—JOHN BOLUS.

WILD DUCKS IN CENTRAL PARK.—Last Sunday, reports the *Sun*, two wild ducks that had been flying as high as the fifteen-story flats swooped down on the lake in Central Park. The other ducks turned up their bills at them, and the black swans regarded them with distant curiosity. The two wild ducks made such a tour of the Park as they might on the lake, then rose into the air and flew south, far over the Park trees.

Camp Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

139.

SITTING around the stove one evening in the office of the old Haskell House, in Galesburg, this State, way back in 1855, was the usual crowd of farmers, town loafers and guests of the house. Among the latter was Gus C., who had served as clerk on several of the magnificent passenger steamers plying between Buffalo and Chicago, and who had knocked about the lakes in one capacity or another from boyhood. The farmers and loafers aforesaid had given us some pretty tough yarns to swallow regarding deer, wolves and rattlesnakes—the regular thing, you know. After a pause Gus thought it was about time for him to put in his oar, and gave us the following:—

"Gentlemen, I ain't much on game, fact is, never shot a gun in my life, but I have had some rather queer experiences on the lakes, and don't mind telling you about a curious thing that happened to the Mohican, a little schooner that I was mate of in '42. Chicago want'n little of a place then, and we had brought up some dry goods and groceries from Buffalo, and took back thirty-six barrels of pork, all that had been packed there that season. We had fair weather until we got round to Lake Huron, when there came up the biggest blow we had struck that season. It came pretty near knocking the sticks out of her, and the pork got loose in the hold and rolled around considerably, but she weathered it, and before we struck St. Clair Flats it was all smooth sailing again, and we reached Buffalo all right; but when we tied up at the wharf and opened the hatches, I'll be blowed if she didn't go to the bottom of the creek that quick that we hardly had time to jump for the wharf.

"We got a diver the next day to go down and see what the matter was, and I don't know as you will believe me, but it is a fact, there wasn't a barrel of that pork to be found, and there was a hole in her bottom that you could have driven a horse and wagon through. I don't know as we would have ever known how it all happened if it had not been for the steamboat George Washington picking up the pork which they found floating around in Lake Huron, and then we knew that when we were rolling and pitching in the gale the pork got loose and broke through the bottom, and the only thing that kept us afloat was the air in the hold, and as soon as we raised the hatches, and let the air out, why of course she went down. I tell you gentlemen it was a mighty lucky thing we did not do it before we got into Buffalo Creek." And the crowd thought so too.

HARRY HUNTER.

HIGHLAND PARK, Ill.

140.

Pat bought a shotgun, 12-bore, left barrel full choked, the shooting to be satisfactory or money refunded. Pat exchanged the gun for another after the first trial of it. Pat shoots from the right shoulder, and nothing would induce him to do otherwise. He cannot close his left eye without closing the right, but had just begun training to shoot with both eyes open, and you know a beginner is liable to sight with the left eye across the end of the barrel and shoot wild. Well, Pat and Ed drove out about ten miles one day to get some squirrels. Going into the woods they separated, and when they came together at night to return home Ed had a good bag of blacks and Pat had one poor red. Said Pat: "My gun's no good." "Your gun is all right," said Ed, "but you can't shoot well enough to hit anything. That two-eye business that P. is trying to preach into you is no good." "Well, let's see you hit something with it," said Pat. So Ed took the gun and, stepping back to good fair shooting distance, fired at a spot on a fence board, and on examination found the board well filled with shot, and, turning to Pat, said, "What have you to say now? That's as good as my gun will do." Pat saw that he was cornered, but a happy thought struck him just then and he quieted Ed with the assertion, "Well, what of that? you can hit a fence with any gun."

PINACENTER.

141.

This fall I bought a new imported gun, and being a little anxious to try it, four of us started for Long Lake. There we soon found a boat and started out, I taking my position in the bow. When within about twenty-five rods of the marsh at the foot of the lake I espied a big crane standing erect in all dignity and pride. All at once he made a move to fly. This was a chance to test the new gun, and to send my compliments after the crane in the way of 1½ ounces of No. 6 shot took but a second; and then I gave him the other barrel and down he came. The distance was fully twenty-five rods. Well, to tell how pleased I was with that gun, words are not to be found; \$200 would not have bought it. The boys were all loud in praising the new weapon and my skill as a shot. But alas! for human vanities. We rowed up to the marsh to get my crane, and woe is me, the bird was fast in a steel trap, and had simply risen the length of the chain and fallen back again. Not one single pellet of shot had touched him, so far as we could find. But the gun is a good one all the same.

W. J. F.

FENTON, Mich.

142.

Ed. had been away from camp for about two hours one day trying a new muzzleloading rifle. About dinner time he returned, with a most tired and woebegone expression of countenance, and set his gun down in a corner of the tent without speaking. Finally I ventured to ask, "Where's your game, Neddy?" "Well," he exclaimed, "I didn't see much game, but I tell you that gun can shoot. I was coming home empty-handed, when I looked up through the treetops and spied an eagle sailing along overhead. I up gun and fired, aiming at the eye, and I blew the head off close up to the neck. It fell, or rather was falling—the head I mean—when that darned eagle just swooped down and caught it in its mouth, and flew out of sight screaming."

LEON F. HALL.

OSWEGO, N. Y.

143.

Our hunting party had pitched camp for the night upon the bank of Cherry River, in (what is now) Nicholas county, West Virginia. Hardly had our camp-fire begun to flicker, when a lank, long-haired individual was seen approaching along a path that led down from a log cabin perched upon the mountain side, and distant, well, as I remember, nearly two hundred yards. Our mountaineer having arrived at camp, and the civilities of the occasion over, one of our party wishing to ingratiate himself into his good graces, for the

purpose of learning what were the game probabilities of the neighborhood, produced a black bottle and tin cup, and insisted on his taking "somehin'." It did not require any "moral suasion" to induce him to imbibe; but he had hardly smacked his lips and drawn the sleeve of his hunting shirt across them, when from the door of the cabin above us,

"A voice fell like a falling star."

It was a woman's voice, and it said, "You Moneyman, you come right straight home directly sir. First thing you know, you'll be so drunk you can't crawl up here on your all fours. You know you will." Our long-haired visitor did not however appear to be the least "flustered," but turning slowly to the direction whence the voice came, and with a deprecatory wave of his hand, he answered back, "Now Mary, you jest go back inter that cabin, an' dry right up; I ain't teched er drap." Mary, however, did not heed the advice so kindly given. Again her voice rang down the mountain side, sharper and clearer than before, "You're a liar, sir; I can smell your breath clean up here." TUCKAHOE.

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn., Sept. 17.—Editor Forest and Stream: Your last Camp Fire Flicker reminds me of a snake fight described by a friend of mine who saw two of the reptiles wrestling till each caught the other by the tail and began to swallow him. And they kept on swallowing till nothing was left of either of them. How's that?—X. [These snakes were the two that came out of the Ark, and the story has been told about them ever since.]

Sea and River Fishing.

THE DOBSON OR HELGRAMITE.

THE excellent bait for black bass which is in many places known by the above names, is the larva of an insect known to science as *Corydalis cornutus*, Linn. I have been stimulated to write something of this larva by receiving several letters on the subject, asking for information about it; what it is, and what may be its proper name, etc. Among these is one from Dr. Charles W. Gumbes, of Oaks, Pa., who sends the following list of common names, some of which I remember furnishing for publication some years ago:

Columbia Co., Ga.	Shellhead.	Virginia.....	Flip-flap.
	Helwanger.		Stone devil.
Water Gap, Pa.	Boger or Bogart.	West'n New York	Alligator.
	Alkamite.	Perkiomen, Pa.	Crawler.
Southern Indiana	Go-devil.	Carlisle, Pa.	Go Jack.
North Vernon, O.	Snake-feeder.	Wyandung, Pa.	Devil catcher.
Litchfield, Conn.	Bloomer.	Ranover, Pa.	Snake doctor.
Janesville, Wis.	Crawler.	Lafayette, Pa.	Stone climber.
	The andy.	Flat Rock, Pa.	Clipper bug.
Fulton, N. Y.	Black crabs.	Tulpehocken, Pa.	Kiltamites.
	White crabs.		Klugmites.
	Flying crabs.	Fox River, Wis.	Dam worm.
Schenectady, N.Y.	Black worms.	Schoharie, N. Y.	Dragon.
	Fly'n'g worms	Hazleton, Pa.	Devil.
Towanda, Pa.	Conjuction bug	Portland, Pa.	Bogart.
Honesdale, Pa.	Clipper.		Red crab.
Milford, Pa.	Stone crab.	Raleigh, N. C.	Yellow crab.
	Sand crab.		Hell driver.
Lambertville, N.J.	Water grampus	Lackawaxen, Pa.	Flying clipper.
Tumble, N. J.	Goggle goy.		Helgramite.
Interior N. J.	Crock.	In many places...	Dobson.
Monroe Co., N. Y.	Hell devil.	Said to be correct.	Corydalis.

A study of these names reveals several corruptions of the name "helgramite," others of "clipper," which may allude to its quick motions in the water when alarmed, and still



LARVA USED AS BAIT.

others which refer to the backward movement of the crayfish of fresh water, which is miscalled a "crab" in the interior, a name which has the warrant of the German, for in that language the brook crayfish becomes *krebs*, and is not



PUPA.

distinguished from the side-moving crab of salt water, except when unusual definiteness is required, when it is called *back-*

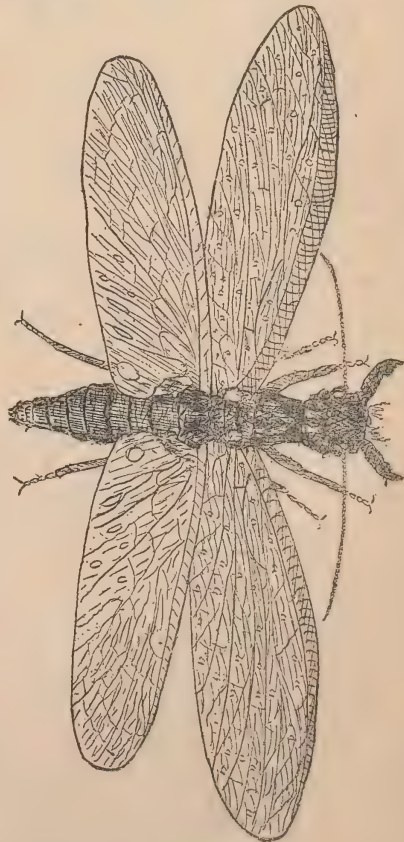
krebs. The infernal cognomens in the list cannot escape observation.

In the *American Sportsman* of May 16, 1874, I gave some information concerning the life history of this bait, and therein said that it was "the larva of the helgramite fly." I did so because some one in charge of the entomology of the *Rural New Yorker*, July 12, 1873, stated in answer to Sanford Hartman that the "dobson" was the "larva or pupa (for it is used for fish bait in both stages), of the well-known



MALE.

hellgramite fly (*Corydalis cornutus*, Linn.). I replied to this in a feeble way a week or two afterward, and tried to sustain Mr. Hartman in the use of his local name of "dobson," but afterward thinking that I had been overweighed in a contest with science, I wrote the article referred to in the *Sportsman*, and accepted the name of "helgramite" (with one l) in preference to "dobson," which in early youth I learned to call my bait. I thought helgramite a name of wider use, and perhaps a scientific one. Now I ask, what does it mean? Why should I prefer it to "dobson," which I always call it when fishing, but have lately dropped when writing of it? Certainly "dobson" is as good a name, if it does not describe any peculiarity of the animal, and it has no suspicion of the infernal in its first syllable. Therefore, if "helgramite" has no scientific meaning, and I cannot discover its origin or signification, and is on a common footing



FEMALE.

with "dobson" as a popular name, then I feel warranted in returning to the name of my boyhood, which I had abandoned in deference to the supposed learning of others. Should any one show there are better grounds for calling it "helgramite" than for terming it a "dobson," I will nevermore either write the latter name nor speak it when referring to the bait, except as a synonym.

To better illustrate the life history of the "dobson," I don't expect anglers to call it *Corydalis*, I have made original

drawings from specimens of the male and female insect, pupa and larva, which I have had in years. The adult insects are nocturnal and are seldom seen, the larva, which is the only form I have ever known to be used for bait, is found in swift mountain brooks under stones and is captured by putting a landing net below a stone and then raising the latter and capturing the larva as it tries to escape. The pupa is found under logs on the bank, but personally I have never known of its use as a bait for fish.

The *Corydalis cornutus* is a large fly of from three to four inches in length, the female having short pincers, like the larva, and the male possessing long horns. The female is said to lay her eggs in clusters about water plants, this I have not seen, but that the larva is carnivorous is well known. They feed on insects and fish, alive or dead, and are ravenous as all larvae are.

The perfect fly is never seen before the last of June, having passed the stages of egg, larva, pupa and emerged into the imago or perfect state, during the year beginning about September 1 of the previous season. I have kept the larva in running water and fed them on the flesh of fish and of beef, but they will die in still water and will eat each other if no other food is at hand. They will live for some time in wet moss, but, like all other larvae will require food or they will die or transform into the pupa stage. It is impossible for them to do the latter unless they are full grown and ready for this transformation and have access to the banks of streams where they can find the proper condition of moist soil under logs.

That our "dobson" is not without a pedigree is a fact, and to such as are interested in it, I would say consult the "Entomologists' Annual," London, 1862, where will be found Dr. Hagen's description of a fossil *Corydalis*, found in the Mesozoic rocks in Solenhufen, Bavaria. Now, if man really existed in the Tertiary period as is claimed by Mr. Edward S. Morse, in his address before the Section of Anthropology of the American Association for the Advancement of Sciences, Sept. 4, 1884, at Philadelphia, there is no doubt but he used the dobson as a bait for fish; for the insect was already at hand. As it is probable that no living angler was there at that time, and none of the "oldest inhabitants" recollect much that happened in the Tertiary period, I do not see how any modern fellow is going to overthrow my assumption that pre-historic men used the dobson as bait.

The dobson is a perverse "critter" when on a hook, and will crawl under a stone if he can get to the bottom, and basely leave the angler to believe that his bait is fishing hard for a bite until he pulls slightly and thinks the sinker is fast. This habit of the larva is a bad one, and he should be reasoned with and taught to know that when an angler pays two cents for him to the boy who has spent his time in capturing him, that he should not attempt to shirk his duty and skulk under rocks, but diligently fish all the time.

Lest any one ask how this formidable-looking beast is impaled on a hook, I will say: I usually insert the point in the back behind the thorax, and bring it out just behind the head, because this leaves the body free. Others insert the hook on the lower side, about the thorax, and bring it out in the abdomen. You pays your money and takes your choice, but as most fish prefer to take their prey head foremost, it seems best to present this point of the hook to them. In this connection I cannot too strongly condemn the sneaking practice of a dobson in attempting to save its own life by crawling under stones after the angler has paid for it to fish for him; this is the basest part of its character. It evidently wishes to live forever.

There are some other flies which lay eggs in the water, whose larva look like the dobson when small; this is the genus *Siala*, and the worms have naked bodies and pincers, but do not grow large, and have long and slender tails. If one of the male *Corydalis* should hover over my drawing of a female and feel injured that I have drawn the second pair of wings overlapping the first, I will apologize to him and declare that it was only a slip of the pen, and that I know as well as he that the first pair fold over the others. I am sure he will recognize his youngest in the drawing of the larva, and his eldest in the pupa, and will see that his wife has her jaws open to meet him, as she often has when he has been out too late at night.

FRED MATHER.

*A writer in the *Century* for October paraphrases the words of Frederick the Great to his guards: "What do want to live forever?" and puts the words in the mouth of a general in our late rebellion.

TROUT IN PRINCE EDWARD'S ISLAND.

SOME of the readers of *FOREST AND STREAM* may be interested in the following list of trout rivers on Prince Edward's Island:

Wheatley River, sixteen miles from Charlottetown.
Beach River, Lot 33.
Winter River, Lot 34.
West River, Bonshaw, Lot 30.
North Lake, near East Point.
Montague Bridge, Lot 69.
Rollo Bay and Portune River Bridge. Apply to Archibald McDougall, at the former.
The Big Miminigash.
Bear River Station. Apply to Dennis Costlow, and go to Naufrage Pond.
Morell Station.
Bras Station.
Dunk River, Freetown Station.

The Morell and the Dunk are perhaps the most celebrated streams. But inasmuch as there are no pickerel and no chub, every brook and every millpond contain trout. Among millponds, I may mention especially Ramsay's Pond, not far from Margate. The natives despise trout that are not silvery in color, and maintain that no trout are silvery but such as have access to salt water.

I must say, however, that my own experience of ten weeks' fishing near Malpeque, and of ten weeks' eating of trout, does not tend to make me agree with them. One color tastes just as good as another, and millpond trout may be just as tempting to the palate as those caught near or even in salt water. It was quite new to me to fish at the mouths of rivers where the water is almost, or perhaps quite, as salt as in the ocean itself. One of my acquaintances, who this time had abandoned the fly for a humble worm, caught on one and the same occasion and with the same tackle trout, smelts and flatfish. Trout are taken even away out in Charlottetown Harbor, near the Block House. Two new localities at the very mouths of small rivers—here I caught one fish of a pound and nine ounces and a number more of very respectable size—were where the stream narrowed and the slope of the bottom to deep water was sudden. Such places I should be tempted to try if I ever made a trouting tour of the island, even though the

oldest inhabitant asserted that trout had never been caught there.

Prince Edwards has cool summers, low prices, a hospitable and kindly population—this latter the densest in the Dominion, so that there is no need whatever of camping out to fish—and trout and golden plover (the latter in September) in great abundance. The scenery may, perhaps, at last become monotonous—gentle hills covered with spruce and fir (almost to the exclusion of broad leaved trees) and soil deep red wherever it is exposed; no rocks, but soft, crumbling red sandstone, and that showing hardly anywhere except on the seashore; no stones, the greenest of turf, bitten short each side of the road by the sheep, and a general air of fertility and agricultural prosperity—but this scenery has, on the one hand for a stranger, the charm of novelty and on the other the delight which every one, without exception, must take in the unusually vivid contrast between the soil and the foliage, is one which never wears out.

WILLIAM COOK.

UNEQUAL LUCK.

NIPMUG is the Indian name of a small lake in the town of Mendon, Mass., about 600 feet above tide water, quite deep and of the purest water. It was leased from the State and stocked with bass in 1870, and is now swarming with them. One dull, cloudy day not long ago, myself, a friend and a scion of one of the party were taken down with the bass fever, and procuring about thirty frogs, we started for the lake, four miles away. Numerous were the stories told on the way of our skill and luck catching bass and other fish, and of the big strings caught and big fish lost. A lovelier sheet of water than Nipmug was that day was nowhere to be seen. The surface was ruffled by just the nicest ripple, and the distant shore was just one bank of green. This prospect was grateful to us, as we were to snatch from its bosom the gamy bass. Unloading our frogs and fishing kit on the beach, we adjourn to Luther's cider mill, hard by, to refresh ourselves with his rich new cider just from the press.

Returning we proceed to fix up our rods for business. While I am tying on a hook something strikes bang against the boathouse, and a two pound bass flops between my feet. To save him I drop my line and grab him with both hands; and looking up to see where the fish came from saw the Scion with his frog torn by the sharp teeth of the bass, while a broad grin on the youth's face plainly showed who had been the first one to cast his frog into the lake. After bailing out the boat Fred took the oars, the Scion stepped into the bow, and I into the stern, while Fred's portly form in the middle just trimmed the boat, and off we started under the engine-like stroke of the oars. Hooking on a medium sized frog I cast as far from the boat as possible, expecting every minute to see the swirl of the bass as he comes with a rush from the bottom. I had cast three or four times when there was a commotion in the bow and on looking up saw the young man's line taught and going through the water with a rush, but the fish proved to be well hooked and was pulled in by main strength, coming through the air like a bomb shell, striking me on the back and bounding into the bottom of the boat. I hooked the scales into his jaw and he pulled just three pounds.

Within two minutes the bow line pulled in another weighing two and one-half pounds. That same line kept at it, and all this while my frog was unharmed. Fred said, "If I had a boy that could catch fish like that, and I couldn't catch one, I would turn over all of my rods, reels, lines and good will, and let the boy do the fishing in the future." At this moment a splash in the water meant something, and on looking to see who had fallen overboard, I saw the bow line going for a bunch of lily pads as though something heavy was on the other end. And Fred said, "Pull him in! Pull him in! He is a ripper!" And sure enough, he was the largest one yet, weighing four pounds two ounces.

Disgusted with my luck, I said to Fred, "Come, let me take the oars, and you take my rod and see what you can do." "All right, I will show you how to catch bass." Handing him the rod and taking the oars, I pulled gently around to just casting distance from the shore, and all the while the bow line kept pulling them in, large-mouth and small-mouth, and rock bass, and once in a while a pickerel. This continued until the entire circuit of the lake was completed, and we arrived at the place of starting just in time to start for home before dark, neither myself nor Fred having caught a single fish. Fish caught by bowline, 26 bass, 4½ pounds.

The next day Fred said, "I'll tell you how we can fix that fellow; we will hire some one to catch a lot of bass for us, and keep them in a car; then ask him over fishing, and then we will have the best of him."

MILFORD, MASS.

NIPMUG.

SHARKS IN LONG ISLAND SOUND.—Northport, Long Island, Sept. 23.—The oldest inhabitant cannot remember such a run of sharks as are infesting the Sound at present. The fishing is spoiled by them, as the food fish are too scared to feed, or have been driven off. A large shark was landed in Huntington harbor last week which had a great number of full grown menhaden in its stomach, none of which bore marks of teeth. In almost any part of the Sound the fins of sharks can be seen above the water, and they seem quite tame. The fishermen here think that scarcity of food in the ocean has driven them in here. A shark eight feet long was taken off Lloyd's Neck, which stands at the east of Cold Spring Harbor, and large ones have been seen in the harbor, almost up to the fish hatchery. Porpoises were plenty in the Sound before the sharks came but have been scared away. The small boy bathes with caution, and adventurous fishermen are rigging up their shark tackle. The little bluefish keep close in shore and feed by stealth, being aware of the presence of the monsters. A gentleman shot eleven from a yacht on Monday and captured two of them.—POKE-O-MOONSHINE.

THE ROD AND REEL TOURNAMENT.—Last spring the committee of arrangements fixed upon an early day in October for the tournament, and it was published. The chairman of that committee appointed the various sub-committees to revise rules in the different classes, etc., and all went out of town in the hot weather, each thinking that the others could arrange all matters without their presence. The president and secretary have labored to get a meeting of the committee in vain until last week. The days now fixed are Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 22 and 23. The prizes are coming in, and on Oct. 4 the prize committee will make up the list of prizes in the different classes and the programme will be published. Everything points to a splendid meeting if the weather is at all favorable.

THOSE BIG TROUT.—Stanley, N. J.—*Editor Forest and Stream*:—Countless numbers of the arguing readers of your always interesting journal are awaiting rather impatiently the verification of "Knickerbocker's" Munchausenish statement relative to the Rangeley trout of 24, 17, 15, 12 pounds weight. Will he not rise and explain? Nothing short of his affidavit, certified by the judges and clerks of courts in Oxford and Franklin counties, Maine, and indorsed by the Fish Commissioners of Maine—Hons. H. O. Stanley and E. M. Stillwell—further verified by the countersigns of Charles G. Atkins, Asst. U. S. Commissioner of Fisheries, and Prof. S. F. Baird, the distinguished and reliable Commissioner of Fisheries of the United States of America, will convince any angler for trout, whose scales stopped at 10 pounds and under, that "Knickerbocker's" effusion ought not to have been placed in your columns headed "That Reminds Me." I think we are all ready to present him our biggest jack knife and our chromo, "Little Hatchet."—GEO. SHEPARD PAGE.

BASS IN VIRGINIA.—Ancient the bass fishing at Front Royal, Va., advertised elsewhere, a Baltimore correspondent writes: "The bass fishing on the Shenandoah River at Front Royal is about the best I have found in this country; and it will be unusually good this fall, owing to the fact that during the early part of the season constant rains prevented the river from being over-fished. My average weight from Aug. 1 to Sept. 1 was two pounds; average catch twenty-one, which I count pretty good."—J. L. T.

PERCH AT BETTERTON.—The perch at Betterton are biting and the fish are large. Grove and Thompson's Points are the favorite spots. Weakfishing is still good at Burnegut. There has been a noticeable falling off of bluefish at this famous fishing ground this year. It is all laid at the door of the menhaden fishermen.—HOMO.

TROUT IN THE RANGELEYS.—Our correspondent "J. G. R.," writing from Rangeley, Me., Sept. 19, says: "Very few trout are being taken at present in any part of the Rangeleys, but the large ones are running in and a little cold weather will set them rising."

Fishculture.

CARP CULTURE.—Philadelphia, Sept. 17.—The American Carp Cultural Association held its fall meeting here to-day. The secretary's report showed between five and six hundred enrolled members, representing nearly or quite every State in the Union. The price of membership was fixed at one dollar. Arrangements were made for the publication of a monthly journal to be largely devoted to carp culture. It was stated that 25,000 persons have commenced the culture of carp in this country. The members of the association will be present at the draining of the government carp pond at League Island to-morrow, Philadelphia, Sept. 18.—The members of the American Carp Culture Association visited League Island to-day for the purpose of inspecting the carp which were placed in a pond there in January, 1883. When placed in the pond the carp were about four inches in length, they having been hatched the summer before. Several specimens were captured to-day, not one of which was less than 3½ pounds in weight and 19 inches in length. The heaviest one weighed 4 pounds and 10 ounces, measured 21 inches in length and 14 inches in girth. It was thus shown that the fish grow large and thrive without any especial care, and the experiment was pronounced a complete success.

Answers to Correspondents.

F. S., German Hunting Club.—For squirrel shooting, try Sussex county, N. J.

G. W. M., Cedarville, O.—The Michigan game law forbids the exportation of deer.

D. S. M., Waverly.—Black squirrels will breed in captivity. See note on page 45, issue of Feb. 14, 1884.

F. S.—Try the vicinity of Chateaugay Lake or Meacham Lake. See notices of these resorts in our advertising columns.

H. H. L., Chicago.—The process of making sawdust gas you will find described in a pamphlet published by George Walker, P. O. Box 33, Deseronto, Ont.

SPORT, New York.—Please inform me the most proper way to catch black bass. Ans. With the artificial fly when they will take it. At other times use helgramites, minnows, or frogs.

C. S. S., Philadelphia, Pa.—I use a common butcher knife for scraping down spars or mast. 2. The common veterinary vaseline, the cheapest grade, is good for slushing down masts. It may be rubbed on with the hand.

A. W., Massillon, O.—Where can I procure young carp, and at what season should they be started? Ans. Apply to Prof. S. F. Baird, Commissioner of Fisheries, Washington, D. C. The distribution will probably begin next month.

R. D. L., Mystic, Conn.—The seasons in your State are: Ruffed grouse, quail and woodcock, Oct. 1-Jan. 1; wildfowl, Sept. 1-May 1; rail Sept. 12-Jan. 1 (in New Haven, Fairfield and Litchfield counties, Aug. 20-Jan. 1); speckled trout, April 1-July 1.

J. L. Z.—You will find ruffed grouse and quail near Nyack. A recent writer recommended for ruffed grouse near that place the ridge which runs from Oak Hill Cemetery north to Hook Mountain. For woodcock, go east of Cresskill station. Squirrels are reported plenty in Sussex county, N. J.

J. G. G. Jr.—From Petoskey, Mich., you can easily reach good deer hunting grounds. The Michigan deer season is in Lower Peninsula Oct. 1-Dec. 1; in Upper Peninsula, Aug. 15-Nov. 15. The gun you name will answer for deer shooting. See communications elsewhere on "Bullet vs. Buckshot".

MICHIGAN TOURIST.—For ducks try the marshes at Monroe, Mich. Part of them are preserved by a club. For ruffed grouse go to any of the stations on the Flint & Pere Marquette Railroad west of East Saginaw, Jeromesville and Munising in the Northern Peninsula are good points for deer shooting.

T. F., Minto.—1. Does, in your opinion, the feeding of meat to bird dogs injure their power of scent? 2. Will rubbing powdered emery upon the inside of Damascus steel barrels injure them in any way? 3. What is the best article for removing rust from the inside of gun barrels? Ans. 1. No. 2. No. 3. Try gun oil.

FLAT, Lowell, Mass.—Will you kindly inform me: 1. What is the best work on salmon and trout flies (artificial), by the study of which an amateur could learn to make a satisfactory fly for American or Canadian waters? 2. Where can materials be obtained? Ans. 1. The information is contained in "The American Angler's Book," by Thad. Norris, price, \$5.50, or in Hallock's "Gazetteer," price, \$3. We can furnish either. 2. Write to any of our advertising tackle dealers.

A. M. H., New York.—A large and very cold spring on a farm is so situated that I can have a large pond at small expense. The water is too cold for carp, which, I am told, require warmer water. How would black bass do? The bottom of the pond is too muddy or I would try trout. Ans. If there are springs in the pond you can throw in gravel on them and trout will thrive, or if there is a spring running in it you can make spawning races. Black bass also require sand or gravel.

L. K. W., Do you think it would be worth while to stock a pond on the south side of Long Island with black bass? The pond was formerly well-stocked with trout, but has not been strictly preserved during the last few years, consequently most of the trout have been taken out. Its about five feet deep, clear, cold water, sandy bottom. Ans. If there is no chance of restoring the trout we would put in black bass. Deeper water would be better, but they may do well in five feet. Write to Mr. Annin, whose advertisement is in our columns.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

Oct. 7, 9, 10 and 11.—Third Annual Bench Show of the Danbury Agricultural Society, Danbury, Conn. Entries close Sept. 27. E. S. Davis, Superintendent, Danbury, Conn.
Oct. 16, 17 and 18.—National Breeders' Show, Industrial Art Hall, Philadelphia, Pa. James Watson, Secretary, P. O. Box 770. Entries close Oct. 3.

Oct. 21, 22, 23 and 24.—First Annual Fall Bench Show of the Westminster Kennel Club, Madison Square Garden, New York. Entries close Oct. 6. Mr. Chas. Lincoln, Superintendent.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. —Third Annual Trials of the Robins Island Club, Robins Island, L. I. Open to members only. Mr. A. T. Plummer, Secretary.

Nov. 17.—Sixth Annual Trials of the Eastern Field Trials Club, at High Point, N. C. W. A. Coster, Secretary, Flatbush, L. I.
Dec. 8.—Sixth Annual Trials of the National American Kennel Club at Canton, Miss. D. Bryson, Secretary, Memphis, Tenn.

Dec. 15.—Southern Sportsmen's Association Trials, Canton, Miss. Mr. T. K. Renaud, Secretary, New Orleans, La.

A. K. R.

THE AMERICAN KENNEL REGISTER, for the registration of pedigrees, etc. (with prize lists of all shows and trials), is published every month. Entries close on the 1st. Should be in early. Entry blanks sent on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope. Registration fee (25 cents) must accompany each entry. No entries inserted unless paid in advance. Yearly subscription \$1. Address "American Kennel Register," P. O. Box 2832, New York. Number of entries already printed 1560. Volume I, bound in cloth, sent postpaid, \$1.50.

NEW YORK FALL DOG SHOW.

THE coming show of the Westminster Kennel Club bids fair to be as popular as their regular spring show. The non-sporting classes will probably be more fully represented than at any show that has yet been held. Exhibitors are well aware that the honor of winning at New York well repays them for the expense of sending their animals even from a long distance, and we shall expect to see full entries in all of the classes. The entries close Oct. 6. Following is a list of the judges. All of the gentlemen have most acceptably filled the office before, and are well-known to our readers as intelligent as well as upright judges:

For mastiffs, St. Bernards, fox-terriers, bulldogs and bull-terriers, Mr. James Mortimer, New York.

For deerhounds, Newfoundlanders, pugs, toy spaniels and all terriers except bull and fox-terriers, Mr. J. F. Kirk, Toronto, Ont.

For greyhounds, Italian greyhounds and miscellaneous classes, Mr. Joseph R. Pierson, Buckingham, Pa.

For collies, Dr. J. W. Downey, New Market, Md.

For poodles, Mr. John G. Hecksher, New York.

THE PHILADELPHIA DOG SHOW.

THE first show of the new Philadelphia Kennel Club was held at Philadelphia last week in conjunction with the Pennsylvania State Agricultural Society. There were nearly six hundred dogs entered, including many of the most noted dogs of the country. The quality of the animals exhibited was above the average in nearly all of the classes, and the condition in which they were shown was much better than we expected to see at this season of the year. There was a notable display of foxhounds; in fact, it was one of the most pleasing features of the show. The mastiffs and St. Bernards were a grand lot and, judging from the crowds that were constantly around their kennels, they received the attention they well deserved. The pointers were not quite so good as we expected to see, although there were a number of very good ones shown. The setters all through were very good. Indeed, we do not remember a show where the average quality in all the setter classes exceeded these. The beagles made a better showing than we have ever before seen. The fox-terriers were also very good, as were the collies. Nearly all of the terrier classes were well represented both in numbers and quality. There was also a very good display of pugs.

The club were favored with good weather and the crowds of people were all anxious to see the dogs. In fact the crowd was so great that in ten minutes after the doors were opened it was impossible to get at the dogs and judging had to be suspended, in consequence many of the exhibitors protested against the state of affairs and the club and society, after consultation, finding that they would be obliged to either close the doors or charge an admission fee, adopted the latter plan as the only way out of the difficulty; even then the building was uncomfortably crowded. The arrangements for the benching and care of the dogs were first class. The club presented Mr. Lincoln a suitably engraved medal as a token of their appreciation of his services. We hope that the success which has crowned the effort of the club will induce them to hold a show each year. The judging was done in the open air as there was not room in the building. Although, as will be seen in our comments upon the dogs, we do not agree with all of the decisions of the judges, we feel that it is no more than justice to say that we believe that the awards were honestly and impartially bestowed. The very good example set by the club in omitting all puppy classes should be followed by every association in the country. The championship rule adopted by the club is also to be commended, and the sooner all clubs adopt some rule of the kind the better it will be for all concerned. Then as the old champions die off or win the place the honor will mean something.

Following is a list of the judges:

For Foxhounds—J. A. Stovell, Esq., Philadelphia.

For Mastiffs, St. Bernards, Newfoundlanders and Ulmers—Edward Dudley, Esq., Camden, N. J.

For Deerhounds, Greyhounds, Whippets, Italian Greyhounds, Poodles and Miscellaneous Classes—Joseph R. Pierson, Esq., Buckingham, Pa.

For Pointers—Washington A. Coster, Esq., Flatbush, L. I.

For English Setters—John Fottler, Jr., Esq., Boston, Mass.

For Gordon Setters and Spaniels of All Breeds.—Dr. J. S. Niven, London, Ontario.

For Irish Setters—F. A. Diffenderfer, Esq., Lancaster, Pa.

For Chesapeake Bay Dogs—G. N. Appold, Esq., Baltimore, Md.

For Beagles, Dachshunde, Basset and Bench-Legged Beagles, also Collies—Dr. J. W. Downey, New Market, Frederick county, Md.

For Fox-Terriers, Bulldogs, Bull-Terriers, Black and Tan Terriers, Dandie Dimont Terriers, Irish and Rough-Haired Terriers, Skye Terriers, Yorkshire and Toy Terriers—James Mortimer, Esq., New York city.

For Pugs—W. R. Knight, Esq., Philadelphia.

FOXHOUNDS.

The display of foxhounds was undoubtedly the largest and best that has ever appeared at an American bench show. In the vicinity of Philadelphia, fox hunting, in the good old-fashioned way of riding to bounds, is a popular sport, and the members of the various hunt clubs gave an earnest of their abilities as cross-country riders, at the hurdle jumping trials during the Fair. Mr. J. Howard Lewis, Jr., of the Rose Tree Hunt on Rosinante clearing five feet six inches high; Mr. H. H. Dalmas, on the famous Pandora, five feet four inches; Mr. Geo. G. Leiper, of the Concord Hunt, on Mingo, tying him for second place. Many of the other contestants did some creditable jumping up to five feet. The valuable prize offered for

the best six couple of foxhounds brought out representatives from six packs. The Warren Hunt, Mr. Thomas Davis, Master, showed twelve; The Bryn Mawr Hunt, Mr. J. L. Mather, Master, nineteen; The West Chester Hunt, Mr. J. Shaner, Master, fourteen; The Brandywine Hunt, Mr. J. Shauer, Jr., Master, sixteen; The Rocklin Hunt, Wilmington, Del., twelve, and the Ontario Hunt, London, Ont., twelve. The arrangement for the display of the hounds was very complete. A circular kennel of wire lattice was constructed in the center of the building, divided into six compartments, each containing a pack. The dogs were loose, giving the visitors a good view of the entire exhibit at a glance, the beautiful grouping and brilliant and varied colors of the hounds made up a picture that attracted crowds of delighted spectators. The judging was in accordance with the views of American breeders who fancy a lighter made dog than the English standard calls for. The different packs were examined in their kennels instead of in the judges' ring, where they should have been, as it is a difficult matter to pass upon the comparative merits of dogs, foxhounds especially, unless they are shown together, and in a place where they can be seen and made to move around. The award for the best pack went to the Warren Hunt, a very sorry lot, ten of the twelve being of the same sire and dam. There were many among them that were far above the average. The West Chester Hunt showed several very fine animals, but not so even a lot to look at as the winners. The Brandywine Hunt showed some remarkably fine puppies; such heads and ears are rarely seen. They promise to make fine upstanding dogs when mature. Several of the Bryn Mawr Hunt's exhibits impressed us as being both fast and enduring. The Rocklin Hunt furnished the winner in the open dog class. There were three or four more in the pack that we thought well of. The Ontario Hunt, according to Stonehenge's standard, showed the best pack, although they were far from an even lot, as there were at least three distinct types. Their Torrence and Rally won in braces, and were second and third in the open class. We thought them the best, and should have placed them first and second, with Lead, who won first, third. Jessie, who won first in the bitch class, is a very sweet-looking animal, but to our mind not so good-looking as Roxey II, who was placed second. There were two foxes shown in cages with the hounds.

DEERHOUNDS.

The Clovenhook Kennel's Mac had an easy win. He is a very typical dog of good size and bone; his coat is a little soft and he might have been shown with a little more flesh and muscle, but his grand head, lengthy neck, good shoulders, legs and feet carried him to the front. Bruce, the second prize winner, lacks coat, is heavy in ear, and in contrast with Mac, is short in body. There were no other awards in this class. The only entry in the bitch class was absent.

GREYHOUNDS.

Friday Night, in the very best condition we have ever seen him, was the only entry in the champion class. In the open class for dogs, Bouncing Boy scored an easy victory. He was not in the pink of condition, and to this we ascribe the fact of his being beaten by Friday Night for the special prize for the best greyhound. Leo is a fair dog but was in very bad coat. The bitch class was a good one, and although we do not approve of decorating every dog in a class with commendation cards, we think the judge was decidedly niggardly in his awards. Fannie, c., might have been with strict justice given another letter, as might also Maud. School Girl, given first, is an extraordinarily good bitch, Begonia, wrongly entered as Belgonia, lacks the racing-like quality of the winner, but is nevertheless a good specimen.

MASTIFFS.

In champion dogs Nevison was the only entry. This dog has so often been described that comment is unnecessary. He was shown in remarkably good condition, with the exception of the old sore on his hock, which seems to be incurable. Dolly Varden was the only entry in the bitch class. In the open dog class the Ashmont Kennel's Hero II. was placed first. He is in poor condition, being very low in flesh. He has a rather slack back and loin, has immense bone and might be improved by condition. The second prize winner, Leo, is of fair size, but is too straight in his hocks and wants bone. His head is narrow and he is long in muzzle. Dread, the third prize winner, should have been thrown out altogether. He is leggy, weak in loin, and terribly cowed and weak in hindquarters. Duke of Kent was absent. Elkinton's Dread, hc., has a fair skull and square muzzle, but is very much out at elbow and bad on his feet. In bitches, Aydah and Lorna Doon were given an equal first, and second prize withheld. We think Lorna Doon should have been first. She is better in skull and muzzle, more massive, and has better legs and feet than Aydah; besides, the latter is tucked up in body and has very light eyes. Leonice, third, is of good size and color, but too long in face and narrow in skull. Fury and Louise, given hc. and c., were let down easily.

ST. BERNARDS.

In the champion classes for rough-coated St. Bernards, dogs and bitches, Bonivard and Gerlie were the only entries, these are remarkably good specimens, though Gerlie was in very poor coat. Duke of Leeds almost had a walk-over in the open class for dogs; he is below himself in flesh, but was in fair coat. Samson, the second prize winner, is a fair specimen, but rather too curly in coat. Herzog, given third, will improve with age, but his skull is narrow, still we thought him a very promising puppy. The entries in the bitch class were both absent. In champion smooth-coated, bitches, the well known Lella was the only entry. In the open dog class, the Hermitage Kennel was again successful with Don II. He is a grand dog with plenty of size and bone, standing true and straight on his feet. He is perhaps a trifle too much domed in skull, almost his only fault. The second prize winner, Verone, is a little weak behind, a fault he may improve on. He has a grand head; his ears are rather too heavy, and he was shown in bad coat, as was Royalist, placed third. In the bitch class we liked Bellone II., placed second, better than Snowball, the winner, who is light in bone and pinched in muzzle, but was shown in good coat.

ULMERS.

The Ulmers were anything but a good class, and all prizes might have been withheld.

NEWFOUNDLANDS.

The Newfoundlanders were poor. Sam was decidedly the best, but he is wanting in size and has a weak head; his best point is his coat, the others scarcely deserved mention.

POINTERS.

In the champion class for large dogs, only two were shown, Don, who won the prize, deserved it; he is a very taking-looking dog, with many good qualities; he stands a trifle high and is out at elbows. Knickerbocker, his only competitor, was not quite at his best. There were no entries in the bitch class. In the open dog class Beaufort had an easy win; he was in beautiful condition. Tip, his only competitor, should have been disqualified; he is a workmanlike looking dog, but he had evidently been clipped to disguise his bad breeding. The bitch class was, perhaps, as well judged as possible, all three of the winners were grossly fat and far from being in bench show condition. Lass, who won second, had the worst of it in this respect. Had she been in good form she would undoubtedly have been first. Bravo was alone in the small champion class. He was looking well, although not quite up to his usual form. There was no entry in the bitch class. The open dog class was not well handled. Donald II., the winner of first, was in capital condition; he is a very nice looking dog of large type with some good points and considerable quality; he is too lathy and is straight behind; he should have been content with second or third. Young Sleaford, who won second, is a very good all-round dog also of large type, we thought him

full as good as the winner, except that he has a coarse tail. Booth, who was placed third, has a poor head and back, loin and legs, with fair feet. He is very throaty and wide in front, with loaded shoulders. He has a good tail which he carries straight in the air; he also does not move so well as he might. Robin Adair, vhc., is a very good little dog. He approaches Bang Bang and Meteor in type, and has no glaring faults. Rapp, unnoticed, we consider the best in the class. He is very good all round, and like Robin Adair, he has no bad faults; we liked the way he carried himself better than any in the class. We should have placed him first, Robin Adair second, and Donald II. third, although Young Sleaford is close to him and deserved vhc., while Booth should have been content with the two letters. In the bitch class, Daisy Bravo, who won first, is not yet mature. She is rather weedy and lathy as yet, although she may develop well. Her head is not first-class, and she is a trifle undershot, which gives her muzzle a bad appearance. St. Kilda, who won second, is a very good bitch and deserved the place; she was not quite up to the mark in condition. Princess II., winner of third, is a fair animal all round. Lady Bang and Lillie, both vhc., were not in their usual show form; we thought them well placed. Lady Croxteth, hc., was much the best in the class; he is good all over and should have been first. Dora, unnoticed, is also a nice bitch; she was not in first-class condition. There was not much to choose between her, Daisy Bravo and Princess II. for third place.

ENGLISH SETTERS.

The English setters were of better average quality than we generally see together. In the champion dog class Plantagenet won the pride of place, which he deserved; although not quite up to his best he was looking well. Foreman was in good condition except in coat; he comes very near the winner. Dick Laverack was not quite so well shown as when at New York York last spring. Lava Rock was out-classed aside from his very bad condition. Emperor Fred was also in very bad form. Petrel II. won in the bitch class; she was not in first-class condition, although she looked fairly well. Lady May was well shown; she is a fine large bitch of the same type that the judge selected for winners in the open classes. Belle's Pride and Nellie May were absent. Fairy II. shows her age, she was in very bad condition and should not have been shown. The open dog class was a hot one and we did not envy the judge his task. After looking over the dogs the judge very suavely suggested to about half of the handlers that they take their dogs over in the shade of the building. This, to say the least, was a very neat way of putting it and far more agreeable than the action of one of the other judges to whom an exhibitor suggested that some of the poor specimens had better be sent out. "Yes," remarked the judge, "that is a good idea. You may take out yours." Glen Rock, who was placed first, is a big, good-looking dog of beautiful color. He has rather a coarse head, in fact, he is a little inclined to coarseness all over. His shoulders, chest and loin are fair. He is a little high on his legs and has ragged hips. He should have been content with vhc. Second went to Paris III., another big handsome animal. He has a better head than the winner, and is full as good in other points. Mack B., who was third, we also liked better than the winner. He is a bit too high on his legs and was short in coat. He has considerable quality, and if shown at his best, the others cannot give him many points. Telford, wrongly entered as Booth, vhc., we liked about as well as any. He is a capital dog of medium size and very well put together. He has no serious faults, has a good head and is of good color. Rock, also vhc., notwithstanding his ears are faulty, he has the best head in the class. He is also of good type and very well made up. Chalkey D., another vhc., is good all round, and well deserved his card. Don Juan, who also had the three letters, is an exceptionally fine little dog with lots of quality. He was badly shown. Prince Phœbus, also vhc., was in very good condition. Were he as good in head as he is otherwise he would make it warm for some of them. Cossack was also given the three letters, but hardly deserved them, as his coat was very bad and he was otherwise in bad form. Prince, hc., is one of the best formed animals in the class, and when in good form, he can come very near beating the lot. He was poor in flesh, and soft, and not fit to be shown. Brant and Rocket, both hc., are strong, workmanlike-looking dogs, without much pretensions to show bench form. Putman and Don III., both hc., and Dash Boy, c., were extremely lucky to get noticed, as they were all decidedly out-classed. Dash Dale, of whom c., and Wagner, unnoticed, were better than either of them. In the bitch class, first went to Liddersdale, a decision which we cannot indorse. As we have often said, she is a very good bitch, but Dashing Belle, who was placed second, is full as good as her in all points and much better in chest. Blue Bell, who won third, is a very good bitch in many points, but in this class she should have been content with vhc. Dashing Jessie and Blue Belle, both vhc., were grossly fat and received all that they deserved. Genevieve, Fairy III. and Grace B., who were also vhc., are all very good, indeed. Except for her faulty head, Genevieve is one of the best in the class. Fairy III. is elegantly formed and shows lots of quality; she was a little out of feather, but should have been at least third. The class all through was remarkable for the quality displayed, and the judge was very lavish of the honors, all except three of the twenty-five receiving notice. We have mentioned the best in the class, although there were two or three others that were close up. It perhaps may seem not just right to leave out in the cold so many good animals, but we believe that the wholesale distribution of honors is not beneficial either to the exhibitor or the public.

GORDON SETTERS.

There were no entries in the champion classes. The open dog class brought out eight fair representatives. Royal Duke, who won first, is a fine upstanding dog, with very good body, loin, quarters and feet; his head is not quite the correct type and his ears are too small; he was in excellent condition. Wrage, second, is a more typical Gordon than the winner; he has a capital head and ears, but he falls away behind the shoulder badly. Gem, who won third, we do not fancy; he stands too high on his legs and is weak in loin. There were also eight to face the judge in the bitch class. They were a capital lot and far ahead of the dogs. Crete II., who won first, is a very good all-round bitch, with considerable quality. Lufra, who was second, we liked better for first place; she has a very typical head, good shoulders, legs and feet; she was not in good condition, as she has a litter of unweaned puppies. Fannie, third, has a good head, loin and quarters, but her heavy straight shoulders we presume prevented her getting to the front. As a whole, the Gordon setters were better than we generally see together.

IRISH SETTERS.

The Irish setters all through were very good. Glencho, who won in the champion dog class, was looking finely. Trix, the winner in the bitch class, was not quite at her best. In the open dog class all of those that were noticed were quite good. In many cases there was not in reality much to choose between several animals, and it was merely a matter of personal opinion as to which was the best. We thought them as well placed, perhaps, as was possible. As is generally the case, the bitch class was of better average quality than the dog class. All but two of the class received notice, which was no more than they deserved.

SPANIELS.

Benedict was alone in the champion field spaniel class. He was not looking so well we remember to have seen him. In the open class there were several good ones. Critic, who won second, is the most typical of the lot, but he is not quite so good on his legs as Hornell Growler, who won first. Both were in bad coat and both might be better in eyes. Hornell Silk had a walk-over in the champion cocker class. He is really a capital little dog, but was in very bad condition and

thwaite, Jr.'s, Fly, black, white and tan, 4 yrs., (Pet-Beauty), Com., J. Satterthwaite, Jr.'s, Bessie, black, white and tan, 8 mos. (Hackett-Fly); A. M. Wood's Cricket, black, white and tan, 14 mos. (Bugle-Pittsburgh). UNDER 12 IN.—Dogs: 1st, Louis Sloan's Bannerman, lemon and white, 2 yrs. (Blanch Boy—Dev. Drop). Bitches: 1st, A. C. Knezer's Rena, white, black and tan, 4 yrs. (Ringwood II.—Spider). BENCH-LEA—Dogs: 1st, Pottinger Dorsey's Major, black, white and tan, 4 yrs. (Driver—Famous); 2d, Gen. Frank A. Bond's Dyke, black, white and tan, 5 yrs. (imported Sam—imported Katie). Bitches: 1st and 2d, Gen. Frank A. Bond's Rose, black, white and tan, 3 yrs. (Driver—Fly), and Bessie, lemon and white, 20 mos.; sire imported, out of Judy. Very high com., Associated Fanciers' Maud, black, white and tan, 2 yrs.

BASSET HOUNDS.—Dogs: 1st, W. Remington Chamberlain's Nemours, (Irish-bred), 1 yr. (Jupiter—Vivien); 2d, Jacob Heldrick's Spout, black, white and tan, 7 1/2 yrs.

FOX TERRIERS.—Champion—Dog: L. & W. Rutherford's Royal, tan and white, 3 yrs. (Price's Echo—Cricket). Bitch: L. & W. Rutherford's Diana, white, black and tan, 3 yrs. (Tackler—Belgrave Viola). OPEN—Dogs: 1st, L. & W. Rutherford's Belgrave Priamrose, white and tan, 2 yrs. (Belgrave—Wasp); 2d, Clovenook Kennel's Scarsdale, white, black and tan, 2 1/2 yrs. (Joker—Ella); 3d, Surrey Kennel's Flippant, white and tan, 3 yrs. 3 mos. (champion Royal—champion Tussel). Very high com., Clovenook Kennel's Trajan, tan, 1 yr. 10 mos. (High com., V. G. McAlister's Crisp, white, black and tan, 14 mos. Patch—Bella). Com. D. McClinch's Teddy II., white, black and tan markings, 13 mos. (Teddy out of Mark Smith's bitch), G. Cesar's Jim, white black and tan, 2 1/2 yrs. (imported). Bitches: 1st, L. & W. Rutherford's Dance, black, tan and white, 2 yrs. (Broken-hurst Spice—Polonaise), 2d, L. & W. Rutherford's Josie, tan and white, 9 mos. (Warren Jim—Lance); 3d, I. H. Shepperd's Gipsy, white, black and tan markings, 4 yrs. Very high com., Surrey Kennel's Jill, white, black and tan, 12 mos. (Trap—Nettie), F. C. Wheeler's Vernon III. (E.K.C.S.B. 12,455), white and orange markings. Com., R. P. Dechert's Betsy, white, with black spots and tan head, 2 1/2 yrs. (imported).

COLLIES.—Champion—Dog: T. H. Terry's Robin Adair, red, sable and white, 2 yrs. (Cliffe—Tyne). Bitch: Only entry not eligible. OPEN—Dogs: Kilmarnock Collie Kennel's Bruce, (the) white, black and tan, 2 1/2 yrs. (A.K.R. 24). G. R. Draper's Sam, red, sable and white, 4 yrs. (champion Mark—Wood's Lassie); 3d, Kilmarnock Collie Kennel's Rattler, black, tan and white, 3 yrs. (A.K.R. 147). Very high com., Martin Dennis's Brack, black and tan, 4 yrs. (A.K.R. 3). High com., Patrick Maher's Roy, black and tan, 14 mos., imported. Bitches: 1st, T. H. Terry's Lass o' Lowrie, black, tan and white, 1 yr. (Robin Adair—Zulu Princess); 2d, James Lindsay's Jersey Lily, black, tan and white, 3 yrs. (Crown—Crown). High com., A. G. Bloomfield's Beta, black, tan and white, 3 yrs. 9 mos. (A.K.R. 1134).

BULLDOGS.—1st, James Patterson's Bill, brindle, 6 yrs. (Ben-Jenny); 2d, John J. Thompson's Leon, yellow brindle, 4 yrs. (Duke—Nettie); 3d, Dr. J. Wm. White's Dot, brindle, 4 yrs. High com., Chas. T. Thompson's Ida, dark brindle, 4 yrs. (Crib—Beauty).

BULL TERRIERS.—OVER 25 LBS.—OPEN—1st, E. V. Porter's Victoria, white, 18 mos., full pedigree; 2d, withheld. Com., John Hoosier's Nipper, white, 1 yr. 2 mos. (Nelson—). UNDER 25 LBS.—Prizes withheld.

BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS.—CHAMPION, OVER 7 LBS.—1st, E. Lever's Vortigern, black and tan, 7 yrs. (Viper—Gypsy). OPEN—1st, Mrs. E. Lever's Lady, black and tan, 2 yrs. (Vortigern—Lilly II); 2d, John Whitaker's Brilliant, black and tan, 2 yrs. Very high com., Edward Lever's Reveller, black and tan, 3 yrs. (Charles—Queen); John Ritter's Sport, black and tan, 14 mos. (Reveller—Lady). Com., E. Lever's Fortune, black and tan, 17 mos. (Reveller—Lilly I).

DANDIE DINMONT TERRIERS.—1st, R. P. Palmer's Wasp, pepper and salt, 2 1/2 yrs. (Darkie—Nel); 2d, Mrs. J. H. Naylor's Pansey, pepper, 7 mos., imported.

IRISH AND ROUGH-HAired TERRIERS.—Equal 1st, John H. Naylor's Rosie (Scottish), brindle, 13 mos. (full pedigree), and D. O'Shea's Erin, 2 yrs. (Rock—Norah). Very high com., Lawrence Timpon's Sheila, red, 3 yrs. (A.K.R. 137).

SKYE TERRIERS.—CHAMPION—Wm. Pierre Sanderson's Jim, 4 yrs., 7 mos. (Barker—Highland Mary). OPEN—Dog: 1st, Wm. Pierre Sanderson's Souter Johnnie, light blue, 2 yrs. 6 mos.; 2d, withheld. Very high com., Walter Scott Lieber's Mr. Miff, dark blue, 2 yrs. High com., Christian Eisel's Rover, white and steel, 3 yrs. 2 mos. (Julia). Bitches: 1st, Wm. P. Sanderson's Queen Mab, dark blue, 5 yrs. (Tommy—French); 2d, Mrs. Walter Hortsman's Peggie, silver blue.

YORKSHIRE TERRIERS.—OVER 5 LBS.—Mrs. Jane Parker's Charlie, blue and tan, 2 yrs. (Dreadnaught—Nellie). UNDER 5 LBS.—J. Parker's Marquis, blue and tan, 3 1/2 yrs.; 2d, Miss M. Kendig's Dot, blue and silver, 3 yrs., imported. Very high com., Associated Fanciers' Lillie, blue and tan, 2 yrs. (Sandy—Dreadnaught). Com., Charles Schwein, Lillie, blue and tan, 2 yrs. (Sandy—Dreadnaught).

TOY TERRIERS.—OTHER THAN YORKSHIRE, UNDER 7 LBS.—1st, C. F. Stafford, Queen Dot, black and tan, 5 yrs.; 2d, John Hentzler's Fozzo, silver gray, 2 1/2 yrs. Very high com., Ambrose Rullinger's Dot, black and tan, 3 1/2 yrs. (pedigree not known); Louis Simmons's Jet, black and tan, 16 mos. High com., C. C. Clumet's Tiny, tan, 3 yrs.

PUGS.—CHAMPION—Dr. M. H. Cryer's Roderick, fawn and black points, 6 yrs. (Punch—Judy). OPEN—Dogs: 1st, H. B. Warburton's Nig, fawn, 2 yrs. 3 mos., imported; 2d, Miss S. Meek's Max, fawn and black, 2 yrs. (champion Roderick—Dolly); 3d, Mrs. C. S. Wheatfield's Tu Tu, fawn, 3 yrs. 2 mos. (Young Peter—Zoe). Very high com., Chequasset Kennel's Triumph, apricot fawn, 6 mos. (Young Toby—Daisy). High com., T. F. Neale's Smut, fawn, 3 yrs. (Charlie—Jenny). Bitches: 1st, Wm. E. Lef's Beauty, fawn, 2 yrs. 5 mos. (Boy—Beauty); 2d, Dr. M. H. Cryer's Gypsy, fawn, black points, 2 yrs. (champion Roderick—Nellie); 3d, Chas. C. Royce's Queen Bess, black and gray, 2 yrs. 3 mos. High com., Walter Ryan's Laura, mixed black and silver fawn, 1 yr. 6 mos. (Punch—Minnie); Mrs. C. S. Wheatfield's Victoria, silver gray, 20 mos. (Atlas—Zoe). Com., E. I. Martin's Blinnis, fawn, 13 mos. (champion George—Peg).

KING CHARLES OR BLENHEIM SPANIELS.—1st, John Parker's Floss, black and tan, 2 yrs. (Jumbo—Betsy); 2d, Wm. Parker's Cherry Ripe, black, white and tan, 2 yrs. (Charles—Lillian). Very high com., John Parker's Countess, black and tan, 2 yrs. (Victor—Topsy). High com., James Parker, Jr.'s Violet, red and white, 2 yrs. (Prince—Rheubens); James Parker, Jr.'s Charlie, red and white, 3 yrs. (Prince—Violet). Com., John Parker's Charlie, black and white and tan, 3 yrs. (Floss—Kitty).

ITALIAN GREYHOUNDS.—1st, Mrs. Annie M. Kramer's Romeo, fawn, 19 mos.; 2d, E. W. Jester's Pearl (A.K.R. 758), fawn, 5 yrs. (Douglass—Gipsy Queen). Very high com., Mrs. Annie M. Kramer's Neppie, fawn, 9 yrs. Com., H. McCormick's Dot, fawn and white points, 6 yrs. (Cybala).

POODLES.—1st, withheld; 2d, Rush S. Huidekoper's Mirliton, white, 5 yrs.

MISCELLANEOUS OR FOREIGN DOGS.—OVER 25 LBS.—1st, Edwin Lever's Sir Garnet, blue and tan, 2 yrs. (Brack—Gipsy Queen); 2d, Hermann Heiche's Mack, fawn, dark muzzle, 10 mos., imported; 3d, Riegenwald's Tinsilis, brown, 15 mos. UNDER 25 LBS.—1st, Mr. H. T. Foote's M. Too, dark mouse, 2 1/2 yrs., pedigree unknown; 2d, Fred Kirby's Sting, silver tan, 6 mos. (Vagabond—Wasp). Bedlington terrier; 3d, Charles H. Ohler's Tidey, black, 3 yrs., Chinese crested dog. Very high com., Wm. H. McCracken's Chi-chi-gas, white, imported (Chihua—).

SPECIAL PRIZES.

A.—For the best mastiff, Chas. H. Mason's Nevison.
B.—For the best rough-coated St. Bernard, E. R. Hearn's Duke of Kent.
C.—For the best Newfoundland, J. A. Nickerson's Sam.
D.—For the best greyhound, H. W. Smith's Friday Night.
E.—For the best deerhound, Clovenook Kennel's Marc.
F.—For the best imported English setter dog, E. I. Martin's Don Juan.
G.—For the best imported English setter bitch, Joseph Lewis's M.
H.—For the best English setter dog bred in the United States, E. I. Martin's Plantagenet.
I.—For the best English setter bitch bred in the United States, E. I. Martin's Petrol II.
J.—For the best English setter bitch with two of her progeny, E. I. Martin's Fairy II., with Fore-nan and Fairy Lass.
K.—For the best brace of English setters, E. I. Martin's Plantagenet and Petrol II.
L.—For the best Irish setter dog, W. H. Pierce's Glencho.
M.—For the best Irish setter bitch in open class, Jas. T. Walker's Recta.
N.—For the best Irish setter bitch with two of her progeny, Jas. T. Walker's Recta, with Glendolen and Bird.
O.—For the best Gordon setter, Edward Maher's Royal Duke.
P.—For the best brace of Gordon setters, Geo. Emilen's Wragg and Fannie.
Q.—For the best large pointer dog, Chas. H. Mason's Beaufort.
R.—For the best large pointer bitch, A. H. Craig's Beulah.
S.—For the best small pointer dog, G. M. Munhall's Donald II.
T.—For the best small pointer bitch, G. N. Appold's Daisy Bravo.
U.—For the best large pointer bitch with two of her progeny, no entry.
V.—For the best Chesapeake Bay dog, Louis C. Clark's Chess.
W.—For the best cocker spaniel dog, Hornell Spaniel Club's Hornell Silk.

X.—For the best cocker spaniel bitch, S. R. Hemingway's Miss Nance.

Y.—For the best couple of foxhounds, D. O'Shea's Torrence and Lally.

Z.—For the best foxhound dog, Rocklin Hunt's Lead.

AA.—For the best foxhound bitch, Thomas Davis's Jessie.

BB.—For the best beagle, D. O'Shea's Rattler.

CC.—For the best beagle over twelve inches, D. O'Shea's Rattler.

DD.—For the best beagle under twelve inches, Louis Sloan's Bannerman.

EE.—For the best basset or bench-legged beagle, Gen. Frank A. Bond's Rose.

FF.—For the best fox-terrier, L. & W. Rutherford's Diana.

GG.—For the best collie, the Kilmarnock Collie Kennel's Bruce of the Fyde.

HH.—For the best bull, James Patterson's Bill.

II.—For the best bull-terrier, Edward P. Porter's Victoria.

JJ.—For the best large black and tan terrier, Mrs. E. Lever's Lady.

KK.—For the best brace of Gordon setters, Geo. Emilen's Wragg and Fannie.

LL.—For the best Yorkshire terrier, John Parker's Marquis.

MM.—For the best Skye terrier, William Pierre Sanderson's Jim.

NN.—For the best pug, Dr. M. H. Cryer's Roderick.

OO.—For the best Italian greyhound, Mrs. Annie M. Kramer's Romeo.

PP.—For the best whippet, Arthur Chambers's Maggie.

QQ.—For the best couple of beagles, D. O'Shea's Rattler and Misch.

RR.—For the best Chesapeake Bay dog, Louis C. Clark's Chess.

SS.—For the best pug owned by a lady, Miss Scrota Meek's Max.

TT.—For the best pug bred in the United States, Miss Scrota Meek's Max.

UU.—For the best collection of pugs, Dr. M. H. Cryer, with Roderick, Rod, Rob and Gipsy.

VV.—For the best pug dog with two of his get, Dr. M. H. Cryer's Roderick, with Max and Gipsy.

WW.—For the best pug bitch, Wm. E. Lex's Beauty.

XX.—For the best Irish setter in the open class, Max Wenzel's Chief.

YY.—For the best Irish setter bitch, W. H. Pierce's Tris.

ZZ.—For the best kennel of Irish setters, W. H. Pierce's Glencho, Fawn, Tris, Snap and Reta.

AAA.—For the best fox-terrier bitch, with two of her progeny, I. H. Shepperd's Gipsy.

BBB.—For the best black and tan terrier with two of his get, Edward Lever's Vortigern, with Lady and Brilliant.

CCC.—For the best fox-terrier, L. & W. Rutherford's Diana.

DDD.—For the best Skye terrier bitch, Wm. Pierre Sanderson's Queen Mab.

MONTREAL DOG SHOW.

THE third annual bench show of the Montreal Kennel Club was held at the Victoria Skating Rink, on the 9th, 10th and 11th inst. The building is well adapted for a dog show, being of ample dimensions and well ventilated. Sporting dogs, with the exception of spaniels, were poorly represented, but the non-sporting classes were well filled, especially so in the mastiff, collie, pug, Bedlington terrier and toy terrier classes. The Governor General and staff visited the show, and the attendance was particularly good right up to the time of closing.

Major J. M. Taylor, of Lexington, Kentucky, judged the pointers and setters, and Mr. James Mortimer, of New York, all other classes with the exception of spaniels, in which class both acted. A great feature of the show was the benching of all the small dogs in wire cages, which should be adopted at all our shows. The management, under Mr. Samuel Coulson, the president of the club, and Mr. I. S. Wall, secretary, were untiring in their efforts to secure the comfort of visitors, and they were eminently successful.

ENGLISH SETTERS.

In the champion class Cambridge, shown in poor coat and feather, had a walk over. In the corresponding bitch class, Nellie Mae was the only entry. In the open class for dogs, Catford was awarded first; he is a little out at elbows but is of good quality all through. Grouse took second and Albion vhc. Albion has a good body, legs, feet and chest, was shown in good coat but is throaty and heavy in skull. In the open bitch class, Lill was awarded first over Countess Dash III. The winner is a fairly good bitch and was very well shown. In the puppy class Simcoe Girl was given second; Ben C. and an unnamed puppy by Albion ex Countess Dash III. first.

IRISH SETTERS.

Dr. Jarvis's Elcho, Jr., was the only entry in the champion dog class; he was rather low in flesh and, consequently, did not show so well as at New York; his head is very good but he is a little leggy and light in bone. In the bitch class the same owner's Meg had a walk over. In the open class for dogs Echo had an easy win, second going to a dog belonging to Mr. J. W. Magregor and he to Wild. There were three entries in the open bitch class, first going to Irish Moss; in the other awards were withheld; Romaine was absent. In the puppy class Lill was placed first, second going to an unnamed puppy belonging to Dr. Jarvis.

BLACK AND TAN SETTERS.

Argus was absent, which left the prize to Pride of Canada, a very good one.

POINTERS.

In the champion class Meteor was absent, and Draper's Don was given first over Knickerbocker, who was shown in poor shape. In the champion bitch class Vanity, the only entry, was absent. In the open class, any weight, first prize was withheld. Dash, with good body, legs and feet, and a fairly good head, but with houndlike tail, was given second. All other awards were withheld. There were no entries in the bitch and puppy classes.

SPANIELS.

Clumber spaniels had one entry, a nine-months-old puppy. She was awarded the prize. The champion field spaniel class brought out three good ones, the prize eventually going to Bob Jr., although Doctor, in magnificent coat and feather, ran him very closely. Cocker spaniels were out very strong, the prize in the champion class being awarded to Brahmin, a rare good one. In the open class Young Obo captured first honors, second going to Sport, and Jet vhc. In bitches, Phero, a very nice liver and white, with exceptionally good body, legs and feet, was first, Woodland Queen second. Helen, a very nice little bitch, rather light in bone, vhc., Woodstock Flirt hc., and Bessie c. This was a remarkably good class. In the puppy class, Gipsy took first and Flossie vhc. reserve.

MASTIFFS.

Agrippa was absent in the champion class for dogs, leaving Hero II. to win the prize; he was in good condition with the exception of a slight callousness on hindquarters. Dolly Varden had no rival in the bitch class; she is much improved since the New York show. In the open class for dogs Duke of Kent, good in skull and muzzle, and with plenty of bone, was first. Beaconsfield, an immense dog, with rather narrow skull and snipy muzzle, second, and Argus and Jumbo hc. Lorna Doon won easily in the bitch class; she is an exceedingly good one. Hilda V., given second, is good in skull but fall away too much under the eye, and is pinched in muzzle, she is of good size, but lacks bone, and is rather slack in loin. Beauty, hc., and Queen, c., were moderate specimens.

ST. BERNARDS.

In champion rough-coated St. Bernard dogs, Hermit, the only entry, was absent. In the bitch class there were no entries. In the open dog class, Sampson, in good coat and condition, was given first; Neva was absent. In champion smooth-coated dogs and bitches, the grand Don II. and Leila were deservedly awarded the blue ribbon. In the open classes prizes were withheld, Grim being absent.

NEWFOUNDLANDS.

First prize was withheld in the dog class, and second given to Bull, a fair-headed dog of good size, but too curly in coat. The bitches were very poor and the prizes were withheld.

DEERHOUNDS.

Roy was absent, and first prize was given to Lorna II. over her kennel companion Lance. In the open class for dogs,

Bran, a very promising young dog, a bit off in coat, was given first and Duncan second. There were no entries in the bitch class.

GREYHOUNDS.

Bouncing Boy had no trouble in winning first in the dog class, and in the bitch class there was only one entry, Fly, a beautiful bitch, but shown very high in flesh. In the open class, Pilot, a very racing-like dog, shown in good condition, was easily first. Don, placed second, is a good dog, but was badly shown. Tweezer, vhc., droops too much in hindquarters, which are weak. Arabi Bey, hc., would not show himself. He is a strong dog, with plenty of bone; in fact, a little coarse. In the bitch class, Bella, a very good little bitch, was first, Gypsy second, and Fern, vhc. She has rather poor feet.

FOXHOUNDS.

These were a treat to see, especially Tenser and Terror, in the dog class, and Fatima and Tigress in the bitch class, all belonging to the Montreal Hunt. They were well worth visiting Montreal to look at.

HARRIER.

Dan O'Shea, although defeated in the foxhound classes, came out strong in this, and captured first and second in the dog class and first in bitches.

BEAGLES.

Dan was also well in front with these little favorites, winning first and second in dog class with Rattler and Kino, and first in bitches with Music II.

FOX-TERRIERS.

In the champion dogs, the Clovenook Kennel was first with Scarsdale, a bit out of coat. Vakeel getting vhc. reserve—Fennel was absent. In the champion bitch class the beautiful Village Belle scored an easy victory over Ruby. Baby Tyrant, in much improved condition since we last saw him, had virtually a walk-over in the open class for dogs, Bowler, a nice dog but short of coat getting second, and Rascal, badly out at elbows, vhc., Belvoir Jim being absent. In bitches, Venom III. was placed first. She is good in head, but wide-chested and has poor feet. Spy, too light in bone, was second. The puppy class was a poor one, first going to Spot, just a moderate one.

COLLIES.

Collies were out strongly, first going to Britain, a very nice dog with good head, small ears and correct coat. Second to Rough, a nice sable. Rover, Collie, Laddie, Brilliant, vhc., Pompei and Sharp hc. and Dan, Rob Roy and Troon c., were all good. This was a very good class. The bitches were poor, second going to Jennie, and first withheld. The puppies were only moderate.

BULLDOGS.

In the champion class Bellissima, in good condition, beat Tippoo from the same kennels. In the open class Young Duke was first, Romulus and Rhodora being absent.

BULL-TERRIERS.

The bull-terriers were all bad ones, and all awards were withheld, much to the disgust of the fraternity.

BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS.

In the champion class for dogs over seven pounds Teaser was the only entry and won, as did Bessie in the bitch class. Teaser II. was easily first in the open class; second was withheld; Othello, too large and just fair in markings, was vhc. In the bitch class The Squaw was placed first and an unnamed one second. In the small class Baby No. 1 and Baby No. 2, both very good ones, were first and second. Another good class. In the corresponding bitch class Fanny was first and Trap second, Finney vhc., Dottie hc. and Beauty c.

BEDLINGTON TERRIERS.

These were well represented, the champion prize going to Blucher over Stonehouse Lass, who was out of coat, is light of bone and has a large eye. In the open dog class Elswick Lad II. was placed first over his litter brother, Elswick Jock, given second. These are both good ones, the winner being stronger in jaw and with more bone. In the bitch class Tyne-side II. was given first; she is a little weak in head and jaw, but is full of terrier character; second to Elswick Belle, a good sort but short of coat.

IRISH TERRIERS.

Garryowen, in first-rate coat, just beat Joe II., who is a little light in bone. In the bitch class Grin II. was given first and Nancy Lee second.

SKYE TERRIERS.

Laddie was placed first in dogs and Nellie in bitches. The winning dog is rather short in body, while the bitch is out of coat.

HARD-HAired OR SCOTCH TERRIERS.

Two of the die-hard breed equally divided first and second money.

YORKSHIRE TERRIERS.

And silver grays were very well represented. Montreal is particularly strong in these breeds, and could hold her own even with the New York show in these classes. Broken-haired toy terriers were also very good.

PUGS.

In the champion class Mrs. Hill's Joe again scored, while in the open dog class Young Toby won first and Triumph, a very nice puppy, second. Flossy, an almost perfect little bitch, won first quite easily in the bitch class, with Victory second.

POODLES.

Were not so good as usual.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Foreign class—There were three equal prizes given to Foss, an other hound, Lulu and Hornet II., white English terriers.

Following is a list of the

AWARDS.

MASTIFFS.—CHAMPION—Dog: Ashmont Kennel's Hero II., 4 yrs. (A.K.R. 545). Bitch: Ashmont Kennel's Dolly Varden, 4 yrs. (A.K.R. 75). OPEN—Dogs: 1st, Shaw & Bates's Duke of Kent, 22 mos. (Lion—Fan); 2d, P. T. Gibb's Beaconsfield. High com., Geo. Beatty's Jumbo, Jr., 2 mos. (Jumbo—Beauty), and J. E. M. Whitney's Argus, 3 yrs. (Hero—Flora). Bitches: 1st, Ashmont Kennel's Lorna Doon, 2 1/2 yrs. (Crown Prince—Lion—Lioness); 2d, Shaw & Bates's Hilda V., 3 yrs. (A.K.R. 1433). High com., Geo. Beatty's Beauty, 1 1/2 yrs. (Jumbo—Nellie). Com., S. H. Ross's Queen, 3 yrs. (Argus—).

ROUGH-COATED ST. BERNARDS.—CHAMPION—Dog: Absent. Bitch: No entry. OPEN—Dogs: 1st, Edward Kelly's Sampson, 20 mos. (Monk II.—Sheila), only entry. Bitches: Absent. Puppies: No entries.

SMOOTH-COATED ST. BERNARDS.—CHAMPION—Dog: E. R. Hearn's Don II., 3 1/2 yrs. (A.K.R. 1161). Bitch: E. R. Hearn's Leila, 3 yrs. (A.K.R. 1163). OPEN—Dogs: Prizes withheld. Bitches: Prizes withheld. Puppies: No entry.

NEWFOUNDLANDS.—Dogs: 1st, withheld; 2d, Gilbert Giroux's Bull, 1 1/2 yrs., pedigree unknown. Bitches: Prizes withheld.

DEERHOUNDS.—CHAMPION—John E. Thayer's Lorna II., brindle, 3 yrs. (Bruce—Lorna). OPEN—Dogs: 1st and 2d, John E. Thayer's Bran, brindle, 1 yr. (Donald—Wyvis), and Duncan, white, 1 1/2 yrs. (Lance—Lorna II.). Bitches: No entry.

GREYHOUNDS.—CHAMPION—Dog: H. W. Huntington's Bouncing Boy, black, 3 yrs. (Wallon Lad—Cremorne). Bitch: Edward Crean's Fly, mouse, 3 yrs. (Star—Gypsy). OPEN—Dogs: 1st, Chas. C. Clapham's Pilot, mouse, 5 yrs., full pedigree; 2d, J. E. Buchanan's Don, fawn, 2 yrs., unknown. Very high com., J. Hickson's Tweezer, dark fawn, 5 yrs., unknown, and Chas. Page's Jack, age and pedigree not given. High com., Alex Ford's Arabi Bey, fawn, 2 yrs. (Pilot—Speed), and G. H. Cunigan's Prince, age and pedigree not given. Com., C. H. Murray's Fly, blue, 4 yrs. (Star—Gyp). Bitches: 1st, F. Up-ton's Bella, blue, 2 yrs. (Spring—); 2d, Fred Palmer's Gipsy, fawn, 2 yrs. (Spring—). Very high com., Henry M. Pellat's Fern light gray, 2 1/2 yrs. (Ringwood—Jessie).

ENGLISH SETTERS.—CHAMPION—Dog: Montague Smith's Cambridge, blue belton, 5 yrs. (Gladstone—Cliff). Bitch: Wm. Dangerveld's Nellie May, black and white, 4 yrs. (Blue Dash—Jolly May). OPEN—Dogs: 1st, Wm. Wither's Catfield, blue belton, 2 yrs. (Cambridge—Coomassie); 2d, H. H. Curtis's Grouse, blue belton, 3 1/2 yrs. (Jeff—Flo). Very high com., J. F. Scrivener's Albion, blue belton, 2 yrs. (London—Dawn). Bitches: 1st, D. O'Shea's Lill, lemon and white, 2 1/2 yrs. (Dick Laverack—Louie); 2d, John F. Campbell's Countess Dash III., black and white, 2 yrs. (Dash II.—Juno). Puppies: 1st, John F. Campbell's unnamed, white and black, 5 mos. (Albion—Countess Dash III.); 2d,

New Brunswick Poultry and Pet Stock Association, St. John, N. B.—Mr. Elliot Smith.
London Kennel Club, London, Ont.—Mr. James Watson.
The report was accepted and Mr. Smith was made permanent chairman. It was then voted that a committee of five, of which the chairman should be one, should be appointed to draft a resolution and by-laws, to be submitted to the Association at a meeting to be held in New York on Oct. 22, at 8 P. M., at which time officers will be chosen. Following is the committee: Mr. Elliot Smith, New York; Major J. M. Taylor, Lexington, Ky.; Gen. W. B. Shattuck, Cincinnati, O.; Mr. James A. Nickerson, Boston, Mass., and Mr. Samuel G. Dixon, Philadelphia, Pa. The meeting then adjourned with a vote of thanks to the Philadelphia Kennel Club for the courtesies extended.

METEOR AND BEAUFORT.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I opine that no event in canine circles would be watched with deeper interest than a competitive field trial of the two pointer dogs, Mr. C. H. Mason's Beaufort and Mr. John W. Munson's Meteor. Every unprejudiced person who has seen the two animals together has a very decided conviction as to which one of the two is the better dog, so far as type and form are concerned; and it is also well known that both are good performers in the field. Mr. Munson says that Meteor is a crack, and Mr. Nixon, Beaufort's breeder, says that Mr. Mason's dog is a capital one on the birds. Now bring them together. The only objection is that in the event of such a trial the friends of the defeated dog would claim (with much good sense, too) that it had decided nothing after all, for you know and I know that a field trial is not always any true test of one dog's excellence compared with that of others. But, then, how we all would like to see a Meteor-Beaufort match, owners to handle.—MEAT-HAWK.

A FOX-TERRIER CLUB.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* At the last Westminster Kennel Club's show there was some talk of forming a fox-terrier club among the exhibitors of that fancy then present in this city. The subject was not taken up and fell through. As an exhibitor of fox-terriers I wish now to make an appeal to all kindred specialists asking their support in arranging a meeting in this city during the coming non-sporting dog show, to bring about the organization of a fox-terrier club, and the adoption of a standard for breeders to follow. Any communications from parties wishing to join such a movement will be cordially welcome to THE CLOVEN-NOOK KENNEL (185 Fifth avenue, New York).

GROUSE DALE.—Mr. Pierre Lorillard has purchased the well-known setter dog Grouse Dale. We congratulate Mr. Lorillard upon the acquisition of one of the best field dogs in this country. We have had the pleasure of shooting over Grouse Dale both on the stubble and in the thicket, and have no hesitation in pronouncing him to be one of the finest dogs for all-round work that we have ever seen. He is just the dog for a sportsman to own, and we envy his owner the pleasure in store for him among the birds in his well-stocked preserves.

STAFFORD DOG SHOW.—The Stafford Agricultural Society of Stafford, Conn., will hold a bench show of dogs in connection with their fifteenth annual fair to be held at Stafford Oct. 8, 9, and 10. We are pleased to see this well known society adopt this course and hope that the venture will prove so successful that it will become an annual fixture. There are many good dogs in the vicinity of Stafford, and we have no doubt that their owners will heartily second the efforts of the society by a large entry.

THE EXHIBITORS' CONVENTION.—The meeting of exhibitors at the Colonnade Hotel, Philadelphia, on the evening of Sept. 16, for the purpose of forming a Kennel Club, was attended by about twenty-five gentlemen. Mr. Wm. Wade, of Pittsburgh, was elected chairman of the meeting. After considerable discussion as to the object and aim of such an association, the meeting finally adjourned without taking action upon the question.

DOG STRAYED OR STOLEN.—A large lemon and white English setter dog, head and ears lemon, and even lemon marks on body, has strayed or been stolen. When last seen he had on a plain leather collar with a small bell attached. A liberal reward will be paid for information leading to his recovery, by his owner, Mr. Thos. H. Stryker, Rome, N. Y.

HOW THEY DO IT IN MEXICO.—The *Correo de las Doce*, of the City of Mexico, reports in its English columns that "The City Council has appropriated 100 dollars, with which to pounds poison to be administered to unmuzzled dogs."

THE LIMITED PAYMENT POLICIES of the Travelers, of Hartford, Conn., concentrate payments into the working years of a man's life, and leave him free from all worry in his later years even if helpless.—*Adv.*

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

NEW ORLEANS, Sept. 13.—The first of a contemplated series of rifle practice by the Battalion Washington Artillery occurred at West End to-day, the shooting being at the 200yd. range and conducted according to Creedmoor rules, under the direction of Capt. C. L. C. Dwyer, ordnance officer of the command, assisted by Lieut. Dudley Selph. The leading scores were in the following 25:

H W McConnell	4394-15	Fred Ward	22035-12
Lieut Underhill	3242-15	O A P Stahl	50332-12
Company B.			
A Coste	3434-18	T G Schoenburg	38333-14
W W Crane	3245-17	R A Stowell	4043-13
Company C.			
Lieut W W Charlton	33343-16	M E McClure	43233-13
J H Stevens	32334-14	Lieut S Oviatt	43333-12
I E Carter	2242-14	J W Green	43330-12

The Colonel and Lieutenant shot as follows:
Col J B Richardson.....00004-4
Private H. W. McConnell, of C Battery was awarded first prize, a handsome Belgian musket, and Private M. D. Lewis, of Battery B received the elegant leather medal, presented by Messrs. Baker, Sloo & Co. This trophy is of handsomely embossed leather, suspended by yellow cedar ribbons. The face is of stamped work, the most prominent feature being the Washington Artillery badge—a tiger's head. The reverse bears the following inscription:

"B. W. A.—Sept. 12, 1884.

I missed the target, tried again,
But all my efforts were in vain;
I missed the target altogether,
And got this medal made of leather."

BOSTON NEWSPAPER MEN'S MATCH.—The annual matches of the Boston Press Rifle Association will take place at Walnut Hill, Oct. 16. Friends of members—all of whom are connected with the daily papers—who desire to contribute prizes to be competed for on the occasion, can have an opportunity by communicating with the treasurer, Mr. James M. Mann, of the Boston Post, from whom the matter will receive prompt attention.

CREEDMOOR.—The three prize winners in the Ladin & Rand Powder Co. match, omitted from our report of the fall meeting last week were as follows:

W M Farrow	300yds.	500yds.	Total.
J S Shepherd	3543555-32	5535555-35	67
H T Lockwood	4455555-33	4545555-33	66
	4555555-32	4455555-33	65

BOSTON, Sept. 20.—There was a small attendance at Walnut Hill to-day and some very good shooting, although the wind from 6 to 5 o'clock was troublesome. The fall meeting of the Association takes place on Oct. 9, 10 and 11. Following are the best scores:

C E Berry	54454545-45	F W Perkins (mil.)	5343355545-43
J E Everett	44554545-45	A A Baker	544533345-41
C H Barnes	55445445-44	T W Ewin (mil.)	44444334-33
C B Edwards	55445445-44	W H Morton	32453334-34
A B Archer	54444545-43	L F Colby (mil.)	43332443-33
Samuel Merrill	44454545-45		

H Cushing	44455554-46	Re-entry	555544454-45
T E Everett	54444545-45	A H Hall	54545454-45
A C Adams	45454545-45	H Kennison	44544454-45

C E Berry (C.)	9 8 5 10 7 9 10 9 8 6-81
J B Fellows (F.)	9 9 10 6 7 10 9 4 6 8-78
Re-entry	8 4 5 9 6 10 9 10 7 10-78
H Cushing	8 8 5 8 4 7 10 10 5 5-78
C H Barnes (C.)	7 9 7 10 8 5 8 7 5 7-76
T E Everett (F.)	5 6 8 5 8 5 8 7 9 7-72
J N Frye (C.)	8 5 10 8 5 8 5 9 10 6-73

Salem Wilder	10 8 10 10 10 9 10 10 9 10-67
P Sylvester	9 10 10 8 8 9 10 9 9 9-63
J H Smith	9 9 8 8 9 10 10 10 9 9-62

THOMASTON, Conn., Sept. 19.—The weather conditions at our shoot to-day were a very bright light, with a light 4 o'clock wind:
W H Dunbar.....10 8 10 11 10 9 8 10 11 11-98
C F Williams.....10 9 8 10 12 9 12 9 11 11-93
Fred A Perkins.....9 10 9 11 10 10 10 11 9 10-97
O L Alling.....9 9 8 11 6 11 10 10 12 11-97
C A Lemmon.....11 6 11 9 10 11 10 10 7 9-92
G P North.....9 7 8 7 11 11 11 7 11-93
E Thomas.....4 8 8 9 7 0 11 3 8 9-70
Sept. 20.—The Empire Gun Club shot the first of a series of matches with the Bridgeport Gun Club to-day, on the range of the latter club near Bridgeport. The weather conditions were cloudy, with a strong 6 o'clock wind, teams of 11 men, off-hand, 300yds., Massachusetts ring target:

G Quimley	11 11 11 11 10 9 11 9 10 12 11 12 8-156
D E Marsh	12 10 9 11 9 11 11 8 11 12 10 10 9-154
S H Hubbard	12 9 8 10 12 10 0 10 11 10 10 11 9-132
E Nothmangle	12 11 10 8 10 11 10 10 11 9 9 11 10-152
D N Conger	9 11 10 10 11 10 9 12 10 9 10 11 10-152
W R Beardsley	10 9 10 9 10 9 7 7 10 9 6 10 11 11-137
G O Botsford	8 9 10 8 7 9 10 11 10 10 9 9 9-136
D H Ferris	8 11 8 7 6 9 10 9 9 10 11 9 9-134
G E Betts	7 5 7 6 9 8 11 12 11 6 8 9 8 12 12-131
P M Beers	9 10 6 8 4 5 9 11 10 11 9 10 8 10-129
M L Reynolds	11 7 3 8 11 8 12 7 10 7 11 9 10 9-121-1553

C G Canfield	9 9 10 11 10 12 10 11 11 12 11 6 7 11-153
W H Dunbar	9 11 10 11 8 9 10 11 11 9 11 9 12-151
A S Hubbard	12 12 10 8 7 9 10 11 11 7 11 7 11-151
C F Williams	8 11 9 10 9 10 8 10 12 10 11 7 10 10-151
G C Gilbert	11 8 10 10 11 12 11 10 9 11 7 10 10 7-144
G A Lemmon	4 7 11 8 12 9 7 9 9 8 9 10 10 9-131
E W Bennett	6 7 10 10 10 8 8 9 9 10 9 8 9 9-131
E Thomas	7 10 8 7 8 11 10 11 5 10 9 11 9 9-129
F Carr	8 10 8 10 11 7 10 11 4 8 7 9 7 10-128
G P North	8 9 10 7 7 7 8 9 10 12 12 8 9 12-124
Fred A Perkins	8 12 10 8 12 7 6 8 9 6 7 6 6-118-1406

HARTFORD, Conn., Sept. 9.—The delegates of the Connecticut Schuetzen-Bund had a well-attended and spirited meeting here yesterday afternoon and evening, at the headquarters of the Hartford Schuetzen Verein. The adoption of a like uniform for all the societies belonging to the Bund was discussed, but is not likely to ever receive sufficient favor, as the man at the butt, not the coat on his back, decides the superiority in marksmanship. It was determined to give the British the privilege of conferring next year's State prize shoot, which is entitled by usage, to the new admitted Springfield Rifle Club. Therefore this grand shoot will most probably be held in Springfield, Mass. This new club has a membership of some 135 young riflemen, and is vigorously managed. The annual prize shoot of the Hartford Schuetzen Verein, open to all, takes place on the 22d of September. There will be a prize target with \$130 in prizes, a string of 3 shots for \$1, a ring target, and a bullseye target. Our rifle ranges are in one, on the city street car.—*Max H. Pfeiler, Secretary Hartford Schuetzen Verein.*

LEAVENWORTH, Kansas, Sept. 10.—The following shows the total of the best two days of the division of the Missouri rifle team as selected at the conclusion of the shooting yesterday. The figures represent two scores at each of the ranges, 200, 300 and 600yds, or a possible 210. Lieut. Clark, taking his poor day, also has a total of 271 out of a possible 315—the best on record. The scores of team members, with the departments to which they belong, are in the order named, as follows: Lieut. Clark, Missouri, 183; Serg. King, Missouri, 177; Serg. Buckley, Platte, 176; Lieut. Day, Missouri, 172; Corp. Crow, Missouri, 173; Lieut. Merriam, Platte, 172; Art. Smith, Platte, 171; Serg. Chaplain, Platte, 172; Corp. Kiefer, Missouri, 169; Serg. Hoy, Platte, 168; Serg. Hard, Missouri, 168; Serg. Hubbard, Missouri, 168; Mus. Hartman, Platte, 168; Serg. Clark, Missouri, 167. Serg. Drake, of the Sixteenth Infantry, won the division skirmish match and a gold medal. Gold medals were last night presented to Drake and the first three members of the division team, and silver medals to the other nine of the division. The two alternates received no medals. The army contest takes place about Oct. 5.

A RICOCHETTED BULLET.—Lieut. Schuyler, of the Sixth Regiment of the Pennsylvania Militia, recently succeeded in performing the singular feat of shooting a man who was standing on the opposite side of a stone wall 16ft. high and half a yard thick. He was firing at the 600yd. range. After the report from his rifle Sergt. Decker, the marker, proceeded to swing the signal and was about to slip out from behind the wall when he became conscious that he had been shot. The bullet had missed the wall and gone to the left of it, struck a rock and ricocheted, and in its course struck the marker in the right shoulder. The wounded man was at once taken to a doctor, who cut the ball out. It had fractured the shoulder blade, but the Sergeant is now out of danger.

GARDNER, Mass., Sept. 17.—A few members of the Gardner Rifle Club went out to Hackmatack Range to-day. The shooting was off-hand, distance 200yds. The new American decimal target was used. Out of a possible 100 the totals were as follows: G. T. Ellsworth 88, G. Fordyce 87, W. C. Loveland 76, S. Hildreth 76, G. C. Goodale 76, William Austin 74, H. George 72.

THE TRAP.

Correspondents who favor us with club scores are particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only.

NEW JERSEY STATE CONVENTION.

THE New Jersey State Association held a convention at the rooms of the Jersey City Heights Gun Club, Sept. 19, which was called to order at 3 P. M. by President Ben T. Payne. Upon calling the roll nine clubs were found to be represented by delegates. Two new clubs were elected members, the Southside Club, of Newark, N. J., and the Westwood Gun Club, of Westwood, N. J. Considerable discussion was had whether in future any State shoots should be held at clay-pigeons instead of live birds, as was inaugurated by the Palisade and Jersey City Heights clubs in New York. No positive action was taken and the management rests as before, solely with such clubs under whose auspices such State tournaments will be held.

The management of the next tournament was given to the Essex Gun Club, of Newark, N. J. Dr. N. Pinell, of the Essex Club, was elected president; Wm. Hughes, Jersey City Heights Club, vice-president; Wm. Hayes, of the Essex Club, recording secretary; J. F. Kinzey, of the same club, corresponding secretary, and W. J. Conover, of the Medway Club, treasurer.

The tournament was held on the Jersey City Heights Gun Club grounds, at Marion (Jersey City), N. J., and lasted throughout three days, Sept. 17, 18 and 19. The State fair at Waverly, N. J., and the Philadelphia dog show somewhat interfered with the attendance at the shoot, which, however, was a success otherwise. New traps were used for the clay-pigeon shooting, and the shooting was hard and difficult. The live-bird shooting was from plunge traps, and there is no doubt that this tournament has proved another nail for the coffin of this practice, as the Essex Club will use ground traps next year if tame birds are to be used. The following are the scores:

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Open to all, seven clay-pigeons, 18yds. rise; \$2 entrance, 50, 30, and 20 per cent.:

Canon	1001001-3	J von Lengerke	111111-7
Nichols	1001001-3	Jersey	100111-5
Headdon	1001010-4	Thomson	000101-3
Bennett	100000-2	B Payne	001000-2
Seigler	0111110-5	Brown	101010-4
Hughes	1000101-3	Demarest	101100-4
Wyckoff	0010011-3	Maher	001101-4

J. von Lengerke first, Seigler and Jersey second, Brown third.

Association shoot, State Association trophy, 15 live birds, 21yds. rise, \$5 entrance:

Haves	1111111110110-13	Seigler	001111111111-13
Pinell	110111111001-12	Wyckoff	111111101111-13
Breintnall	111111111111-14	Corbett	111111110111-14
J von Lengerke	001111111111-13	Hughes	01111111010-12
Lamberson	11111000111111-12	Bennett	0000011001001-6
Heritage	010-7	Holcomb	110111111111-14
Lever	110111111011-13	H Warrne	1101111010101-31
Dunlap	011011111110-12	B S Payne	111111111111-15

B. S. Payne won the trophy and the entrance money for same at the next State shoot. Ties on 14: Breintnall 1101111111-11; Wyckoff 1111010-8; Corbett 0; Holcomb 1110111010-9, Breintnall second, a Smith & Wesson revolver and 10 cans American wood powder; Haves, von Lengerke, Lever and Seigler third.

Association Shoot No. 2, 7 clay-pigeons, 18yds. rise, second barrel one-half bird (figure 8), \$2 entrance:

Canon	011001-4	Payne	111100-5
J von Lengerke, 21yds.	011111-6	Hughes	012100-3
Lever	121001-4	Holcomb	001101-4
Brown	110010-4	Headdon	012121-5
Bennett	101010-4	Thomson	101011-5
Seigler	011111-6	Wyckoff	001101-3

J. von Lengerke and Seigler first, 35 per cent. of entrance money and one pair of hunting boots; Payne, Headdon and Thomson second, 15 per cent. of entrance money and 100 nicked shells; Lever and Bennett third, 10 per cent. of entrance money and two quarter kegs of Orange ducking powder.

Open to all, 5 live birds, 25yds. rise, \$4 entrance, 50, 30, 20 per cent.			
Leroy	1001-3	Peircey	0011-4
Breintnall	1001-3	Warrne	0011-3
Height	1111-5	Meeto	1111-5
Lamberson	1111-5	Stewart	1111-5
Brown	1001-4	Demarest	1001-3
Hunt	1001-3	Nicholas	1111-5
Kinzey	1101-4	Haves	11010-3
Seigler	1111-5	Lever	1111-5
Applegate	1111-5	J von Lengerke	1001-3
Canon	1111-5	Hughes	1001-3

Ties on 5: Height 0, Lamberson 3, Seigler 6, Applegate 1, Canon 9, Meeto 0, Stewart 1, Nicholas 3, Lever 1; Height and Canon first. Fours divided. Ties on 3: Leroy 0, Breintnall 3, Hunt 0, Warrne 1, Demarest 1, Haves 3, J. von Lengerke 3; Breintnall, Haves and von Lengerke third.

Open to all, 7 clay-pigeons, 18yds. rise; money divided, 50, 30 and 20 per cent; \$2 entrance:			
Bennett	010100-2	Canon	1010101-4
Wyckoff	101001-4	Jersey	001010-3
Robert	000000-0	Headdon	110011-5
Heritage	010101-4	Brown	000111-4
Seigler	111011-6	Nichols	001010-3
Hughes	010101-3	J von Lengerke	111111-7
J. von Lengerke first money, Wm. Seigler second money, Headdon			

J. von Lengerke first money, Wm. Seigler second money, Headdon third money.

Breintnall.....	10111-4	J von Lengerke	11111-5
Hayes	11111-5	Seigler	11111-5
Pinell.....	1001-3	Jersey.....	11111-5
Lamberson.....	11111-5	Demarest	11011-4

Ties, miss and out: Haves 5, Lamberson 6, J. von Lengerke 6, Seigler 5, Jersey 1. Lamberson and von Lengerke divided first, Breintnall and Demarest second, Pinell third.

Open to all, 10 live birds, 25yds. rise, \$5 entrance, 50, 30 and 20 per cent.:

Breintnall	111110011-9	Height	111111001-8
J von Lengerke	10111011-8	B Payne	10110110-8
Hughes	11111119-9	Seigler	10100110-6
Voorhees	110010101-7	Campbell	001110010-5
Nichols	11101111-9	Lever	11111011-9
Van Riper	10111011-8	Wyckoff	010101010-4
Canon	11111111-10	Terry	1100111010-7
Applegate	11111111-10	Peircey	1011101110-8

Canon and Applegate first, Breintnall, Hughes, Seigler and Van Riper second, Height 0, J. von Lengerke 3 and won, Van Riper 0, Voorhees 1, Height 0, Payne 2, Peircey 0.

Collins	0000101111-5	Thomson	1110101111-8
J. Von Lengerke, first,	a .22cal. rifle and 25 per cent. of entrance money.	Seigler and Thomson, second,	one dozen Danz patent decoys and 15 per cent. of entrance money.
Height and Payne, third,	two quarter kegs Orange Ducking powder, 100 loaded shells and 10 per cent. of entrance money.	Bennett, fourth,	one Smith revolver and one quarter keg of Eagle rifle powder.

J. von Lengerke first, a 22cal. rifle and 25 per cent. of entrance money. Seigler and Thomson, second, one dozen Danz patent decoys and 15 per cent. of entrance money. Height and Payne, third, two quarter kegs Orange Ducking powder, 100 loaded shells and 10 per cent. of entrance money. Bennett, fourth, one Smith revolver and one quarter keg of Eagle rifle powder.

Seigler.....11 01 01 10 00-5
J. von Lengerke first, 25 per cent. of entrance money, 10 cans of American wood powder and 100 loaded shells; Lever, Height and Kinzey second, 15 per cent. of entrance, one barrel of ale and 100 shells; Payne, Seigler and Demarest third, 10 per cent. of entrance money, 500 U. M. C. shells and 100 loaded shells; O. von Lengerke fourth, 1 dozen Danz patent decoys.

J. von Lengerke first, 25 per cent. of entrance money, 10 cans of American wood powder and 100 loaded shells; Height and Kinzey second, 10 per cent. of entrance, one barrel of ale and 100 shells; Payne, Seigler and Demarest third, 10 per cent. of entrance money, 500 U. M. C. shells and 100 loaded shells; O. von Lengerke fourth, 1 dozen Danz patent decoys.

xxiii., H. L. Thomas. At about 20 minutes after 5 the start was effected, Messrs. G. Hilton and F. Mix acting as timekeeper and judge. Henrietta crossed the line first, then Thetis, then Annie O.

When she neared the steamer it was seen that she was the Duplex, with her starboard hull submerged and one man at the pumps. Her seams had opened and allowed the hull to fill, so she too was taken in tow. Meanwhile little Columbia had worked up by Coney Island and Fort Lafayette, and was now bound for home, along the Bay Ridge shore, but with small chance of saving her time from the Hermes.

came in first, her sail reefed by rolling it up inside the boom by a new device, and finished at 4:02:45, while Columbia tacked across and came down back of Ellis's Island at 4:19:30. The elapsed times were 4:23:39 and 4:45:51, the corrected 4:23:30 and 4:38:21. Hermes wins the purse of \$100. The judges were Messrs. M. R. Schuyler, Ex-Commodore W. D. Worth, and John M. Sawyer. These same boats, with one or two more, will meet in the N. J. Y. C. races of Oct. 4.

NEW JERSEY Y. C. OPEN REGATTA.

IN VENTIONS have been sent by the New Jersey Y. C. to all the yachtsmen in the vicinity of New York, to join their open regatta on Oct. 2. Prizes will be given for four classes:

- A. Catamarans 30ft. and over, prize \$30, entrance \$5.
- B. Yachts 26ft. and over, prize \$30, entrance \$5.
- C. Yachts 21ft. and under 26ft., prize \$25, entrance \$3.
- D. Yachts under 21ft., prize \$15, entrance \$2.

The entries close on Sept. 30. They can be made to E. S. Barklew, Box 880, or 25 Park Place, N. Y.

Instead of the old start near the club house, the yachts will rendezvous off Be loe's Island, and start from a line between the island dock and a stakeboat, avoiding the many ferry boats of the North River, and the fleet of coasters usually anchored off the island. From here the catamarans will go around Buoy 8½ on Southwest Spit, Classes B and C will round Buoy 13 off Hoffman Island, and class D round Port Lafayette.

The length will be taken as waterline plus ¼ overhang, with a time allowance of 1 min. per foot in class A, 3 min. in classes B and C, and ½ in class D. All boats must be kept stationary during the race, and crews will be limited to one man for each five feet or fraction thereof. Catamarans may carry only mainsail and jib; cutters, jib, mainsail, staysail and working topsail; sloops, under 26ft., jib and mainsail only, and catboats mainsail only.

The New Jersey Y. C. is doing a good work in the promotion of small yacht racing, and their efforts deserve the hearty support of New York yachtsmen. This coming race gives an opportunity to all to enter, and it rests with owners to make it a success. The expense of a race is small. With limited crews there should be no such difficulty in manning the boats as happens when fifteen to twenty men are required for each boat, and it is surely more creditable to yachtsmen to sail a good race and be beaten than to stay out for fear of a beating. There are a number of boats about New York which are eligible for these races, and we look to see a fine fleet off Bedloe's Island on the 2d.

KNICKERBOCKER Y. C. REGATTA, SEPT. 19.

GR EAT preparations were visible at Port Morris on last Friday morning, every one being busy preparing for the fall regatta in which all the boats of the club were entered. The 80 entries, however, dwindled down to 30 odd starters, and the labors of the Regatta Committee, who had made all arrangements for a successful turnout, were in vain, as there was at no time during the day a good sailing breeze, and at last the wind fell entirely and the race was abandoned. The course for all but the Eighth Class was around the Gangway Buoy and return, the Eighth Class turning the Fort Schuyler Buoy.

The start was very pretty in spite of the light wind, the open boats of the Third Class taking the lead. The cutter Surf kept well up, leading her class at Fort Schuyler Buoy, and surprising some who thought she would require a gale of wind to move her. The Aria, in the Second Class, looked very handsome with her big topsail and loose-footed Laphorne sails, and the Culprit Fay, Mr. Matthews' new boat, looked ready for work, but with all kites spread there was not wind enough to aid her. Last of all came the saucy-looking Sairy Gamp, a 14ft. open rowboat rigged for cruising, with two balance lugs, but in spite of her small size she kept her place and held on to the fleet nobly.

The drift down was almost devoid of interest, the water was ruffled in patches by a light breeze while other spots were smooth and shining in the sun, so that one boat would be making some headway while another near by would be motionless. At one time two of the leaders were side by side heading in the same direction, one free and the other close hauled.

After nearly four hours tedious drifting, the Gangway Buoy was rounded by the Gracie, Lizzie R. and Nellie R., the others being far

astern, and it was seen that no race could be made in six hours, so the judges' steamer, Chrystal Stream, took the leaders in tow and started for home, picking up the others as they were overtaken until fifteen were in tow.

The tangle that ensued on each half of the steamer afforded considerable amusement to the spectators but less to the crews, as hawseers were fouled, bowsprits poked into cabin windows, booms threatening neighboring sails amid a babel of pointed remarks. In spite of the low tide breaking adrift, no mishap occurred, and the fleet reached their moorings in safety at dark. The race will be re-sailed at an early date.

YACHT RACE ON THE MANATEE RIVER.

A SWEEPSTAKES race, \$50 a side, was sailed on Aug. 26, open to all yachts under 30ft. length, on the west coast of Florida. The challenge was issued by the yachts Tempest, of Tampa, and Nellie Pyfom, of Cedar Keys. The course was from Braidentown wharf, on the Manatee River to the buoy in the Northwest channel, near Egmont, and return, 30 miles in all. The first prize was two thirds of the entrance money. Early on the morning of the 26th, four boats were ready at Palmasola, and at 8 A. M. they started to beat up to Braidentown, four miles above, in a very light breeze. At 1 P. M. a breeze from the westward sprang up, and the yachts were started. The entries were: Nellie Pyfom 25ft., of Cedar Keys; Tempest 26ft., 6in., of Tampa; Maude 19ft. 6in., of Palmetto, and Mischief 25ft., of Palmetto. Tempest was first off at 1:13:11, Nellie at 1:15, Mischief 1:15:10, Maude 1:16. The Tempest led in the beat down the river to its mouth, where Mischief came up and passed Sneed's Point buoy first, but Tempest soon regained her lead, the other two being now astern. From Esomont wharf to the buoy Mischief was ahead again, rounding at 4:58, Tempest 5:1. Maude's time not being taken and Nellie Pyfom withdrawing from the race. The fifteen miles home was dead before the wind, and Tempest was far away with big balloon jib drawing, while Mischief, though still ahead, was longer in setting her kites. Off the mouth of the river the wind was lighter, but Tempest was now ahead, and kept her position to the finish, which was at 7:28, with Mischief 7:39:10 and Maude 7:28. The allowance was based on length of keel, and was against Tempest, the largest boat, as she had to allow time to the smaller ones.

PACIFIC COAST YACHTING NOTES.—At the annual meeting of the Pacific Y. C. the following Board of Directors was elected: Stewart Menzies, J. V. Coleman, C. O'Connor, W. H. Martenstein, Philip Caduc, J. Mervyn Donahue, O. F. Willey. Regatta Committee—C. O'Connor, Geo. Frith, J. C. Kelley, S. A. Eldridge, Philip McGovern. The prizes won at the recent S. F. Y. C. regatta were presented at the club house at Sancelito on Saturday afternoon. A number of yachts were moored off the club house, and some forty or fifty yachtsmen were present. Mr. C. W. Kellogg, of the regatta committee, on behalf of the club, read the committee's report and presented the prizes. The gentlemen who received the prizes responded with appropriate remarks, in which they wished success and prosperity to the club, and congratulated it on the result of the season's yachting. The winner of the first prize and flag of 1884 provided the champagne with which success was drunk, and general good feeling prevailed.—*San Francisco Morning Call*, Sept. 8.

OPEN BOATS AT OAK POINT.—In the race from Oak Point around the Gangway Buoy on the 21st between the Hoodoo, of New Jersey, and Daisy, of Harlem, the former won by 12m. 44s. A race has been arranged between the Gracie and Nellie Thorp 10 miles to windward and return, for \$250 a side, to take place on Oct. 13. Starting and booming out ballast is forbidden, and jib and storm jib may not be carried at the same time. The time allowance is two minutes per foot. The start will be made from Oak Point, Capt. Munsers sailing the Gracie and Capt. Morrill the Thorp.

YACHTING ON CAPE COD BAY.—The annual regatta of the Provincetown Y. C. was sailed in the harbor on Sept. 18. The yachts started at 6:30 o'clock and sailed over a triangular course of 12 miles. A fine breeze from the northeast was blowing at the start, but gradually moderated. In the first class the Eolus was the winner, her corrected time being 1h. 34m. 43s. In the second class, the Minnie won in 2h. 9m. 47s.

NORAH AND ATALANTA.—The Atalanta not having accepted Mr. Bell's challenge, the Fisher trophy goes to the Norah by default.

BREAKING UP A MONITOR.—The once famous monitor, Roanoke, built at an enormous expense by the Government, but which for a number of years was tied up at a Chester shipyard, is being slowly but surely torn asunder at Manas Hook, Pa., on the Delaware River, below Philadelphia. The vessel was sold in November last at a sale of abandoned war vessels, and was purchased by E. Starnard of Westbrook, Conn., for \$40,000. Early in the following month a gang of workmen were put on the vessel, and in a short time the brass, copper and the most valuable portions of the machinery were removed and sold, realizing, as is alleged, sufficient money to pay for the whole vessel and to defray the expense of the removal of the iron plates and the heavier and less valuable portions of the vast engines and gearing. In April last the craft was towed to the Government ice piers at Marcus Hook, where the work has since been in progress. Large derricks are placed on the deck, by which the huge plates are lifted from their positions, after the bolts have been removed, by means of machinery driven by an engine. The old boilers and portions of the engine still remain in the hold, but the turrets and smoke stack have been removed, and but little more remains to be done. It is proposed to tow the hulk to a point in the vicinity of New York, where it will be beached and burned to get out the iron. The work is being done by a force of twelve Italians, under the supervision of a Yankee foreman, the men being fed and lodged on board *Iron Age*.

A GOOD SEASON'S WORK.—We copy the following from the *North British Mail*. Ulerin is a new boat this year, but her record is unusually good: "Mr. Hamilton's famous little cutter finished her racing career for 1884 at Dartmouth on Friday, leaving for Southampton (where she lays up) on Saturday last, flying 27 racing flags. Of these, 24 were for first prizes and 3 for seconds, and this result out of 29 starts is very remarkable work, equalling, if it does not exceed, the phenomenal performances of Florence and Madge in their first years, or of Annasona in her second. Ulerin only began her racing career at Liverpool, missing the first ten or a dozen matches in the south, else her record might have been still more remarkable. Ulerin was sailed throughout the season by Captain John Barr, of Gourock, who made the fame of Quiraing, Neptune and May, and to his skillful handling Ulerin's success is in no small measure due."

ACCIDENT TO A STEAM YACHT.—The Fra Diavolo, with a party of guests on board, ran on the rocks on Friday night last, while running down the Sound. Her hull was stove in and propeller badly damaged. Some of her passengers reached shore in the yawl boat, but two remained on board all night. The following morning she was towed down to New York, leaking but able to float.

PERSONAL.—Mr. C. P. Kunhardt, well-known to our readers, has been fortunate in his mining enterprises in Colorado, we learn, and will return East before the year has been brought to a close, no doubt to take part again in yachting affairs and to have a hand in the fight for cutters and real yachting, of which he has been the recognized exponent in America.

ACCIDENT TO TWO YACHT SAILORS.—While three of the crew of the cutter Wenonah were taking out an anchor, the yawl in which they were capsized. One of them clung to the boat and was rescued by Captain Harlow, who swam ashore and procured a rowboat, in which he went to their assistance, but two of them were drowned.

RARITAN Y. C.—A sweepstakes regatta will take place over the club course at Perth Amboy, on Saturday, Sept. 27, starting at 1 P. M. The boats will sail in four classes—cabin sloops, open boats over 25ft., open boats under 24ft., catboats. Entrance fee, \$3. Entries will be received up to 11 A. M. on the day of the race.

CAPSIZING OF A SANDBAGGER.—After a good deal of talk and trouble, the open sailboat racer off Newport, resulted in the capsizing of the New York boat, Susie S., the Annie of Mystic, the only other competitor, winning. Susie S. was towed into New London.

ACCIDENT TO THE JLEEN.—As the cutter was coming out of Newport last week, the rim to which the lower end of forestay is made fast parted, and the mast went over the side. She was towed to Fall River, where she will lay up for the season.

NEWARK Y. C. PENNANT RACE.—A race for the club pennant will take place on Newark Bay, Sept. 29, between the Cloud, a new catboat, which will be sloop-rigged for the occasion, and the Rambler, which now holds the pennant.

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A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

TERMS, \$4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY.
SIX MONTHS, \$2.

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 2, 1884.

VOL. XXIII.—No. 10.
Nos. 39 & 40 PARK ROW, NEW YORK.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. Communications upon the subjects to which its pages are devoted are respectfully invited. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. No name will be published except with writer's consent. The Editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

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Address all communications, Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

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NEW YORK CITY.

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A NEW DEPARTURE IN FORESTRY.

FROM what we deem trustworthy information we think that the recent meeting of the American Forestry Congress, at Saratoga, was a real gain to the cause. The organization is fortunate in its aim to unite the forestry interests of the whole of North America. Several of the most broad-minded and earnest advocates of the needed reforms are from Canada. Much more can be done by a society that overlooks artificial political boundaries and binds together those whose interests are identical, than by one confined to the United States. There should, indeed, be local associations, and it will be a leading object of this Congress to promote them, but there is needed a general association, and this bids fair to supply that need.

It is fortunate also in having for its officers, under its present organization, men who know the difficulties of their undertaking; who are practical in their ideas and aims; are thoroughly in earnest, as is shown by their incurring heavy expense to meet and encourage each other and to publish their papers and proceedings for the general good and who have no private axes to grind.

Under the plan adopted at this last meeting of establishing a life membership at a fee of ten dollars, a majority of those in attendance paid in the money. So that the Congress starts off on its new path with over \$400 in the treasury. This will be used to print the proposed bi-monthly Bulletin which will be a medium for the interchange of views and preserve the most valuable portions of papers read at the meetings. The very competent corresponding secretary, B. E. Fernow of Brooklyn, a graduate of the Forestry School of Münden, Prussia, will, for the present, edit this Bulletin without pay, and all who saw and heard him at Saratoga were impressed with the fullness and exactness of his knowledge, and the thoroughly practical nature of his views.

The discussions at Saratoga were earnest and at the same time harmonious. There is no division among those who com-

pose the organization thus far, either as to the necessity of vigorous, systematic effort to save the forests, nor as to the practical question. What is the first thing to be done? All were agreed that to stop forest fires is the main thing, and that lumbermen must take care of their rubbish. There were, to be sure, strenuous arguments made by certain representatives of the class of lumbermen who want no change, and these were listened to with courtesy, and, as far as it seemed worth while and time allowed, counter arguments were brought forward. But it surely is not necessary to spend time to prove that destruction of forests seriously affects springs, streams and climate. Statements such as some quoted from Dr. Draper, tending to show that the annual means of stream delivery and of temperature in the vicinity of New York had probably not been much changed, if at all, since accurate observations began, were met by the obvious remark that we have to do with extremes and not with means, since the extremes may be dangerously great while the means remain the same.

Some very interesting statements were made by a French gentleman from Detroit, named Mathieu, with regard to a process of wood distillation devised by him (and now in successful operation on a large scale in Michigan, Ohio and Pennsylvania), by which it appeared probable that a profitable use could be made of the rubbish now commonly left by loggers. Valuable commercial products, such as coal tar, wood alcohol, turpentine, resin, etc., are produced in large quantities from the volatile portions of wood, and the remainder is charcoal. It may be that this will go a long way toward solving the very perplexing question, How shall we prevent forest fires?

ADIRONDACK GAME WARDENS.

IN ANOTHER column will be found a communication from a well informed correspondent relative to the disgraceful manner in which the game law is systematically and continuously violated in the North Woods of New York. The guides there openly urge sportsmen to come into the woods in June, explaining that at that time of the year they can readily jack the deer; and we regret to say there is no lack of the supply of shooters who are ready and eager to avail themselves of the dishonest services of these guides in so killing game out of season. The shame of it is that such men come from cities, where they represent the professions and are looked upon as honest men. They go on the principle of honesty at home and rascality abroad. They regard the laws when at home, defy them when in the woods.

Game wardens are appointed by the State government to nab just such offenders and bring them to punishment. The number of these wardens is amply sufficient to do the work; but they fail to accomplish the purpose, because they are strangers in the woods, unacquainted with the true condition of things there, wholly in the power of the guides and easily hoodwinked and bamboozed by them. The obvious remedy for all this is to appoint as wardens men who are at home in the woods, who know the game grounds, the habits of the deer, and are thoroughly familiar with all the devious ways of the guides and the bloodthirsty snobs who do the illegal deer killing. The persons best suited to act as game wardens are to be found among the guides themselves. There are some of them who are intelligent enough to recognize the merits and justice of the close season, and brave enough, if given proper authority, to bring offenders to punishment.

Set the guides to catch the guides.

THE ICHTHYOPHAGOUS CLUB WILL DINE at the Murray Hill Hotel, this city, Oct. 17. The invitations proclaim that "those members of the Ichthyophagous Club who survived the last dinner and still possess any portion of their digestive apparatus are invited to meet and sample a few dishes that have not been tasted since pre-historic man ate canned ichthyosaurus with pterodactyl sauce, in the tertiary period. New members will be welcomed and may be assured that a number of dishes which have been approved by educated palates of the nineteenth century will also be served. The head taster, the naturalist, and the caterer of the club will be in attendance, as well as the entire medical staff, and the corps of coroners and undertakers."

OCTOBER.—The sportsman's month is here, and the thoughts of an unknown number of thousands of men, young and old, lightly turn to thoughts of shooting. Novices may see no special difference in the game supply from year to year, but the old hands who live in the game districts tell us that the outlook for quail and grouse is in 1884 better than usual.

THE DANGERS OF CANOEING.

THE records of canoeing in this country, extending over a period of fifteen years, show an exemption from accident that is probably unequally by those of any other active outdoor sport of equal popularity, when all the circumstances are considered.

Canoeing is followed largely by boys and young men who lack experience with boats, a knowledge of sailing, and that caution and careful judgment which comes only from a thorough knowledge of the perils of the water; it is practiced largely in the vicinity of cities, on waters crowded with tugs and vessels of all descriptions, and where the tides and currents are very strong and dangerous; it offers unusual facilities for the exploration of unknown and dangerous waters that could be reached by no other craft, and there has been to a certain extent a desire and incentive to make dangerous and useless voyages.

No statistics of canoe accidents are to be had, but after an intimate connection with canoeing and canoeists, dating back to its early days in America, we venture to place the number of accidents fairly credited to canoeing at less than ten. We can recall ourselves five; one some years ago in San Francisco, in which a very young man, Mr. Bannatyne, was drowned from a Rob Roy, we believe, in very rough water; one on the Hudson two years since, in which two novices were upset from a 14 foot single canoe, one being drowned; one in Springfield some two years since, and the two recently alluded to in our columns. These five were all fatal accidents, but beyond them there are no minor ones, and we have yet to hear of a man maimed in any way or injured by over-exertion in canoeing.

Whether right or not, it is a fact beyond dispute that every healthy, manly sport is attended with some danger to those who participate in it, and further, without a certain element of risk, it would not be what it is now. The propriety of this we need not dispute, the fact is beyond question and must be accepted. This being the case, and the value of such sports in developing the highest qualities of man, not only physically but mentally and morally, being more universally recognized every day, we may ask whether canoeing is more dangerous than its kindred pastimes. The ball and cricket field, the football ground, the polo field, all have a long score of more or less serious casualties to answer for, besides occasional fatal accidents; the wheel is responsible for many a broken limb and life-long injury, while the record of the course and the hunting field is even worse. Besides the accidents by drowning, rowing has an incentive to over-exertion that is responsible for the ruined health of many who should never have been allowed on a sliding seat, while yachting, gunning, gymnastics and all athletic sports have their list of victims; but no one on that account proposes to restrict young men to the tennis court, the croquet ground or billiard table.

Canoeing is free from one great element of danger that prevails with many other sports, the tendency to over-exertion. The labor of sailing a canoe race of several miles is severe, but never violent; the entire body takes part in the work, every muscle is brought into play, but there is no possibility for a spurt, no sudden strain can be thrown on the heart, as in running or rowing, and no heavy pulling or lifting is possible, but, on the contrary, it gives a fair amount of labor to arms, legs and back, and calls forth to their fullest extent the skill, patience, judgment and powers of observation of the canoeist. In paddling races the exertion approximates more closely to that of rowing, but with this material difference, that the work with the comparatively heavy boat and slow pace is thrown on the back, arms and legs, and not on the heart and lungs. It must be understood clearly that while the amount of work is greater than in rowing, the speed is much less and the effect far different. The actual power required to propel a racing shell at speed is very small, but it is the enormous strain thrown on the heart by the necessity of breathing with every stroke, thirty-five to forty times per minute, that works the injury; but with canoeing the boats are, and will continue to be, of such dimensions that their racing speed is much slower, the rate of respiration consequently less, and though the actual work in pounds is greater, it is comparatively nothing, and we challenge any one to cite a serious or fatal accident due to canoe racing in this country, or we believe elsewhere. Canoe cruising is attended, of course, with the same dangers from colds and sickness that belong to all forms of camping and outdoor life and that demand some care and attention in matters of diet and clothing, but they need never deter a man of ordinary good health, or, with ordinary prudence, an invalid, except in certain cases. As mentioned before, minor accidents, broken limbs and similar mishaps,

are unknown to canoeists; the risks are less than a man runs whose daily business is in a crowded city reached by a ride by boat or rail, and the chances are not worth considering, while with bicycling, ball or shooting the list of minor injuries is a heavy one each year.

The only danger, then, is from drowning, and this may be minimized by proper care. The canoe, if of proper model, is a remarkably safe boat, its form follows that of the whale boats and surf boats, and resembles closely in the main features that wonderful little craft, the Sparrowhawk, one of the little vessels in which the Pilgrims crossed the Atlantic safely, the remains of which were dug up of late years. The flat floor, sheer, high buoyant ends with air compartments, coupled with the deck, make the canoe a far safer craft than many boats of two or three times her size. Skillfully handled, she should live in very rough water, but here is a very important point, and to the neglect of it we may probably lay the late accident on Lake Erie. A canoe of 80 to 81 inches is usually a very buoyant boat and requires, besides the weight of her crew, considerable weight, either of stores or ballast, to steady her. With it she sinks to a proper depth, has some hold on the water and carries sufficient way to make her easily controlled. Without it she sits lightly on the top of the wave, is tossed hither and thither like a cork, and is blown about in a highly dangerous manner by the wind, all her bulk being out of water. A canoe will live where many boats would instantly swamp, but these precautions are necessary in rough water not only to canoes but in a still greater degree to the ordinary rowboat, a knowledge of the management of the boat in a sea and a proper amount of ballast. In addition to these, a canoe has an immense advantage over a rowboat in being decked, but to utilize this she must have suitable hatches and apron that can be surely and quickly adjusted in rough water. These are seldom needed and so neglected, but to be efficient they must cover the well completely, must allow the canoeist to free himself instantly if capsized, and must be habitually carried within easy reach, as their use is always deferred until the last moment, by which time it may be impossible to reach under deck for them. With them the danger is greatly lessened and trips are possible that would be foolhardy without them.

The size and model of a canoe are most important considerations; a beam of 28 inches with flat floor is the least admissible for a beginner. There are to-day many canoes, most, but not all, of amateur build, that are utterly unfit for use at all, and many that are safe for experts, but that no beginner should be allowed in, and yet they are used by boys and children. A correspondent writes us as follows: "Yesterday while sailing up the river I saw a canoe, as I supposed, from the double paddles, but when it was near me it was the cranksiest thing I ever saw—barrel hoops and sheathing waterproofed, and one could look through the thing. In it were a boy and girl; so if you read of a couple of canoeists being drowned here, you can make up your mind it is they." But a short time since a case came under our notice in which a gentleman was about to take out a lady, who could not swim and was not familiar with boats, in a 24-inch racing canoe, the cranksiest boat in the club. To go back to the case of Mr. Reed, his canoe was a 28-inch, of poor model, and described by her builders as "rather cranky," a boat in which long cruises had been safely made and large sails carried by a former owner, but a boat that is dangerous, cranky, and utterly unfit for any but an experienced canoeist.

Here is more of her history from a letter of a Springfield canoeist: "Two weeks ago I was sailing down the river, running before a strong north wind, with dandy set only, when I noticed a canoe put out from shore half a mile below with a large lug sail set, rolling badly, with two persons in her. From the way she rolled I knew she could not go far, and she did not. Over they went. I got there as soon as possible—about ten minutes—and with hard work got both ashore, one of them nearly drowned. The canoe was the same one from which Mr. Reed was drowned six days before." Such occurrences as this do not deserve the name of "accidents," and it is unfair that canoeing should bear the blame for such ignorance and carelessness. Canoeists can do a good work by condemning such boats whenever found and discouraging their use.

Another source of danger, even with a good boat, is the ignorance and over-confidence of some canoeists. All navigation is attended with more or less risk; collision, rapids and dangerous waters, especially in the dark, and heavy seas. The first requires constant care, a sharp lookout, a good lamp at night, and an ample allowance for tides and leeway, in passing vessels or stationary objects. About docks and piers the tide is usually very swift, with many dangerous eddies, and beginners are safer in mid stream; buoys and vessels at anchor, and especially bridge piers should be avoided when the tide bears the boat down on them, and with rapids and dams a careful examination should be made from the shore before attempting them. Heavy seas are more or less dangerous, and should be avoided unless one is well used to rough water.

Judgment must also be exercised in reefing and carrying sail, especially in rough water. No one should be ashamed to reef in good time, or to carry small sails if it seems advisable, and the older canoeists can and should encourage caution in beginners, rather than driving them by ridicule or ill-judged competition to dangerous risks.

In some clubs the leaders and officers make it their business to see that the novices are coached as much as possible before they go out boldly alone, and this course should, in the interests of the club as well as canoeing, be followed by all. Many who would have made good canoeists have started out with absurd expectations, speedily ended by a capsize, and given up canoeing entirely, always afterward speaking against it. Canoe clubs should, in the first case, consider carefully the qualifications of candidates, and reject all who are too young or in any way unfit for the exertion, and, for their own sake, they may require that the candidate must be able to swim.

On joining, if unused to boats, the older men should give the beginner plain and simple instructions in entering and leaving a canoe, handling under paddles, capsizing, righting and boarding the canoe, until the beginner has some confidence in his craft; then he should be taken out with small sails and their management explained and illustrated, setting sail, reefing, stowing, jibing and tacking, and, if the weather permits, a capsize under sail. The learner should be taught the importance of order and system with all gear, and above all, the necessity of keeping all lines in order, so they will not entangle him if capsized, and of having hatch, apron and all gear so fitted that he can free himself instantly. In arranging races, much can be done to avoid accident by a choice of a proper course, with a boat ready to render help if needed, and in rough and stormy weather the courses should be near shore.

It also rests with the older members of the Association to discourage the idea of dangerous cruises merely for the sake of notoriety. No good can come of them, and they are directly opposed to the ideal canoeing—healthy and pleasant recreation afloat.

AMERICAN ORNITHOLOGISTS' UNION.—The second annual meeting of the A. O. U. is now in session at the American Museum of Natural History in this city, having come together Sept. 30. Among the members present on Tuesday were Prof. J. A. Allen, of Cambridge, Mass.; Dr. Coues and Mr. Ridgway, of the Smithsonian Institution; Dr. J. B. Holder and Eugene Bicknell, of New York; Dr. C. H. Merriam, of Locust Grove, N. Y.; John H. Sage, of Portland, Conn.; Dr. Henry Selater, of London, Eng.; T. S. Roberts, of Minneapolis, and D. G. Elliott, of Staten Island. The meeting was called to order by President Allen, and Dr. Coues read the report of the Committee on Classification and Nomenclature. The report, the reading of which occupied about two hours, recommended a classification and nomenclature based on the Stricklandian code, which was adopted many years ago by the British Association for the Advancement of Science. The report was adopted. The session will probably last through the week.

THAT GRANDFATHER BASS AGAIN.—Who can estimate aright the influence of a 23½ pound black bass on the angling community? Just the bare mention of its weight is sufficient to stimulate the fancy of "true" anglers. Here is a case in point. The Newark *Call* editor, having read of the big bass head in its glass case, now to be seen in this office, was thereby stirred to take a hand in helping the Florida man who caught it relate the capture. He gives some particulars we have not heard before; for instance, he says, "When this bass was brought to land an old darky woman said: 'Ef da's enny moah fish like 'um in dis ribbah, I'se goin' to mobe right away. S'pose one of 'em chillun wuz to fall in, fish like 'um 'ud eat him up, suah.'" This shows that when an angler catches a very big fish he should enlist the services of his friends to adequately describe the contest. If we ever catch that monster we lost last June, we shall ask the editor of the *Call* and all the other editors we know to help us out on the "fish story."

ENGLISHMEN, and for that matter Frenchmen and Germans, entertain the most extravagant notions of the abundance of game in America. Every now and then in some of our English exchanges we find highly-flavored communications setting forth that if the Briton will only land on our shores he will find himself at once confronted by deer, moose, grouse and wild turkeys. It is a great pity that some of the writers who know where all this game is to be found cannot be induced to come over here and show us.

TIGER HUNTING IN VIRGINIA.—The menagerie wild beasts have made their regular annual escape, and, as usual, are ranging the woods and farms, seeking whom they may devour. This time, according to the telegraphic dispatches, it is a pair of "black tigers, the only black ones in the country," and they are raising Ned in Norfolk county, Virginia. The law on black tigers being off, the "true sportsmen" of that vicinity are out in pursuit with shotguns and Gatling guns.

THE "SAIRY GAMP," the famous little canoe in which "Nessmuk" cruised in the Adirondacks, has been boxed up and shipped to New Orleans, where she will excite the wondering admiration of the visitors to the Cotton Centennial.

ADD A WORD about the game, when renewing your subscription.

The Sportsman Tourist.

PODGERS'S INLAND CRUISE.

I.—LOOKING FOR THE SPORTSMAN'S PARADISE.

WHERE to go to have good shooting and fishing combined is a conundrum often asked and seldom answered satisfactorily. The places named are too far away or too expensive for those of modest means; and often when following the advice of some enthusiastic friend one makes the trip and meets with disappointment. He arrives too early or too late, generally hitting the unhappy period when fish and birds have either all left, or have not come yet. "You should have come last week, sir. Me and Ben went out a week ago last Saturday and caught —" Then follows a fish story that would tax the credulity of any sane man. With the birds it is generally: "The fall flight has not commenced yet; about the 15th you can expect good sport." And so it goes; always a failure and a disappointment.

In the many cruises I have made this summer in quest of fresh-water fishing I have met with nothing that has been so satisfactory as a recent excursion to the source of the St. Lawrence. This is not new ground to the sportsman, so far as relates to the St. Lawrence as generally understood; from time immemorial has that noted river been the pleasant waters for the fisherman. The *FOREST AND STREAM* has teemed with accounts of catches in the vicinity of Alexandria Bay and the islands of the St. Lawrence; but I have never seen any allusion to the fishing and shooting just at the outlet of Ontario, where the St. Lawrence takes up its beginning and duty as a noble river. The great tide of travel strikes it at Clayton and rushes down the river, Alexandria Bay-ward, few turning west toward Cape Vincent, in the vicinity of which the best bass fishing can be found that the entire river affords. Cape Vincent itself has great attractions as a pleasant little village on the border of the river, which is of such a width as really to be an arm of the lake. It has already some reputation as a summering place, and gains some importance from the fact that it is quite a place of resort for officers of the army and their families. It is patronized by General Sheridan, and is the birthplace and summer home of General Sackett—glory enough for one small town, in the estimation of the people, who are enthusiastic admirers of both the gentlemen.

The excursion rates of fare are now no inconsiderable inducement to the sportsman who seeks to combine in his vacation as much salubrity of climate, as much good fishing and shooting as possible. The water privileges about Cape Vincent are unlimited, and no lovelier place can be found for yachting than in the vicinity, and yet, alas! Cape Vincent cannot boast a respectable catboat. There seems never to have been any yachting spirit born of the people, who continue to consider rowboats as the sum total of any man's wants who desires to go afloat, and the inquiry for a craft always results in the production of a clinker-built, good sort of a boat with the comfortable cane-bottomed chair minus its legs for a seat for the indolent fisherman, while the boatman rows with a pair of long clumsily-built oars on a fixed iron pin through a slot in the oar, which renders it impossible to feather when pulling against head winds, which, as everybody knows, deadens a boat's way very perceptibly.

In trolling for black bass, a favorite method of fishing in the St. Lawrence, a sailboat would be the proper thing for these waters, regulating the speed ad libitum by reduced or increased sail.

The St. Lawrence is a river of magnificent distances, and a day's fishing covers miles and miles of water. During the day there is nearly always a breeze, and when too much for fishing in one place the numerous points and islands form most excellent protection, and in some one of the innumerable bays good fishing can be found under the lee of the land. The boats used are excellent sea boats, being about 20 feet long, clinker built, sharp at both ends and are good pulling boats, but not having centerboards cannot go to windward with sail, and the majority of them have no sail. With centerboards and two leg of mutton sails and a few rocks for temporary ballast they would sail well on a wind if the breeze was not too heavy, and a small amount of sail would suffice to propel them quite fast enough for trolling; but what would be a better craft for all work would be a light-built catboat of the same length, with good beam and roomy cockpit, with boom to trice up against the mast by a "toppin lift" to reve through a block on masthead and one at foot of mast on deck. Then have rowlocks set well up on the gunwale to give oars a clearance from the combing, and in a calm the boatman standing well forward on one side of the centerboard case with a long double-handed sweep can walk such a boat along at nearly as good speed as the rather heavy narrow boats they now use, in which the fisherman must maintain his rather cramped position so many hours, with no chance to move around to relieve his limbs.

A light-built buoyant catboat without ballast will pull easily. If a breeze springs up it is an easy matter to run in shore under the lee of one of the numerous islands and take aboard a few pieces of rock for ballast, and even with a dead ahead wind such a boat will beat to windward much faster than the other boat can be pulled. Then again sailing in a good breeze is so much more exhilarating than the monotonous rowing, which makes all hands drowsy and stupid.

On a bright, sunny, balmy morning recently I found myself landed from the train from New York on the wharf at Cape Vincent with no very definite idea what I should do next; but having been told that Wolf's Island was a charming place for fishing and shooting I decided to investigate the question, and with that view set about ascertaining how to reach it. I found that there was no steamboat running on Sunday and that the only way to reach it was to charter a rowboat and thence by wagon across the island to the point I wanted to reach.

After interviewing a man sitting on the dock with his feet hanging over its edge, sunning himself, he took my proposition to row me over under consideration. The chance to earn a dollar was not an every-day occurrence apparently, but the labor seemed a serious matter and evidently weighed heavily on his mind; but after expectorating copiously into the lake for five minutes, cocking his dilapidated straw hat over first one eye, then the other, and taking out his knife and chipping away at the timber he sat on, he at last nerved himself to the effort, shut up his knife, put it in his pocket, and got himself onto his legs, saying, "Waal, I don't know but I will pull ye over. Will see if I can get a boat." I sat on my valise waiting his appearance for nearly an hour, and had about given him up, when he appeared around a point close by pulling a boat. Transferring myself and traps into it, we started. It was but a mile over to the island, but m

gondolier evidently was not disposed to strain his muscles, and our progress was moderate; but the morning was charming, a pleasant light breeze just stirred the surface of the lake, and the slight motion was soothing.

When about half way across he stopped rowing and said, "I suppose I could pull ye around through the canal, but it is a long pull." "How long?" said I. "Waal, about six miles." I entered into negotiations with him, offering him in addition what it would cost to hire a wagon. He cogitated a few moments, then shaking his head, resumed his oars. The effort was too great.

In due time we landed on a white sandy beach, and I found myself on Canadian soil. A remarkably fat boy appearing, I interviewed him on the question of a wagon to convey me across the island, seven miles, to my destination. The boy scratched his head and went into the house, presently appearing with a man who scratched his head and took time to consider my proposition. Much to my relief he concluded to drive me over and departed to catch his horse out in the pasture. Meanwhile another man appeared and announced himself an officer of customs, who allowed that it was rather straining a point to do business on a Sunday, but it ended in his passing me through very courteously, declining any remuneration for his trouble.

The wagon being ready, putting my traps into it and getting into it myself, we started. The horse was a good one, the road passably good and the driver cheery. We drove past well-kept farms, the fruit, especially apple trees, denoting a large crop; and did the seven miles in an hour. It was a pleasant ride, and when we drove up to the door of a moderate-sized, two-story stone building with a wide porch covered with vines completely shutting out the sun and forming a delicious shade, the driver said: "Here we are, sir." I paid him his dollar and a half with satisfaction, and entered. A lady came up from the depths below, who proved to be Mrs. Hitchcock, the wife of the landlord, and gave me a pleasant welcome.

I was just in time for dinner and descended to the basement which I found was on the rear ground level and almost at the edge of the lake. The dinner carried me back to days past, one of those such as a fellow's mother cooked when he was a boy—a regular country home dinner, fresh vegetables from the garden alongside the house, fish fresh from the lake at the kitchen door, and all so neat and clean, and lastly I was hit in the tenderest spot by the pastry, a home-made apple pie. It went to the spot that had revolved at the gutta percha, lard-saturated, dyspepsia-breeding abominations of city restaurant dinners. Lighting a cigar and seating myself in an arm chair on the back piazza, with the clear crystal waters of the lake rippling almost at my feet, I was a fit subject for being photographed as the happiest man out of jail.

PONDERS.

LOG OF THE BUCKTAIL.

II.—Down the Tiadatton.

REBUILDING the cache and making it much stronger than before, I paddle back to camp, and rather lay myself out in getting up a plain, wholesome breakfast. Perhaps there is something in the cooking; perhaps it is a healthy out-of-door appetite; anyway, it is certain that I eat more at one meal here in the forest than I eat at three when at home. And the calm, warm days pass away peacefully, monotonously, only marked by the passing trains and an occasional shower, which cools the air and makes the wooded mountains and ravines brighter, greener than before. So passes the week and Saturday morning comes, the day which I have set to cruise down to Tiadatton Station. (They misspell the name, "Tiadaghton," I cannot say why.) I read the trip, not for any danger to myself, but it is like y to be hard on a light cedar canoe. The distance is only six miles, but it is almost a continuous succession of rocky riffles and rapids, and no skill can dodge all the rocks. And so, having "tied in" as snugly as possible, I gently paddle out. In two minutes I am in the swirl and swash of the rocks. There is a dash and swirl of water, foam, jump, thump, quiver of light cedar and I shoot out into the foaming eddy below; only for a short breathing spell, however, and then comes the "Barber" rocks—the raftman's terror—the worst and hardest place to run on the Tiadatton. More lumber has been stove here than at any point on the stream, and as the canoe glides swiftly into the narrow channel I see plenty of foam, spray and dark curling water among the dangerous rocks that stick their ugly heads up along the tortuous course. For an instant I am sorry that I did attempt to carry round, but it turns out that there is no call for scare. A light canoe may easily slip through a narrow, crooked course where a long, lumbering raft would be wrecked. There is a breezy, thrilling rush, rolls of foam coming inboard, quick use of the paddle and the Bucktail glides out of the danger without a thump or jar into the level waters of "Second Neck."

Now it happens that Second Neck is a place of note. It was once the best runway on the river, and there was a time, on a bright October morning many years ago, when a noted hunter of this region had five full-grown deer lying near the head of the island, with their throats neatly cut, before 10 o'clock in the forenoon, and without stirring from his blind, save to bleed each deer as it fell. Each man on the hunt had an itching for this runway, which was usually relegated to the best shot. Then a time came when no more deer "watered" at the runway. I myself watched there for three successive days without seeing deer or dogs, and it struck me that something was wrong. It was dangerous and almost impossible to follow up the narrow path along the steep side of the gulch, but by dint of hard scrambling one might follow the bed of the bright cold run that came tumbling down the rocky ravine, and this I did. The mystery was easily solved. At the distance of half a mile up the gulch there had been a slide that cut a clean swath sixty feet wide from the mountain top to the bed of the stream. Nothing could get past the slide, and Second Neck runway has never been worth watching since. Thoughts of the olden time flit across my mind as the canoe glides down the smooth water, and I notice that the old favorite camping ground at the mouth of the run is occupied by strangers. I know they are strangers by the blue banners hanging around the camp, and the fellow in knickerbockers who watches me from the bank, and asks me, in down-country accents, "What does your canoe weigh?"

"Twenty-four pounds. And your skiff?" (For they have a skiff.) He muses a little, and answers "About ninety pounds." She is no larger than the canoe.

Then the Bucktail catches the draft of the swift, narrow channel, and the skipper has his hands full. The channel runs between perpendicular rocks on the right and a high wooded island on the left. It is very rocky. Time and again I have made the run in my home-made, flat-bottomed

canoes with impunity, even with pleasure. But there is no fun in it now. The canoe seems imbued with a perverse desire to scrape acquaintance with every rock in the course; and the way she thumps, jumps and rasps her thin siding, fairly makes my toe nails curl with wrath and disgust. As she scoots out of the channel onto Blind Rock Riffle I inwardly swear never to abuse her over this course again.

The Riffle is broad and shallow, more aggravating than dangerous. There is a hundred yards of scraping and grinding on gravel; but by degrading the double blade to a setting pole, she manages to get over the Riffle without driving her skipper overboard, and debouches into the broad, smooth eddy by Four Mile Run.

Four Mile Run and the mountainous country round about have been a favorite stamping ground with hunters ever since the country was settled. The Run is a fine, cold mountainous stream of considerable size and volume; it would be a splendid trout stream were it not for the falls half a mile above its mouth and thirty feet in height. Below the falls, when not overfished, small trout are abundant. Only two years ago the place was hard to reach. The trip included a wagon ride over the hills with a four mile tramp down the rugged banks at the end of it, and if one ventured on a skiff or canoe it was all the craft was worth to get it back again. But the flat at the mouth of the Run was one of the pleasantest camping spots in the whole course of the river.

On the 7th of June, 1883, regular passenger trains commenced running over the P. C. R. R., and all is changed as if by magic. Two years ago one might camp here for two weeks without hearing a word from the outside world. Now there is a Four Mile Run station, with a boarding house and semi-daily mail, just across the mouth of the run, and you get your boat carried to any point on the road at a nominal cost, or at no cost at all if she be very light and small. It is a settled policy of the road to treat outers and tourists in the most liberal and accommodating manner, and young as the enterprise is, this is beginning to be understood. It is about the only road I know where the conductor of a passenger train will stop at a remote farmhouse, or some point distant from any station, to let off a party of two or more sportsmen with their traps, or carry a canoe on the same terms as a trunk of equal weight.

As I drift past the Run I notice that the camping ground is being utilized. There is a bark camp above the Run with a skiff hauled up in front, while below, among the shade trees, is a neat wall tent and a very decent looking canoe. I know at a glance that the bark camp and clumsy skiff are native, and the party of the tent are strangers.

A mile of idle, pleasant drifting brings me to the site of Stowell's Pond—a pond no more, for dam, mill, boarding-house and the entire plant went down stream years ago. And above, where the dam once stood, is a most aggravating, rocky, gravelly riffle*, where the canoe, after scratching and dragging on the gravel for a hundred yards, jumps her stem on a rock, comes to a dead stop, and begins to swing broadside on. Any canoeist knows the next move, *i. e.*, to step out lightly and quickly on the upper side, jerk the canoe free—with some terse remarks, and ease her down to deeper water, wading barefooted over sharp, slippery stones for a dozen rods or so; then, standing knee-deep and holding the canoe in swift water, get in as you may. It requires a trifle of acrobatic skill to get in without getting out on the other side. From Stowell's to the site of Slide Island Pond there is over a mile of fine canoeing in the midst of the finest mountain scenery, passing half a dozen nice camping spots and as many clear, cold springs; and then another broad, shallow riffle, with more getting overboard and wading barefoot on sharp stones, for the lumber plant at Slide Island, with its mills, boarding-houses and its substantial dam, long ago went where such things are sure to go when left to themselves on the banks of the Tiadatton.

A long stretch of easy, pleasant paddling lands the canoe at Tiadaghton Station, better known as Round Island, once a noted place as a leading lumber establishment. In 1840-42 there were several families and a large force of loggers and teams at the island, with a store, blacksmith's shop and schoolhouse.

When the best pine had been cut up and the works no longer could be run, save at a loss, the place was deserted and soon went the way of forsaken lumber camps. Dam, mills and all buildings in reach of floods soon went down stream, and forest fires finished the rest. For three decades Round Island was desolate. To-day it is a railroad station, with a semi-daily mail, a telegraph office and two rough but comfortable boarding-houses. There is fair trouting in easy reach, which an old hunting chum of mine, Howe Warner by name, makes the most of, and on the high wooded hills to the west it is easy to start a deer within two miles of the station.

Warner treats me to a good dinner and also offers to take care of the canoe until I am ready to pick her up for a further cruise. "And may he take her out on the river?" Certainly he may. He is a canoeist himself, and a maker of both rods and canoes, ingenious withal. His own canoe is only 16 inches in width. As he is a tall man, and, as he stands up in her while poling her up the rapids, I reckon he will find the Bucktail steady enough. And, talking over old times, when we hunted together, we saunter up to the neat little station house, which looks for all the world like an exaggerated cigar box cocked up endwise, and wait for the up train. It is soon in sight and duly flagged, for this is a flag station. It barely halts while I jump on board with the pack-basket on my back. Conductor Richardson, gentlest and most accommodating of conductors, comes around and tenders me a cigar. Before it is smoked out I am at home. Little more than a year ago the trip would have cost a tiresome, all-day tramp; or, a half day's rough riding, with expense of rig, say \$4. Now, it is made in less than an hour at an expense of 75 cents. There is some good in railroads.

And the "catch," the "creel," without which no outing trip is supposed to be worth mention.

Well, the catch consisted of seven silver eels, several white chubs and one trout, most of the two latter being put back. I trust I may not be relegated to the ranks of the trout hog and fish liar.

NESSMUK.

*A ripple is not a riffle. An insect, a leaf, or a light zephyr may cause a ripple on the water. A riffle is a shallow widening of the stream, usually stony and gravelly. There may be a thousand ripples on one riffle—(backwoods vernacular).

THE KALAMAZOO TROUT.—The experience of the sportsmen true of Kalamazoo in restocking their streams with trout is very instructive and very encouraging. The point to be particularly noted is that they were content to wait until the supply of trout was well established before they began to fish.

Natural History.

WHERE THE MARTINS ROOST.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In a former letter I tried to paint you a picture of martins feeding their young. To-day I will tell you how and where the martins go to roost.

It is generally known that they spend the night in their boxes only during the breeding season. At all other times they sleep in the open air. By taking possession of a box in early spring the martin shows its intention to become *pater familias*. All old males take boxes on arriving, as soon as they can find any to suit them. Young males, although several weeks behind in arriving, do not show so much eagerness to own their own box, and even young pairs prefer camping out until nest building has begun. Bachelors sleep in the open air all summer, but visit the colony of their brothers and sisters regularly in the morning and evening, meddling sometimes with their domestic affairs, playing tricks, and doing real mischief by annoying the young ones. During the breeding season both parents sleep in their box until the young ones have left the box. The first few nights the young martins are often brought home by their parents. The weather has much to do with it; rainy, windy weather brings home most of them, but as a rule the best parents, those which feed them most regularly and diligently, bring them home safest and longest, even to a whole fortnight. This home-bringing is attended by much noise-making, and great excitement prevails until the young are safely lodged. The parents do not enter the boxes, but one of them watches the entrance until quite dark, when it hurries off in the direction of the common roost.

Where is the roost? This is not so easily found out. When Audubon saw a high old tree covered with martins after sunset and again the next morning before sunrise, he thought he would make no mistake by imagining that the martins sleep on those dead trees all night. But they do not. Those trees are only the meeting place for the martins of a certain district, from whence they start for the distant roost in the willow thicket, which they do not enter until it is quite dark, and which they leave with the first dawn, from ten to fifteen minutes before the swift leaves its chimney.

The young join the parents as soon as they are able to fly the distance, or, as here, to cross the Mississippi. From that moment the boxes are never entered again, but their roofs are used for social gathering in the morning hours during the next few weeks. The regularity of these visits does not last long; pauses occur; in dry, hot weather the visits are short, in cool spells they are cut off entirely, but a sultry, rainy term brings them back again to spend a few hours in animated chattering around the old home. In the evening they only pass without stopping, but they visit often their old hunting grounds in the neighborhood. During the day they are seldom seen after the first of August. After this date they appear late in the evening, but their number increases rapidly. They collect on treetops, church steeples and other points of prominence and loftiness, around which they swarm like bees for about half an hour, when the air for a mile around is filled with martins, which now form a whirling body of many thousand, rolling up and down at first above the bluffs, then above the Mississippi, going and returning in wide circles, but all this time drawing surreptitiously toward the willows on the other side of the river. It has now become dusk and the descent cannot be seen from this shore, but the moment can be known by a sudden outcry of alarmed crows and blackbirds which had retired into the same willows long before.

Such vast numbers of martins cannot be sent forth from one city nor from a few counties. The martins of half of the States of Missouri and Illinois must flock together to form such an army. But it is not yet migration; it is only the prelude to it. Such common roosts are the starting points for those thousands, and are the resting stations for many more thousands which pass through in the last week of August and in September.

Our birds became peculiarly excited and mysteriously restless after Aug. 12. After an interval of several weeks, the old birds began at this day to visit their boxes again, hung around them for half hours, not with merry carols as in early summer, but for the purpose of giving a last look at the scenes of former happiness.

Aug. 20 and 21 were stormy, followed by a north wind period with several cool nights. The tactics of the great army were now changed. Migration began. After the 24th, the gatherings on this side of the river ceased, our St. Louis martins had left, and to the St. Louis man the martins had become very scarce. Not so to the initiated, and if you come along with me across the Mississippi, I will show you more martins than one can otherwise see in a lifetime.

It is Aug. 25, 6 P. M. Only a few martins are seen on this side of the river going east. We take a skiff and follow them. After ten minutes' rowing, we approach the opposite shore. What is that? Hundreds and hundreds of birds sailing low, above the water, hundreds of silvery splashes flashing up from the bow dark waters of the great river. What a strange sight! The martins are taking their bath. Now we are on the sandbar of the Illinois side, opposite the southern part of St. Louis, just north of Arsenal Island. It is a large tract of fine river sand, newly formed, almost quite dry and free from vegetation, except a strip along the willow thickets which border it on the east. It is 6:30. Since we have arrived, the air all around us has filled up with martins, pouring in from all directions, high up and low above the water, all going toward the one place—the outer rim of the sandbar, where on a few acres of sand ten thousand martins are sitting already in solemn silence, probably in secret session. Ten thousand martins sitting close together on a few acres of sandbar is a sight not often met with, and we must look at them very sharply. They are not very shy, many alight a few yards from us and we can watch every movement. The only movement we can see is a picking motion as if taking up a grain of sand, but this is only play work, because we see them also pick at straw protruding from the sand. They did not come to eat sand, their only purpose is to meet here and decide if to go on with their journey southward or to take a rest in the neighboring roost. It is now 6:45 and getting dusk. The smoke of the city driven by a northeast wind, has enveloped the western horizon and all will be dark in a few minutes. Do they sleep on that sand? They have been sitting here now for half an hour. Look here, four birds coming toward the willows, they are scouts! Is this not a strange call, a call never heard around their breeding boxes? They are now all four above us, circling over the willows and returning to the sand. Presently

the ranks of the martins thin out, and in less than a minute all have left the sand, flying out on the river, down toward the island, rising above the willows, and in a few minutes all is quiet, dark. The martins have gone to rest, and we will not disturb them. It would be difficult work to penetrate these willow thickets at night.

The willows are about twenty feet high, and stand very close together. The ground is swampy in some places and it is covered all over with debris left by last year's inundation. We shall try to see them leave the willows to-morrow morning.

It is 5 A. M., the stars have disappeared, with the exception of a few bright ones. We are on the bluffs opposite the sandbar. The first break of day stands in the eastern horizon, but night still reigns west of us. This is the moment when the martin leaves its roost. They are already coming over the river; a few voices only, then more and more, and now the whole air is filled with the short calls of *Progne*. They seem to be all around us, below and above, but we may strain our eyes in all directions, not a single bird can be discovered; it is too dark and the birds are too high above us. A few minutes later the bulk has passed, but it is getting lighter and we are able to see a few loiterers, mere dots passing the zenith, following the others in a northwesterly or westerly direction. A few minutes more, the last will be gone and no martin will be seen at this place before 5 P. M.

After migration has thus begun, it will be good for us to visit the scene of rendezvous every day. The martins begin to arrive at 5 P. M.; they arrive mostly low above the water, comparatively few are coming at some height. As soon as a few hundred are together, they begin to sit down on the sand. In the beginning they are pretty restless, changing their places every few minutes, sometimes flying up in a cloud to settle down at or near the same spot again. If we are watching them now from a place south of the bar, we notice that not all settle down again. After swinging a few circles, part of the flock detaches itself from the rest, and, heading south, soon disappears in that direction. Although the number remains about the same for two weeks, we soon find that a change has been going on from the beginning. As early as Sept. 1 we become aware that we have almost entirely to do with birds of the year. The old birds, the old males, at least, have mostly left.

The most imposing sight may be had by disturbing the army at the moment when all have settled on the sand. The whole mass goes up in a body, turning right and left, forms two mighty streams which unite above the water in a great whirlpool, rushes up and down, sweeping along the river to a distant point, then coming back again like a huge cloud, which moves hither and thither until the neutral tint of night allows the safe retreat. On Sept. 7 and 8 the number of martins present was still as large, or larger, than ever. After the sultry, stormy weather of Sept. 9 and 10 a cold northwest wind reduced the temperature to 66° on the 11th, and on this evening the martins assembled on the sandbar for the last time. The number was much smaller than usual, and when the cloud rose from the bank at 6 P. M. comparatively few returned. On the 12th no martin was sitting on the bar, but about a hundred flocked together low above the water near the bar and disappeared soon, moving slowly in a southerly direction. The same took place on all the following days. Small flocks began to collect at 5:30 and disappeared after staying about the neighborhood until a little after 6 P. M. The last were seen on the 18th, but only a few, and none today.

St. Louis, Mo., Sept. 19, 1884.

O. WIDMANN.

SNAKE BITES.

I SUPPOSE it would not be far amiss to call me a snake crank. From infancy to gray-haired age I have been an admirer and close observer of the serpent. Their beautiful colors and graceful movements have always made them objects of interest to me, and there is a strong fascination in the latent power and mysterious danger lurking in the little flat heads of the poisonous varieties. Whenever a case of snake bite has occurred within my knowledge, I have taken pains to get at the main facts so far as I could, and I have a more or less correct record of over forty cases—including my own, which was published in *FOREST AND STREAM*—size of snake, location of wound, treatment, with subsequent condition of the patient. These are the important factors in a case of snake bite.

Of more than forty cases of rattlesnake bite only four proved fatal, and it is a startling fact that three of the four cases were within easy call of medical aid, two of them being in New York City and the third in a populous village. The fourth case was that of a young woman who was badly bitten while carrying two heavy pails of berries off the mountain under a hot July sun. She trod on the snake and was deeply bitten below the knee; then, falling down in her frantic terror, was bitten again on the inside portion of the thigh. The little village was some two miles distant, and she strove to reach it by running but fell down at the end of a mile and sent a companion ahead for help. Strong men soon came to her aid, but she was unable to stand, though she could give a coherent account of the accident. She was carried to the village, where she died before midnight, and was buried before sunrise the next morning, owing to the rapidity with which decomposition had taken place. It was the worst case I ever knew, and every circumstance connected with the mishap was against recovery.

In thirty odd cases that recovered, the bite was inflicted in deep forests, on mountain tops, and remote places where medical aid was not available for the most part, and in more than half the cases whisky was out of reach. It is a notable fact, that the cases where no liquor was to be had recovered more quickly and thoroughly than those in which the patient was drenched with whisky. Three cases wherein whisky was freely used resulted in the recovery of the patient, but with the loss of a finger or toe. Where clay poultices and cold water was resorted to, there was no need of amputation, and the recovery was quicker and more thorough. I have no faith in whisky for snake bites. In my own case I am convinced it did no good.

The best medical authorities are pretty well agreed that no reliable antidote for snake poison has yet been discovered.

Dr. Lacerda's hypodermic injection of permanganate of potash may turn out to be a specific cure; but it needs further trial. Left alone that in a majority of cases it would not be available.

The men who are most exposed to snake bites will never be found with permanganate of potash and hypodermic syringes in their knapsacks. Putting what I know with what I believe, if I were to be bitten again I would trust to

suction first, with pressing the surrounding flesh toward the wound: next to heavy clay or fresh earth poultices, with a constant pouring of cold water. It is simple, easily applied, and I have never known it to fail.

There is another style of treatment that I have seen used with excellent results, both in the United States and in the tropics. It consists simply of a liberal application of ammonia, followed by poultices of common salt. I have seen it applied to a hand stung by the gray scorpion, and also to the bite of a coral snake, and in each case the cure was speedy.

Perhaps there is no antidote for the bites and stings of poisonous reptiles so universally believed in as ammonia, and I think, with good reason. Yet, what old woodsman ever thinks of carrying a phial of ammonia in his knapsack? He knows that at long intervals and very distant points some one is bitten by a rattler or a copperhead; but his sound sense teaches him that three men are struck by lighting where one is bitten by a poisonous snake. Does he, therefore, go a-hunting with a lightning rod on his hat? Scarcely. He may take along an antidote in the shape of a whisky flask, so to speak, but it will be used 19,785 times as a preventive before it is once needed as a cure.

I could give a score of really true and rather uncommon incidents connected with snakes, snake bites and snake charming, but I should be using up valuable space, and some one might suggest that I had mislaid my G. W. hatchet.

As regards snake charming, the stories concerning it are mostly relegated to the regions of the hoop snake. And yet, the man who is a close observer of nature and a dweller in the woods withal may happen to strike an incident or two in the course of three or four decades that will upset some previous opinions, and set him thinking for the rest of his life.

It is undoubtedly true that the black snake does not depend for a living on his power of charming birds within reach of his jaws. Nor does *Crotalus horridus* make it his business to paralyze the man who ventures to gaze fixedly into his basilisk eyes. And the slender black snake, commonly called the racer, does not ordinarily attain to a length of 21 feet, with a diameter no greater than a broom-stick. And still it is true that there are living men—naturalists—who have witnessed the strange power of the black snake over small birds or animals. (I think it is the black snake mostly.)

And I can name three truthful men who—though they are reticent on the subject—could testify as to the strange fascination, mesmeric power, or whatever it may be, of the rattlesnake.

As for the 21-feet racer, there are plenty of living witnesses who saw him measured, although it was more than twenty-five years ago. Probably not one man in a hundred would willingly believe that a native snake ever attained to such a length in any of the Middle States. The story went the rounds of the press at the time as a nine days' wonder, and in nine days more was pretty well forgotten. We forget easily and quickly.

I doubt if one man in ten can give the name of the ocean steamer that went on the rocks (not so very long ago) with a loss of 600 human lives; or name the lake steamer that, with her nose on the beach, roasted or drowned all her passengers and crew save four.

NESSEMKUK.

QUAIL IN CONFINEMENT.—A Hagerstown, Md., correspondent sends us the following note from the *News* of that town: Messrs. Fred F. McComas and Geo. A. Davis have succeeded for the first time so far as it has come to our knowledge in having partridges [quail] breed in confinement. In the present case the mother was left entirely to the birds themselves, care being taken to place the birds as nearly as possible in the conditions similar to those they would naturally seek in a wild state. A cage was built of iron frame work covered with wire, except the west side which was of board to shelter from the wind. This cage was placed on the eastern slope of a hill, the earth forming the bottom, which was partly in grass sward and having a dwarf evergreen, and some tufts of tall grass for hiding places and in one corner the grass was removed, and sand, gravel and pounded oyster shells, sheltered by a board, were placed to give the birds a dusting place and at the same time gravel and shell material. In this cage early in February was placed a male and two female partridges. At first the birds were very wild, and they are quite shy as yet. In their natural state they should have hatched out a brood about June, but these birds gave no evidence of their intention to raise a family until in August when a nest of some five eggs was discovered; these increased to ten, and on the 22d of this month after setting over three weeks, the greater part of which appeared to be done by the male bird, six young birds were hatched out, one of which died, the remaining five appear to be doing well. The food of the old birds consisted mainly of wheat, cracked corn, green corn and Hungarian seed. The young birds have been given hard boiled eggs with cracker crumbs, cornmeal and cracked wheat. The one great difficulty found in a cage placed on the ground is from prowling dogs and cats, who for a time had made a beaten track around the cage keeping the birds in nightly alarm. This was finally obviated by taking the long shoots from the osage orange filled with sharp needles and stringing them around the cage for a distance of three feet. The effect was gratifying; for a few nights could be heard the howl of a surprised dog or cat, but in a week's time there was peace.

WOLVES AND ASSAFÆDITA.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* May not be generally known that the wolf has an appetite for assafædita that is phenomenal, and that it will scent the drug and come in pursuit of it from an incredible distance. I have heard that my grandfather, a physician in Virginia, was followed by an enormous wolf when riding at night in a region that was thickly settled, and being unarmed, had to gallop with all speed for shelter. The brute seemed resolved to take away his saddle bags that contained the drug.—P. C. M. [The fondness of the wolf for assafædita has been often remarked and is alluded to by many writers on natural history.]

"ANGLING TALKS."

The famous "Winter Talks on Summer Pastimes," contributed to the *FOREST AND STREAM* by George Dawson. A series of eleven chapters about fishing for trout, bass, grayling and salmon, angling resorts and anglers' reminiscences, pen pictures of outdoor life, anecdotes, wise sayings, humor, and a deal of sound sense. The book is one of the "Forest and Stream Series," bound in cloth, and sent post-paid on receipt of price, 50 cents.

Game Bag and Gun.

OPEN SEASONS FOR GAME AND FISH.

REVISED TO OCT. 2, 1884.

New Brunswick.

Moose, caribou, deer, Aug. 1-Feb. 1. Mink, otter, sable, beaver, Sept. 1-May 1. Partridges, Sept. 20-March 1. Black duck, wood duck, teal, Sept. 5-May 15. Snipe, woodcock, Aug. 14-March 1. Salmon, July 1-Sept. 15.

No person, or party, shall kill more than 3 moose, 5 caribou and 5 deer in any one season. Chasing moose, caribou or deer with dogs is prohibited.

A person not domiciled in the Province must take out an annual license before taking any kind of game, fee \$20.

Daniel McLennan is the Provincial Secretary, who issues such licenses. Address, Fredericton, N. B.

To officers in Her Majesty's service and officers of the army and navy the license fee is only \$5.

North Carolina.

Wild turkey, partridge (quail), dove, woodcock, pheasant (grouse), Oct. 1-March 15.

ROD AND GUN IN WEST TEXAS.

I AM afraid that I have undertaken too much. The heading, West Texas, represents too big a country to be described in the short space of a letter. Still we can speak of a part that is a fair average of the whole, and leave for the reader the task of thinking of the whole as like the part but larger. One day in camp, while it was raining and I had exhausted all the amusements that could be had by me, such as cleaning and oiling my guns and fishing rods and reading all the matter at hand, which consisted of a solitary newspaper, I amused myself by trying how much in quantity and otherwise my mind could conceive of. I thought of a thousand posts set up in line; they were too many. I thought of a hundred and wasn't quite sure. I thought of ten; that was easy enough. I multiplied my ten by ten to see how far I could go. I shall not commit myself by saying how far I went; the reader may try it. But unless you have seen it, unless you have been all over it, you cannot conceive or think of a vast country such as this Western Texas. Its endless and interlacing chains of hills, its magnificent valleys and broad, level expanses of prairie combine to make up a domain that is grand and magnificent in extent. One travels over the country, and each new hill commands new vistas of country; but all, while they bear some likeness to one another, are not alike, and present an ever varying study and pleasure.

This evening coming over the "divide," after a fine day's shooting, I stopped to rest just as the sun was going down in the western sky. The air was pure and cool and the last rays of the sun lighted up a scene that I could but think was the realization of a boyhood dream, a sporting dream, in days when on my father's farm, hemmed in by fences and woods, I caught rabbits in traps and seduced quail into custody by the figure 4, the making of which was looked upon by me in those days as a science. Away to the westward I could see the trees that skirted pretty little Dove Creek, and tracing the green line, I saw in the north where Dove became Spring, and further on where Spring became lost in the waters of the South Concho, and then coming back up South Concho one saw "pretty and bright, shining like a silver light," Burks Creek in the valley at my feet and in that beautiful bunch of pecan trees by the spring, which is the head of the creek, I saw a little white spot that was the tent which meant to me "home sweet home." Let me see! One, two, three big valleys in sight, which open out on a broad prairie that is covered with antelope. Too numerous to count are the little "draws" from the hills which are full of big coveys of brown quail which feed down into the valley, leaving their cousins, the mountain quail, the right of occupancy of the mountains and hilltops. The streams in sight are full of black bass, they call them trout here, and will soon be noisy with the quack, quack of the duck. Such is the part of West Texas wherein lies the experiences of the writer and which is a likeness of the whole of Western Texas! Such is a part of the Knickerbocker ranche, in Tom Green county, whose owners are all lovers of the sport of the rod and gun. One of them is an enthusiastic hunter and a true sportsman, he has lately imported a pretty little pointer bitch whelped out of imported Rose and sired by Bang Bang.

We were talking at the ranche the other evening about the fish which the native Texan invariably calls trout, but which is a black bass species. One of the gentlemen present thought they were not bass because of the difference in coloration from the black bass which had come under his observation in the waters of the North. I told him that coloration and shape of armor were not to be relied upon in the bass family as distinctive marks, but that the coloration depended—first, upon its water, whether swift and clear or still and full of flags and weeds; second, upon its food. I have caught bass in swift-running, stone-bottomed waters, like portions of the South Concho and Spring Creek, to which I have alluded in the beginning, that were bright and distinct in their coloration, and whose scales were close and compact, with the line which separates the dark and light part plain and distinct. Again, I have caught them in quiet places, where the water did not run and where there was much vegetable matter in the water, that were indolent and lazy, whose coloration was indistinct and murky, where the dividing line was not apparent, but where the colors seemed to assimilate one with another, yet whose shape and likeness was so much like the other that they were both surely of the same family. "Climate," said a writer of a magazine article a short time ago, is to a country what temperament is to an individual," and so I suppose it is with the relation of food and water to fish, and I am not quite sure but that climate affects the fish as well as it does the individual.

"I had an old bass in a hole up here that it took me two weeks to catch," said one of the Knickerbockers. "I fished for him and fished for him but the old chap wouldn't bite until one day I selected a fine minnow, one of those long silvery fellows, with a pretty pink stripe down his side, and putting him on my hook and letting it run slowly down to the old fellow, he made a jump for it and I caught him. He made a sharp fight but I got him—damn him," and the speaker puffed out a big cloud of tobacco smoke and I have no doubt saw in the smoke the hardy figure of the fish and went through again all the pleasant excitement of the catch. The writer ventures to assert that the black bass is the prince of game fish. Who will dispute me, and upon what grounds of comparison? The largest bass I have caught here tipped the scales at four pounds and fourteen ounces, but I have

often caught from twenty to twenty-five pounds in a day and while I might have caught more, have gone home with a full creel and with the feeling that I was not a pot-fisher.

Bird shooting can scarcely be said to have commenced yet as it is a little early to shoot quail, and the plover have been for some reason exceptionally scarce, but after a while there will be plenty of shooting as there are plenty of quail. The country is splendidly adapted to bird shooting. What nicer place to watch the workings of your dog and to get your bird than the draws and valleys that abound here? Just cover enough to require a skillful hunter and a well-trained dog and just open enough to make your shot sure; and you don't have to get out of fields that have that inevitable sign, "No hunting allowed," nor do you have to climb fences and walk miles to find a solitary covey. I know of five large coveys within a radius of a half mile of my camp.

I had the satisfaction of killing and taking into the rancho the other day, a fine buck antelope whose death from my well-directed shot afforded me as much satisfaction as he would had he been the famous buck killed in "The Deer Stalkers," Cooper tells about. And although the rancho folks insist that I either bought or poisoned him, I have the satisfaction and complacency which comes to the sportsman when after hard work and no little skill he bags his game. I hope to no true sportsman does the mere bloody act of killing afford satisfaction. The charm of hunting is in the matching of your intelligence and acquired skill with the natural instinct and craftiness of your game, and the pleasure which makes your nerves thrill with excitement comes from the reward that is always found in meeting and overcoming difficulties. No man is a true sportsman who is not a lover of nature, and how could a lover of nature rejoice in the mere bloodthirsty killing of some of nature's finest productions. I got my antelope in the most approved way and in the way that is calculated to furnish the most excitement and pleasure. I had tried him once before and failed to get him, and that added to the success of my second attempt. I was looking attentively in the distance for antelope when I perceived this old buck and a young doe running away to the left of me. The wind was blowing on that quarter and they had scented me. Making a big detour I went around to the other side, so as to hunt down the wind. The place was an open prairie, and in coming to him I had no cover save that afforded by the long grass and bunches of thistles and weeds. Getting off my horse at a safe distance, I tied him, and getting down in the grass, I wormed through it like a snake, always keeping a sharp lookout for snakes. I kept getting closer and closer, and as luck would have it, they were feeding toward me. Closer and closer, awful hot and hard work, but it brought an excitement that made my nerves as tight as fiddle strings and as steady as steel. Careful always, and yet more careful now, for the old fellow is getting suspicious. He saw me at last, just got a glimpse evidently, for he did not run away, but came slowly toward me with his neck stretched upward. Finally he broke into a trot toward me, and then, just as I was about to fire, turned and ran from me. Springing to my feet, a well-directed shot got him. He jumped straight into the air and fell dead, and I—well, had I been accompanied by any one I would no doubt have exhibited becoming stoicism, and perhaps my companion would have thought from my matter-of-fact way that I was perfectly used to that sort of thing; but, as it was, I gave vent to a long-drawn whoop, and regarded my game with much satisfaction, for I am but an amateur, and an amateur must give way to his feelings even though he be a

KNICKERBOCKER.

KNICKERBOCKER RANCHE, September, 1884.

ADIRONDACK GAME PROTECTION.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Now that public attention is so strongly turned to the necessity of preserving the Adirondack forests, it is to be hoped that something like practical interest will be aroused in regard to the protection of the game in that region. I have just returned from a somewhat extensive trip to our northern woods, and I can testify that the State game law in most of that region is an entire nullity. I talked with a great many of the most experienced guides, and I did not find one who gave the game law the least attention. All of them invited, nay urged, me to make a trip there in June. "Then," said they, "with a 'jack' we can show you half a dozen deer in a night, and you can shoot as many as you please." When I asked if this was not against the law, they said, "Yes, but if a man wants to shoot deer in summer the guides will always help him to do it." It is the same with partridges and with trout. At any time, when game can be shot or fish caught, the guides will assist in the work.

I talked soberly with several intelligent guides on this subject. I pointed out that by encouraging summer shooting they were standing in their own light, since, with the increasing number of sportsmen who every year visit these woods, it is only a question of time when the game will be almost exterminated. They admitted this, but each one argued that if he did not guide parties in summer other guides would, and so he would only be out of pocket and the deer would be killed all the same. I asked them if it was not possible to secure an agreement among all the guides to observe the law, but they thought not. They admitted all the evils of summer "jacking;" that does were killed when with young or when their young were still unable to live without their mothers; that large numbers of deer are fatally wounded which escape to die in the brush; that the venison when secured is poor and not able to be kept long in camp. But they still persist in their violation of the law.

What, then, is the remedy? I am told that Gov. Cleveland, during his recent stay in the woods, became interested in this question and suggested the advisability of licensing the guides and depriving of his license any guide who violates the law. There are two obstacles to this plan. It is, first, doubtful if guides could be compelled to take out licenses; and, second, if all were licensed, would it not be just as difficult to compel licensed guides to observe the law as it now is to compel the unlicensed guides to do the same? If all stood together to "jack" in June who would be the prosecutors and informers? I see but one remedy, and that is to appoint as game constables for this region some of the guides themselves. The present constable for the counties I visited—Franklin and Hamilton—lives at Elizabethtown, and, I am told, has only once been in the woods as far as the Lake Saranac region, then he had to hire a guide for himself, and this same guide warned all hunting parties of his approach. I am convinced from very careful observations that there are guides who, for the salary attached to the office, would attend to the work faithfully. One of these said to me: "I could stop this summer shooting if I was the game officer. I know every stream and lake on which

it is practiced, and I could swoop down on the 'jackers' and make the sport too dangerous to be kept up. If I was an officer the other guides would respect my authority, and I could afford to do my duty." I believe that this is an experiment worth trying. I would then amend the law, reducing the fixed salary and paying a certain additional sum for every conviction secured.

It is a lamentable fact that very few sportsmen think it wrong in itself to violate a game law. It is against the law to hunt deer with hounds in the part of the Adirondacks that lies in St. Lawrence county, yet I can instance a professional gentleman of this city, of wide reputation, who takes the risk of violating this law, and, I am told, has had half a dozen deer in his camp at once.

New York, Sept. 22.

WEIGHT OF GAME BIRDS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

What does a woodcock weigh? What does a quail weigh? Ask the majority of sportsmen the above questions and how many can tell for a certainty? Some might say about 6 or 8 ounces; but how do you know? I once met a boy with an old-time relic of a gun that looked as though it might have done service for his grandfather as a "training gun," who remarked to me, by way of encouragement for my poor luck, that he had "shot a woodchuck that morning that weighed 15 pounds." I said that was nothing, and went on, and when nearly home shot one of the largest woodchucks that I ever killed, and out of mere curiosity took him home and weighed him and he just cleared 12 pounds. I was disappointed, for I fully believed that he would weigh 20 pounds at least, judging by the way he hung down as I carried him home by one of his tapering legs. But, reader, that opened my eyes, and I have been looking ever since for a woodchuck that would put that boy's woodchuck on the short end of the pole, but I never found him. I had always supposed a woodchuck would weigh much more. Those things we see most of we are too often most ignorant of. We continually come across people who are always talking about the weather, when it is really the thing they know least about. They can't tell why it is hot in summer and cold in winter, why it rains one day and snows another, why the wind is east one day and west another, and so on; but pardon my flight. As the old darkey said, "Birds am de question."

I would like to have sportsmen who may read this take a little trouble and weigh at least a part of their game this fall and kindly give the readers of FOREST AND STREAM the average weight of game birds; and let us compare notes and see how the game of the same kinds compares in the different sections of the country. I have heard some men say that the game in the South is larger than it is in the North. Let us compare and see how far our imagination is correct. I am aware that the birds that we shot in our youth seemed larger to us then than the same birds do now, but there is a certain amount of elasticity to the youthful imagination that gradually decreases with age, and we must always allow for that. I herewith give the weights of the game birds shot by me (and my friends) last fall that I brought home:

QUAIL.			WOODCOCK.		
No.	Ounces.		No.	Ounces.	
1	4		6	5 1/2	
1	5		12	5 1/2	
1	5 1/2		4	5 1/2	
2	5 1/2		8	6 1/2	
3	5 1/2		3	6 1/2	
1	6		3	6 1/2	
7	6 1/2		4	6 1/2	
4	6 1/2		2	7	
5	6 1/2		6	7 1/2	
1	7		7	7 1/2	
1	7 1/2		2	7 1/2	
			1	8	
			1	8 1/2	
32	201 1/2		68	421 1/2	

Average weight, 6 1/4 oz.

Average weight, nearly 6 1/4 oz.

The above were all weighed with P. O. scales, and were weighed each day as they were brought in. They were all shot after October 1st, except that a few woodcock were shot in August.

Let us weigh our game and give each other the benefit of it in FOREST AND STREAM, and it may at least serve to pass away the weary hours next winter to recall the happy days we spent in the capture of it.

ARMONK.

SPIDER AND MEGANTIC.

WE have been spending a three weeks' vacation at Lakes Megantic and Spider, our usual September resort, but are sorry to say that pot-hunters were ahead of us and put in a good deal of work prior to the open season, while those who conformed to the law found large game very shy. Something must be done pecuniarily to enforce the law. Game overseers have the whole gang of pot-hunters to contend with, each one of whom sympathizes with and assists the others, as all are in the same boat.

The largest moose ever killed on the Upper Spider River so far as heard from was killed by the Noel brothers about the 20th of August. It dressed over 850 pounds, the head and antlers alone weighing over 100 pounds. We learn that there are three charges against the Noels for killing out of season, and that they are now *non est inventus*, having been informed of this action before any legal proceedings could be signified upon them. Probably the action taken will be enough to interrupt prescription and that they will try new pastures. When we met them the beginning of September they were in the act of skinning a bear which they had caught in a trap set near the offal of the moose. We never heard of a moose making for a light, but the Noels declare that after the first shot the animal went off about 50 feet and then came back, striking at the boat with his fore feet, knocking the bow, in which the light was placed, away from the bank, so that, owing to the darkness, out of seven more shots fired at him only four took effect.

Dr. Bishop, at present residing in Boston, and who owns a residence on Spider Lake, shot a fine buck, the head and antlers of which were splendidly mounted by Mr. Hughes, a taxidermist of Spider Lake, who also mounted for the doctor an eagle which measured 7 feet 4 inches from tip to tip of wings. Mr. Hughes is a sportsman, and from his knowledge of the game his work presents a very natural and attractive appearance. Messrs. Kathau and Parsons, of Stanstead, shot a doe and caught a nice lot of trout in and near Hathau Bog, about five miles from Spider. When we left last week a party of Montrealeers were camped on the north shore of Spider, and Den Ball the guide and a party were en route for the Upper River and Hathau Bog. The recent cold weather has driven large game to the high land,

although moose during the rutting season, or the next two months, may be taken anywhere along the boundary line, where the pot-hunter abounds not and the sound of the rifle is only heard occasionally. James Addie, Esq., has been surveying and laying out lake frontages for camp sites on both sides of Dr. Bishop's, several of which have been already taken up. Mr. Geo. Longfellow, the popular conductor of the International Railway, with his family, spent a few days at Dr. Bishop's, but were driven out by cold weather and the absence of near neighbors. We met a Mr. Samuel at Latty's Hotel, Lake Megantic, who has been a frequenter of Rangeley Lakes and the Magalloway, and who, with a friend, had been spying out the country in view of a canoe trip through to Quebec. Mr. Beecher and party, of New York, were met at Latty's by their guides a few days ago en route to Rangeley via Arnold River and Chain of Ponds. They expected to make the trip in seven days. Dr. Manchester, of Lebanon, N. H., and Mr. and Mrs. Blodgett and friends, who have been spending a few weeks at Latty's, left a few days ago. E. C. Sweet, of this city, is whipping the Chaudière River at the outlet of Megantic Lake, where, near the railroad bridge, he gets enough trout to give him comfortable quarters and lots of fun, and a meal and bed at Jerry Harris's Hotel, without personal exertion so far as he is concerned.

D. THOMAS.

SHERBROOKE, Quebec, Sept. 22.

NOTES FROM A DIARY.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In looking over my old day books I found an account of a trip to Spring Lake, on the Illinois River, undertaken and carried through by M. F. M. and myself in August, 1877; and thinking it might interest some of your readers I give my diary verbatim:

"Did one of the hardest day's travel on record. Got to the lake at dark. Mosquitoes extremely bad. Sleep one hour and five minutes.

"Tuesday, the 28th, morning a little foggy. Heard one gun go off. Concluded to get board at Mr. Price's. Oh, yes! we boarded. Tuesday night came in tired and hungry. Had to shell and grind corn on a coffee mill to make bread for supper. Price came up to the Loch. 7 o'clock, night, raining. Killed fifteen ducks. Swim. Rowed on river and had a good time generally.

"Wednesday. Went over to the South Ponds or Middle Grounds. Marion killed one small duck. Came back and made us a minnow net. Didn't use it. Afternoon went over to Weed Lake and waded water up to our pockets. Shot 7,000 times, more or less, and killed seven ducks. Waded out and came to the shanty and set a trot line with the expectation of catching 500 or 1,000 pounds of fish. Caught three pounds of dog fish. Up until half past twelve.

"Got up Thursday morning at 2 o'clock, went over to South Lake again, same success as yesterday. Killed one duck. Came back and helped make a draw with seine, caught oodlings of fish. After dinner went to Weed Lake again but got no ducks; all gone south. Came home, set trot line. Caught five dog fish, three gars, and one turtle. Ammunition getting extremely scarce. Half past eleven o'clock go to bed.

Friday. Feel too lazy to move. Go to Weed Lake. Wasted a considerable amount of ammunition. Killed one bird. Came home, got dinner, made a draw of fish. Got 300 pounds and started for Logan county at sunset."

This is a diary of the first trip I ever went to Spring Lake, but I have made many trips since then hunting and fishing and have generally done better. W. F. Howser, M. F. M. and myself carried off over 300 mallards from there a year ago last November, all killed in three days.

I have been much interested in shotgun and rifle discussions. Davy Crockett, Joe Meek and Daniel Boone, and all of those old hunters had guns of nowhere near the killing qualities of some of the rifles of to-day and yet the grizzlies did not eat them up. There is no bigger game now than then and surely not nearly so much of it. Our guns are certainly big enough, all we need is to get them a little more accurate and have them made so they are less liable to get out of order.

STOFFY.

LOGAN COUNTY, Ill.

BULLET VERSUS BUCKSHOT.

Editor Forest and Stream:

It is with diffidence that I approach the subject of "Rifle versus Buckshot" when such veteran sportsmen have already spoken. As has been remarked, the question is not, which will secure the largest bag, but which is the most sportsmanlike weapon, the shotgun or the rifle. I have used both and have come to some pretty definite views on the point in dispute. I do not pretend to be a good nor even a moderately good hunter, but I do claim to enjoy the sportsmanlike pursuit of game as much as any one. I know more than one good sportsman who does not hesitate to send his dozen buckshot after a fleeing deer at ranges which he himself confesses are almost sure to prevent a mortal wound. I have done so myself and I am ashamed of it. I am more than ashamed to confess that I have, under such circumstances, wounded deer and of course lost them.

In a short experience I have known at least a dozen such cases, where suffering, if not death, has been needlessly inflicted. It may do for the "deer slayer" to say that such shots ought not to be tried, but give the average deer hunter a shotgun and a deer at seventy-five measured yards, and I take it a worse than useless shot is the almost invariable result. I love a shotgun more than a rifle. I am more expert with the former than the latter; but hereafter, when I am after deer, I am going to use a weapon that will kill at any range I may be tempted to use it at. I am willing to concede that at short ranges I can kill a deer more surely with a shotgun, but I know that in the long run, while I may bag more game with that weapon, I will leave many more cripples behind to suffer and perhaps to die. This is what I consider every sportsman wishes to avoid; therefore, give me the rifle for deer.

Y. Y.

SEPT. 26, 1884.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I find the articles on "Bullet versus Buckshot" very interesting, but the use of the term "not sportsmanlike," or words of similar meaning, occurs so frequently that it is getting to be somewhat puzzling to me, and I would ask, who are sportsmen? I have never called myself one, but I did suppose I was a sportsman's guide. Two years ago I became the owner of a "hand cannon." I have kept a diary of its work. It has been in the hands of what we call sportsmen at the death of many deer and six moose, four of which were killed in daylight, all falling before the smoke passed away;

and as soon as one animal was down the remaining cartridge was taken from the "hand cannon" and it was carried unloaded until in other hands. I have worked in the capacity of guide in this vicinity ten years and the men employing me have been like-minded to the moose hunters, and game is increasing in numbers yearly, likewise those killed. I do not wish to think the men I have been with so many years undeserving the name and honor due to the title of "sportsman."

NED NORTON.

SECOND CONNECTICUT LAKE, N. H., Sept. 22.

RAIL SHOOTING.

MR. THOMAS B. STARR, of Salem, N. J., killed 188 rail birds on one tide on the 13th of this month. The Supawanna meadows where these birds were boated are quite low, and Mr. Starr, taking advantage of the only good tide we have thus far had, made this large score. On the same day Mr. H. C. Johnson got 155, Linn Johnson 113 and W. T. Hilliard 80. There have been about 2,500 rail all told thus far killed at the Lazaretto, the highest boat being W. Stewart, pushed by J. M. Wood. All the Wood boys are handy with the push pole, and there is scarcely a choice between either Dick, M't or Jim. The tide on Thursday, owing to Wednesday's easterly wind, was better than any for a week back. Before this goes to print the equinox which has been brewing for two or three days will be upon us, and with it will come the wished for storm tides. Thousands of rail will be killed, and the end of the reed bird season will have come, especially if we have the cool weather that usually follows. A party of enterprising gentlemen fond of shooting have created out of the property of Mr. John Beebe, of Cumberland county, a game preserve. The tract consists of 9,500 acres, and is located about ten miles from Manumusk station on the West Jersey Railroad. Being situated some distance from the railroad, and only accessible by stage, the natural game advantages of the tract are great. Membership is limited to thirty, and the officers of the club are: President, A. T. Purves; Vice-President, S. Canby; Secretary and Treasurer, W. Sterling. Directors, Jos. McKinney, D. W. Hallam, J. C. Davis and G. C. Settle.

The highest score of rail birds for each day of last week at the Lazaretto is as follows:

Sept. 20—H. B. Tatham, Jr., pushed by W. Vail, 50.
Sept. 22—Jos. Thorne, pushed by J. Wood, 28.
Sept. 22—M. Vanderslea, pushed by W. Wood, 28.
Sept. 23—Wm. Sullivan, pushed by J. Gardner, 10.
Sept. 24—Judge Gildersleeve, pushed by W. Vail, 24.
Sept. 25—A. B. Montgomery, pushed by R. Wood, 26.
Sept. 26—John Campion, pushed by J. M. Wood, 17.

HOMO.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In illustration of the cunning of our Connecticut rail, I may mention an incident of a hunt on one evening of this week on the banks of the river from which our State takes its name. My friend's dog started up one—a strong flyer, which, faltering but little under his shot, swung by me. My fire brought him to the ground, and I ran to mark him down. It was the first bird shot and we wanted the dog to retrieve him. I found the bird, and was waiting for the dog to draw out of the mud and reeds, when the little fellow ran between my legs. I involuntarily put my hands down to catch him, but he disappeared. My friend's mocking laugh made me think the bird lost, and I stared around the sky to catch his flight. My eyes had nearly taken in the horizon, when the dog pointed between my legs. A careful search revealed the bird hidden in a wagon track in the grass between my feet. I was very glad to have the dog retrieve him to his master and thus check his unseemly hilarity. We both concluded that the rail is a good hider even in the open field.

J. D. P.

HARTFORD, Conn., Sept. 22.

DUCKING CLUBS ON THE GUNPOWDER

THE cold snap a few days ago produced quite a flutter in sporting circles, and developed considerable activity at those stations on the Philadelphia and Baltimore Railroad contiguous to Gunpowder and Bush rivers, those favorite haunts and feeding grounds of the various species of waterfowl which annually migrate hither in immense numbers. At Magnolia and Edgewood stations numbers of boxes and packages of supplies, decoys, etc., necessary for preparations adequate to the wants and comforts of those gentlemen belonging to the gunning clubs have been recently received. We have also welcomed the familiar features of some of the prominent members, who may be seen actively engaged in forwarding supplies and superintending the erection of blinds and various other matters essential to success, convenience or comfort. Prominent among these is the robust and healthy form of H. T. Weld, Esq., the president of the St. Domingo Club, who, I believe, has the advantage of all other members in years, yet is practically as active as the more youthful. In fact, he appears to anticipate the enjoyment of the sport of the ensuing season with as much zest and eagerness as a schoolboy anticipates the summer vacation.

John Stewart, Esq., a distinguished member of the Baltimore bar, is also a member of the above club, who takes an active interest in its welfare and keenly enjoys the sport appertaining to the rod, as well as the more exciting pleasures of the gun. And inasmuch as the waters of the same locality afford an abundance of food suitable for fish as well as fowl, he frequently indulges in that line of sport, and during the present season has been remarkably successful. In fact, he is equally as expert with the rod as he is skillful with the gun; the most indubitable evidence of which is his success. He has not only secured ample numbers upon every occasion, but I have been informed he captured the finest specimen of striped bass (or rock bass, as it is called) taken with a hook in the Gunpowder this season. John Ridgely, of Hampton, is also a very active member of this club. He not only inherits the name and possessions, but also the amiability and hospitality characteristic of this distinguished Maryland family. He is one of the youngest members of the club, yet takes great interest in promoting its welfare and prosperity.

The St. Domingo Club is composed of twelve members, four of whom reside in New York, the others in Baltimore or Maryland. It is considered the leading club of Gunpowder Neck; not that we think those members of other clubs are not equals in all respects, but we believe it is more fully organized, has a greater extent of water front, and, we believe, a greater number of members than any other.

Maxwell's Point is located on the Gunpowder, a few miles below St. Domingo. The club occupying this point is com-

posed of four wealthy gentlemen of Philadelphia, who do not gun to excess, but frequently indulge in the exciting and fascinating sport of decoy and bar shooting, for the latter of which their point is particularly adapted, owing to the peculiar formation of the land. This point is considered by many to be superior in point of certainty to any on the Chesapeake or its tributaries.

Those two clubs have been exceedingly fortunate in securing the services of two of the best qualified sportsmen of the Chesapeake, judging by their display of knowledge acquired by personal study of the water fowl, its habits and nature, or skill as marksmen, arresting them in rapid flight. Edward Lynch is at Maxwell's Point and John Sweeting at St. Domingo. Both are large, heavy men, yet entirely different in appearance. Edward Lynch is tall and muscular, and although quiet and gentlemanly in manner, his aim is certain death to the fowl within its range. John Sweeting is very stout, thick set, and his appearance, to those unacquainted with him, would indicate dull and heavy movements, but such is not the case; on the contrary he is exceedingly active and quick as lightning at a snap shot. I have been informed by gentlemen who have examined the different localities that there is this season a great abundance of the various species of marine plants, suitable to all the varieties of fowl. Therefore they anticipate an abundance of game, which as a matter of course will afford ample opportunities of indulging in the exercise of their skill.

In tracing the extensive line of shore, with its numberless indentations and curves, we find quite a number of gunning clubs located on the most desirable situations, the members of which are residents of Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York and as far north as Boston, and one of the members at Legoes Point is an Englishman, and crosses the ocean annually to enjoy the sport of shooting swan and geese, for which this point is famous as their feeding ground.

IVUROS.

HOLDING AHEAD.—Editor Forest and Stream: Recent experiments in England by Major W. McClintock, R. A. (Journal of the Royal United Service Institution), will tend to modify some of the ideas obtaining upon this subject. A charge of 4½ drams best C & H. powder gives to No. 4 shot a muzzle velocity of 1,344 feet. Inferior powder would of course give less. The time of flight for a velocity of 1,300 feet is: 30 yards, .098; 40 yards, .134; 50 yards, .179; 60 yards, .231, etc. This will about equal the velocity usually obtained from a ten-bore with 4½ drams of good powder and 1½ ounces of No. 4 shot. A bird crossing the line of fire at 30 yards distance (flying at the rate of a mile a minute) would pass over about 8½ feet while the shot passes through the 30 yards. At 40 yards the bird would cover about 12 feet, at 50 yards about 16 feet, and at 60 yards the bird would cover about 23 feet. If any one will give us the velocities with which the birds fly, we can from these tables of Major McClintock calculate with accuracy how much to "hold ahead" (in theory)—S.

PRAIRIE CHICKENS IN WISCONSIN.—Menomone, Wis., Sept. 27.—Prairie chicken shooting is now on the wane for this season, the birds having been hunted so thoroughly they rise almost out of range. Birds are not so abundant as is generally supposed. To illustrate: the most successful hunting parties of four shooters have not bagged over forty birds in a long day's hunt, and several parties have been out and hunted hard all day and not killed more than two birds per man. It is pleasant for those who are fond of shooting and of a fine gun to think that they can bring the skill they have acquired at the trap to bear on game at any time they care to go out on a shooting trip, but it is a hard fact that ruffed grouse are perceptibly less abundant than they were two years ago. In the match of sportsmen, guns and dogs vs. birds, the birds will "get left." There are too many breechloaders and too much skill among sportsmen throughout the country for game to remain abundant. The same may be said of deer.—B. A. E.

NOTES FROM THE PRAIRIES.—Pillsbury, Minn., Sept. 24.—A party of four, consisting of S. C. Hayden, of Syracuse, N. Y.; J. T. Locke, of Minneapolis; H. C. Eldred, of Burnhamville, and the writer, have just returned from a ten days' shooting trip on the prairies. Good bags of ducks and chickens were secured. It was too early in the season, or rather the exceptionally warm weather prevented successful goose shooting. Sandhill cranes were seen in vast numbers, and one monster, evidently the king of all the cranes, fell to the gun of the writer. The weather is now turning cool, and we shall soon be in the height of the duck season here. Wild rice is unusually abundant. Ruffed grouse are even more plenty than last year. During a ride of twenty miles last week through the timber I think fully fifty were flushed. Deer signs are plenty.—J. F. Locke.

NEW JERSEY NOTES.—Madison, N. J., Sept. 27.—Quite a number of reed birds on our meadows. A few hunt them, but as a rule they are considered too "small fry" by our local hunters. The prospect for good snipe shooting looks gloomy enough, since no rain has fallen for two weeks or more, consequently the meadows are as dry as I have ever seen them, even the ditches running through them contain little or no water. The Passaic River is very low. Quite a number of pickerel have been caught in the river this year. A friend of mine living near the river heard a party of men last Wednesday night hauling a net quite near Chatham Bridge. This explains the scarcity of fish in that stream. Game notes are scarce just now. It will be lawful to kill woodcock November 1. Will report luck.—SIXTEEN-BORE.

ILLINOIS.—Macomb.—Prairie chicken shooting was good this year, and bags of one to forty were made in a half day by some of our sportsmen. Quail wintered well but are not very plenty. If let alone until the first of October fair shooting may be had. A fellow sportsman reports two flocks of turkeys of about twenty each within fifteen miles of here, and we expect to bring a few of them to bag this week. Our mode of hunting them will be to go out in the evening and scatter them, then in the morning they can be easily called within gunshot.—EX AM.

INDIANA RUFFED GROUSE AND QUAIL.—Hartford City, Ind., Sept. 23.—Pheasants, as they are termed here, are more numerous than they have been for several years. Can find them in coveys of from eight to fifteen in a half hour's walk. Can raise two to three coveys of quail in a field of ten acres, though many were frozen last winter. We will have better shooting and more of it than we have ever enjoyed before. I long for the 15th of October.—AH LOOK.

NOTES FROM SCHOHARIE, N. Y.—Sept. 23.—We have some very excellent shooting here now. We have partridges and red and gray squirrels in good numbers. Of woodcock there are not so many as we have had some seasons here. Rabbits are reported quite numerous. Later in the fall we will have some good duck shooting. One that is a good shot can go out and bag a good number of birds in a day.—SCHOHARIE.

COOT SHOOTING.—Any one who is fond of coot shooting I can recommend to go to Clark W. Holmes's, South Plymouth, Mass., where they can try their hand at wing-shooting and return home satisfied if they are even ordinary shots. I was there last season, and the scores were all the way from two up to thirty-one for a morning's shooting, the latter score being made by Mr. Holmes.—W. L. O.

NEW JERSEY.—West Englewood.—The game constables don't keep a very sharp lookout in this section. On the 28th, 29th, 30th and 31st of August there was considerable shooting done along the Hackensack River.—J. F. B. [Communicate with the New Jersey Game and Fish Protective Society, of Plainfield, W. L. Force, Secretary.]

MASSACHUSETTS GAME.—South Duxbury, Mass., Sept. 29.—The quail season opened well this spring all along the south shore and I have seen quite a number of coveys this fall, three within five minutes' walk of my place. Partridge scarce, shore birds not very plenty. Water fowl beginning to appear.—SOUTH SHORE.

NEW YORK.—The bird shooting in southern Ulster county, where I frequently go, promises finely for this fall. The woodcock were hardly shot at this summer, and should be plentiful this fall. There also promises to be good shooting of quail and rabbit.—J. G. G.

LATE HATCHING OF QUAIL.—Hartford City, Ind., Sept. 23.—While out walking a day or two ago I found one brood of young quail that could not fly, and also a nest that the old bird was sitting on. It was full of eggs.—AH LOOK.

IT IS A PRETTY BIG STATE.—Clinton, Oneida County, N. Y.—You report ruffed grouse plenty in this State. In the five seasons I have been in this section they have not been as scarce as the present season.—H.

CLEANING BRASS SHELLS.—Take strong vinegar and salt, scour them well and rinse in not water and dry in warm place. They will come out of the pickle bright as new unless badly corroded.—AIR LOOK.

Sea and River Fishing.

THE DOBSON.

I FIND that the illustrated article in last FOREST AND STREAM on the helgramite or dobson, has necessitated a few more words on the subject in answer to several correspondents. Therefore I will say: I do not know how long it takes the larva to grow to the size usually taken as bait for black bass. As the egg is laid in midsummer, the young worm must be small by the time winter comes on, and as we find them full-sized in June, it is probable that these are more than one year old, because they may not grow much in winter. The larva of some insects, notably the snapping beetle, passes six or seven years as a wood borer before it assumes the perfect state. While I do not assert that our baits are over a year old it is not impossible that they may be. The fly does not live through the winter. This to "R. H."

To "G. W. B." I will say: There are several similar forms (see article), but they are small. The genus *Sialis* I think to be the larva of what anglers call the "alder fly," which they imitate for a trout lure. I do not lay claim to any entomological knowledge. The range of the dobson (*Corydalis*) may be indicated by the list of popular names given, and these include Connecticut on the north and Georgia on the south and Wisconsin on the West. I have seen it in New Hampshire.

"H. P. L."—It is usually found in swift, stony brooks, but I took one specimen under a stone near the shore of an island in Fourth Lake of the Fulton Chain, Adirondacks. They may inhabit lakes, in fact, this seems to prove that they do, but it would be difficult to capture them there. The only way to learn if they inhabit brooks in your vicinity is to turn over the stones in them and find out.

"Epicure."—No; the Ichthyophagous Club has never eaten dobsons. The suggestion shows that you are worthy to be a member of that body. Write to the caterer, Mr. E. G. Blackford, Fulton Market, New York; he may wish a few quarts for the approaching dinner. FRED MATHER.

COLD SPRING HARBOR, N. Y.

TROUT STREAMS OF KALAMAZOO.

IN the summer of 1880 some of the sportsmen of Kalamazoo, Mich., conceived the happy idea of stocking the small spring brooks in that vicinity with brook trout (*Salmo fontinalis*). And, much to their praise, they carried out their ideas, instead of just thinking about it, as a great many would do; consequently the results were far beyond their expectations. Procuring 100,000 fry from the State hatchery, located at Paris, Mecosta county, they were distributed in these small streams, Spring Brook, a large, clear, cold and swift running stream, being the recipient of a majority of the fry. Then these sportsmen waited for the three long years required by law before a stocked stream can be fished to roll by. Many a chronic grumbler predicted that the trout wouldn't live, and if they did, that they would all run into the Kalamazoo River. But the sportsmen, like all good disciples of Izaak Walton, waited patiently and bided their time.

In 1883 J. Y. Portman, of the State Fish Commission, and some other gentlemen, made an investigation to see if the trout were there and how they prospered, and were somewhat surprised as well as highly elated to find that the fry of two years before had not only grown to upward of a pound in weight, but had also spawned, as could be proved by the hundreds of little ones to be seen. Ere the dawn of day on May 1, 1883—the beginning of the open season—many an angler could be seen making his way for these small streams to catch trout of his own raising. And such was the success, there being hundreds of trout taken during the

season without any apparent diminishing of their numbers, some weighing as high as 1½ pounds.

During the past season thousands of trout have been taken of all sizes and up to 2½ pounds in weight. The success which the venture of these few gentlemen has met has done more to encourage the propagation of trout by the Michigan Fish Commission than all other things combined, and during the coming season they will plant one million and a half of fry in Kalamazoo county alone; while on the other hand, if a person lives near a suitable stream and wishes to stock it, to get the fry needs but the asking.

Now, brother sportsmen, let the success of the Kalamazoo gentlemen be an example; and instead of always seeking to destroy, try and restock your depleted waters and game covers, and in a few years you will have the satisfaction in reaping the harvest you have sown.

BEN.

SEPT. 25, 1884.

NOTES ON THE HISTORY OF THE FISH-HOOK.

BY R. CHRISTENSEN.*

THE fact that prehistoric hooks are but seldom noticed in museums is not owing to their rare occurrence or rare discovery, but to their small size and to their appearance, which is not apt to strike the eye; possibly, also, because they closely resemble other implements and are therefore easily confounded with them. The number of undoubted fish-hooks, however, is large enough to show that angling is one of the most ancient occupations.

The oldest fishing implements, however, correspond very little to the newer idea which we connect with the word "fish-hook." As long as no metal was employed there was no material from which a real hook, answering to our ideas of the same, could have been made; there was moreover no type of such an implement. On the other hand, the idea was readily suggested that, if fish could be caught by means of a harpoon fastened to a line, without inflicting a mortal wound, the same object might be reached in a still more satisfactory manner if the fish could be caused to swallow a harpoon or arrowhead fastened to a line. Angling is therefore of more ancient origin than net fishing. The oldest hooks which have been found are shaped like an arrow-head, having one and sometimes two, three, or more smaller or larger well-pointed beards. The museum of the Antiquarian Society of Prussia, in Königsberg, possesses a number of such hooks. All of these hooks show very careful workmanship, and are of such slender form, so well adapted to the nature of the material (bone or horn) as to favor the supposition that this article has been in general use for some time, and has gradually undergone various improvements. These implements date from the Neolithic Age (second period of the Stone Age), and their enormous size will convey an idea of the size of fish caught in those times. A similar implement from the same period is preserved in the Royal Museum at Dresden, but its shape so closely resembles that of an arrow-head that it is impossible to distinguish it from this.

Hooks made of flint are very rare. Two which have been found in the Swedish province of Skane furnish ample proof that the Scandinavians were likewise acquainted with angling at a very early period. Frequently small flint splinters having a bent point are found, showing evidences of workmanship which in some cases were evidently meant to be tied to a handle at their thick end, and which probably in this way have served as hooks. An implement made of horn and preserved in the Königsberg Museum, above referred to, also favors this explanation. It will not seem strange that implements of so unassuming a character but rarely find their way into our museums. The fact, however, that angling has, till within a comparatively recent period, been the favorite mode of fishing, much more so than net-fishing, finds further proof in the circumstance that in the houses of the lake-dwellers at Schussenried numerous remnants of pike and of *Silurus glanis* have been found, but none of any other fish.

A second and entirely different form of hooks, shaped like a weaver's shuttle, was known in very ancient times; the central portion was connected with the line, and thereupon entirely enveloped in the bait, so the fish might swallow it whole. This method has still been preserved in some parts where eels are caught by means of a darning-needle fastened to the line and almost hid in the bait.

There has been a steady development from the arrow-head to the real bent hook, as is shown by an implement which is preserved in the museum of the Society for Pomeranian History and Antiquity, at Stettin. This rare piece was found imbedded 14 ft. deep in marl near Reddis, district of Rummelsburg, in Pomerania. Its material is bone, and at its inner bend the marrow side of the bone is laid bare, showing that the bone was not sawed lengthwise but crosswise. This gave to the implement a much greater degree of durability, and produced the outlines of its form at the very beginning of the work.

Even the double hook was employed before metals came into use. Such a double hook was made from the antlers of a stag, and found in one of the habitations of the lake-dwellers in Switzerland. At first sight it presents the appearance of grotesque clumsiness, but on closer observation it is seen that the hollows (especially the one on the right side) are a pretty fac-simile of a modern hook. It will, therefore, not seem improbable that the eccentric position of the center of gravity was not accidental but intentional. Only the right hook is pointed, its form being better adapted to its purpose, and having a tendency to turn upward; that is, it is better calculated for catching fish, while the left hook was probably intended for fastening the bait.

We have more hooks from the Bronze Age, which in Eastern Germany extended to the fourth and fifth centuries. Their material being more pliable, they assume lighter and more slender forms; they have as yet no beard; but artificial bait, though in its simplest form, seems to have been employed at that early time. The Historical Museum at Lübeck possesses some hooks which are made of thin bronze leaves with very sharp points. They have probably served as small metal fish, I am in doubt, however, as to the use of the holes found in pairs in some of them. It seems all the more probable that these implements are artificial bait shaped like fish, as some of the South Sea Islanders were in the habit of employing artificial bait even before they knew the use of metal. In the collection above referred to there is an implement of this kind consisting of a long and narrow piece of mother-of-pearl, to which a hook made of horn is tied firmly.

The oldest iron hooks known are those found in the rampart of Old Lübeck. As Old Lübeck was surprised and entirely destroyed by Røce, Prince of Rügen, in 1138, and as the new city was not built in the same place, the period from which these hooks date is well defined. The smaller of the two is evidently much older than the larger, and the properties of the metal have been so little utilized as to justify the supposition that this hook dates from the beginning of the Iron Age, while the larger is clearly of much more recent date. Here we find well-known forms reminding us of the hooks which we used in our boyhood's days. There is, of course, as yet, a great difference between these hooks and those found in the ramparts of Old Lübeck, for even the most inexperienced boy would hardly use such gigantic hooks, and even in those days so clumsy a beard would have been laughed at; but as to its general plan this hook does not differ much from the well-known hooks formerly used in Germany.

I will mention an old darre which was found near Alt-Bliesdorf, district of Ober-Barnim, and now in the collection of Mr. Walbaum in Surow. It has the size and shape of a tablespoon without a handle, but is quite flat and made of copper. At the broad end there is a hole for the line, while the pointed end is closed by a shuttle-shaped double copper cover (resembling a shell), from which protrudes a medium-sized iron hook of good shape. Spoon and hook are therefore firmly connected by this cover by means of three pegs. This implement very closely resembles the spoon-shaped darres which are still in common use.

The merit of having fashioned hooks from steel, according to rational principles, and answering manifold purposes, belongs undoubtedly to the English. Max von dem Borne has described these hooks in his well-known work "Angelfischerrei" (Line fishing) in the most exhaustive manner. During the year 1880 many different forms of hooks have been brought to our notice through the Berlin Exposition. Some of these hooks have been developed in certain localities independent of other forms, while some are the artificial products of industry, and have been thrown into the market to await the verdict of the fishing public.

Among the hooks peculiar to certain localities I first mention the Japanese hooks. These have very small beards, and are made of thin wire, which is more pliable than elastic; this is all the more surprising, as the Japanese are unexcelled in the manufacture of steel. If, therefore, they give their hooks a certain degree of pliability, this is probably intentional, and may perhaps be explained by the circumstance that their entire fishing apparatus is exceedingly fine. In Berlin they exhibited rods measuring six meters in length, with a very thin point, and a line which throughout its entire length has only the thickness of a thin horsehair. At the first glance it will be seen that these hooks are entirely original, and considering the very high degree of development to which line-fishing has attained in Japan, it cannot be doubted that these various forms are carefully adapted to certain definite purposes. If we only knew these purposes we would undoubtedly learn much from the Japanese. Many of these forms have been adopted by English manufacturers.

The artificial fly also has gone through a course of development in Japan entirely peculiar to that country. Those which were on exhibition in Berlin consisted of hooks of the smallest kind; the head is of brass, perfectly round, with a diameter half that of the width of the hook, the body is either red, black, or gold-colored, or has all three colors. From the head six or eight brown hairs run along the body, extending twice its length, and surrounding it on all sides; everything about it displays an elegance and accuracy of workmanship which need not fear comparison with the finest English flies.

In Switzerland, in the canton of Tessin, a peculiar form of hooks has been employed from time immemorial. They have no beard, and an exceedingly fine and long point, and are used for catching *Salmo thymallus*, trout, and "may-fish."

The Chinese produce clumsy imitations of English hooks, but their own hooks are peculiar, having exceptionally small beards, not on the back of the point, but on the side. This is of great importance, for the beard which is commonly used, and which is on the inner side or back of the point, has two disadvantages; in the first place, it is as unfavorably located as possible for the rapid entering of the hook, which therefore frequently does not catch; and in the second place, it is inclined to come out of itself, for when it enters, a hollow space is created between the beard and the lower bend of the hook, which is prevented from closing up by the portions of the hook which surround it on three sides. Whenever the person holding the line momentarily ceases to pull, the hook gets a chance to slip back, and the beard but too readily finds the necessary space to glide out of the wound without catching anywhere, especially when the parts where the hook has entered are lean and possess but little elasticity, as is the case with the pike. But if the beard is placed more or less on the side of the point, this offers the important advantage that the beard does not hinder the entering of the point; the hollow space referred to above will also be created, but it is not, as in the common hooks, between the beard and the bend of the hook, but on the side of the latter, and is consequently less inclined to close up immediately. The point of the bend, moreover, does not lie right over the center of the hollow space, but close to its edge. Even if the hook should slip back, the beard will always keep close to the edge of the wound, and will, in most cases, fasten itself somewhere, thus preventing the hook from slipping out entirely. Placing the beard at the side of the point, therefore, offers two decided advantages, without having a single disadvantage; and it is really surprising that manufacturers have not given more attention to this matter.

Of new forms which have recently been brought into the market, the following deserve special mention:

1. Longshafts or hooks whose handle is twice as long as is commonly the case. This secures a steadier aim, the injurious angle is decreased, and makes a much longer extent of gut line possible. The place where the gut line touches the point of the shank is much less exposed to any motion, and the frequent breaking of the gut at this point is avoided. These hooks, however, are as a general rule only suited to such bait as will cover the entire shank. It certainly speaks well for these hooks that they were almost simultaneously adopted both in England and America.

2. Warner's needle-eye hooks. The new catalogue of J. Warner & Sons, Redditch, shows a whole series of differently constructed spring double hooks (eight in number). Other hooks of this kind have been known in Germany for some time; a hook of a particularly practical construction was exhibited at Berlin by the firm of Bradford & Anthony, of Boston, Mass.

The same firm has introduced a hook which substitutes an entirely new principle for the beard. As the tongue which takes the place of the beard acts like a spring, the mouth of the fish will, in biting, slip past the point of the tongue, almost without meeting with any resistance, and from that moment any loosening of the hook by accident becomes impossible. Unless something tears or breaks, the fish is hopelessly caught. The considerable angle of this hook will give no trouble, considering the ease with which the slender point enters; in fact, it proves an advantage, because the catching capacity of the hook is thereby considerably increased. The principle underlying this hook is doubtless very ingenious, and unless unforeseen difficulties hinder its practical application, we probably stand at the threshold of a new epoch in the history of the fish-hook.

MINNOW CASTING FOR BLACK BASS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

It appears as if the rules for minnow casting at the coming tournament are needlessly rigid in prescribing that the mode of casting shall be underhand, for many persons never cast in that manner. It is true that longer casts may be made by the underhand mode, but at a sacrifice of accuracy. The weight of the minnow (half an ounce sinker) seems to be greater than necessary, but what in the world does Dr. Henshall mean by "delicacy" in plumping half an ounce of lead into the water? Surely this is an oversight or it needs explanation. If the scale of points for the light (striated) bass casting had been followed, then accuracy and distance would be determined at each cast, and delicacy would be left out. The style of casting is so much like that for striped bass, save in the use of one hand, that it seems as if the method of scoring should be the same.

R. B.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In FOREST AND STREAM of Sept. 19 I find Dr. Henshall's rules to govern the minnow casting contest at the coming tournament.

One rule limits the weight of rods to 10 ounces. Now, when Dr. Henshall's "Book of the Black Bass" first came out I purchased a copy, and after reading it, thought I would like to try minnow casting for actual fishing, so I had a rod made as near Dr. Henshall's own specifications as described in his book as possible. The tip and middle are of greenheart, the butt and handle ash. It weighs just 12 ounces.

According to the rules this rod will not be allowed in the contest, yet it is a Henshall rod. Should I return to town in time, I had intended entering this contest, but now will probably be unable to enter on account of this rule.

C. G. LEVISON.

SOUTH WOODBURY, Vt., Sept. 22.

HOW TO CATCH CARP.

SEVERAL OPINIONS UPON HOW TO CATCH CARP.

COMPILED BY CHAS. W. SMILEY.

[From the Bulletin of the United States Fish Commission.]

IN response to numerous requests for information as to the best way to catch a few carp at a time, and without draining a pond, I have examined the principal English sporting books, and have extracted what they have to say on this subject. The first item, however, is by an American who understands fishing for carp.

WITH LINE AND HOOK.—"When I fish for carp I have a fifty-foot line done up on a reel with six or seven small hooks on the line, and without any pole. I bait the hooks with stale light bread, which floats on the surface of the water, and the carp come to the top to suck it down. As soon as they feel the hook they start to run and I reel up the line and play with them until I worry them out and land them without further trouble. After catching one in this way they become very wild and timid, and it is a long time before I can get them to show themselves again. I caught only one with an angle worm."—OSCAR REID (St. Louis, Mo., Aug. 21, 1883).

BAITS.—"Carp are esteemed among the richest freshwater fish we have in the kingdom, and are as cunning as foxes. The angler, therefore, must be 'wide awake' to catch him, and also as patient as a saint. He may, however, fish for him at any time in the day during warm weather. The bait may be either worms or paste. Of worms the bluish marsh or meadow is the best, but a red worm, not too big, will do, or a large gentle; of paste the best is made from bread and honey, and the spot intended should be well baited beforehand. In a large pond, to draw them together, throw in either grains, or blood mixed with cow-dung, or bran, or any kind of garbage; follow this with some of the small baits you intend to angle with. If you fish for carp with gentles, put on your hook a small piece of scarlet cloth, about the bigness of a pea, soaked with oil of petur (by some called oil of the rock) and keep your gentles for two or three days in a box smeared with honey; and while you are fishing, chew a little bread and throw it in about the place where your float swims. In this way, with due patience, you will prove a match for these crafty fish."—[From Routledge's Hand-book of Fishing, London, p. 39.]

BAITS.—"Carp are very uncertain. After a shower on a warm, damp evening, is the best time for fishing. A boiled green pea is a capital bait; also ground-bait with boiled potatoes, and bait with half-boiled pieces. You should ground-bait overnight. Anything will do for ground bait, chickens' guts, blood, cow-dung, mixed grains, and greaves, mixed with clay. As baits, use paste of all kinds, especially sweet paste, gentles, and red worms.

"A very good way of killing carp is to let the bait sink between the leaves of the water plants, and gently draw it up and down till you feel a slight nibble, when the line must be loosed until the fish runs away with it. A paste made of common flour and anchovy sauce, with a little water mixed with it to prevent sticking, has been found good.

THE OLD-BOAT METHOD.—"Carp may also be thus taken: Take an old boat, and fill it with brushwood or other loose stuff, taking care to keep it down with large stones. Tie two ropes to the ends of the boats so as to be able to draw it up again when wanted, and then sink it, leaving it there for a month or two, so that the carp may have time to get accustomed to it, when they will take up their abode in the boat. After you have left it in a sufficient time draw it out again by the ropes tied to it for the purpose, and you will find the fish in their hiding places in the brushwood. It is best to put some food in the boat before you lower it."—[From "Facts and useful hints relating to fishing and shooting," by I. E. B. C. London, 1872, page 26.]

EXPERIENCE.—"Late in July, 1858, on a hot summer's afternoon, I was barbel-fishing in the eddy off Ham Point,

*"Zur Geschichte des Angelfischens," in Deutsche Fischerei-Zeitung, translated by Herman Jacobson, Vol. IV., Nos. 12 and 15, Stettin, March 23 and April 12, 1881, and reproduced in the Bulletin of the United States Fish Commission.

Weybridge, the water being twenty feet deep and as clear as glass. I did not so much as touch a barbel, but took with my single rod three magnificent carp, weighing respectively, 8, 5, and 4 pounds; ten eels, nine large perch, and one bream; the carp gave quite as much play as trout. These were all taken with the lob-worm, using chopped worms for ground-bait.

BAIT AND RODS.—"As a general rule, the red worm will be found the most killing bait, but they will at times prefer a well-scoured marsh-worm or lob. The majority of roach baits are also used for carp. Use a light stiff rod with fine running tackle and a light float, ascertaining the depth, if possible, the day before, when ground baiting, as recommended in the preceding chapter, so as to keep out of sight when you commence fishing, and disturb the water as little as you can. Throw in a few chopped worms occasionally while angling, fish on the bottom, and if in a stream strike immediately there is a bite; but if in still water, or a pond, wait a second or two, till the float goes steadily under, and then strike gently, as carp do not take the bait so quickly in dead water as in a stream, where, unless it is taken directly, it is carried away by the current and is gone.

PLAYING.—"When you have hooked a good fish use him gently and patiently, giving him line, winding in and letting out, till he is exhausted. He is an exceedingly strong and artful fish, and will try every possible means to get around a post or stump, or into the weeds, so as to break the line."

KEEP QUIET.—"The grand secret in carp fishing is to keep quiet and fish fine. Some anglers expatiate on the great merits of boiled green peas and pieces of cherries as very taking baits. One writer advises a worm and gentle to be used on the hook at the same time, so as to offer the carp a choice of baits; probably, had he suggested that a green pea and a cherry be first placed on the hook, it might have been better still; the carp could then have taken vegetables with his dinner and dessert to follow.

TO CATCH PRUSSIAN CARP.—"There is another species of this fish, termed the Prussian carp, which seldom reaches a pound in weight; in shape and color it is similar to the ordinary carp, partaking very much of the nature of the goldfish and silver-fish, and like them may be kept, when small, in a globe. They are easily caught in ponds during the summer months with a small red or blood worm; fish very fine, with a No. 10 hook and a very small quill float. It is essential that the bait should cover the entire hook and look fresh and tempting. Fish two or three inches from the bottom."—[From the Modern Angler, London, 1883.]

A GAME FISH.—"Carp are in season through March and April, and therefore I have advocated the increase of them in the Thames, as they would afford good sport when the ordinary Thames fish are out of condition.

HOW TAKEN.—"To fish for carp the angler requires to be very quiet and unobtrusive, particularly when they are in ponds. Carp grub for their bait along the bottom, and if the angler keeps quiet and out of sight he may often see them within reach of his rod, rooting along the quiet and shallow water, with their tails or back fins above water. I have often taken them when thus occupied by softly casting my float and tackle out a yard or two ahead of them, in the direction they were traveling, and allowing the bait to lie on the bottom, when I have frequently managed to capture the rover. Carp will take both worms and gentles well at times, but farinaceous baits are more in favor with the carp fishermen of the present day; for if there happens to be a lot of small roach, perch, or eels in the same pond, as there too often is, these will, if worms or gentles be used for ground bait, hasten to the spot and eat up most of it before the carp can find it out; and, added to this, when you begin to fish the first miserable little eel or perch you take will drive many of the best carp away; and after you have taken two or three, there will hardly be a carp left.

BAITS.—"Carp will take a variety of baits, as worms, gentles, wasp grubs, plain and sweet paste, boiled green peas, and potatoes. The last is the best bait that can be used, particularly with big carp; it should be about three parts, or rather more, boiled—rather a waxy sort being chosen—and the best way of baiting with it is to use a small triangle on a single thread of gut, with a small loop to the other end of it, having a good big loop in the line to loop it to. Then take a baiting needle, and, hitching it to the loop of the triangle, draw the gut through the middle of the potato and pull the triangle up so as just to bury the hook points in the potato. Then cut the potato round with a knife neatly till it is about the size of a good-sized gooseberry, and loop it on to the line, the big loop allowing the bait and all to pass through easily. The best way of fishing this bait is with a very light ledger, a small pistol bullet being quite heavy enough. The gut should be rather fine, but strong and sound, as a big carp is a doughty antagonist, and his first rush is not to be sneezed at. I have been broken in it many a time when I have been at all in difficulties; and carp, as they often run up to ten pounds or twelve pounds weight, and even larger, and have very powerful fins, want careful managing at first. They are, too, pretty cunning, and will run you into a mass of weeds if they can.

DISREGARD NIBBLES.—"Never strike while a carp only nibbles. Wait till he drags the float steadily under, and appears to be going away with it; when, seeing all clear and in order about the line and reel for a rush, you may hit him smartly, and if he is a big one 'look out for squalls,' as his mouth is very tough and leathery, you may play him firmly. Get him away as soon as possible from your pitch, so as not to frighten the rest, and land him as far from the pitch as you can. Then come back to the pitch, quietly throw in a handful or two of ground-bait, and follow up with the hook as before, and probably in ten minutes or a quarter of an hour, if the fish are well on, you may see your rush-boat 'niggle-niggle' again. The best ground bait, of course, for this work is boiled potato.

HAVE SEVERAL 'SPOTS.'—"If fishing a pond, always bait two, and even three, spots if you can; so that when the fish are rather alarmed at one, you can rest it and go to another, casting in a few handfuls of bait before you leave, to draw them back again. Always fish from the shore, too, if you can, as carp are shy of a boat, and any motion of the water easily alarms them. In fishing with the ledger in a stream you would discard the float, and fish as for barbel, by the feel. In this case, when you feel a nibble, you must yield some inches of line and wait for the tug that announces the bite. This is held to be, by experienced carp fishermen, the best and most killing method of carp fishing, particularly for big fish. The great thing is to let the bait and line rest on the bottom for a foot or two. In this way the carp sees neither the line nor the hook, as he cannot fail to do if he is curious in float fishing when the depth is exactly plumbed and the bait only just touches the bottom.

OTHER BAITS.—"I have heard a haricot bean, or even a

small broad bean, well boiled, spoken of as capital bait, but I never tried it. It seems, however, a very likely bait. I have no doubt, too, that a lump of pearl barley, such as we use for roach, would be a good bait, using half a dozen corns; and it would be a nice bait to ground-bait with.

FLOATS, &c.—"In float-fishing use as light a float as you can, and have the shots or sinker as far from the hook as you conveniently can; and here, too, if you can do it, I always find that if four inches or five inches of the hook-gut rests on the bottom it pays best. A worm or other bait only just touching the bottom, with a row of shot six inches or eight inches above it, is very likely to challenge the attention of the carp, who at once sees something he is not accustomed to, and becomes suspicious. To show how different it is when the line rests on the bottom, I once took a 7-pound carp on an eel line with a coarse string snood and worm bait. Carp always nibble a good deal at the bait before they take it, and will often nibble off the tail of the worm, or suck off your paste and leave the hook showing without taking the hook at all. In using paste I prefer sweet paste, made up with honey or brown sugar, to plain, and I have heard of paste made of pound cake being greatly affected by the carp. Poor old Bill Kemp, now with the majority, a capital old carp fisher at Teddington, used to put on a lump of this as big as a large gooseberry, and fish it with ledger tackle, and he used to take a great many fine carp."—[From "Angling," by Francis Francis, London, 1883, p. 48.]

"Professor Owen, who is a great adept in the art of carp fishing in ponds, has been kind enough to give me the result of his experience. His practice may be formulated thus:

"1. The summer months are the only time of the year for carp fishing, and the best period of the day is between sunrise and about 7 o'clock, after which time they usually leave off biting.

"2. The best bait is a brandling.

"3. He has, however, found the following paste a by no means bad substitute; soft herring roe worked up with bread crumbs and wool.

"4. He uses the ordinary bottom fishing tackle with a light float, and fishes about half a foot off the bottom.

"My own experience concurs almost entirely with that of Professor Owen, except as regards paste and bait, with which I never had any sport. I used formerly to use a plain bread crumb paste, but later experience has convinced me that it was a mistake, and that a well scoured brandling is the best bait both for carp and tench all the year round.

"In open waters, however, I employ it in a somewhat different way to that adopted by Professor Owen, placing the shot at about two feet from the bait and allowing the latter to rest, with about six inches of the line, on the bottom. The hook for this purpose should be a No. 7, and the collar of fine round picked gut, stained. The float should be a light porcupine quill, and it will commonly be found expedient to use a reel, as the carp is remarkably powerful, and without this precaution the first rush of a heavy fish is very likely to carry away the tackle. A few broken worms, thrown in from time to time, are the best ground bait; or whole worms, if the place is to be baited beforehand, in which case the depth should also be very accurately plumbed, so as to avoid any disturbance in the water when the angler comes to fish. Having thrown in the bait, it is the best plan to lay down the rod until there is a bite, and not to strike until the float goes under or—the more common result—moves steadily away.

"In very weedy places this mode of fishing is not practicable, and then the best plan is to fish about mid-water, dropping the bait noiselessly in wherever a tempting looking opening in the weeds presents itself."—[From the "Modern Practical Angler," by Cholmondeley-Pennell.]

WINNERS AT PREVIOUS TOURNAMENTS

WE give below the record of winners at the tournaments of the Rod and Reel Association:

LIGHT ROD CONTESTS, 1882.

Class A, Rods to be 5½ oz. or less—H. W. Hawes, rod 4½ oz., distance 82 ft.

Class B, Rods not to exceed 4½ oz.—H. W. Hawes, rod 4½ oz., distance 78 ft.

B. F. NICHOLS CONTEST, 1882.

All contestants to use the same rod, 10 ft. 6½ oz.—H. W. Hawes, distance 71 ft.

SINGLE-HANDED FLY-CASTING, AMATEUR.

Class A, 1882—H. W. Hawes, rod 11.6 ft., 9½ oz., 81 ft. (R. C. Leonard cast 85 ft. but failed on delicacy and accuracy).

Class A, 1883—H. C. Thorne, rod 11.6 ft., 8½ oz., 80 ft.

Class B, 1882—R. C. Leonard, rod 11.6 ft., 10 oz., 85 ft.

Class B, 1883—W. E. Hendrix, rod 11.6 ft., 10 oz., 78 ft.

Class C, 1883—Thomas Prichard, rod 10 ft., 4½ oz., 80 ft. 5 in.

SINGLE-HANDED FLY-CASTING, EXPERT.

Class C, 1882—Harry Prichard, rod 10.4½ ft., 8 oz., 91 ft.

Class D, 1883—H. W. Hawes, rod 10.3 ft., 4½ oz., 85 ft.

Class E, 1883—R. C. Leonard, rod 11.6 ft., 13 oz., 87 ft.

SALMON CASTING.

1882, open to all—H. W. Hawes, rod 20 ft., cast 116 ft.

1883, amateur—Ira Wood, rod 18.3 ft., cast 98 ft.

1883, expert—R. C. Leonard, rod 18 ft., 2 lbs. 12 oz., cast 124 ft.

STRIPED BASS CASTING (LIGHT).

1882—J. E. Williamson, 2 casts, score 33 3-5.

1883—H. W. Hawes, 4 casts, score 100 4-5.

STRIPED BASS CASTING (HEAVY).

1882—J. A. Roosevelt, 4 casts, score 127 1-5.

1883—J. A. Roosevelt, 5 casts, score 157 2-5.

ST. JOHNS BASS FISHING.

Editor Forest and Stream:

As large scores seem to be the order of the day, I am not disposed to have the fishermen who resort to the lower portion of the St. Johns River take a back seat. On Saturday last (Sept. 20) my friends H. M. Pryer and W. Castell fished at the White Shells, near Mayport, for one hour, on the high water slack, and landed eighteen channel bass averaging 28 pounds, aggregate weight 504 pounds. The result was not a fair test, for C. was recovering from a febrile attack and had not strength enough to play or handle a fish, P. being compelled to land and release the fish hooked by C. This was C.'s first experience in bass fishing, and owing to the duties imposed on P., he only hooked six out of the eighteen. Both P. and C. hooked braces; one of P.'s escaped, but C.'s were landed and weighed 70 pounds. From scores furnished, you will agree with me that the St. Johns River possesses unrivalled fishing attractions for at least five months out of the twelve.

JACKSONVILLE, Sept. 23, 1884.

AL FRESCO.

OF COURSE HE WILL.—The editor of the Germantown Telegraph has found out that a boy will dig over a square rod of garden ground for fish bait, and yet he could not be hired to work on a six-foot onion bed.

LARGE BLACK BASS.—Glens Falls, N. Y., Sept. 22.—An hour ago Mr. Cleveland, a member of the Texas Club, sent me word to come to the hotel to see a large small-mouthed black bass taken from Long Pond that he had just purchased. I went at once to the Rockwell House, where the fish was on exhibition. I weighed it, as did many others, and found it weighed plump 8½ pounds, seventeen hours after it was caught. Major Botts, also of our club, made the following measurements: Length 22½ inches, girth 18½ inches. The length was from nose to fork in tail, for the purpose of comparison with bass taken from the same pond and measured in same manner. The length from nose to joining of caudal I found to be 20 inches. The bass was caught by police officer Edward Reed, John Dibney and John Watson, all of this place, Mr. Dibney being the man who hooked the fish. The bait was a frog of medium size. I shall express the fish to Mr. Blackford this evening, for it will be the largest small-mouth bass ever sent to New York, exceeding the published weight of the Ronkonkoma Lake bass by ½ of a pound. Long Pond, or Glen Lake, is the water from whence Mr. Seelye recently caught the small-mouthed bass that weighed 11½ pounds. It is a pity that his fish was not shown as publicly as this 8½-pound fish has been.—A. N. CHENEY. [On Friday morning we saw this fish at Mr. Blackford's, at Fulton Market, and it was a genuine small-mouth and a beauty. It will go to the Smithsonian.]

FISHING AT BARNEGAT.—During the season of 1883, the situation of an old wreck, at no time visible above the water, was made plain to all who wished to fish around its timbers by a buoy anchored directly in the channel of Barnegat Bay, about a mile from the inlet. At any time the best of fishing could be had at this spot. Sheephead, blackfish, sea bass and flounders resorted to the pile of honeycombed and worm-eaten timbers, and amateurs, directed by the buoy, dispensed with the services of the bayman and fished *solus*. This year the cute professional, missing his \$2.50 per day, has liberated the buoy, and there remains no beacon to direct the economical city fisherman. For those who visit Barnegat Bay this season it would be advisable to have this old wreck located by some one who knows. Old Cale Parker can do it if he wants to, and he will if he "gets wages." No better fishing ground than this old wreck can be found in Barnegat Bay, but being nearer to the beach (not a hundred yards) than to the main land, it would be better to take up quarters at Barnegat City than at the village. I will warrant that during the coming week, providing it is not too stormy, an immense catch can be made there.—HOMO.

WHO IS HE? The New York Sun says: "A prominent member of the Rod and Reel Association, whose name is withheld from motives of pure charity, went fishing the other day. He caught nothing, and started home with a heavy heart. He dreaded the jeers of his friends, and especially the gentle taps of his better half; but, recollecting the power of wealth, he proceeded straight to Fulton Market, where he purchased a large bass, which he carried home in triumph. Next day that bass appeared against him at table. It was high, very high. The evidence was overwhelming. The guilty angler looked at his wife just as a criminal looks at the Judge that is about to pass sentence upon him. With a queasily air she motioned to a waiter and waved the venerable fish out of sight. Then the culprit received his sentence. It was as follows: 'My dear, when you go fishing again I would advise you to examine your fish before you catch it.'"

TWO OF A KIND AND A FULL HAND.—I had hoped to join "Wawayanda" and "Truthful James" at the "Elysium of perennial bass," but couldn't do it. I did stop a day or two at Detroit Lake, Minn., and had a little fishing, conspicuous among which was killing two black bass (big-mouth), one weighing 4½, the other 4½ pounds, at one strike, on an eight-ounce lancewood rod of my own make. This "lake park" region of Minnesota is "chock full" of lakes and fish and ducks and grouse. If it isn't the sportsman's paradise it's the next thing to it.—H. P. U.

A BIG RANGELEY TROUT.—Mountain View House, Rangeley, Me., Sept. 20.—Editor Forest and Stream: My friend, W. H. A. Childs, of 73 Maiden Lane, New York, has just beaten the year's record here, having taken on the fly a male brook trout weighing nine pounds and one ounce. He was ably seconded by his guide, Elmer Snowman, bringing the magnificent fish to net after an hour's sharp contest. The Mountain View House is unequalled in the lake region.—GEORGE SHEPARD PAGE.

THE COMING TOURNAMENT.—The preparations are fast being made for the angling tournament to take place on Oct. 22 and 23, at Harlem Mere, Central Park. There will be an elegant assortment of prizes, which we will publish as soon as the prize list is made up. One gentleman has given \$100 in cash, and there will be medals and an assortment of rods and articles which anglers use.

NETS IN LAKE CHAMPLAIN.—We learn that one of the New York Game Protectors, name not given, seized and destroyed thirteen nets last week which were unlawfully set in Lake Champlain.

Fishculture.

THE NEW YORK OYSTER COMMISSION.

LAST week the U. S. Fish Commission steamer "Lookout," which has been loaned for a few weeks to the N. Y. Oyster Commission, took up a party of gentlemen, among whom were Mr. John Ford of the Brooklyn Union; Mr. Miller of the N. Y. Times; Mr. G. F. Moore, of Liverpool; Dr. Baker, and Mr. Fred Habisshaw, to inspect the work at Cold Spring Harbor. The Union said:

As Mr. Blackford is now directing an inquiry in regard to the oysters in the waters of the State, several expeditions of a similar character have been already made by him. In addition to determining what are the exact positions of the various oyster beds, it is Mr. Blackford's duty to ascertain what may be the causes of the destruction of the oyster, and to find out the best way of increasing the supply. The fish hatchery at Cold Spring, established some two years ago by Mr. Blackford because of its proximity to the Sound, presents exactly those conditions necessary for the propagation of the oyster. Though legislative measures could be enacted which might protect the oyster, the more rational method would be to increase the supply by artificial breeding, and toward this Mr. Blackford is devoting his attention.

But a few years ago it was thought impossible to raise oysters in any other way than the one adopted in France. Here the "spat" of the oysters are secured by allowing them to attach themselves to tiles, or brush wood, and in this condition they are removed to the oyster plantations

Professor Brooks, of the Johns Hopkins University, was the first to discover that the American oyster was of both sexes, and that, exactly as with fish, the eggs of the female might be made fertile by means of the milt of the male. Professor Ryder followed up the indications presented by Professor Brooks, and gave them a practical aspect by hatching out the oyster, and to-day Professor H. J. Rice, by a method peculiar to himself, has succeeded in doing the same thing. While by the French process the *caprice* of the parent oyster has to be depended upon, by the American method the progeny of the oyster can be controlled. At the fish hatchery at Cold Spring Harbor there are several small ponds into which the water of the Sound is pumped by means of a steam engine.

As a visit to Cold Spring Harbor was the object of the expedition, after a delightful sail of three hours the "Lookout" arrived at her destination. The tide being low, carriages were taken, and presently the hatchery was reached. Here Professor Rice was found, examining oysters, which were being opened for him. This gentleman explained what was the appearance of the oyster when about to produce its kind. Examining an oyster, large, distinct white veins were visible, which, Professor Rice said, were full of eggs. The method is a simple one. The eggs are taken from the female oyster and mixed with the milt of the male. At once the eggs are fertilized, and in a short time assume life. The oyster in them, a free swimmer, moves about at will. After a certain period, longer or shorter, according to temperature, the oyster commences to cover himself with a minute pellicle of shell. Then he attaches himself to an object and becomes fixed for life. There is no trouble in having the oyster assume the first stage, that of a free swimmer, the difficulty is to get it to attach itself. Temperatures seem to have a great deal to do with this. They must be equable or the second stage of oyster life is not reached. There does not seem to be any great impediments in the way of this, the artificial propagation of oysters. Like the other problems of fishculture, which have been thoroughly solved, all that is required is a thorough series of experiments. Oysters have been produced in small numbers from the egg by both Professors Ryder and Rice, and there is no possible reason why this cannot be practically carried out on a large scale. With a few hundreds of male and female oysters, countless millions of young oysters could be produced and the whole progeny kept in hand.

In the ponds Professor Rice had placed many millions of the fertilized oyster eggs and was awaiting their period of fixation. So that the young oysters could find a nesting-place, the bottom of the pond was strewn with pot-sherds. Very few adult oysters were found in a spawning condition owing to the lateness of the season.

Of the enemies of the oyster the borer and starfish are the most redoubtable. The visitors were shown the borer busily engaged in piercing the shell of the oyster. By means of his tongue or proboscis, armed with sharp points, the borer slowly perforates the shell of the oyster, and then feeds on the meat within. Sometimes, as Professor Rice showed, by a living example, the borer was fooled. After working for weeks he succeeded in drilling his hole, but it did not strike the edible part of the oyster. Then at once he let go his hold, but only to resume it again in a more favored spot. It is quite likely, however, that the starfish is much more destructive than the borer. It is quite possible that when one of the *astreas* seizes hold of an oyster it becomes a dead oyster. Wrapping his arms around the shellfish, the *astrea* surrounds it with its stomach, which it has the power of throwing out at pleasure. The gastric juice of the starfish acts on the soft body of the oyster as a solvent, and it is killed. The destruction of oysters can arise from accidental causes, as the depositing of mud on an oyster bank, owing to a new current, when all the shellfish in it are smothered, or the dumping of material coming from the cleansing of a great city, as New York, may seriously affect the condition of the oysters.

At Cold Spring, in the ponds many fine trout were shown by Mr. Fred Mather. These were of two varieties—the American and the German trout—these last coming from eggs which had been sent by Herr Von Bohr. Mr. Mather said that the German trout were apparently wilder than our native fish.

After spending an interesting hour at Cold Spring Harbor, the party again went on board of the "Lookout." Some oyster dredging then took place on public and private grounds, and in both cases some good oysters were secured. The "Lookout" then pointed down the Sound, and the oyster inquirers were landed at Peck Slip at 8 o'clock P. M.

In order to cover the whole subject, Mr. Blackford has addressed a series of inquiries to all those engaged in the oyster industry in the State. From his own direct researches, and from the answers to his queries, he trusts to formulate an exhaustive report, which will cover the whole subject. One very difficult matter in this business is to locate the oyster beds and to define their area. Disputes as to the ownership of oyster beds are constant. Without much apparent reason, Connecticut poaches on New York oyster beds, and quarrels between individuals are constant. It is only by a systematic investigation, such as Mr. Blackford has undertaken, that the whole subject can be understood.

FISH COMMISSIONERS.

FOREST AND STREAM presents its annual list of the Commissioners of Fish and Fisheries of the different Provinces, States and Territories of North America. The list has been revised to October, 1884:

DOMINION OF CANADA—
[We have had no notice of any appointment to the office vacated by Mr. W. F. Whitcher.]

PROVINCE OF NEW BRUNSWICK—
W. H. Venning, Inspector of Fisheries, St. John.

PROVINCE OF NOVA SCOTIA—
W. H. Rogers, Inspector, Amherst.

PROVINCE OF PRINCE EDWARD'S ISLAND—
J. H. Duvar, Inspector, Alberton.

PROVINCE OF BRITISH COLUMBIA—
A. C. Anderson, Victoria.

THE UNITED STATES—
Prof. Spencer F. Baird, Washington, D. C.

ALABAMA—
Col. D. R. Hundley, Mooresville.
Hon. C. S. G. Doster, Prattville.

ARIZONA—
Hon. J. J. Gosper, Prescott.
Hon. Richard Rule, Tombstone.
J. H. Tagart, Business Manager, Yuma.

ARKANSAS—
James H. Hornbrook, Little Rock.
H. H. Rottaken, Little Rock.

CALIFORNIA—
J. D. Redding, San Francisco.
A. B. Dibble, Grass Valley.
B. H. Buckingham, Washington.

COLORADO—
Wilson E. Sisty, Idaho Springs.

CONNECTICUT—
Dr. W. M. Hudson, Hartford.
Robert G. Pike, Middletown.
James A. Bill, Lyme.

DELAWARE—
Enoch Moore, Jr., Wilmington.

GEORGIA—
Hon. J. T. Henderson, Commissioner of Agriculture, Atlanta.
Dr. H. H. Cary, Superintendent of Fisheries.
Under the laws of the State these two constitute the Board of Fish Commissioners.

ILLINOIS—
N. K. Fairbank, President, Chicago.
S. P. Bartlett, Quincy.
S. P. McDoel, Aurora.

INDIANA—
Calvin Fletcher, Spencer, Owen county.

IOWA—
A. W. Aldrich, Anamosa.
A. A. Mosher, Spirit Lake.

KANSAS—
W. S. Gile, Venango.

KENTUCKY—
Wm. Griffith, President, Louisville.
P. H. Darby, Princeton.
John B. Walker, Madisonville.
Hon. C. J. Walton, Munfordsville.
Hon. John A. Steele, Versailles.
W. C. Price, Danville.
Dr. W. Van Antwerp, Mr. Sterling.
Hon. J. M. Chambers, Independence, Kenton county.
A. H. Goble, Catlettsburg.
J. H. Mallory, Bowling Green.

MAINE—
E. M. Stilwell, Bangor.
Henry O. Stanley, Dixfield.

MARYLAND—
G. W. Delawder, Oakland.
Dr. E. W. Humphries, Salisbury.

MASSACHUSETTS—
E. A. Brackett, Winchester.
F. W. Putnam, Cambridge.
Edw. H. Lathrop, Springfield.

MICHIGAN—
Dr. J. C. Parker, President, Grand Rapids.
John H. Bissell, Detroit.
Herschel Whitaker, Detroit.

MINNESOTA—
1st District—Daniel Cameron, La Crescent.
2d District—Wm. M. Sweeney, M.D., Red Wing.
3d District—Robt. Ormsby Sweeney, President, St. Paul.

MISSOURI—
John Reid, Lexington.
J. G. W. Steedman, Chairman, 2,803 Pine st., St. Louis.
Dr. J. S. Logan, St. Joseph.

NEBRASKA—
R. R. Livingsson, Plattsmouth.
William L. May, Fremont.
B. E. B. Kennedy, Omaha.

NEVADA—
Hon. Hubb G. Parker, Carson City.

NEW HAMPSHIRE—
Geo. W. Riddle, Manchester.
Luther Hayes, So. Milton.
Elliott B. Hodge, Plymouth.

NEW JERSEY—
Richard S. Jenkins, Camden.
William Wright, Newark.
Frank M. Ward, Newton.

NEW YORK—
Hon. R. Barnwell Roosevelt, President, 76 Chambers street, New York.
Gen. Richard U. Sherman, Secretary, New Hartford.
Onida county.
Eugene G. Blackford, 809 Bedford avenue, Brooklyn.
William H. Bowman, Rochester.

NORTH CAROLINA—
S. G. Worth, Raleigh.

OHIO—
Col. L. A. Harris, President, Cincinnati.
Chas. W. Bond, Treasurer, Toledo.
George Daniel, Secretary, Sandusky.

OREGON—
A. B. Ferguson, Astoria.

PENNSYLVANIA—
John Gay, President, Greensburg.
James Duffy, Treasurer, Marietta.
H. H. Derr, Secretary, Wilkesbarre.
A. M. Spangler, Corresponding Secretary, Philadelphia.
Arthur Maginnis, Swiftwater, Monroe county.
Aug. Duncan, Chambersburg.

RHODE ISLAND—
John H. Barden, Rockland.
Henry T. Root, Providence.
Col. Amos Sherman, Woonsocket.

SOUTH CAROLINA—
Hon. A. P. Butler, Columbia, Commissioner of Agriculture.
C. J. Huske, Columbia, Superintendent of Fisheries.
These two officers constitute the Fishery Commission.

TENNESSEE—
W. W. McDowell, Memphis.
H. H. Sneed, Chattanooga.
Edward D. Hicks, Nashville.

TEXAS—
John B. Lubbock, Austin.

VERMONT—
Hiram A. Cutting, Lunenburg.
Herbert Brainerd, St. Albans.

VIRGINIA—
Col. Marshall McDonald, Berryville.

WASHINGTON TERRITORY—
Albert B. Stream, North Cove.
(Term expired Nov. 9, 1877; no notice of reappointment.)

WEST VIRGINIA—
H. B. Miller, President, Wheeling.
C. S. White, Secretary, Romney.
N. M. Lowry, Hinton.

WISCONSIN—
The Governor, *ex-officio*.
Philo Dunning, President, Madison.
C. L. Valentine, Secretary and Treasurer, Janesville.
J. V. Jones, Oshkosh.
J. P. Antisdel, Milwaukee.
Mark Douglas, Melrose.
C. Hutchinson, Beetown.

WYOMING TERRITORY—
Dr. M. C. Barkwell, Chairman, Cheyenne.
Otto Gramm, Secretary, Laramie.
N. L. Andrews, Buffalo, Johnson county.
E. W. Bennett, Warm Springs, Carbon county.
F. J. Downs, Evanston, Uinta county.
T. W. Quinn, Lander, Sweetwater county.

THE LONDON DIPLOMAS.—Exhibitors at the London Fisheries Exhibition will be interested in the following letter to Prof. G. Brown Goode, Commissioner in charge of the American exhibit: "International Fisheries Exhibition, South Kensington, London, S. W., Sept. 12, 1884. My Dear Sir: I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 1st inst., and to inform you that the Diplomas will be forwarded before the end of the year. At the same time I am directed by the Executive Committee to express to you their regret at the delay, which has unavoidably occurred. I am, my dear sir, yours truly, Edward Cunliffe Owen, Secretary."

AMERICAN FOOD FISHES.

THE CHEMICAL COMPOSITION AND NUTRITIVE VALUE OF OUR AMERICAN FOOD FISHES AND INVERTEBRATES.

[A paper read before the American Fishcultural Association.]

BY W. O. ATWATER.

AT the meetings of the American Fishcultural Association in 1880 and 1881, I had the pleasure of presenting some brief statements of the results of an investigation of the chemistry of fish and marine invertebrates, which has been going on for some years past in the chemical laboratory of Wesleyan University, under the auspices of the United States Fish Commission and the Smithsonian Institution.

Since the papers referred to were presented to the Association, the investigation has been continued so as to include chemical analyses of the flesh of some one hundred specimens of food fishes, embracing fifty-one species, and sixty-four specimens of invertebrates, oysters, lobsters, etc., embracing eleven species, making in all one hundred and eighty-two specimens of sixty-two species.

Besides the analyses, the range of the investigation has been extended so as to include two other, but closely related topics. One of these is the digestibility of the flesh of fish as compared with that of mammals used for food, *e. g.*, beef, mutton, etc. The other line of research is more purely chemical, and consists in the study of the constitution of the compounds of which the tissues of the fish are composed.

Along with the analyses of food fishes and invertebrates, a parallel series of analyses of other food materials, animal and vegetable, has been undertaken at the instance of the United States National Museum, to furnish data for illustrating its food collection. The results are, of course, valuable in connection with our present subject, as we need to know not only the composition and nutritive value of fish, but also how they compare in these respects with other materials used for food.

The report of the United States Fish Commission for 1880 contained accounts of some of the earlier portions of the investigation. I hope a detailed account of the work up to the present may be printed soon. Meanwhile I desire to lay before the Fishcultural Association some of the more important results in so far as they bear upon the nutritive values of the food fishes and invertebrates that have been studied.

Inasmuch as these statements may come under the notice of some who are not entirely familiar with the later results of the investigation of the laws of nutritive values of food materials, and how they are most economically utilized, a few explanations may be in place. These will be the more appropriate, because late investigation is tending to decide some disputed questions regarding the ways in which food is used in the body, and because many of the statements which go the rounds of the papers and still linger even in current works on physiology and chemistry, are shown by the researches of a few years past to be misleading, and, in too many cases, decidedly incorrect. I may, perhaps, be pardoned, therefore, if the statements which follow contain some slight repetition of those made in papers previously presented to the Association.

THE NUTRITIVE VALUES OF FOODS.

It is a striking fact that while the chief item of the living expenses of the majority of civilized men is the cost of their food, even the most intelligent know less of the actual value of their food than of any other of the important articles they buy. It makes but little difference to the man with \$5,000 per annum whether he pays fifteen cents or five dollars per pound for the protein of his food, provided it pleases his palate. But to the humble housewife whose husband earns but \$500 a year, it is a matter of great importance, and she is very apt, after hesitating at the dry goods store between two pieces of calico for her daughter's dress, and taking one at ten cents a yard for economy's sake, to buy the one at eleven as prettier, to go to the grocer's, the butcher's or the fish dealer's, and pay a dollar a pound for the nutrients of her children's food, when she might have obtained the same ingredients, in forms equally wholesome and nutritious, for fifty or even twenty cents. She will continue this bad economy until she obtains a general idea of the actual cheapness and dearthness of foods, as distinguished from their price.

A pound of lean beef and a quart of milk both contain about the same quantity, say a quarter of a pound, of actually nutritive material. But the pound of beef costs more than the quart of milk and it is worth more as a part of a day's supply of food.

The nutritive materials or nutrients, as we call them, in the lean meat, though the same quantity as in the milk, are different in quality, and of greater nutritive value. Among the numerous branches of biological research, one, and by no means the least interesting and important, is the study of foods and nutrition. Within the past fifteen years especially, a very large amount of scientific labor has been devoted to the investigation of the composition of foods and the function of their ingredients in the animal economy. Indeed, very few persons this side of the Atlantic have any just conception of the magnitude of this work and its results. And, though the most important problems are still unsolved, and must, because of their complexity, long remain so, yet enough has been done to give us a tolerably clear insight into the processes by which the food we eat supplies our bodily wants.

The bulk of our best definite knowledge of these matters comes from direct experiments, in which animals are supplied with food of various kinds, and the effects noted. The food, the excrement, solid and liquid, and in some cases the inhaled and exhaled air, are measured, weighed and analyzed. Many trials have been made with domestic animals—horses, oxen, cows, sheep, goats and swine—with dogs, rabbits, birds and the like, and a large number also with human beings of both sexes and different ages. In the philosophical planning of the researches, in the ingenuity manifested in devising apparatus, in accuracy, thoroughness, patience and long continuance in the work, as well as in the distinguished genius of many of the workers, chemico-physiological science has assumed the highest rank among the sciences of our time; with the rest it has brought us where we can estimate the nutritive values of foods from their chemical composition, with so near an approach to accuracy that in Germany, where the best research is done, tables, giving in figures the composition and nutritive valuations of foods, have been prepared by eminent chemists and physiologists and are coming into general use among the people.

We eat meat and fish, potatoes and bread, to build up our bodies, to repair their wastes, and to supply them with fuel for the production of heat and muscular force.

Of the meat my butcher sends me, the fish I find in the market, the bread and the other food upon my table, only a part serves to fulfill these purposes. The bone of our roast beef we do not use for food at all, and that of shad is worse than useless because of the bother it makes us to get rid of it; it is only the edible portion that is of actual value to us as food, the rest being merely refuse. And when we come to consider the edible portion, the meat freed from bone and gristle, the flesh of the fish, or the flour as it is baked in bread, we find that these consist largely of water. And although water is indispensable, that in the meat or the potatoes on my table is of no more value for the support of my body than the same amount in milk or in the glass of water by my plate.

Leaving out of account then, the refuse and the water, we have remaining the nutritive material of our food. This consists of different materials which we may call nutrients. We may divide them into four classes: protein, fats, carbohydrate and mineral matter, or ash. Let me speak briefly of some of the characteristics of these classes of nutrients.

Protein.—The terms protein, proteids and albuminoids, are applied somewhat indiscriminately, in ordinary usage, to

several or all of certain classes of compounds characterized by containing carbon, oxygen, hydrogen, and with them nitrogen. The most important are the proteids or albuminoids, of which albumen, the white of egg, fibrin of blood, casein of milk, myosin, the basis of muscle, and gluten of wheat, are examples. Allied to these, but occurring in smaller proportions in animal tissues and foods, are the nitrogenous compounds that make the basis of connective and other tissues. Gelatin is derived from some of these tissues, and may be taken as a type of the compound of this class. As these constituents are of similar constitution, and have similar or nearly similar uses in nutrition, it is customary to group them together as protein.* What we should especially bear in mind, then, is that protein is a term applied to the nitrogenous constituents of our foods, and we shall see these are, in general, the most important, as they are most costly, of the nutrients.

Fats.—We have familiar examples of these in the fat of meat (tallow, lard), in the fat of milk which makes butter, and in olive, cotton, seed and other animal and vegetable oils. The fats consist of carbon, oxygen and hydrogen, and contain no nitrogen. In nutritive value, as in cost, they rank next to the protein compounds. For some of the nutritive functions, indeed, the fats equal or exceed protein in importance.

Carbo-hydrates.—Starch, cellulose (woody fiber), sugar, and inositol ("muscle sugar"), and other similar substances are called carbo-hydrates. Like the fats, they consist of carbon, oxygen and hydrogen, but they have less carbon and hydrogen, and more oxygen than the fats.

Mineral Matters or Ash.—When vegetable or animal matters are burned, more or less incombustible material remains as ash. The ingredients which make the ash are called mineral matters, or sometimes salts. They are for the most part compounds of the elements, potassium, sodium, calcium and iron with chlorine, sulphuric acid and phosphoric acid. Sodium combined with chlorine forms sodium chloride, common salt. Calcium with phosphoric acid forms calcium phosphate or phosphate of lime, the mineral basis of bones.

Our bodies contain scores of compounds, many of which cannot be included in either of the above four classes. But the bulk of the compounds in the bodies of animals, as well as in the food by which they are nourished, are either water or some material which we may call protein, fats, carbo-hydrates or mineral matters.

Animal foods, as meats, fish, etc., contain but little of carbo-hydrates, their chief nutrients being protein and fats. Milk, however, and some shellfish, as oysters, scallops, etc., contain more or less of carbo-hydrates. Vegetable foods, as wheat, potatoes, etc., contain less protein and consist largely of starch, sugar, cellulose, and other carbo-hydrates, though nearly all contain more or less of fats.

THE FUNCTIONS OF THE NUTRIENTS.

These different nutrients as we have seen, have different offices in nourishing the body, in building up its tissues, repairing its wastes, and serving as fuel to produce animal heat and muscular and intellectual energy. Just what is done by each class, exactly how they are transformed and used in the body, is not yet fully known. Still we have to-day a tolerably fair idea of the principal parts played by each class of nutrients.

According to views formerly held and frequently met with, still, the protein compounds were regarded as the "flesh-formers" and the sources of muscular energy, while the carbo-hydrates and fat were looked upon as "fat-formers" and "heat-producers." A vast deal of painstaking research, however, has shown that these distinctions were not correctly drawn. The albuminoids are flesh-formers, it is true; indeed according to the nearly unanimous testimony of the most trustworthy experiments, flesh, i. e., muscular and other nitrogenous tissue, is made from the nitrogenous constituents of the food exclusively. But the balance of testimony is decidedly against the production of muscular energy exclusively or mainly, by nitrogenous compounds. Each of the three groups of nutrients probably shares, directly or indirectly, in the production of muscular force. So, too, it appears that the combustion which produces animal heat is not confined to the carbo-hydrates and fats, but the protein compounds, or the products of their decomposition, are also used for this purpose.

Again, the production of fat in the body was formerly ascribed to the fats and carbo-hydrates alone. On the other hand, some physiologists maintain that the carbo-hydrates cannot be transformed into fats, and that a very large part of the fat of the body is formed from the disintegration of the albuminoids. The weight of evidence to-day is decidedly in favor of the assumption that all three of the great classes of nutrients in our food—the albuminoids, the carbo-hydrates, and the fats—are transformed into fat, and that the fat thus formed is consumed, either before or after being stored as body fat.

It appears, then, that protein is the most important constituent of our food, because, while it performs the functions of each of the other two chief nutrients in being transformed into fat and being consumed for fuel, it has a most weighty office of its own in forming the basis of the blood and in building up the muscular and other nitrogenous tissues, an office which no other nutrient can perform at all. And, as we shall see further, in examining the pecuniary cost, protein is the dearest as well as the most important of the ingredients of food.

Next in physiological importance to protein come the fats. They lack the nitrogen of the protein and cannot do the work of protein in forming nitrogenous tissue, making blood, muscle, etc. But they are very rich in carbon and hydrogen, more so than either protein or carbo-hydrates, and hence they have a very high value for fuel, to supply heat and probably muscular force. And in pecuniary cost as well as in physiological importance they rank between protein and carbo-hydrates.

The carbo-hydrates stand lowest in the scale of physiological importance and are pecuniarily the least expensive. Nevertheless it would be wrong to class the carbo-hydrates of food as on the whole of minor importance. They have a most important use in taking the place of protein and fats and protecting them from being consumed, just as the fats replace and thus save the protein. The materials used for food by man contain, taken altogether, more carbo-hydrates than fats or protein. The carbo-hydrates have their normal place in our food and we could not dispense with them. They are of inferior value to the protein and fats, in the sense that there is much of the work of food in the body which they cannot do as well as the protein and fats, and much more which they cannot do at all. But they do work which the scarcer and dearer protein and fats would otherwise have to do, and, furthermore, they occur in such large proportions, especially in vegetable materials which make the larger part of the food of man, that their actual importance is very great.

AMOUNTS OF NUTRIENTS REQUIRED FOR A DAY'S RATIONS.

Numerous attempts have been made to determine how much of each of the three principal classes of nutrients, protein, fats, and carbo-hydrates, is needed for a day's food for an individual, an adult or a child, at work or at rest. We know, in general, a man when hard at work requires more, because more is consumed in his body than the same man would when doing no work. But different men have different requirements, due to individual peculiarities, so that the best we can do is to take an average amount as expressing the need of an average man. By comparing the amounts of carbon, oxygen,

*The muscular tissues of animals, and hence the lean portions of meat, fish, etc., contain small quantities of so-called nitrogenous extractives—creatin, carbin, etc., contained in extract of meat, etc., which contribute materially to the flavor, and somewhat to the nutritive effect of the foods containing them. They are not usually deemed of sufficient importance, however, to be grouped as a distinct class in tabular statements of the composition of foods.

hydrogen, and nitrogen, actually found by experiments to be consumed by different individuals, and also noting the amount and composition of the food consumed by different persons, estimates have been made of the quantities of the several nutrients by individuals of different classes under various conditions. Prof. von Voit, of the University of Munich, for instance, who has made more extensive researches upon this subject, perhaps than any one else, computes that a fair daily ration for a laboring man of average weight, at moderate work, would need to supply 4.2 ounces of protein, 2 ounces of fats, and 17.6 ounces of carbo-hydrates. Of course he may get on with less of either one, provided he has more of the others. But there is a minimum below which he cannot go without injury, and especially he must not have too little protein. He may have more protein and less carbo-hydrates or fats with no great harm, but with too little protein he will suffer, no matter how much carbo-hydrates his food may furnish.

If I have dwelt at some length upon this matter of the nutrients of foods and the ways they are used in our bodies, it is because it is extremely important to a proper understanding of our subject. And perhaps I can do no better than to recapitulate what I have said in the following tabular form.

NUTRIENTS OF FOODS.

1. **Protein Compounds.**—Contain carbon, oxygen, hydrogen and nitrogen.
2. **Fats.**—Consist of carbon, oxygen and hydrogen.
3. **Carbo-hydrates.**—Consist of carbon, oxygen and hydrogen.
4. **Mineral Matters or Ash.**—E. g., calcium, potassium and sodium, phosphates and chlorides.

Protein.—A. **Albuminoids or Proteids.**—E. g., albumen of egg, myosin of muscle (lean of meat), casein of milk, gluten of wheat. B. **Gelatinoids.**—E. g., collagen (which boiled yields gelatin).

Fats: e. g., fats of meat, butter, olive oil, oil of maize and wheat.

Carbo-hydrates: e. g., starch, sugar, cellulose.

MEAN PERCENTAGE COMPOSITION.

	Protein compounds. Per cent.	Fats. Per cent.	Carbo-hydrates. Per cent.
Carbon.....	53.5	76.5	44.0
Oxygen.....	22.5	11.6	49.6
Hydrogen.....	7.0	11.9	6.4
Nitrogen.....	16.0
Sulphur.....	1.0
	100.0	100.0	100.0

FUNCTIONS OF NUTRIENTS:

i. e., Ways in which the nutrients are used in the body.

The Protein of food { forms the (nitrogenous) basis of blood, muscle, connective tissue, etc.
 { is transformed into fats and carbo-hydrates.
The Fats of food { are consumed for fuel.
 { are stored as fat.
The Carbo-hydrates of food { are transformed into fat.
 { are consumed for fuel.

AMOUNTS OF NUTRIENTS REQUIRED IN A DAY'S FOOD.

Minimum daily ration for laboring men at ordinary work.

Protein..... 118 grams (4.2 oz.). Fats..... 56 grams (2 oz.). Carbo-hydrates..... 500 grams (17.6 oz.).

The same experimental research which has revealed to us the ways in which our food supplies our bodily wants, has shown us how to estimate the relative nutritive values of different foods from their chemical composition. The estimates are only approximate, because the nutritive effects are influenced by various conditions, some of which research has not yet been definitely explained, while others vary with the nature of the food or the user, so that the value of a given food in a given case may vary from the standard set by the analysis. These sources of uncertainty are nevertheless so narrowed down by late investigation, and the errors confined within such limits, that by intelligent use of the facts at our disposal we may judge very closely from the chemical composition of a food what is its value as compared with others of the same class, at any rate for our nourishment.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

New Publications.

CAMPING AND CRUISING IN FLORIDA. By James A. Henshall, M. D. Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati.

The above is the title of a work of 250 pages by the author of "A Book on the Black Bass," widely and popularly known, and which was received with great favor by fishermen.

The last work of Dr. Henshall treats on camping and sporting, being a narrative or log of his cruises in Southern Florida and a yachting and shooting trip outside around to the West Coast to Cedar Keys. The book is not only pleasant reading, but contains a great deal of useful information to the sportsman and fisherman contemplating a visit to Southern Florida, and especially so to parties visiting Indian River. With this work as a guide and coast pilot as it were, the navigation of Indian River is simplified, and parties yachting or cruising in that direction should not be without it, as it gives such minute sailing directions and such detailed information for camping and fishing as to enable parties to dispense with any other guide or pilot. The work is written in an easy, off-hand, unpretentious style and reads pleasantly. The Doctor has a happy faculty of enabling his readers to see the places he describes by their own eyes, as it were—that is, he gives a distinct and clear idea of what he describes, a desideratum so seldom attained by descriptive writers. Dr. Henshall certainly deserves the gratitude of all sportsmen taking an interest in Florida or contemplating a trip there in quest of good sport, as he tells them just where they can find all that heart could desire—how to get there and the best methods, ways and means of carrying out a successful expedition. The work contains much other useful information, a list of the birds and fishes of Florida, and will doubtless meet with great favor in sporting circles and those contemplating a winter in Florida. Books of this character are eagerly sought for, and read by a large class of the community seeking information as to the best place to go to avoid our trying winter climate, and Florida seems just now to be the coming Mecca.

SHOPPERS' BUILDING PLANS for modern, low-cost houses is a collection of designs for cottages, etc., published by the Co-operative Building Plan Association, No. 24 Beekman street. The work is valuable for those intending to make a modest venture in the building line, provided the scale drawings sent are placed in the hands of an honest, competent builder, and a sharp eye kept that the specifications are lived up to. Of course with an important piece of work a professional architect is called in, but for a very large percentage of ordinary building in the country such sets of plans as these will enable owners to avoid the horrible productions of carpenter-architects, and get the worth of every dollar spent in convenient, healthful, artistic dwellings.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

SEVEN HUNDRED ALBUM VERSES.—Compiled and published by J. S. Ogilvie, New York. Paper, 15 cents.

EDMOND DANTES.—Sequel to the Count of Monte-Cristo. T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philadelphia, Pa. Price 75 cents.

SNAKES.—Curiosities and Wonders of Serpent Life. By Catherine C. Hopley. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1894. Cloth, 64 pp.

PROTECTION AND FREE TRADE TO-DAY, at home and abroad, in field and workshop. By Robert P. Porter. Boston: Jas. R. Osgood, 1894. Paper, 48 pp. Price, 10 cents.

THE LIMITED PAYMENT POLICIES of the Travelers, of Hartford, Conn., concentrate payments into the working years of a man's life, and leave him free from all worry in his later years even if helpless.—*Adv.*

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

Oct. 7, 8, 9, 10 and 11.—Third Annual Bench Show of the Danbury Agricultural Society, Danbury, Conn. Entries close Sept. 27. E. S. Davis, Superintendent, Danbury, Conn.

Oct. 10, 17 and 18.—National Breeders' Show, Industrial Art Hall, Philadelphia, Pa. James Watson, Secretary, P. O. Box 770. Entries close Oct. 8.

Oct. 21, 22, 23 and 24.—First Annual Fall Bench Show of the Westminster Kennel Club, Madison Square Garden, New York. Entries close Oct. 6. Mr. Chas. Lincoln, Superintendent.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov.—Third Annual Trials of the Robins Island Club, Robins Island, L. I. Open to members only. Mr. A. T. Plummer, Secretary. Nov. 17.—Sixth Annual Trials of the Eastern Field Trials Club, at High Point, N. C. W. A. Coster, Secretary, Flatbush, L. I.

Dec. 8.—Sixth Annual Trials of the National American Kennel Club at Canton, Miss. D. Bryson, Secretary, Memphis, Tenn.

Dec. 15.—Southern Sportsmen's Association Trials, Canton, Miss. Mr. T. K. Renaud, Secretary, New Orleans, La.

A. K. R.

THE AMERICAN KENNEL REGISTER, for the registration of pedigrees, etc. (with prize lists of all shows and trials), is published every month. Entries close on the 1st. Should be in early. Entry blanks sent on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope. Registration fee (25 cents) must accompany each entry. No entries inserted unless paid in advance. Yearly subscription \$1. Address "American Kennel Register," P. O. Box 2882, New York. Number of entries already printed 1560. Volume I, bound in cloth, sent postpaid, \$1.50.

CONCERNING DICTATORSHIP.

It is unwise to reason from insufficient data. Mr. Chas. H. Mason in a recently published letter reasons from insufficient data. Very naturally he falls into error in the conclusions drawn. His argument is so wide of the mark that we should not be doing our duty if we permitted it to go unchallenged.

Mr. Mason relates, partly by positive assertion and partly by indirect implication, a most remarkable story of his own individual experience in this country as a judge at dog shows. His statement is substantially this: That having rendered certain favors to the editor of a sporting paper, he was, through the influence of that editor, invited to judge at a dog show; that he was warned beforehand to award prizes only to such exhibits as belonged to members of the editor's "ring;" that he was asked to report upon the show, being warned not to criticize certain dogs; that he did so report, but that the truth being told about the dogs in question, his report was suppressed; that having by his contumacious behavior thus incurred the displeasure of the editor, he received from him a threatening letter, in which the editor said, "If ever I come down on you in an editorial there will be—little of you left; and don't you forget it," and that subsequently his (Mason's) record as a successful breeder and exhibitor in Great Britain was referred to by this journalist in a false and belittling manner.

The obvious purport of the letter is to show how the dictatorial individual in question sought to direct and control Mr. Mason's decisions as a bench show judge, and thereby cause prizes to be awarded, not for merit, but to further the ends of the editor or the editor's friends. There is no reason to suppose that the circumstances are not substantially as Mr. Mason relates them. No censure can be cast upon him for having made known his experience. It is instructive; and the public ought by all means to have been informed of it before.

But when Mr. Mason proceeds to draw inferences from his facts he goes very wide of the mark. His conclusions are that his experience as a judge has been and is the experience of other judges. That is to say, because he himself found it impossible to do his duty conscientiously in the judging ring without at the same time incurring the hostility of the petty canine czar, he has made the mistake of assuming that other judges, against whom such subsequent enmity has not been displayed, must necessarily have been humbly obedient to the dicta of the said "ring" master. This is an erroneous conclusion.

A little reflection will show Mr. Mason that he has been deceived in this particular. He should remember that there was one condition absent from other cases, but present in his own, which would naturally invite in an unscrupulous individual an endeavor to control him as a judge. This was, that at the time of the principal occurrences to which Mr. Mason refers he was a comparative stranger here. Well-informed persons, it is true, were familiar with his marked success as a breeder and exhibitor at the English shows, but to the vast majority of the sportsmen of this country, he was simply an Englishman, a stranger, whose record and standing in canine matters here were yet to be established. Moreover, as is usually the rule in such cases, that standing was to be determined very largely by what the sporting press might say of the new comer, and by the information respecting him which it might from time to time give to the public. It was the most natural thing in the world then that journalistic acumen of a special sort (the kind that has an axe to grind or a dog to sell) should have been quick to see that there was a fine opportunity to make or break a reputation, and so a chance—by promising to make it or threatening to break it—to compel the individual to knuckle down to editorial decrees. As Mr. Mason's letter very well shows, this brilliant scheme lacked nothing but success. It was clumsily made; and it failed. The knuckling down did not work, and the attempt to ruin the character of the obstinate judge likewise miscarried, because, be it noted, there were other and independent journals, through the medium of which the individual attacked could present his side of the case for the arbitrament of the public.

Mr. Mason's mistake (and it is a very serious one) lies right here; he assumes that the individual who sought to control him, a new comer in America, has the presumption to attempt to control all other bench show judges in the same manner and by like methods. The fact is entirely overlooked that these gentlemen, as a rule, being well known to the public, it was quite beyond the power of any selfishly interested newspaper scribe to injure them. It is one thing to mislead the public about something with which it is not familiar, and quite another to delude it on points concerning which it is well informed. If Mr. Mason will carefully review the difference of circumstances between himself (at the time he speaks of) and other judges, he will perhaps be willing to acknowledge his error in supposing that the latter have all been treated as he was.

And what authority has Mr. Mason for his talk about a "ring"? It is true that there have been some very shady transactions which might excite in the minds of strangers a suspicion that there is a canine "ring" in this country, and certain iniquitous awards and the published defenses of them would very naturally tend to convert that suspicion into settled conviction; but on the other hand, be it said, there have been so many instances where, just as in Mr. Mason's own case, bench-show judges have asserted their absolute independence by making their awards in their own way, without fear or favor, that we have every warrant for saying that the "ring," if there be a "ring," is a very small one and by no means a strong one. Granting the existence of such a "ring," its numerical strength need not remain a matter of conjecture; it could easily be determined by a tally of the sportsmen in this country who will be found to-day to support the like course of treatment pursued by the same individual

vidual with another judge who did not knuckle down. If half a dozen men can be found who think that as a result of that treatment "little is left" of Mr. John Davidson, such a half dozen will probably indicate the strength of the "ring."

Now that Mr. Mason's attention has been called to the unfounded nature of his imputation upon the independence of bench show judges in this country, as a class, we believe that he will recognize the fallacy of his impressions of bench show judging in America.

EASTERN FIELD TRIALS.

THE entries for the Members' and All-Aged Stakes of the Eastern Field Trials Club closed yesterday. Mr. Coster, the secretary, informs us that the entries have come in nicely. We hope to be able to give a complete list next week. Messrs. D. C. Bergundthal, Indianapolis, Ind.; Luther Adams, Boston, Mass., and Theodore Morford, Newton, N. J., have kindly consented to act as judges. The club has been very fortunate in securing the services of these well-known gentlemen. All of them have very acceptably performed the duties of the position before, and need no introduction to our readers.

NEW YORK NON-SPORTING SHOW.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Please state in this week's paper that owing to the impossibility of Dr. Downey being able to get to New York, Mr. James Mortimer will judge the sheepdog classes; also state that the classes for deerhounds will be judged by Mr. Peirson. The following railroad companies have agreed to carry dogs free of charge to and from the exhibition, when they are accompanied by their owners or caretakers who hold first class tickets: The New York Central, Pennsylvania Railroad, Philadelphia & Reading, Delaware, Lackawanna & Western, Long Island, Boston & Lowell, New York & New England, with other roads to hear from. All the express companies will carry dogs to the show on the payment of their usual rates, and return the same free.

The entries close on October 6, and the club hopes to meet with a liberal entry, in order to make the first show of the kind a success. CHAS. LINCOLN, Supt. P. O. Box 1,812.

THE ORIGIN OF THE DEERHOUND.

UNDER the heading "Importing Dogs from England," I have read a letter in FOREST AND STREAM signed M. B. Wynn, with much of which I agree, but I was somewhat astonished to find Mr. Wynn writing an article on deerhounds, as I always regarded his specialty to be the mastiff, and on the latter breed he can write well, possessing as he does a very extended knowledge of the mastiff, and I believe he is president of the Mastiff Club in England. I confess that though knowing a few famous breeders and owners of the deerhound I never came across the name of Miss De la Pole, nor that of the Earl of Mar as famed breeders. I like to read articles on dogs which are written by gentlemen who can call themselves fellow countrymen of the breeds they write upon, but it has been for years the custom of English breeders of and dealers in dogs to ignore both Scotch and Irish sportsmen, even when writing on their own native breeds. For instance, look at *Idstone* of the London *Field* boasting that he had given to Scotland an improved breed of black and tan setters. Another Englishman arrogates to himself the improvement of the collie, and another, with no less assurance, claims bringing the Dandie Dinmont terrier to his present high state of perfection. I could extend the list, but *cui bono*? Now sporting Scotchmen "can look and laugh at a't' that," but we are always grateful for small mercies, and if Mr. Wynn can bring our gallant hound more prominently to the front I shall be pleased. I shall lay before the readers of FOREST AND STREAM a few facts relative to those I know, who are more distinguished than the Earl of Mar or Mr. Wynn's "fair unknown" as breeders, and shall be pleased to give privately to readers of this paper all the information I can relative to such breeders. Captain Graham, mentioned by Mr. Wynn, residing in England, is to be classed as the very highest authority on deerhounds. Captain Morrison, residing at Greenock in Scotland, can give opinions worth having, and his Grace the Duke of Sutherland, has in his kennels some very grand animals. General McDonald of Kinloch Rannoch, in Perthshire, might be consulted with advantage on the breed, also the Duke of Athol and the Marquis of Breadalban. Any of these I have mentioned are not to be placed in juxtaposition with the Earl of Mar. Has Mr. Wynn, like myself, traveled knapsack on back and visited all the kennels in the bonny highlands of Scotland in search of information regarding this famous breed; if he has, then I can say his information is very meagre, but I am not wishing to find too much fault with the racy and estimable writer on the mastiff.

To excite speculation and research among the readers of this paper, I should like to know what they think of my theory regarding the origin of the greyhound or deerhound in Great Britain. I feel that some will call me both a fool and a heretic, but still what I have to state may be worth a little consideration. It is a well-known fact that Hyrim's ships brought the peafowl and our progenitor, the ape, to King Solomon, from India, and I think there can be no doubt about these ships visiting the Persian Gulf, and I think we may entertain the idea that the Persian greyhound was also introduced at this time into the land of Judea. Solomon, speaking of the greyhound, asks, "What is more comely in going?" and speaks of his "girl loins," as referring to the habit of the ancient messengers girding up their garments when making ready to run. Solomon's description of the greyhound holds true to the present day. Now, how did the greyhound get to Britain? I should suppose that the Phœnicians, who were great traders all along the Levant, first brought the breed, for they traded to England and Wales for tin, and there is little doubt but what they visited Ireland in their many excursions, and we can imagine that, seeing the now extinct Irish deer, they would import some of the large breeds which they were in the habit of seeing round the coasts of Asia Minor for the purpose of the chase. Can I stretch a little more and say that these flock-caring dogs resembled our noble mastiff in many respects, and is our present mastiff simply a dog "fined down" from the ancient magnificent dogs of Albania and Asia Minor? Who shall decide? If this is admitted I think it would be a perfect logical deduction to assume that the Irish kerns crossed the greyhound and mastiff and hence the produce, the Irish wolf or deer hound, which has so degenerated in latter years in Ireland and Scotland. Now, be it understood, I do not intend to debate this speculative theory with any of the able writers in our paper, but if any of the points raised are worth any consideration I feel sure our editor will give all due consideration to the opinions of his correspondents.

Poissart, writing of Count De Polx, says he had 600 dogs, and the said count wrote a book on hunting, and died in 1391; has any of our readers seen such book? I think it could throw some light on this subject. Taylor, in his "Pennyless Pilgrimage of the Moneyless Perambulations," thus writes in March, 1618, and if his article be as amusing to readers of FOREST AND STREAM as it has been to me I shall feel very pleased:

"My good Lord Mar having put me into highland shape, I rode with him from his house, where I saw the ruins of an old castle called Kindrogil. It was built by Malcolm Canmore for a hunting house, who reigned in Scotland when Edward the Confessor, Harold and Norman William reigned in England. I speak of it because it was the last house that I saw in those parts, for I was the span of 12 days after before I saw either house, cornfield or habitation of a creature, but deer, wild horses, wolves and such like creatures, which made me doubt that I should ever see houses again. Thus the first day we traveled eight miles which there were small cottages built

on purpose to lodge in, which they call 'Lauquahards.' I think my good Lord Erskine, he commanded that I should always be lodged in his lodging, the kitchen being always on the side of a bank, many kettles and pots boiling and many spits turning and with great variety of cheers, as venison, baked, sodden, roast and stewed, beef, mutton, goats, kids, hares, fresh salmon, pigeons, hens, capons, chickens, partridge, moorcoots, heathcocks, capercallies and tarmagants, good ale, sack, white wine, claret, most potent aqua vita, all these and more we had in superfluous abundance, caught by falconers, fowlers, fishers, and brought by my Lord's tenants and purveyors to victual our camp, which consisted of fifteen or sixteen men and horses.

"The manner of the hunting is this—five or six hundred men do rise early in the morning and they do disperse themselves divers ways, and seven, eight or ten miles compass, they do bring or chase in the deer in many herds, two, three or four hundred in a herd, to such or such a place as the noblemen may appoint them, then when the day is come the lords and gentlemen of their companies do ride or go to the said places, sometimes wading up to the middle through burns and rivers and then they being come to the place, do lie down till those ferocious scouts which are called the Tinkhells, do bring down the deer, so those Tinkhells men do lick their own fingers, for besides their bows and arrows which they carry with them, we can hear, here and there, a harquebus or a musket go off, which they seldom discharge in vain. Thereafter we had stayed there three hours or thereabouts we might perceive the deer appear on the hills round about us (the heads making a show like a wood), which, being followed by the Tinkhells, are chased down into the valley where we lie, then all the valley on each side being waylaid with a hundred couple of strong Irish greyhounds they are let loose, as occasion serves, upon the herd of deer, that with dogs, guns, arrows, dirks and daggers in the space of two hours four score fat deer were slain which after are disposed of, some one way, some another, twenty and thirty miles, and more than enough for us left for us to make merry at our rendezvous."

I think the above will interest those who have not seen it before and I can only remark that I should like to have seen the charge of so many dogs. It seems the battues in those days were done on a grand scale, quite different from the pleasant ones of to-day. Such sports inured our countrymen to dangers and hardships and proved the best means for making them the fearless warriors they were, and when we think of them "we closer cling to Tartan plaids."

A SCOTTISH LANCE.

ENGLISH KENNEL NOTES.

XIV.

I HAVE had forwarded to me by the editors a very pleasant reading letter from Mr. Ashburner. Some parts of it I will reply to privately when I have time, which is not likely to be often now that the "glorious first" of September has come. Mr. Ashburner, I see from American sporting organs, is making himself a name in the annals of doggydom by his praiseworthy efforts to popularize in the new country our old English beagles. There is a freemasonry among doggy men that should draw our fanciers and yours together. I hope Mr. Ashburner will succeed in getting some of our best, the parent stock will remain in the old country. I should be very glad to advise my American fellow sportsmen on the best sources to buy, but that is ticklish ground. The doggy community is such a warm one that however big a fool I may know myself to be, I scarcely dare rush in where even angels would get their purity besmirched. Some of this trade I know to be already in the hands of Mr. Carey Gibson, and as he appears to give his attention to the subject, I don't see why he shouldn't suit; all that is necessary is that he must be careful with his pedigrees, accurate in describing his wares, mentioning their faults with their merits, and moderate in his charges. I am constrained to admit the specimens of his kennel that I have seen exhibited were below my ideas. They were clumsy, bad specimens of a cast-off southern type. Whenever any of my readers are about to treat with men they know nothing about I should advise them to drop a line to the Secretary of the Kennel Club who, I am confident, would furnish any information he might possess in reply to courteous inquirers.

Mr. Ashburner and his friends will be on the right track if they can buy up all the type and strain of Freeland, Countess and Freeland Dutchess. They are the best couple I have seen for many a day. And over and above their looks, they have a pedigree including such names as Mr. White, the Homewood beagles, Christ Church, Horsfall, etc.

I notice in this week's *Field* that the very uniform and good-looking rack got together by one of the young Gilbeys (of wine-trade fame) is for sale. They are almost harpies, running seventeen inches, but a nice lot all the same.

Mr. Ashburner has kindly sent me copies of the rules of the American English Beagle Club, and their code of points for judging the little hound. I must very sincerely compliment the authors of the code upon their accurate description of the dog, and their lucid and graphic explanations of the points. I have seen most of the similar productions drawn up by the leading men in our specialist clubs, the St. Bernard code is among the best, but for a clear intelligible definition of a breed, the American club takes the—what? palm, cake, kettle, no horn!

One praiseworthy part of the object of the club, I see, is to get a class at their shows for "basket or foot beagles under twelve inches." I should have called them "pocket or rabbit beagles," as better expressing the diminutive and in keeping with the old formulas. The rules are drawn up with such military preciseness that I pity the poor secretary whose duty it will be to watch over their entirety. The rule in reference to defaulting subscribers is properly severe. Over here I am told it is a terrible game to get men to pay up, and those delinquents are the very ones who write bullying letters to the Hon. Treasurer, wanting to know "why a prize was not given by the club at this or that show."

I am glad not to be able to find anything about the necessary qualification for membership. That is a tender point in this country, and the specialist clubs have many miserable quarters of hours in trying the question. Most of them draw the line at professional dealers. In the main I agree with this, because after all the club is supposed to exist for the benefit of the breed more than for its members. And it is quite certain that if professional dealers were admitted they would make their membership serve business ends.

"But is not this done," asks the rebuffed community, "by the gentlemen breeders and amateur dealers." Ah, well! yes, perhaps, but look here!

"If you tell me no questions, I ask you no lies!" That is what Hans Breitmann replied when asked "how Providence blessed him with tea pods and shpoons," and that is my reply for the present. Some other time, perhaps when my pen glides less smoothly and the ink sits thick, I will tell you about the doggy Esquires, who advertise from club addresses, about the gentleman that sells and judges, while the purchaser lives still in his memory, about the exhibitor who judges and favors the sisters, the cousins and the aunts of his own stud dog, but wait a bit.

One of your Beagle Club's rules is that the executive committee "shall receive and take charge of all gifts of books, pictures, or works of art, specimens of natural history," etc. Yes, but unless the club has premises of its own, whose rooms are the said "books, pictures," etc., to ornament? It is a very general regret here that the specialist clubs have not their own quarters. Only one or two of the wealthiest can even contemplate such a step. When the subject was first mooted, a single room was thought of, to hold the club's belongings, for meetings, etc. The idea grew and began to shape itself into the project of taking a small house and subletting the separate

rooms to specialist clubs, and have one or two large general rooms. These parts were to be blended into a whole, and I even heard one year in Birmingham that a name for the united clubs had been selected—"The Kennel Council." Each specialist club was to supply two members to the committee of the Council. The plan was good, it looked feasible, and had it ever come to a head a very powerful and representative governing kennel body would have arisen, and the solution to the Kennel Club would have been found.

But the Kennel Club sniffed the danger from afar, and by an ingenious ruse tumbled down the fabric that had risen so high in men's imagination. "What do you want, good people?" asked the cunning Mr. Stephens, who saw his club, post and pay in danger; "rooms to hold your meetings in, won't our parlor do? You can walk into our parlor that is up a winding stair," but that even the meagrest qualifications will enable you to ascend, you want to have a voice in the direction of kennel affairs, hum, er, yes; of course you do, and so you shall. You shall become associates of the Kennel Club, and twice a year you shall be summoned in general meeting to its councils, when it shall be permitted to you to cry 'Hear! hear!' and clap your hands. On attending these meetings associates will be required to provide themselves with a small piece of camphor, which they shall carry in their pockets, and they shall also wash themselves with carbolic soap, which the club will supply in their wash-house. Associates shall not shake hands with 'members,' nor drink with them except at the formers' expense, but if a 'member' should require to borrow a fiver it would be considered a sign of bad breeding to refuse. On these occasions members will, if they choose, appear in the club uniform, the associates will wear their club livery. When the members dine the associates will wait. It is optional if livery be worn in shows held under Kennel Club rules, but when this is not done associates will be careful to express demission in their countenances. For all those privileges, social and practical, each associate must contribute one guinea to the funds of the club." And, wonderful to relate, the specialist clubs, or some of them, walked into the parlor, but I don't often see notices of their using it. The Kennel Club's scheme is affiliation, which means guineas and authority for themselves and restraint and abnegation for the others.

I suppose the "specimens of natural history" alluded to means stuffed dogs. Have you, reader, ever had a dog stuffed? I have. When the old favorite died some said, skin her; I couldn't do that, it seemed irreverent, but I forwarded the carcass to our best taxidermist. It certainly was a fox-terrier that came home but not my fox-terrier, it was anybody's fox-terrier and a very fair specimen, but not my Nell. There is no expression in a stuffed face, that's why stuffing pet dogs will always be a grievous failure. To its owner there is more expression in a dog's face than he sees in the physiognomy of many of his friends. No, a good photograph is the best souvenir, so bury your pet decently like a Christian for it has done you less harm than most of your Christian comrades, give it a corner of your garden, and put a plate on the wall recording simply the dates of its birth and death.

Three ladies were poisoned at Rugely through eating tinned salmon. I am glad to say they got over it, but I read with amazement in the report of the case that the medical man who was called in requested that some of the salmon should be given to a dog, "who, however, refused to eat it." That is cool, why should it be given to a dog? At all events, it is gratifying to read that the dumb animal had more sense than the three ladies. But it is the doctor's coolness I can't get over, I suppose he thought it would be a pity to waste the salmon, so he tried to kill a dog with it.

Judging from what I hear and read I conclude that Mr. Charles H. Mason has succeeded in getting himself disliked in some quarters. I have made very diligent inquiries this side of the pond and hear of nothing to his disadvantage. That he is quite able to take care of No. 1 I gather from his letters, and as for the "boy-cottaging" threatened by a Chicago sporting paper, that is all fiddle-dee. He may have made a few *fawcetts* in his late campaign—I don't know whether he has—but certainly he has done nothing to merit the violent forms of intimidation I have lately perceived.

Mr. James Watson's letter in our papers about your Philadelphia and New York shows indicates that you are going ahead in dog affairs. I should not be surprised if a few English exhibitors were to make the trip. The prospect of enjoying themselves is a good one.

In Mr. James Watson, the secretary of the Philadelphia show, you possess a gentleman whose departure from England was a loss to the kennel world. To an intimate and intelligent knowledge of all British breeds he unites a character that has no price and a pen that has no equal when its subject is the clearing up of knotty kennel points or planning out the details of a dog show.

At last the wearisome correspondence on the Lochinvar affair has been closed by the editor of the *Shooting Times*. What Mr. Murchison's feelings are I don't know; what the Kennel Club think of the matter it would be more interesting to learn. Mr. Murchison has been tried and condemned publicly by two editors. The *Stock-keeper* dismissed Mr. Murchison with disgust on account of his insulting language, the *Shooting Times*, in their anxiety to give him fair play, were less nice. An article on the case appears in the latter journal, the purport of which is that Mr. Murchison remains "as he was," viz., charged and convicted of the "di'lect trick" (to quote Sir William Harcourt) that has ever been brought home to a man in or out of the Kennel Club. He is proved to have been aided and abetted in the job by Messrs. Percy, Reid and Longmore (members of the Kennel Club), and by the manager and the secretary of the show. It is extraordinary how easily the kennel world lets down their offenders. They seem to have a code of morals for themselves, by-laws I might call them. Had a man in a public, not doggy matter, sat in judgment, acted as counsel, and assisted in the verdict on a question where his own conduct in part was on trial, the press would have slashed him back into obscure private life; but in the dog world they shrug their shoulders because many of them have better preserved specimens in their own cupboards. According to one of the correspondents' description, Mr. Longmore seems to have behaved with the inflated impertinence of a boorish provincial. Mr. Murchison's letters were virulent beyond patience, but the editor of the *Shooting Times* was most considerate, and humored him. Old age is a privilege, but it is one that should not be carried too far. Mr. Joachim's letters were marked by a lucid coolness that the consciousness of a good case inspires. I thought Mr. Krehl was at great pains over a small matter, and they might just as well have left him alone, for he sent their charge idling in all directions, and several of them must have got hit. One of the correspondents, a most amusing cuss, calling himself "Whipper In" (are his initials H. C., I wonder), compared Mr. Murchison to an old fish in a muddy pool. The thought was a happy one, the case was "fishy," and the longer it was kept up the more unpleasant it became. People are wondering what is to be the next excitement. Whose character shall we now throw to the pack?

People have become reconciled to the Kennel Club's shilling impost for registration, on account of the advantages that could not be denied. Registration in some form is most necessary, and the club is pretty particular in not allowing, purposely, similar names to be adopted, and this makes all wonder how they came to let the Silver King matter slip through. There are two St. Bernards registered, one Silver King and the other The Silver King. Both the owners have expressed their indignation in print at each other's deceit, and of course each maintains that he is the real Simon Pure.

"Corsincon" (Mr. Hugh Dalziel) has brought his list down on Mr. D. Frank, whom I mentioned in a former letter. He states that he is a Mr. D. F. Lambach, and accuses him of writing up his Leonberger, Rascall, in the press a week before

he showed him at Tunbridge Wells. I don't think it matters much, because if the two names are one man few people knew it, and I don't suppose the dog's name was mentioned. "Corincorn" describes the dog as a "poor, weedy, whity-brown brute, not three-fourths the size of a St. Bernard, a cross-bred beast, that looks like the amalgamation of a foreign St. Bernard, a curly retriever and a butcher's cur." This gives one a very fair idea, and is really a clever sketch of an average good specimen of the breed. If over a Leobenberger club be formed, they will, I hope, recognize the valuable share Mr. Dalziel has taken in bringing this extraordinary mongrel to the notice of doggy men, and it will be a just and deserved compliment if they intrust to his pen and imagination the task of drawing up the points of the breed.

Thank goodness the weather has changed. This is not the great game year we expected. The birds are very wild. Good steady old pointers are worth any money. "I will give a fifty-pound note for a perfectly broken dog," said a friend in my hearing in the full coffee room at the hotel last week. And that is what such a dog is worth to a man who can afford it. "I say, old boy, do you know anybody who would sell me one?" "Plenty," I replied. "I don't believe such an animal is to be bought, but if you look through the *Field* columns you will find there are lots of men who will 'sell you one.'" "Oh, you are funny, are you not?" sneered the offended sportsman, and he marched out, leaving the joke and the drinks to pay, to the luckless LILLIBULERO.

NATIONAL BREEDERS' DOG SHOW.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Mr. Simon Martenet, Jr., of Baltimore, has kindly consented to judge Chesapeake Bay dogs at the National Breeders' dog show, and as he is well-known as an authority on the breed, I hope the owners of these dogs will show their appreciation of obtaining such a judge by filling the class. Entries are steadily coming in from all sections, and Canada promises to be well represented at Industrial Art Hall. Among the "curios" entered are the two surviving Esquimaux dogs of the Greely Relief expedition, Zampa and Schneiker, for whose presence I am indebted to Surgeon Ames of the U. S. S. Bear. A full grown Chihuahua terrier weighing but 1 pound 5 ounces, Chinese edible dogs, and other foreigners will be present.

Offers of special prizes are still coming in, and there will be enough to devote one to the best dog of each breed classified. Several are specially donated, such as one to cost \$200, given for the best pair of bulldogs, a \$25 cup for the best mastiff in the open classes, and a prize to cost \$25 for the best three mastiffs shown by one exhibitor, the \$250 deerhound challenge cup first offered for competition at Chicago, the conditions of which are as follows:

This cup to be competed for only at shows where at least ten deerhounds (dogs and bitches) are entered in the open class; a champion (winner of three first prizes at shows where a first prize has heretofore qualified the entry of the same dog in the champion class at the Westminster Kennel Club's shows), not to be eligible as an entry making one of the ten requisites in the open class, but eligible to compete as one of a kennel; three entries, either all dogs or all bitches or dogs and bitches, to constitute a kennel; cup to be the property of the kennel or individual winning it three times.

It is safe to say that the special prizes will amount to close upon \$1,000, and a full list will be published in next week's *FOREST AND STREAM*.

Yorkshire and toy terriers and toy spaniels will be provided with wire cages such as were recommended in *FOREST AND STREAM* last September, and again last week as the only way in which to exhibit small dogs.

The railroads named below have kindly agreed to carry dogs free over their lines to and from Philadelphia, when accompanied by their owners or caretakers: Pennsylvania, Baltimore & Ohio, N. Y. C. & H., Philadelphia & Reading, New York, West Shore & Buffalo, Philadelphia, Wilmington & Baltimore, Northern Central, Baltimore & Potomac, Alexandria & Fredericksburg, West Jersey and Camden & Atlantic.

The New York & New England and the New York, New Haven & Hartford R. R. also agree to the above arrangement, limiting, however, the number of dogs to three. It is to be understood that the dogs will be carried entirely at owner's risk by the companies named. The Delaware & Hudson Canal Company, under date of Sept. 25, issued a circular in which it is stated that that company will not receive dogs for transportation or assume any responsibility for dogs placed in charge of the baggage masters, by agreement with whom and the owners they will only be transported, the company taking no part in such transaction.

It will be seen that exhibitors will have no trouble about the transportation of their dogs from almost all sections of the country. Further arrangements are being made covering more widely the Southern territory, and also with the express companies, which will be announced next week.

JAMES WATSON, Secretary.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa.

BEAGLES AFIELD.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Having been much engaged during the hot spell with kennel work, and being desirous of testing the merits of the dogs under discussion in the field, I have deferred writing in reply to Mr. Sloan's article in your issue of Aug. 7 until this late day.

In stating my experience of two days with dogs under my control, I gave the name of gentlemen of undoubted standing, who were witnesses of and participants in the sport, and I will now say that any pack of dogs that cannot run down the majority of rabbits started without the aid of firearms, is not properly handled, if well bred; besides, experience has demonstrated the facts as set forth on July 17 regarding the pernicious effects of shooting over beagles.

Your correspondent speaks of the speed of large dogs carrying them beyond the doubling point. In reply, I would respectfully suggest that any dog, however large or small he may be, whose nose is so deficient as to overrun a hot foot at the doubling to the distance of one hundred yards should promptly be weeded out of the pack; the same treatment should apply to such as are in full cry and giving tongue before the trail is found after being overrun. The other class, such as will not work unless there be a gun in the company, certainly do not deserve the name of sporting dogs. Setters and pointers naturally look to the gun as an assistant, because the game they work upon goes to air, while "puss" neither flies nor climbs a tree, and good dogs should certainly catch her or send her hurriedly hunting a hole.

I do not wish any one to infer that I desire to depreciate the merits of small dogs. I am satisfied there are many good ones, I have in fact frequently advised one of my employers to procure favors to Gill, a bit over fourteen-inch bitch, from Mr. Sloan's imported dog Bannerman. I am further thankful to him for admitting that the strain of which I wrote "are good dogs, above average beagles for hunting."

Mr. Sloan possibly errs in the statement that he was in the field ere I had run down ten rabbits, as I am now at least fully grown, and began to run them down when young, quite a little lad in fact, hunting with such gentlemen as Mr. Thos. Worthington and Mr. Dorsey and others, who were always successful sportsmen of the "good old kind," and who further would not permit fox or rabbit to be shot in front of their hounds.

If eleven or twelve-inch beagles can stand up and endure the hard work as well as thirteen and fourteen-inch dogs, properly bred, I am anxious to be convinced of that fact, for as far as appearances are concerned, I really like the little fellows.

I do not think it proper to use our little favorites for gambling purposes, yet I will run three or four brace of beagles of

the strain and size I wrote, of against the same number of the strain and size Mr. Sloan favors, each pack to be owned by one individual, and the race to be run in West Virginia or Western Maryland, to convince that gentleman that the rabbits of that country will not run straight to the first hole. The stake in the race to be the meat or a silver cup or both. In conclusion I will say that I make no pretensions in the way of education, fortune or romantic ideas, yet in all kindness and brotherly feeling I am an earnest advocate of merit in any sporting dog as exemplified by tests in the field.

F. C. PHEBUS.

BERNARDSVILLE, N. J., Sept. 10, 1884.

MASSACHUSETTS DOG LAW.—Salem, Mass., *Editor Forest and Stream:* The Massachusetts P. S. read as follows: "Chapter 102, Section 80—Every owner or keeper of a dog of three months old or over, shall annually, on or before the thirteenth day of April, cause it to be registered, numbered, described and licensed for one year from the first day of the ensuing May, in the office of the clerk of the city or town wherein said dog is kept, and shall cause it to wear around its neck a collar distinctly marked with its owner's name and its registered number. Section 81—An owner of a dog may at any time have it licensed until the first day of the ensuing May; and a person becoming the owner or keeper of a dog after the first day of May, not duly licensed, shall cause it to be registered, numbered, described and licensed as provided in the preceding section." Under the above sections the dog constable assesses my terrier, which was whelped March 17, 1884, and was consequently but 1½ months old, May 1, '84. I bred and raised the dog, and make the point, that since I do not become its owner (*de novo*) in the meaning of the statute, the dog is not assessable until next year. I should like for a basis for defense: First—The meaning of the person who drew the law, if this should come to his notice. Second—The opinion of any interested person on the points involved. Third—The custom prevailing in other parts of this State or in other States.—CLARENCE MURPHY. [The obvious meaning of the law is that a dog is taxable when three months old, and must then be registered. The statute is to be construed literally by what it says not what the framer of it may have intended to say. If our correspondent would consult a lawyer he would obtain an opinion worth much more to him than the views of the interested persons upon whom he calls.]

CHEQUASSET KENNELS.—Lancaster, Mass., Sept. 27.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Will you kindly grant me space to make one or two corrections in regard to some of my dogs? I sent the smooth-coated St. Bernard dog, Grimsel, ten months old, to the New England Fair, at Manchester, N. H., this month, and he received first prize in the open class. The rough-coated St. Bernard bitch, Neva, ten months old, went also, and took first prize in the open class for rough-coated bitches. All my dogs, entered for the Montreal show, were ready and boxed but forgotten by the man engaged to deliver them at the railway station here. The three pups who did put in an appearance, Young Toby and his pups, Triumph and Victory, were shipped from another station fortunately. The dogs that I entered for the Philadelphia Kennel Club show had to be sent by express unluckily, and all of us who are obliged to ship animals know what that means, sometimes, in expense and delay. When informed of the many hours they spent in transit, without a care taker, and their consequent fatigue, and lack of condition, I was not surprised at the awards. Neva, entered in the class for rough-coated St. Bernard bitches, was absent, because sold. For the same reason Triumph was away, yet I see by your report that he received vhc. Now my query is whether little Victory, his sister, was judged in the class with her father, or whether the letters belong to him? Triumph and Victory owe their names to their plucky contest with fate. Born in bitter March weather, prematurely orphaned when barely four days old, they were wretched little bottle babies, hideous, thin, big-headed starvings for many weeks.—CHEQUASSET.

DOGS POINTING DEER.—Captain Parker Gilmore states that, "as staunch dogs will invariably stand deer, I have been surprised to see one of that beautiful species (*Cervus virginianus*) spring up almost under my setter's nose. Such a *contrempeus* occurred to me in Southern Illinois, when I killed a doe with one barrel and a half-grown fawn with the other. But such luck was not vouchsafed a city friend of mine a few days after the episode I have alluded to. A stag and doe sprang from their forms a few feet in advance of a brace of his dogs, which were pointing. Not dreaming that the game would be otherwise than birds, at the sight of the deer he became so disconcerted that he totally forgot for the moment that he had a gun in his hand, but kept gazing stupidly after the quarry till they were out of view."

PHILADELPHIA DOG SHOW.—New Market, Frederick County, Md., *Editor Forest and Stream:* You will please correct the mistake you have made in giving the awards of the Philadelphia show. In special Class EE you state, Gen. Frank A. Bond's Rose won. Should have been Pottinger Dorsey's Major. I was on at the show, and know my dog won; and Dr. Downey says he don't know why they could have made the mistake, as he did surely award special to my dog Major.—POTTINGER DORSEY. [We take every precaution to make our reports absolutely correct, but in spite of our efforts an occasional error will appear. Our list of awards was taken from the judge's book, where only the numbers of the winners were recorded. The mistake is probably owing to a clerical error of the steward.]

PHILADELPHIA KENNEL CLUB'S FIELD TRIALS.—There is no doubt now that the club will give a yearly dog show as is held in New York, and a field trial of members dogs will also be run. The first of these trials is booked for November, and some fifteen or sixteen dogs are thus far entered.—HOMO.

THE FOX-TERRIER CLUB.—Allamuchy, N. J., *Editor Forest and Stream:* In your last number there is a notice of a proposed fox-terrier club. As breeders of fox-terriers, we highly approve of such an organization being formed, and will give our support.—L. & W. RUTHERFORD.

BOOTH.—In our comments upon the pointers at the Philadelphia show we wrote of Booth, he "has a fair head, good back, loin and legs, with fair feet." The types made us say "poor head," etc. We make the correction in justice to the dog.

PEDIGREE ENTRIES in the A.K.R. are not limited to subscribers. Any person has the privilege of entering his dog whether he subscribes for the *Register* or not.

KENNEL NOTES.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Kennel notes are inserted in this column free of charge. To insure publication of notes, correspondents MUST GIVE the following particulars of each animal:

1. Color.
2. Breed.
3. Sex.
4. Age, or date of birth, of breeding or of death.
5. Name and residence of owner, buyer or seller.
6. Sire, with his sire and dam.
7. Owner of sire.
8. Dam, with her sire and dam.
9. Owner of dam.
10. All names must be plainly written. Communication on one side of paper only, and signed with writer's name.

NAMES CLAIMED.

See instructions at head of this column.

Beeswax. By Mr. W. A. Coster, Flatbush, L. I., for lemon and

white English setter bitch, whelped July 13, 1884, by his Bucklewell (A.K.R. 30) out of Nancy Rake (A.K.R. 42).

Prince Leopold, Princess Alice and Kate C. By Mr. Gus Langran, Yorkers, N. Y., for red Irish setters, one dog and two bitches, whelped April 8, 1884, by champion Glencho out of Juno (Berkeley-Tilly).

Wad. By Mr. Alvan McLane, Baltimore, Md., for black, white and tan English setter dog, age not given, by Bang (A.K.R. 805) out of Lillie (Rake-Flora).

Mull, Run, Skye and Little Dorrit. By Mr. George Sanderson, Monticello, N. Y., for prick-eared Skye terriers, three dogs and one bitch, whelped Sept. 8, 1884, by imported Watty out of imported Fanny.

Bonita S. and Milana S. By Mr. Franklin Sumner, Milton, Mass., for blue belton English setter bitches, whelped June 8, 1884, by Cashier (Dash III.—Opal) out of Flake (Whip-Swaze).

Hatspuz. By Dr. E. A. Wood, Pittsburgh, Pa., for black, white and tan English setter dog, whelped June 8, 1884, by Cashier (Dash III.—Opal) out of Flake (Whip-Swaze).

Hero III, Mino, Minna and Countess of Ashmont. By the Ashmont Kennel, Boston, Mass., for mastiffs, two dogs and two bitches, whelped July 28, 1884 (Hero II., A.K.R. 545—Madge, A.K.R. 548).

Forest and Stream. By Mr. A. Weeks, Locust Valley, L. I., for Gordon setter dogs, whelped July 12, 1884, by Tilly's Bang out of Bessie (A.K.R. 146).

Dumps, Buzz and Cloudy. By Mr. George W. Dixon, Worcester, Mass., for pups, two dogs and one bitch, whelped Sept. 16, 1884, by Treasure (A.K.R. 472) out of his imported Padgie.

Dude, Pilot, Duchess and Monnie F. By Fleu Bros., Minneapolis, Minn., for cocker spaniels, two black and white dogs, one black and white bitch and one liver and white bitch, whelped July 16, 1884, by Bub (Brush—Rhea) out of Nellie M. (Wildair—Sara B.).

Bunthorne and Clover. By Mr. W. H. Moller, New York, for two black, white and tan beagles, whelped July 15, 1884, by Duke out of Midvet.

Maple Kennel. By Mr. J. H. Thompson, Patterson, N. Y., for his kennel of pointers.

BRED.

See instructions at head of this column.

Katydid II.—Cash Boy. Mr. Eugene A. Austin's (Providence, R. I.) English setter bitch Katydid II. (Dash III.—Katydid) to Mr. John Lee's Cash Boy (Cashier—Flake), Sept. 20.

Queen Anna—Dashing Lion. Mr. G. W. Ballantine's (Washington, O.) English setter bitch Queen Anna (Zanzibar—Lady Elgin) to his Dashing Lion (Dash II.—Leda), Aug. 2.

Nellie Jane—Joe Page. Mr. G. W. Ballantine's (Washington, O.) black pointer bitch Nellie Jane (Sweep—Nell) to Joe Page (Sambo the Devil—Spot), Sept. 2.

Frost—Rebel Wind'em. Dr. W. A. Strother's (Lynchburg, Va.) English setter bitch Frost to Mr. J. C. Higgins's Rebel Wind'em, date not given.

Black Bess—Argus. Mr. James T. Walker's (Froy, N. Y.) Gordon setter bitch Black Bess (A.K.R. 422) to the Hillsdale Kennel's Argus (A.K.R. 280), Sept. 12.

Blue Belle—Glen Rock. Mr. E. W. Jester's (St. George's, Del.) English setter bitch Blue Belle (A.K.R. 99) to his Glen Rock (A.K.R.), Sept. 19.

Spot—Lead. Mr. E. W. Jester's (St. George's, Del.) beagle bitch Spot to Lead (Sailor—Rose), Sept. 22.

Bird—Fritz. The Maple Kennel's (Patterson, N. Y.) pointer bitch Bird (Gay—Grace) to their Fritz (A.K.R. 268), Sept. 13.

Bella—Bang Bang. The Westminster Kennel Club's pointer bitch Bella (Sensation—Bellona) to their imported Bang Bang (A.K.R. 394), Sept. 17.

Mischief—Speck. Mr. Thos. Goode Tucker's (South Gaston, N. C.) Byron foxhound bitch Mischief to Mr. Brodnax's Speck, Sept. 6.

Felt—Speck. Mr. Thos. Goode Tucker's (South Gaston, N. C.) Byron foxhound bitch Felt (Watchman—Hannah) to Mr. Brodnax's Speck, Sept. 15.

Stinger—Brag. Mr. W. A. Sutherland's cocker spaniel bitch Stinger to the Fleetfoot Kennel's Brag, Aug. 10.

Gypsy—Brag. Mr. Fred Stiefel's cocker spaniel bitch Gypsy S. to the Fleetfoot Kennel's Brag, Aug. 27.

Daisy B.—Dash. Mr. B. F. Bartlett's cocker spaniel bitch Daisy B. to the Fleetfoot Kennel's Dash, Sept. 13.

Fannie II.—Montrose. The Scotch Collie Kennel Club's (Stepney, Conn.) collie bitch Fannie II. (A.K.R. 881) to their Montrose (A.K.R. 801), Sept. 4.

Yolande—Bozique. Mr. W. H. Tuck's cocker spaniel bitch Yolande (A.K.R. 523) to Bozique, Sept. 6.

Waverly—Montrose. The Scotch Collie Kennel Club's (Stepney, Conn.) collie bitch Waverly (Tam O'Shanter II.—Sly) to their Montrose (A.K.R. 891), Sept. 1.

Spite—Trotter. The Governors Kennel's (New York) fox-terrier bitch Spite (Alder Jock—Vampire) to their Trotter, Aug. 30.

Priscilla—Scarsdale. The Governors Kennel's (New York) fox-terrier bitch Priscilla (Joker—Warren Daisy) to their Scarsdale (Joker—Ella), Aug. 28.

Rusk—Foam. Mr. G. G. Hammond's (New London, Conn.) Chesapeake Bay bitch Rusk (A.K.R. 144) to Mr. C. P. Curtis's Foam (Albert—Rose), Sept. 1.

Betty—Buckellew. Mr. Thos. F. Connolly's (Flatbush, L. I.) English setter bitch Betty (Dash III.—Opal) to Mr. W. A. Coster's Buckellew (A.K.R. 20), Sept. 23.

Mollie—Count Noble. Mr. Joseph Lewis's (Cannonsburg, Pa.) imported English setter bitch Mollie (Count Dan—Floss) to Count Noble, Sept. 3.

Diana—Cashier. Mr. Franklin Sumner's (Milton, Mass.) English setter bitch Diana (Leicester—Doll) to Mr. J. J. Scanlan's Cashier (Dash III.—Opal), Sept. 8.

Cassandra T.—Cashier. Mr. J. J. Scanlan's (Fall River, Mass.) English setter bitch Cassandra T. (Thunder—Cornelia) to his Cashier (Dash III.—Opal), Sept. 22.

Nellie—Primrose. Mr. Geo. Gillivan's (West Jefferson, O.) black and tan terrier bitch Nellie to his Primrose, Aug. 24.

Daisy—Primrose. Mr. Geo. Gillivan's (West Jefferson, O.) black and tan terrier bitch Daisy to his Primrose, Sept. 15.

Bessie T.—Don Gladstone. Mr. E. S. Hawk's (Ashfield, Mass.) English setter bitch Bessie T. (Gladstone—Floy) to his Don Gladstone (Gladstone—Juno), Sept. 1.

Lady Bess—Robin Adair. The Clifton Kennel's (Jersey City, N. J.) pointer bitch Lady Bang (A.K.R. 697) to their Robin Adair (Faust—Madge), Sept. 15.

Lillie—Beaufort. The Clifton Kennel's (Jersey City, N. J.) pointer bitch Lillie (Shot—Daisy) to Beaufort (A.K.R. 694), Aug. 7.

Lady Glean—Beaufort. The Clifton Kennel's (Jersey City, N. J.) pointer bitch Lady Glean (A.K.R. 207) to Beaufort (A.K.R. 694), Aug. 19.

Brenner—Hermite. Mr. Chas. Tuft's (Lancaster, Mass.) smooth-coated St. Bernard bitch Brenner (A.K.R. 706) to the Chequasset Kennel's Hermite (A.K.R. 23), Sept. 19.

WHELPS.

See instructions at head of this column.

Vixen. Messrs. A. H. Wakefield & Co.'s (Providence, R. I.) beagle bitch Vixen (Flute—Queen), Sept. 7, four (two dogs), by their Leader (A.K.R. 319).

Belle. Mr. H. Clay Glover's (New York) imported pointer bitch Belle, Sept. 7, five (two dogs), by Faust II. (A.K.R. 606).

Kitty Wells. The Maple Kennel's (Patterson, N. Y.) pointer bitch Kitty Wells (A.K.R. 1048), Aug. 7, seven (six dogs), by their Fritz (A.K.R. 268); one living.

Queen Vic. Mr. Geo. D. Macdougall's (Brooklyn, N. Y.) black and tan setter bitch Queen Vic, Sept. 24, six (five dogs), by Dr. H. F. Aten's Glen III. (A.K.R. 378); one dog since dead.

Shiela. Mr. John W. Cummings's red Irish setter bitch Shiela (Dick—Lulu II.), Sept. 10, ten (eight dogs), by champion Glencho.

Lulu. Mr. John F. Campbell's (Montreal, Can.) white English terrier bitch Lulu (Victor—Zazel), Aug. 19, ten (five dogs), by Mr. J. F. Scholes's Hornet II. (Hornet—Diamond).

Squaw. Mr. John F. Campbell's (Montreal, Can.) black and tan terrier bitch Squaw (Salford—Nettle), Aug. 21, four (one dog), by Teaser II. (Teaser—Nettle).

Gretchen. Mr. W. B. Vogelsang's (Jersey City, N. J.) dachshund bitch Gretchen, Sept. 10, four (three dogs), by Mr. W. Horner's Pretzel.

Rosa Bonheur. The Fleetfoot Kennel's (Delhi, N. Y.) cocker spaniel bitch Rosa Bonheur, Aug. 13, eight, by their Brag.

Daisy M. The Fleetfoot Kennel's (Delhi, N. Y.) cocker spaniel bitch Daisy M., Aug. 22, four, by their Brag.

Rosa. The Clifton Kennel's (Jersey City, N. J.) pointer bitch Rosa (A.K.R. 1443), Sept. 15, ten (seven dogs), by Beaufort (A.K.R. 694).

Lady Clyde. The Scotch Collie Kennel Club's (Stepney, Conn.) collie bitch Lady Clyde (A.K.R. 883), July 23, eight (four dogs), by their Montrose (A.K.R. 891).

Chloe. The Scotch Collie Kennel Club's (Stepney, Conn.) collie bitch Chloe (King—Janey), Sept. 15, eleven (five dogs), by their Montrose (A.K.R. 891).

Myrtle. Mr. Chas. Schwein's (Cincinnati, O.) beagle bitch Myrtle (A.K.R. 387), July 28, five (four dogs), by Briar (A.K.R. 1244).

Nettie. Mr. Wm. H. Cookson's (Hudson, N. Y.) fox-terrier bitch Nettie (Glamster—Vixen), Aug. 14, five (one dog), by the Surrey Kennel's Flump (A.K.R. 328).

Venus. Mr. E. F. Mansfield's (New Haven, Conn.) rough-coated St.

Bernard bitch Venus (A.K.R. 1453), Aug. 9, five (three dogs), by Mr. Sidney W. Smith's (Leeds, Eng.) Valentine.

SALES.

See instructions at head of this column.
Alhornea. Rough coated St. Bernard dog, whelped July 29, 1884 (Cesar, A.K.R. 22—Daphne, A.K.R. 489), by the Essex Kennel, Andover, Mass., to Mr. A. W. Bennett, Hyde Park, Mass.
Asphodel. Smooth-coated St. Bernard dog, whelped July 29, 1884 (Cesar, A.K.R. 22—Daphne, A.K.R. 489), by the Essex Kennel, Andover, Mass., to the Chequasset Kennel, Lancaster, Mass.
Cesar. Smooth-coated St. Bernard dog, whelped July 29, 1884 (Cesar, A.K.R. 22—Daphne, A.K.R. 489), by the Essex Kennel, Andover, Mass., to the Chequasset Kennel, Lancaster, Mass.
Lorraine. Smooth-coated St. Bernard dog, whelped July 29, 1884 (Cesar, A.K.R. 22—Daphne, A.K.R. 489), by the Essex Kennel, Andover, Mass., to the Chequasset Kennel, Lancaster, Mass.
Psyche. Rough-coated St. Bernard bitch (A.K.R. 1271), by Mr. Henry H. Malletson, Hudson, N. Y., to Mr. George H. Ahrens, Jamestown, N. Y.
Romane. Red Irish setter bitch (A.K.R. 638), by the Ashmont Kennel, Dorchester, Mass., to Mr. Fred J. Mills, North Attleboro, Mass.
Dandy. Pug dog, whelped Aug. 8, 1884 (Napoleon—Beauty), by Mr. Walter D. Peck, New Haven, Conn., to Mr. A. L. Norton, same place.

Lenore. Collie bitch, whelped Feb. 2, 1884, pedigree not given, by the Strawberry Hill Kennel, Leicester, Mass., to Mr. Wm. F. Essex, West Wellington, Conn.
Pedro. Italian greyhound dog, whelped May 15, 1883 (Don—Beauty), by the Strawberry Hill Kennel, Leicester, Mass., to Mr. Frank M. Lamb, same place.

Red Jr. Black and tan collie dog, whelped May 15, 1884 (Garfield—Gatha), by Cloud Bros., Kennet Square, Pa., to Dr. H. M. Perry, Philadelphia, Pa.
Shepherd Boy. Sable and white collie dog (A.K.R. 1023), by Mr. J. D. Shotwell, Rahway, N. J., to Mr. Arthur E. Marsh, New York.

Sir Walter Scott. Scotch deerhound, age and pedigree not given, by Mr. H. W. Smith, Worcester, Mass., to Mr. J. E. Davis, same place.
Giddi. Italian greyhound, whelped July 15, 1884 (A.K.R.), by Mrs. C. A. Derby, Salem, Mass., to the Strawberry Hill Kennel, Leicester, Mass.

Ruby II. Sedge Chesapeake Bay bitch (A.K.R. 149), by Mr. Gard. G. Hammond, New London, Conn., to Mr. John M. Leekley, Galena, Ill.
Snap—Pearl whelps. Italian greyhounds, whelped July 19, 1884, by Mr. E. W. Jester, St. George's, Del., a dog to Mr. George E. Numsen, Baltimore, Md., and one to Mr. W. D. Jackson, Roanoke, Va.

Hero III. Mastiff dog, whelped July 28, 1884 (Hero II—Madge), by the Ashmont Kennel, Boston, Mass., to Mr. V. M. Halketman, Marietta, Pa.
John and Minna. Mastiffs, dog and bitch, whelped July 28, 1884 (Hero II—Madge), by the Ashmont Kennel, Boston, Mass., to Mr. A. Mackenzie Esdaile, Montreal, Can.

Drake. Lemon and white English setter dog (A.K.R. 1058), by Mr. Charles T. Corbin, New Britain, Conn., to Mr. Ezra Woods, Westville, Conn.
Glencoe—Lulu II whelp. Red Irish setter dog, whelped Oct. 15, 1883, by Mr. J. J. Scanlan, Fall River, Mass., to Mr. M. E. Sears, Lafayette, Ind.

Foreman—Ciney Carter whelp. Black, white and tan English setter bitch, by Mr. J. J. Scanlan, Fall River, Mass., to Mr. Wm. Tallman, South Attleboro, Mass.
Glencoe—Lulu II whelps. Red Irish setter dogs, whelped July 5, 1884, by Mr. J. J. Scanlan, Fall River, Mass., one to Mr. Edward Durack, Berlin, Germany; one to Mr. Wm. Tammam, South Attleboro, Mass.; one to Dr. J. E. Abbott, Fall River, Mass., and one to Mr. C. David, Jr., same place.

Cashier—Flake whelps. English setter, whelped June 8, 1884, by Mr. J. J. Scanlan, Fall River, Mass., two blue belton bitches to Mr. Franklin Sumner, Milton, Mass., and two black and white dogs to Mr. W. H. Fuller, New York.

Betty. Liver and white English setter bitch, age not given (Dash II—Lulu II), by Mr. J. J. Scanlan, Fall River, Mass., to Mr. Thomas F. Connolly, Flatbush, L. I.

Xantippe. Leuch belton English setter bitch (A.K.R. 828), by Mr. Thos. F. Connolly, Flatbush, L. I., to Mr. J. J. Scanlan, Fall River, Mass.
Madge. Gordon setter bitch, whelped May, 1884 (Baily's Tom—Nell), by Mr. D. A. Goodwin, Jr., Newburyport, Mass., to Mr. Chas. S. Frazar, New York.

Rose. Blue belton English setter bitch, whelped April, 1878 (Leicester—Nellie), by Mr. G. W. Ballantine, Washingtonville, O., to Mr. E. S. Hawks, Ashfield, Mass.
Margory. Beagle (Duke—Midget), by Mr. W. H. Moller, New York, to Mr. Chas. Schwein, Cincinnati, O.

Grouse Dale. Orange and white English setter dog, 6 yrs. (Waters's Grouse, Daisy male), by Mr. W. A. Buckingham, Norwich, Conn., to Mr. Pierre Lorillard, New York.

PRESENTATIONS.

See instructions at head of this column.
Bong—Lillie whelps. English setters, age and sex not given, by Mr. G. D. Pennington, St. Denis, Baltimore, Md., a black and tan to Mr. A. Frank Byrd, Accomac, Va.; a blue belton to Mr. Wm. Campbell, Tamersville, Va., and a liver and white to Mr. Daniel M. Murray, Baltimore, Md.
Hotspring. Black, white and tan English setter dog, whelped June 8, 1884 (Cashier—Flake), by Mr. J. J. Scanlan, Fall River, Mass., to Dr. E. A. Wood, Pittsburgh, Pa.

DEATHS.

See instructions at head of this column.
Daisy. Beagle bitch (A.K.R. 873), owned by Mr. J. S. Hodges, Beeville, Tex., from distemper.
Beagle Tex. Beagle bitch (A.K.R. 875), owned by Mr. J. S. Hodges, Beeville, Tex.
Ashmont. Red Irish setter dog (A.K.R. 1387), owned by Mr. Chas. S. Davol, Warren, R. I.
Obo Belle. Black cocker spaniel bitch (A.K.R. 1108), owned by Mr. G. N. Leavens, Belleville, Ont.; accidentally crushed between yacht and wharf.
Creole Belle. English setter bitch (A.K.R. 1304), owned by Mr. Edward D. McConnell, Madison, N. J., Sept. 8, from distemper.
Daisy. English setter bitch (A.K.R. 1365), owned by Dr. Spencer M. Nash, New York, Aug. 12.
Olo G. Black cocker spaniel dog (A.K.R. 1314), owned by Mr. A. W. Griffiths, New Market, N. H., Sept. 1.
Don L. Liver cocker spaniel dog (A.K.R. 1310), owned by Mr. W. H. Tuck, Wilkesbarre, Pa., August, from distemper.

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

THE BROKEN N. R. A. RULE.

Editor Forest and Stream:
Having received so many letters since the fall meeting at Creedmoor, asking as to the action of the executive committee relative to the protest against my score of 33 points in the Judd match, I beg space in your columns in which I can reply to all, as I do not know the addresses of the seventy-five marksmen signing the petition. The facts in the case must be thoroughly understood, I write them as briefly as possible. The Judd match, 7 shots at 300yds., my military rifle, was the opening contest of the fall meeting. In this match contestants were allowed re-entries until each had completed three scores. Upon arrival at the range I found my military rifle with the trigger point broken. This necessitated borrowing or not shooting. I preferred the former, borrowed a Sharps and finished two not very satisfactory scores. Then, on the morning of Aug. 4 in the afternoon I met a brother shooter with two rifles in his hands, and borrowed from him the one he had missed the target four times with while shooting two scores in the Judd match (but he had accomplished a good record with the other rifle on his third entry). I used this rifle, that had treated him so badly, to make my third score, accomplished the best record, and stood first for the \$100 cash prize. The marksmen stood fourth on the list then entered a written protest against my score of 33 points, on the grounds that I used a rifle that had before been shot in the same match. The protest against me was sustained, while protests against three others (filed on principle's sake), guilty of the same offense, was "not sustained." The injustice of this decision was what brought the riflemen to the expression of their feelings in the following petition:

To the Executive Committee of the Creedmoor Association:
GENTLEMEN:—We the undersigned, competitors in the Judd and other matches, believe that a gross injustice has been done to W. Milton Farrow by your honorable body in sustaining the protest against his score of 33 points in the Judd match. Inasmuch as the rule infringed was never intended to apply to a match with re-entries,

but was made to prevent collusion between riflemen in matches of one entry only, also the rifle having been used by the other competitor early in the forenoon and by Mr. Farrow late in the afternoon, no advantage could be gained by him in the use of the same. We therefore do not agree with your decision and do hereby petition you to remove the same. [This petition was signed by sixty-six riflemen.—Ed.]

In reply to this the executive committee posted a notice Saturday morning to the effect that "the rule was specific, and as long as Mr. Dolan insists on the protest, which he does, the decision must remain." I then saw Mr. Dolan and, after some conversation, he agreed to enter a written withdrawal of the protest, which he did soon after dinner. This, it would be supposed, must remove all obstacles and the act of gross injustice could then be obliterated from the decision of the executive committee; but no. On Monday morning Mr. Dolan received a communication, written by order of the chairman of the executive committee, Gen. Wingate, that the withdrawal of the protest would not be entertained, and thus that committee are willing to go on record with the decision of seventy-five riflemen that they are committing an act of "gross injustice" against them. They find one marksman guilty and three others innocent, all committing the same offense. I leave it to the riflemen of the country to make comments, the facts are as above.

W. MILTON FARROW.

SPRINGFIELD, Mass., Sept. 22.

[The facts in this case are very simple; really there is but a single fact, which is that Mr. Farrow broke one of the oldest rules of the Association, one which has been on the regulations since June, 1872. It provides that "No two competitors shall shoot in any match with the same rifle." This is plain English, and Mr. Farrow knew the rule well. In the face of it he borrowed a rifle and fired in the match. Subsequent proceedings do not affect the violation in the least. The rule was broken and the fact was ascertained, and thus that committee are willing to go on record with the decision of seventy-five riflemen that they are committing an act of "gross injustice" against them. They find one marksman guilty and three others innocent, all committing the same offense. I leave it to the riflemen of the country to make comments, the facts are as above.]

THOMASTON, Conn., Sept. 27.—The following scores were made at our weekly shoot to-day:

W H Dunbar.....	10	12	10	11	9	10	12	12	10	—108
G A Lemmon.....	10	10	11	9	10	10	11	12	11	—103
B H Suthif.....	9	8	10	10	11	9	10	12	10	—102
A S Hubbard.....	12	8	11	10	9	10	11	10	9	—89
G F North.....	9	10	11	8	12	10	9	11	7	—85
C O Clark.....	10	11	9	10	11	11	11	8	10	—84
C F Williams.....	9	9	11	8	9	10	10	11	8	—84
C I Alling.....	11	7	9	7	9	8	10	12	10	—91
A Fox.....	11	4	0	4	7	6	7	8	5	—70

CINCINNATI vs. INDIANAPOLIS.—A hotly contested and exciting rifle match took place July 21 between the Indianapolis Shooting Association and the Cincinnati Rifle Association on the range of the latter, at the Four-Mile House. The conditions of the match called for twelve men on a side, range of 300yds., off-hand, use of Union target, 30 shots to each man. The day was as perfect for the purpose as could be prayed for by the most ardent devotee of the gun, neither the wind nor the sun interfering with the best possible results. The men were called to the firing pits at promptly 11 o'clock, when firing began by both sides, the end of the first round showing Cincinnati a few points in the lead. The fight then was a close one throughout until Cincinnati was declared the victor by the close score of 51 points.

Cincinnati.																					
Gimble.....	25	22	11	14	20	15	22	23	15	24	20	11	19	18	21	22	24	23	22	20	—384
Drube.....	18	16	23	19	16	23	18	20	21	18	20	17	19	23	18	20	23	23	23	20	—385
Weston.....	12	20	9	23	18	21	11	21	17	20	6	19	21	19	21	20	14	18	15	16	—336
Randall.....	13	23	16	22	24	17	20	7	21	16	19	22	17	13	8	23	17	22	24	—352	
Stevens.....	16	21	22	16	19	23	5	18	24	14	9	19	25	11	14	19	16	21	21	—343	
Hopkins.....	15	23	18	23	17	20	24	21	23	18	18	18	24	13	18	17	15	17	22	—381	
Westheimer.....	23	17	17	12	14	13	15	14	15	16	15	17	14	15	16	10	21	17	18	—375	
Gabelman.....	22	16	20	14	13	18	22	15	14	17	15	14	17	11	19	11	13	19	21	—351	
Best.....	23	23	20	17	16	22	22	15	4	15	22	17	13	17	12	9	14	18	—341		
Dunlap.....	23	15	20	17	12	18	15	14	19	16	23	20	21	24	17	16	12	21	—369		
Bandle.....	20	1	21	20	15	10	21	9	20	17	14	11	17	16	14	8	19	13	17	—297	
Stickles.....	21	18	16	19	10	17	9	6	19	19	11	16	20	14	16	24	9	23	12	—320	

	Indianapolis																			
Marat.....	29	18	18	22	6	20	19	12	14	17	19	15	11	18	13	18	17	12	22	—325
Miller.....	17	18	16	10	22	8	20	21	10	22	14	9	25	19	26	12	21	22	9	—370
Cabalzar.....	18	19	18	19	18	20	17	16	19	20	13	20	13	23	14	18	17	18	—369	
Kiltz.....	12	18	12	16	21	16	10	23	11	18	13	13	13	14	14	0	18	21	—288	
Bretzel.....	20	22	16	18	18	16	18	15	20	22	18	6	22	21	21	22	24	21	—476	
Eckel.....	11	14	10	14	17	18	17	17	13	17	14	17	22	21	13	18	0	12	—301	
Mazp.....	9	14	16	17	16	16	20	24	22	22	20	19	3	10	16	23	8	23	—423	
Zopf.....	20	17	17	12	14	8	21	7	19	16	15	17	16	10	8	1	2	—273		
Maus.....	11	17	9	19	15	25	16	25	16	24	23	25	14	16	17	17	18	—362		
Martin.....	20	21	16	17	13	19	16	17	18	17	18	20	18	17	23	23	11	16	—365	
Walters.....	21	15	20	24	18	21	19	23	18	20	12	15	22	12	14	18	17	—347		
Alexander.....	17	20	25	22	22	19	12	19	18	22	18	10	21	16	12	17	—391			

GARDNER, Mass., Sept. 26.—The Gardner Rifle Club's Hackmatack Range is one of the best in the State, and its members take an interest in rifle practice. They are also interested in the Militia Company F, Second Regiment M. V. M., recently organized in this town. The State has arranged for a series of matches and are in various ways fostering an interest in rifle practice. The members of Company F were looking for a place near home and have been tendered by the rifle club a part of the club's house at Hackmatack, which has been accepted, and the soldier boys have turned to and reshelged the building, and now they are out there every chance they can get practicing. Some who have witnessed their work and energy have a hope that they will capture the prize at the State military rifle competition next month.

BOSTON, Sept. 27.—The fine autumn weather of to-day drew a goodly number of riflemen to Walnut Hill. The shooting conditions were fair, but the southwest wind was sufficiently gusty to prevent the recording of brilliant scores in the rest match. Appended are the results of the day's shooting.

C E Berry.....	5554545444	C F Buffum (mil.).....	4244444433	—37
H Cushing.....	5545444444	F W Hodgdon (mil.).....	3434342444	—36
H A Lewis (mil.).....	5554444444	H B Hodges (mil.).....	4443433333	—35
F V Fowle (mil.).....	4446393444	W H Morton (mil.).....	5433433332	—34

W Charles.....	5355555555	J F Hollis.....	4455445445	—45
H Cushing.....	5555555545	C F Chapin.....	4455554445	—45
H Adams.....	5544555544	R Gordon.....	5555554445	—45
O M Jewell.....	5455554444	H Cushing.....	4445444444	—42

Rest Match.
S Wilder..... 10 10 10 10 7 10 10 8 10 —65
F Sargent..... 9 10 10 8 10 8 10 9 10 —62
N Brown..... 8 10 10 10 9 10 10 9 10 —62
J B Fellows..... 10 8 10 9 9 8 10 8 10 —60
L Gardner..... 9 8 10 9 9 8 8 10 10 —69
G Warren..... 9 10 9 10 10 10 10 6 7 —59
R Davis..... 7 10 9 8 10 8 10 7 10 —87
E B Souther..... 9 10 8 6 10 6 8 10 9 —62
The Massachusetts Rifle Association will hold its fall meeting, Oct. 6 and 7. The executive committee will be H. R. Rockwell, J. Bates, J. A. Frye, William Gerrish and J. B. Fellows; executive officer, J. B. Fellows; statistical officer, J. E. Leach. There will be four matches opening each day at 9 A. M., as follows:
1. 200-yd. match, Creedmoor target, open to all comers, distance 200yds., position, standing, rifle any within the rules, rounds 5; entries unlimited, entry fee 50 cents, four scores to count, absolute ties to be decided by the next highest score made outside the four rounding scores. Prizes as follows: 1, cash, \$40; 2, cash, \$25; 3, gold medal, manufactured by Hayes Brothers, Newark, N. J.; \$25; 4, ice pitcher (dilling) with goblet, \$20; 5, M. R. A. cup, \$18; 6, Sharps military rifle, \$16; 7, Victory medal (silver), \$15, and 25 others, to the total value of \$348.

2. 200-yd. match, decimal target, open to all comers, 200yds., standing, rounds 5, victory medal, at \$1, and all three scores to count, prizes 60 per cent. of the entrance fee, divided into seven parts.
3. Decimal target at rest, 200yds., rounds 5, any position or rest, any rifle under 12 pounds without telescopic sights, entries same as in March 1, prizes to be won on the aggregate of each competitor's best four scores. First prize, victory medal (silver); second, victory medal (bronze), and six other prizes made up of 35 per cent. of the entrance fees.

4. Military Match—Open to all members of any regularly organized company of State militia, 200yds., standing, rifle, Springfield, such as are furnished by the State to the Massachusetts Volunteer militia, trigger pull 6 pounds, rounds 5, Creedmoor target, entries unlimited, entry fee 50 cents each, three scores to count. Prizes in this match, consisting of victory badges of gold, silver and bronze, will be awarded as follows: To any competitor making three scores of 21 or more a gold badge, to any competitor making three scores of 20 or more a silver badge, to any competitor making three scores of 19 or more a bronze badge. No competitor can win more than one badge.

MANCHESTER, N. H.—The Rifle Association will hold a fall meeting on Oct. 16, 17 and 18. The programme includes: 1. 200yds. match, Creedmoor target, open to all comers. Position, standing, rifle, any within the rules. Military rifle of bona fide pattern, minimum pull of trigger six pounds, open sights. In accordance with the regu-

lation pattern, allowed six points per score. Rounds, 7. Entries, unlimited. Entry fee, \$1. Re-entries, 50 cents each. Winners of prizes to be decided by the aggregate of the best three scores counted as one continuous score. A perfect score of 105 cannot be beaten. \$175 in 17 prizes. 2. 200yds. match, Creedmoor target. Open to club members only. Conditions the same as in Match No. 1, with the exception that it is a handicap match, with entry fee 50 cents and re-entries 25 cents each. \$66 in 14 prizes. 3. 200yds. match, German target. Open to all comers. 200yds., any rifle allowed; rounds, 5; entry fee, \$1; re-entries, 50 cents each. \$5 per cent. of entrance fees in 7 prizes. E. J. Knowlton is the secretary of the club.

DENVER, Col., Sept. 21.—At the regular weekly shoot of the Rount Rifles to-day there were present, besides the regular members, Sergt. A. W. Stay of the Ninth Infantry, United States Army, and Messrs. G. W. Lower, J. N. Lower, and H. W. Davis, of the Governor's Guard. Sergt. Stay is the crack shot of Fort Russell, and is now on his way to his post from Fort Leavenworth, where he competed in the recent army matches and won some prizes. The day was good and some fair scores were put up, as follows:

First Match.		
T Stone.....	4444444455	—42
A W Peterson.....	4444444444	—41
W Anderson.....	4444444444	—41
W Maguire.....	3455554445	—42
J N Lower.....	4444334444	—38
J W Lower.....	4434445544	—42

Second Match.—Lower 44, Stay 43, Peterson 42, Lower 42, Davis 42, Stone 42, Anderson 41, Maguire 40, Sil 39.

Third Match.—Lower 43, Anderson 42, Stay 42, Stone 41, Peterson 41, Lower 40.

CREEDMOOR.—The October and November programme at the N. R. A. range provides the following matches:
Off-Hand.—Oct. 8.—All comers match, 200 and 300yds., seven shots at each distance, any rifle. Entrance fee, 50c. to members of the N. R. A., to others \$1. Prizes the value of \$50 given at each match.

The Champion Marksman's Class Match.—Oct. 4, 11, 15 and 25.—To all members of the N. G. S. N. Y., and members of the N. R. A., 200 and 500yds., five shots at each distance, Remington rifle.
The "Qualification" Match of 1884.—Oct. 4, 11, 15 and 25.—Open to members N. G. S. N. Y., and N. R. A., 100 and 300yds., five shots at each distance with any military rifle.
Any Rifle Long Range Match.—Oct. 18.—Any rifle, 20 shots at 900yds. and 25 at 1,000yds.

Military Rifle Long Range Match.—Oct. 29.—Open to military rifles only, 600, 800 and 1,000yds., 10 shots at each.

The Champion Marksman's Match.—Nov. 5.—200 and 500yds., five shots at each distance, Remington rifle. Open to winners of champion marksman's class match.

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 14.—The sixth and last meeting of the California Wing-Shooting Club this season took place at San Bruno to-day. The day was calm and sunny. There was not as large an attendance of marksmen as had been expected. Robinson and Fay shot well, neither missing one out of his dozen birds. Both were obliged to employ their second round on the eleventh shot. Walsh was in better trim than he had been for some

them will improve your shooting in the field. I have never shot as well as I am now doing nearly every day on ruffed grouse, and I have shot at a great many clay-pigeons since last fall. C. M. S. DUNBARTON, N. H.

WORCESTER, Mass., Sept. 25.—There was a shooting tournament to-day under the auspices of the Worcester Sportsmen's Club, at Coal Mine R. nge. Of late the men who have indulged in this the most manly of sports have objected to furnishing a record of their work, while many shoot under an assumed name, as though it was a disgrace to them. They forget that no man can be a good rifleman who is not a strictly sober man, temperate in all his habits, a man whose nerves are steady. It is, without doubt, a health-giving recreation and one that recommends itself to all. Among the visitors to-day were C. G. Tidbury, J. H. Cole and Thomas Andrews, of Ashland; C. H. DeKochmont, of Newburyport; H. H. Francis and C. Wilbur, of Brockton; C. W. Thayer, George J. Cranford, George Cary, H. Palmer and A. J. Harris, of Providence. The principal event was the grand prize match, 10 clay-pigeons for each man, for a purse of \$25, which was the first prize, the other four prizes were the entrance money divided. There were 26 entries. The prize was secured by Mr. C. B. Holden, of this city.

FALL RIVER, MASS., SEPT. 18.—A return match between the New Bedford and Fall River Gun clubs; 15 glass balls, and 15 clay-pigeons per man, 18 yds. rise.

New Bedford.	Fall River.
Smith.....10111110011011-11	000010110001000-5-16
F. A. Fen.....11110000010.011-7	10111000111110-10-17
Butts.....1110110110100-10	1111111010.011-11-21
Pierce.....1100001111101-10	110111111101-12-22
Tone.....0101011101111-12	1111011001101-11-22
Scott.....11111111101010-12	111101111111-12-26

Fall Rivers.

Balls.	Birds.
Wood.....1100010.011011-7	011111100001100-8-15
Ne. us.....00111100110111-10	1101111100000-5-18
Al. n.....1101101111111-12	11011010101010-8-20
Br. gam.....1101101111111-12	1101101111111-12-22
Br. f.....001010100110110-8	110111111111-12-22
Hall.....1110111101111-13	1100111011111-12-25

The rest of the afternoon was pleasantly spent in sweepstakes shooting.

Sept. 24.—Match between J. B. Valentine, of Providence, and J. H. Congdon, of Newport, at 18 yds., 100 clay-pigeons each. Valentine allowing Congdon 15 birds. The birds were the worst lot we ever saw, being very hard and dark colored, and being thrown very low made the shooting very difficult.

Valentine—	Congdon—
1110110111000101010010-15	000111000101111110101-15
1110110111111010101010-16	110110000001010101010-16
011110110110101000-16	00111011011110010111-17
1101101000100001011110-13-60	010101011100101010010-12

Match for \$5 a side, 5 clay-pigeons—Valentine 4, Congdon 4. Match, same conditions—Valentine 4, Congdon 3. Match, same conditions, 10 glass balls—Valentine 9, Congdon 7. Match for \$1 a side, 6 glass balls—Valentine 4, Congdon 3. A number of sweeps were shot before and after the above matches.

SACRAMENTO, Sept. 14.—At Agricultural Park there was a good attendance to witness the monthly shoot of the Forester Gun Club, which resulted as follows:

Todd, 26 yds.....11111011001-8	O Miller, 26 yds.....01110110111-9
Watson, 26 yds.....11111011001-8	V. V. V. 26 yds.....10011010100-6
Russell, 17 yds.....11011011001-8	J. Gerber, 36 yds.....11111111011-11
Edkhardt, 26 yds.....01001110111-8	J. Kane, 26 yds.....11101101000-7
Scotch, 26 yds.....11111111001-10	Tebbens, 26 yds.....10100011111-7
H. Gerber, 26 yds.....01111111111-11	Zuver, 26 yds.....11011101101-9

The tie on 11 was shot off at double birds, Henry Gerber winning with a clean score.

Pool-shooting was then in order, the first match being at five birds, \$2.50 entrance, and the second at 10, \$5.00 entrance.

Todd 4, H. Gerber 5, McIntosh 5, McGinnis 4, Parrott 5, Zuver 4, F. Bassford 4. The tie on 5 divided the money.

Next came a freeze-out, with the following result, the entrance being \$2.50: H. Gerber 1, McGinnis 3, Parrott 5, F. Bassford 6, Carothers 0, Zuver 6, W. E. Gerber 1, Watson 3. Bassford and Zuver divided.

WELLINGTON, Mass., Sept. 27.—At the shoot of the Malden Gun Club at Wellington to-day, Mr. Scott lost the gold medal to Mr. Hathaway. The other events were as follows:

First event—Snow first, Hathaway and Nichols divided second, Adams third.

Second event—Snow and Walton divided first, Scott and Brown divided second, Adams and Hathaway divided third.

Third event—Pratt first, Snow second, Walton third.

Fourth event—Hathaway and Pratt divided first, Adams and Brown divided second, Scott third.

Fifth event—Hathaway first, Adams second.

Sixth event—Adams first, Scott second.

Seventh event—Hathaway first, Brown second.

Eighth event—Hathaway first, Brown second.

Ninth event—Hathaway first, Scott second, Nichols and Adams divided third.

Tenth event—Scott first, Lewis second, Nichols and Adams divided third.

Seventh event—Hathaway first, Walton and Scott divided second, Adams and Brown divided third.

The annual fall tournament of the club was fixed for Tuesday, Sept. 31.

CONNECTICUT MEDAL SHOOT.—The individual State medal was won by Carey, of the Spencer Gun Club, at Windsor, Sept. 24. Next State shoot will be at Milford, Oct. 8—J. F. I.

Canoeing.

CANOEISTS are invited to send us notes and full reports of cruises, club meets, information about canoeable waters, and other communications of interest.

Secretaries of canoe clubs are requested to send to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with name, membership, signals, etc. of their clubs, and also notices in advance of meetings and races, and reports of the same. Canoeists and all interested in canoeing are requested to forward to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses—long letters, if cruises, trips, and information concerning their local waters, drawings or descriptions of boats and fittings, and all items relating to the sport.

FIXTURES.

Oct. 4.—New York C. C., Fall Races.
Oct. 9.—Rochester C. C., Fall Races at Irondequoit Bay.

PITTSBURGH C. C. FALL REGATTA.

THE fall regatta of the Pittsburgh C. C. was held on the afternoon of Thursday, Sept. 25, under the management of Messrs. G. A. Howe, W. H. Nimitz and C. F. Holshup, all of whom are temporarily without canoes. Owing to various causes, but six contestants entered the sailing race, being divided as follows:

CLASS A.

Marguerite.....G. H. Smith.....14½×23	
Nirvana.....A. K. Nimick.....14×27½	

CLASS B.

Lorna.....J. K. Hakewell.....14×29½	
Mary C.....W. H. Rea.....14½×35	
Whiffler.....W. E. Woodwell.....14×30	
Ka hua.....R. W. Boney.....14½×31	

Being ready for Class A was sent off in the lead, the larger boats following some 25 minutes later. The course was from the Sixth Street Suspension Bridge southwesterly down the Allegheny to its mouth, thence west down the Ohio to a stake boat anchored in mid-stream and return, a distance of about two and a half miles. The wind, being westerly, was across the Allegheny, which made it very difficult to pull in the river, but was quite steady for our waters in the Ohio. The two Class A boats carried about 65 ft. of canvas each, Marguerite using two setsails, while Nirvana had a balanced lug main and settee dandy. The sailing wind compelled them to beat all the way to the turning point, and after one or two tacks the Nirvana drew ahead slightly, holding the lead to the Union B. k. at mouth of the Allegheny, where her opponent was becalmed for a time—long enough to give Nirvana a lead which was never recovered, for the smaller canoe carried her big press of sail beautifully and won, with something to spare, her time over the course being 55m., which would have been less but for being partly becalmed on the run home.

The four B canoes were not so evenly matched in sail area, two of

them being badly handicapped. Lorna and Katrina had each about 75 ft. of canvas, giving a fair mainsail (similar to that of Lorna's) to the extent of a set bar at least) and the latter a mizzen, also the result of the '84 meet, while both used settee dandies. The others were provided only with cruising lateens, Mary C., 37 ft. and Whiffler, 43 ft. Lorna got the best of the start, and was rather favored by the wind for the first quarter mile, but did not make the most of her advantages, allowing Katrina to work over toward the weather shore on the free puffs, and so getting in a long leg when the wind settled back to the old quarter. Lorna also got into difficulties through ballast shifting in a puff, while Katrina, not being bothered by any such cargo, went away and established a long lead to the buoy, which was increased on the run back to starting point, which she reached in 47 minutes, Lorna came in second, and Whiffler third, all being considerably strung out.

The day was brought to a close by a free-for-all paddling race with following entries:

Lady Jane.....Woodwell.....14	×28
Flotam.....Singer.....14½×27	
Nirvana.....Nimick.....14	×27½
Katrina.....Bailey.....14½×31	
Electa.....Bakewell.....14	×36
Mary C.....Rea.....14½×30	

Three of the contestants had secured smaller canoes than those they had sailed, and these three at once went to the front, Flotam and Lady Jane paddling side by side with Electa nearly an open length in advance. Nirvana held her own to the turn, while the two larger boats, of course, fell to the rear. The turn (a pier of Union Bridge) was reached, and the mark was being sailed with a rudder made a wide turn and was passed by the other three class A boats. Her crew was unlucky in sliding off his seat shortly a toward and soopped paddling, but after Katma came along and passed he concluded to resume, but had lost too much space to recover, the finish being in the order given above, Lady Jane's time for the distance—about 1½ miles, being 55m., Mary C. was handicapped by a deep keel, and took it easy from the turn to finish. The prizes were all flags.

Nirvana having challenged the winner of class B, a free-for-all sail will probably be held next week.

NEW YORK C. C. FALL REGATTA, OCT. 4.

WITH a strong southeast wind and the tide from the Kills setting rapidly down the Bay, sea is kicked up which makes canoe sailing not only exciting for the older hands but dangerous for inexperienced sailors. The tide rips about the mouth of the Kills, and especially off Buoy 17, were really formidable for small boats, and in the other parts of the course the water was very rough. Before the start several canoes capsized, so that the number of starters for the sailing race was decreased to eight. The course was changed from around Buoy 17 and a mark on the Jersey flats to a shorter course around the latter only, a canal boat anchored about three-quarters of a mile to leeward off Constable Hook. The starters were:

CLASS B.

Guenn.....Commodore Whitlock.....15	×31
.....C. B. Vaux.....14	×30
.....J. Stevens.....14	×33
.....B. Curtis.....14	×30
.....E. C. Delavan, Jr.....14	×30
.....C. L. Norton.....16	×30
.....A. C. McMurray.....14	×31
.....M. V. Brokaw.....14	×30

Psyché.....Vice-Commodore C. K. Munroe.....14 6×28

Sails were reefed down and ballast stowed aboard, and off they went at 4:05 P. M. before a lively blow from the Narrows. Dot was first in trouble, lowering sail at a time, her rudder line having parted; but her crew were all off quickly, the line tied, and sails up again. Guenn did excellently in the rough water, but went out of her way toward Buoy 17 for a time. Several gave up, owing to the sea, and paddled home. Dot came in first at 4:51, with Guenn at 4:51, Tramp and Psyché coming in later.

The paddling race for Class 4 was next called, with four starters, some being still out with the sailing race.

.....T. Garrett.....Bayonne C. C.	
.....F. B. Collins.....Bayonne C. C.	
.....W. P. Stephens.....New York C. C.	
.....M. V. Brokaw.....New York C. C.	

The course was three-quarters of a mile, with turn, from the float around the black spar buoy. The Gus won in 6m. 30s., with Milt second, in 6m. 45s.

Two canoes only entered the tandem race:

.....G. Hurd and T. Garrett.....B. C. C.	
.....V. H. Collins and V. B. Collins.....B. C. C.	

The course was the same as before. Ella won in 5m. 45s., with Kelpie second, in 5m. 48s.

The final race was for Class 2 canoes, with three starters, over the same course:

.....A. C. McMurray.....N. Y. C. C.	
.....W. P. Stephens.....N. Y. C. C.	
.....E. Gould.....N. Y. C. C.	

Lark won, after a close race, in 6m., with Fanita second, in 6m. 35. The latter races were interfered with by the sailing race, most of the canoeists being too tired to paddle and their boats being wet or disabled from the upsets. It is questionable whether a long sailing race is a desirable feature of a general regatta, as visitors who are unacquainted with the tides are apt to be carried off so fast that it is late when they get in, often after a hard paddle, by which time they are disinclined to enter paddling races. A programme of paddling races, canoe gymnastics, upset races, etc., would prove more amusing to the lady friends who are all-ays present, than a long and often tedious sailing race in which they are not specially interested, and to which the other races are usually sacrificed.

IS CANOEING A DANGEROUS SPORT?

THE drowning of a canoeist in Springfield, Mass., lately, has given occasion for a wholesale condemnation of the sport by a writer to the Springfield Republican, which, with the reply of ex-Commodore Nickerson, we publish below. In regard to the case in question this letter leaves little to be said, but the subject is one of vital interest, not only to the active friends and patrons of the sport, but to many who will some day take it up, and above all to those who, while not canoeists themselves, should, as parents or guardians, for some opinion of its merits.

In addition to the facts cited by Mr. Nickerson, we learn that Mr. Reed had been subject to fainting fits, and had several times fainted in his canoe; and when the body was found, after being in the water for three days, not a particle of water was found in the stomach. We may also add that the anonymous writer of the letter has not accepted Mr. Nickerson's invitation to investigate canoeing:

The Editor of The Republican:

The untimely death of Mr. Reed suggests the question whether the amusement of sailing on our river ought not to be discontinued. For the citizens of an inland city the art of navigation by sails is valueless in the eye of utility and as an amusement serves as such practical and mainly purpose as the more active amusement of bicycling, rowing, riding or even ball. These develop the muscular strength and physical vitality, the other is merely a dangerous way of taking an airing. It is dangerous because any amusement is such in which a reasonable amount of skill does not almost, if not quite, insure safety. The sail of a small craft is a treacherous thing which may at any moment place the careful and skilled navigator in the mercy of the waves, as shown, if it were not known already, by the accident that the Republican has already recorded as having befallen the sailing craft of two of our citizens before this fatal catastrophe. Public sentiment has a right to condemn an amusement which needlessly deprives the community of the services of young men who, like Mr. Reed and Mr. Newell, were fitted to lead useful lives, and the Springfield Canoe Club is placed to the disadvantage. Although sailing amusement and probably not all combined show a record of two deaths from this locality in as many years, Mr. Reed was for several years a wanderer and as used to the water as a duck. In his life he was unselfish, and beside his good example, was actively engaged in the work of benevolence. His death, like that of young Newell, should be deplored as an avoidable sacrifice to a mode of recreation which it is the policy of this community to discourage.

To the Editor of The Republican:

The article in your edition of the 15th regarding canoeing is rather severe, and, although well meant, is undoubtedly from one who is not conversant with the history of the sport, the danger to public safety, and the amusement it affords. The danger to public safety is not in the fact that people every year, while engaged in any of our varied sports, Mr. Reed was not one of our members, yet his loss is deeply regretted by every Springfield C. C. man. His family and friends have our sincere sympathy, but it is not the fact and fatal result of which we write, it is the general attack upon the sport, the danger to public safety, and the amusement it affords. The question is not whether canoeing is dangerous, but was Mr. Reed in a condition to engage in any pastime, and would not the result have been the same had our young friend been engaged in any exciting sport like rowing, bicycling, horseback or carriage riding, playing at base ball, tennis, polo or even exercising in the quiet gymnasium of the Armory Hill Christian Association? From

evidence collected since my return from Canada and from past experience I feel justified in saying it would have been.

An accident having befallen him, his doctor ordered him back riding as the only remedy for his ailment. A horse was bought and suitable instruction received, and yet the third out-door rule resulted in his death. Still we see young ladies and gentlemen riding rapidly through our streets even after dark, in a reckless manner, without comment. The press have been for a long time urging the public use of bath houses, that all may have a chance to learn the art of swimming, a fit and worthy thing for this city to do at once, yet last year and this we have known several well trained swimmers to be drowned in our river, to say nothing of the hundreds of victims at watering places. Look at fatal results in rowing, yachting, base ball, bicycling, polo and tennis; read the list of steamship horrors, railroad disasters, etc., wherein the public have ventured merely for an outing, not a business trip; still hundreds of our citizens are preparing to visit Nantasket this week. Are excursions to be condemned? Will the death of the late Dr. Jacobs call for public condemnation of those most worthy Raymond excursions? If your correspondent desires it we will compare the fatal results in base ball, bicycling, or even driving with those of canoeing. When returning from the annual camp of the American Canoe Association the steamer Rothery ran down a skiff, drowning a woman and severely injuring her male companion. That same evening, however, I saw hundreds of skiffs darting here and there without a call for public condemnation. A skiff is from 35 to 48 in. beam, from 18 to 22 ft. in length, of peculiar shape and build, and is acknowledged the safest of boats. We fully demonstrated last week that the canoe is safe in wind and wave where the skiff sought shelter. Why does your correspondent say: "Canoe sailing does not develop muscular strength and physical vitality?" It proves his ignorance upon the subject, for the fact is just the opposite. It does not require as much skill to keep a canoe upright as a bicycle. Ask your family physician how many "bill" boys he has treated for "head-ers," ruptures, etc., and you will find the list a long one.

Regarding the skill of Mr. Reed as a sailor, we will not deny the fact of his "sea voyage," his "being like a duck in the water," his ability to act carefully under the command of his superior officer in hauling a tack or the main or royal brace, etc., but when it is said that Mr. Reed, by himself, was a skilled sailor, I must take exception to the statements, and so do others who have seen him sail up and down our river, and on the coast. We call him a sailor, but we never asked him to either lower sail or go ashore. To say his canoe was not safe is wrong, for the original owner went to Saybrook and returned several times and once crossed the Sound. We have been exceedingly unfortunate in canoeing, we admit, which leads your correspondent to say that "not all combined sports in this locality can be made as safe as sailing."

To those who condemn canoeing we would kindly offer the privilege of becoming thoroughly informed upon the subject; let the sport stand on its merits. The modern canoe cannot be sunk when filled with water, loaded with ordinary camp equipments, and the captain on board. The air-tight compartments make her a life boat. Ordinary sailing and paddling is not dangerous, but crowding 125 to 150 square feet of sail on 14 feet by 5½ in. beam canoe is dangerous in the hands of a novice. Fifty feet of sail is the usual outfit for 14 feet by 31-inch canoes. Mr. Reed had less than 25 square feet in his sail. The S. Ringfield C. C. does not allow new members to sail at first. They are coached by older members more or less the first season with small rigs, the same as the last instructor in horseback and heavy riding, roller skating, polo, etc., and it is only after they have confidence and experience. In justice to the club and to the sport, will your correspondent make an appointment with the undersigned to thoroughly investigate canoeing, its dangers and its benefits, compare it with other sports, and learn more of Mr. Reed as a canoeist, his physical condition and his skill as a sailor?

F. A. NICKERSON.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS., AUG. 19.

CANOEING ON THE CONNECTICUT.

SIX and one-half miles above this city the picturesque and beautiful Farmington River mingles its waters with the broad Connecticut. Arising in the mountains to the westward the first mentioned stream flows by a devious course, sometimes directly to the south and again in a needle line to the north, plunging through steep ravines and over high precipices, until at length it assumes a placid countenance and passes onward with a gentle current to the larger river.

The Farmington has long been a favorite resort with the members of the Hartford C. C., and seldom in canoeing season does a week pass without the members of the club spending at least a few days at the points of interest along its banks—the State fish hatchery at Poquonunc, four miles up the stream, which may be reached under paddle, except in very dry seasons. There is also fair fishing; perch are quite plentiful, and occasional black bass and trout are taken. Near the mouth of the river a good ring of the despised but delicious, when properly cooked, "blue head" can be caught at any time. Among the fish also, in the season, "chock full" of that luxury, the lamprey eel. For the fowler there are black ducks and grebe, and snipe and woodcock are occasionally shot in the river bottoms.

As southerly winds prevail in the Connecticut valley from April until November, the "run" to the Farmington from Hartford can be made at almost any time, from an hour to an hour and a half, and as there is plenty of "blue room" in the Connecticut, being home again to windward is not a difficult matter, or if this prove tedious, the current in the river eddies materially to speed under paddle. Last year Hartford canoeists were wont to rendezvous in a deserted fish house on the south bank of the Farmington, a half mile from its mouth. This edifice, euphronically entitled the Hotel Brunswick, was almost swept away by the floods last spring, and until a week ago the club was without refuge from the night air at their favorite resort. Recently, however, through the efforts of Commodore Jones, a new house has been built, and on Saturday last it was formally opened by a "house warming."

The new house is located on a high bluff on Old Point Comfort, but a short distance from the mouth and on the north bank of the river. It is a plain plank "shanty" about the size of an omnibus and like a bus it has always room for one more. Near by is a grove of trees affording shelter and fire wood, while from the door of the cabin fine views up and down the Connecticut attract the eye. At the opening on Saturday six of the Hartford club, under command of the commodore, were present, and the camp-fire was one of the old-fashioned and comfortable kind. On Sunday Messrs. Shedd and Boller, of the Springfield Club, came down the river and joined the camp. They were greeted with a hearty welcome and accompanied the local club members to Hartford. The new house was voted a decided success and much enjoyment anticipated from it during the next two months. Should any brother canoeists find their way to the Connecticut they may be sure of a cordial greeting at the Farmington.

The Hartford club is well pleased with its work there for this season. Several members attended the A. C. A. meet and came back loaded with new ideas, which are even now being put into effect. Many cruises have been made up and down the Connecticut and along the Sound from which the Hartford New Haven waters are about twice as much travelled on the secretary's list and several new ones will be built during the winter. On Oct. 4, a fall club meet will probably be held at Glen Grove, twenty-five miles down the river. MANUSCRIPT.

HARTFORD, SEPT. 24.

THE GALLEY FIRE.

CANOE AND CAMP COOKERY.

VIII.—MISCELLANEOUS.

Boiled Rice.—Pick one pound of rice over carefully and wash it clean in one or two cold waters, then drain and put it into a pot containing four quarts of boiling water, and add four teaspoonsful of salt, cover with the lid, and boil for half an hour. When the water is salt, cover the pot, empty the rice, wipe out the pot, sprinkle a little salt over the bottom of it and rub it with a dry cloth, finally empty it over the salt, replacing the rice and setting the pot near the fire for fifteen minutes longer to let the rice dry and swell. If a larger pot is at hand a better way after the rice has boiled fifteen minutes is to drain it as above, then pour the boiling water in the larger pot, set it on the fire, and let the water boil, which should be kept in the larger one and set over the fire and the rice allowed to steam thoroughly dry, which will take about fifteen minutes.

Cracked Wheat. To one quart of the wheat add one tablespoonful of salt, and soak over night in cold water enough to cover it. In the morning put the wheat with the water in a pot, and cook in one to one and one-half hour—stirring frequently to prevent scorching. When necessary to replenish the water add boiling water.

Hominy Grits may be cooked the same as cracked wheat, but course hominy requires too long boiling to be useful on a canoeing trip.

Corneal Mush.—To prevent the meal from lumping mix it first with enough cold water to make a thin batter, then pour the batter into the boiling water gradually, so as not to splash it, stirring it with a stick. Put in a tablespoonful of salt and let it boil half an hour, stirring continuously. The mush should be made thick, and the thickness of the mass may be regulated by adding more water, or more boiling water, as the case may require. Fried Mush.—Put an inch thick and fry brown on both sides in pork fat or butter. If fried in lard add a little salt.

or, each slice may be dipped into beaten egg (salted), then into bread or cracker crumbs and fried.

Oatmeal mush is cooked the same as cornmeal mush, but must be sprinkled dry in a boiling water.

Eggs are so simple to cook that not much need be printed here concerning them; but a word or two may not be out of place concerning

Poached Eggs. Into a frying pan nearly full of boiling water containing a teaspoonful of salt, slip carefully the eggs one by one, breaking each previously into a cup. Keep them on the surface of the water, if possible, and boil gently three or four minutes, dipping up some of the water with a spoon and pouring it over the tops of the eggs. Serve on toast.

Johnny Cake.—Put one quart of cornmeal into a deep dish, mix in two teaspoonfuls of salt and pour in sufficient warm (not scalding) water or milk to make thick batter; add two tablespoonfuls of melted lard, beat up thoroughly and bake in the tins described in a former paper for half an hour, having plenty of hot coals. Do not fail to have the tins well greased, so that the dough will not stick, and do not have the water or milk not enough to scald the meal.

Hoe Cakes.—The above batter, thinned down with more warm water or milk, may be fried the same as slapjacks.

Baking Powder Biscuits.—Put one quart of flour into a deep vessel, mix into it two large teaspoonfuls of baking powder* and a teaspoonful of salt; then rub in one small tablespoonful of lard or butter, lessening the amount of salt if the latter is used, and add enough cold water or milk to make a soft dough. Handle as little as possible, but roll into a sheet about three quarters of an inch thick, and cut into round cakes with an empty tin cup. Lay the biscuits close together in a well-greased tin, and bake a few minutes in the coals, as described before.

Camp Bread was described in the introductory paper of this series. **Slapjacks.**—To properly cook slapjacks the frying pan should be perfectly clean and smooth inside. If it is not, too much grease is required for cooking. Scrape it after each panful is cooked, and then daily occasional greasing will be required, and this is best done with a clean rag containing butter. When the batter is poured in it should be distributed as evenly as possible, and when the cake is cooked firm on one side, turn it and cook on the other.

Corn Meal Slapjacks.—One quart sour milk and one teaspoonful of so. a in enough hot water to dissolve it, or one quart water and one teaspoonful of baking powder, two teaspoonfuls salt, two eggs beaten. Mix in enough meal to make a thin batter, and cook in a hot pan.

Wheat Cakes.—Make as above, except using wheat flour, and add instead of the baking powder, one heaping tablespoonful of melted lard or butter, thoroughly stirred in.

"Long John's" Pancakes.—One quart flour, one teaspoonful of salt, three heaping teaspoonfuls of baking powder, three teaspoonfuls of sugar, two eggs, the yolks beaten light, the whites to a stiff froth, enough water or milk to make a thin batter; cook at once.

SENECA.

*Those who condemn "Nessmuk's" large allowance of baking powder in his bread recipe should first ascertain what make of the article he uses. Some baking powder is twice as strong as others; therefore, the printed directions on the can should always be followed.

MUSHROOMS AND EDIBLE FUNGI.

Editor Forest and Stream:—Allow me to correct a very prevalent error in your "Galley Fire" article on mushrooms. In issue of Sept. 11 you say: "Finally, if a white peeled onion cooked with them turns black, or if a silver spoon with which they are stirred while cooking turns black, don't eat them."

No statement can be more absurdly erroneous or dangerous. Washing my own pot on a knowledge and experience in eating mushrooms and more than thirty other varieties of fungus for a period of thirty years, I will quote Badham's "Esculent Funguses," page 43, as follows:

"The old and very general practice adopted by cooks of dressing funguses with a silver spoon (which is supposed to become tarnished only when the juices are of a deleterious quality), is an error which cannot be too generally known and exposed, as it is especially on the Continent, have been and still are sacrificed to it annually."

The fact is that perfectly edible, wholesome and very palatable mushrooms and other fungi will sometimes, when cooked, turn an onion or anything else cooking with them a blackish color. In the case of the spoon it would merely indicate free sulphur. As to the distinguishing points, Badham says, page 40: "The first thing to know about funguses is that in the immense majority of cases they are harmless, the innocuous and esculent kinds being the rule, the poisonous the exceptions."

I will advise the writer of that article to examine into Badham's "Esculent Funguses of England" or Cooke and Berkley's "Fungi: The Nature and Uses," and especially Cooke's "Handbook of British Fungi," which is just a good for this section of the world as for Great Britain. A. GALPIN.

APPLETON, Wis., Sept. 22, 1884.

ROCHESTER C. C.—**Editor Forest and Stream:** The third race of the Rochester C. C. in the series for the Andrews cup occurred at the Aqueduct Bay, Sept. 25. The classes were: Prudence, Wisnet, class 1; Mabel, class 2; Stewart, class 3; Eleanor, Angie, class 4; Huff, class 5; Bertha, Mell-n, class 6. Course triangular, 3 miles; wind light and irregular, ending in a dead calm. Won by Prudence in 1:30, Margaret second, Huff third, Bertha and Eleanor padded to finish.—MATT ANGLE.

CANOEING NOTES.—The race of the Springfield C. C. on Sept. 25, failed for lack of wind, as it did two weeks previously. The Messrs. Hand of the Sag were in Springfield on Sept. 24, having cruised that far on their way home from the meet. Mr. Gibson, M. C. C. was present at the N. Y. C. regatta, spending the night at Marmalade Lucke, and trying a sail on the Bay next day.

DON'T keep your eyes so intently fixed on the water that you cannot see what is going on about you. In other words, when reading the *FOREST AND STREAM* don't look through the canoeing columns and then throw the paper aside, for in that way you are sure to lose something of interest. Example—"Log of the Bucktail," in Sportsman's Tourist pages.

SARLEY GAMP.—This little canoe was shipped lately from the FOREST AND STREAM office, where she has been "aid up," to New Orleans, where she will have a place in the Exposition.

Yachting.

FIXTURES.

Secretaries of yacht clubs will please send early notice of proposed matches and meetings.

- Oct. 2.—New Jersey Y. C., Fall Matches.
- Oct. 5.—Quaker City Y. C., Closing Review and Cruise.
- Oct. 14.—American Y. C., Steam Yacht Races.
- Oct. 15.—Seawanhaka C. Y. C., First, Second and Third Classes.
- Oct. 16.—Seawanhaka C. Y. C., First, Second, Third and Fourth Class.

IN OUR WAKE AT LAST.

ALTHOUGH the propriety of fixed ballast and limited areas, for which FOREST AND STREAM has so long contended, is now admitted by the majority of thinking and intelligent yacht men, there is one source from which we did not expect an endorsement. It is amusing to contrast the remarks in the *Spirit of the Times* of less than four months ago, apropos of the action of the New Jersey Y. C., with the following comment on a similar move of the Larchmont Y. C., which we copy from the same paper of Sept. 13. The fall is eased by parenthetical remarks as to the extra speed of the open-boats and difficulty of securing crews for them, but it is none the less a come down from the position held so long and stubbornly. Common sense has triumphed at last over prejudice and obstinacy, the last friend of the over-purged, dangerous traps has gone back on them, and what will the poor sailors do now?

"Of course, as all men who are familiar with open-boat sailing know, the greatest amount of speed can be obtained with the ballast on the weather gunwale; but, then, this involves the carrying of a certain number of men to place it on the opposite gunwale when required, and if these are not forthcoming the boat can't go in the race. It may be that there are individuals who regard the tossing of sand bags as a pleasant pastime, just as there may be men who are fond of being at sea in a gal; but we think these are exceptional cases, and that the average club man dislikes both of these things, and for this reason we regard the rule forbidding the shifting of ballast as a good one for such a club as the Larchmont, and simply on the ground of necessity. It has been found extremely difficult to obtain crews to toss the sandbags, hence it is better to make a rule that sandbags shall not be tossed. We would, however, advise the fitting of the boats with air tanks, for, of course, if the ballast is to be carried on both sides of the boat instead of on one there must be more of it carried to insure the same amount of stability, and, in the event of a

capsize, the boat would sink, a condition of things peculiarly unpleasant in the middle of Long Island Sound. With the air-tank precaution, however, lead ballast may be carried under the floor, and there need be but little more of it in weight than has been used as sand-bag ballast, so that the boat will have only a trifling more of displacement and quite as much stability, and, under proper regulations, we think that this change will be found satisfactory. It has been tried for several years in the New Jersey Club, and always in the Seawanhaka, and no one that we know of has ever complained of it in either organization. It renders the owner independent of crew, and he can sail alone, as the owner of the Fairy apt did do in this regatta of Sept. 6. True, the boats won't make as good time, but, if it is a rule, it bears equally on all.

Cut down your spars and sails, gentlemen; throw overboard your sandbags, put to stone, iron or lead, as your pockets admit, stowed low down and well secured; do not forget the very sensible suggestions as to the air-tanks; leave ashore the "gang" and the "growler;" ship a small crew of earnest sailor men, and let us see whether a few seasons of experiment and improvement will not bring the speed of our little ships almost up to that of the old-time racing machine.

TORONTO RACES.

THE postponed race of the Royal Canadian Y. C. for third class yachts was sailed on Toronto Bay on Sept. 20, in a fresh north-westerly breeze. Five boats started—Mischief, Irene, Trump, Scamp and Meteor—the latter leading at first. The second boat, Mischief, was handicapped by an early start, but nevertheless kept on, finally passing Meteor, and winning by 3 minutes. The Iris, holder of the T. Y. C. champion flag, did not enter, as shifting ballast was permitted.

On Sept. 27 the race for the Cosgrove Challenge Cup was sailed, open to club yachts only, but extra prizes of \$35, \$10 and \$5 were offered to outside boats. The course was from off the club house westward through the channel, thence south round the southerly point, in the lake, and thence north round the southerly point, and easterly round a buoy at the eastern gap, back again to the club house.

At 2:30 P. M. the yachts started in the following order: Iris, T. Y. C. 18ft. 6in. waterline, 5ft. 10in. beam; Mischief, T. Y. C. 21ft. waterline, 7ft. 6in. beam; Meteor, Psyche.

Iris led for a time, with Mischief second; then Meteor, keeping off, took the southerly wind and came about on the Iris, once passed her; however, but in doing broke her gear and was compelled to withdraw. Mischief came in ahead in 5h. 4m. 2s, Meteor 5h. 14m. 3s., and Psyche 5h. 33m. Mischief wins the prize of \$25, as well as the cup.

A LONG CRUISE.

PROBABLY one of the longest continuous cruises made by a yacht this season was the one recently completed by the yacht Mabel, Mr. James H. Stebbins, Jr., of this city, owner. The Mabel started from Clayton, N. Y., on the St. Lawrence River, on June 12, and made the round trip to Chicago and back, a distance by chart courses of about 2,500 miles, arriving at Clayton again on Sept. 7. No effort was made at a quick passage, as the trip was intended as a long vacation cruise, and numerous ports were visited on the way.

To our New York yachtsmen who are unacquainted with the great lakes this fresh-water sailing may seem a tame affair, but it is safe to say that many such would have often wished themselves back on the peaceful Sound, or safe at anchor at Newport, before the cruise was over, for, although the winds may be as heavy in one place as another, yet there is a great difference in the character of the seas, and the great lakes is a matter to be reckoned with. The sea, in regular waves of a true ocean sea is seldom seen on the lakes, but instead the waves are short, sharp and choppy, often appearing to be trying to run two ways at once. Indeed, the seas on the lakes are said to resemble those of the English Channel in bad weather.

The Mabel encountered the usual varieties of C. weather, at one time calm, in which the fog without a sign of land, at other a three days' storm, in which only five miles to ride, and various other weather, but regular waves of a true ocean sea is seldom seen on the lakes, but instead the waves are short, sharp and choppy, often appearing to be trying to run two ways at once. Indeed, the seas on the lakes are said to resemble those of the English Channel in bad weather.

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From the above it is evident that the change made last winter from centerboard to standing keel with outside ballast has not hurt the Mabel, especially as it is now practically impossible to put her rail under water, and she can stay outside with any vessel on the lakes. W. F. H.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

A MOST favorable sign to those interested in the cutter side of this much disputed question is the tone which the daily papers have lately taken, as they refer to a great extent to the success of the popular vessel, the Seawanhaka, in the recent races. The popular press has been "succeeded" by a doubt and strong indications of a desire to "hedge" on the part of some, and a disposition on the part of others to treat the question fairly on its own merits. One of the fairest reviews of the subject thus far appeared is the following, which we copy from the *Commercial Advertiser*. We cannot agree with the writer that the best average of the series of races would be with the Seawanhaka, but we do not think this season or with his other statement as to cost for sloop or cutter of equal quality; but we believe that many who three years since were firm in their faith in the centerboard, beam and light displacement will, now agree with him in the main points:

"The racing season is practically at an end: the Seawanhaka and one or two October affairs only remain undecided. Yacht racing during the season of 1884 has derived its principal interest from contests between American and English types. The American theory for twenty years has been to sail over the top of the water as much as possible, getting necessary side resistance by the use of the centerboard, and stability by breadth of beam with its necessary corollary of great expanses of canvas to overcome the resistance of the water to the large beam. On the other hand, English yachtsmen, partly under the influence of the American theory, and partly under the influence of the factor of beam, and partly induced by the scientific researches of such men as Froude, have gradually decreased beam, while increasing length and depth, and getting the necessary sail-carrying power artificially by masses of lead ballast carried lower and lower until in the latest boat the greater part of the ballast is bolted to the outside of the keel.

Until a few years ago our yachtsmen regarded English yachts somewhat contemptuously, alluding to 'lead mines,' and opining that the English knew little about practical sailing. When reminded by thoughtful men that the English were a great maritime nation, and that they possessed ten yachts to one we own, they used to say: 'Well, their boats may do in the English Channel, but they would be of no use here. They can't build a fast boat. Look at the Cambria, and remember that the American theory for twenty years has been to sail over the top of the water as much as possible, getting necessary side resistance by the use of the centerboard, and stability by breadth of beam with its necessary corollary of great expanses of canvas to overcome the resistance of the water to the large beam. On the other hand, English yachtsmen, partly under the influence of the American theory, and partly under the influence of the factor of beam, and partly induced by the scientific researches of such men as Froude, have gradually decreased beam, while increasing length and depth, and getting the necessary sail-carrying power artificially by masses of lead ballast carried lower and lower until in the latest boat the greater part of the ballast is bolted to the outside of the keel.

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"The effect on yachting literature of these races has been marked. The stupor which has been on the subject for many years is beginning to dissipate, and the two types dispositionally and speculate on the possibilities of a compromise vessel being constructed which will combine the good points of both types. Of the possibility of achieving this result the present outlook does not seem to hold out much encouragement. At present, the opinion of the yachting world is, that whichever kind of vessel is adopted the best results for speed will be obtained by the Seawanhaka type. In the August race, from Newport to Oak Bluffs, the Bedouin, of 70ft. waterline, led the entire fleet in a good breeze, beating the fastest American schooner, the Montauk, of 95ft. length, in a race, the greater part of which was reaching, a schooner's best point of sailing. These results have been backed by a number of light weather and moderate breeze races.

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"So far as the trials have gone, and notwithstanding the success of some of the cutters, it is generally conceded that the best speed averages are got by the American type of vessel, although it is ad-

mitted that these results are attained at a certain sacrifice of safety and sea-going quality, owing to the great area of canvas and consequent weight of spars necessary to achieve the best time with the sloop type. What difference exists in this regard may be best understood by comparing the sloop Gracie with the cutter Bedouin, vessels of equal waterline length. The Gracie, displacing 65 tons, requires 4,000ft. of canvas to develop her speed, while her rival gets her best results with 3,700ft. of sail area, driving 105 tons of displacement. These figures would point to the cutter as the most scientific type of vessel; but cup winning and science do not always go together, and there is no doubt that, taking the average of a number of tests in all sorts of weather, the Gracie would win more than half of them. And such the controversy for the best of the best, the cutter, with a good figure of speed given by a moderate spread of sail, compares with the sloop side with slightly greater speed under average weather, attained by a very large expenditure of power with a larger deck area, but with sea-going powers somewhat questionable. The American yacht is the less costly to construct."

LYNN Y. C. PENNANT MATCHES.

THE three races for the pennant in the second class have been won by Jennie L. Pearl and Muriel; so on Thursday last (26th inst.) a fourth race was sailed to settle the ownership. The course was from the club house wharf around the old sunk buoy, leaving Point of Pine, Western Lobster Rock and the old sunk buoy on port, and returning with Western Lobster Rock buoy on starboard, 7 miles. The breeze was fresh from the west. Jennie L. led at first, with Muriel next and Pearl last. While well ahead Jennie L. carried away her peak balliards, and Muriel came in first, but was disqualified for fouling Lobster Rock buoy, and Pearl took the prize.

WEST LYNN Y. C. PENNANT MATCHES.

THE second of the series of pennant matches was held on Saturday the 27th, the first class boats going over the 7-mile course, as in the Lynn Y. C. race, and the third class over one of 3 miles.

The second class boats could not decide on a course to suit all, so they did not race. At 3:15 P. M. the boats got away in a strong south-west wind, with lumpy water. Blanche had a salver in the first class, and takes the pennant, having won it once before. The Crescent won in the third class, and also takes pennant as she won the first race. The second class will sail next Saturday.

THE LOSS OF THE MIGNONETTE.

THE annals of pleasure-sailing present no parallel to this shipwreck and the horrible circumstances attending it, which we mentioned last week. We give below the report of Thomas Dudley, the captain of the yacht:

In November last I heard the Mignonette, 33 tons, had been purchased by a gentleman at Sydney, N.S.W. Wishing to go to Sydney, I applied and obtained the appointment to take her out, but she was not to leave until the end of the spring, 1884. On April 27 I arrived at Southampton in charge of the steam yacht Myrtle, which had been hired by Sir Charles Strickland for a three months' cruise in the Mediterranean. On the 28th I finished with Myrtle. On May 3, my wife, child and I left home to join the Mignonette at Tollerbury, in Essex, where a friend had taken her from Brightlingsea the evening previous, he having fitted her out for me. We dug two men at Liverpool, and then engaged an agent to proceed to the Tollerbury. On reaching there it was found owing a gale of wind, the two men were on board. On Monday my wife, child and I joined them. We then got under way for Southampton, reaching Fay's yard, Northam, at 8:30 A. M. Wednesday, 7th, at which place I prepared for the passage out. Thursday, 15th, was all but ready to leave, but on Friday morning my mate backed out, which caused me delay, but I engaged another; but as Sunday was so near, and I would not return and spend it with my wife and child, I decided to leave on Monday. On Monday, 16th, Brooks, my third hand, had backed out, but on seeing him, he answered me that he would be ready in time—5 P. M. The steaming Meryple came and towed us clear of the lichen, there being a light breeze from the S.E. Having all plain sail set, at midnight we passed the Needles, on the 20th, at noon, was off Portland, and at midnight was off start. 2:30, 10:30 A. M., put letters on board, yacht Lady Evelyn, and then sailed. On the 21st, we were off the coast of Devon, which was forty-one days out from Cardiff. Captain Fraser kindly took our letters and was willing to supply us with anything we required, and all our wants were supplied. At P. M. parted company. 17th.—Crossed the Equator in 24deg. 40min. 18th.—Took top-mart on deck; took fresh S.S.E. wind. 19th.—Blowing very hard, with heavy beam sea; took double reef in mainsail and fore-sail. 20th.—Took double reef in both sails. 21st.—Took double reef in both sails. 22nd.—Took double reef in both sails. 23rd.—Took double reef in both sails. 24th.—Took double reef in both sails. 25th.—Took double reef in both sails. 26th.—Took double reef in both sails. 27th.—Took double reef in both sails. 28th.—Took double reef in both sails. 29th.—Took double reef in both sails. 30th.—Took double reef in both sails. 31st.—Took double reef in both sails. 1st.—Took double reef in both sails. 2nd.—Took double reef in both sails. 3rd.—Took double reef in both sails. 4th.—Took double reef in both sails. 5th.—Took double reef in both sails. 6th.—Took double reef in both sails. 7th.—Took double reef in both sails. 8th.—Took double reef in both sails. 9th.—Took double reef in both sails. 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all said many, many times, it and it alone, kept life in our bodies. Twenty-fourth day, just as we were having our feast, Brooks, who was steering, said, "A sail!" True, a sail it was. We all then offered up a prayer that the stranger might be directed across our path. We then took our sail in and managed to row to windward, so as to be as near as possible. In about an hour and a half we were alongside our friend, who proved to be Captain Simeson, of the German bark Motezuma, but with a weak state we required assistance to be got on board. Captain Simeson giving us some refreshment and clean clothing we were then able to tell him our sad tale, but not before he had learned a little by his crew having the remainder of the body to throw out of our boat, which I begged he would save for me, and am thankful he did so. We have been on board the Motezuma for days during the passage to Baltimore, during which time Captain Simeson has given us every attention. We were nothing but skin and bone at the time we were rescued, but thanks to the treatment and kindness we received from that gentleman, we all have him to thank much for our general recovery and health, and the kindness we received no words can express. Myself, being a great trouble to him owing to an accident that happened after being on board a day, and not a very pleasant task for him to perform, and nothing I could ever give or do could repay him for past kindness. The only thing that troubles me is, how can we ever repay him? However, I trust something may be done that he may keep the three souls in remembrance that he saved in such a condition. On finding our position, when picked up, 24deg. 25min. S lat., 27deg. 25min. W. long., we had drifted and sailed over 1,500 miles from where Mignonette is supposed to be, as we were in 27deg. S. lat., and 10 W. long., and had great hopes of reaching the Cape by fifty-five days, at which place we were going to call to fill up with water, and get news from our dear ones at home; and I need not mention here our thoughts about them while in the boat, for no words can express them, but I am thankful we are spared to meet them and friends again. The only way I can account for the accident is that the Mignonette was too old to make the passage, but that she was a good sea boat we proved, and had she been a new boat, I feel sure we would have made the journey in perfect safety. It's only with a little discomfort, but I trust that none of our brother seamen will ever have to put up with such hardships as we poor souls did in our 14th. boat the twenty-four days. I think I have given most particulars of the sad affair. THOMAS DUDLEY, Master late Mignonette.

SLOOP VERSUS CUTTER.

Editor Forest and Stream:
It seems as though we are to have another bout between the cutter and sloop men, and I think I shall put in my oar and try and see how the matter stands.
The view that I take, after reading all the debates in your paper and others, and going a little into the science of the thing, is this: If you are a man of small fortune, or one who does not want to lay out a sum larger than, say, from \$200 to \$1,000, by all means invest in a sloop, not a cabin boat, but a good, wide, medium-draft open boat, with a heavy centerboard and double-headed jib (or, more correctly, jib and foresail), and if you have a family to mourn your loss, do not put too heavy a rig on her.
Such a boat as I have just described is not expensive, either in first cost or in after maintenance, and with good lead—cheaper, scrap iron—inside ballast, watertight compartments fore and aft, is as safe as any cutter or quasi-cutter ever made. It has room for ladies to sit (instead of sprawling out on a hot deck or stifling in an equally hot cabin), and if three or four jolly good fellows take her off for a cruise, they can stretch a sheet of canvas over the boom, belay to the sides, and sleep "Rock'd in the cradle of the deep." In a gale she will always stay by them, and for duck shooting and general sporting she is "just the thing."
And now, after talking so much sloop, you will no doubt be surprised to hear that, with the single exception of the one I have described, I abominate those aptly-termed "death traps."
I cannot imagine why men, after all the practical warnings they have had in the last five years, can still stick to and build those flat-bottomed skiffs and cutters.
I hardly think it can be that, as all sensible Americans must know that to imperil their lives for a mere (to them) romantic notion, is committing a crime against their families; and besides, even omitting that Germans, Chinamen and Hollanders have a patriotic feeling for the "States," that is no reason they should adopt a type which (minus the centerboard) was well known in England thirty years ago, where it was proven to be slow, and was cast aside for that modern "perfection" sea boat—the cutter.
Why should they get their heads shaken into their boots by a broad, light-draft, heavy-press-of-sail, smash-down—sea-sea, no-accommodation (hot-as-hell) sloop, when they can build that "princess of the sea"—a cutter?
A man who can afford from \$2,000 to \$4,000 should get a cutter; not a quasi, but a full-fledged "extreme" cutter, and he will have comfort and safety combined, a rare thing to find in sloops.
It seems to me as though that railroad pie was still disagreeing with "Podgers," or perhaps he has just come in from a sail in his sloop?
CANADIAN.
[While the boat our correspondent describes would answer for many localities, where pleasure sailing in fair weather is all that is desired, it would be useless for cruising, as any who have tried the makeshifts in the shape of portable cabins will testify; while for the sun he mentions a fine, handy little cabin boat could also be had, in which a man could live in any weather. The question of selection must depend on the use for which the boat is intended. No one wants a narrow cutter solely for taking ladies out in on a summer afternoon, and, on the contrary, fewer and fewer each year will have

shoal open boats for real use. As the immense possibilities of yachting become apparent, and the idea that the pleasure derived from a trip is dependent on the size and elegance of the craft, the demand for such open machines becomes less and less, while the numbers of safe and comfortable boats increase rapidly.]

A HINT FOR INTERIOR FINISHING.

WHITE pine has always been so abundant that it has been considered as of little value for interior work, except where paint was to be used, ash, walnut and similar woods being preferred, but there is no reason why it is not as good as more expensive woods for the interiors of yachts, if properly handled. The cabins of the cutter Ileen are both finished in white pine, and the effect is surprising to any one used to the conventional "hard wood finish" of our yachts. The following extract from the *Scientific American* describes one method of finishing off the wood:
"Some recent attempts with white pine appears to give it a value as an ornamental wood which its common uses have not heretofore suggested. The softness of its texture and its susceptibility to injury may have had some influence in preventing its general use for ornamental purposes, but the wood can be 'filled,' so that much of this objection is removed. Its pure white color—white as compared with other woods—recommends it for purposes for which holly has been heretofore used; and the size of the timber from which clear lumber may be cut is greatly in its favor, boards of a width of sixteen and even twenty inches being not uncommon, with no shade of distinction between sap wood and heart, and only the faintest perceptible grain. Some specimens lately examined show a greatly enhanced beauty by very simple treatment—the filling with warm shellac varnish, bleached shellac in alcohol, applied with a brush while warm. Several coats are given, the last coat being rubbed with pumice and rotten stone moistened with water, not oil. A finish of a flowing coat of copal varnish completes the preparation. Thus treated the wood is of a faint creamy tint with an appearance of semi-transparency. Beautiful gradations of tone were obtained by panels of this prepared pine, mouldings of holly, and stiles of curly or birdseye maple, and fine contrasts were made with the pine and oiled black walnut. The pine is too soft for floors, but for doors, casings and chamber furniture it seems to be admirably adapted." The finest specimens of the wood noted come from Michigan, having fewer pitchy streaks and being of a more uniform color than the Maine product. Its ease of working by carving, and the coherence of its grain, are being utilized by masters and amateurs in interior wood decorations. A beautiful carved model relieved by panels of oiled black walnut has been recently finished, which suggests the mellow tints of statuary marble after a short exposure to the atmosphere, while being free from the chilling sparkle and sheen of the marble."

A WONDERFUL SHARPIE YACHT.

Editor Forest and Stream:
I have kept an eye on the discussion between Messrs. Roosevelt and Clapham, in reference to balanced rudders on sharpies, etc., for the purpose of seeing who came out best, hoping thereby to profit. My new 33-ft. Nonpareil sharpie, the Tarpon, has a balanced rudder and no skag, and is perfectly satisfactory in every particular. I will not brag about her speed, handiness, etc., but will give a few simple facts about her trial trip and leave you to infer as to her qualities.
We started from Roslyn with a fair breeze—I say we, meaning a friend of mine who had never been in a sailboat in his life and who did not know a sheet from the boustay, and myself, who had sailed nothing but a catboat. At Whitestone we took aboard another catboat man. We three took the Tarpon through Hell Gate in the dark, reaching the anchorage off Thirtieth street, E. R., at 9 P. M. None of us had ever been through Hell Gate and down Blackwell's Island channel in anything but a steamboat, so one can plainly see the boat must have handled with perfect ease, as we had no casualties of any kind.
Starting from this anchorage at 9 A. M., we drifted and sailed alternately down the East River, intending to strike the flood tide at the Battery, and thus make better time in the Hudson, but there was a screw loose somewhere in our calculations, and we had the pleasure of bucking a strong ebb for three hours. However, a good south wind sent us boiling up the grand old Hudson, and sundown found us off Peekskill, with the tail end of the flood and very little wind to follow us to reach the proposed anchorage north of Long Island; but when we reached the hoped-for resting place there was a dead calm and the flood carried slowly northward beyond the reach of the "happy holding ground," the resting place for all weary, fresh-water sailors. So past West Point we floated till when opposite the bay at Cold Spring, the clock standing at 9:45, we resolved that if kind providence would not supply us with sufficient wind for the Tarpon to walk to her anchorage like a "thing of life," we could tow her in like a dead carcass anyway.
At seven next morning we were under way, and made the run from Cold Spring to Barrytown, our home, in just five hours; the distance by Government chart being forty miles, this run being made with no extra canvas except her cruising rig of mainsail, jib and driver. Seven miles below Barrytown we took a gale until we reached our anchorage, as we carried our driver and jib. Ahead of us some four miles was a large schooner flying light under double reefed mainsail and jib.
The Tarpon is to be the home of five individuals, three in cabin and two forward, for five months in our cruise from New York to Cedar Keys, Fla., starting from here Nov. 1, and I feel certain, after the trial I have given you, that in sail she will be a terror to the craft drifting through the East River, and running in the gale on the Hud-

son, that it will be no fault of hers if we come to grief on the way.

[From our correspondent's letter we would infer that, in addition to her sailing qualities, the Tarpon was endowed with mental attributes of a high order, by virtue of which she brought a crew of novices through waters which cause the experienced yachtsman no little anxiety when he is obliged to navigate them. We hope that an over-estimate of these qualities by her crew will not lead to disaster when out at sea, but we do not consider the experiment a safe one.]

TRIAL TRIP OF THE ALBANY.—The new steel steamship Albany received her finishing touches at the Detroit dry dock yesterday morning and slowly steamed out into the middle of the river to make her trial trip. She is reported to have acted admirably in all respects. No trial of speed was made, but merely a test of her engines and steering apparatus. Her wheel, which is 12½ ft. in diameter, worked only 30 pounds of steam, made 58 revolutions per minute. She went down the river as far as Fighting Island and returned. Being light she drew 8 ft. of water forward and 9 ft. aft, her wheel being barely in the water. Her first load will be 80,000 bushels of wheat, which she takes to Buffalo Saturday, chartered by Charles Norton. This is the largest cargo that ever left this port. In deference to the superstition of sailors respecting commencing any undertaking on Friday, the Albany was taken to the Wabash Depot last evening, where she commenced to load wheat. The Syracuse, now on the stocks at Trenton, will be completed in 30 days.—*Detroit Times*, Sept. 19. [The Albany, the first steel vessel built on the Lakes, was described in the *FOREST AND STREAM* of Aug. 23.]

THE FALL RACES.—The American Y. C. will give prizes for four classes of steam yachts to be raced for on Oct. 14 on the Hudson, from Yonkers to Rondout. The classes will be, first 250 gross tons or over, second 150 to 249 tons, third 50 to 150 tons, fourth 25 to 50 tons. The Seawanhaka C. Y. C. will sail their fall race on Oct. 15 and 16, the former for cutters and sloops of the first, second and third class, will be from Sandy Hook, 20 miles to windward or leeward and return. The latter for fourth class in addition to the others, will be over the club course. The races are open to yachts of the New York, Atlantic, Eastern, Larchmont, New Bedford, New Haven, and Knickerbocker yacht clubs.

THE LURLINE'S PROTEST.—After the race of the San Francisco Y. C. on Aug. 30, the Lurline, owned by Messrs. J. D. and A. B. Spreckels, was ruled out for not going over the course as laid down in the sailing directions. Mr. A. B. Spreckels protested against this decision, and also against the Presidio, stakeboat, being misplaced. These protests were not allowed, as Captain Turner, who sailed Lurline understood the course before starting, and in regard to the stakeboat, the Lurline was virtually out of the race before she reached this mark. In consequence of this decision Mr. Spreckels has withdrawn from the club.

SILVIE.—This keel schooner has been recently sold to Mr. Jerome Carty, of Philadelphia. She was built by Geo. Steers in 1851 as a centerboard sloop. In 1853 she crossed to England and raced on Aug. 19 from Cowes around the Nab, 30 miles to windward, being second out of five entries, a new cutter, Julia, being first. Since then she was altered to a schooner and rebuilt in 1888 and again, by Mr. C. C. Manbury, her last owner, in 1889. Her length is 82½ ft., 9 in. on deck, 74 ft. 7 in. waterline, 24 ft. 3 in. beam, and 6 ft. 5 in. draft.

Answers to Correspondents.

C. W. Y.—The gun you name is well and strongly made, and will doubtless give you satisfaction.

F. H. C. Boston.—Are trout caught in Rangeley Lake called brook trout weighing nine pounds? Ans. Yes.

ALAMONTE.—Write to Eli D. Garrett, Woodborough, Sullivan county, N. Y. He is a guide there, and can probably post you on good game grounds.

C. K.—In your 9-pound 12-gauge gun try 3 drams powder and one ounce shot; Nos. 8, 9 or 10 for snipe, woodcock and quail, Nos. 4 to 6 for ducks and squirrels.

BELLUM, Philadelphia.—1. The gun is of fair quality. 2. It will stand the charge, but we should not use more than 3 drams powder; that will give good results. 3. Use good grade of powder, of any of the well-known makers.

E. F. M., Melbourne, Can.—A lateen sail is triangular, with yard on head and boom on foot. A ring is lashed to the yard, near its middle, and a hook of wood or metal is fastened to the boom, near the fore point, pointing forward. The mast, which is quite short, has a spike on its upper end. In setting the sail the yard is lifted up, the ring hooked over the spike, the boom drawn back until the hook on it will encircle the mast, and all is ready.

MONTHLY LIST OF PATENTS
For Inventions Relating to Sporting Interests, Bearing Date Sept. 23, 1894. Reported expressly for this paper by Louis Bagger & Co., Mechanical Experts and Solicitors of Patents, Washington, D. C.

305,066. Flying target—George Ligowsky, Cincinnati, O.
305,117. Flying target—Benjamin Teipel, Covington, Ky.
305,116. Arrow target—throwing traps—Benjamin Teipel, Covington, Ky.

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6. Cholera Morbus, Vomiting..... 25
7. Coughs, Cold, Bronchitis..... 25
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9. Headaches, Sick Headaches, Vertigo..... 25
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11. Suppressed or Painful Periods..... 25
12. Whites, too Profuse Periods..... 25
13. Cramps, Colic, Difficult Breathing..... 25
14. Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Eruptions..... 25
15. Rheumatism, Rheumatic Pains..... 25
16. Fever and Ague, Chill, Fever, Agues..... 50
17. Piles, Blind or bleeding..... 50
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19. Whooping Cough, violent coughs..... 50
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21. Kidney Disease..... 50
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FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

TERMS, \$4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY.
SIX MONTHS, \$2.

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 9, 1884.

VOL. XXIII.—No. 11.
{ Nos. 39 & 40 PARK ROW, NEW YORK.

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THE FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. Communications upon the subjects to which its pages are devoted are respectfully invited. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. No name will be published except with writer's consent. The Editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

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May begin at any time. Subscription price, \$4 per year; \$2 for six months: to a club of three annual subscribers, three copies for \$10; five copies for \$16. Remit by registered letter, money-order, or draft, payable to the Forest and Stream Publishing Company. The paper may be obtained of newsdealers throughout the United States, Canada and Great Britain. American newsdealers should order through the American News Company, those in England, Scotland and Ireland, through Messrs. Macfarlane and Co., 40 Charing Cross, London, England.

Address all communications,
Forest and Stream Publishing Co.
Nos. 39 AND 40 PARK ROW. NEW YORK CITY.

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HOW TO PROTECT.

ALTHOUGH we have been working at it for a good many years, we have not yet accomplished much in the way of efficient game protection. We have laws, and officers whose business it is to enforce them; but, so far as public protection goes, but little, except in one State, has been done. Most of the work that has been carried on has been the result of private effort, and has not been due to the labors of those who receive their authority from the people at large.

So far as we have gone, the method of game protection employed in Maine and attempted in New York seems to be the best yet devised. The system is one which appeals to the common sense. In the State of Maine a vast amount of good has resulted from the energetic work of the State Commissioners, to whom is intrusted the duty of protecting the game and fish by the employment of wardens under them. In New York the wardens, called game protectors, are appointed by the Governor and are under the supervision and direction of the Fish Commissioners, to whom they are required to report and from whom they must receive certificates for work done before they can obtain their pay.

This pay is \$500 per annum, with an allowance of \$250 for traveling expenses, and one-half the fines collected from offenders. It certainly should not be difficult to obtain good men for such wages as those named. The laborer ought to be worthy of his hire, and game protection depends wholly on the faithful, conscientious work of the officers whose duty it is to patrol the region inhabited by the game.

It is after all a question of good men.

The radical difference between the New York and the Maine method lies in this; that in Maine the Fish and Game Commissioners take an active personal interest in the work, and themselves direct it, while in New York the wardens are left to their own devices, and carry out their schemes for protection in their own way. In one case there is organization and a responsible head, in the other a scattered, disjointed force, working, or not working, as the case may be.

We have good reason to believe that some of the New York game protectors are faithful, earnest men, and en-

deavor to do their duty, as they understand it, to the best of their ability with the means at their command. Others we believe to be incompetent, careless as to what is done in their district, and painstaking only in the matter of drawing their pay with conscientious regularity, while there is at least one who, from information laid before us, is believed to be corrupt and anxious to make as much as possible in the way of blackmail out of his office.

The method of appointing instead of electing the wardens has everything to recommend it and nothing against it. They should also, as they are by law in New York, be subject to removal in case they are found negligent in their duties, or in any way inefficient.

The work of game protection is skilled labor. It requires knowledge of the country and of the habits of game and fish, and a general familiarity with the methods of those who pursue these creatures. Besides this the office is not without its temptations and should be filled by men who can be trusted to do what the law requires of them without fear or favor. Such requirements as these will not be fulfilled by a political heeler and the office should be kept wholly out of politics.

THE PIKE AS A TEMPERANCE AGENT.

IT has been claimed by many anglers in this country that the pike or pickerel is a fish worse than useless, and they urge that its complete extermination would be desirable. The charge against the fish is that its voracity is out of all proportion to its value as either game or food. Its hunger is chronic, its tastes ichthyophagic. It disdains worms, snails and such small deer, and seeks for trout and other choice fish, which it finds not only toothsome, but because of their size "fillin'" as well. The pike's jaws and stomach is so capacious that it is not at all unusual to find these fish stowed away inside of each other, like a "nest of tubs," each a trifle larger than the one which nestles serenely within it. These well-known qualities of the pike cause anglers to dread its introduction into waters which abound with trout or other game fish. In New York the law forbids the planting of a fish, which, however, is highly esteemed in Europe and even in some parts of this country.

In Colorado they have found a new use for the pickerel. A letter recently came to this office in which the writer said: "We are desirous of procuring from one to three thousand pike or pickerel for the purpose of placing in a small lake. This lake is the principal source of our ice supply, and it is full of 'water dogs' [a salamander-like form], which freeze in the ice and become very troublesome. We think that if we put the pickerel in the lake they will soon dispose of the 'dogs' and keep our water free from them."

We trust that the desired pickerel may be secured and that the maligned fish will be given an opportunity to show that they were not made in vain. It surely must be disagreeable to a Colorado gentleman, when about to partake of his favorite beverage, to discover that the ice water which has been placed before him to temper his nectar with, contains a horrible lizard-form of "water dog." The innocent stranger may well be filled by a sickening uncertainty as to whether he really sees a monster frozen in the ice before his eyes, or if it be not a premonitory symptom that he will soon behold yet more gruesome forms and find them in his boots. Of course the old residents have no annoyance of this sort, they have seen the evil "dog" and know better than to take water in theirs; but instead bite a cracker to allay the irritation of the "straight" beverage.

With the introduction of the pickerel, let us hope the loathsome "water dog" may be eaten up and exterminated. Then the people of Colorado may rejoice at a revival of the fashion of drinking water; and so the much-abused pike may prove a powerful agent in the good cause of temperance.

THE NEW YORK FALL SHOW.—The First Annual Fall Dog Show of the Westminster Kennel Club, which commences at Madison Square Garden on Tuesday, Oct. 21, bids fair to be as popular as their spring shows. Although the show is devoted mainly to non-sporting dogs, the premiums amount to nearly as much as those offered last spring. It is impossible, at this writing, to give a detailed statement of the entries, enough is known, however, to warrant the belief that they will reach nearly six hundred. The management are greatly pleased with this result, as they may well be. They hardly expected more than about one-half the number, and it must be very gratifying to them to see their efforts so well supported by the public.

SEND A NOTE ABOUT THE GAME when renewing your subscriptions.

DOGS IN THE CITY.—The dog occupies his full share of attention in the city. In New York, for instance, he barks at night with eleven thousand and some odd hundred tongues. Dog owners pay something like \$20,000 to the city for licenses, \$3,000 to newspaper publishers for advertising the lost and stolen, and an unknown number of thousands more as rewards to the thieves who steal. The pound has received into its drowning crate this year 4,000 dogs, most of them curs and tramps, for which the catchers were paid forty cents each, or the snug sum of \$1,600, to be divided among the worthies who engage in the sport of dog hunting. It is reported that the character of the dogs taken to the pound has steadily declined since the first year the law was adopted. The quality is poor, and this season the pound-master has restored only about 100 dogs to their owners' claims. The New York tramp dog is not wholly without his use. In life he is a scavenger, a companion for the night policeman on his lonely beat, a productive and profitable theme for the funny reporter of the daily paper, and finally a prize for the catcher. From the pound, after the dip in the East River, he is taken to Barren Island, where the skin is worth, according to quality, from fifty cents to a dollar, and the rest of him goes into oils and soaps and the dozen products of that pestilential land of desolation by the sea. The dog catchers do not capture all the strays. Perhaps they do not care to. It is barely possible that the average catcher is wiser in his day and generation than the average sportsman, and means to leave a reserve stock of his prey to increase and multiply for another season, so that when the dog days come again there may be another four thousand to be bagged at forty cents each.

"ROCKY MOUNTAIN JIM."—Last winter, when our correspondent, "W. N. B.," was in town, he told us the story of his experience with "Rocky Mountain Jim," and promised to some day write it out, as he has now done. The account is an authentic report of how one man fared who encountered a cinnamon. "Rocky Mountain Jim" survived his terrific conflict with the bear only to die at last from an inglorious wound received in a quarrel with a neighbor. Such freaks of fate are by no means uncommon. Only the other day the papers recorded the death of the man who was chief engineer of the Monitor in her fight with the Merrimac. He died by his own hand, a victim of dyspepsia. A different case was that, also reported in the papers a few days ago, of a prisoner who was confined in the penitentiary of Lima, in Peru. Behind prison walls it might be supposed a man would be reasonably safe, even though war were raging about the city; but the unfortunate fellow, while on his way from his cell to the prison kitchen, was struck by a bullet from the neighboring barracks and instantly killed. *Kismet*, it is fate.

THE NATIONAL BREEDERS' SHOW.—The regular prize list of the National Breeders' Show (which is guaranteed by a fund subscribed by a number of well known breeders) amounts to over \$1,500; and the specials, announced elsewhere, add another \$1,000 and more. The show has been undertaken at the instance of breeders, and for what they think to be the benefit of the dog-owning public. The names of sponsors and judges have been printed in these columns. The National Breeders' Show has all the conditions that should commend it to cordial support. The entry list will decide whether or not such legitimate enterprises as this are to be harmed by the vindictive misrepresentations of such individuals as appear to prefer mendacity to truthfulness. The character of the entry list and the names of the exhibitors which will appear on the catalogue will unquestionably be such as will administer a signal rebuke to the presumption that has sought to satisfy a personal grudge by misleading the public into serving its ends. The entries will close Friday.

THE NEVADA MATCH.—California is in the depth of disgust and disappointment. Nevada is in the height of exultation over the outcome of the inter-state match fought out on the 30th ult. The handsome bronze trophy now becomes the absolute property of the Nevada marksmen, but we doubt not that a new trophy will be at once placed in the field and this series of hard fought, enjoyable and profitable matches resumed from year to year.

MR. T. S. VAN DYKE, who has been spending some weeks in the East, complains that the game in Southern California is growing too scarce. He is now on his way to Mexico, and if he finds anything to use gunpowder on, may make his home there.

The Sportsman Tourist.

LOG OF THE BUCKTAIL.—III.

LOOKING over my brief notes of the present season, I find the following entries:

"June 17.—Picked up the canoe at Tiadaghton for a week's cruise down the river. Worst racket I ever got. Overboard a dozen times. Arrived at Blackwell's pretty well used up. Staid all night at Gregory's Blackwell House; clean, square meals; \$1 per day.

"18th.—Paddled out early. Fine scenery; lovely weather and better water. Only got out twice to ease her over the riffles. Beautiful camping grounds every mile; camped on an island above Slate Run, for no reason only it was such a sweet place I hated to pass it.

"19th.—Spent the day loafing about the island and trying my hand at making a model one-horse camp. Caught a couple of white chubs, but fishing poor. Racket with a snake in the night; snake got away.

"20th.—Spent the day on the green, shady island, with a visit to a farmhouse for milk and eggs. In the night a couple of hounds made the hills ring, tracking a 'coon up and down the banks, and finally treecing him up a heavy-topped yellow larch." * * They kept the concert up till daylight, and when I went to the foot of the island where they were whooping it up, they nuzzled around my legs, jumped their paws on my breast and begged of me, in most piteous dog language, to shoot that ring-tailed rascal or rattle him out of the tree, whither it had taken them half the night to drive him; but I declined. Hugging himself in the topmost branches of the birch, a soft bundle of gray fur, with a ringed tail at one end and a sharp, cute face at the other, I thought he just rounded out the landscape, and was a much pleasanter sight than he would be with a couple of frantic hounds tearing the life out of him. This I explained to the dogs, who referred me, by knowing looks, to a cornfield just across the river, where they had first found his tracks; but I ruled the corn question out, and the two dogs went home to breakfast, feeling desolate and dispersed.

The snake incident hinted at above was nearly an adventure and may be worth relating, comprising, as I believe it does, a mild lesson for any future outer who may find himself in close quarter with a rattler. It happened in this wise: On the second night in camp I had spent several hours making the camp snug and comfortable, and had taken special pains with the bunk, which was a simple frame a little less than 6 feet long by 2 feet in width, and about 4 inches deep. The frame was made of such slabs and edgings as I could pick up handily, and it did happen that the slab on the right was some three inches thick just opposite my breast as I lay, and level on its upper edge as it came from the saw, while the slab on the other side had a slivery, feather edge. I mention these trifles because they turned out to be of import in what followed.

The 19th of June was a broiling day, followed by a sultry night. The crib was filled high and even with fine, fragrant browse, and the fire burned brightly. But it happened that the weather was too hot or I was too lazy to get substantial night-wood, wherefore the fire was made of chips, bark, and the hewing left by men who squared timber for the railroad. There was enough of it for all summer, but such a fire does not last. I was about 10 P. M. when I lay down, with the blanket under me and a coat drawn over me just high enough to leave my arms free, flat on my back, fingers locked on my breast, and right elbow resting easily on the thick slab, over which it projected at the turn of the joint. And so I fell asleep. I must have slept nearly three hours, when I awoke in the same position to find the fire burned to a few embers and the air decidedly damp and chilly.

I was sleepy, tired, and withal indolent, but a fire must be made, so I inaugurated a move. And a very slight move it was. For, at the very first rustle as I unclasped my fingers, just at my right elbow, there came the quick, sharp danger signal of a rattlesnake. It was startling. I suppose nine men in ten would have sprung to their feet, helping themselves with their hands of course, in which case the snake would be certain to strike, and pretty apt to hit.

I froze right down to immovable silence at the first spring of the rattles. I dared not move a finger. I had not touched the reptile, and there was little danger so long as I remained perfectly still. But it was trying to the nerves. The loud, shrill, rattling, like the scape pipe of a steam engine, denoted a very large snake, and he was so near that I could detect the vibration of his quivering tail on the loose shirt-sleeve that hung over the slab. I am not afraid of snakes. Two or three times during the last fifty years I have had a rattler spring his alarm so close to my feet that I dared not stir until I had looked the situation over so as to make the first move in the right direction for safety.

But I had never been caught in such an awkward, helpless position before; and—well, I was a little demoralized, and a trifle scared, he seemed so near. For a minute, perhaps, he kept the thrilling music up to concert pitch, and then it began to subside, so evenly and gradually that one could scarcely tell when it ceased. Then ensued a faint, continuous rustle, just audible, as though he were convoluting himself into comfortable position. D—him; did he intend to stay with me all night? Soon all was silent inside the tent. A heavy fog was on the river, which the cool night wind swept into camp, making me so chilly that it was with difficulty I refrained from shivering and shaking.

The situation was becoming unbearable. Talk about time hanging heavy on one's hands! Was it an hour or two hours? Or had he gone away altogether, leaving me to imagine him still coiled up at my elbow? It would do no hurt to try it. So I made one sharp scratch on the port side of the bunk, and whizz-z-z, whirr-r-r, there he was; and this time I plainly felt the slight, gliding motion of his folds as he got himself into line of battle. I resigned at once, and inwardly swore not to stir till daylight. But he was fairly roused, and evidently suspicious of his neighbors. He did not settle down again, but kept rustling around among the leaves and crisp grass, and I soon heard—blessed sound—the husky rattle of his tail as he glided under the tent-cloth and into the darkness.

"And then his dread grew wrath, and his wrath fierce."

I sprang to my feet, scrambled the embers together, hastily made a torch of dry splinters and shavings, and in less time than it takes to write it was on the warpath in my stocking feet, with the poking stick for a club. I expected to find him just outside the tent, but he had gone further. I hunted in and around the tent, in the débris back of camp, among the piles of flood trash, and in every clump of weeds and bushes near by; but he was not to be had. At daylight I was out again, and hunted the island faithfully for two

hours, but in vain. He had probably crawled back to the mountain. I was sorry. I wanted him for a specimen—wanted to "mount" him and send him to FOREST AND STREAM.

Thirty years ago it was not unusual for a rattler to crawl into an open camp in warm weather. But there were ten of the reptiles then where there is one at present. Forest fires have pretty well thinned them out.

Another long, warm June day spent in lounging on the fresh, green island, with a little fly-fishing for bass late in the day—for there is good bass fishing from Cedar Run to the mouth of the Tiadaghton—and on the next morning I packed up and tied in for a short, pleasant cruise to Slate Run.

Slate Run station is an old-time lumber camp, and the stream from which it takes its name has long been noted as an excellent trout stream. There is still good trouting to be had early in the season, but, like all Pennsylvania trout streams, it is overfished. It is located between high, wooded mountain spurs, and the scenery is really fine, with excellent springs and fine camping spots. Bear and deer are fairly plenty on the mountains, and the bass fishing is fairly good. There is a modest hotel where plain, well-cooked meals may be had for twenty-five cents, a good, clean bed for the same; and there are several trout streams in easy reach, where plenty of small trout may be taken. As for myself, I do not care to make a tiresome trip through brush, brambles and treetops to get on the head of a stream where the trout will hardly average five inches long.

It is Saturday, and as I am cruising the river by installments, I may as well lay up the Bucktail in safe quarters and go home. The railroad makes this quite feasible, and the landlord gives the canoe a good berth in a cool cellar without charge. In two hours I am at my own door. Rather a lazy, civilized way of cruising, but pleasant withal.

NESSMUK.

A VOYAGE BETWEEN THE LAKES.

BY D. D. HANTA.

I.

To pass away the time, I'll tell your grace

A dream I had last night.

—John Webster.

ON Wednesday, the 7th day of August, 1884, at precisely 5 o'clock P. M. central time, the Judge and Brother Scott sailed from Seney to see what they could of the Manistique Lake region. The Judge has had an introduction to the FOREST AND STREAM family already, I believe, but Brother Scott is a stranger.

I say "Brother Scott," because the Greek Professor, whom they left in his tent at Jeromeville picking berries and catching trout, always says so. Both are preachers and have preachers' ways with them, and one of these ways, so far at least as the Greek Professor is concerned, is to ignore the Scott Christian name for that of Brother; with him it is "Brother Scott" this and "Brother Scott" that. "Brother Scott, turn the fish!" "Brother Scott, peel the potatoes!" or "Brother Scott, hang up the dish cloth!" in the same perfunctory tone and style we would expect to hear him say, "Brother Scott, lead in prayer!" and I, not knowing any other name, fall into line and say "Brother Scott," too.

The attentive reader will observe that I am exact in my statement as to the time of their departure from Seney, and perhaps it is well enough for me to say here at the outset and once for all, that this is a true history, and being such, exactness must be expected.

The attentive reader will doubtless note many instances similar to the foregoing, before we get through with this journey, but I promise him that I shall not again break the current of this narrative to call the attention of inattentive readers to them.

Seney, it may be well to say, is in the Upper Michigan Peninsula, on the Detroit, Mackinac & Marquette Railroad, seventy-five miles from St. Ignace, at the Straits, and a like distance from Marquette, on Superior, and is also situated on the Fox River, a branch of the Manistique. The Fox, the stream our voyagers set sail on, is a small stream, when thought of as a river, by those who live in the great interior of our country, but it was large enough to float millions of feet of logs every year from the great pineries north of Seney, down to Manistique, not to mention the Wawa and its cargo and crew on this occasion. On the old maps the stream bore the name of Neenah, an Indian name worthy of perpetuation, but the iconoclast came along, and behold, the Fox!

While there is no sporting worthy of the name to be found in the immediate vicinity of Seney, it is nevertheless a fairly good place to start from to reach sporting grounds and waters. North of Seney, in the headwaters of the Manistique system, the speckled trout "live, move and have their being," while southward flows the Fox, soon discharging into the Manistique itself; and by way of the Fox to its mouth and thence down the Manistique a short distance to the mouth of the Outlet, and thence up that a couple of miles, is the water route from the railroad to the Manistique Lake system, consisting of three charmingly beautiful sheets of fresh water lying amid hard woods over against the Niagara limestone outcrop and abounding in all the inland lake fish peculiar to the region.

It was this route to the Manistique Lakes, that the Judge and Brother Scott are now going to take.

There is a class of so-called sportsmen, who find the attractions at Seney sufficiently strong to hold them at the place sometimes for many days. Seney has its hotels, and what is more, its saloons; and that class of sportsmen who cannot subsist in comfort outside of a hotel nor get along without their nightly potations, find Seney an attractive center. One such had his headquarters at the hostelry where the Judge and Brother Scott made theirs while making their final preparations for their voyage. He was a successful Chicago tradesman, whose purse was weightier than his stock of sporting knowledge, and whose love of Seney whisky was weightiest of all. His hunting and fishing outfit had been gotten up without sense and at great expense. He had three rods and a small trunkful of reels, creels, flies, lures and other fishing gear. The number of his guns had not been ascertained when the Judge and Brother Scott left the town, but as he had mentioned two rifles and one shotgun by manufacturers' names, it was surmised that three was the number of his armament, not counting a pistol he carried conspicuously in a hip pocket.

The fourth day of this Chicago man was drawing to its close at the very hour when the Judge and Brother Scott set out on their voyage. The first day he had industriously consumed in making acquaintance with the various Seney bartenders and their bars, and by nightfall he was in such a maudlin condition that he did not know whether he was in Chicago or Seney.

The morning of the second day he was so far recovered that he was able to go a-fishing. With his guide, a strapping big lumberman, whom he had picked up in the saloon the day before, he drove out to a once fair trout stream, where he donned his fishing suit and began his sport. But with the log-driving of the lumbermen and the netting and the trapping of the law-breakers, not to mention the honest fishing, the once goodly trout stream was next to tenantless, and so the ignorance of both sportsman and guide as to the habits of trout and the methods of trout fishers mattered not. The Chicago man was an energetic, plucky fellow, however, and he went tramping along the brush-bordered stream at a rate of speed and with a noise that would have greatly astonished a better fisherman. And he pulled at his flask with like energy; but, not mixing his drinks, he returned to his hotel in time for his evening meal, only good-humoredly and talkatively drunk. He had not taken a single trout, but he chronicled a nibble; nay, it was a "bite," a "plunger," a "regular sockdolager," for by all these terms he characterized it. Ah! how proudly he walked the floor that evening between drinks and desecrated upon the magnitude of the fish that had made the "savage grab" at his hook; and with what confidence he predicted the overthrow of that fish on the morrow. Having instructed his guide to be ready "by times" the next morning, he made the final round of the saloons, after which he went to bed to snore and perchance to dream of speckled trout, if a drunken man can dream so sweet a dream.

Next morning his guide was on hand at an early hour, but it was a late one ere the Chicago man could be roused from his maudlin slumber—so late that the habits of the hotel winked with their wicked eyes and made significant nods with their empty heads. But they had either overrated the power of Seney whisky or underrated the capacity of the Chicago man, for he did at last arouse himself, and, after making a hasty round of the saloons and as hasty a breakfast, he mounted the wagon and was driven away.

On his return that night he was wet, oozy and bedraggled, but he had a trout. Victory had crowned his efforts. He had caught one, and, notwithstanding by reason of its being under six inches in length it came within the prohibiting letter of the law, he risked the vengeance of outraged justice and exhibited his wretched little trout with as much pride as a congressional candidate would a battle scar. While the life had yet been in it it was a sorry little fish, but now that it had been dead and tumbling around alone in a capacious basket for many hours, it had lost all semblance to a brook trout. But its captor was happy; nay more, jubilant. As he paced the floors of the hotel and exhibited the triumph of his skill to the grinning lookers on, he reminded each of what he boastfully called his "improvement in trout fishing." "Yesterday," said he, "I had a bite, but to-day I caught the rascal." And as he held the dried specimen up to the crowd he gazed at it with watery eyes and enthusiastically exclaimed, "You speckled beauty, you!"

After his ecstasy had somewhat subsided, somebody adverted to the muddy condition of his clothes, and in explanation he said he had "stepped upon a smooth bit of a black sand bar, or what looked like one," and had sunk into the mud and muck so deep, that with all his Chicago pluck and vim he could not pull himself out. And so he called for help, but his "dummed guide" was slumbering between drinks in the wagon, and ere that worthy could be roused the black and oleaginous ooze had insinuated its way in little black streams over the rim of his fishing trousers, and run clean down to the soles of his feet. "When the drunken loafer got to me," he said, "my fishen britches was chuck full of the nasty stuff." But what seemed to roil him most was the humorous view which the "dummed loafer" had evidently taken of his mishap. He had actually proposed standing the Chicago man on his head till the mud and water could run out, a proposition the narrator was careful to say he treated with all the scorn it deserved.

The trout and the muddy plunge ended the Chicagoan's fishing career for that time. The one satisfied his ambition, while the other disgusted him with trout streams so much that he pronounced a malediction on all of them. "I have had glory enough for one day in that way," he said, and after changing his clothes he set out for the round of the saloons to drink and recount his exploits of the day. To admiring and appreciative crowds he set up the drinks, and late in the evening he presented to the bar-tender who passed the highest encomium on his day's work his best fly-rod, assuring the grateful recipient that he was "quite welcome to it, for I've had all the fishen I want this time. I'm going to pumpen lead next." To the bar-tender who scaled the next highest in praise of his piscatorial skill he presented his second best rod, and to the next highest his remaining rod—a Henshall bass rod.

It is needless to say that while these dealers in drinks were thus handsomely rewarded for their good opinions, the admiring lumbermen and other saloon habitués who thronged the saw-dusted floors drank freely and often at his expense, and it was whispered around that after a day or two his guns would go the way of his rods.

It was a late hour of the night, or to speak rather with that accuracy characteristic of this history, an early hour in the morning when the Chicago man was carried screaming drunk to his hotel. Nor did he leave his room till 5 P. M., central time, the very hour that the Judge and Brother Scott slipped the Wawa's painter and floated out upon the dark waters of the Fox, for the journey which this history is designed to record.

That Wednesday was a memorable day in the Upper Peninsula; memorable not so much because it was the day that the Chicago sportsman slept off his big drunk, or that the Judge and Brother Scott set forth on their journey, as from the fact that Jupiter Pluvius had on that day unrolled his clouds and deluged the thirsty land with fruitful showers. During the previous night a long gathering storm had broken, and all the forenoon of that Wednesday and till a late hour in the afternoon there had been a steady down-pour. As the eastward-bound train, which carried our travelers from Jeromeville to Seney, thundered through the woods, the fleecy fogs from Lake Superior were seen creeping southward through the forest aisles, and our travelers knew by that sign that the wind was "hauling round" to the north-west, and that what would make a gale out on the great lake would make delightfully cool and clear weather in the woods. And so notwithstanding that at the hour of their departure from Seney, the sky was overcast with leaden clouds, and the elms that lined the winding Fox were dripping showers with every puff of the rising wind, and the rank fern brakes were limp and soaked, they boldly slipped the painter and floated away.

But they went forth with dampened ardor. No one knows so well how depressing to the wilderness traveler is a pro

longed rain, as he who has undergone that experience. With the sun obscured by dripping clouds and the trees and shrubs soaked with rain, the traveler through the wilderness, whether he goes by stream or land, sees through the discomforts of his surroundings, the sunshine of his distant home. The men of the Wawa yielded to their surroundings. A deep gloom overspread Brother Scott's countenance, and at intervals woeful sighs escaped him. He thought of the Greek Professor alone in his tent at Jeromeville; he thought of his cheerful home and all its pleasant surroundings, and then, as he looked down stream into the damp, soggy, gloomy forest, he fairly groaned aloud. As for the Judge, in addition to the depressing influences noted, he had been put upon by an unhallowed son of Seney, and his temper was badly ruffled, a fact belonging to the history of this voyage, the cause and consequence of which will be fully recorded in the next chapter.

FLORIDA AGAIN.—I.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Annually, hundreds if not thousands visit Florida partially or fully equipped with sporting implements; and as a result a large portion are disappointed, and they decry the sporting resources of the State. Fishing in Florida cannot be equaled; heach birds, ducks, geese and quail are plentiful, and in certain sections large numbers of deer and bear can be found. But the fisherman must visit the localities where they exist. Many persons secure an outfit of fishing tackle before they leave home, and they generally find it useless. On arriving in the State many strangers are interviewed by railroad and steamboat runners, and are sent to localities where fur, fin and feather "are plentiful," they reach the points recommended to find that they have been sold.

Annually I receive numerous letters of inquiry, asking numberless questions regarding the climate and health, and the shooting and fishing of the State; the best points to visit and how to get there. I find it impossible to reply to them, and to impart information that will suit the many and in compliance with request I will prepare some brief notes of the climate, health, sport and the best places to visit, based on extended personal experience, or data furnished me by reliable parties.

Interested parties in other States have maligned Florida by asserting that the State "reeks with malaria," and that visitors are "liable to suffer from malarial diseases during the winter months." The city of Jacksonville has been grossly misrepresented by parties residing in and out of the State—her healthfulness and sanitary condition have been blackened by hotel keepers of Florida as well as those of other States who are jealous of her prosperity and the success of her magnificent hotels. I am prepared to admit that soon after their arrival in the State, a few persons suffer from diarrhoeal and febrile attacks, the sequence of an impure atmosphere inhaled in sleeping cars, change of water, and the disposition on the part of strangers to gorge themselves on arrival with oranges and bananas. Another source of slight ailment is the result of visitors shutting themselves up in their small bedrooms and keeping out the balmy and health-giving atmosphere. In many of our large hotels there may be seen any evening during the winter, one, two, or three hundred persons congregated in a hall or parlor without ventilation, and for hours inhaling a pestiferous atmosphere rendered poisonous by the breaths of hundreds of persons, and the deleterious gases resulting from the combustion of gas in dozens of burners. If a sensible person opens a window, hands are raised in holy horror, and the transgressor is glad to escape. That a majority of the winter visitors escape illness is truly surprising, for they use every effort to induce disease by inhaling a contaminated atmosphere instead of following the custom of residents, who are careful to maintain free ventilation and a full supply of pure air.

As an evidence of the adaptability of the State to the successful treatment of pulmonary, catarrhal and kidney diseases, I need but refer to their infrequency in the State, and that numbers visit it annually for its climatic effects, and residents can be found in every portion of the State, who have come to it as invalids, and have been cured or materially benefitted by the change. As an evidence of the general healthfulness of the State, I need but cite the fact that according to the U. S. Census reports the mortality per 1,000 is less in Florida than in any State in the Union, if we deduct the deaths of invalids who are sent to the State in the last and incurable stage of lung, kidney and heart diseases. During the summer months malarial diseases are not as common or severe as in many of the Northern States, and when they do occur they are mild and readily yield to treatment. Even the city of Jacksonville, with its large population, and the large number of deaths occurring among invalids who come to it in an incurable condition, presents a low mortality and will favorably compare with other cities North and West, as is shown by the annual health report of the city of Yonkers, N. Y., to which I add the mortality of the city of Jacksonville:

Cities.	Rate per 1,000.	Cities.	Rate per 1,000.
New York, N. Y.	24.93	Wilmington, Del.	21.02
Brooklyn, N. Y.	30.15	District of Columbia	26.58
Buffalo, N. Y.	14.19	Richmond, Va.	18.40
Rochester, N. Y.	16.24	Norfolk, Va.	21.91
Yonkers, N. Y.	14.16	Milwaukee, Wis.	14.35
Plattsburgh, N. Y.	25.00	Cincinnati, O.	17.23
Newburgh, N. Y.	17.20	Cleveland, O.	16.72
Boston, Mass.	21.53	Baltimore, Md.	21.53
Worcester, Mass.	19.25	Evansville, Ind.	19.52
Cambridge, Mass.	19.67	Chicago, Ill.	16.59
Lynn, Mass.	15.63	St. Louis, Mo.	15.90
Newburyport, Mass.	17.11	Salt Lake City	14.00
Concord, N. H.	13.20	San Francisco, Cal.	15.80
Burlington, Vt.	10.68	New Orleans, La.	50.17
Hudson county, N. J.	20.08	Mobile, Ala.	33.05
New Haven, Conn.	17.39	Savannah, Ga.	30.25
Hartford, Conn.	16.67	Charleston, S. C.	32.16
Providence, R. I.	19.59	Nashville, Tenn.	23.11
Philadelphia, Pa.	17.56	Jacksonville, Fla.	12.50
Pittsburgh, Pa.	21.16		

The health of a State is an important consideration when a sportsman or tourist proposes visiting it. I speak authoritatively regarding the health and mortality of the State, for my first visit to Florida was in 1844, and I spent each winter in it from '65 to '75, when I became a permanent resident. Some of your readers may remark that my references are irrelevant and unnecessary, but when persons contemplate a pleasure or sporting trip they do not want to take any more chances to contract disease than they would at their homes. I have spent many weeks at a time in various portions of the State cruising in a small boat, with nothing over me at night but a canvas cover hauled over the boom and fastened to each side of the boat, and night after night I have slept in bays, rivers, lagoons and marshes, and companions and self never suffered from a moment's illness of any kind. I have devoted weeks to an examination of the southwest coast

from Cape Sable to Cedar Keys, and during that time never slept under a roof, and enjoyed perfect health.

Much ignorance prevails among medical men as well as others regarding the climate of Florida, and it is time the public were enlightened on this subject. A comparatively dry climate is the best, and it is generally believed that the "atmosphere of Florida is saturated with moisture." To set this matter at rest and to establish the fact that the air of Florida is not as moist as represented we will give the mean relative humidity of a few points for the five cold months:

MEAN RELATIVE HUMIDITY.

	Years.	November.	December.	January.	February.	March.	Mean for five months.	Mean for five months.
Mentone and Cannes	3	pr ct.	pr ct.	pr ct.	pr ct.	pr ct.	pr ct.	pr ct.
Nassau, N. P.	1	71.8	74.2	72.0	70.7	73.3	72.4	...
Atlantic City, N. J.	1	76.9	79.1	80.6	77.3	76.8	78.1	...
Breckenridge, Minn.	1	76.9	73.2	76.8	81.3	79.5	79.6	...
Duluth, Minn.	1	74.0	72.1	72.7	73.3	71.0	72.6	74.5
St. Paul, Minn.	1	70.3	73.5	75.2	70.7	67.1	71.3	...
Punta Rassa, Fla.	1	72.7	73.2	73.2	73.7	69.9	72.7	...
Key West, Fla.	1	77.1	78.3	78.9	77.2	72.2	76.8	72.7
Jacksonville, Fla.	5	71.9	69.3	70.2	68.5	63.9	68.8	...
Augusta, Ga.	5	71.8	72.6	73.0	64.7	62.8	68.9	...
Bismarck, Dak.	1	76.6	76.4	77.4	81.6	70.6	76.5	...

The mean relative humidity of any winter resort is an important factor, and with regard to the city of Jacksonville it has been grossly misrepresented as "reeking with moisture." As far as observations have been taken by the Signal Service, it has been established that the mean relative humidity of Jacksonville is less than that of any other portion of the State. And to correct errors industriously promulgated by interested parties, I will append a few figures:

MEAN RELATIVE HUMIDITY OF JACKSONVILLE, FLA.

YEARS.	November.	December.	January.	February.	March.	Mean for 5 months.	Annual mean.
1875-76	pr ct.	pr ct.	pr ct.	pr ct.	pr ct.	pr ct.	pr ct.
1876-77	78.9	71.1	67.8	70.4	60.2	69.7	1875 70.3
1877-78	68.2	64.5	73.6	69.0	63.5	67.8	1876 67.2
1878-79	71.8	70.0	67.8	68.5	66.4	68.9	1877 69.3
1879-80	70.0	66.3	65.0	65.0	60.0	60.5	1878 68.7
1880-81	70.5	74.6	77.1	69.4	63.7	71.1	1879 69.7
Mean for 5 years	71.9	69.3	70.2	68.5	63.9	68.8	68.8

Thus, it will be perceived that Jacksonville possesses a lower mean relative humidity than most of the celebrated winter resorts.

As rainfall has much to do with the success of the sportsman, as well as the convalescence of invalids, we will give the rainfall at a few points on the Mediterranean, as well as in the United States:

RAINFALL IN INCHES AND HUNDREDTHS.

	Number of Years.	November.	December.	January.	February.	March.	Five Months.
Nice	25	5.11	4.12	3.06	1.68	2.89	16.86
Mentone	5	5.34	3.15	1.70	2.18	4.13	16.50
Nervi	7	6.00	4.88	4.78	2.33	4.49	22.49
Genoa	25	7.61	4.36	4.39	4.27	2.59	24.73
Atlantic City, N. J.	5	4.61	3.60	2.78	2.10	3.86	16.93
Augusta, Ga.	5	4.56	3.69	3.70	3.64	5.65	20.64
Jacksonville, Fla.	5	3.02	3.33	2.34	5.14	2.81	16.62
Key West, Fla.	5	2.43	1.33	2.18	2.32	0.94	9.10
Punta Rassa, Fla.	5	2.33	0.39	1.99	2.67	1.04	8.77

Although the rainfall may be light in any locality, there may be many unpleasant drizzly days, seriously interfering with sport and outdoor exercise, and we will add a few figures illustrative of the fact that Florida is favored with bright sunshine. As we proceed east and south from Jacksonville, the number of rainy days will be found to be less during the five cold months:

METEOROLOGICAL DATA FROM SIGNAL OFFICE U. S. A., JACKSONVILLE, FLA.

RAINY DAYS.							
Date.	Nov.	Dec.	Jan.	Feb.	March.	Remarks.	
1874-1875	14	6	15	10	5	"Rainy days," all days on which rain fell.	
1875-1876	10	4	4	8	7		
1876-1877	5	10	6	6	6		
1877-1878	9	9	5	10	3		
1878-1879	5	8	5	9	3		
Average	8.6	7.4	7.0	8.6	5.8	37.4 days in 5 months.	

CLOUDY DAYS.							
Date.	Nov.	Dec.	Jan.	Feb.	March.	Remarks.	
1874-1875	4	6	12	3	8	"Rainy days," all days on which rain fell.	
1875-1876	8	4	15	7	2		
1876-1877	6	3	3	10	7		
1877-1878	10	11	11	9	10		
1878-1879	9	11	5	11	4		
Average	7.4	7.0	7.0	8.0	6.2	35.6 cloudy days in 5ms.	

RAINY DAYS (INCLUDING SNOW).							
LOCALITY.	Years.	Nov.	Dec.	Jan.	Feb.	March.	5 Months.
Jacksonville	5	5.6	7.4	7.7	8.6	5.5	37.4
Mentone	1	10.1	7.25	5.1	5.66	9.55	37.48
St. Paul	1	4.0	13.0	8.0	6.0	11.0	42.0

Jacksonville is the metropolis and the objective and distributing point of the State, and in my remarks I have made it the starting point. Excursion tickets to Florida are issued by all railroad, steamboat and steamship lines from the West,

Northwest and North. Steamships leave Boston, New York and Baltimore weekly for Savannah, and from New York to Charleston and Fernandina. Those who prefer the all rail route can leave New York early in the morning and reach Jacksonville the next day at noon. In years gone by the trip from Savannah to Jacksonville was a rough and tedious experience; but owing to the superiority of the road-bed, locomotives and cars, the trip is at present made in four hours and twelve minutes including stoppages—distance 172 miles.

For the benefit of the uninitiated I shall briefly refer to the more common fish of the State, the baits used for their capture, and the best route to reach various fishing localities where fish are the most plentiful. My remarks will be based to a great extent on personal experience, and will be essentially simple and practical.

SHEEPSHEAD (*Diplodus probatocephalus*).—These fish are very plentiful in nearly all of the streams of the State. In Northern waters they do not leave salt water, but in this State they frequent fresh as well as salt water. As a rule they are not as large as in the North. As bait, they will take prawns, shrimp, oysters, clams, fiddlers, and hard-backed crabs. As far as my observations have extended the fiddlers of the eastern coast are blackish, but on the western coast they are larger and mottled pink and white. They can be captured with a landing net at low tide, or in the evening when they feed in droves. On sandy beaches near high water mark, their hiding places will be detected by the presence of small hillocks of sand where they have burrowed.

When cruising I invariably carry an ordinary shovel to dig for fresh water as well as bait. If the fisherman will dig up the sand, six inches deep, where the fiddlers have burrowed, he will in a short time obtain a supply of bait. For keeping them I provide a box about one foot square and fifteen inches deep. In this place about nine inches of moist beach sand, and when captured I place the fiddlers in the box. They will burrow in the sand and keep alive for four or five days. Fiddlers are very tender and the first nip of a sheephead removes them from the hook, and the fishermen must keep a taut line and strike quick and hard. With a crab net, hard-backed crabs can be captured on the oyster bars or along the shore of bays. To keep them alive I use a box fourteen inches square and twenty inches long. The lid is hung on two strips of canvas which act as hinges, and to opposite sides of lid and side I attach short stout cords to fasten the lid. In the bottom and sides I bore a number of quarter-inch holes. At the end of the box near the top I fasten a few feet of stout cord. When the crabs are captured I place them in the box with an ample supply of damp moss, grass or seaweed. At night I drop the box overboard, lash it to the traveler and allow it to remain in the water until I shift my quarters. By adopting this course I keep crabs for days. When about to use them for bait I pierce them through the head in the central line with my bait knife, and thereby avoid many a nip. Taking hold of the legs with one hand and the point of the back shell with the other, I remove their jackets. I cut off the claws at first joint from the body, and divide the body with bait knife from head to tail. Then I cut each half into as many baits as there are legs. For large sheephead there is nothing like crab bait, but when feeding they will not reject fiddlers. If crab bait is used, as a rule, patience must be the watchword. With a taut line the fish will be felt nibbling and munching the bait, but the fisherman must wait until he feels the weight of the fish, when he must give a lusty yank to sink the hook in the tough jaw of the fish. Oysters make an excellent bait, but will be found difficult to keep on the hook unless they are boiled. When forced to use raw oysters I provide myself with squares of mosquito netting and strong linen thread. When the hook is baited I place it on the center of the mosquito netting; inclose the bait in netting and fasten netting to the shank of hook with the thread. Conks are very plentiful at many points, and make a firm and attractive bait. Owing to the coiled condition of the shell the greenhorn will be puzzled to extract the contents. A blow from a hammer or hatchet on the base of the shell will fracture it, and the contents will be brought into view. At many points, notably in Charlotte Harbor, and on the northerly side of a small sandy key to the north of Pavilion Key, large and luscious clams will be found, and they make an excellent bait. If obtainable, prawns make an attractive bait. Unless the hooks are stout and well tempered, and made of the best steel, sheephead will crush them. For large sheephead, best quality Virginia hooks No. 1-0 or 2-0, or O'Shaughnessy 7-0 or 8-0, will answer a good purpose. I have tested many hooks in sheepheading, but have found none to equal the cast steel sheephead hooks, sold by Shipley & Son, No. 5 Commerce street. These hooks are rather blunt and require dressing with a fine file. In Florida these fish exist in endless quantities. My friend Mathew Teecey, of Pennsylvania, landed fifty-three in one hour on the Indian River, and fifty-six in the same time at the dock at Punta Rassa. The latter feat was witnessed by Dr. R. J. Levis, of Philadelphia. To accomplish this feat, he had his boatman to bait his lines and unhook his fish. On the southwest coast the fish generally range from two to four pounds. My favorite mode of capturing them at the inlets is to use a very strong eight-foot rod, and a nine-strand plaited gut leader three feet long. To the leader I attach two short stout gut snoods. I fasten a hook to the end of the leader and to the snoods. The leader is fastened to the line above the sinker. I fish near the shore in water from four to six feet deep, and the instant I hook a fish I give him line. His capers will attract others, and they seize the bait *sans ceremony*. In this way I sometimes capture two or three at a cast. To the uninitiated I will say if fiddlers are used strike quick, if crabs are the bait make haste slowly, but yank vigorously when the weight of the fish is felt. The capture of sheephead is an art only to be acquired by a careful study of their mode of taking a bait, and by treating them to a lusty yank. Some years ago I visited Homosassa and met a legal gentleman, St. George R. He informed me that he was an "old sheepheader," and that he would "teach me how to capture these wary fish." I thanked him, and kindly accepted his offer. In company with two other gentlemen we proceeded to a point a short distance below Jones's house. In a short time I landed eight large fish, and the catch of my instructor numbered 0. With a string of pious ejaculations my piscatorial instructor promised never to teach another greenhorn how to capture sheephead. A hand-line is generally used to capture these fish, but half the pleasure is lost if a rod is not used. If the piscator is disposed to enjoy royal sport let him use a split bamboo Henshall rod, and he will discover that a three or four pound sheephead is worthy of his notice.

JACKSONVILLE, FLA., Oct. 4, 1884.

AL. FRESCO.

"PODGERS'S" INLAND CRUISE.

II.—A FURTHER DESCRIPTION OF THE PARADISE.

AFTER an excellent dinner, cooked in good, old-fashioned, country style, so grateful to the palate after a surfeit of city semi-French messes, a seat in a comfortable, roomy arm-chair of the style of our daddies on the platform in the rear of the house overlooking the lake, and a good cigar, a spirit of perfect contentment and Christian-like feeling toward all man and womankind steals over one.

Before me was a wide expanse of clear, placid water, with a gentle breeze just ruffling the surface, with here and there a fisherman rowing lazily, trolling for bass; a few miles distant the spires of Kingston stood boldly up against the sky. The tiny waves rippled against the platform forming the back yard of the house, producing a sense of drowsiness, from which I was aroused by the bump of a boat against the platform and the landing of a party of three fishermen that had been out since breakfast time trolling and casting for bass. "What luck?" "Oh, not much to-day. Sunday; fish don't bite well on Sunday up this way." Nevertheless they tossed out a dozen fine black bass, the result of the day's catch. Two other boats occupied by the guests of the house came in later with about the same number, the fishermen complaining that the day had been too hot and still for good fishing.

From these gentlemen, who had been spending several weeks at the house, I learned that the fishing thereabouts was better than at any point on the river for bass, while perch were so plentiful as to be a nuisance and were thrown back. But one muscalonge had been taken. This fish is becoming very scarce in the St. Lawrence, and very few had been taken by the fishermen below. It is given out that fishermen always catch numbers of these magnificent fish about Alexandria Bay, whereas to catch one nowadays is an exception and not the rule. The greenhorn arriving at Alexandria Bay eagerly prepares his tackle the morning after his arrival, and, engaging a boat and an experienced man, starts out with visions of forty-pounders in his mind, and after trolling for miles and miles comes in with a black bass or two and a dozen perch, but nary a muscalonge. Occasionally one is caught, which is exhibited to the guests of the hotels that crowd down on the landing to look at him, and is utilized to fire the ambition of the discouraged tenderfoot whose enthusiasm is on the wane. After a big fish is caught, business with the boatmen revives for a day or two.

After tea, observing the gentlemen strolling over across the street toward a brick building and disappearing through a side door, I asked mine host Hitchcock what he had over there. "Oh, we go over to the billiard room to smoke and tell fish stories; some people call it 'the liars' retreat.'" Strolling over, I found a large bar and billiard room, with plenty of old-fashioned rocking chairs and the fishermen all comfortably seated, smoking, while a sprinkling of villagers and boatmen stood around, leaning against the bar on their elbows, listening to the talk and occasionally chipping in. They seemed to be utilized to confirm any rather dubious boasts of the exploits of the narrator. "Isn't that so, Jim; didn't I catch twenty 10-pounders that day?" To which Jim, after expectorating, deliberately shooting at a distant spittoon and missing it, would say, "You did, Cap." It was observable that Jim's evidence was not particularly convincing. Probably he had been doing duty as a reference all summer, and his testimony had become a little stale by repetition.

From fish stories they got to telling stories on each other, and some hitherto mysteries were brought to light, some of them rather damaging to the reputations of the character of the sportsmen present. Our host proved to be a jolly nag and fond of a joke, not behind in telling a good story and with a hearty infectious laugh. One of his stories is good enough to repeat: Some chap about the village bought a large pickerel which he was taking home for his Sunday dinner, wrapped up in a newspaper, but being struck with a tremendous thirst he stopped in at a grocery with the usual back room, laying his fish down on a barrel. The chap who kept the store being blessed with an inquisitive turn of mind unrolled the parcel and looked at the fish. His wide extended jaws suggested a joke on the owner. Probably he had read Mark Twain's story of the jumping frog of Calaveras, for he scooped up a handful of beans out of a barrel hard by, and poured them down the throat of the pickerel until he was full, and then with the end of a broom handle packed them down. Presently the owner came out, wiping off his chin, and picking up his fish went home.

The next morning he came rushing into the grocery in a high state of excitement and declared he had made a wonderful discovery. "What?" "Did you ever hear that pickerel would eat beans?" "Beans! What about beans?" "Why, do you know when I dressed that pickerel this morning that I had here last night I found about a pint of beans in him." "You did?" "Yes." "Well, what is there so strange about that? Didn't you know that pickerel were very fond of beans, and that they are the best bait you could use? I thought every fool knew that. Why, when I was a boy our garden ran down to the edge of the lake, and the old man, about the time the beans were ripe, used to make me and my brother Jim take turns watching the bean patch to keep the pickerel out. The critters would come on moonlight nights and get under the fence at the edge of the water and flop up into the patch, and Jim and I would spear 'em with the pitchfork, and we had pickerel to feed to the hogs." The next day the credulous victim was discovered out in a boat fishing away with a whole row of beans strung on his hook, anxiously waiting for a bite. Yarns of fishing and shooting whiled away the evening until bedtime, when all adjourned over to the stone house and turned in.

To the sportsman in quest of a quiet summer home, with the finest water privilege in the world, good fishing, sailing, good living, and what is important, at moderate cost, there is no place so near, so easily reached at small cost, as this little stone hotel of our host Hitchcock. By taking the evening train by the New York Central or West Shore (if the latter has arranged its connections), via Schenectady, Utica, Rome, etc., you reach Cape Vincent early next day (about 10 o'clock) at a cost of \$8.50 for fare, sleeper extra, of course. On arriving at Vincent, go on board the little steamer Maud, which goes through an old canal, saving going entirely around Wolf Island. She will land you at Marysville, distant from Vincent by this route six or seven miles (fare, \$1), and five minutes' walk from Hitchcock's. You will find him on the wharf, with a boat ready to take you, with your baggage, and land you on the platform constituting his back yard. The house accommodates about fifteen or twenty guests. The rooms are neatly and comfortably furnished, beds good and table excellent. It is free and easy; that is to say, one can lounge around in old clothes, smoke a pipe,

row, fish, sleep, or do neither; can sit out over the water in an old-fashioned rocker, read, doze, and take solid comfort. The ladies can sit on the back porch (or front), sew, chat, tell their experiences, compare notes, in calico dresses and Mother Hubbards, relieved of the discomfort of being dressed up in mashing costumes.

There are several nice boats on the platform ready to be launched for a row, and boatmen to row them if wanted, with comfortable arm-chairs for seats, and many beautiful shady, wooded points near or further away for pic-nics; always shade, always good fishing. The charges are but \$7 or \$8 per week for all this comfort.

In October the shooting is good. Black ducks are to be found in the marshes bordering on the old canal; also snipe, and on the land there is about this time great flights of yellow-legs and pigeon plover. An old farmer told us that if we would come to his house (situated on the east side of the island about midway) any time during October he would promise us fine duck shooting and the finest plover shooting possible to be found anywhere. By way of variety excursions can be made in almost any direction. Kingston is but two or three miles distant, reached by the steamboats several times a day. The St. Lawrence, a fine new boat, makes daily trips to Alexandria and returning. From Kingston, a steamer runs to Toronto.

No more delightful trip can be made than that by steamer from Kingston to Montreal, taking in the beautiful scenery of the river and giving one a sensation in running the rapids about which so much has been written, very exciting and with just enough of the element of danger to make it interesting. Only a good staunch boat, well handled, can run these rapids safely, but it is no great trick to go from Cape Vincent to Montreal in a good new boat, such as those in general use all along the river. A cool head and a steady hand at the oars, and by keeping close inshore, the rapids can be run with comparative safety. A paddle is better than oars on account of being able to see where you are going. You don't need much propelling power, all that is required is to keep your boat straight and let her go and she will go fast enough to suit anybody. Nothing could be more exciting and delightful than such a trip to the skillful boatman.

The wonder is that yachtsmen do not strike out for these waters, for no more delightful excursion or summer trip can be imagined than to ascend the St. Lawrence to Lake Ontario, thence through the Welland Canal into Lake Erie, and so on to the westerly end of Superior. The canals around the rapids have sufficient depth to enable a yacht of any reasonable draft to pass through, and when in the river the current is no obstacle to good progress with an ordinary breeze, and the navigation is simple and easy. There are safe harbors anywhere, and good anchorage under the lee of the innumerable islands. It would be particularly delightful in a steam yacht, as you are independent of wind and current. Steam may be excused under certain circumstances even by a yachtsman.

The gentlemen that had been out fishing from the Stone House recorded four hundred bass as their catch—for how many days I did not learn, but inferred the fishing did not extend over a very long period. None ever seemed to come in empty-handed; they all had fish.

The writer proposes to try it on next season, and (D. V.) become one of Hitchcock's family, and to stay until the dogs are set on him.

PODGERS.

Natural History.

AMERICAN ORNITHOLOGISTS' UNION.

REPORT OF PROCEEDINGS.

THE second congress of the American Ornithologists' Union met in the American Museum of Natural History, in New York city, Sept. 30, 1884, the session lasting three days.

The meeting was called to order at 11:30 A. M., on Tuesday, Sept. 30, 1884, by the President, Mr. J. A. Allen.

The members present during the session were: J. A. Allen, H. B. Bailey, Chas. F. Batchelder, Eugene P. Bicknell, William Brewster, Montague Chamberlain, Dr. Elliott Coues, D. G. Elliot, Dr. A. K. Fisher, Colonel N. S. Goss, Dr. J. B. Holder, Dr. C. Hart Merriam, Robert Ridgway, Thomas S. Roberts, John H. Sage, Geo. B. Sennett, Dr. Leonard Stejneger.

Dr. Coues called attention to the presence of the eminent British ornithologists, Dr. Philip Lutley Sclater and Mr. Howard Saunders; and the President, Mr. Allen, expressed the gratification of the Union at the high compliment thus paid it, and extended to these gentlemen, and also to Mr. William Sclater and the Rev. E. P. Knubley (of the British Ornithologists' Union), a cordial and earnest invitation to take part in the deliberations of the Union.

The associate members present were Mr. William Dutcher, Mr. Fred T. Jencks, and Dr. Howard Jones. Mr. Napoleon A. Comen, one of the Union's most valuable observers of bird migration, was also present, having come all the way from his home on Godbout River—at the entrance of the Gulf of St. Lawrence on the north shore—a distance of about a thousand miles.

The Secretary (Dr. Merriam), in presenting his report, gave the following summary of the present status of membership (as derived from official acceptances in the several classes): Active 44, foreign 20, corresponding 16, associate 63. The Secretary spoke of the very cordial manner in which the distinguished foreign members had responded to the notifications of their election, and the kind expressions in which they had predicted for the Union a long and useful career. He also called attention to the loss sustained by the Union in the death of Dr. Hermann Schlegel, Director of the Royal Museum of Leyden, Holland, one of its most honored foreign members, and of two Associates, Edgar A. Small, of Hagerstown, Maryland, and H. G. Vennor, of Montreal.

The Council recommended for active membership Dr. Leonard Stejneger, Smithsonian Institution, Washington, D. C.; Mr. Otto Widmann, St. Louis, Missouri; Prof. W. W. Cooke, Indian Territory; Capt. Thos. W. Blakiston, late of Japan, and a member of the British Ornithologists' Union, now a resident of the United States.

The Council recommended that the Union confer the honor of foreign membership—the highest gift within its power—upon the following ornithologists of world-wide renown: Heinrich Gätke, Heligoland; Dr. W. Taczanowski, Russia; Henry Seebohm, England; Howard Saunders, England; Dr. H. Burmeister, Brazil.

The Council recommended for corresponding membership: Dr. J. G. Cooper, California; W. E. D. Scott, Ari-

zona; Dr. C. Altmann, Germany; Dr. John Anderson, F.R.S., India; U. Bachofen von Echt, Austria; W. T. Blanford, F.R.S., London; Dr. Louis Bureau, France; Major E. A. Butler, Ireland; Dr. Edouard Baldamus, Germany; Dr. R. Blasius, Germany; Dr. Wilhelm Blasius, Germany; Dr. Bogdanow, Russia; John Cordeaux, England; Dr. Alphonse Dubois, Belgium; Major H. W. Feilden, London; Dr. Victor Fatio, Switzerland; Dr. A. Girtanner, Switzerland; Dr. Hans Gadow, England; Col. H. H. Godwin-Austin, London; Edward Hargitt, London; Dr. Julius von Haast, New Zealand; Dr. E. Holub, Austria; Dr. C. F. Homeyer, Germany; Dr. G. F. W. Krukenberg, Germany; Dr. Theobald J. Kruper, Greece; E. L. Layard, New Caledonia; Graf A. F. Marschall, Austria; Dr. A. B. Meyer, Germany; Dr. Julius von Madarasz, Budapest; Dr. M. Menzies, Russia; Dr. A. von Mojsicovics, Graz; Dr. A. J. Malmgren, Finland; Dr. A. von Middendorff, Russia; E. W. Oates, London; Col. N. Prejevalsky, Russia; Dr. R. Philippi, Chili; Dr. Gustav Radde, Russia; Dr. Leopold von Schrenck, Russia; E. P. Ramsay, Australia; Dr. Anton Reichenow, Germany; Capt. G. E. Shelly, London; Baron Edmund De Selys-Longchamps, Belgium; Dr. Herman Shalow, Germany; Dr. W. Severtzow, Russia; Rev. Canon H. B. Tristram, England; Count Victor von Tschudi, Hungary; Prof. A. Duges, Mexico; Sr. Don José Zedédon, Costa Rica; Dr. Hjalmar Theel, Sweden; Henry Stevenson, England; Francis Nicholson, England.

It was then stated that in view of a suggested amendment to the Constitution (presently to be announced) the Council did not deem it expedient to elect a large number of associate members at the present session. The following nominations only were presented: Edward A. Bangs, Cambridge, Mass.; Outram Bangs, Cambridge, Mass.; Dr. Abbott Frazar, Cambridge, Mass.; Lloyd McKim Garrison, New York; George B. Greenway, Syracuse, N. Y.; Gurdon Trumbull, Hartford, Conn.; Dr. Rawlin Young. The Secretary then presented, in behalf of the Council, five proposed amendments to the Constitution.

Election of members being in order, it was moved by Dr. Coues and unanimously carried that the Secretary be instructed to cast the affirmative ballot of the Union for the names recommended by the Council for the several classes of membership. They were so elected. The President next called for the

REPORT OF COMMITTEE ON PROVISION OF NOMENCLATURE AND CLASSIFICATION OF NORTH AMERICAN BIRDS.

Dr. Elliott Coues, chairman of the committee, stated that the committee had held a number of meetings and had prepared an elaborate report, which he was about to read. The work had been divided by the formation of the two sub-committees, one (consisting of Messrs. Ridgway, Brewster, and Henshaw) to determine the status of species and sub-species; the other (consisting of Mr. Allen and Dr. Coues) to formulate the canons of nomenclature and classification adopted by the committee. He also expressed the indebtedness of the committee to Dr. Leonard Stejneger for determining many points in synonymy, and for other aid.

Dr. Coues then read *in extenso* the report of the sub-committee on codification of canons of nomenclature and classification, as adopted by the full committee. The reading occupied about an hour and a half. Mr. Ridgway continued the report by reading the list of species prepared by the sub-committee on the status of species and sub-species, and adopted by the full committee.

REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE ON THE ELIGIBILITY OR INELIGIBILITY OF THE EUROPEAN HOUSE SPARROW IN AMERICA.

Dr. J. B. Holder, chairman of the committee, presented a very full and interesting report, stating that a circular of inquiry had been printed, and about 1,000 copies circulated in Canada and the United States. Particular pains had been taken to secure evidence from those who advocated the cause of the sparrow. A large number of the returns had been received and the evidence for and against the naturalized exotic had been carefully sifted and summarized. The result overwhelmingly demonstrated that the sum of its injurious qualities far exceeds and cancels the sum of its beneficial qualities. In other words, it was the verdict of the committee that the European house sparrow is not an eligible bird in North America. The Union sustained the decision of the committee.

Mr. Chamberlain said that the house sparrow had only recently invaded New Brunswick, where it was not known a year ago. He said that about a thousand of them suddenly appeared at Fredrickton about six weeks ago, and immediately broke up into small flocks, distributing themselves over all parts of the town.

REPORT OF COMMITTEE ON FAUNAL AREAS.

Mr. J. A. Allen, chairman of the committee, presented a report of progress, stating that North America had been divided into several districts, each of which had been placed in charge of a member of the committee, as follows: Arctic and British America and the northern tier of States bordering the Great Lakes, from New York to Minnesota inclusive, were being worked by Dr. C. Hart Merriam; Canada, south of the St. Lawrence, and New England, by Mr. Arthur P. Chadbourne; the Eastern and Middle States, from New Jersey to Florida, and west to the Mississippi River, by Dr. A. K. Fisher; the Rocky Mountain region by Dr. Edgar A. Mearns, and the Pacific region by L. Belding. It was the plan of the committee, first, to collate and tabulate the required data from all published sources; second, to avail itself in like manner of the material contained in the returns of the observers of bird migration (this privilege having been granted by the Committee on Bird Migration); third, to illustrate the facts thus obtained by colored maps showing the summer and winter range of each species; and, fourth, to generalize the final results and place the same before the Union, accompanied by colored charts showing, with as much precision and detail as possible, the exact limits of the several faunal areas in North America.

The chair stated that we were honored by one of the world's most distinguished students of the geographical distribution of animals, and hoped Dr. Sclater would favor the Union with a few remarks. Dr. Sclater said he was very glad to know that North America, which he knew as the Nearctic Region, was being worked in so thorough a manner by so competent a committee. He said that the study of the distribution of animals was certainly not the least important of the various departments of scientific research, and that the results of the labors of this committee could not fail to be of great interest and value.

On motion of Dr. Merriam the name of this committee was changed from a "Committee on Faunal Areas" to a "Committee on the Geographical Distribution of North American Birds."

It was moved by Mr. Brewster and unanimously carried

that a committee be appointed by the chair for the protection of North American birds and their eggs against wanton and indiscriminate destruction; the committee to consist of six persons, with power to increase its membership and to co-operate with other existing protective associations having similar objects in view.

Remarks followed by Messrs. Brewster, Chamberlain, Coues, Goss, Merriam and Sennett. The president appointed on this committee Messrs. Wm. Brewster, E. P. Bicknell, Dr. Geo. Bird Grinnell, H. A. Purdie, Wm. Dutcher and Fred A. Ober.

Under the head of scientific papers and remarks, Dr. Merriam spoke of the capture, just three weeks previous (Sept. 19), of a second specimen of the wheatear (*Saxicola ananthe*) at Godbout, on the north shore of the mouth of the St. Lawrence, by Mr. Napoleon A. Comeau. Mr. Comeau exhibited the specimen, a handsome male, and remarked upon its tameness. The first specimen (a notice of which appeared in the July *Auk*, p. 295) he shot in the same place on the 18th of May last. Mr. Comeau also spoke of the capture, at Godbout, of a specimen of the European house sparrow (*Passer domesticus*), this record extending the known range of the species, on the north shore of the St. Lawrence by about 250 miles. Dr. Leonhard Stejneger exhibited a specimen of willow grouse or ptarmigan from Newfoundland. He considered it a new geographical race, differing from the continental form chiefly in the dark color upon its primaries. Mr. Brewster remarked that he had recently examined a series of nearly 150 specimens of the ptarmigan from Newfoundland and had noticed the peculiarities mentioned but did not deem them constant. He was inclined to regard the characters mentioned as seasonal, and possibly to some extent individual. Dr. Stejneger replied that this coloration of the wing feathers could not possibly be seasonal, as they (the primaries) were moulted but once a year. Dr. Merriam stated that during a recent visit to Newfoundland he had examined a very large number of willow grouse in the flesh (probably not less than 800), and was still engaged in investigating the change of color in this species. His studies led him to disagree with Dr. Stejneger's last statement. He (Dr. Merriam) was convinced that change in color in individual feathers did take place, both independent of and coincident with the moult. Mr. D. G. Elliot agreed with Dr. Merriam in considering the change of color of individual feathers an established fact. Many years ago, when preparing his "Monograph of the Tetraonidae," Prof. Baird sent him specimens of this ptarmigan from Newfoundland with the request that he describe it as a new species. But Mr. Elliot did not regard the bird as distinct. He therefore sent Prof. Baird a series of skins which convinced the latter of the identity of the Newfoundland with the continental bird. An animated discussion followed, and was participated in by Messrs. Brewster, Comeau, Coues, Elliot, Merriam, Ridgway, and Stejneger.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ADIRONDACK MAMMALS.

AS noted some weeks since, the second volume of the Transactions of the Linnean Society of New York has been received. It well fulfils the promise given by its predecessor, of which we spoke, when it appeared, in high terms. The present volume contains another instalment of Dr. Merriam's "Vertebrates of the Adirondack Region, North-eastern New York," being the concluding portion of the *Mammalia*. There is also a shorter paper, in which the same gentleman describes a new genus and species of the *Soricidae* (*Ataphyrax bendirii*), and the frontispiece of the volume presents us with a likeness of this type.

It is a matter for congratulation that so rich a field for observation as is the Adirondack region should have been undertaken by an observer so accurate, so careful, and so enthusiastic as Dr. Merriam. There remain now, on this side the Mississippi Valley at least, but few localities where man has been so little successful in exterminating the indigenous mammalia as in the Adirondacks, and it therefore presents to the naturalist great attractions.

Dr. Merriam's present contribution begins with the *Cervidae* and goes through the *Mammalia*. From advance sheets of this volume, we presented to our readers some months ago his articles on the deer family, and they were thus enabled to see for themselves how thorough a knowledge the author has of those of the group which are found in the Adirondacks, and how attractively he presents this knowledge.

We present a list of the species treated in this volume: Virginia deer, moose, elk, fossil horse, fossil elephant, star-nosed mole, shrew mole, Brewer's mole, short-tailed shrew, Cooper's shrew, broad-nosed shrew, hoary bat, red bat, dusky bat, silver-haired bat, little brown bat, flying squirrel, northern flying squirrel, red squirrel, gray squirrel, fox squirrel, chipmunk, woodchuck, beaver, rat, house mouse, field mouse, red-backed mouse, meadow mouse, muskrat, jumping mouse, porcupine, great Northern hare, Southern ranging hare and gray rabbit.

It is a fact well known to all observers that, while there is little difficulty in accumulating material for a reasonably complete life-history of most of the larger mammals, it is by no means easy to get together the facts in relation to those which are much more common, but which, from their small size and often subterranean habit, readily escape observation. Thus but little is known of the life of many species of small rodents and insectivores, as compared with other much less common, but larger forms. In this particular, as in many others, Dr. Merriam has been most happy in his observations, and he has added a great many facts of high importance to our knowledge of the habits of the animals of New York State. We quote at some length from Dr. Merriam's account of the common shrew mole, a species well known to every one, but about whose habits the most erroneous notions still prevail.

He says: "The strength of the shrew mole is simply prodigious, for an animal of its size, and the speed with which it forces itself through the ground is marvellous. Audubon and Bachman, speaking of one they had in confinement, state: 'We afterward put the mole into a large wire rat-trap, and to our surprise saw him insert his fore-paws, or hands, between the wires and force them apart sufficiently to give him room to pass through them at once, and this without any great apparent effort.'* Dr. Goldman also tells us that one which he had 'in a basket on the mantelpiece of a parlor made its escape and fell to the hearth; apparently it sustained but little injury by the fall, but hurried on until it reached the wall, when it began to travel round the room. Whenever its course was impeded by the feet of the chairs, which were of large size, it would not go round them, but

wedging itself between them and the wall, pushed them with apparent ease far enough to obtain a free passage, and it thus continued to move several in succession. What was more astonishing, it passed in a similar manner behind the legs of a small mahogany breakfast table, and pushed it aside in the same way it had done the chairs, finally hiding itself behind a pile of quarto volumes, more than two feet high, which it also moved out from the wall.'† Now I have made a pile just two feet high, of quarto volumes, and find that to move it on a smooth, painted floor requires a force of eighteen pounds (avoirdupois), and on a carpet, of twenty-two pounds. In order to display a degree of strength proportionate to the difference in weight of the two, a man would have to exert a push pressure of twelve thousand pounds."

His remarks on this species conclude with an explanation of erroneous notions concerning the food of the mole.

"It is unfortunate," he says, "(for the mole at any rate) that the farmers and gardeners still cling to the mistaken notion that the mole eats the roots of vegetables and other plants. In support of this view they affirm that they have followed the galleries of these animals along rows of garden plants and have found some of the roots gnawed entirely off and others more or less injured. Granted; but this is circumstantial and presumptive evidence only, and is negated by the facts hereinafter related. The truth of the matter is this: The mole follows the rows of plants in order to obtain the insects that gather in the rich soil about their roots, and doubtless injures a few by loosening the earth around them, or possibly even by scratching them in his efforts to procure the grubs."

"Presently a field mouse (*Arvicola*) comes along and discovers the gallery of the mole. It is just the right size, or perhaps a trifle large, so he enters without delay and is delighted to find that it leads directly to his favorite articles of diet, the roots of garden vegetables. It is this abundant and destructive pest that does the mischief, while the poor mole gets the credit of it and very likely loses his head in consequence."

"As bearing upon this subject, I quote from the pen of Samuel Woodruff, Esq., some evidence that may fairly be regarded as conclusive. Mr. Woodruff commences by stating that he had always supposed the mole to be herbivorous, and now that the contrary had been asserted, determined to prove the matter by actual experiment as soon as he could obtain a subject. Having finally procured a full-grown, healthy and vigorous mole of this species, he goes on to say: 'I confined him in a wooden box about two feet square, placing on the bottom six or eight inches depth of earth, and before him a potato, a beet, a carrot, a parsnip, turnip, and an apple.'

'Early next morning I found him exceedingly languid and apparently exhausted, barely able to turn himself over when placed on his back. All the vegetables remained whole, none having been bitten. I then presented him the head and whole neck of a fowl with the feathers on; he instantly seized it, and fed upon it with great avidity. I found him the next morning plump, strong and active; nothing left of the head and neck of the fowl except the beak, part of the skull and bones of the neck, the latter being gnawed and stripped of all the flesh. I then left him with a whole chicken about the size of a quail. The next day I found, upon examination, nothing left of the chicken with the exception of the beak, wing feathers and a few of the larger bones. I then treated him to the head, neck and entrails of another fowl. He first devoured the entrails, and after that the head and neck, with the exceptions as stated in the first instance. Satisfied with this course, I changed his regimen on the evening of the 17th from flesh to cheese, with the addition of a potato boiled with meat; the animal was then full and vigorous. The next morning I found him dead, the cheese and potatoes as I had left them, none of which had been eaten. The belly and sides of the mole were much contracted and depressed.'

'During the whole time of his confinement he had been well supplied with water and ice. The whole of the vegetables put into the box remained unbiten.'

'The result of this experiment has removed from my mind all doubts respecting the character and habits of this singular animal * * * it is clearly not herbivorous, and may be truly ranged among carnivorous animals.*"

In all that pertains to the mechanical execution of the present volume of the Transactions of the Linnean Society, praise must be spoken. Copies may be obtained of Mr. N. T. Lawrence, of 4 Pine street. Price, paper, \$2.

*American Natural History, by John D. Godman, M.D., Vol. I., 1842, p. 64.

†American Journal of Science and Art, Vol. XXVIII., No. 1, pp. 169-170.

NOTE ON THE RUFFED GROUSE.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: As all our books on ornithology state that the ruffed grouse never have but eighteen feathers in the tail, I inclose you one with twenty, to show that there are exceptions to the rule. This is not a solitary case, as I find that the old males quite frequently have twenty. I have shot two others within a short time which had this number. You will notice that this is the color of the very reddest phase of the so-called Oregon grouse. I have examples from Oregon of their reddest and lightest varieties, and can match either in this State.—MANLY HARDY. [The books give eighteen as the normal number of tail feathers in the genus *Bonasa*, but there are some groups of birds, among which may be named certain grouse and geese, in which the number of rectrices is not constant, but may be two more or two less than what is regarded as the normal number.]

RECENT ARRIVALS AT THE PHILADELPHIA ZOOLOGICAL GARDEN.—Purchased—Two white-eared cougars (*Conurus leucotis*), two yellow-headed cougars (*Conurus fendayi*), one green-billed toucan (*Ramphastos dicolorus*), two jackdaws (*Corvus monedula*), one sulphur-breasted toucan (*Ramphastos cornutus*), two European magpies (*Pica candata*), one European bluejay (*Carrulus glandarius*), one pied-billed grebe (*Podilymbus podiceps*), and one fish hawk (*Pandion haliaetus*). Presented—One opossum and six young (*Didelphis virginiana*), two prairie dogs (*Cynomys ludovicianus*), one red-tailed hawk (*Buteo borealis*), one red and blue macaw (*Ara macao*), one alligator (*Alligator mississippiensis*), one land tortoise (*Cistudo clausa*), and one painted terrapin (*Chelydra picta*). Born in the Garden—Sixteen diamond rattlesnakes (*Crotalus adamanteus*).

The owner of a valuable Newfoundland dog was amusing himself while walking along the shore of the bay at San Francisco the other day by throwing sticks into the water and sending his dog after them. He threw a piece of wood far out into the water and bade his dog go for it. Nothing loth, the animal plunged in and in a few minutes reached the stick, which he clutched in his mouth. Just as he was turning back he uttered a yelp, and his master saw his faithful dog, after a brief struggle, disappear from sight, though the commotion in the water lasted for some time. A shark had gobbled him.

Game Bag and Gun.

"ROCKY MOUNTAIN JIM."

HOT SULPHUR SPRINGS, Col., Sept. 28, 1884.

READERS OF FOREST AND STREAM who were schoolboys forty years ago may remember the story of a hunter upon the headwaters of the Missouri River, who killed a formidable grizzly bear with a knife in a hand to hand encounter. It was a death struggle for one or both of the combatants, but the man came out alive. The story was illustrated and the tableau presented was a very striking one to the average boy. Twenty years later it was my fortune to make the acquaintance, in the Rocky Mountains, of James Nugent, better known as "Rocky Mountain Jim," who claimed to be the hero of the story above referred to. Jim was a regular, and a very ideal, mountaineer. He had trapped and hunted all over the great plains, and all through the mountains from the Mississippi River to the Pacific Ocean, extending his adventures into Mexico on the south and British America on the north. Of course he was full of stories, but his general reputation for truth and veracity was exceptionally good as applying to that class of men. Becoming well acquainted with him, which acquaintance continued for a number of years, I never had reason to doubt that he was really the man he claimed to be; especially as he became subsequently the chief actor in a similar encounter of which I had personal knowledge and which I will proceed to relate further on.

Some years after the settlement of Colorado, Jim in a great measure gave up his roving life and eventually took up a ranch claim in the mountains just east of Estes Park, near the foot of Long's Peak. He built a rude cabin, gathered a few head of stock about him and lived in a precarious way from occasional earnings as guide or hunter for parties and from such game as the vicinity afforded. Years were creeping on and Jim was growing infirm, but he could not give up the habit, and once or twice a year he would strike out alone, to be absent for days or weeks in the wilderness, to renew and enjoy the adventures and excitement of his more youthful days. One of his favorite resorts upon such excursions was Middle Park, the great basin west of the dividing snowy range from which flows out Grand River, the eastern fork of the great Colorado of the West. This region was then alive with all sorts of large game, and entirely unpeopled except by roving Indians and occasional nomadic white men.

On the Fourth of July, 1870, in company with a friend, I came over from Denver to unfurl the Stars and Stripes from the summit of Mount Bross, at the foot of which I now write. We duly performed that task with appropriate ceremony, and on the 5th of July set out on horseback for Grand Lake, which lies twenty-five miles further up the river. Shortly before reaching there, at the crossing of the North Fork, we met "Judge" Wescott, a well-known character, who had several years before settled at the lake, where he lived a regular hermit life, mainly upon the trout it so abundantly supplies. The "Judge" was much excited, and said Mountain Jim was at his cabin "all torn up by a bear." He was going down the Park to hunt for a doctor, and we, fortunately, were able to tell him that a pleasure party had passed across the Park a day or two before en route to Lost Lake, with which was Dr. Pollock, an ex-army surgeon. Wescott begged for one of our horses to ride, but we were obliged to refuse him, as they were badly worn and we had a long, hard ride yet before us after visiting the lake. Besides, he could make fully as good time on foot, and we agreed to hurry forward and take care of the wounded man until he returned with the doctor.

Upon reaching the cabin we found a man, bearing little semblance to a human creature, raving crazy, covered with wounds from head to foot. They had become feverish and swollen, and to add to the agony they would naturally produce, such of them as could be so treated had been bound up with old dirty tent-cloth drawn tightly and stitched with needle and thread. These bandages had been applied dry, and those who have had any experience in such things can imagine the sufferings of the patient after a couple of hours' torture. We quickly ripped off the bandages, and with ice-cold water from the lake, plentifully applied, soon brought him around to a rational state of mind. Although completely blind, Jim immediately recognized the writer by his voice and called me by name, although he could have had no expectation of my being within a hundred miles. Appropriating our handkerchiefs and such other of our clothing as was suitable for the purpose as wet cloths, constantly saturated and frequently changed, upon the worst of his wounds, we soon had Jim in a comparatively comfortable state, although he frequently relapsed into delirium all through the day and night. But in his rational moments he gave a history of his last bear fight, which had occurred that morning.

He had come into Middle Park for his periodical hunt; had reached the mouth of the south fork of the Grand the evening before and went into camp, which act consisted of unsaddling his mule and kindling a fire. Near by there was a little salt spring or "deer lick," and as Jim wanted some venison, he stopped there to obtain it. The next morning at daylight he started on foot for the "lick," armed only with a double action, five-chambered French revolver, of large caliber, with which he was in the habit of shooting deer. His course was along a little valley, or "draw," in which were belts and clumps of willows. A little collie dog that had followed him from home was at his heels or dodging about among the willows. He had got within sight of the spring and a number of deer were there, and he was stalking them to get a nearer shot, when suddenly the dog burst out of the willows about fifteen feet distant, and rushed for his master. At the dog's heels came a monstrous cinnamon bear, and behind her two small cubs. When the bear saw the man she gave no further attention to the dog, but rushed upon Jim, open-mouthed, and rising upon her hind feet as she came. Planting her paws directly against his shoulders in front, she at the same moment seized his face and head between her jaws, bearing him to the ground and resting her immense weight upon his body. The attack was so sudden and ferocious that he had no time to turn or move or fire the pistol that was ready in his hand, but as he struck the ground he began shooting, with the muzzle against the brute's body, and continued until the explosions ceased, and the weapon only snapped as the cylinder revolved. Then memory failed, and when Jim next became conscious the sun was shining hot in his face; he lay helpless in a pool of blood, and was saturated from head to foot with the sanguinary fluid. There was no bear in

*Quadrupeds of North America, Vol. I., 1846, pp. 85-86.

sight. Painfully he dragged himself back to his camping place, caught his mule and set out along the trail for Grand Lake, ten miles distant, which was the nearest place at which he could ever hope to find a human being. He said that several times on the way he could hear people hallowing, but he could not answer their call or find them—the vagaries of delirium. Then, again, he would find himself lying in the grass or bushes beside the trail, and his faithful mule standing by his side. He would clamber on to its back and resume his almost hopeless journey. He had to ford two rivers and several smaller streams. When he reached the lake Wescott was out upon the water some distance fishing from a raft. Seeing the bloody apparition, his first thought was Indians, and he pushed his craft further from shore; but after a time he became convinced that it was a white man, came ashore, and rendered such assistance as he was able.

About 2 o'clock in the morning the doctor came and began dressing Jim's wounds. They numbered over fifty, and extended from the top of his head to the ends of his toes. The one that distressed him most was a bite entirely through the elbow joint of the left arm. This gave him great pain. The one most serious in after effort was a cut across the forehead from just above the right ear to a point between and above the eyes, from which the scalp was torn downward over the face so far that it tore out the right eye. A similar cut on the back of the head allowed the scalp to be turned down in the same manner like a flap. A deep cut over the left eye had closed that organ entirely. The bear appeared to have grasped the whole length of his face at one bite, the lower jaw catching him under the chin and the upper jaw across the forehead. The other wounds were more or less serious; many having to be stitched up by the surgeon.

As he became more and more rational, Jim grew concerned about his right eye—asked repeatedly if it was destroyed. Hope was held out as long as possible, but at last, after all his wounds had been dressed and he was as comfortable as he could be made under the circumstances, the doctor replied to the often repeated question: "I'm afraid, Jim, you will never be able to use that eye much more." Then Jim solemnly dedicated his remaining eye and the balance of his life to the destruction of bears.

The next day brought a number of visitors to the lake, and among them an old army hospital nurse, who was hired to take care of Jim. In thirty days he mounted his mule and rode back alone to his cabin home on the other side of the range, fully a hundred miles by the route he had to follow. Seeing Jim in good hands, my friend and myself went to hunt for the bear, which, it is hardly necessary to say, we expected to find dead, but we did not find it at all. However, it has never been seen since that time, while for years before it had been met and run from alarmingly often. This particular bear, notorious in the neighborhood for years, was described as being "as large as a mule."

This would seem a fitting place to end the story, but as some readers may wish to know the end of Jim, who was a noted character in his time and range, I will add a couple of paragraphs more.

I next saw him at his cabin in 1872. Its walls were lined with skins of bears, cougars and other wild animals. The surroundings were littered with traps, heads, shanks and the varied debris that usually characterize a hunter's camp, from which arose a perfume not of Araby or Cologne.

Two years later Jim had an unpleasantness with an Englishman named Hague, for whom he had been a guide. A war of words led to mutual threats and notice to be ready when next they met. Hague took refuge with a neighbor—Griff Evans—and telling his fears, and asked Evans to protect his life. A day or two after Jim rode up to Evans's house with a rifle across his saddle bow. While getting off his horse Evans shot him, lodging a ball in his brain (the newspapers said at the time a minie ball, and now some say the weapon was a double-barreled shotgun loaded with buckshot). At any rate Evans's shot ended the fight; but, strange to say, Jim again recovered apparently, and lived a year or two after, but finally died, it was believed, from the effect of the bullet in his brain. Before his death Jim stated that he was a native of Cambridge, N. Y., and it is believed he "took to the woods" because of a love disappointment in early life. That last sounds like the stereotyped romance applicable in such cases.

W. N. B.

DENVER, Colorado.

A DAY WITH THE GROUSE.

I WISH to make some return for the many agreeable hours I have enjoyed in reading the *FOREST AND STREAM*, by recounting, as far as my memory serves me, the events of the most pleasant day's shooting of my life. Although I make no pretensions to being a skillful shot or a scientific manager of dogs (having owned but three in my life), yet I doubt if there be any one whose heart beats more quickly when his dog comes to a point, or who finds more delight in the recreations of forest and stream.

Before sunrise, on a bright frosty morning of early November, in 1881, accompanied only by Mount, I hurried from my home to the railroad depot at Meadville, and bought a ticket for Utica. Mount is a red Irish setter, heavy of body and strong of limb, who knows thoroughly two things at least: First, to range the steep hillsides and deep ravines of Northwestern Pennsylvania from sunrise to sunset without flinching; and secondly, to make and stick to his point all day unless relieved. An hour's ride down the beautiful valley brought us to Utica, a quiet little village situated at the mouth of Mill Creek, which flows from the east between two high and steep ridges of hills into French Creek. These deep gorges, whose nearly perpendicular sides are covered with cedar and hemlock, laurel and briars, are the almost impenetrable home of the pheasant, the wildest and most beautiful game bird of America. We went up Mill Creek by a road which winds along its banks, sometimes on the one side, sometimes on the other. The turbulent little stream, not more than twenty feet wide, is kept in a constant rage by the rocks which have rolled down from the hillsides, and have vainly tried to stop up its path. The trees that interlace their branches above it now almost dip their limbs into its rushing waters. The laurel forms a dense undergrowth on both sides down to its very edge. These delightfully cool waters were once a favorite home of the trout. I know of no more pleasant sight than this stream in midwinter. Then the branches of the evergreens, freighted with their weight of snow, sweep down until they form an arch over it. Every stone and every projecting point is covered with a feathery cushion of silent white. Under this and in vivid contrast to the solemn quiet around, the dark little stream ever rushes restlessly onward. Half a mile from the village are the ruins of an old oil derrick which some enterprising wild-catter had

set up, and thrust his probe down into the earth only to find a dry hole.

My simple plan for the day's hunt was to ascend Mill Creek a mile, to follow one of its little tributaries southward to its head and then crossing the ridge eastward to another tributary, to descend this to the main stream again. These two gullies and the ground between them were sufficient for the day's sport. Scarcely had we turned southward into the first ravine when Mount, after a little preliminary work, came to a stand among a clump of cedars which were thick on both sides of the narrow path. In a moment, wh-r-r, rushed out a half dozen pheasants, of which I saw but one, as forty feet in front he flashed across an opening. I fired instantaneously. He fell. I picked him up. The shot, almost like a bullet, had cut a furrow across the front of his breast. So much for snap-shooting. The load might just as well have gone through the center of his body, when very little would have been left of the pheasant. I hold it a cardinal rule, in shooting in our dense thickets, to fire the instant my eye catches sight of the bird, and never to neglect even the unlikely opportunity. Although I miss many shots in the course of a day, yet the game bag will justify the proceeding when one becomes accustomed to shooting by instinct. Following up the ravine I missed two shots, one of which was clear and open, by firing too quick; for the other I did not blame myself, as I caught but a glimpse of the bird as it was going through a thicket. Having climbed over the ruins of an old mill and dam, at the side of the race just above them, the dog came to a point. A pheasant sprang up, not, however, with the intention of making a long flight, but of throwing itself over the edge of the race into the bushes beyond. Just as it was disappearing over the ridge, it dropped to a snapshot not fifty feet from me.

Leaving the ravine for a time, we now went eastward where a narrow wood of aspen with a thick undergrowth of bushes ran from the ravine out to a point in the open field. We had scarcely reached the top of the ravine and climbed the fence, when the dog made game and crept stealthily along, now pointing and waiting for me to come up and now moving cautiously on. This he did for at least one hundred and fifty yards, until he came almost to the end of the strip of woods.

Why is it that in following a dog up in this way, one's heart will beat almost aloud, and the blood will fairly boil through the veins? It is these trying moments to the nerves, and not the bag of game, that make the pleasure of shooting on the wing behind a reliable dog, far excel all other kinds of sport. The dog stood for a moment, then with a loud roar ten or a dozen pheasants scattered in every direction over the open field. I, in the thicket, could see nothing until one showed itself over the hazel bushes fifty yards distant. I threw up my gun and fired. He gave a convulsive start, and changed his direction, no longer heading toward the deep ravine of Mill Creek, but directing his flight without wavering out over the open field with no cover ahead as an objective point, and disappeared over a low rise of ground. That looked encouraging. I took the exact line of his flight, passed over the first ridge and on to a second. Almost on the top of the gentle declivity the dog came to a point, but immediately walked forward and picked up a splendid old cock pheasant, fully two hundred and fifty yards from his starting point, without a visible wound upon him, but stone dead. Having received a shot in a vital part, he had evidently flown blindly on, but could not command strength sufficient to take him over the second rise, and so had flown against it and died there.

What a magnificent bird a cock pheasant is when his breast has no longer the bright colors of youth, but has assumed the dusky brown of mature age! His aristocratic blue-black ruff would do honor to the neck of Queen Elizabeth. That evening I weighed him; he tipped the scales at one pound ten and a half ounces. I now hunted a part of the ground between the two ravines, where clumps of wood with plenty of undergrowth was scattered through the fields. I found three or four pheasants, but they rose wild, and although I sent loads of shot after them, they did not feel any valid reason for stopping. Coming, however, to a thicket of young oaks, every one of which was covered with dead leaves, which, strong in death, still adhered to them, I found an open space completely surrounded with bushes and trees. Here the dog pointed, solid as a rock, and a pheasant rose from the opposite side of the clear space. He could not dart away at once, but tried to rise first so as to get clear of the bushes. I caught him easily at their top before he started off, and he fell dead within twenty-five yards. I now returned to the gully which I first started up, and ascended it a couple of hundred yards, when the dog came to a point, and moving forward pointed again. I like my trusty dog, because he understands pheasant hunting to perfection, knows when the birds are moving, and can calculate to a nicety how close he dares approach them before he must stop. Thirty or forty yards from us was a grapevine. Out of it scudded a pheasant. I fired, but it went on. A second one, at the report of the gun, started from the foot of the vine. I fired. It fell. The dog brought it, still living, and gave it into my hands. Good dog!

Having now five pheasants, I descended the ravine almost to its mouth and hung up my game bag in a tree, trusting to the pockets of my hunting coat to carry the game I might shoot during the remainder of the day. I then climbed the west side of the gully, which was very steep and densely covered, but was full of pheasants. I shot whenever I caught sight of the flash of feathers, but neither dog nor hunter could do himself justice on such steep hillsides and in such bushes. We finally came out into the upper end of the ravine, where its sides were not so steep. A pheasant flew up out of gunshot, but directed his flight to a low bank covered with bushes. We followed. The dog stood. The bird stood. I stood. It was a triangular point; but finally it flew—a lovely shot—and at thirty yards it pitched dead to the ground.

It was now dinner time. From the side of the bank flowed a cool spring. Near it was an old log covered with moss. Here I would take my lunch. What an appetite hunting does give. How soft the golden sunshine falls through the trees. Here and there stands a maple whose yellow leaves still clinging to the tree gleam like burnished gold in the flood of light. How bravely the ferns, in their protected nooks along the stream, still hold aloft their delicate branches. Every season has its peculiar charms, but none, in my eyes, is comparable to the time when summer is sinking, dying, but still beautiful, into the lap of winter. Above all, how unalloyed is the pleasure which comes from a bag well filled with game. No, even here will arise a regret over a shot that was made too quick or over one that was not made quick enough. In shooting, as in every thing else, all virtue lies in the golden mean. Mount enjoyed his

share of the dinner, plunged into and drank of the stream, rolled in the leaves and was ever uneasy for the hunt to begin again.

Passing on to the head of the run where it crossed an old lumber road, the dog made game and then moved cautiously forward. Scarcely had he pointed a second time when from the bushes and rocks which skirted the stream and road, rose a flock of five or six pheasants and tore through the bushes in all directions, one going up the old road. I took deliberate aim, and with a heavy thud he dropped between the wheel-tracks. A second load sent after a tardy one which rose at the crack of the gun, should have been but was not successful. I now crossed eastward over the ridge which divided this stream from the one which I was to descend to Mill Creek. Here the woods was much more open. The gully soon came out into the open fields, and was filled with briars and hazel bushes, with an occasional tree, a lovely feeding place for the pheasants. From the thickest of these the dog flushed a flock of which I, with the most frantic efforts, could not catch sight of one. Further on the gully was narrower, so that I could keep on the bank and still sometimes see the dog. Presently I saw him stiff and firm on a point. Here was a puzzle. If I went into the thicket to him I might not see the bird fly. If I did not it might rise out of gunshot. But the pheasant himself settled the question for me, for with a mighty racket he cleared the bushes, came directly to me, passing within fifteen feet of me and heading for the woods beyond. What a pleasure it was to drop him into the buckwheat stubble. What a pleasure it was to say "dead bird" to Mount, as he came inquiringly out of the bushes, and motion him toward the spot. How proudly he came bringing the pheasant. Continuing now down the middle of the gully, suddenly a bird which probably belonged to the flock flushed some distance back, scudded from a walnut tree on the edge of the ravine and plunged over the ridge which separated the little stream at this point from the gorge of Mill Creek. At fifty feet from the tree it would have been out of sight, but instinctively I threw my gun towards it and fired. It fell out of sight over the ridge, but Mount had seen the performance, and brought the dead bird. Many and many a time have I fired at pheasants flying from trees, but they go with such lightning-like rapidity, especially if they are high up, that I sometimes seriously doubt whether shot goes fast enough to overtake them, so seldom have I succeeded in killing them.

Has any one ever seen a perfectly happy day? The clouds for the last hour or two had been gathering in the west, and a gust was to be expected every minute. We proceeded now to hunt the ground between the two gullies, in which were several thickets which we had partially hunted in the morning. Not a pheasant could we find. Birds tell by instinct the approach of a storm, and seek the most secluded nooks. The clouds soon dropped their burden, and it rained as if it would rain its last. Although I carried a waterproof cape, yet the lower part of my body was soon thoroughly soaked. When the storm ceased there was still an hour and a half before the train went up, yet the bushes and weeds were so drenched that it was useless to hunt. I sauntered toward the depot, not forgetting my game bag in which were five pheasants, which had apparently been drowned, not shot. Nine birds made a very respectable load. Passing through the scattered village at dusk the dog came to a point. A rabbit bounced up from the opposite side and ran across the road to hide under the broad sidewalk upon which I was standing. I rolled him into the gutter within two feet of his hiding place. Reaching home I weighed my game—fifteen and a half pounds. I counted the shells remaining, and found I had shot thirty times. I have frequently hunted this ground over since, but now it is difficult to find one bird, where three years ago it was easy to find a half dozen.

Such is an account of this to me memorable hunt, and if it gives any fellow sportsman one-tenth of the pleasure in reading it has given me in recalling its incidents, or one-hundredth of the pleasure I had in the sport itself, I am amply repaid for my trouble.

C. W. REED.

WESTERN PENNSYLVANIA.

BULLET VERSUS BUCKSHOT.

Dear Brother Sportsmen:

Thanks to our excellent medium, the *FOREST AND STREAM*, we can all, as it were, gather around one great camp-fire and relate our hunting and fishing experiences, how we brought low that big buck, made so fine a bag of birds, or captured a string of fish so pretty, and sometimes how we didn't, though we may have been so near success. Our fondness for field sports, with the knowledge of each other gained through our organ, the *FOREST AND STREAM*, unite us into one great brotherhood.

We may differ in our individual methods and implements used in the capture of our game, but that is but natural when we consider the extent of our country, and the diversified character of the shelter in which game is found, so let us respect the opinions of all unless they be rank heresies.

I think that most hunters who have pursued the deer in different parts of the country will agree with me—that in their proper place, there are equal merits in both bullet and buckshot. We cannot convince a hunter of the plains that there is a gun so good for his purpose as his rifle, or the mountaineer of the wilds of the Alleghenies a gun so good as his long, small-bore, muzzleloading rifle; while, with equal right, he who pursues the deer in the dense growth of the Southern lowlands, and some of the scrub pine and oak districts of the North, prefers the double-barrel shotgun with its deadly charge at short range.

There are a few hunters in our country, a very few, who, with their favorite rifle, which seems almost a part of themselves, can not only hit a moving deer, if seen but for a moment within range, but can hit in a vital spot; their superior skill makes the rifle their proper weapon at all times; but the great majority of us, when hunting deer in thick growth, must use the scatter-gun if we would be successful.

I have hunted deer in growth so thick that they could not be seen more than twenty yards away, and I claim that a charge of buckshot is much more effective at such range than a rifle ball. If the deer is struck by a rifle ball in a vital spot, it will generally very soon succumb, but if elsewhere, the chances are good for a long chase after a wounded deer, unless the bullet be explosive, when the nervous shock and loss of blood from torn arteries, would bring it down. Now the charge of buckshot at short range with its numerous small bullets striking the deer in various places will give it a fatal shock, though no so called vital spot may be touched.

Those who have shot deer within fifty yards with buck-

shot know how instantaneously they drop if hit with the bulk of the charge forward of the hips; while those who have shot many with the bullet, know how often they lead you a long chase, though severely wounded, unless hit in the brain, spine or heart. I would not like to use an explosive bullet on deer, for I do not like to see the meat so mangled, and the buckshot generally makes considerable waste meat also; so I prefer the rifle for deer whenever it can be used with any degree of success. There is more skill required in its use, therefore more pleasure derived.

In my own experience a larger percentage of wounded deer got away from me when using the rifle than when using a shotgun. "Chippewa's" instance of a small deer hit near the vitals with buckshot and living for hours, is not conclusive any more than is an instance in my own experience when after putting a .44-caliber rifle ball through the heart of a yearling deer, it led me a chase for an hour and a half, when I was able to bring it down with a second shot, or it might have kept up much longer, but it was a young deer and badly frightened, both in favor of tenacity of life.

I like the remarks of "Q. U. Ail" on the matter, and I think most of our brother sportsmen will agree with him if they have hunted deer North, South, East and West. My experience in the matter amounts to just this—in thick growth, and within fifty yards, use shotgun, otherwise use rifle. But with "Chippewa" I would say to the young beginner taking his first lessons in deer hunting, use the rifle and become as skillful with it as you can, that is, if your hunting ground will permit of it at all.

The greater pleasure later on will compensate you for the lack of the extra deer you might have brought into camp had you used the shotgun. As regards bounding deer, there are sections of our country where I believe it proper and right, and other places where I should strongly oppose it. The hounds and shotgun should go together in a section of uninterrupted thickets. But I would have the hounds go slow that they would not press the deer to overheating. I believe with "Cap Lock" that venison is not wholesome if killed when much overheated.

But for a man to take hounds into an open wooded region where still-hunting is good, and turn them loose, is highly wrong, and he has no sense of what belongs to the rights of hunter, deer, or hound. There is a section of country north of Green Bay, Wis., in the lower part of Oconto county, and stretching into Shawano county, where years ago a great fire swept the old forest away and there has grown up an almost impenetrable growth of popple, while the trunks of old trees strew the ground. Imagine, if you can, still-hunting deer in such a place. I would defy the most skillful Indian to approach a deer in such cover. I believe there is no one who strongly condemns bounding deer, but would be converted to the practice if he had such hunting grounds, for hounds are necessary to drive the deer from its protecting cover.

What have experienced deer hunters noticed regarding the tenacity with which deer of certain age and conditions cling to life, and the effect of wounds in certain places? Perhaps this question has been already discussed while I was roaming the "wilds," and deprived the pleasure of reading the FOREST AND STREAM.

C. W. B.

Worcester, Mass.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In reading the arguments under "Bullet vs. Buckshot" I notice that nearly every one in favor of the rifle looks upon the "Gatling gun" as the height of cruelty. Now I should say that the average deer killer who goes into the woods for a month's slaughter could kill more and so wound less with the shotgun than with the rifle, on the theory that the more pellets fired the better chance of hitting a vital spot. Perhaps at long distances the rifle is the surest death on account of penetration, although there are scores of men who would be as likely to strike the animal in the leg as in the heart at seventy yards. A good shot would not, but then a good shot should be sportsman enough to crawl up within killing distance if he had a shotgun. I prefer the rifle as the neater weapon, though if the deer were asked he might say, "Thank you, but if it's all the same I'll wait until nature calls me."

C. F. M. G.

Boston, Oct. 4, 1884.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have read in your valuable paper this virulent controversy on the above subject, and will say it is a good way of disseminating useful information, and its winding up will be like that of the great fishing-rod dispute, viz.: that every one is entitled to hold his own opinion on the subject, and under the circumstances do what seems best in his own eyes. "Plute" and "Wells" to the contrary. Now, as circumstances alter cases, I will venture to say that it is unsportsmanlike to use buckshot against deer in the open or on a lake, a rifle being the proper weapon; but in the thick spruce woods of Lower Canada, where the deer will often start up within 30 yards of one in such tanglewood that you can hardly see it, and even if you do see a patch of fur cannot tell to what part of the animal it belongs, there I will say a good charge of buckshot will be more to the point than a single bullet; that is, if you really want your CARIBOU.

PROVINCE QUEBEC, Oct. 2.

PHILADELPHIA NOTES.

ON Wednesday, Oct. 1, the wind, which had been from a westerly quarter for some days, shifted to the east and continued so until Saturday. Our rail shooters who were looking for just such a season, started for Maurice River and Port Penn with expectation of grand sport. The favorable winds backed a considerable volume of water into the Delaware and the creeks flowing into it, but the number of birds killed was not so large as it would have been if the same storm had occurred a week sooner. The high grounds bordering Augustine creek at Port Penn were overflowed, and places where boats had not been pushed over this autumn were reached, yet no astonishingly large bags were made. Those who were content with fewer birds selected the Lazaretto and Chester grounds, but the rail shooting at these latter places was not at all good.

Teal ducks are now numerous in the Delaware and snipe continue to be found on grounds affected by the tides. All the inland meadows are dried up or covered with an immense growth of vegetation. A week's continued rain will not rejuvenate them; owing to this the snipe frequent the river flats.

Al Hembold went overboard with his gun, shells, and seventy rail he had boated at Maurice River on Friday last. He was lucky to get ashore after finding his breechloader, which had gone to the bottom. Mr. Chas. Jones was fined \$50 at the same place on Thursday, for shooting without a

license. He intends carrying the case to court, as he says he doubts the constitutionality of the statute.

There will be more quail found in Pennsylvania and neighboring States this autumn than for several years. We have had a splendid breeding season and reports come in from many quarters that birds are plentiful.

Homo.

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 5.

CONNECTICUT NOTES.

GAME around this part of Connecticut is what might be called scarce. A few coveys of quail have been in the neighborhood during the summer, and last week one of them spent nearly all one day feeding in the back yard of a place nearly in the center of the town. The young birds of this covey were not larger than sparrows, and have no doubt already fallen prey to some pot-hunter, with which this vicinity is overrun from its nearness to the city of Bridgeport.

Partridges have been extremely scarce for some years past, and have not heard that the prospects for them are any better this season.

Rail shooting on the Housatonic River this year has not been up to the average, possibly on account of the tides, which ran poor in September. Heard of several bags of fifteen to twenty, and expect to hear better reports on this month's tides if they run fuller.

About the only successful sport has been shark fishing in the river, seven of which animals have been caught by one person so far. These were caught in rather a novel way: by fastening the line to a buoy and letting the fish hook itself, and if in the mood (which was very seldom) to tow the buoy around till the owner came after him. Other kinds of fishing has been very poor, possibly owing to the number of sharks around. Even the snappers or small blues have almost deserted us this season. Later on expect to have some reports to make about cooting, etc.

HOUSATONIC.

STRATFORD, Conn.

WING-SHOOTING.—Cedar Hurst Farm, Sept. 29, 1884.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Sometimes men are not in proper trim for shooting. I remember being out on one occasion for a whole day with a good shot and although game was not scarce, we only killed a small bag. On other occasions the same shot was often most deadly. There are all manner of grades of excellence in shooting. Some will feel a degree of self-compacency if they hit one bird in ten, while others will only miss one out of an equal number. Much of the proficiency in shooting on the wing may be referred to bodily temperament. Some persons are so nervously constituted and so hurried in their movements that they never attain the degree of coolness and self-possession requisite for a steady marksman. A nervous anxiety causes them to fire without obtaining any decided aim. The real foundation of the art of "shooting flying" is in the sympathy which exists between the eye and the hand, the sight and the touch, and the power of so combining, as it were, the sections of the two senses that in their united action they seem to be the effect of one. The art of measuring distances and directing the gun to a flying object is learned by degrees. Some shoot with one eye shut, others with both open, there is no rule in this matter, it entirely depends upon early training and habit.—J. C. Y.

FOOD OF RUFFED GROUSE.—From a correspondent, "R. R.," who writes from Sherbrooke, P. Q., Canada, under date of Sept. 24, we have the following: "I mail you herewith crop of a ruffed grouse I shot this P. M. Have any of your readers ever seen one filled with toadstools as this one is?" The same day that this was received, a ruffed grouse crop came through the mails from Canada, but without postmark. This crop contained, so far as we could discover, not a single toadstool, but a great mass of freshly plucked green leaves. Among them were what appeared to be foliage of the white birch, chokeberry, wild cucumber, raspberry, and hardhack, together with that of various other swamp plants. While leaves are often found in the crop of the ruffed grouse, it is very unusual, we think, to find them so abundant as in this case, where they formed a tightly packed mass, somewhat larger than a man's fist. The question of the food of our game birds is an interesting one, and we think that it would be worth our readers' while to discover by an examination of the crops of the birds they may kill, just what they feed on during the different months of the shooting season.

HOT SULPHUR SPRINGS, Colo., Sept. 29, 1884.—The open season for deer, elk, etc., opened on the 15th, and all the hunters outside appear to have been ready and waiting for it. They poured through here in wagons and on horseback, going to the northern and western parts of this park, to North Park and over Gore Range to Egeria Park and the Flat-top Mountains. For a week they have been coming back, many outfits with immense loads of meat, and others, I am glad to say, with very little. It is not unusual for ten or fifteen wagon loads of meat to pass here in a day. One day last week I saw five loads go by within half an hour; two of them four horse loads and the others two horse loads, and each one of the five belonging to a different party. Now, if the fellows who want a deadlier sporting arm could only get one built upon the coffee mill principle, that would kill every turn of the crank at a thousand yards, the deer, elk and antelope could all be wiped out in six months or a year, and there would be no further cause for anxiety, or need for game laws.—W. N. B.

WOLVES AND ASSAFOEDITA.—Speaking of assafoedita, an uncle of mine, as I have heard the story, paid off a mortgage on a farm in Illinois in the early days with the bounty he received for killing wolves. His method was to set up a pole with a flag on it in the winter on a little hill and then to ride away as far as he could see the pole; then going toward the pole he dropped a large piece of beef well rubbed with assafoedita and dragged it by a rope attached to the pommel of his saddle. When near the pole he took from a tin box lumps of lard or fat meat well dosed with strychnine and dropped them in the trail. Then riding off he would lay another trail, and so on till night. In the morning he would find the wolves dead not far from the pole.—P.

THOMASTON, Conn., Sept. 30.—Arthur Fenn, a young man of eighteen, was brought before Justice Judson this afternoon on two counts, for snaring and attempting to snare partridge. He pleaded guilty, and it being his first proven offense, he was fined \$3 on the first count and \$2 on the second, with costs, making in all \$13.25, which was paid by his father. A first lesson for snarers in this place.—GAME WARDEN.

A MEDICAL "KICKING ANTIDOTE."—A well-known gentleman of this city, who is a physician of prominence, an author, a professor, a sportsman, an angler, a sailor, a salt mine owner, a rifle shot and an inventor, some time ago turned his attention to devising a recoil pad for rifles and shotguns. His elastic heel plate, as it is called, has been put on the market, and is doing a most excellent work in tempering the kick of his gun to the sportsman. Those who have tried the elastic heel plate are very well satisfied with it, and a company down South is now negotiating with the inventor for something of the kind to be attached to the rear hoofs of mules.

SALEM, Mass., Oct. 6.—Shooting runs a little quiet. Some marsh birds are shot. Coots are in the bay, and some geese have passed south. Wilson's snipe and some woodcock are taken, the old "timber-doodles" having those rich colors only found on an October or November bird. A white woodchuck and chipmunk (*T. striatus*) are among things recently seen. In the spring it was said the prospects were good for quail but now they appear by no means numerous. Quite a number of bluewing teal have been bagged and also several fine wood drakes. Considerable interest is manifested in small-bores at present.—X. Y. Z.

SNARING IN ROCKLAND COUNTY.—Stony Point, N. Y., Oct. 1.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Will you kindly inform me of name and address of the proper State officer to whom I should apply for assistance to break up the partridge trapping now going on in this vicinity. Thousands of birds are caught and sent to the New York market, and we wish it stopped.—T. [Apply to Joseph H. Goodwin, State game protector, King's Bridge, N. Y. Rockland county is in his district.]

IOWA PRAIRIE CHICKENS.—Anita.—So far chicken hunting has been a failure, and why so I am unable to state, as the weather during the hatching season was everything that could be asked for, and those who predicted such immense hunting this fall are decidedly left. A party of us are about to start north for ducks, and should our plans mature look out for an account of the trip.—C. B.

CONNECTICUT.—Thomaston.—Partridge and quail are reported plentiful in this vicinity, and I have heard of no violation of the game laws as yet; but the fact of my being one of the game wardens partly accounts for it perhaps, although we intend to make it hot for the snarers.—GAME WARDEN.

TAME WILD GEESSE.—Mr. Junius P. Leach, of Rushville, Ind., who has paid some attention to the breeding of wild geese, announces that he intends to dispose of his stock. They are suitable for decoys or for ponds.

THE WILD PIGEONS.—Huntingdon, Tenn., Sept. 29.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Can some of your readers inform me where the wild pigeons are at this time, and where they nested the past season?—L. L. H.

Sea and River Fishing.

THE COMING TOURNAMENT.

THE Committee of Arrangements of the National Rod and Reel Association, met at Mr. Blackford's, in Fulton Market, on Friday, Oct. 3, at 2 P. M. The Chairman, Judge McGown, telephoned that he could not be present until an hour later, and Mr. James Benard was appointed chairman *pro tem*. The Secretary read a note from President Endicott saying that an invasion of quail into the State of Delaware called him to repel them and he could not be present. He read a letter from Mr. J. C. McAndrew offering \$100 to be distributed in prizes at the tournament among the amateur trout and salmon classes, and a vote of thanks to Mr. McAndrew was passed. That gentleman being present, was asked for specific directions as to the apportionment of this sum, but he left it entirely with the sub-committee on prizes.

Mr. Vallotton moved that the judges in the different classes appoint a member to see that the tackle is in accordance with the rules and requirements of the Association at all times during the contests, and that this be inserted in Rule 2, before the words "The judges." Carried.

The rules for black bass casting with the minnow then came up. The secretary read them as published by Dr. Henshall, chairman of the sub-committee on black bass casting, and published in FOREST AND STREAM of July 3, 1884, and also criticisms on them. The question arose as to the powers of sub-committees and whether their action was final or in the nature of recommendations to the general committee, to be acted upon by the latter. It was decided that their action was subject to the approval of the general committee; and Prof. Mayer moved that instead of an allowance of five minutes for casting, that each contestant be allowed five casts, and that his score shall be recorded as in heavy bass casting, except that he will not be required to cast in a lane. Carried. (This was done because it was considered that with the small reels used too much time would be consumed in reeling up with the small reels, and under the five minutes' rule only one or two casts could be made.)

The sub-committee on striped bass casting reported that they had considered last year's rules, and would suggest that the lane be made thirty-five feet instead of twenty-five, as heretofore. Adopted. They also recommended that a separate contest be held for the longest single cast, each contestant to have three casts, and the longest cast to count. Carried.

The rules for salmon casting were unaltered.

The question of the interpretation of that portion of Rules 2 and 11 of last year, which relates to trout casting, was then considered. While some of the members interpreted them to mean that the winner of the first prize in the Amateur Classes A, B and C, were only debarred from all Amateur classes during the year in which they were winners, Mr. Mather held that they debarred previous first prize winners from ever entering an Amateur class, and read Rule 2, as follows: "No one shall be permitted to enter an amateur contest who has ever fished for a living; who has ever been a guide, or has been engaged in either the manufacture or sale of fishing tackle, or who has ever taken a first prize in any tournament. The judges in any particular class, on appeal, shall have power to decide in all matters relating to entries, and their decision shall be final."

As it seemed to be the unanimous sense of the meeting that no such sweeping proscription was intended, Mr. Black-

ford moved that the words "have won" in Rule 11, be changed to "win," and the words "or who has ever taken a first prize in any tournament" be stricken out. Carried. Prof. Mayer then proposed to strike from this rule the words: "Nor will any person having won the first prize in Class D be permitted to compete for the prizes in Class E." Carried. This forbids experts who cast in a class where delicacy and accuracy were considered from casting in the long distance class, D and E being the only classes where the champions, or experts, can enter.

A communication from the Park Commissioners to Mr. Martin B. Brown, chairman of the sub-committee on grounds, was received saying that when the Association fixed the date of the tournament they could have the use of the Harlem Mere in Central Park, was received, and the Secretary was ordered to notify the Board that the tournament would take place on Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 22 and 23.

REVISED RULES FOR 1884.

Rule 1. All persons competing for prizes shall pay an entrance fee in each contest as follows: Members, two dollars; non-members, five dollars.

Rule 2. No one shall be permitted to enter an amateur contest who has ever fished for a living; who has ever been a guide, or has been engaged in either the manufacture or sale of fishing tackle. The judges in the different classes shall appoint a member to see that the tackle is at all times in accordance with the rules and requirements of the Association during the contests. The judges in any particular class, on appeal, shall have power to decide in all matters relating to entries, and their decision shall be final.

Rule 3. No rod shall exceed eleven feet six inches in length, and it shall be used with a single hand.

Rule 4. Any style of reel or line will be allowed, but a leader or casting line of single gut, of not less than eight feet in length, to which three flies, one stretcher and two droppers shall be attached.

Rule 5. No allowance of distance shall be made for difference in length of rods.

Rule 6. Persons entering these contests shall draw lots to determine the order in which they will cast and will be ready to cast when called by the judges.

Rule 7. Each contestant will be allowed five minutes to cast for distance and will then stand aside until called in his turn to cast for delicacy and accuracy, when he will be allowed five minutes for this purpose.

Rule 8. The distance shall be measured by a line with marked buoys stretched on the water; said line to be measured and verified by the judges at least once each day of the casting. A mark shall be made from the stand from which the buoy line shall be measured, and the caster may stand with his toes touching this mark, but may not advance beyond it. Should he step back of it, unless directed so to do by the judges, the loss in distance shall be his.

Rule 9. The stretcher fly must remain at the end of the casting line in all casts. The others are not deemed so important. A contestant may claim time for repairs, which shall be allowed by the judges, or the judges may order the next on the list to cast while repairs are made, in their discretion.

Rule 10. In the absence of an appointed judge the committee will fill the vacancy.

Rule 11. Any person who shall win the first prize in Class A will not be permitted to compete for prizes in either Classes B or C; or, having won the first prize in Class B, to compete in Class C.

Rule 12. Salmon Fly-Casting.—The foregoing rules shall govern, except that the rods shall not exceed 18 feet in length, and may be used with both hands, and that only one fly will be required.

Rule 13. Black Bass Casting.—All general rules which do not conflict with the following special rules shall govern. No rod shall be less than 8 nor more than 10 feet, nor less than 7 nor more than 10 ounces. Any black bass multiplying reel may be used; but clicks, drags, or any device to control the rendering of the line, except the thumb, will not be allowed. Lines shall be of the less caliber than No. 6 (letter H) braided silk, or No. 1 sea-grass, or corresponding sizes of other material. The weight of the sinker shall be one-half ounce, the same to be furnished by the committee. Casting shall be underhand, and but a single hand shall be used. Each contestant shall be allowed five casts, the longest to count, and then will be allowed five minutes to cast for style and accuracy. The scale shall be the same as in fly-casting, viz: Distance, the longest cast in feet; style and accuracy, 25 points each.

Heavy Bass Casting.—Rods shall not exceed 9 feet in length; any reel may be used, but the line shall be of linen not less than No. 9. The casts shall be made with sinkers weighing 2½ ounces. (These will be furnished by the committee.) The casts shall be made in line, formed by the buoy line and a line parallel to it and distant 35 feet. Each contestant will be allowed five casts. His casts within the lines only shall be measured, added and divided by five, and the result shall constitute the score.

Light Bass Casting.—The above rules shall govern, except that the sinker shall be 1½ ounces, and there shall be no restriction as to lines.

THE ICHTHYOPHAGOUS CLUB.

A MEETING of the committee was held at Blackford's, in Fulton Market, on Friday last. It was unanimously decided that the club should dine, and then the question arose as to the place where they should have their dinner. Mr. Blackford stated that Messrs. Hunting and Hammond would open the Murray Hill Hotel about the 10th of October, and as one of the firm had fed the Ichthyophagoi at the Palisade House, he thought his experience was valuable, therefore the committee decided to dine there. The time was fixed—after some opposition to Friday, by President Poor, because it was "fish day" and the club should not be bound by tradition—for Friday, October 17, at 6.30 P. M.

Then the momentous question as to what strange and horrible forms of aquatic life should be served or were available. Mr. Blackford stated that he had a shark on ice, hellbenders in aquaria, and had telegraphed to Hume & Co., at Puget Sound, for a geoduck, a gigantic form of soft clam which fills a flour barrel, if the clam is large enough. He could also procure wolffish, sea-robins, and knew where a sting ray of 300 pounds could be obtained. Mr. Mather promised a lot of the curious mantis shrimp, horsefeet, winkles, razor-clams, starfish; and shocked the whole committee by suggesting dobsons, or hellgramites. Mr. Phillips moved that Mr. Mather be expelled from the club for offering them such beastly things, but the latter explained that there might be vast possibilities of epicurean delicacy hidden in the hel-

gramite if properly boiled or roasted, and the motion was withdrawn. It was voted that he might procure a quantity, have them served to suit his ideas, and then be allowed to eat the entire lot.

A form of invitation was adopted which assured guests that a proper number of coroners and undertakers would be in attendance, and Mr. Blackford stated that Gillam, of *Puck*, would illustrate the *menus* with appropriate sketches. A proposition to have the club make an annual pilgrimage to the tombs of the members who had passed away during, or immediately after, previous feasts, was voted down as being too much of the nature of a holiday such as Decoration day, and might be construed into making light of serious matters.

No further business coming before the meeting it adjourned, and then followed an informal questioning by the members as to the consequences of the last feast and the amount of distress felt after it, with their opinion as to the relative digestibility of unicorn's liver and walrus hoofs. Doubtless Prof. Atwater could find new material for investigation such as are to be found in our fishcultural column if he should analyze the food prepared for the coming dinner.

THE RED SNAPPER.

THIS magnificent fish is one of the most common in the Gulf of Mexico. It is gorgeously colored, very graceful in all its movements and unusually wary and capricious. In weight it ranges from two to thirty-five pounds, averaging seven pounds. Its home is in the strictly salt waters of the Gulf, a short distance from the coast. There it lives on the bottom at a depth of 60 to 240 feet. The ocean floor of Florida declines greatly at first, for a distance of from thirty to fifty miles from the shore, to a depth of 300 feet, then very abruptly descends to a depth of 600 feet, beyond which the slope is more gradual to a depth of about 12,000 feet.

The first slope is a sandy one; the second is sandy, rocky, and muddy, while the third is wholly muddy. The surface of the second with its uneven rocks afford homes and comparative security for all kinds of small marine animals, such as crabs, barnacles, corals, etc. These attract myriads of small fish which are preyed upon in turn by larger, and so on upward we find them illustrating the common saying of "big fish eat the little ones."

The red snapper is most prominent in these communities. It is one of the largest, most active, and handsomest species. Its life is spent about the patches of rocks, swimming about six feet from the bottom among tall branching corals and waving grasses in a lazy, graceful manner, forever on the alert to dash upon some rockless smaller fish. Its whole appearance suggests craftiness, smartness, and conceitedness.

Ordinarily it has about fifty species of beautifully delicate fishes to select its food from, and it seems to show considerable judgement in the selection. Among these are rare fishes that live only about the coral reefs of warm seas. Even that most celebrated little fish of the Romans—the red mullet, that was so highly esteemed by the epicure emperors, furnishes an occasional meal for the red snapper. In consequence of living upon food of this character, the flesh of the red snapper is peculiarly firm and sweet, being disposed in regular layers that make it especially desirable for serving at the table.

The red snapper is altogether caught with hook and line. Vessels carrying six or eight men go to sea prepared with all appliances for capture and preservation, and are about one week in securing what is termed a load. They go from home as far as 250 miles, being then about fifty miles from land. The places where the fish live are found by sounding-lines that indicate the depth known to the fishermen, and that have baited hooks attached which are quite sure to get a victim if there are fish near by and they are disposed to bite. The vessels are anchored over the spot or allowed to drift across it, while the fishermen ply their lines as rapidly as possible. Each man handles a single line, which has two large hooks and several pounds of lead attached. When the fish are hungry they bite as fast as the lines are lowered to them and even rise near to the surface of the sea in their eagerness, biting at bare hooks or anything that is offered. From this habit they have gained the name of snappers. Very often two large fish are hooked at once, and then the fisherman has a hard pull, for the snapper is gamy. While it is so easily captured at times, there are spells when it cannot be lured by any kind of bait or snare. It is truly a capricious fish.

Storms, adverse winds and currents, affect the business of the fishermen very much, and at best theirs is a hard, disagreeable life.

The principal red snapper fishing grounds of the Gulf lie between Mobile Bay and Cedar Key. This places Pensacola nearer to them than any other shipping point, and besides there is no other city so conveniently located for receiving and shipping the catch of the large fleet of vessels that are now engaged in the business.

HOW TO COOK IT.

Boiled.—Take a fish of five to eight pounds, cut off head, wash clean in cold water, tie up tight in a clean cloth so that it will not break to pieces in the water. Put it in enough hot water to cover well, with half a cup of vinegar and a handful of salt; boil steadily for three-quarters of an hour, or until the flesh cleaves readily from the bone. Serve with this sauce:

Take one pint of water, make a flour thickening, stir in the water and let it boil till clear. Add salt to season, a little pepper, a tablespoonful of butter, and two hard boiled eggs, sliced.

Baked with dressing.—Take a fish of five to eight pounds, wash it clean in cold water, leave on the head, and in removing the entrails, see that no longer cut is made in the belly of the fish than is absolutely necessary to clean the cavity. Prepare a dressing as follows: Have ready enough stale bread to fill the cavity in the head and belly, soften it with cold water, take two tablespoonfuls of lard in a sauce pan, cut finely a medium sized onion, put it in the lard and cook thoroughly but not too brown, add to this the softened bread, mix well together and season to the taste with pepper, salt, and herbs; stuff the fish with this dressing and cook in a hot oven, having a little hot water in the bottom of the pan, dredging the fish with a very little flour. Cook until done and serve hot.

Baked with tomato dressing.—Prepare the dish as before. Make a dressing by soaking twice as much bread as above directed with the contents of a two-pound can of tomatoes or an equivalent quantity of fresh tomatoes, heat it thoroughly in a saucepan, season with salt and pepper, adding a teaspoonful of butter. Stuff the fish with this dressing; spread the remainder of the dressing over the

outside of the fish, as it lies in the pan. Bake in a hot oven as before directed.

Broiled in the oven.—Take a fish of three to five pounds, split the flesh through the back bone; put in a dripping pan two heaping tablespoonfuls of butter, set on the top of the stove and let the butter get hot; lay in the fish, spread open, skin side down, put salt and pepper on it and bake in a very hot oven, basting frequently with the butter. After placing the fish on a platter for the table, squeeze over it the juice of a lemon and serve without delay.

Fried.—Cut the fish in pieces off the back bone, wash clean and dry with a towel, sprinkle on salt and roll in corn meal. Fry in a pan half full of lard as hot as possible, and yet not hot enough to burn the fish.

Court bouillon.—Use a fish of from five to eight pounds weight. Take two teaspoonfuls coloring pepper, one half teaspoonful black pepper, quarter teaspoonful cayenne pepper, two garlic cut in thin slices, put all in a tea cup and pour cold water over them. Put in a kettle on the fire half a cup of lard, let it get very hot, slice into this a medium sized onion and let it cook, stirring constantly. Add a half a can of tomatoes, or three ripe tomatoes, let it cook well together, then put in the fish and the mixture of pepper and garlic, sufficient salt to season and a half cup of flour. Stir well, then cover with boiling water, and let it boil ten minutes. Serve at once.

PENSACOLA, Florida.

WARREN.

MAINE NOTES.

THE trouting season in the Maine waters closed rather unsatisfactorily to the sportsmen. Sept. 30 was the last day—clear and bright—but scarcely a trout was taken, from the Androscoggin headwaters at least. At Moosehead the fall fishing is reported to have been poor, as it generally is. At the Upper Dam, Androscoggin Lakes, the home of the big trout—pure *Salmo fontinalis*—the last week of the season amounted to nothing, though a single large fish was taken weighing nine and a half pounds. At one time some thirty-five sportsmen were quartered in the now commodious Upper Dam camps, but many of them went away in disgust with no trout.

The Union Waterpower Company is rebuilding the dam and Lake Mooselucmaguntic is drawn down to the old low water mark, while below the dam there is very little running water. Such was a very poor outlook for trout fishing, and it is likely to continue some months longer. The superintendent estimates that it will take till May to rebuild the dam, all things being favorable, and any disaster or the usual petty hindrances of such jobs is likely to prolong the work till into June or July, in which case the spring fishing is likely to be interfered with at the dam and in the lake above. Should the winter prove a dry one, with little rain, Richardson Lake, below, will be heavily drawn upon by the Waterpower Company, and since it is now six feet below high-water mark the chances are for poor fishing there also.

But those who took the ponds about the Maine lakes for their fall fishing had a taste of trout; but, alas, for the proclivities of the sportsmen as well as all the rest of human nature! Some of them caught trout to waste—only to brag about. How long before every lover of the rod and line will begin to see that, at the best, the trout in such ponds and streams can last but a short time, and when will each learn to be satisfied with trout enough for the table? Sentiment in that direction is growing, but is not the growth so slow as to be too late to be effectual?

Your correspondent, dear FOREST AND STREAM, has just had a few hours of excellent fly-fishing. In a small pond, off from Richardson Lake, every day for seven days just trout enough for the table were taken. There were five of us in camp, two fishermen and their wives and a lad of thirteen years; and four or five trout—such as those were from one to two pounds' weight—were sufficient. One day the trout rose grandly. Two were hooked to one leader and the third one made a dash for the tail fly—once, twice! In the attempt to strike him the leader—a poor one, as it proved—parted above the first fish, and away went the two yoked together, and the third one following that tail fly. Did he hook himself upon it? Have those poor trout got apart yet? Questions not yet answered, but trout do get clear of hooks.

In the same pond on the same day a two-pound trout rose and was hooked to the upper fly of three on the cast. He was within ten feet of some lily pads. Playing a moment against the pliant rod, he made for the lily pads, and soon, either accidentally or purposely on the trout's part, he was fast to the lily stocks with a cluster of them in his mouth. The boat was worked up to him, when, with a vigorous thrust of the landing net, the lily stocks were broken, and with trout and all brought into the boat. The lily stocks had completely dislodged the hook from the trout's mouth, and he was held only by being entangled in the lower flies with the lily stocks drawn through his mouth. Do trout disgorge hooks by swimming against obstructions in the water?

There was another incident connected with that day's fishing. There was another boat on the pond with three men in it. They fished all day long. Their movements showed that they were taking trout very fast. Their conversation showed that they had taken a bushel box full, and some were in the bottom of the boat at 3 o'clock, but still they fished till almost dark. How many such hauls are there left in that pond? How long before trout will have disappeared from its waters if such indiscriminate fishing is to be indulged in? In that one box there was reasonable sport enough for a whole season for every sportsman who will visit that pond next year. It was just as unreasonable for those men to take them all that day as it would be for a farmer to kill all of his sheep in one hour when he only wanted one for food. Four or five of those trout would have been all those men could have eaten at one meal. The rest went where? SPECIAL.

A DEADWOOD EXCHANGE reports: "The fishing party composed of Mr. and Mrs. Capt. Austin, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Hill, Mrs. L. Rue, Miss Emmett, Miss Marie Dold, John Dold, O. L. Houghton, John Friedsam and James Stonerod got home from Mora last night. Houghton came very near killing several of the party by cutting down a tree for wood and felling it across the tent. Friedsam was considered the best fisherman, as he furnished the most money. Jim Stonerod was the laziest man, and was fatally wounded by running a splinter the sixteenth part of an inch into his finger. The ladies dressed it, and it is barely possible that he will recover. An old gentleman named Fruchas and a young fellow called Garcia, caught the fish at 65 and 35 cents per day. The ladies express themselves as having had a good time, and every one of the men fabricated about the fish they bought. They were gone four days."

ON THE JERSEY COAST.—Philadelphia, Oct. 5.—The storm which we have just had will about end the fishing along the New Jersey coast. Up to this date the season has been remarkably good. All varieties of fish have been plentiful excepting the bluefish, and to the absence of the latter may be attributed the more than usual quantity of weakfish that have entered the bays. Sheephead have been numerous; in fact, all the bottom fish have shown themselves in numbers above the average. The best baymen at both Tucker- ton and Barnegat have been for a month at their several fish- saving stations on Long Beach, N. J., and amateurs have had to make their selection of companions from men not engaged in this important branch of the United States ser- vice.—Homo.

HOT SULPHUR SPRINGS, Colo., Sept 28, 1884.—Trout have been plentiful and fishing good in this region since the waters subsided to their usual summer stage, which was about the middle of July. The fish taken have averaged larger than usual, and their condition has been uniformly excellent. It is reported that some traps were constructed along Troublesome River; in the flush of the season, and many trout thus taken. I do not know whether true or not. First heard the report a few days ago. Good catches can yet be made almost any day with the fly or a grasshopper. Two and three pounders are quite common this year.—W. N. B.

BLACK BASS FOR ENGLAND.—The *Fishing Gazette* says: "At the last meeting of the Aquarium sub-committee of the National Fishculture Association the Marquis of Exeter stated that he was sending Mr. Silk to Canada for black bass, and he thought the committee might like to know this. Mr. R. B. Marston said it was an opportunity they ought not to lose, and he had much pleasure in proposing that they accept the kind offer of Lord Exeter. It was finally decided that the Society would take a number of the fish."

THE "coachman" seems to be the popular "fly" in the East. (This alleged joke is for anglers only and will be a dark mystery to all others).—*Evansville (Ind.) Argus*.

Fishculture.

AMERICAN FOOD FISHES.

THE CHEMICAL COMPOSITION AND NUTRITIVE VALUE OF OUR AMERICAN FOOD FISHES AND INVERTEBRATES.

[A paper read before the American Fishcultural Association.]

BY W. O. ATWATER.

[Continued.]

CHEMICAL ANALYSIS OF FOODS.

WE are now ready to consider the amounts of the different ingredients, nutrients and non-nutrients, in fish and other foods. Perhaps I can illustrate this in no better way than by an actual example. A sample of beef, sirloin, of medium fatness, was found by analysis in our laboratory to consist of about one-fourth bone and three-fourths flesh, edible substance. The flesh was analyzed and found to contain, nearly: water, 60 per cent.; protein, 19 per cent.; fats, 20 per cent.; mineral matter, 1 per cent. Calculating upon the whole sample of meat, which one-fourth, or 25 per cent., was bone and other refuse, and 75 per cent. flesh, the analysis would stand as in the following table, in which the composition of the flesh by itself and that of the meat, bone, and all, are both given:

	In flesh, edible portion.	In meat, as bought, including refuse.	This very imperfect analysis may be stated in the following form, as is done in the tables beyond.
	Per cent.	Per cent.	
Refuse, bone, etc.	None.	25	
Water	60	45	
Protein	19	14 1/4	
Fat	20	14	
Mineral matters.	1	3/4	
Total	100	100	

CONSTITUENTS OF SAMPLE OF BEEF—SIRLOIN.

FOOD MATERIAL.	IN EDIBLE PORTION—i. e., flesh freed from bone and other refuse				IN MEATS AS PURCHASED—i. e., including both edible portion and refuse.			
	Water.	Nutrients.	Protein.	Fats.	Water.	Nutrients.	Protein.	Fats.
Beef, sirloin, medium fatness.	60	40	19	20	45	30	14.3	15

I think that with the above illustrations the following tables, illustrating the composition of fish and other animal and vegetable foods, will be plain.

Table I. gives the composition of a number of specimens of the flesh of fish and invertebrates, i. e., the edible portion freed from bone, skin and other refuse.

Table II. gives the composition of the specimens as actually found in the markets, including both refuse and edible portion.

Table I. is the more interesting from the chemical and physiological standpoint, but Table II. is more useful, practically, since it shows how much of the several nutrients we actually get in the materials as we buy them.

I ought to say with regard to all the figures in the tables, that they are based upon too few analyses to allow them to be entirely satisfactory. It is only a short time since analyses of American meats, fish, etc., have been undertaken in any considerable number, and those as yet accomplished are far from sufficient for a complete survey of the subject. Indeed, the work already done can be regarded only as a beginning. Still, the figures will give a tolerably fair idea of the composition of the articles named.

The analysis of animal food, the tables, with the exception of a few from European sources and indicated by italics, are selected from the results of the investigation of which I have spoken as conducted under the auspices of the Smithsonian Institution and the United States Fish Commission, and are almost the only ones as yet attempted in this country. Those of vegetable foods are in part from the investigation, and in part from other sources.

TABLE I.
PERCENTAGES OF WATER AND NUTRITIVE INGREDIENTS IN FLESH, EDIBLE PORTION (FREED FROM BONE, SKELETS AND OTHER MATTERS) OF FOOD FISHES AND INVERTEBRATES.
Specimens of flesh of fish and of edible portion (flesh and liquids) of oysters, etc., were found to contain water and nutritive substances as below. The figures represent parts in 100 by weight. Protein+ fats+carbo-hydrates, etc.,+mineral matters=nutrients. Nutrients+water=100.

KINDS OF FOOD FISHES AND IN- VERTEBRATES.	Nutrients.					
	Water.	Nutrients.	Protein.	Fats.	Carbohy- drates, &c.	Mineral Matters.
<i>Fresh Fish.</i>						
Alewife	73.0	27.0	19.5	6.0	1.5
Black bass	70.7	29.3	20.4	1.7	1.2
Bluefish	78.5	21.5	19.0	1.2	1.3
Cod	82.6	17.4	15.8	0.4	1.2
Eel	71.6	28.4	18.3	9.1	1.0
Lamprey eel	71.1	28.9	14.9	13.3	0.7
Flounder	84.2	15.8	13.8	0.7	1.3
Halibut	81.7	18.3	16.0	0.3	1.2
Haddock	75.4	24.6	18.3	5.3	1.1
Herring	69.0	31.0	18.5	11.0	1.5
Mackerel, rather lean	78.7	21.3	18.1	2.2	1.0
Mackerel, fat	61.0	39.0	18.2	16.3	1.5
Mackerel, average	73.4	26.6	18.2	7.1	1.3
Yellow perch	79.2	20.8	15.7	0.8	1.3
Pike perch	79.7	20.3	18.4	0.5	1.2
Pickered (pike)	79.7	20.3	18.4	0.5	1.2
Salmon, in season, fat	61.4	38.6	24.2	13.0	1.4
Salmon, "spent," lean	79.2	20.8	17.6	2.0	1.3
Shad	70.6	29.4	18.5	9.5	1.4
Smelt	79.2	20.8	17.3	1.8	1.7
Brook trout	77.7	22.3	19.0	2.1	1.2
Salmon trout	69.1	30.9	18.3	11.3	1.2
Whitefish	69.8	30.2	22.1	6.5	1.6
<i>Prepared Fish.</i>						
Dried cod, boned and dried artificially	2.9	15.2	81.9	74.6	1.9	5.4
Salt cod, salted and dried	30.6	53.6	25.8	21.4	0.3	4.1
Salt mackerel, "No. 1 mackerel" salted	10.6	42.2	47.2	22.6	22.9	2.6
Smoked haddock, salted, smoked and dried	2.1	72.6	25.3	23.6	0.2	1.5
Smoked herring, salted, smoked and dried	11.7	34.5	53.8	36.4	15.8	1.6
Canned salmon, Califor- nia (Oregon)	1.3	59.9	38.5	19.4	18.0	1.4
Canned fresh mackerel	1.9	68.2	29.9	19.9	8.7	1.3
Canned salt mackerel "No. 2 mackerel" salted	10.3	43.4	46.3	17.3	26.4	2.6
<i>Invertebrates, Shellfish, etc.</i>						
Oysters, shell contents, best (1)	83.4	16.6	6.4	1.7	6.5	2.0
Oysters, shell contents, inferior (1)	91.4	8.6	4.5	0.6	1.8	1.7
Oysters, shell contents, average	87.2	12.8	6.0	1.2	3.5	2.0
(1) 24 samples	57.3	42.7	12.8	6.3	1.6	4.0
Oysters, solids (2) edible portion	57.3	42.7	12.8	6.3	1.6	4.0
Long clams, shell contents	55.9	44.1	8.2	1.0	2.3	2.6
Round clams, shell contents	56.2	43.8	6.6	0.4	4.2	2.6
Mussels	84.2	15.8	8.7	1.1	4.1	1.9
Scallops, edible portion (muscle)	80.3	19.7	14.7	0.3	3.4	1.4
Lobsters, edible portion	81.8	18.2	14.5	1.3	0.2	1.7
Crabs, edible portion	77.1	22.9	16.6	2.0	1.2	3.1
Crayfish, edible portion	51.2	48.8	16.0	0.5	1.0	1.8
Canned oysters	55.2	44.8	7.4	2.1	4.0	1.5
Canned lobsters	77.7	22.3	18.1	1.1	0.6	2.6

(1) In respect to quantity of nutrients. (2) Shell contents as commonly sold, including whole of "solid" and most of liquid portion.

TABLE II.
PERCENTAGES OF REFUSE, WATER AND NUTRITIVE INGREDIENTS.

Samples of fish—whole or dressed—and of oysters, etc., including or freed from the shell, as ordinarily sold in the New York or Middle- town, Conn. markets, were found to contain:

1. Refuse—Bone, shells, and other inedible matters.
2. Edible portion—Water and nutritive substances.
3. Ingredients of nutritive substance, nutrients—Protein, fats, carbo-hydrates, etc. ("Non-nitrogenous extractive matters") and mineral matters in parts in 100 by weight. Nutrients+water+refuse=100.)

Kinds of food fishes and invertebrates, and portions taken for analysis.	Edible Portion.					
	Refuse—Bone, Skin, Shells, etc.	Water.	Nutrients.	Protein.	Fats.	Carbohy- drates, &c.
<i>Fresh Fish.</i>						
Alewife, whole	49.4	36.9	13.7	9.9	8.0	0.8
Black bass, whole	54.3	34.6	10.6	9.2	0.8	0.6
Bluefish, entrails removed.	48.6	40.3	11.1	9.8	0.6	0.7
Cod, head and entrails removed.	20.9	57.9	12.2	11.0	0.3	0.9
E. L. skin, head, entrails removed.	20.2	57.1	22.7	14.6	7.3	0.8
Lamprey eel, whole	45.8	38.5	15.7	8.1	7.2	0.4
Flounder	66.8	27.2	8.0	5.2	0.3	0.6
Haddock, entrails removed.	51.0	39.0	8.3	8.3	0.1	0.6
Halibut, sections of body.	47.7	62.1	20.2	15.1	4.2	0.9
Herring, whole	46.0	37.3	16.7	10.0	5.9	0.8
Mackerel, rather lean, whole	38.3	43.5	13.2	11.2	1.4	0.6
Mackerel, fat	33.8	42.4	23.8	12.1	10.7	1.0
Mackerel, average	44.6	40.7	14.7	10.1	3.9	0.7
Yellow perch, whole	62.7	30.0	7.3	0.7	0.2	0.4
Pike perch, whole	57.2	34.1	8.7	7.5	0.2	0.6
Pickered (pike), whole	47.0	42.2	14.8	9.9	1.4	0.7
Salmon, in season, fat, whole	33.5	37.6	23.9	15.0	8.0	0.9
Salmon, "spent," lean, whole	46.2	42.6	11.2	9.5	1.0	0.7
Shad, whole	50.1	35.2	14.7	9.8	4.7	0.7
Smelt, whole	41.9	46.1	12.0	10.0	1.0	1.0
Brook trout, whole	48.1	40.3	11.6	9.9	1.1	0.6
Salmon trout, entrails removed.	35.2	45.0	10.8	12.4	6.6	0.8
Whitefish	53.5	32.5	14.0	10.3	3.0	0.7
<i>Prepared Fish.</i>						
Dried cod, boned and dried	2.9	15.2	81.9	74.6	1.9	5.4
Salt cod, salted and dried	30.6	53.6	25.8	21.4	0.4	3.4
Salt mackerel, "No. 1 mackerel" salted	8.2	32.9	32.5	36.4	17.0	2.0
Smoked haddock, salted, smoked and dried	1.4	32.2	49.2	17.2	16.1	1.1
Smoked herring, salted, smoked and dried	6.5	44.4	19.2	29.9	20.2	0.9
Canned salmon, Califor- nia (Oregon)	1.3	59.9	38.5	19.4	18.8	1.3
Canned fresh mackerel	1.9	68.2	29.9	19.9	8.7	1.3
Canned salt mackerel "No. 2 mackerel" salted	8.3	19.7	34.8	37.2	13.8	2.1
<i>Invertebrates, Shellfish, etc.</i>						
Oysters, in shell, inferior (1)	88.8	10.2	1.0	0.5	0.1	0.2
Oysters, in shell, best (1)	81.4	15.2	3.4	1.5	0.2	1.3
Oysters, in shell, average	82.3	15.4	2.3	1.0	0.2	0.6
Oysters, solid, in shell, (2) edi- ble portion, average	57.2	42.8	6.2	1.5	4.1	1.0
Long clams, in shell	43.8	48.3	7.9	4.3	0.5	1.3
Round clams, in shell	68.3	27.3	4.4	2.1	0.1	0.9
Mussels, in shell	49.3	42.7	8.0	3.9	0.5	2.1
Scallops, edible portion (muscle)	60.2	39.3	19.7	12.7	0.2	3.4
Lobsters, in shell	62.0	33.0	6.8	5.4	0.2	0.7
Crabs, in shell	55.3	34.1	10.1	7.3	0.9	0.5
Crayfish, in shell	57.7	10.0	2.3	1.9	0.1	0.2
Canned oysters	55.4	44.6	6.4	1.0	5.1	0.5
Canned lobsters	77.7	22.3	18.1	1.1	0.6	2.5

<i>Prepared Fish.</i>	Salt pr ^c t							
Dried cod, boned and dried.....	2.9	15.2	81.9	74.6	1.9	5.4
Salt cod, salted and dried.....	15.4	24.9	40.3	19.4	16.0	0.4	3.6
Salt mackerel, "No. 1 mackerel," salted.....	8.2	22.9	32.5	36.4	17.0	17.4	2.0
Smoked haddock, salted, smoked and dried.....	1.4	32.2	49.2	17.2	16.1	0.1	1.0
Smoked herring, salted, smoked and dried.....	6.5	44.4	19.2	29.9	20.2	8.8	0.9
Canned salmon, Califor- nia (Oregon).....	1.3	59.9	38.5	19.4	18.8	1.3
Canned fresh mackerel.....	1.9	68.2	20.9	19.9	8.7	1.3
Canned salt mackerel, "No. 2 mackerel" salted.....	8.3	19.7	34.8	37.2	13.8	21.3	2.1

food of the people, it has been estimated that a pound of protein costs, on the average, five times as much, and a pound of fats three times as much as a pound of carbo-hydrates; that in other words, these three classes of nutrients stand related to each other in respect to cost, in the proportion:

Assumed ratios of costs	Protein.....5
in staple foods.....	Fats.....3
	Carbo-hydrates.....1

Suppose a pound of beef of average fatness to cost 35 cents, and to contain 25 per cent of inedible matters, bone, etc., 45 per cent of water, and 30 per cent of nutritive substance, upon which latter—the bone and water being assumed to be without nutritive value—the whole cost comes. The 30 per cent, or 30-100 pound of nutritive substance, thus costs 25 cents, or at the rate of 83½ cents per pound. If, now, we leave out of account the minute quantities of carbo-hydrates and the mineral matters, the whole cost will fall on the protein and fats. Assuming these to cost in the ratio of 5:3 and the amounts in the meats to be—protein 14½ per cent, and the fats 15 per cent, an easy computation will show the protein to cost 107.7 cents and the fats 64.6 cents per pound. Proof: 14½ per cent of protein at 107.7 cents=15.5 cents; 15-100 pounds of fats at 64.6 cents=9.7 cents; 15.5 cents + 9.7 cents=25 cents; the cost of the pound of meat which contained the given amounts of protein and fats. The above ratios—protein: fats: carbo-hydrates=5:3:1—represent at best only general averages, and may in given cases be more or less incorrect. A method free from these objections consists in simply computing the amounts of nutrients that may be bought for the same price in different food materials. At the same time the method above detailed is doubtless accurate enough for a general comparison of the relative cheapness and dearness of ordinary foods, and is used in calculating the costs of protein below.

Of the different nutrients, protein is physiologically the most important, as it is peculiarly the most expensive. In fish, furthermore, as in the leaner kinds of meat, it is the predominant nutritive ingredient. For these reasons the cost of protein in fish and other foods may be used as a means of comparing their relative cheapness or dearness, as is done in the preceding table. The figures represent the ordinary prices per pound and the corresponding costs of protein, in specimens of food materials obtained in New York and Middletown, Conn., markets. Though the number of specimens is too small for reliable averages, the figures, taken together, doubtless give a tolerably fair idea of the relative costliness in the different classes of food.

Thus the nutrients of vegetable foods are, in general, much less costly than in animal foods. The animal foods have, however, the advantage of containing a larger proportion of protein and fats, and the protein, at least, in more digestible forms. And further, the so-called "nitrogenous extractives" of kreatin, carmin, etc., of meats, which contribute so much to their agreeable flavor, exert a nutritive effect which, though not yet explained, is nevertheless important. It is these which give to "extract of meat" its peculiar flavor and stimulating effect.

Among the animal foods, those which rank as delicacies are the costliest. By the above calculations, the protein in oysters costs from two to three dollars, and in salmon rises to nearly six dollars per pound. In beef, mutton and pork, it varies from 108 to 48 cents; in shad, bluefish, haddock and halibut the range is about the same; while in cod and mackerel, fresh and salted, it ranges from 67 to as low as 33 cents per pound. Salt cod and salt mackerel are nearly always—fresh cod and mackerel, and even the choicer fish, as bluefish and shad, when abundant, furnish cheaper sources of protein than any but the inferior kinds of meat.

In short, we pay for many of our foods according to their agreeableness to our palates rather than their value for nourishing our bodies. At the same time it is interesting to note that the prices of the materials that make up the bulk of the food of the people seem to run more or less parallel with their actual nutritive values. Here, as elsewhere, the result of the general experience of mankind has led slowly and blindly, but none the less surely, to the same general result to which accurate research more understandingly and quickly guides us.

USE OF FISH AS FOOD—ITS PLACE IN DIETARIES.

The chief uses of fish as food are (1) as an economical source of nutriment, and (2) to supply the demand for variety in diet, which increases with the advance of civilization and culture.

As nutriment, its place is that of a supplement to vegetable foods, the most of which, as wheat, rye, maize, rice, potatoes, etc., are deficient in protein, the chief nutrient of fish.

The so-called "nitrogenous extractives," contained in small quantities in fish as in other animal foods, are doubtless useful in nutrition. The theory that fish is especially valuable for brain-food on account of an assumed richness in phosphorus is not sustained by the facts of either chemistry or physiology.

It is an interesting fact, that the poorer classes of people and communities almost universally select those foods which chemical analysis shows to supply the actual nutrients at the lowest cost. But, unfortunately, the proportions of the nutrients in their dietaries are often very defective.

Thus, in portions of India and China, rice; in Northern Italy, maize meal; in certain districts of Germany, and in some regions and seasons in Ireland, potatoes; and among the poor whites of the Southern United States, maize meal and bacon, make a large part and in some cases almost the sole food of the people. These foods supply the nutrients in the cheapest forms but are all deficient in protein. The people who live upon them are ill-nourished and suffer physically, intellectually and morally thereby.

On the other hand, the Scotchman, shrewd in his diet as his dealings, finds a most economical supply of protein in oatmeal, haddock and herring, and the rural inhabitants of New England supplement the fat of their pork with protein of beans and the carbo-hydrates of potatoes; maize and wheat flour with the protein of codfish and mackerel, and while subsisting largely upon such frugal but rational diets, are well nourished, physically strong, and distinguished for their intellectual and moral force.

In conclusion, I have two more things to speak of: The first is to repeat, but more emphatically, what I have already said, that the work of which I have been speaking is only the tentative beginning of an investigation which, if rightly prosecuted, may, I believe, develop into one of great importance.

The second, a very pleasant subject to refer to, is the assistance which has been given to the investigation thus far. Besides pecuniary and other aid which has been granted by the United States Fish Commission through Prof. Baird, one of the most efficient promoters of the Fishcultural Association, Mr. E. G. Blackford, Fish Commissioner of New York, has donated \$100 in money and a large number of specimens of fish. Mr. A. R. Crittenden, of Middletown, has also contributed \$100 toward the expenses of the investigation of the chemistry of fish. Thanks are likewise due to Mr. G. H. Shaffer, of the well-known firm of Dorion & Shaffer, of New York, for a considerable number of specimens of invertebrates. As I have stated, the investigation of fish has been supplemented by one of other food materials.

A considerable portion of the expense of these, also, has been met by private generosity. Mr. F. B. Thurber, of the firm of H. K. & F. B. Thurber, of New York, having donated \$500 for this purpose, while Hon. J. W. Alsop, M. D., of Middletown, has contributed a considerable sum in aid of researches carried on in the chemical laboratory of Wesleyan University, in which, with more abstract investigation, the studies of fish and other foods have been included. These gifts of gentlemen interested in science have covered a not inconsiderable part of the total expenses of the investigations

whose results I have thus briefly detailed. Without such aid they would have been, in their present form at least, impracticable.

The PRESIDENT: Although this paper has been quite exhaustive, I have no doubt that some members would like to ask questions.

Mr. WILLCOX: We have, I am sure, been greatly interested in Prof. Atwater's paper, and I would like to ask whether one animal by eating the flesh of another can transform that food into fats.

Prof. ATWATER: A great deal of experimental study has been devoted to the precise question to which you refer, during the past thirty years, and it may be thirty years more before it is fully answered. We have, however, a great deal of information already; enough to prove that the protein of one animal may be transformed into fat in the body of another. Dogs fed on lean meat have been proven to grow fat upon it in the limited sense that some of the protein of which the lean meat was composed was changed into fat and stored as fat in the bodies of the dogs. It is quite possible that a portion of the protein of the beefsteak which you and I may have eaten for breakfast this morning is, during the course of the day, being changed into fat and carbo-hydrates. But how much of the protein of our food is transformed into fats, or how much of the fats in our bodies comes from the protein we eat, are matters which cannot, in the present state of our knowledge, be answered exactly.

CONVENTION OF FISHERMEN.—The North Carolina Department of Agriculture, which includes the Fish Commission, has issued a call for a meeting of fishermen, fishcultivists and oyster culturists, to be held at the State Exposition at Raleigh. Among the names appended to the call we note that of Mr. S. G. Worth, the energetic Superintendent of Fisheries. The invitation says: "Among the subjects for discussion will be the following: The Present Condition of the Oyster Industry of the State; The History and Present Condition of the Great Seine Interest of the Albermarle Sound; The History and Present Condition of the Great Seine Interest of the Croatan Sound; The Pound or Dutch Net Interest; The Fishery Traffic of Morehead and Beaufort; The Fishery Traffic of Wilmington, Elizabeth City, etc.; The Trout Streams of Western Carolina; Carp Culture in the State, etc., representing a dozen, perhaps fifteen persons, who will read papers for the purpose of presenting the interest in a good shape for publication. In addition, there will be at least two of the best informed persons from the north of us, who will read important papers pointing out the defects in our general fishery methods and instructing us in the practical ways of oyster farming. Oct. 15 and 16 have been published as Fishermen's days, and it is hoped that you and all other interested parties will add your presence to the occasion. Meetings, 9 A. M. to 1 P. M. each day."

CARP AS A FOOD FISH.—The question: "Is the carp a good food fish?" has been asked us many times, and in the past we have been unable to give an answer based on personal experience. However, last Saturday, through the kindness of W. E. Walters, Esq., we had the pleasure of testing the matter for ourselves, much to our gratification and delight. Three fish, weighing about half a pound each, were fried, and served for dinner. In quality they equal any we have ever eaten, excepting only brook trout. The texture is fine and firm, and there are no bones, excepting the back bone and the usual attachments, as in the case of a black bass or whitefish. The flavor resembles that of a rock bass or perch more than any other fish with which we are acquainted. The slightest muddy taste was not discovered, although the pond in which they were grown has a muddy bottom. It is probable that the quality of these little fishes was better than that of a larger individual, but we are entirely satisfied that the quality of the fish will satisfy the most exacting, that the most of people will be happily disappointed when they eat their first carp.—Chagrin Falls, O., *Exponent*.

OYSTER PLANTERS MUST PLANT.—At Red Bank, N. J., an action for trespass was brought against a man by one who had beds staked off. The decision will serve to wake up some sleepers in that State, and should be made to do so in New York. It was to the effect that a man cannot hold river or bay bottom by merely staking it off; he must plant oysters on it to secure it. In summing up, the counsel for the defendant said: "When a man stakes off the river bottom and does not plant oysters upon it, the land belongs to the community." The jury supported this statement by returning a verdict of not guilty.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

F. H.—For method of curing your dog of gunshyness see our Kennel columns.

G. A. M., Paterson, N. J.—Can leather boots be made waterproof? Ans. You can buy at the shoe stores or have made by a bootmaker waterproof boots.

A MEMBER OF THE HALIFAX CLUB is respectfully informed that it is quite out of our province to decide race course disputes. He is referred to some one of the journals devoted to the horse.

F. M. C., New York.—Would it be too much trouble to identify inclosed bird? Ans. The bird is the Wilson's thrush (*Turdus fuscescens*) a common summer resident in Eastern States and a sweet songster.

F. S. B., Philadelphia.—1. Can you please refer me to an account of how dogs are trained for racing? 2. Can you refer me to any account of Dr. Wood's experiments in the breeding of great horned owls in captivity in Connecticut a few years ago, or any similar cases? Ans. 1. Inquire of Arthur Chambers in your city. 2. Write to Dr. Wood. His address is Suffield, Conn.

All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy. To be a dull boy is contrary to the rule among the railroad crew, so they never fail to play it on each other when they can. About the biggest joker in the State is Davis, who runs from Winneucca to the Wells, and is known all over America for a good fellow. Davis took to duck hunting lately and bagged several good loads. He began to think it was time to air his skill among the members of the Winneucca Pigeon Club, so when he was out short in one of his big stories by Conductor Case, who bantered him to bet, he promptly accepted. Before the time came for the match he got a dozen pigeons from Louis Lay to practice on, and got one of the brakemen to tend trap and another to pull the string. Mr. Davis was delighted with his experiment, as five of the first half dozen and four of the second dropped dead within the line. He went to the match confident of victory, but went away crestfallen. Not one of his dozen lost a feather, while seven out of Case's came down. It was three months before he found out that nine out of the dozen had their necks slyly but effectually pinched just as they were put into the trap. When it came out he had to stand a lot of chaff. Darrah offered to bet a dollar that he couldn't hit a new hat he had on. Up went the dollar and Darrah handed him his gun, loaded with a blank cartridge. Davis monkeyed around with the gun until he got a chance to change cartridges, and when Darrah threw up his new hat he blew it all to pieces. Darrah looked wild and yelled, "Why, I thought there was no load in it." Davis took his blank cartridge out of his pocket and handed it to him, and the stakeholder went over to Joe Germain's and blew in the two dollars.—*Reno Gazette*, Aug. 22.

THE ACCIDENT POLICIES OF THE TRAVELERS, of Hartford, Conn., indemnify the business and professional men for his profits, the wage-worker for his wages, lost from accidental injury, and guarantee principal sum in case of death.—*Adv.*

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

Oct. 8, 9 and 10.—Bench Show of the Stafford Agricultural Society. R. S. Hicks, Secretary, Stafford Springs, Conn.

Oct. 7, 8, 9, 10 and 11.—Third Annual Bench Show of the Danbury Agricultural Society, Danbury, Conn. Entries close Sept. 27. E. S. Davis, Superintendent, Danbury, Conn.

Oct. 16, 17 and 18.—National Breeders' Show, Industrial Art Hall, Philadelphia, Pa. James Watson, Secretary, P. O. Box 770. Entries close Oct. 10.

Oct. 21, 22, 23 and 24.—First Annual Fall Bench Show of the Westminster Kennel Club, Madison Square Garden, New York. Entries close Oct. 6. Mr. Chas. Lincoln, Superintendent.

Jan. 10 to 14, 1895.—World's Exposition Bench Show, New Orleans. La. Mr. Chas. Lincoln, Superintendent.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov.—Third Annual Trials of the Robins Island Club, Robins Island, L. I. Open to members only. Mr. A. T. Plummer, Secretary.

Nov. 17.—Sixth Annual Trials of the Eastern Field Trials Club, at High Point, N. C. W. A. Coster, Secretary, Flatbush, L. I.

Nov. 17.—First Annual Trials of the Fisher's Island Club, Fisher's Island, N. Y. Open to members only. Mr. Max Wenzel, Secretary, Hoboken, N. J.

Dec. 8.—Sixth Annual Trials of the National American Kennel Club at Canton, Miss. D. Bryson, Secretary, Memphis, Tenn.

Dec. 15.—Southern Sportsmen's Association Trials, Canton, Miss. Mr. T. K. Renaud, Secretary, New Orleans, La.

A. K. R.

THE AMERICAN KENNEL REGISTER, for the registration of pedigrees, etc. (with prize lists of all shows and trials), is published every month. Entries close on the 1st. Should be in early. Entry blanks sent on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope. Registration fee (25 cents) must accompany each entry. No entries inserted unless paid in advance. Yearly subscription \$1. Address "American Kennel Register," P. O. Box 2833, New York. Number of entries already printed 1560. Volume I, bound in cloth, sent postpaid, \$1.50.

NATIONAL BREEDERS' DOG SHOW.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

Herewith I hand you a list of special prizes, received up to date, which speaks for itself. I am glad to say that the entries are coming in freely and an excellent display of the best dogs will be seen at the Industrial Art Hall on Oct. 16, 17 and 18. Intending exhibitors will please note that entries positively close on Oct. 10, so that they must be forwarded at once.

Mr. A. H. Moore requests me to state that his grand collections of setters and pointers will not be placed in competition, but only on exhibition with the display of valuable special prizes won by him.

LIST OF SPECIAL PRIZES.

(Prize given for best in each class designated.)	
The deerhound challenge cup for exhibit of three or more deerhounds.....	\$50.00
Solid silver water service, four pieces, given by "a lover of dogs" for pair bulldogs.....	200.00
Berlin sired dower holder, from a "friend," for mastiff in open classes.....	25.00
Cup, given by a non exhibitor for kennel of three mastiffs.....	20.00
The Cocker Spaniel Club for cocker spaniel owned by a member.....	10.00
For best mastiff in show, given by the Editor of the <i>American Kennel Register</i>	10.00
English setter, large gold-headed cane.....	50.00
Bulldog, lamp.....	20.00
Mastiff, vase.....	20.00
Foxhound, hunting whip.....	15.00
King Charles spaniel, fire banner.....	10.00
Pointer, silver-plated ice pitcher and goblets.....	40.00
Bull terrier dog's head umbrella.....	10.00
English setter sired by Thunder, carved walnut bracket.....	25.00
Collection of sporting dogs, case dog biscuits.....	
Beagle, hand-painted tile.....	
St. Bernard, glass and silver wine set.....	25.00
Skye terrier, wild cat rug.....	10.00
Wire-haired, or Irish terrier, cigar holder and cigars.....	10.00
Gordon setter sired by Bok, glass wine set.....	15.00
Collection of pups, framed bronze plaque.....	5.00
Smooth-coated toy terrier, frosted fruit cake.....	5.00
Pointer sired by Donald, silver and glass pickle jar.....	10.00
Toy exhibited by a lady, white elephant cologne bottle.....	10.00
Blenheim spaniel, tapestry table cover.....	5.00
Gordon setter, case "Brunswick" wine.....	27.50
Irish setter sired by Berkeley, walnut umbrella stand.....	45.00
Toy terrier exhibited by a lady or Philadelphia, artificial plant in vase.....	5.00
Italian greyhound, half a dozen natural plants.....	5.00
Rough-coated toy terrier, frosted fruit cake.....	5.00
Yorkshire terrier, china oil lamp.....	10.00
Black and tan terrier, pants and vest pattern.....	15.00
Newfoundland, a vest.....	10.00
Hard-haired Scotch, tapestry table cloth.....	5.00
Collie, a Scotch rug.....	15.00
Bedlington terrier, box of cigars.....	10.00
Pug, brass collar scuttle.....	20.00
King Charles spaniel exhibited by a lady of Philadelphia, a decorated fruit bowl.....	20.00
Chesapeake Bay dog, a card receiver.....	17.50
Cocker spaniel, a cake or fruit stand.....	15.00
Field or Clumber spaniel, a bronze cigar case.....	12.00
Collie under 12mos., a cup.....	15.00
Irish setter, a pair of slippers.....	10.00
Fox-terrier, a stained glass panel.....	40.00
Deerhound, a silver cup.....	20.00
Greyhound, a cup.....	

Several other specials are promised, and when received will be placed in the catalogue. Those already named foot up more than \$1,000, which sum is additional to that of the regular prizes. JAS. WATSON, Secretary.

P. O. Box 770, Philadelphia, Pa.

GUNSHYNESS.

WE receive many letters asking how a gunshy dog may be cured. The method given in "Training versus Breaking" is the one we have always followed; and it has proved successful with old dogs as well as with young ones. Following are the directions given in the book referred to:

"While our pup is yet young he should be taught to love the sound of the gun. This can be easily accomplished if the proper course is pursued. In the first place we take a couple of old tin pans, and while his attention is attracted by something that interests him we strike them together, lightly at first; and if he appears to be afraid we are very careful not to add to his fright by a repetition of the noise anywhere near him, but take the pans to quite a distance from his pen and leave them, and wait awhile before trying again. When it is time to feed him we go to the pans, and while sounding our whistle, as before described, to let him know that we are coming, we give a stroke just loud enough for him to hear plainly, and at once proceed to his pen and give him his feed. By pursuing this course for a few days, and gradually going a little closer every time, he will become accustomed to the sound, and learning that the sound is connected with our coming, and also his dinner, he gets used to it, and in a short time will stand the racket without flinching. When he has become so accustomed to the noise that he shows no signs of fear at quite a loud crash it is time to try him with the gun. In order to do this understandingly, you will require an assistant. Let him take the gun loaded with a light charge of powder and stand at some little distance—say forty or fifty yards away—and be ready at your signal to fire. You will now enter his pen, and after he gets a little quiet call him to you and put a piece of meat before him and bid him *Toho*, at

the same time raising your hand as a signal for the gun. Carefully watch him, and should he display any sign of fear the experiment must be repeated as with the pans. There is no need of your presence only to notice how he behaves, and you can dispense with your assistant, unless, as will probably be the case, he does not mind the report, when the gun can be brought nearer, and you can make another trial. Great care must be taken not to frighten him with too loud a discharge, nor should it be too close to him, until he gets used to it. By paying close attention to him when under fire, you can readily tell how far it will do to go, and by properly conducting your experiment you can soon teach him to love the sound of the gun, even when fired over his head; indeed we have cured in this way some of the worst cases of gun-shyness that we ever saw. Comparatively few dogs are gunshy, and it is with these only that these precautions are necessary. After your pup has been carefully accustomed to the noise, do not lay the gun aside as soon as you have accomplished your object, but let him hear the sound until his education is complete, taking good care that the discharge of the gun is at once followed by something pleasing to him—his dinner, for instance—or let it be a prelude to giving him his liberty, thus giving him to understand that the noise means something, and soon the noise, or even the sight of the gun, will cause him pleasurable emotions that he will never forget."

EASTERN FIELD TRIALS.

WE publish below a list of the entries for the Members' and All-Aged Stakes of the Eastern Field Trials Club, to be run at High Point, N. C., commencing Nov. 13. The Members' Stake will be run previous to the regular meeting which commences on Monday, Nov. 17. There are twenty-one entries for this stake, a much greater number than ever before, and we have no doubt that it will prove to be one of the most interesting events of the meeting. The All-Aged Pointer Stakes, the first event upon the card at the regular meeting, has twenty entries, two less than were entered last year, while the All-Aged Setter Stake has forty-seven, sixteen more than last year. The meeting will undoubtedly be the most interesting and successful that has yet been held. Following is a list of the entries:

MEMBERS' STAKES.

PRINCESS HELEN.—J. Otto Donner, New York, orange and white English setter bitch (Thunder—Bessie).
PRINCESS WARWICK.—John G. Heckscher, New York, black, white and tan English setter bitch (Warwick—Ollie).
BUCKLELEW.—W. A. Coster, Flatbush, L. I., orange and white English setter dog, A.K.R. 30 (Druid—Ruby).
BRIMSTONE.—W. A. Coster, Flatbush, L. I., lemon and white English setter bitch, A.K.R. 29 (Gladstone—Swaze).
VISION.—Frank R. Hitchcock, New York, liver and white pointer bitch, A.K.R. 775 (Croxeth—Vinnie).
DIANA II.—Charles Heath, Newark, N. J., black and white English setter bitch (Dash III.—Diana).
LUCIA.—D. S. Gregory, Jr., 2d, New York, liver and white pointer bitch, A.K.R. 209 (Croxeth—Belle).
RUE.—Bayard Thayer, Boston, Mass., lemon and white pointer bitch, A.K.R. 401 (Snapshot—Ruby).
REBEL WIND 'EM.—John C. Higgins, Delaware City, Del., black and white English setter dog (Count Wind 'em—Norna).
ROYAL RANGER.—Howard Hartley, Pittsburgh, Pa., lemon and white English setter dog (Royal—Novel).
QUEEN ALICE.—Howard Hartley, Pittsburgh, Pa., black and white English setter bitch (Druid—Cubas).
DAISY QUEEN.—Howard Hartley, Pittsburgh, Pa., black, white and tan English setter bitch (Rock—Meg).
KATIE D.—B. F. Wilson, Pittsburgh, Pa., black, white and tan English setter bitch (Count Noble—Dashing Novice).
DASHING NOVICE.—B. F. Wilson, Pittsburgh, Pa., black, white and tan English setter bitch (Dash II.—Novel).
GERTRUDE.—J. W. Orth, Pittsburgh, Pa., black, white and tan English setter bitch (Gladstone—Nellie).
GUS BONDIU.—J. W. Orth, Pittsburgh, Pa., black, white and tan English setter dog (Dashing Bondhu—Novel).
CORINNE.—Geo. T. Leach, New York, red Irish setter bitch (Peter—Countess).
BROCK.—Geo. T. Leach, New York, red Irish setter dog (Bosco—My Dutchess).
JACK W.—Col. Albert G. Sloo, Vincennes, Ind., orange and white English setter dog (Sargent—Eva).
BELLE OF THE BALL.—Charles Heath, Newark, N. J., black, white and tan English setter bitch (Pontiac—Rhoda).
SLOCUM.—Bayard Thayer, Boston, Mass., Gordon setter dog, pedigree not given.

ALL-AGED POINTER STAKES.

MAINSRING.—J. T. Perkins, Brooklyn, N. Y., liver and white dog (Mike—Romp).
BANG BANG.—Westminster Kennel Club, New York, lemon and white dog, A.K.R. 394 (Bang—Princess Kate).
VISION.—Frank R. Hitchcock, New York, liver and white bitch, A.K.R. 778 (Croxeth—Vinnie).
TAMMANY.—Frank R. Hitchcock, New York, liver and white dog (Tory—Moonstone).
SCOUT.—D. G. Elliott, New Brighton, S. I., liver and white dog, A.K.R. 216 (Croxeth—Belle).
FLEDA.—Jess. M. White, Chester, S. C., liver and white bitch (Bow—Flight).
NED.—J. A. English, Mount Olive, N. C., lemon and white dog (Valentine—Beulah).
RUE.—Bayard Thayer, Boston, Mass., lemon and white bitch, A.K.R. 401 (Snapshot—Ruby).
UNNAMED.—Charles Heath, Newark, N. J., color and pedigree not given.
ICICLE.—R. T. Vandevort, Pittsburgh, Pa., lemon and white dog, A.K.R. 82 (Jerry—Snowflake).
LUCK'S BABY.—R. T. Vandevort, Pittsburgh, Pa., liver and white bitch (Don—Luck).
JOY.—R. T. Vandevort, Pittsburgh, Pa., liver and white bitch (Boon—Rena).
LUCIA.—D. S. Gregory, Jr., 2d, New York, liver and white bitch, A.K.R. 209 (Croxeth—Belle).
JILT.—Neversink Lodge Kennels, Guymard, N. Y., liver and white bitch (Croxeth—Lass).
DRAKE.—Neversink Lodge Kennels, Guymard, N. Y., liver and white dog (Croxeth—Lass).
JIM.—James P. Swain, Jr., Bronxville, N. Y., lemon and white dog, A.K.R. 353 (Rush—Nan).
LALLA ROOKEH.—George J. Gould, New York, lemon and white bitch (Sensation's Son—Grace).
RICHMOND.—John E. Gill, Franklin, Pa., lemon and white dog (Don—Beulah).
DONALD II.—C. M. Munhall, Cleveland, O., liver and white dog (Donald—Devonshire Lass).
LADY ROMP II.—A. H. Moore, Philadelphia, Pa., liver and white bitch (Francis's Prince—Lady Romp).

ALL-AGED SETTER STAKES.

ENGLISH SETTERS.

DOCTOR DUER.—Dr. W. A. Strother, Lynchburg, Va., black and white ticked dog (Gladstone—Frost).
PRINCESS HELEN.—J. Otto Donner, New York, orange and white bitch (Thunder—Bessie).
BRONZE.—P. Lorillard, New York, black, white and tan dog (Decimal Dash—Bessie).
PRINCESS WARWICK.—John G. Heckscher, New York, black, white and tan bitch (Warwick—Ollie).
SAM DICK.—Dr. J. B. Holmes, Rome, Ga., orange and white dog (Ben, Jr.—Opal II.).
BELLE OF THE BALL.—Charles Heath, Newark, N. J., black, white and tan bitch (Pontiac—Rhoda).

DIANA II.—Charles Heath, Newark, N. J., black and white bitch (Dash III.—Diana).
REX.—Geo. R. Wright, Wilkesbarre, Pa., black, white and tan dog (Druid—Bessie Lee).
BRIDGEPORT.—Fred E. Lewis, Tarrytown, N. Y., black, white and tan dog (Dashing Monarch—Vannette).
RANNÉE.—Edward Dexter, Buzzard's Bay, Mass., black, white and tan bitch (Gladstone—Frost).
BELLE OF PIEDMONT.—Edward Dexter, Buzzard's Bay, Mass., black, white and tan bitch (Dashing Rover—Rannée).
MARCHIONESS.—Edward Dexter, Buzzard's Bay, Mass., bitch, color and pedigree not given.
JESSE GLADSTONE.—H. E. Hamilton, New York, orange and white dog, A.K.R. 108 (Gladstone—Swaze).
GENERAL ARTHUR.—Dr. S. Fleet Speir, Brooklyn, N. Y., black, white and tan dog (Emperor Fred—Wanda).
ST. ELMO IV.—Dr. S. Fleet Speir, Brooklyn, N. Y., black, white and tan dog (St. Elmo—Cllo).
PLANTER.—John C. Higgins, Delaware City, Del., black, white and tan dog (Dashing Monarch—Vannette).
REBEL WIND'EM.—John C. Higgins, Delaware City, Del., blue ticked dog (Count Wind'em—Norna).
FIXIE.—John C. Higgins, Delaware City, Del., black and white bitch (Dashing Monarch—Primrose).
DASHING ROVER.—T. F. Taylor, Richmond, Va., black, white and tan dog (Dash II.—Norna).
GLADSTONE'S BOY.—Dr. G. G. Ware, Staunton, Tenn., black, white and tan dog (Gladstone—Sue).
BRUSH.—Edward Beadel, Forked River, N. J., black and white dog, pedigree not given.
BILLY FLINT.—C. J. Osborn, New York, liver and white dog (Rob Roy—Fanny).
FLASH.—C. J. Osborn, New York, lemon and white dog (Lincoln—Daisy Dean).
TILFORD.—G. F. Jordan, Philadelphia, Pa., blue belton dog (Darkie—Rosy Morn).
PLANTAGENET.—C. Fred. Crawford, Pawtucket, R. I., lemon belton dog (Dashing Monarch—Petrel).
NELLIE II.—C. Fred. Crawford, Pawtucket, R. I., blue belton bitch (Count Noble—Rosaland).
FOREMAN.—C. Fred. Crawford, Pawtucket, R. I., black, white and tan dog (Dashing Monarch—Fairy II.).
GERTRUDE.—J. W. Orth, Pittsburgh, Pa., black, white and tan bitch (Gladstone—Nellie).
GUS BONDIU.—J. W. Orth, Pittsburgh, Pa., black and white dog (Dashing Bondhu—Novel).
KATIE D.—B. F. Wilson, Pittsburgh, Pa., black, white and tan bitch (Count Noble—Dashing Novice).
DASHING NOVICE.—B. F. Wilson, Pittsburgh, Pa., black, white and tan bitch (Dash II.—Novel).
COUNT NOBLE.—B. F. Wilson, Pittsburgh, Pa., black, white and tan dog (Count Wind'em—Nora).
COUNTESS GLADSTONE.—J. R. Hendricks, Pittsburgh, Pa., lemon and white bitch (Gladstone—Countess).
COUNTESS.—J. R. Hendricks, Pittsburgh, Pa., black and white bitch (Leicester—Peachontas).
SMUT II.—Bayard Thayer, Boston, Mass., black bitch (Trim—Smut).
DINKS.—J. T. Hartwell, Providence, R. I., black and tan dog (Nat—Bess).
COUNT RAPIER.—W. B. Gates, Memphis, Tenn., black and white dog, A.K.R. 498 (Druid—Magnolia).
COLONEL COOL.—W. B. Gates, Memphis, Tenn., black, white and tan dog (Gath—Lit).
MEDORA.—W. B. Gates, Memphis, Tenn., black, white and tan bitch (Gladstone—Carrie J.).
PAUL GLADSTONE.—W. B. Gates, Memphis, Tenn., black, white and tan dog (Gladstone—Lavalette).
RODERIGO.—Gates & Merriman, Memphis, Tenn., black, white and tan dog (Count Noble—Twin Maud).
FRYX.—W. B. Mallory, Memphis, Tenn., black and white dog (Gladstone—Countess Key).
LADY LEE.—W. B. Mallory, Memphis, Tenn., black, white and tan bitch (Gladstone—June II.).
LILLIAN.—P. H. & D. Bryson, Memphis, Tenn., black, white and tan bitch (Gladstone—Sue).
PRINCE ROYAL.—A. H. Moore, Philadelphia, Pa., blue belton dog (Darkie—Rosy Morn).

IRISH SETTERS.

ELCHO, JR.—Dr. William Jarvis, Claremont, N. H., red dog, A.K.R. 508 (Elcho—Noreen).
JIM.—Horace S. Bloodgood, Providence, R. I., red dog (Jim—Sniger).

Notice is hereby given to all who have made entries for the Eastern Field Trials of 1884 that the Members' Stake will inaugurate the meeting on Thursday morning, Nov. 13, and on Sunday night, Nov. 16, after the arrival of the last trains from North and South, the drawing of the All-Aged Pointer Stakes will positively take place at the club's room in the Bellevue Hotel. All nominations in this stake can be made good up to the time of drawing. The dogs in their respective races will be called promptly Monday morning, Nov. 17, on which date the All-Aged Pointer Stakes will open the meeting without postponement. The All-Aged Setter Stakes will immediately follow on the morning after the completion of the All-Aged Pointer Stakes, and the other stakes will follow in the order advertised under same general conditions. Owners or trainers, with the dogs, called by an order conspicuously posted in the office of the Bellevue Hotel (club's headquarters), are requested to be promptly on hand to avoid delays, and assist the gentleman judging in discharging their duties. The secretary will always be found evening and morning at hotel, and during the day and running on the field.

ELLIOT SMITH, President.

WASHINGTON A. COSTER, Sec. and Treas.

BENCH-LEGGED BEAGLES AT PHILADELPHIA.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have just noticed in your issue of 2d inst., Mr. Pottinger Dorsey's request that you correct the mistake you made in reporting that in special class EE., the special prize was awarded to my Rose, when it should have been to his Major. If any mistake has been made it is certainly was not made by you, as the following letter will show:

General F. A. Bond, Jessups, Md.:

MY DEAR SIR—I send to-day by express a solid silver collar, awarded by Philadelphia Kennel Club to Rose, 389—to best basket or bench-legged beagle, denoted by Mr. Chas. T. Thompson, a member of our club. You will kindly acknowledge receipt of same and oblige.

Very truly yours, F. A. BOND.

PHILADELPHIA KENNEL CLUB, N. E. corner 13th and Market Streets.

My theory as to how the collar came to be sent to me is that the gentleman (or the club to which he belonged) were naturally admirers and judges of the breed of dogs for the best one of which the prize was offered, and that they took the liberty of sending the collar to the dog that, in their judgment, deserved it. I was much surprised at Dr. Downey putting Major ahead of either Dyke or Rose, as the old fellow was sadly out of condition, and in the language of Dr. Twaddell, "was a very different dog from what he was at Pittsburgh, and now could not beat anything." I had but little feeling in the matter, as Major is from my kennel, sold by me to Mr. Dorsey several years ago, and the litter brother of Driver, the father of Rose, so that the compliment in any case was as I considered quite as much to me as to him. I have a great admiration for the breed, believing them the most desirable and companionable rabbit dogs in the world, and my wish has been and is to bring them to the notice of my brother sportsmen, not caring particularly who happened to have the handsomest dog for bench shows.

Jessups, Md., Oct. 4, 1884.

PHILADELPHIA, 9. MO., 22, 1884.

FRANK A. BOND.

ENGLISH KENNEL NOTES.

XV.

NOW if a vagabond photographer wandering down my lane were to poke his head over the garden wall and ask me "Have your likeness taken, sir?" I verily believe "Lillibulero" would venture the extravagance, for he feels so thoroughly happy. It is a peculiar trait in the characters of both sexes of the human species that when they feel unusually well dressed, or exceptionally content with themselves, they should experience a craving to be photoed. I must trace this feeling to the fountain-head when I am philosophically inclined, which is not when the sun shines, therefore not now. It assuredly is not my clothes that turn my mind to the discovery of Mons. Daguerre, for they are of dogs "doggy," but it is the fresh warm morning air and the soothing surroundings. My garden is not large, but it is all the world to me at present; through the railing behind me I can see far over the country and from time to time hear a muffled "right and left," the death knell of a brace. I pay no rent for the view nor the sound, and I prefer them to Millais and Patti to-day. There is a robin in the fir tree opposite, he is a much duller bird in color, I notice, than the Christmas illustrations make us familiar with; but his simple melody makes up the difference, so there is nothing owing cockie. I don't like bells, but those I can hear are so far away that the sound blends pleasantly with the soft wind before it reaches me. I have pitched myself in the middle of the lawn with all my tykes around me.

I should get along famously with my notes if Bob, my neighbor's collie, would not every minute or so push up my arm with his nose. "Whatever does he want?" I querulously ask his master. "I have only ink to offer him."

"Oh, they all do it," he responds, laying down his book and spying up his pipe for the blockage.

"That's all very well, and I dare say it is a diverting accompaniment to Ouida's last and a pipe, but when a man is trying—"

"Oh, stow it!" he cries, "don't say anything more, 'trying' is good; you can't improve upon it," and he nearly swallows his pipe in his consuming hilarity.

"Tray bong, mon ami," as they say in Boolog; "if these are your sentiments on 'Lillibulero's' notes I can wish you no worse punishment than to read your mane joke in print."

"But, seriously, old man," continues the lazy fend, "you might make a paragraph of that collie characteristic for your gentle readers, for they must be gentle to stand so much of you, it's only collies that do that, you know, and it is a very pretty habit, and look at Bob now, see how he 'grins,' he knows I am speaking about him; it is only collies that smile their satisfaction, and do you notice now he is coming toward us; how he curls his body round so his tail almost touches his head, and do you hear him sneeze, that is caused by his lips curling up and closing his nostrils."

"Very interesting. And does he curl his tail over his back like that to form a handle to pick him up?" I slyly inquire, and I don't get an answer, so I try him on another point. "Don't you think that abundant feather on Bob's forelegs, his breadth of skull and heavy ears indicate setter blood in his ancestry?" Dumb as a dial. "And then it seems to me he wants that close, soft, woolly hair below the hocks that is always found on a collie, and I must also admit I much prefer these handsome varieties of sable to his monotonous black and tan." Mute as an undertaker. "I was talking to a collie fancier on Sunday and he had a theory of colors that it took him four splits and an ounce of bird's eye to explain. Shortly it was that collies were admittedly one of the original breeds of dogs, one of the roots of the canine genealogical tree, one of the wild breeds. Now all the dogs were, he said, originally reddish in color, collies, dingoes, wolf-hounds, Scotch and Irish terriers. The variations in the color of collies, he held, had been obtained by a cross with the Scotch black and tan setter, and he thinks that the modern black and tan collie illustrates his theory and he points to the sables as showing most collie character, that indescribable foxy, sharp and mistrustful appearance. This slyness and an occasional snap has wrongfully earned them the epithet 'treacherous,' but it is really fear that makes them uncertain."

Dick answers that "My collie fancier may have some foundation for his theory, which is probably influenced by a good strain of sable collies in his own kennel (unkind!) and as far as the black and rich deep tans go he is disposed to agree with him, but he thinks there is quite as much 'character' in the black and light tans and black and whites as in the sables, and after all the great thing is to get a small semi-erect ear and the rest will follow. Now you remember at least I don't suppose you do, 'Lillibulero,' as it was before your time, that some years ago people ran after the mahogany tan, and it was with by pegging away in print and endless prating that such judges as Thomson, Dalziel, Shirley and others, whose names I can't recall, directed the public into the right path. W. W. Thomson established himself an authority on the breed by his able descriptions of the breed in that defunct kennel organ, *The Country*. I seldom see his name to collie papers now, but if ever you would like a few notes on the breed I am sure a polite application would be successful."

"Thanks, Dick, for the hint, and if Mr. Thomson reads *FOREST AND STREAM*, 'Lillibulero' drinks toward him, and their better acquaintance, and, Dick, while you are in this communicative mood, tell me do you attach so much importance to undercoat?"

"Yes, lad, I do; an animal whose duties take him into sleet and hail, and who may have to sleep in snow, requires a woolly texture next his skin and then an overcoat. The overcoat turns the weather, keeps the wet out, and the undercoat prevents the loss of animal heat. There is much misunderstanding and ignorance on the purposes of this double clothing, but that is the correct explanation. To hear some collie men talk one might imagine that their pets were the only creatures that had undercoats, but a good sportsman will tell them otherwise. Have you ever seen an otter's skin? Got one hanging up in the harness room, have you? Well, when you have finished your scribbling go and examine it, outside it is a reddish brown color, and each hair looks wiry and glinty, but part them with your fingers and you will find those hard hairs shoot out of an impervious, thick, close, downy, soft undercoat, through which you can't see the hide. The topcoat turns the water and the other keeps in the warmth of the body. It makes one wild to hear fellows glibly gabble about otters and badgers, etc., and few of them have ever seen one alive."

Dick has dropped his book and is using his pipe to hammer his indignation at kitchen-fire sportsmen on my writing table. I must bring him back to our "montons" to calm him. "My collie fancier, by the way, stated that the sables have usually less undercoat than the black and tans."

"Tell him he's a mole when you meet him; they have as much but it is not so visible to a casual glance because a sable collie's undercoat is nearly the same color as the topcoat, but it is there all the same. In the black and tans the undercoat is black of course, and the under is usually a lighter badgery iron-gray color."

"As you are such a swell on sheepdogs, I wonder, Dick, you don't choose a better specimen from your kennel to take around than Bob; is it that?"

"The shoemaker's wife goes worst shod!"

"Oh, you're quite welcome," says Dick, sarcastically, "but the proverb doesn't fit."

"Does the shoe?" I call out, as he walks up to the wall. I really don't think collies are plucky dogs or any use as guards except to make a row, protectors they are not. Something in the road just frightened Bob; he barked distractingly and then flew under the chair. If any collie men differ with me on this point and will write me their views, I will impartially repeat their ideas.

Now, terriers are different. A couple of them have been amusing me with their antics all the morning. One got an old strawberry punnet, a basket shaped like a sugar loaf, and the tricks he played with it would have convulsed a clown in the circus, and it must take a lot to excite the risible faculties of such a person. It shook it, jumped backward and forward over it, got its feet tangled up in it, and at last its head in it and then it sprang forward on its hind legs madly trying to get the cap off. This was eventually effected with the jealous aid of terrier No. 2. When the basket was torn to shreds, No. 1 found a sepulchral bone which he, with great secrecy, gravely buried. No. 2 affected to be asleep, but had an eye to the covert proceedings, and as the sexton sauntered off, he, with as nonchalant an air, walked in the direction of the bone and suddenly pounced upon the burial spot. Then ensued such a fight that excited even the other dogs to join in, and soon it was a seething mass of profanity and caninity (where did I first meet that last happy term?). I kicked everybody, which did not improve matters a bit, but Dick came to the rescue with a pail of water and soured the combatants. That dampened their ardor effectually.

But I was going to say when Bob was so terrified by a stranger's voice, these two ruffians flew to the gate and, with their noses down, lips snarling, hackles up, waited the arrival of intruders, and their reception would have been bitingly cool.

What's that sound I hear down the road? A rich note and a whip crack. I walk to the wall followed by my gasping crew, and there I see the sight that always stirs the blood—a pack of hounds. "Exercise," I ask, as the huntsman gets opposite me. "Yes, sir; Diligent! Diligent!" and Diligent, who thought she might indulge in a gambol while the careful eye was arrested, comes slinking to heel. They are a nice lot of harriers, but I can't gossip with the huntsman; we can't hear ourselves speak, for the swearing of my dogs anxious to scale the wall for a fight, and the hounds are getting demoralized, when I hear Dick's stentorian tones, "Lunch! lunch! lunch!" "Oh, all right," I cry, "Good morning." "Good morning, sir," and he walks away with his beauties at his heel, and a picture they make in the lane. Long may it be before their occupation is gone in spite of the ground game act, is the wish of all sportsmen and of

LILLIBULERO.

SEPT. 22, 1884.

THE LEONBERG DOG.

ABOUT thirty-five years ago it was considered, says *La Chasse et la Pêche*, by the *jeunesse dorée* of Germany as a great distinction to take their usual walk accompanied by a very large dog. Some dog fanciers immediately set to work and carried on a very remunerative trade by palming off to the public a new breed, which they styled "the Leonberg."

By the help of prospectuses, portraits of dogs and pompous advertisements, these fanciers perverted the taste and Europe was overrun with these dogs—they even found buyers in America. Many persons at present designate their dogs as the Leonberg breed. In 1883, Paris admitted a class for this dog. Germany repudiates it, and it has never been admitted in England. Does the race of Leonberg exist, has this dog a distinct character, particular qualities, an identity of type: in fact, has it the necessary peculiarities to constitute a new race? Let us examine the question. We have no wish to blot out all crossing. A new race may be created and settled at the end of five or six generations, but the crossing must be made with discernment and by intelligent and well-studied selections. Let us examine what is understood by race; the following are the principles which ought to guide breeders desirous of creating a new one.

By the word race or breed is understood to be a number of animals having a proper conformation and peculiar properties which they transmit to their offspring. To form a new race it is necessary: First, to cross two breeds, as in the case of a bulldog and fox-terrier, the result is a new race, called bull-terrier, which partakes of the conformation and peculiar character of each of the two breeds. Second, to alter the type by adding qualities, although maintaining the fundamental character of the principal breed, such as is done in the case of the pointer and setter. Third, in which the shape of the body is not altered, but an extra quality is added, as in the case of the crossing of the greyhound with the bulldog.

Further, a breed of dog may be altered or changed without producing a new one, but only improving it by the approach of two subjects of the same breed, thereby rendering the produce more perfect in body and intelligence. Have these principles been carried out in the case of Leonberg? We do not hesitate to say no. Essig of Leonberg, Friedrich of Zahna and Seyfarth of Köstritz have only had in mind to dazzle the public by a show of large dogs, sometimes smooth-coated, sometimes with long curly hair, and of every color.

On the request being made to Essig by Mr. R. de Schmiederberg to settle the characteristics of this breed, as he pretends to have created it in 1846, answer thus: "The dogs I have bred since 1846 are a successful cross of the Newfoundland with the original Mount St. Bernard, which I have since improved with the wolfdog of the Pyrenees, from which the St. Bernard originates. These dogs are the largest race of long-haired, and to that quality they add beauty and intelligence" (see "Der Hund," Volume III., p. 46). Mr. de Schmiederberg, irritated by the pretensions of Essig, asks for further information, and begs of him to throw a little more light on the subject, and to give more ample information on this famous breed of Leonberg. To that effect Mr. de Schmiederberg puts the following questions ("Der Hund," Volume IV., p. 27): What is the shape of the Leonberg dog? The shape of his body? Give a description of his legs, coat and color? Mr. de Schmiederberg puts every detailed question, which it is useless to repeat here.

This is Essig's answer: "Under the name of Leonberg, it is understood these are the largest long-haired dogs, and combine beauty with intelligence. Instead of giving you a description of my dogs I send you twelve photographs, which you can carefully examine and form your own judgment. Large head, short nose, thick forehead—these are the distinct characteristics." The remainder of the answer was simply a puffing advertisement; the photographs represent five or six types differing from one another. Mr. de Schmiederberg wrote to Essig to say that the size, length of hair, muscular force, did not constitute breed; it must be a minute and serious description as well as the pedigree of six or six generations that are required. Having no satisfactory answer, and unwilling to lose further time, he gave up the polemic and closed the correspondence ("Der Hund," Vol. IV., p. 133). Two other Germans, Friedrich of Zahna and Seyfarth of Köstritz, have tried and have sometimes successfully palmed off on the public the Leonberg dog; but both have been detected in nefarious proceedings and have suffered fine and imprisonment for cheating their customers.

Let us now see how the Leonberg dog has been admitted to shows. In England, they were never admitted but in the variety class. ("Der Hund," Vol. IV., p. 139). In Germany, these dogs get admitted to the show at Baden, and the following is the report of the *Feld*, Oct. 2, 1876: "There was a large number of Leonberg dogs just as they are—huge mongrels, with long hair, long and thin heads, bushy tails, of every color, from milky white to the finest black, and of all sorts of shapes." Thus this creation of mongrels arrived to such a silly extension. In 1876, at the canine show at Berlin, dogs classed as "Hofhunde" (house dogs) comprised the St. Bernard, Newfoundland, and Leonberg. This classification was the subject of great discussion, the supporters of the Leonberg not being able to give an exact definition of this pretended breed, so that the judges were completely confused, and out of the prizes given, ten fell to the Leonbergs. ("Der Hund," Vol. I., p. 14).

In 1876, at Dresden and Cologne, the Leonbergs are still ad-

mitted, but not without protest. In 1879, at Hanover, the programme defined clearly the different classes; and the mongrels of Essig, Friedrich, and Seyfarth were expelled then and for the future. Discredited in Germany, and unable to get their dogs admitted to any exhibition, these dog fanciers are trying their hand in Belgium, and are inundating that country with their produce. "We must sell them somewhere," say they; but our readers are enlightened and warned. Whoever is deceived in future will be so with his eyes open.—*Live Stock Journal*.

TWO HOTEL DOGS.

I.—CESAR.

THIS village being a favorite summer resort for New Yorkers, and the old-time hotel known as the Crissman House being filled from early until late with representative families of the metropolis, the pet dog of the house, mentioned many times in the *Sun* as Caesar, was probably more widely known in the city than any other brute of the kind boasting no public record.

Cesar was a peculiar dog. His mother was a thoroughbred Newfoundland, and his father a pure-blooded coach. His intelligence was almost human. Born in the hotel stables, he was raised by the Crissman family, and it might be said that he was looked upon as a virtual member of it. He stood almost three feet high, was a pure and glossy black, and had strong likes and dislikes. He was an especial pet of the children. He joined in all their games, and made himself their guardian on all their excursions to the points of interest within their reach. He seemed to think it was incumbent on him to have things run smoothly about the house, and was possessed of a constant and unchangeable determination to have everything highly respectable and quiet. This was well understood by cantankerous denizens of the back country, who occasionally come to town with the firm and artistic resolve to tint it crimson or die, and consequently, in the course of their exuberant efforts in that line, they always found it most convenient to mix their dyes in localities not immediately adjacent to the Crissman House. Caesar would not allow even a friendly scuffle on the premises, and carried his objection to all such unseemly and undignified exhibitions to an extent so strict and positive that he would not permit his master even to indulge in one for an instant, and would make a protest against him as quickly as against the most forlorn-looking stranger.

This determination on the part of Caesar was known to everybody, and when a few days ago two old friends of the house and of Caesar's, came to a bantering scuffle in the parlor of the hotel, and Caesar made his displeasure known to them, they knew just what it meant. But they persisted, and the dog felt it his duty to make his authority known, and he did so by seizing one of the parties by the leg and closing his teeth on it. This made a great excitement in the place. The bitten party was one of the most prominent and popular residents. He demanded that the dog should be killed. This Caesar's master, not being a believer in the superstition that a dog that has bitten a person must be killed because if at some future time the dog went mad the person would become a victim of hydrophobia, emphatically refused to have it done.

The next day, during the absence of the dog's owner, the parties to the scuffle and another resident induced Caesar to follow them away from the house. When they were out of sight and hearing they shot the dog several times with a revolver, but their marksmanship was so poor that no vital part was hit. Caesar seemed to look on the pistol shooting as play, but when the party procured a shotgun and fired a charge in his head he saw that matters were meant to be serious, and he ran away from the party and came home weak and bleeding. He was carefully nursed but his wounds were so serious that his recovery was evidently impossible, and the poor animal was shot to relieve his misery. It was only the death of a dog, but the manner in which it was accomplished, the circumstances surrounding it, and the prominence of the parties concerned in the affair have given it a peculiar importance. It has disturbed the most cordial social relations of many people, and aroused feelings of bitterness the effect of which will not only be long felt in business and society here and elsewhere, but will become an important factor in future political movements in Pike county. The death of the dog Caesar has been for days the leading topic of conversation not only with the townspeople, but with the hundreds of New Yorkers still in the village. The dog was buried in the Sawkill Glen. A well known New Yorker, who was a favorite friend of Caesar's, intends to place a stone over the grave to bear this inscription:

POOR CESAR!
Murdered by Believers in a Dark Age
Superstition.
Far Better Thy Instinct than Their Reason!

The wound made by Caesar on the man he bit was serious enough to make him quite ill, and he has been confined to his home.

Many instances of this famous dog's intelligence are now duly recalled and talked about. One incident, illustrating it in a wonderful manner, is especially mentioned. A guest of the house one day entered the reading-room and left word in Caesar's hearing that if a certain person came in and inquired for him he would be in the parlor and would like to be informed of the fact as it was very important that he should see him. The guest went into the parlor, and, lying on the sofa, fell asleep. The party he had referred to came into the reading room soon afterward and inquired for him, but the only with whom the guest had left word that he would be in the parlor had slipped out, and the man was told that the person he inquired for was not in the house. Caesar was lying by the stove. He was seen to get up quickly and hurry toward the parlor. The sleeping guest was awakened by feeling something cold against his face. Opening his eyes, he saw Caesar, who had placed his nose in the sleeper's face. When the dog saw that the guest was awake he turned and walked slowly toward the door, wagging his tail and looking back to see if the man was following him. The guest remained on the sofa, and Caesar returned, attracted his attention again, and again started away. Still the man did not move, and Caesar went back the third time, took hold of the guest's coat with his teeth, gave it a stout pull, and walked away again, this time barking. The man had now got it through his head that Caesar wanted him to follow him for some purpose, and he did so. The dog led him out to the reading room, and brought him face to face with the person who had asked for him!—*Milford (Pa.) Correspondence New York Sun*.

II.—HECK.

The large Newfoundland dog Heck, belonging to the St. Elmo Hotel, in the oil town of Eldred, Pa., was known throughout the northern oil field for its great strength and almost human intelligence. The porter of the hotel, a kind-hearted but intemperate person, was an especial favorite with the dog. The porter, a small man, slept in a little room back of the office. The dog slept in the office. On Thursday night last the porter was very drunk when he went to bed, and soon fell into a heavy sleep. Some time in the night he was awakened by the loud barking of Heck, who was jumping frantically on the porter's bed and seizing the pillow with his teeth. The still drunken and drowsy porter tried to make the dog go away, but the animal persisted in its efforts, and it finally dawned on the befuddled mind of the porter that the house was on fire. His room was full of smoke, and he could hear the crackling of the flames. He sprang from bed, but was so drunk that he fell to the floor. The faithful dog at once seized him by the coat collar, the porter not having removed his clothing on going to bed, and dragged him out of

the room and half way to the other door of the office, when the man succeeded in getting to his feet, and, unlocking the door, staggered into the street. The fire was rapidly spreading over the building, and the hotel was filled with guests, not one of whom had been aroused. The dog no sooner saw his helpless friend was safe than he dashed back into the house and ran barking loudly up stairs. He first stopped at the door of his master's room, where he howled and scratched at the door until the inmate was made aware of the danger and hurried out of the house, as there was no time to lose. The dog gave the alarm at every door, and in some instances conducted the guests down stairs to the outer door, each one of these, however, being strangers in the house, which fact the dog seemed to understand in looking out for their safety.

All the inmates of the house seemed to have lost their heads in the excitement, and it is said that the hotel dog alone preserved complete control of himself, and alone took active measures to save the inmates of the house. In and out of the burning building he kept continually dashing, piloting some half dressed man or woman down stairs only to at once return in search of others. Once a lady with a child in her arms tripped on the stairs while hurrying out and fell to the bottom. The child was thrown on the floor in the hall some distance away. The woman regained her feet and staggered in a dazed way out of the door, leaving the child in the midst of the smoke that was pouring from the office door. The brave dog saw the mishap, and jumping in through the smoke seized the child by its night clothes and carried it safely out. Notwithstanding this rescue the mishap that made it necessary led to the death of the noble animal. The mother of the child, on being restored by the fresh air, first became aware that her child was not with her, and crying out wildly that "Anna was burning up in the house," made a dash for the building as if to rush through the flames to seek her child. Heck had already brought the little one out, but it had not yet been restored to its mother. The dog saw the frantic rush of the mother toward the burning building, and heard her exclamation that some one was burning up in the house, and although the building was now a mass of smoke and flames inside and out, the dog sprang forward, and as a dozen hands seized the woman and held her back from her insane attempt to enter the house, disappeared with a bound over the burning threshold. The faithful animal never appeared again. His remains were found in the ruins.

There is no doubt in any one's mind that but for the intelligence and activity of Heck the fire in the hotel would not have been discovered in time for a single inmate to have escaped from the building, and that the noble animal understood from the half-crazed movements of the child's mother that there was still another one in danger, and to rescue whom he gave his own life, is accepted as equally certain. The remains of Heck were given a fitting burial, and his loss is regretted as that of a useful citizen might be.—*Olean (N. Y.) Correspondence New York Times*.

THE FISHERS ISLAND CLUB.—The first annual field trials of the Fishers Island Club will be held on their preserve at Fishers Island, Nov. 17, open to members only. The club have stocked the ground with quail, which are reported to be abundant. They have also turned out some English pheasants, which appear to be doing well. Last week the club received from Germany a crate of hares, which they hope to naturalize. The meeting will undoubtedly be a most enjoyable affair.

DOG HOUSES.—An enterprising firm in this city, sharp enough to see what is needed and to supply it, has gone into the business of manufacturing kennels, kennel fencing and furnishings, and traveling boxes in which dogs may be safely shipped by railroad. This box is so constructed that good ventilation is assured, and it is strong and well made. The firm's advertisement will be found elsewhere.

NEW ORLEANS DOG SHOW.—There will be a bench show of dogs at New Orleans, commencing Jan. 10, 1885. The show will be held by the World's Fair Exposition, who have appointed Mr. Chas. Lincoln superintendent. The premium list will be very liberal, and no effort will be spared to make the show first-class in every respect.

KENNEL NOTES.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Kennel notes are inserted in this column free of charge. To insure publication of notes, correspondents MUST GIVE the following particulars of each animal:

- | | |
|--|--|
| 1. Color. | 6. Name and residence of owner, buyer or seller. |
| 2. Breed. | 7. Sex, with his sire and dam. |
| 3. Sex. | 8. Owner of sire. |
| 4. Age, or | 9. Dam, with her sire and dam. |
| 5. Date of birth, of breeding or of death. | 10. Owner of dam. |

All names must be plainly written. Communication on one side of paper only, and signed with writer's name.

NAMES CLAIMED.

See instructions at head of this column.

Ace of Spades, Julius Caesar, Lazy Jack, Sleepy Joe, Lady Emma and Lady Jane. By Major Lovejoy, Bethel, Me., for liver and white pointers, four dogs and two bitches, whelped Aug. 10, 1884 (Clipper—Countess Nellie, A.K.R. 913).

Princess Daphne and Lady Fay. By Mr. Wm. G. Bramman, Harlem, N. Y., for orange-red and white setter bitches, whelped Aug. 10, 1883, by Prince Jim (One-Eyed Sancho—Flora) out of his Duck (Dash—Rose).

Zella. By Mr. Orrin J. Loder, Peekskill, N. Y., for red Irish setter bitch, whelped July 11, 1884, by champion Gleny out of Sampson's Nora.

Fairy. By Mr. H. G. Jerome, Uncasville, Conn., for white, black and tan beagle bitch, whelped Jan. 2, 1883, by King (Victor—Lucy) out of Music (Rockwood—Faithful).

Maxine. By Miss M. T. Lamarche, New York, for liver and white English setter dog, whelped Aug. 15, 1884, by Promise (Pride of the Border—Flash) out of Rose (Ned—Rose).

Shot. By Mr. M. J. Lamarche, New York, for liver and white English setter dog, whelped Aug. 15, 1884, by Promise (Pride of the Border—Flash) out of Rose (Ned—Rose).

Bunthorne and Grosvenor. By Mr. W. H. Moller, New York, for black, white and tan beagle dogs, whelped July 11, 1884 (Duke—Midze).

BRED.

See instructions at head of this column.

Calypso—Hero II. By Mr. W. D. Peck's (New Haven, Conn.) mastiff bitch Calypso (A.K.R. 1493) to the Ashmont Kennel's Hero II. (A.K.R. 545), Oct. 1.

Roxey—Dashing Lion. Mr. E. S. Hawks's (Ashfield, Mass.) English setter bitch Roxey (Leicester—Nellie) to Dashing Lion (Dash II—Leda), Sept. 15.

Madam Llewellyn—Buckellew. Mr. H. E. Hamilton's (New York) English setter bitch Madam Llewellyn (Rake—Rockie) to Mr. W. A. Coster's Buckellew (A.K.R. 30), Sept. 9.

Ruby—Druid. Mr. H. E. Hamilton's (New York) English setter bitch Ruby (Rake—Faunty) to Druid (Prince—Dora), Sept. 25.

Princess Daphne—Roscoe Conklin. Mr. Wm. G. Bramman's (Harlem, N. Y.) English setter bitch Princess Daphne (Prince Jim—Duck) to Mr. T. Owen's Roscoe Conklin (Grouse—Kate), Sept. 21.

Lady Fay—Bruce. Mr. Wm. G. Bramman's (Harlem, N. Y.) English setter bitch Lady Fay (Prince Jim—Duck) to Mr. McCullough's Bruce (Grouse—Sept. 23).

Betty—Bang Bang. Mr. Cooke's (Norfolk, Va.) pointer bitch Betty to the Westminster Kennel Club's Bang Bang (A.K.R. 324), Sept. 27.

Katie—Bannerman. Mr. S. C. Graft's (Pittsburgh, Pa.) beagle bitch Katie (Dodge's Rattler—Dodge's Faunty) to Mr. Louis Sloan's Bannerman (March Boy—Dew Drop), Sept. 27.

WHELPED.

See instructions at head of this column.

Zoe. Mr. E. M. Crouch's (Thomaston, Conn.) pointer bitch Zoe (A.K.R. 1444), Sept. 22, nine (seven dogs), by Sensation's Son (Sensation—Flirt).

Darkness. Mr. W. S. Thomas's (Birmingham, Conn.) cocker spaniel bitch Darkness (A.K.R. 63), Sept. 9, five (four dogs), by Col. Stubbs (A.K.R. 303).

Sally. Mr. Jas. P. Swain, Jr.'s (Bronxville, N. Y.) Dandie Dinmont

THE TRAP.

Correspondents who favor us with club scores are particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only.

SECOND CLAY-PIGEON TOURNAMENT.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Please note the following modified rules. Full programmes will be issued in about ten days.

No. 1. Five Traps.—Traps to be placed 3yds. apart, each trap being equidistant from the score. Angle of rise, 15 degrees. A net 4ft. high to be placed in front of the traps at 30ft. distance. Traps to be refilled after each shot. Direction of flight of bird not to be changed. Number of trap to be decided by pool ball. The traps numbered from left to right shall be set to throw approximately as follows: No. 1, right quartering; No. 2, right half-quartering; No. 3, straightaway; No. 4, left half-quartering; No. 5, left quartering—though a "fair" bird falling to take the direction above indicated, when the traps are so set, shall still be considered a "fair" bird.

No. 2. Fair Birds.—All birds which are thrown over the net, or if not is not used, 4ft. from the ground, at a distance of 30ft. from trap; such birds to be scored whether shot at or not.

No. 3. Broken Birds.—When the bird is broken by the trap plainly perceptible without "retrieving," it shall be "no bird."

"Dead" Birds.—A bird to be scored "dead" shall be broken in the air; that is, a clearly perceptible piece must be knocked out of it before it touches the ground. No retrieving allowed.

No. 4. Double Birds.—To be shot from traps No. 2 and No. 4; should only one fair bird be thrown, another pair must be shot at.

No. 5. Guns and Rise.—Rise for 12-bore gun, singles, 18yds.; double, 15yds. The 10-bore shall be handicapped 2yds., while those of lesser gauge shall "go in" 1yd. for every size less than 12-bore.

No. 6. Charge.—Powder unlimited; shot limited to 1¼ ounces, Dixon's standard measure, struck off.

No. 7. Ties.—On single birds, 3 birds each; doubles, 1 pair.

No. 8. Position of Gun.—Butt of gun to be held below the armpit until after the shooter calls "pull." Guns to be loaded at the score only.

No. 9. Judges and Referee.—Two judges and one referee. Judges' decision to be final. In case judges fail to agree, referee to decide.

No. 10. Pulling Traps.—When the shooter calls "pull," the trap or traps shall be sprung at once. Should the puller (in estimation of judges) in any manner balk the shooter, the latter may accept the bird or demand another.

No. 11. Purse.—To be divided in 50, 30 and 20 per cent. of entrance money, unless otherwise agreed upon.

No. 12. Bribing Trappers and Pullers.—Any shooter convicted of an attempt to bribe, or in any manner influence the trappers or pullers, to be barred from all further contests during the tournament.

No. 13. Sweepstakes.—Will be "class shooting," unless otherwise stated. The "championship matches" shall be "no class shooting."

No. 14. Handicap of Winners.—The Ligowsky Handicap Rules shall govern, provided the majority of shooters on the ground the first day of the tournament are in favor of same.

No. 15. Entries.—Close with the firing of the first gun in each match.

In team contests, choice of position will be awarded in the order of entering. Each team will finish its "singles" before shooting "doubles"; each member of team will remain at the score until he finishes his "singles," etc.

No. 16. Points not herein contained, but which may require a decision, shall be determined by the Ligowsky rules, 1884-5.

CINCINNATI, Oct. 4, 1884. THE LIGOWSKY C. P. C.

CLUB SCORES.—Correspondents who favor us with scores are requested to send them in as soon as possible after the matches described. We go to press Wednesdays; and it is necessary that matter for publication should be in hand by Monday, or Tuesday at the latest.

CINCINNATI, O., Sept. 27.—The East End Gun Club, of Cincinnati, visited Madisonville, O., to shoot a match with the gun club of that place. The East End Gun Club did not reach the shooting grounds until after 3 P. M., and the match was arranged for 10 single clay-pigeons each, 18yds. rise, 5 traps. The result was in favor of the Madisonville Gun Club by one bird. A return match will be shot on the grounds of the East End Gun Club, Saturday next, Oct. 4. Everything passed off pleasantly, and the Cincinnati boys all express themselves highly pleased at the courteous treatment they received at the hands of the Madisonville Club. Following are the scores:

Madisonville Gun Club. East End Gun Club.

ZT Demar.....110111011-8 Wagner.....1111011001-7

C Stevens.....111001010-6 Milet.....000000001-1

W B Shattuck.....010011111-7 Smart.....101001010-5

James Demar.....111000100-4 Schatzman.....001111110-7

H Bramble.....001111001-6 Dubray.....011111011-8

E Stevens.....110011010-6 Given.....111101110-8

E Leinard.....110011110-7 Smith.....110011011-7

A Bandle.....111101110-8 Henry.....110010001-4

Peters.....110011010-7 Cole.....101011101-7

D Bramble.....010010001-2 Mason.....111001101-7-61

NORTH SIDE GUN CLUB.—Match shot at Woodside, Long Island, Sept. 30, five birds, 25yds. for club medal:

Helmken.....0111011-5 Duryea.....011011-5

Krumbeck.....1110001-4 Lyon.....0110011-4

Barlow.....1101111-6 Eberhardt.....1100001-3

Saunters.....0111111-6 Vahlen.....0110111-5

Muntz.....0000110-2 Tapken.....1010111-5

Manning.....1111110-5 Stocky.....1111111-7

Franz.....1111111-7 Schoener.....1111111-7

Ties of 7 at 27yds., for medal—Franz 111, Schoener 030. Clay-pigeon sweepstakes:

Saunters.....011110111-8 Eberhardt.....111101101-8

Franz.....010000111-4 Tapken.....000001000-2

WRIGHTSVILLE GUN CLUB.—Wrightsville, Pa., Sept. 25.—This afternoon our club again met for practice, and the result shows that a few at least are improving:

A Kueper.....100001010001-6 S Wilton.....000001000010001-3

E Beidler.....1010010000101-6 S Kocher.....00000w.....-0

H Beidler.....1000001000000-3 RAZOR.

SOMERSET, Ky., Oct. 1.—Conditions, 18yds. rise, 15 clay-pigeons, for gold medal:

Ingram.....1111111111111-15 Patton.....11111110000011-10

Duffacker.....1111011111111-14 Hughes.....11110111100010-9

Waddle.....1111111111011-14 Dill.....1010101010111-10

Newell.....111010111111-13 Richardson.....0010001011111-10

Parsons.....111111101010-12 Dunn.....1110100110000-9

Hicks.....0111111100111-12 Owens.....110101011010-11

Wait.....1111100010101-11 Vickery.....11111010100101-10

Bartells.....1111111100111-12

CLUB SCORES.—Correspondents who favor us with scores are requested to send them in as soon as possible after the matches described. We go to press Wednesdays; and it is necessary that matter for publication should be in hand by Monday, or Tuesday at the latest.

CAPITAL CITY GUN CLUB.—Washington, D. C., Oct. 6.—Tabulated statement showing the result of the weekly contests of this club for the season of 1884, giving the relative standing of the members, as shown by percentage of hits in all matches shot; condition; 15 clay-pigeons each match, from 5 traps, 18yds. rise. Many of the matches have been shot under very unfavorable conditions, as the club grounds face a clay bank, which on cloudy days proves a very bad back ground:

Matches. Shots. Hits. Percentage.

Wm Wagner.....16 240 219 .912

E L Mills.....21 315 279 .885

Ja Bailey.....21 315 255 .809

W B McKelden.....15 225 180 .80

W M McLeod.....22 330 259 .784

Ja Smith.....4 60 46 .766

R L Magruder.....11 165 120 .727

C Corson.....6 90 63 .70

J W Johnson.....14 210 140 .666

R L Jones.....5 75 49 .653

J A Goldsborough.....10 150 96 .64

Burridge Wilson.....14 210 134 .638

E S Peck.....14 210 123 .585

W V Eldridge.....20 300 186 .62

O E Hart.....14 210 122 .58

J M Young.....4 60 24 .4

Lester Bartlett.....5 75 33 .44

E P Goodrich.....12 180 61 .338

J B Baker.....14 210 10 .476

J P Sousa.....6 90 28 .311

240 3600 2508 .696

CLUB SCORES.—Correspondents who favor us with scores are requested to send them in as soon as possible after the matches described. We go to press Wednesdays; and it is necessary that matter for publication should be in hand by Monday, or Tuesday at the latest.

MALDEN GUN CLUB.—At Wellington, on Saturday, the 4th of the present month, a goodly number of members and friends met to

annihilate a few of the featherless birds, both black and red. The day was fine, and much enjoyment was had by each and all. Some of the fair daughters of Eve graced the grounds of the Malden Gun Club, and were highly interested and amused at the misses and hits. The gold medal was won by young Mr. Pratt, a youthful sportsman of much promising skill. The various sweeps resulted as follows: 1. Field first, Snow and Stanton second, Southern third. 2. Field first, Hathaway second, Brown third. 3. Field first, Brown and Southern second, Stanton third. 4. Pratt and Field first, Hathaway second, Snow third. 5. Hathaway and Snow first, Stanton second, Pratt and Field third, Scott fourth. 6. Field and Pratt first, Scott and Brown second, Stanton third. 7. Miss and out, taken by Field. 8. Hathaway first, Scott second. 9. Field first, Scott second. 10. Scott first, Snow second, Field third. 11. Snow and Field first, Hathaway and Brown second, Scott and Pratt third. The Malden Gun Club is prospering, and has funds in the treasury. The club-house is free of debt, which will be pleasant information to those who have an interest therein. Shooters from various clubs of New England visit our grounds, evidently attracted thereto by the spacious accommodation, the cool and bracing breezes from Malden River and the generally friendly treatment of the President and Treasurer, Messrs. Adams and Scott, who do all in their power to make gunners and their friends welcome. Mr. Adams and Mr. Scott have done much in building up the club in a social and financial point of view, and a large amount of credit is due to them for their executive ability as well as for their time and labor gratuitously given. Give honor to whom honor is due. It is not always that the workers of a club receive their due reward, but very often an ungrateful return. The above gentlemen have worked indefatigably for the best interests of all, and have by their united endeavors lifted the incubus of debt that for a long time hung like a pall over the club-house and buried it so deep in the abyss of the past that to be resurrected will be an utter impossibility while they guide the helm of our financial affairs.—T. C. F.

Canoeing.

FIXTURES.

Oct. 9.—Rochester C. C., Fall Races at Irondequoit Bay.

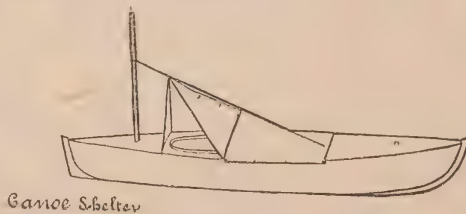
AMATEUR CANOE BUILDING.

Sixteenth Paper.

TENTS AND CAMP BEDS.

A TENT of some kind is an essential part of the outfit of every canoeist, as he never knows when it may be needed, even on a short trip. A head wind, foul tide or sudden storm may make it impossible to reach the proposed stopping place and, force the canoeist to seek refuge for a night or from the rain as quickly as possible.

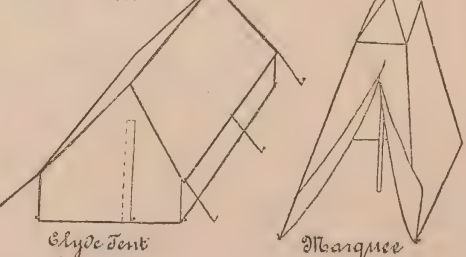
Tents for canoes are of three kinds: First, a small shelter, merely for sleeping under; second, a square tent, high enough to sit under and to cook or read in; third, shore tents large enough for two or three. The simplest of all is improvised from a rubber blanket hung over a boom or paddle, one end of which is lashed to the mizzenmast the other resting on the deck. The sides will need to be tied down or kept in place by stones. A better device is the shelter used on the Windward; shown in the drawing. This tent has a ridge rope, one end of which is hooked to an eye or cleat at fore end of well, the other end being made fast to the mizzenmast about 3ft. above deck. The cover is a piece of sheeting or drilling hemmed around the edges, with



Canoe Shelter



Mohican Tent



Clyde Tent

Marquee

a hem also down the center in which the ridge rope is run. A triangular piece is fitted to the lower end, running across the foot, and tapes are sewn at intervals along the edges to tie down with. This tent, shown with the flap open, makes a good shelter and sheds rain well, but is hardly roomy enough where much sleeping aboard is done. It has, however three advantages, in being easily set and stowed, taking up little room in the canoe, and offering little surface when riding head to wind.

Of the second class the favorite one is that commonly known as the Mohican, but first used by Mr. C. L. Norton on the Kitiwake. This tent in its present form is also shown. The top piece is of canvas, 22in. wide and 6 to 7ft. long. At each end a hem is turned in, to take a round stick, 2in. in diameter and 22in. long. The sides and ends of the tent are made of striped awning stuff, which comes 29in. wide, so that three breadths may be used. The tent is 30in. wide at bottom, and about 1ft. longer on bottom than on top. The sides and ends are sewed together at the corners, but the middle breadth on each side is sewed only to the top, making a curtain which may be rolled up, as shown.

These curtains lap over the adjoining sides a little, and are provided with tapes to tie them fast. The bottom of the tent is fitted with grommets which hook over small screw-heads under the beading of the deck. The tent is supported by two ropes fastened to the masts. It is sometimes desirable to have small windows in the tent, which may be made

of circular pieces of glass 2½in. diameter, each having two holes drilled near the edge by which it is sewn fast.

For use on shore a ground cloth 2½x7ft. may be used under the tent. The sides should be about 5in. high, to keep out rain and wind under the sides. The floor cloth should be waterproofed.

In another form of tent two bamboo uprights, one at each end of the well, are used, the tent being square, with a rounded top, somewhat like a wagon. A ridgepole, jointed in the middle for stowage, is supported on the uprights, the tent spread over these, and the top extended by four strips of bent oak, let into hems across the top. The Pearl canoe is fitted with a tent of this description, the uprights being made in two pieces, one sliding in the other, so that by extending them the tent is raised, for cooking or reading, but at night they are let down, making the tent lower and less exposed to the wind.

An A tent is sometimes fitted to a canoe, using an upright at each end of the well, or one at the fore end and the mizzenmast, with the painter stretched across as a ridge rope, but a wider top, as shown in the Mohican tent, is better.

For shore use a tent is usually carried large enough to accommodate two or three persons. The simplest form is the ordinary A tent, made about 6ft. square at the bottom, and 6ft. high. It is supported by two upright poles and a ridge pole, or the latter may be dispensed with and a ridge rope used, the ends being made fast to stakes in the ground.

A better and roomier form is the wall tent, a very good style being that devised by some of the Clyde C. C. This tent is usually about 6ft. wide, 7ft. long, and 6ft. high, the walls being 2ft. high. The bottom is sewn to the sides and ends, except the flap, which serves as a door, thus preventing all drafts. It is well to have a second bottom of light stuff laid inside over the main one, and not sewn fast, so that it may be lifted out for cleaning the tent. A ridge pole and two upright poles, all jointed, are used. Where the walls join the roof, a hem 2in. wide is sewn, and in this four or five grommets are set to take the tent ropes. The tent pins are of iron rod ¼in., galvanized, 10in. long, with the upper end turned into a ring to draw them out by. A flap is sometimes made in each side of the roof for ventilation. In setting this tent, it is unfolded on the ground and each corner fastened with a pin, then the four pins for the corner ropes are driven, each at the proper distance from its corner, which will be found the first time that the tent is set and marked permanently on one of the poles for future measurement; the corner ropes are made fast to the pins, allowing slack enough to hoist the tent, then the ridge pole is run through, the canoeist goes inside the tent, raises the after end, slips the upright under the ridge pole, walks to the other end, holding up the latter, and slips in the other pole. Now the corner ropes may be hooked over and tightened, the remaining pegs driven and the ropes made fast to them, and the ground sheet spread inside. The entire operation, if the tent is properly folded, can be performed by one man in five minutes. Sometimes the ridge pole is made to extend about 18in. beyond the front of the tent, thus keeping the upright out of the way of the door. It is as well to have the rear upright inside, as it is useful to hang clothes on, a few hooks being screwed in it. It will also be convenient to have a few canvas pockets hung to the walls for brush, and comb, etc.

Canoeists in America have used for the past few years a very good tent, of the form known as "Marquee." The ground space may be 7x7ft., the height to peak being about the same. But one pole is needed, which is in the center of the tent. The roof portion may be 2½ft. on each side, and is extended by four small sticks running from the central pole to each corner. The four lower corners are first staked down, the pole is slipped into the center of the roof, raising the latter, then the four sticks are pushed into place, and all is ready. These tents are usually made without a bottom, but a ground cloth should be used in any case.

For small tents, heavy unbleached sheeting may be used, and for the larger ones a light drill or duck. To render them waterproof they may be coated with boiled linseed oil and terebin, one gill of the latter to two quarts of oil, two coats being sufficient. The Mohican tent has a top of heavy canvas and sides of awning stuff, neither being waterproofed, and the marquees are generally made of the latter material. If a stay is made in any place for some time, the shanty tent, described by "Nessmuk" in "Woodcraft," is probably the best known, but in canoeing the balsa are usually but for a day or two, and often for a night, so the tent must be quickly set and stowed.

Next to the question of shelter comes the bed, a point of special interest to most canoeists, who for fifty weeks of the year sleep in a comfortable bed at home. Many canoes are now furnished with a mattress of cork shavings, which makes an excellent bed, and also answers as a life preserver. This mattress, the invention of Mr. C. H. Farnham, is 50in. long, 18in. wide and 4in. thick, made of some light material, such as burlaps or Japanese canvas. It is divided by two partitions, each made of muslin sewn to top, bottom and ends, into three parts, each 50x6x4in., and in each of these about 1½ pounds of cork shavings is placed. The partitions are intended to keep the cork distributed evenly. Hooks and rings at the ends, with straps for the shoulders, make it easily adjustable as a life preserver, as it is long enough to encircle the body.

In connection with this mattress, Mr. Farnham, much of whose canoeing has been done in cold climates, has devised a sleeping bag or quilt and cover. The quilt, when extended, is nearly heart-shaped, being 7ft. long and 7ft. at the widest part. The small end does not come quite to a point, but an oval end piece is sewn in. The quilt is made of silk or silesia, stuffed with 2½ pounds of down, evenly quilted in, the edges being strengthened with a binding of tape. Around the edges are buttons and buttonholes, by which the quilt may be converted into a closed bag, in which a man may sleep warmly in the coldest weather. A cover of the same shape is made of fine muslin, coated with boiled oil, and being provided with buttonholes, may be buttoned closely, keeping off entirely the dampness of the ground or even rain. The entire weight of the quilt is 4½ pounds, and of oiled cover 2 pounds 6 ounces, and both may be rolled into a very small bundle for stowage. The amount of covering may be regulated to suit the weather, the canoeist sleeping with either oiled cover, quilt, or both over him, or if very cold, rolling up in both and lying on the cork mattress. The cork mattress is used in several ways as a cushion during the day. Canoeists usually carry in summer a good pair of blankets, and sometimes a sleeping bag, made of a quilt or blanket doubled and sewn together at the edges and across one end, the other being kept open for ingress.

If weight and space are of importance on short summer cruises, a single good blanket may be taken, with a lining of

Down the Bay she kept in company with the Wabasso, a keel sloop, their dimensions being: Merlin, waterline 25ft., beam 7ft., draft

5ft. 6in. Wabasso, waterline 26½ft., beam 10ft. and draft 5ft., each having about 2 tons of lead. The dual was quite interesting, each one alternately having the better of it, Wabasso, under the club rules, sailing without a jibtopsal, but it ended at Buoy 13, where the latter turned for home.

The times at the buoy were:
Dare Devil.....13 18 50 Daisy.....12 26 07
Rambler.....12 19 05 Only Son.....12 26 51
Charm.....12 19 10 Minnehaha.....12 27 05
Eagle Wing.....12 20 30 Wabasso.....12 27 56
Geo. B. Deane.....12 21 46 Merlin.....12 28 52
Growler.....12 24 19 Nettie Thorp.....12 29 52
Frolic.....12 25 30 Frank Oliver.....12 33 20
Sophia Emma.....12 35 39
The best home was rather tedious, the wind being light and weather so unpleasant. Cruiser came in first of the small fleet, the Triton and Minnie not going over the course. The Blackbird was ready at the finish when the fleet came up, and the times of all were taken.

The Daisy held her place all the way home, although the Merlin came up faster on the windward work. After the cutters came in a wail was made for the last of the catamarans, which had not completed the second round, and at their arrival the Blackbird steamed off to land her passengers in the city.

The full times were as follows:

CLASS A-CATAMARANS.				
Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.	
Nightmare.....11 18 46	3 43 55	4 30 09	4 30 09	
Jessie.....11 15 00	3 28 28	4 13 28	4 11 28	
Camel.....11 14 41	3 24 24			
Hermes.....11 15 00	3 54 59	4 39 59	4 31 59	
CLASS B-SLOOPS 26FT. AND OVER.				
Frolic.....11 19 55	2 49 19	3 29 24	3 29 24	
Charm.....11 20 21	2 38 50	3 18 29	3 15 29	
Wabasso.....11 22 23	2 55 59	3 38 08	3 29 45½	
Eagle Wing.....11 20 27	2 37 34	3 07 07	3 03 07	
Dare Devil.....11 20 27	2 36 30	3 05 19	3 00 51	
Growler.....11 21 09	2 32 16	3 11 07	3 05 37	
Minnehaha.....11 20 22	Not timed.			
CLASS C-YACHTS FROM 21 TO 26FT.				
Rambler.....11 16 22	2 35 23	3 16 04	3 16 01	
Only Son.....11 22 23	2 27 34	3 05 12	3 05 00½	
Nettie Thorp.....11 22 23	2 32 40	3 10 18	3 09 48	
Sophia Emma.....11 20 08	2 32 40	3 05 16	3 05 16½	
Geo. B. Deane.....11 19 35	2 07 30	3 47 53	3 42 28½	
Selina C.....11 22 22	2 48 48	3 26 26	3 20 44½	
Frank Oliver.....11 22 22	Not timed.			
CLASS D-YACHTS UNDER 21FT.				
Cruiser.....11 20 37	1 36 15	2 15 48	2 15 28½	
Peter O'Brien.....11 22 22	2 06 09	3 43 47	2 42 57	
Senator.....11 19 47	1 43 00	2 30 38	2 30 18	
H. Fisher.....11 21 57	1 57 15	2 35 18	2 34 48	
Willie.....11 21 20	2 03 42	2 42 22	2 40 47	
Triton.....11 19 19	Not timed.			
Minnie.....11 18 30	Not timed.			
Truant.....11 20 22	2 35 44	3 05 22	—	
Ada W.....11 22 22	2 14 20	3 51 58	—	
Cate Kate.....11 22 22	2 43 00	3 20 38	2 20 38	
Daisy.....11 22 22	3 30 32	3 58 10	—	
Merlin.....11 22 22	3 26 42	4 40 20	—	

Jessie wins \$30 in Class A, Dare Devil \$30 in Class B, Eagle Wing \$35 in Class C, and Cruiser \$15 in Class C.
Daisy wins a pennant from Merlin. The judges were Messrs. M. R. Sawyer, S. C. Y. C., and Geo. Gartland, N. J. Y. C.
The club may be congratulated on the success of their arrangements, as the boats were started evenly, no fouls occurred, and no protests followed the race.

SEAWANHAKA C. Y. C. FALL RACES.

THE fall races of the S. C. Y. C. will be sailed this year on two days, Oct. 15 and 18, the first being open to first, second and third class sloops and cutters, and the second to first, second, third and fourth classes.

The races are also open to the yachts of the New York, Atlantic, Eastern, New Bedford, Larchmont, New Haven and Knickerbocker Yacht Clubs. The boats will be divided, as usual, into four classes: First Class—Sloops and cutters measuring 55ft., sailing length, and over.

Second Class—Sloops and cutters measuring 45ft. and less than 55ft. sailing length.

Third Class—Sloops and cutters measuring 35ft. and less than 45ft. sailing length.

Fourth Class—Sloops and cutters measuring under 35ft. Professional crews will be allowed, but the yachts must be steered only by amateurs, and each yacht must carry a club member on board. The following sails may be carried: Mainsail, forestaysail, jib, flying jib, jibtopsal, topsail and spinnaker. All may be carried on the sloop, except the topsail, and the fourth class only gafftopsails extending above the truck are allowed. All yachts must carry their private signal at the peak. The starts will be flying ones, as near 10 A. M. as is possible. Five minutes will be allowed to prepare and five minutes in which to start, the signals being given by whistle.

The courses are as follows:

October 15.—From an imaginary line between the club steamer and buoy 6, or such other point as the committee may determine, twenty miles to windward or leeward, as the wind may serve, and return. The correct course, by compass, will be given by the committee on the morning of the race. The club steamer will log out 20 miles from the start, and will anchor a mark buoy, which the yachts must round on the starboard hand.

October 18.—For first and second class sloops and cutters: From an imaginary line between the committee steamer and Fort Wadsworth, to buoy 10 on the S. W. Spit, keeping it on the port hand, thence to and around buoy 8½, keeping it on the port hand, thence to and around Sandy Hook lightship, keeping it on the starboard hand, and returning over the same course to buoy 15, keeping to the eastward of buoys 9, 11, 13 and 15, on the West Bank, and outside of buoy 5, on the point of Sandy Hook, going and returning.

For third class sloops and cutters: From the same starting line to buoy 10 on the S. W. Spit, keeping it on the port hand, thence to and around buoy 8½, keeping it on the port hand, thence to and around Scotland lightship, keeping it on the starboard hand and return over the same course to buoy 15, keeping to the eastward of buoys 9, 11, 13 and 15, on the West Bank, going and returning.

For fourth class sloops and cutters: From the same starting line to buoy 10, on the S. W. Spit, keeping it on the port hand, thence to and around buoy 8½, keeping it on the port hand, thence to and around Scotland lightship, keeping it on the starboard hand and return over the same course to buoy 15, keeping to the eastward of buoys 9, 11, 13 and 15, on the West Bank, going and returning.

The finish must be made across an imaginary line between the Committee steamer or station boat, and Buoy 15.

Entries must be made in writing, addressed to the Sailing Committee, and filed with the Secretary of the club, L. F. D'Ormeuil, 67 Exchange Place, by 3 o'clock P. M., Oct. 13, accompanied by the

measurement of the yacht entered, according to Seawanbaka Rules, certified to by the Measurer of the club from which she enters, or by her owner.

The races will be in charge of the Sailing Committee of the club, Messrs. Louis P. Bayard, Francis O. deLuzé, Walter L. Suydam, Alexander H. Stevens, S. Nelson White.

DISTANCE OF OBJECTS AT SEA.

IT is amusing to note how ignorant many ordinary seamen and other such matters—which all seamen might be expected to understand, and most persons of decent education might be expected to have learned something about at school. Ask a sailor how far off a ship may be, which is hull down, and he will give you an opinion based entirely on his knowledge of the ship's probable size, and on the distinctness with which he sees her. This opinion is often pretty near the truth; but it may be preposterously wrong if his idea of the ship's real size is very incorrect, and is sometimes quite wrong even when he knows her size somewhat accurately.

Any notion that the distance may be very precisely inferred from the relative position of the hull and the horizon line seems not to enter the average sailor's head. During my last journey across the Atlantic we had several curious illustrations of this. For instance, on one occasion a steamer was passing at such a distance as to be nearly hull down. From her character it was known that the portion of her hull concealed was about 12ft. in height, while it was equally well known that the eye of an observer standing on the saloon passenger's deck on the City of Rome was about 30ft. above the water level. A sailor asked (by way of experiment) how far off the steamer was, answered, "Six or seven miles." "But she is nearly hull down," some one said to him. "I didn't say she wasn't, as I know on," was the quaint but stupid reply. Now, it might be supposed to be a generally known fact, that even as seen from the deck of one of the ordinary Atlantic steamers, the horizon is fully six miles away, the height of the eye being about 18 or 20ft., and that for the concealed portion of the other ship's hull a distance of four or five miles more must be allowed; so that the man's mistake was a gross one. And several other cases of a similar kind occurred during my seven days' journey from Queenstown to New York.

The rules for determining the distances of objects at sea, when the height of the observer's eye and the height of the concealed part of the remote object above the sea level are both known, are exceedingly simple, and should be well known to all. Geometrically, the dip of the sea surface is eight inches for a mile, four times this for two miles, nine times this for three miles, and so forth; the amount being obtained by squaring the number of miles and taking so many times eight inches. But, in reality, we are concerned only with the optical depression, which is somewhat less, because the line of sight is curved slightly upwards, the concavity of the curve being (turned downward). Instead of eight inches for a mile, the optical depression is about six inches at sea, where the real horizon can be observed. But, substituting six inches for eight, the rule is as above given.

Six inches being half a foot, we obtain the number of six inch lengths in the height of an observer's eye by doubling the number of feet in that height; the square root of this number of six inch lengths gives the number of miles in the distance of the sea horizon. Thus, suppose the eye of the observer 18ft. above the sea level; then we double 18, getting 36, the square root of which is 6; hence the horizon lies at a distance of six miles as seen from an elevation of 18ft. For a height of 30ft., which is about that of the eye of an observer on the deck of the City of Rome, we double 30, getting 60, the square root of which is 7½; hence, as seen from that deck the horizon lies at a distance of 7½ miles. If the depth of the part of a distant ship's hull below the horizon is known, the distance of that ship beyond the horizon is obtained in the same way. Thus, suppose the depth of that part concealed to be 12ft., then we take the square root of twice 12, or 24, giving 4½, showing that that ship's distance is 4½ miles beyond the horizon. Hence, if a ship is seen so far hull down from the hull of the City of Rome, we infer that its distance is 4½ miles beyond the distance of the horizon, which we have seen to be 7½ miles—giving for that ship's distance 12-3½ miles. And with like ease may all such cases be dealt with.—Richard A. Proctor, in *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle*.

STEERING DIRECTIONS AND ENGINEERS' SIGNALS.

AS a consequence of the recent agitations of the subject of collisions and their prevention, the Editor of *Forest and Stream*, the steamer yacht Magnolia, has written the following letter to the *Evening Post* touching two very important factors in the direction of a vessel, the communication of the pilot's orders distinctly and certainly to the man at the wheel, and also to the engineer. It is strange that the first source of error mentioned has been allowed to exist for so long, as it must be responsible for many collisions. Economy of time and absolute accuracy of all orders given are two of the leading safeguards in preventing collisions, and to insure both of these there should be a uniform code of signals or orders, each so distinct that it can have but one meaning, and can by no possibility be mistaken for another, and the compilation and enactment of such a code is a matter for the Government inspectors, or better yet, for an international board with uniform regulations for all vessels: To the Editor of the *Evening Post*:

SIR—As Mr. Gorrings' letter on "Collisions on the Ocean" has suggested further correspondence on the subject, I desire to call attention to a matter connected with it which is worthy the consideration of all interested. The first rule proposed by Mr. Gorrings is, "Whenever a vessel is sighted directly ahead, port your helm," and one of the well-known rhyming rules of the sea is:

When both lights you see ahead
Port your helm and show your red."

In both cases the meaning is that you turn your vessel's head to starboard with the intention of keeping the approaching vessel on your port hand.

These expressions, which are universally understood and adopted by seafaring men, are based upon the use of the old-fashioned tiller, with which porting the helm—i. e., the tiller—starboards the rudder. In modern practice, however, few vessels of any size have tillers, and steamers never have them, wheels being used in both classes of vessels. In steamboats, and as far as I know, in most steam yachts, the wheel works like a tiller—that is, putting the top of the wheel over to port ports the helm and points the vessel's head to starboard.

In sailing vessels this is usually reversed, and the practice leads to confusion. In cruising along the Atlantic coast this difference of custom is so troublesome that in employing a local pilot it is sometimes necessary to have him merely indicate the direction in which he desires the vessel's head to take, because "port" to him may mean exactly the opposite of "port" to the person steering. It is a common thing for a pilot coming on board to ask, "Do you steer ship fashion or steamboat fashion?" Want of uniformity in these matters may be

a serious source of danger, since the steersman should make his motions by instinct, and should not have to think that he has been told that this particular vessel steers one way or the other. "Hard a-port!" should mean exactly the same thing all over the world and on all vessels without exception.

The law should insist on uniformity, and as vessels which have tillers must, from the nature of the mechanism, be steered by putting the helm the opposite way of the rudder and of the motion of the ship's head, all wheels should be made to work the same way. Except in screw gear, it is merely a question of crossing the tiller ropes. This in itself brings the practice in conformity with the recognized rules and seafaring expressions, such as "up helm," "down helm," "hard a lee," etc.

There is another matter of equal importance. Among all the regulations imposed by the steam inspection laws, there is no provision for uniformity of bell signals from the pilot house to the engine room and there are several different systems in use in the United States.

This is all wrong. Every pilot and engineer should instantly recognize a certain signal as meaning the same thing under all conditions and in all districts. If the man at the wheel sees a vessel looming up on his bow out of the fog, he wants to give "full speed astern" without hesitation, and by the same kind of instinct which induces a man to stop walking forward when he becomes aware that he is rapidly approaching something. He is in sulciest danger of losing his head as it is, and should not be required to think what he is to do.

The best arrangement is a mechanical telegraph of some kind, made with rigid parts which cannot stretch or get out of order, so arranged both in the pilot-house and the engine-room that pushing the handle and the index ahead means go ahead, and pushing it astern means go astern, providing a sort of coincidence between the intention and the action. As, however, telegraphs of this kind are expensive, and in some cases difficult to adapt, as, for instance, in large river steamers, where it is convenient for coming up to a wharf to have additional bell pulls on the upper guards, bells will probably be mostly used, but the signals given with them should be under some system laid down by the Steam-Inspection Board prescribing strict uniformity.

As yachts are favored with special licenses, on the assumption that they are "designed as models of navel architecture," and in other ways serve to add to the national knowledge of naval matters, it is only proper that yacht owners should contribute as far as lies in their power to the perfection of the regulations connected with navigation, and their habit of cruising in a variety of regions, with leisure to study such subjects, enables them to give hints of value. It is on this ground that I have ventured to intrude my remarks into the general discussion.

FAIRMAN ROGERS,
Steam yacht Magnolia, N. Y. Y. C.

NEWPORT, R. I., Sept. 18.

FAIR PLAY FOR THE CUTTERS.

THE extremities to which the advocates of the sloop have been driven are illustrated by the *Herald's* report of the Brenton's Reef race last August, in which Montauk was credited with the victory, although beaten fairly and beyond cavil by Bodouin, and the report of the New Jersey Y. C. race of Thursday last was distorted in the same manner. As stated elsewhere, the owners of the Daisy and Merlin, desiring a longer course and the privilege of setting such sail as they deemed necessary, arranged to sail together over the distance between Buoys 13 and 16 in addition to the course laid down, and the Regatta Committee agreed to take their time, the loser providing the prize, but both paying their entrance fee to the club, and this arrangement was made known to the representatives of the press on board of the steamer.

In spite of all the *Herald's* next day, besides a gratuitous slur on the owners of the cutters, heads its report with the lines, "Cutters Outriggered." "Badly beaten by sloops," while the *World*, though not going quite so far, contrives to convey the impression that the cutters were defeated while sailing on equal terms with the sloops. Following up the same line of attack the *Herald* on the following day announces that the owner of the Merlin will build a sloop or catboat in time for next season, the inference being that a single trial has proved the cutters to be unequal to the task. We can contradict all of these statements positively, as in the first place the cutters were not in the race with the sloops, and consequently were not beaten by them, except that down the wind from the start to buoy 13, the cutters starting some distance behind the majority of the open boats in order to have a clear field to themselves, were a little slower than some of the fastest of the open boats, under the conditions most favorable to the latter, as was to be expected in a wholesal breeze and smooth water; but Daisy gained on the pack, leaving sloops which started with her; and Merlin made a good fight, though evidently over-canvased. When windward work began the boats parted company, the cutters continuing alone over to Coney Island. Thus far the race, as such it was, proved nothing to the detriment of the cutters, as no one ever claimed them to be equal in speed to the fastest racing boats in the latter's own weather.

So far from being dissatisfied with his boat, the owner of the Merlin, after a long cruise in her this season, concluded before the race to reduce her sail area and remove as much ballast as possible from inside, where some is stowed as high as the lockers, to the keel; with which alterations she will be able next season to take good care of herself in races.

The controversy has long ago reached a point where such tactics ceased to be of any benefit, as yachtsmen generally have learned to look beyond mere newspaper headings into the actual details and facts, and to base their judgment thereon, but it speaks badly for American fair play when facts patent to all are slurred over or grossly distorted in favor of any side or party.

AMATEUR OR PROFESSIONAL YACHTSMEN.—This much disputed question has come to us again, the case in point being the standing of men who, while engaged in other occupations on which they depend for a living, sometimes accept pay for sailing in races. The generally recognized test of racing for money will not apply to yacht racing, as it is the custom everywhere to race yachts for money prizes, and the man who sails his own or another yacht for a prize cannot on that account be considered a professional, but a man who is paid for sailing a yacht, whether he depends on such work for his living or not, must be considered a professional.

ACCIDENT TO A ROWBOAT.—A seaman belonging to Mr. Astor's yacht Nourmahal, lying off Thirty-fifth street, North River, engaged a boatman to row him to the yacht at 1:30 A. M. When out on the river the ferryboat's bottom, but was rescued. The boatman, William Van Blarcom, was drowned, his body being found several days afterward.

NEWARK Y. C. PENNANT RACE.—A race was sailed for the challenge pennant in Class B, held by Rambler, on Sept. 29 in Newark Bay, three boats competing. Just Woke Up won in 1:58:15, with the Cloud next, 1:59:17½, and Rambler in 2:00:00.

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NEW YORK, OCTOBER 16, 1884.

VOL. XXIII.—No. 12.
Nos. 39 & 40 PARK ROW, NEW YORK.

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PROGRESS OF MILITARY MARKSMANSHIP.

THE range shooting season is closing in good style, and in the rifle columns will be found the notes of the regular official testing day for the militia of two States, while at another range in the far West, the picked men from the several sections of the U. S. Army met and fought out their peaceful battle for supremacy in the peaceful art of well doing. In one State the men were out for their first regular practice, and it goes without saying almost that the shooting was of the wildest sort, and that a wounded cow feelingly remarked the want of accurate aim on the part of the men. In another State the general grade of shooting was far better, for it was a State where there has been an intelligent system of practice carried on for some years, and under an energetic head of the department the State has been amply repaid for the outlay in the matter of ranges and ammunition. The work of the regular army in the matter of rifle practice has before been commented upon in these columns. Under an almost overpowering load of red tape, and despite the temptation to make scores for the annual reports rather than for the real improvement of the men, there has still remained a broad margin of actual progress, and from the highest to the lowest member of the petty force which stands for Uncle Sam's present potentiality in the matter of warfare, there is not a man who has not a better idea to-day of how to handle a rifle and what may be done with the weapon than he had five or ten years ago. The scores made within the last few days sustain the claim made by those in charge of army practice that officers and men are making good advancement with each recurring season of out-door drill.

But while a half dozen States may be carrying on practice with some degree of regularity and method, there are a

score or more other States where nothing whatever is doing on this important branch of home guard work. There was a time not very long since when the whole question of rifle practice was in the nature of an unsolved problem. It was a question whether or not it would be possible to get the members of the National Guard out on the ranges in such a way as to show real advance in the art, and that without undue expense or outlay of time and labor. There were errors made at the start and some vast picnics were had under the name of range practice. Then it was a question which is not yet fully settled just how far the practice should be carried, over what ranges and what system of rewards and penalties is best calculated to bring about the best results. Ten years have been taken up in working out many of these questions, and there now exists for the use of whoever may wish to profit by it, a mass of valuable information, put away in reports of petty and superior officers.

In the States where as yet no system of rifle practice is in existence, all that is needed is to open correspondence with the officers of these older commonwealths and the way is at once clear for a start on an excellent system of practice. It will be found that a large amount of work may be focalized about a range. The men who get tired of the routine of room drill and armory work, will go with energy into the contests of the range. Especially will this be the case if the system put afoot in the State includes some sort of annual gathering by which the merits of the men may be tested on a common battle ground. Very soon comparisons would be instituted between the work done in different States. Small arm manufacturers would be compelled to produce excellent work, and cartridge makers would cease from flooding the market with the rubbish now too often sent out.

The way is open to a rapid extension of rifle practice over the whole country. Once put in operation, something might be done toward getting Congress to take up the question of a really National Militia, and by a corps of semi-detached officers from the regular army, introduce an uniformity of drill and methods much wanted in the ranks of the Volunteers. Through the opening wedge of rifle practice the whole question of an effective home guard may be opened, while to have a uniformed force and neglect the important matter of out-door ball practice is the very height of arrant nonsense. We had such a pretty useless mummery of war in our regular army for many years. The New York State Guard was a similar force of paraders and show. This has now been changed, and it is doubtful whether any State could afford to have such a show long in vogue. Press and public would laugh it out of existence, even if a mob did not do it more roughly and expeditiously.

THE ENGLISH SPARROW PROBLEM.

AT the meeting of the American Ornithologists' Union held last month, the English sparrow was again denounced.

We do not learn that any arguments were then brought forward against this species that have not appeared time and again in these columns. The committee to whom this subject was intrusted occupied themselves in collecting in a systematic way from all the sources at their command evidence for or against the bird. This evidence, when obtained, was brought together, sifted and weighed, with the result which we long ago predicted.

The conclusion having been reached that the English sparrow is in all respects a most undesirable addition to our fauna, the question arises, what is to be done to remedy the evil which the hasty and ill-considered action of a few individuals has brought upon us? This question is more easily asked than answered. We know that in Australia much ingenuity, time and money have been unavailingly expended in efforts to rid the country of this curse. The sparrow's fecundity is something startling, and it seems impossible to hold the species in check.

One method which, so far as it goes, will prove very effectual, is to encourage those small species of predatory birds which destroy the sparrow for food. Such are the shrikes, the screech-owls and the smaller hawks, the sparrow-hawk and sharpshin. We have no sympathy with the sentimentalists who would shed tears over the spectacle of the sparrow in the claws of a hawk, and it is certain that there is no more efficient method of getting rid of the sparrows than by permitting their natural enemies to destroy them. A shrike or a little owl will, if undisturbed, spend a whole winter in a locality where sparrows are abundant, and will during that time kill a great many.

The common policy of slaying these small predatory birds

at every opportunity is a very mischievous one, and deserves the severest condemnation. They are birds that do almost no harm at all, while the destruction which they work to many injurious animals can scarcely be computed. A sparrow-hawk or a sharpshin may kill half a dozen quail, or a few English snipe during a season, but usually it flies at much smaller game, and kills grasshoppers, beetles and mice in great numbers, thus doing much to save the farmers' crops. The usefulness of these birds should be everywhere recognized, and instead of being destroyed they should be protected.

It would be interesting to learn whether any efficient plan for destroying the sparrows has yet been devised. We have heard of none that promised success; but there are, no doubt, many minds at work on the problem.

It is not now so much a question of getting rid of the sparrows, as of checking their increase before they spread over the whole land and kill or drive away all our native birds. What may ultimately be expected of them can be inferred from the report of their destructiveness in some of the districts of Australia, as detailed a year or two since in FOREST AND STREAM.

ANGLING THROUGH A LENS.

"IT IS not all of fishing to fish," Some men profess to hold that part of the sport is found in clambering over rocks and through tangles, in rowing one's boat to the springholes, and in the various other phases of toil and hardship through which the persevering angler, imbued with the true afilatus, must pass before he attains to the capture of the prize. There are others whose belief and practice are that the best fishing is the easiest fishing; and it is not to be denied that they are often right. An extreme case has just come to our notice; we will give the facts and the reader—"true sportsman" or otherwise—can draw the moral.

Our correspondent "Piseco," who recently made a trip to the Maine lakes (going from the Brooklyn Navy Yard by way of Lisbon, Spain, and Naples, Italy, to Kennebago), writes that he had poor luck up there, and might better have followed the example set to ardent fishermen by the veteran Commodore Pickering, U. S. N. Commodore Pickering is upward of seventy-five years of age, and still devoted to rod and gun. Having fully satisfied himself of the angling resources of the Upper Dam, he concluded to do his angling through lenses. He set his rod with the flies gracefully spread on the lawn in front of the house, took his station on the veranda in the most comfortable easy chair he could find, provided an entertaining book for recreation between strikes, and equipped himself with a field glass, through which he might watch the other anglers on the lake, and participate in their fun, whenever they had a strike.

That was angling with ease and dignity, and at the end of the day the Commodore had just as many fish as at least one of the boats whose fickle fortunes he followed through the afternoon. But what becomes of the "electric thrill" that comes when one is actually at the butt of a rod and a fair-sized fish at the end of the line?

THE REBUKE IS ADMINISTERED.—Last week, in speaking of the National Breeders' Show and the extraordinary attacks made upon it, we ventured the opinion that "the character of the entry list would be such as would administer a signal rebuke to the presumption that had sought to satisfy a personal grudge by misleading the public into serving its ends." The event has proved that this estimate of the intelligence and common sense of dog owners was decidedly correct. The rebuke has been administered, and in such an emphatic manner that there can be no possible dodging it. The entries at the National Breeders' Show number 359, which are 50 odd more than the average of all the shows in 1883-4, outside of New York. This rebuke to the officious opposers of the enterprise ought not to be without its salutary influence. A few more rebukes of just this kind will perhaps so discourage the peculiar class of gentry who beat Mongolian tom-toms and fire stink pots that they will give over these antiquated, ridiculous and indecent implements of warfare for the more legitimate and becoming methods of modern journalism.

TRINOMIALS ADOPTED.—At the recent meeting of the American Ornithologists' Union, in this city, the Committee on Revision of Nomenclature unanimously adopted the tenth edition of Linnæus's *Systema Naturæ* as the starting point in Zoological Nomenclature; it unflinchingly avowed its adherence to the rule of priority, and emphatically and unequivocally indorsed the employment of trinomials in the designation of sub-species.

The Sportsman Tourist.

LOG OF THE BUCKTAIL.—IV.

ON June 24 there was a fine rise in the Tladatton, and taking the 8 A. M. train, I was afloat in a little more than two hours for a cruise from Slate Run to Jersey Shore. For once I hit the river at the right time.

The half flood covered rocks and riffles, the recent rain had freshened and brightened every leaf and flower, while the strong current made the use of the paddle unnecessary, except for keeping the canoe on her course. And then the scenery and weather could scarcely be improved. The delightful run down to Cammal station was all too brief, and I noticed several white tents on the wooded islands, and on the right bank just where old mountain rills came tumbling down steep spurs on the mountain. Am glad to see that outers from distant points appreciate the advantages of a healthy, romantic, and inexpensive mountainous region, where trout, browse, timber, game and berries, are free as the cold springs that lose themselves every mile in the main stream.

At Cammal I decided to lay off for a day "takin' notes." For there are three or four noted trout streams in easy reach of the little hamlet, which were being eagerly fished by as many different parties, all of them from a distance. It was easy to see that their object in going a-fishing was to catch fish. The recent rains had raised the mountain brooks, and by going to the head of the streams early in the morning and fishing down patiently it was easy to make a respectable creel, so far as count goes. But the size, alas! To my thinking, there was scarcely any appreciable size about them. Many of them were little fellows with the bars still on them and less than four inches in length; and not a quarter of them came up to the legal length, *i. e.*, five inches. I took the liberty of overhauling one creel while the owner was at supper. It contained eighty-six trout, only fifteen of which were five or more inches in length.

I interviewed the owner, and when he found I had gone surreptitiously through his "catch" he talked fight. A few words whispered in his ear brought him down from fighting pitch to argument; and truth to say he argued very well. He said in effect: "Of course you could fine us heavily. With what result? Neither of us, nor any of our friends, would ever come here to fish again. We only fish in the open season; we catch a few small trout, and every pound of trout we catch costs us more than two dollars. Why don't you prosecute your own poachers and hoodlums who blow the trout out of water and scoop them with nets, in season and out of season? I saw scores of baby trout lying dead along the banks to-day that had been killed by dynamite, and I met a party with a scoop net who had at least a peck of trout of all sizes. If you want to prosecute, agreed; but commence with your home poachers."

It was all too true, and I was silent for very shame. On the following morning I was on the water betimes, and barring the intense heat, had a delightful run to Jersey Shore. Heavy rains at the head of the Tladatton had swelled the stream to logging flood, and a big drive of logs that had been "hung up" by low water in the spring was now afloat, bound for Williamsport. Six teams, an ark or two, several batteaus, and a hundred stalwart log drivers were busy following up the logs, rolling in such as got stranded, and keeping the drive in motion. I cruised in company with sawlogs for the last half of the run and found them harmless company. A mile or two above Jersey Shore I debouched into the West Branch of the Susquehanna, and found it at high rafting pitch, with wrecks of out-buildings, fences, etc., in the channel. The river had been eleven feet above low water mark at Williamsport, but had fallen a good deal, though still running a flood, and muddy withal.

As one object of the cruise was to take notes of the bass and pike-perch fishing, and, as a roily flood cut that point off effectually, I landed up in front of the Globe Hotel and took it out in a visit to a friend and skillful angler, Frank Trump by name.

Frank gave me some significant points on the fishing between Cammal and Jersey Shore, and also as to the effect of the numerous fish dams, fish baskets, eel weirs, etc., on the bass. He said: "Come down in late summer, when these fellows have their dams, and leads, and traps ready for business and I'll show you how it affects legitimate fishing," and I said I would be there.

As there is nothing useful or funny in cruising a swollen, muddy river, I laid away the Bucktail in Frank's cellar, to pick her up on brighter waters, and once more took an up train for home.

"Oh summer! my beautiful, beautiful summer,
I look in your face and I long so to live;
But ah! have you room for an idle new-comer,
With all things to ask and with nothing to give?"

Thus sang, years ago, a sweet American poetess, and she sang well. Not on the face of this earth does summer beam more brightly and healthfully than on the wooded mountain ranges of our own land. Add two more months, say from the 20th of May to the 20th of October, and you have five months of unequalled weather. But the law of compensations is sure as fate, and we have seven months, as an offset, of such weather as—to an invalid—makes life a burden.

I think of all this as—having loafed around home for a month—I swing the Bucktail out from Jersey Shore for a seventeen mile run down to Williamsport. Had I set in to do the river post haste, I could have taken the whole business in on a two weeks' cruise. I choose to do it leisurely, thoughtfully, even. I know that on the left bank, high above the river, there is the old Pennsylvania canal (little used at present) with a fine growth of shady trees on either bank, where I might paddle peacefully down to Northumberland, scarcely meeting a canal boat in a days cruise. But, I am bound to take in every rod of the river in the canoe. And the run is very pleasant. *Facilis est descensus avernæ.* It is all the way down hill for the first ten miles. Then I begin to run in on cribs, piers, booms, and immense timber rafts, with a solid pack of logs six miles long, two-thirds the width of the river, and jammed firmly together, with the top ends slanting down stream and the lower ends resting on the bottom. I have run into the works of the Williamsport Boom Company. I forget just how many million feet of lumber this pack is estimated to contain. But, I remember vividly the perspiration and exhaustive labor it cost me to get clear of the bewildering tangle and reach Williamsport Dam on that broiling 22d of July. And the dam was no better. The chute was jammed full of logs, stumps, dead trees, etc., from end to end, and above the dam there was a wide line of impassable debris that reached across the river. I was

obliged to cross to the right side, "double trip it" up a steep bank, and then creep down a thirty feet bank of rough stone rip-raps before I got afloat on the water below. And I went all wrong through not knowing the course, whereby it happened that I was forced to get out barefooted and bare-legged and wade ignominiously over the gravel for a hundred yards, with a fine channel on either side, and in plain sight of Market street. Once over the riffle, however, it was plain sailing. I allowed the canoe to drift while I rolled down trouser legs, pulled on boots, and got myself in presentable shape. I had written an old friend and a member of the Williamsport Gun Club to meet me at the Market street bridge, sharp 1 P. M. I was glad the note did not reach him in time.

It was past 2 P. M. when I landed in the cool shade of the bridge, drew up the canoe, and threw myself exhausted on the sandy beach. As usual, the little canoe soon collected a crowd. The question and badinage might have embarrassed a tenderfoot; it was amusing to an old canoeist. So long as there is no resort to decayed vegetables or dorricks, and they will keep their splay feet out of the canoe when she is resting on solid ground, I can stand it. They are not so apt to board her when she is afloat in deep water. * * *

And there came down the river a genuine specimen of Young America, sitting on (not in) a light rowboat. Of course the canoe took his eye. He drew in his bare feet and legs, landed up, and began to ask questions. He was my man. I like Young America, as a rule. He is about the sharpest gamin you will meet. Taken aright, you can get a deal of good out of him. Hit him amiss, and he is apt to get something out of you.

I answered his questions with the urbanity natural to an old canoeist, and asked a few in return. For instance: Where was the nearest hotel? And would he oblige by just catching on the forward stem of the canoe and leading the way to it? "Certainly he would. The nearest hotel was about thirty rods. The Exchange, corner of Market and the canal. Dutch house; but clean and neat. Rutter gives good grub for a dollar a day; the rest charge two dollars." * * * It happened that among the references to "first-class hotels" furnished me by friends, the Exchange was ignored. All the same I went there, and was glad that I did. It is nearest to Market street bridge, which is the best landing, the fare is plain and well cooked, the charge \$1 per day. I recommend George Rutter's Exchange to any future canoeist.

A schooner of lager, an hour's rest and a square meal, put me on my feet, and I went up to John Scheuer's place and telephoned two members of the gun club to meet me at the Exchange at 5 P. M. They came, and also brought me with them. "Johnny" Emery, Capt. Bly, Auguste Koch, and a member of the press, with a score of others, came around and wanted to see the Bucktail go; so I put her under paddle for the amusement of the crowd. She did not disgrace herself nor duck her crew; but rather to my surprise, all except "Johnny" declined to board her. And I found friends, as I always do, Auguste Koch insisted on taking me up to his place behind his brisk little roan; he had a room that would just suit me, where I could be at home as long as I staid in Williamsport. But I declined.

He called for me at 8 o'clock the next morning, however, and as he has the best private collection in natural history that I have yet seen, I was only too glad of the invitation. I spent a pleasant day with him and his genial brother, and it was the first chance I ever had to see and compare every species and variety of American grouse and quail in one collection. They were more numerous than I had thought, and interesting to a degree. The foreign game birds were well represented also. Ptarmigan, blackcock, moorcock, quail, snipe, woodcock, all were there. As I had not time to go through some two thousand specimens of natural history, I devoted myself mainly to the game birds, the finest and gamiest of which, to my thinking, were the ruffed grouse and the wild turkey. The grand old gobbler and the cock grouse were both shot by Mr. Koch near Williamsport. * *

Had I accepted all the cordial invitations of friends, I should have staid at Williamsport a month in free quarters.

But I had an object in this river cruising. I wanted to get at the inner cussedness of netting, dynamiting, trapping, and other ways of depleting the water of game fish by illegal means. And the poachers had not yet got their rascally devices out. So I placed the Bucktail in the baggage car once more and came home. To go again in the season of eel-weirs, nets, and fish baskets. To try it, by any possibility, sportsmen's clubs, game constables, fish wardens, *et. id.*, etc., can be stirred up to at least attempt the enforcement of the law.

NESSMUK.

A VOYAGE BETWEEN THE LAKES.

BY D. D. BANTA.

II.

Surly—Did Adam write, sir, in High Dutch?

Mammon—He did.

The Alchemist.

THE boat and camp stuff had been left by the trainmen at the depot nearly two hundred paces from the railroad bridge—the place where the Wawa was launched—and Joe Marcott, a clever lumber boss, kindly tendered the loan of his "carry" to run boat and stuff down the track to the river. Brother Scott, at that particular time, was at the hotel tending the guns and tackle and keeping out of the wet; and so the Judge engaged the services of a burly lumberman who was loafing around, to help push their little load down to the bridge. Perhaps the fellow's services were in demand fifteen minutes, certainly no more, and when the work was done he charged a dollar.

"That is unconscionable!" exclaimed the Judge, as he handed out the dollar. "If," continued he, "I had asked you what your price would have been beforehand, you would never have thought of making it more than a quarter."

"No, no," said the fellow gravely, "I get four dollars and a half a day."

To this the Judge made no response, but hurried down to the river, occasionally looking back over his shoulder as if he were expecting the other loafers of the town to come out and charge something also; and silently taking his seat in the stern of the boat with Brother Scott amidships, they began their journey as related in the last chapter. A run of two hundred paces brought them back within ten of their starting point, so crooked did they find the stream at the outset. The northwest winds were occasionally rustling the treetops, the lake fogs were lifting and vanishing and the clouds were rolling and tumbling in broken masses. Elm branches, black alders, fern brakes and river grasses were still surcharged with moisture, and the outlook from the narrow river over the low, alluvial bottomland was cheerless in the extreme. Silently the little boat sped down stream. The

current was narrow, averaging no more than thirty yards, if so much, and at every bend there was a deep pool with a whirl of water on its inner side. No noise broke the silence save the spileful-like dip of the Judge's paddle, or an occasional splash from the dripping branches. Brother Scott, after making one or two gloomy observations and eliciting no response from his companion, heaved a deep sigh and relapsed into a solemn silence.

On, on the boat went, following the thread of the zigzag stream. Now like a courser it rushed down fifty paces or so of straight river, and then swinging round at a sharp bend over deep water, a strong sweep of the paddle was required to force it out of the embrace of the whirling water and send it cantering down to the next bend.

"What a darned lie!" fairly bellowed the Judge, and as he uttered this exclamation he gave such a vigorous push with his paddle that he sent the Wawa quivering with such velocity forward that she left a long trail of swirling water unfolding in the rear. Brother Scott was at the moment in a deep and solemn reverie. Possibly he was finding

"Sermons in stones and books in running brooks."

At any rate he was so startled at the unexpected plunge of the boat and the apparently needless emphasis of the language used, not to mention its profane suggestiveness, that he nearly capsize the craft. Had he kicked the beam at two hundred and twenty-five pounds instead of one hundred and twenty-five, I am quite sure there is no telling what the consequences might have been.

But there was no accident. It was better for our voyagers that there was none; still, for the historian, an accident would have been a brilliant chapter. The Judge now explained. The lumberman's audacity had rendered him speechless all this time. "Four dollars and a half a day!" he screamed, "and I stood there like a fool, when I knew it could not be over a dollar and a half, and did not tell him the liar he was!"

Brother Scott was too much surprised to speak at once, but presently regaining his composure he said, "What! What!" in a startled sort of manner. And the Judge still further explained. This time he told the whole story, and wound up by an expression of regret that he had not cast the lie into the fellow's teeth.

"He was rather a big fellow, wasn't he?" asked Brother Scott, in a sepulchral tone.

"Well, yes," growled the Judge.

"Over six feet tall, I should say," ventured Brother Scott.

"Yes."

"And he was raw-boned and had bristly hair and red eyes and big, hard-looking hands?"

"All, yes," answered the Judge, regaining his wonted composure.

"Well, I should think you took the better course. You have given vent to your opinion with great force and with perfect safety. What more would you have? I can conceive but of one wiser course for you to have taken and that was to have made your contract beforehand."

"Precisely so!" fairly roared the Judge, bristling up again, "and that is what makes me all the madder. I know so well the necessity of making an express contract beforehand when on a sporting expedition with every man I accept a service from, that I have no patience with myself this time. One has to bargain like an Ishmaelite or be skinned at every turn. And yet I do so much dislike to be always dickering when in the woods. Sometimes I meet with a downright clever fellow who has no thought of not doing the fair thing, and when I have once found him out, I hate myself for not trusting him from the beginning. But such are like angel's visits. The majority of those who seek to serve the sportsman seem to jump to the conclusion that he must be a rich man and therefore a proper person to fleece. Here was this fellow I found hanging around a saloon door. He leaves it long enough to give me fifteen minutes' light service and then charges me a dollar. Think of it! Four dollars an hour and forty dollars a day for a brutish fellow who has barely intellect enough to swing an axe. It's an outrage!" And as the Judge reached this conclusion he gave a spasmodic push with his paddle, and shoved the bow of the Wawa with such force into a mud bank that he barely missed the accident that would have given the matter for the brilliant chapter of this history.

After the boat was righted Brother Scott took up the discussion, and replied at length to the Judge: "There is," said he, "two sides to that question. The fault may not be all on the side of the wagoners and packers and guides. Sometimes your sportsmen try to tow them down in their charges, and sometimes your sportsmen cut on their bills. There was that absconding mayor of a distant city, whom a guide ran down and caught at St. Ignace the other day for an unpaid bill."

"I won't grant your premises," lustily put in the Judge. "You make the mistake all of them do. The kind of fellows you describe are not sportsmen. There's that drunken Chicago man at the hotel up yonder. He is a coarse-fibred, vain, ignorant boor, who, having 'by hook and by crook' managed to accumulate a fortune, thinks he must do something to spend it, and what does he do but assume the rôle of sportsman?"

"Precisely so," answered Brother Scott. "He is all you picture him, and by his drunken orgies, his reckless extravagance and stupid ignorance he brings your brotherhood into disrepute among a very large class of persons, many of whom are very reputable persons at that. Right there comes in the point of my argument. He passes himself off for a sportsman and sows his money with a liberal hand—so liberal, that those who serve him expect more than bare wages, and would feel themselves wronged if they did not get it."

"Yes, but the Chicago man is the only one of his kind. He is an exception to all known rules," responded the Judge.

"True enough, true enough. Still he belongs to a class. I haven't been in the woods very long, but I have observed three classes of your so-called sportsmen already. There is the 'jeweling-down' sportsman, the 'live-and-let-live' sportsman and the 'recklessly-extravagant' sportsman. While one class would deal fairly with their sporting servitors, another would cheat them, and a third would demoralize them with 'tips.' You remember the fellow you were talking to about going with you on your Indian River trip? Well, he told you about the last man he had gone with as a guide. That man had, after paying him his wages, given him not only all the provisions left over, but all his camp equipment besides, and he evidently expected that you would not be less liberal than the other had been."

"No. And if I had engaged him, and he had surmised before his time was up that I was not going to give him double what I had promised, he would have studied to see how little he could do for me."

"Very well," answered Brother Scott. "And who is to

blame for it all? Surely not the poor fellows who bear the burdens altogether."

At this juncture the Judge spied a hemlock sapling and at once landed the boat, when he and Brother Scott went ashore and supplied themselves each with an armful of boughs for the night's bed. Returning to the boat they pursued their way, keeping a sharp lookout for a suitable camping ground. Everywhere, however, the low, level, fern-covered, tree-shaded bottom land extended, and while it was evident they could camp at any place, no place presented a desirable spot. The approach of night, however, put an end to their further searching, and going ashore at a point no more nor less inviting than any other they had passed, they erected their tent among the tall ferns and soon had a blazing camp-fire before its open door.

To some the mere mention of these ferns might convey an altogether erroneous impression of the camping site and its surroundings. A camp in a fern garden suggests the romantic. The fern belongs to an ancient and aristocratic family in the vegetable kingdom. The bluest of blue blood runs in its veins. During those grand old carboniferous days, when the saurian stood at the head of the animal kingdom, the fern grew into a sizable tree. In this cooler age of ours, however, it has fallen from its high estate so far that scientists speak of it as a survival, as if that meant something. But the fern maintains its claims to aristocratic distinction in spite of the scientific men and their name. It represents the most delicate and beautiful of the non-flowering plants of the world, and, what is more to the purpose, with a lofty and untamable spirit, it is a true child of nature and refuses to flourish in civilized gardens but waves its modest fronds only in the twilight shadows of the woods.

Yet the ferns that challenge admiration for their beauty do not riot on the dank bottoms of the Fox. Those are coarse of stem and leaf and mount upward as if they fain would become trees. They are the "ragged Reubens" of the great fern family, and in the evenings exhale an odor which reminds one of the smell from an overheated plow horse, which, of all other smells save one, Brother Scott could least endure. His quick nostrils soon caught the scent and his gastric department, true to its traditions, at once raised the standard of rebellion. A preternatural paleness over-spread his countenance and a dropping of the lower jaw followed.

"Is there anything that would neutralize the smell of these ferns?" feebly and dolefully asked he.

"Yes," said the Judge, "I think a good whiff from a pole cat would do it."

"Oh! A-h-h! U-g-h-h," was Brother Scott's only response as he slowly shook his head.

The heat engendered by the maplewood fire soon drove the offensive odors away, and by the time the tea was steeped and a rasher of bacon broiled, Brother Scott was ready for his share.

That night was the coldest of the summer. Ere the campers had turned into bed, the clouds had disappeared and a full moon was sending its long and silvery shafts of light through the rifts in the trees. On the potato fields and on the vine and corn patches of the region between the lakes, the hoar frost hung in heavy rime when the light dawned the next morning.

During that night, the lowering temperature drove the Judge from his bed, and out into the forest he went with ax, and by the light of the moon he cut and carried in wood with which to feed the fire till morning; and warmed by the genial heat of their after-midnight fire, the campers slept their sweetest, soundest and most refreshing sleep.

FLORIDA AGAIN--II.

IN my last I spun a long yarn about sheephead, and I am of the opinion that I shall repeat the method as regards other fish. Adept at fishing in the North are at sea when they reach Florida, hence I refer to little things that may appear unnecessary; but I have found that success in fishing oftentimes depends on little things.

CHANNEL BASS, RED DRUM (*Sciaenops ocellatus*).—This noble game fish can be captured on any of the rivers, bays, passes and lagoons of the eastern or western coast, and range from five to thirty pounds. They enter many of the inlets on the young flood, and with cut fish bait and a hand line they can be captured until the arms ache. They are good biters and will fight with a vim that will astonish the uninitiated. I well remember the first large channel bass I captured with a rod and reel. I had two large reels, one containing a good line and the other a poor one, and since that time I have not used a rotten line. In my haste I picked up the wrong reel. I made a cast, hooked a heavy fish, and realized the fact that the defective line had to be treated gingerly. Fortunately, the negro boy in my boat was a good rower, and I was forced to follow that fish hither and thither for a time that appeared to me a week. During the summer months bass in immense numbers and of large size enter the St. Johns River, but leave in October. In this stream they are bottom feeders and confine themselves to deep water. On the southwest coast they feed in shallow water. On many occasions I have seen very large ones swimming over sand bars in which the depth of water would scarcely hide their back fins. On the Indian River and on the southwest coast they greedily appropriate a spinner, and excellent sport can be obtained at any of the passes by trolling with rod and reel near the beach on the flood time. For large bass I use Hill's spoon bait, No. 3. Spinners as usually made are too light and weak for the capture of these fighters. The treble hooks attached are soon broken or straightened. In compliance with my instructions L. L. Hill & Co., of Grand Rapids, Mich., made for me some baits of extra length to which they attached very strong and large-sized, double hooks, and I can only say that they have supplied a want. H. & Co. make two styles—ordinary and others suited to our fishing. Several years since James, of Brooklyn, manufactured a spoon bait that for strength and quality of hooks could not be excelled, but they lacked revolving properties and were useless. I suggested an improvement which was not adopted. Cut mullet bait is excellent for these fish, but it is frequently appropriated by sharks and stingarees and loss of temper and tackle is the result. Hard backed crabs make an attractive bait, and by using them sharks will seldom take it. I remove crab shell and nippers; cut the crab in two or four pieces. In baiting I pass the hook from the inside and allow the point to emerge at the junction of a leg with the body. For years I removed the legs but of late I allow them to remain, and I fancy that the bait is rendered more attractive. With minnows for bait and a Henshall rod, grand sport can be enjoyed by casting along the edge of mangrove islands, weeds and grass, for small bass varying from two to six pounds. Small channel bass, say under five

pounds, will take an artificial fly and the fly-fisher can be surfeited with sport. For successful bass fishing hooks are an important consideration. My friend P., who is a noted bass fisher with a hand line, uses Abbey & Imbrie's cod hook No. 4,001; 10-0 Limerick, or 10-0 O'Shaughnessy will answer an excellent purpose. For years I have used "extra fine cast steel, filed, taper-pointed, Virginia fish hooks," No. 3, sold by Shipley & Son, No. 5 Commerce street, Philadelphia. For temper and metal these hooks cannot be excelled, and I recommend them in the highest terms. For rod and reel fishing, where large fish must be exhausted before they can be brought to gaff, needle-eyed hooks with a few inches of piano wire should be used. In some instances bass swallow the hook and the continued friction will fray and weaken the snood unless wire is used. For hand-line fishing for large bass in a strong tideway I use seventy-one thread laid cotton line, costing about forty cents per pound. I prepare snoods about two feet long, and soak them in shellac varnish for twenty-four hours. At the end of this time I stretch them and with a rag remove the extra varnish. After they have dried I attach the hooks. The varnish will prevent the snoods from twisting, and impart a brownish tint, thereby lulling the suspicions of the fish. I attach the snood to the line about four inches above the sinker, and in consequence can feel the least nibble. At times bass seize the bait with a rush, and at others they nibble like a small catfish. When they adopt the nibbling process the bait must be kept in motion by raising and lowering the sinker. For successful bass fishing with a rod the fisherman should be provided with a reel carrying 200 yards of 18 or 21 thread Cuttyhunk line. I have used with satisfactory results lines supplied me by Kreider, Conroy and Abbey & Imbrie. Recently I have received from the latter an 18-thread undyed line, and in use found it A1. Fishermen are oftentimes annoyed by the kinking of twisted lines, but this difficulty is easily removed. Before using I soak the line for twelve hours in cold water and dry it. I pass one end around a post or tree and wind it on a stick. This is repeated several times, and the extra twist is removed and kinking prevented. To save thumbs and fingers and to avoid the use of thumb-stalls, I have attached to the first pillar of the reel, above reel-plate, a piece of harness leather nearly as wide as the spool and about two inches in length. With this appendage pressure can be applied by the thumb and regulated according to the size and movements of the fish. A powerful rod is a necessity for large bass fishing, for independent of the fighting and staying qualities of the fish the fisherman will occasionally hook a shark or large stingaree, requiring strength in a rod. Chubb, of Post Mills, Vt., made a bass rod for me which pleased me much. It was nine feet long, first joint ash and second and third lancewood. B. F. Nichols, of Boston, constructed a tarpon rod for me in accordance with my suggestions. The first joint is lancewood, two feet eight inches long. The second joint is made of six strips of bamboo and measures six feet two inches. I have tested it in bass fishing, and have found nothing to equal it for controlling the rushes of a large bass in a strong tideway. Although powerful, it is sufficiently elastic for the capture of even medium-sized fish.

CAVALLI, CREVALLE (*Caranx piquetatus*).—This gamy fish is very plentiful on the eastern and western coasts, and furnishes excellent sport for those who fish with the fly or spoon. Their average size is from two to six pounds, but at some points they will be captured turning the scale at twenty pounds. They can be found in salt and fresh water, and make a noble fight for liberty. They will not reject a cut fish bait or minnow, but seem to prefer a gaudy fly or a small glittering spoon-bait. A noted place for these fish is the Caloosahatchie River, above the islands. On one occasion I was descending this stream and commenced trolling with a No. 1 Buell spinner, and I hooked there fish weighing from six to twelve pounds as rapidly as I could throw my bait astern. To the fly-fisher, cavalli offer a source of amusement perhaps unequalled; and to the minnow-fisher with a Henshall rod, a free fight can be enjoyed at almost any point.

TARPON, SILVER KING (*Megalops trissoides*).—Until recently the tarpon has not attracted attention as a game fish. The habitat of this "noblest Roman of them all" is from Texas to the St. Johns River. Annually, in May and June, thousands of them visit the St. Johns River and depart for the southern portion of the State in October. During the past summer a number of these aqueous acrobats have been hooked in this section, but none landed. I had made all preparations for their capture during the summer, but sickness in family prevented me from engaging in the undertaking. In the St. Johns River these fish, as a rule, come in with the tide and leave with the ebb. On the southwest coast they remain in the streams, and are frequently found in fresh water. In the streams of the southern portion of the State broad, shallow flats will be found covered with grass and marine or fresh-water algae at least one foot high. The tarpon make their way in these grassy flats to a point where the water is barely deep enough to cover their bodies. If disturbed by a passing boat they will rush with lightning-like speed for deep water. When fishing for bass with cut mullet bait it is a common thing for our fishermen to obtain tarpon bites, but by one means or another they escape. To my knowledge three of them have been hooked on spinners, and two small ones under forty-pound weight landed. Hill & Co. made me a spinner for tarpon fishing, but I have not had an opportunity of testing it. Last winter the Rev. Mr. Prime hooked two on artificial flies at Tampa, but his eight-ounce split bamboo rod was too frail an implement for their capture. On the Homosassa River my friend, Dr. Fisher, hooked two on minnows, but he was very soon minus leaders. During the summer of '83, Mr. H. M. Preer, of this city, captured two with whole mullet for bait; one weighed 125 and the other 198 pounds. As a general rule, these fish range from 100 to 200 pounds, and from six to seven feet in length. Their mouths are large and as firm and tough as gutta-percha, hence a single hook is nowhere inside of their capacious jaws. Such being the character of their open countenances, a fisherman is justified in using any description of tackle for their capture. After numerous experiments, I have constructed a tackle that will hook and land them. I take three codfish hooks, No. 2-0 of Abbey & Imbrie's catalogue. I file the rings off two of the hooks and solder them to the shank of the third, and place the two so that the points will be at a right angle with the ringed hook. I take a piece of brass wire the size of the wire of No. 4,000 cod hook, and form a loop at each end so that the link will be five inches in length. One loop is passed through the ring of the hook, and the ends of the wire lapped with copper wire and soldered. I prepare three other hooks in a similar manner, and make another link of brass wire six inches long. To one end of

the second link I attach link No. 1, and the second gang of hooks. The gangs are so arranged that the central hooks are in line, and the loops secured by lapping and soldering, I lengthen the snood by adding three more six-inch links. By this arrangement I secure two gangs of hooks, and a wire snood about two feet long. To bait the tackle, I take a mullet about fourteen inches long and split it from head to tail. The two central hooks are passed through the bait from the cut side, and with a sail needle and strong linen thread I securely fasten the bait to the gangs as well as the wire. By this arrangement the hooks which pass through the bait are to a great extent hidden, and the other four hooks are in close contact with the cut surface of the bait, their points merely projecting on each side. Hooks arranged in this way are dangerous if meddled with, and will hook a tarpon. For a float I take a tomatoe can, solder a piece of tin on its top to keep it air-tight, and to one end attach a loop of brass wire, to which I fasten the line. For a line I use nine hundred feet of seventy-one thread cotton line. The tackle I have constructed for rod fishing is similarly arranged, but I use the strongest piano wire and 10-0 O'Shaughnessy hooks.

To those who are disposed to engage in gigantic fishing; capture an aqueous acrobat, control a streak of greased lightning and experience a new revelation, let them engage in tarpon fishing. This description of sport is new, but we are convinced that the time is not far distant when it will be indulged in by the many. As the supply of these fish is inexhaustible, and as they cannot be captured in nets, the sport will last for an indefinite period. If each person who engages in it will publish his experience, the bait and tackle used, coupled with successes and failures, something definite will be arrived at, and the capture of the silver king rendered a success. If a fisherman is so lucky as to lance a tarpon, he will cease to discuss the capture of the bronze-backers, the speckled beauties, the striped bass or the lordly salmon. In my opinion, no fish on this continent can equal the tarpon for fight, acrobatic performances and lightning-like rushes. Last February a friend spent six days at Tarpon Spring, and he informed me that daily gentlemen would proceed to the spring, make a cast, secure a bite followed by the appearance of five or six lineal feet of silver sheen in the air; a lightning-like rush and the departure of tackle for parts where the seaweed twined. The tarpon is destined to be the game fish of the U. S., and all that is necessary to insure his capture is for each fisherman to publish his successes as well as failures. At p. 173 of his recent work on Florida, Dr. Henshall states that in "sailing down Biscayne Bay, I took a number of tarpon;" but he neglects to refer to bait and tackle used. This is to be regretted, for his experience would prove of benefit to others. I trust the Doctor will speak out in meeting and tell all how he "took a number of tarpon."

JACKSONVILLE, Fla., Oct. 3.

AL. FRESCO.

Natural History.

AMERICAN ORNITHOLOGISTS' UNION.

[CONTINUED FROM LAST ISSUE.]

THE report of the Committee on Bird Migration was presented by the chairman, Dr. C. Hart Merriam. Dr. Merriam stated that a circular had been issued, setting forth the objects and methods of the committee, specifying the division of the territory of the United States and British North America into thirteen districts (each of which had been placed in charge of a competent superintendent), and supplying instructions to observers concerning the data desired—which were classed under the heads of Ornithological, Meteorological, and Contemporary and Correlative Phenomena.

In order to secure a large number of observers, the chairman had written to the editors of eight hundred newspapers, asking them to call attention to the work of the committee, and to state that more observers were desired. The several superintendents had also written to a large number of papers, —just how many, the chairman was not aware. The press very kindly gave the matter the prominence its importance deserved, and abstracts of the circulars, amounting in some cases to an actual reprint, and usually coupled with editorial comment, were published in several hundred newspapers. This resulted in the receipt, by the committee, of upward of three thousand applications for circulars of information and instruction. In all, nearly six thousand circulars were distributed. By this means the committee finally secured nearly seven hundred observers in addition to the keepers of lights. The observers are distributed as follows: Mississippi Valley district, Prof. W. W. Cooke, Superintendent, 170; New England district, John H. Sage, Superintendent, 142; Atlantic district, Dr. A. K. Fisher, Superintendent, 121; Middle-Eastern district, Dr. J. M. Wheaton, Superintendent, 90; Quebec and the Maritime Provinces, Montague Chamberlain, Superintendent, 56; District of Ontario, Thomas McIlwraith, Superintendent, 38; Pacific district, L. Belding, Superintendent, 30; Rocky Mountain district, Dr. Edgar A. Mearns, Superintendent, 14; Manitoba, Prof. W. W. Cooke, Superintendent, 10; British Columbia, John Fannin, Superintendent, 5; Northwest Territories, Ernest E. T. Sefon, Superintendent, 5; Newfoundland, James P. Howley, Superintendent (returns not yet received). Migration stations now exist in every State and Territory of the Union excepting Delaware and Nevada.

The committee was fortunate in obtaining the co-operation of the Department of Marine and Fisheries of Canada and of the Lighthouse Board of the United States. By this means it secured the free distribution of upward of twelve hundred sets of schedules and circulars to the keepers of lighthouses, lightships and beacons in the United States and British North America.

The returns thus far received from observers were exceedingly voluminous and of great value. They were so extensive, indeed, that it was utterly impossible for the committee to elaborate them without considerable pecuniary aid.

In order to show the Union the character and extent of the labors of the committee, the chairman had requested the superintendents of all districts east of the Rocky Mountains to prepare reports upon five common, well-known and widely distributed birds, to wit: The robin (*Merula migratoria*), catbird (*Mimus carolinensis*), Baltimore oriole (*Icterus galbula*), purple martin (*Progne subis*) and nighthawk (*Chordeiles popetue*). This had been done, and the reports received were presented for examination. The chairman directed special attention to those prepared by Dr. J. M. Wheaton and Dr. A. K. Fisher as examples of tabulated returns, and to that received from Prof. W. W. Cooke as an example of the generalization of results.

The chairman called attention to the action of the International Ornithologists' Congress held in Vienna last April, stating that he had been instructed (in common with delegates from other countries) to represent the cause of the committee in the National Government, begging it "to further to the utmost the organizing of migration stations," and "to appropriate a sufficient sum for the support of these stations, and for the publication of annual reports of the observations made."

The Council was instructed to memorialize the Congress of the United States and the Parliament of Canada in behalf of the work of the Committee on Bird Migration.

On motion by Mr. Brewster, the Committee on Geographical Distribution was merged into the Committee on Migration as a sub-committee, the whole committee to be entitled a "Committee on the Migration and Geographical Distribution of North American Birds."

In response to a call from the president, Dr. P. L. Selater said: "I hope the members of the American Ornithologists' Union will excuse me if I offend the feelings of any one by the remarks I am about to make. It has aggrieved me much to find in this country three large and valuable collections of birds which are not under the care of paid working ornithologists. One of these is in Boston, one in New York, and the other in Philadelphia. Each contains what all ornithologists admit to be most valuable typical specimens. A grave responsibility rests upon the possessors of types of species, and the loss or injury of such specimens is a great and irreparable loss to science. The collection of the Boston Society of Natural History (known as the LaFrenay Collection) has been much damaged by neglect, and the entire collection ought now to be catalogued and so arranged as to render any particular specimen readily accessible. In this building (the American Museum of Natural History in New York) are the types of the celebrated Maximilian Collection, and many other specimens of exceeding great value. A large number of these have never been properly identified, and some of them are missing, and have doubtless been destroyed by insect pests. The value of others has been lost through neglect, by the displacement of labels, and by the omission of proper measures for their preservation. The same remarks would, in a general way, apply to the collections of the Philadelphia Academy of Natural Sciences. It is sad to find no paid ornithologists in charge of these exceedingly valuable collections, and I beg to suggest that the American Ornithologists' Union can undertake no worthier task than to impress upon the proper authorities the urgent necessity of immediate action in this matter." (Applause.)

The officers of the Union were re-elected as follows: President, J. A. Allen, Cambridge; Vice-Presidents, Dr. Elliott Coues and Robert Ridgway, Washington; Secretary and Treasurer, Dr. C. Hart Merriam, Locust Grove, New York.

The place of meeting for next year was referred to the Council for decision.

NOTE ON THE GUILLEMOTS.

THE following notes are extracted from a paper on "Seabirds as Bait for Catching Codfish," by Capt. J. W. Collins, in the Report of the U. S. Fish Commission:

The Foolish Guillemot or Murre (*Uria lomvia*) Linn. In spring large flocks of mures are seen on the fishing banks, migrating northwardly. I have noticed them in greatest abundance on Banquereau, east of Sable Island. The flocks reach this locality in April, and from the 20th of that month to the middle of May are more numerous, as a rule, than at any other time. April 26, 1879, latitude 44° 32' N., longitude 57° 12' W., I "saw several flocks of mures," and three days later there were "large numbers of mures."

A single individual is sometimes seen in summer on the banks, but this is by means a common occurrence. In the fall, however, they are more numerous, as at this season they are performing their autumnal migration southwardly, but, whatever the reason may be, they do not, I believe, appear on the banks in such abundance at this season as during the spring months. They are sometimes killed and eaten by the fishermen, but are never obtained in any considerable numbers. On a few occasions I have shot one or two individuals, and they are sometimes knocked over with an oar by the men engaged in hauling a trawl, when the mures have approached closely enough to the boat to make such a feat possible. I have noted in my journal under date of Oct. 1, 1878, latitude 48° 54' N., longitude 58° 32' W., that "one of the crew killed a murre while hauling his trawl, and I skinned it."

Little Guillemot or Sea Dove (*Mergulus alle*) Linn.—The little guillemot, commonly called "ice bird" by the fishermen, is frequently seen on the banks in the winter, more particularly in the vicinity of field ice, but I have never observed it in any considerable numbers. It is fond of staying close to a fishing vessel at anchor, it being attracted by the offal that is thrown over, and which, when sinking, is secured and eaten by the little guillemot, which is an expert diver.

A FISH-EATING BUG.

HOT SULPHUR SPRINGS, Col., Oct. 5, 1884.—THE FOREST AND STREAM has told us a good deal recently about the voracious bladderwort and how it consumes little fishes, all of which is very interesting if not quite so pleasing. A couple of days since my attention was called to another agency that is doubtless largely destructive to the same helpless innocents.

Half a mile from here is a log pond, in which large numbers of saw logs are collected in summer and autumn. It becomes a great resort for trout late in the season and is then a favorite angling place. The water is perfectly clear and not very deep, and the fish can be seen by hundreds. They are very notional about their food and hard to catch. Some days only a young and tender grasshopper will entice them; other days a small, neutral-colored, artificial fly, and on most days they cannot be taken at all. At best, not more than one in ten will deign to look at the lure at all.

I told my neighbor, the Doctor, about these fish, and he came up prepared for them. In order to offer them a variety of temptations he brought along his fly-book, a box of grasshoppers and a bucket of minnows, helgramites, and black water bugs. These three last he had caught in the same water hole that had been left by the receding river. Among the bugs was one very large one, tortoise-shaped, and over an inch in length by half an inch or five-eighths in breadth, with proportionate depth, and with a very powerful and formidable insect. There were several smaller ones, of similar appearance and proportions, but not much over half an inch in length. When the Doctor reached the pond he brought the minnow bucket to me and called my attention to the fact that the bugs were eating up the fish. The

large bug was just finishing up one minnow, while four of the smaller bugs were stripping the skeleton of another. The Doctor said he had taken the minnows not half an hour before from a water hole, as before stated, in which great numbers of minnows are left every season as the river goes down, and from which they gradually disappear. The hole never dries up, and the fish should live there all the year or until the next year's flood. When he placed them in the pail they were all alive and active. A few minutes later he noticed that the big bug had seized one of the fish by the head and was killing it. Half an hour later he had stripped the skeleton of all its flesh, and the four little bugs had killed a second fish and devoured it. The minnows were over an inch in length.

This predatory action of the bugs was a revelation to me, as it was also to the Doctor. He remarked that it explained the disappearance of the minnows from the water holes, and I suppose it also accounts for the destruction of myriads of them in other waters. The same day I watched these water bugs feeding in running water along the edge of the river. They appeared to be catching insects, invisible to my eyes, and would dart to the surface with almost the quickness and certainty of aim of a trout itself. Having caught its prey the bug would return as quickly to its hiding place at the bottom of the water and await the approach of its next victim. There were no minnows in the vicinity. In my opinion these carnivorous water bugs are almost universal in fish-producing waters, but I do not believe that very many people know that they destroy small fish. The minnows in this case were about an inch and a quarter long.

I took eleven trout yesterday in twenty minutes with a very small mouse-colored fly.

W. N. B.

[The bug referred to by our correspondent was probably one of the *Nepidae*, a family of the order *Hemiptera*. These bugs inhabit the water and feed on small fish, the larvae of insects, etc. *Belostomat* is one of the commonest genera and contains some of the largest species of the family.]

ANTIDOTE FOR SNAKE BITE.—New York, Oct. 7.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Under the heading "Snake Bites," in your number of 2d inst., "Nessmuk" says he has no faith in whisky for snake bites. Although it is not my intention to try and convince him to the contrary, still I would like to call his attention to the following facts, which came under my personal notice. A negro, the other day, while stooping down to pick up a stick, while walking along a road late at night, in Campbell county, Va., was bitten in the thumb by a moccasin, and had to run one and a half miles to a house to get any assistance, and then could only procure whisky. His arm and right side had swelled meanwhile to an enormous size, but after partaking liberally of whisky the swelling began to abate, and three days afterward he was all right. Again, three weeks ago, at the same place, my brother was bitten at night, about 10:30, by a copperhead, the fangs entering the hand between the joints of the second and third fingers. He took three pints of whisky before total intoxication was obtained, and nothing else was done, yet by next morning all the pain had gone, and within four days the swelling had nearly all gone, leaving the arm discolored, which, however, disappeared within four or five days. In neither case was anything else but whisky resorted to.—*RULE BRITANNIA.*

Game Bag and Gun.

SOME EXPERIENCE WITH TURKEYS.

AN editorial friend, while visiting the other day at my house, laid down a copy of FOREST AND STREAM with the remark, "I've just read one of those articles on 'Bullet vs. Buckshot.' I thought you had written it until I saw that it came from some man out West." "No," said I, "I've had no leisure of late for newspaper correspondence." I sit in the chair of wisdom, planted upon the hill of experience, and, with my feet resting upon the recollections of the many hunting weapons I have owned, calmly smoke the pipe of complacency, and let the bullets and buckshot whistle around the base of the lofty eminence on which I proudly sit enthroned.

Goethe says that in order to become tolerant, it is only necessary to grow old—he saw no sin in others which he had not himself committed.

One of your correspondents frankly acknowledges the commission of many unsportsmanlike acts. That is, of course, if he has hunted much. It is the gentleman within him that does this, and regrets these acts, a lower nature would have wished to do the same again.

Some think it wrong—unworthily a sportsman—to shoot a grouse while sitting. Frank Forester, who claimed to be the great exemplar of all that was chivalry in field sports, says, in "Warwick Woodlands" (I quote from memory): "Now, mark me—no chivalry—a ruffed grouse, darting downward from the top of a tall pine tree is shot to balk the devil, give him no second chance." Evidently he would shoot a grouse while sitting—so would I.

In the past discussions anent the "Choice of Hunting Rifles" and "The Performance of Shotguns," the paper which has interested me the most was one by Mr. J. B. Brousseau, published, I think, in one of the May numbers of this year, and dated somewhere in the British Provinces. It contained suggestions for an all-around gun, and I would like to see them carried out, as that is what I have been looking for for thirty or more years. He proposes a smooth barrel, however, and I should prefer one rifled if, as I have been led to believe, there are specially-made shot cartridges for use in grooved barrels.

In 1857, I spent some weeks in the forests of Somerset and Piscataquis counties, in Maine. I had two guns: one double 14-gauge shotgun and the old "punkinslinger," which was about 30-inch barrel, 8 pounds weight and carried 32 round balls to the pound. It had, for that day, an unusually sharp twist, the grooves being cut on a "12-foot circle," a new plan at that time, whatever it may be now. Of all the guns that I have owned there is none which I remember with more pleasure than this. I have always been sorry that I parted with it, which I did at the outset of a journey during which it would have been an incumbrance.

The next season that I spent in the Maine and New Hampshire forests I was better armed. I carried a combination—rifle and shotgun, barrels placed vertically, locks side by side. I never found the long nipple an objection. In different years I used two of these guns, of nearly the same pattern—14-gauge shot, 65 round balls to the pound for the rifle, barrels 32 inches. Many years after I carried a double

rifle, by Henry T. Cooper, of New York, and two sets of barrels, side by side, the rifle barrels carrying 16 to the pound and the other set a combination. I used it on the prairies and in the northern Wisconsin woods, and found that my old style rifles were preferable; and I can think of nothing better at this day, except that I should prefer breech-loaders. In hunting in the regions west of Missouri I have used a Spencer repeater. I remember one day jumping a flock of turkeys, close by, but the Spencer was no use. We were short of meat, of course, as also one day when I sat on the bank of the Grand River writing up my journal, and the shadow of a swinging limb danced across the page. A large gobbler had alighted within twenty feet of me. I seized my rifle, but the turkey left. O, for a combination gun. Turkeys? I should think so. "Ever kill many?" No, sir; I have yet to kill my first. I have seen them by hundreds, however. I remember that I counted 110 in one day. They were running along the bank of the Arkansas, in different places. We did not need the meat, and shot none. One Sunday at our noon halt a friend took my gun and killed two near camp. He said I could get some if I chose, but the weather was hot, and it would have been a waste of life. For game I have always preferred round, heavy balls. When I say "game" I don't mean chipmunks. I am no nail-driver with the rifle, never was. I can buy a pretty good hammer for a dollar, and for building purposes should prefer it to a rifle. I have hunted with men who could drive the nail, however, and have beaten them with their own guns.

As to long-range shooting, say 300 yards and up, I know little about it. I have always preferred shorter ranges. The longest shot at game I have ever made was with a shotgun, and I believe that the distance approached 300 yards. Of course the case was exceptional, and I am not likely to repeat it. It was the last chance of the season, the geese started just where I wasn't looking for them, the gun was loaded with small bullets—a dozen or so—and I gave it a good three-foot elevation and "onlitched." It was raining and the smoke hung before the gun so that I was uncertain, if the shot had told, but there was a lean possibility in my favor, and taking the line of discharge, I walked. It was on the prairie, and before I found my goose, I had nearly forgotten the shot and was looking for other game. A single shot had struck it in the neck. I doubt if there was another portion of that charge within twenty feet. I am a believer in possibilities, and therefore read with patience the stories men tell about the buckshot patterns their guns will make at from sixty yards to—I forget—thirty or forty rods I believe. I never saw a gun which, so far as I know, could be depended on with loose buckshot much beyond forty yards.

I remember that in Southwest Missouri, some eighteen years ago, I had left a camp which we had just established and walked up a ravine to look for a better supply of water. My own gun being yet to arrive, I had picked up one from among a stack in the corner of the camp, quite as a matter of course, and as I walked on through the high grass and low saplings I took a look at the piece. It had been got up without much regard to expense. There was a quantity of silver antlers, patchboxes, escutcheons and the like spattered over the stock, and the ramrod was striped, like a stick of candy. The gun was very heavy, and carried about ninety to the pound. While I was thinking that it would not answer me as a permanent investment, a large turkey rose from the grass three or four yards before me, turned upon me the gleam of his dark, bright eye, and glided silently southward. Not being accustomed at the time to these birds, my first thought was of a tame turkey; but instantly remembering that there were no neighbors thereabout, I cocked my rifle. I could, I thought, have shot the turkey with a pistol, and just as I was releasing the hammer to bring the gun to my shoulder I called to mind the fact that I had heard it stated that the rifle I carried wouldn't stand cocked unless the trigger was set. Confounded old abortion. O for a forty-cent Belgian fowling piece, or a Continental musket; but I lowered the thing, set the trigger, and—by that time the unreasonable bird was some sixty yards off and going like a quarter-horse up an oak-studded hillside—I drew a bead, pulled trigger and the old battery hung fire. It went off, however, as I was lowering the butt and cut from the top of one of the oaks a good-sized limb, which came down but didn't kill the turkey. We were short of meat in camp—nothing but "Uncle Ned" (bacon)—and I strode homeward with the firm conviction, which all the intervening years have not sufficed to change, that the avoirdupois of that turkey was, as was said of Daddy Biggs's catfish, "the rise of sixty pounds."

As I was saying, I have killed no turkey even unto this day, and if there is one gun more than another which I can confidently recommend for around work, it is a shot-and-rifle combination.

KELPIE.

CENTRAL LAKE, Mich.

CALIFORNIA DUCK SHOOTING.

"WHAT are black brant?" is the inquiry of our Eastern visitors here during the winter, as they encounter the name on the bills of fare at our leading hotels; and for the benefit of those who are interested in game birds and their habits I propose to give a short description of one of the gamest birds on the continent, and one whose flesh is prized here above that of the canvas-back or mallard duck.

The anterior part of the black brant (*Berniella nigricans*, Lawr.) is black, the rest dark plumbeous, with a white collar round the neck, each side of the rump and tail white, bill and feet black, the former wider than that of the common brant; the bird weighs about 4 pounds, length about 30 inches, spread of wing nearly 45 inches. He is found from about October to May solely in San Diego Bay, on the coast of California, and the following, written for the "Bulletin of the Nuttall Ornithological Club," by E. W. Nelson, of St. Michael, Alaska, shows that the flight of the birds south commences about Oct. 1, and after wintering here returns north about the middle of May. The clipping is the first news we have had about where the black brant summers, and was gladly welcomed by our local sportsmen, and will, no doubt, be interesting to many an Eastern ornithologist.

"About the 20th of May we begin to look for the black brant, the 'Nimkee,' as it is called by the Russians, the 'Luk-lug-u-nuk' of the Norton Sound Eskimo.' Ere long, the avant-courier is seen, in the form of a small flock of ten or fifteen individuals, which skim along, close to the ice, heading directly across Norton Sound, to the vicinity of Cape Nome, whence their route leads along the low coast, to Port Clarence, where I am told by the natives, some stop to breed; but the majority press on and seek the ice-bordered northern shore of Alaska, and even beyond, to unknown regions far to the north. Of this I am assured by Capt. E. E. Smith,

who tells me that while whaling in the autumn, to the eastward of Wrangel Land, in 70° north latitude, he has seen flocks of these geese coming from the north, and steering straight for the coast of Alaska, several hundred miles to the southward. The presence of the brant and other species of birds in that part of the Arctic Ocean, argues favorably for the presence of a body of land to the northward of Alaska, but whether it is an eastern continuation of Wrangel Land or not, is, of course uncertain. The black brant never wings its way far up in the sky, but keeps, as a rule, between ten and thirty yards above the water. They generally pass south in September, between the 15th and 28th. When the sharp frosts bid them depart, they pass down the coast through Behring's Straits, and then, straight across the sea, past the Eastern Aleutian Islands, into the Pacific Ocean."

The writer might have added that the birds made no stop until they reach San Diego Bay, in Southern California.

The food of the black brant consists of eel grass (a grass growing on the bottom of the bay, visible at low tide) and the kelp outside the heads in the ocean. The brant can be hunted successfully on an ebb tide, as then they come into the flats and on the shoals by thousands, and from a floating battery with proper decoys no finer sport can be had by the sportsman equipped with heavy shells loaded with the best powder, with Nos. 3 and B mixed in front of it.

One day of last February—the 23d I think it was—from the peninsula across the bay, I witnessed the most successful hunt for black brant of the season (and I claim of the period), was made by Walter D. Morgan, of this place, on one tide. We left the boat house at 9 A. M., and after an hour's steady pull reached our grounds and planted our decoys, and leaving Walt in his battery, pulled across the channel to await the flight and retrieve the dead and capture the wounded. After an hour's waiting I began to think that brant hunting wasn't what it was cracked up to be, when glancing toward the lighthouse I spied a long, thin line of fast-moving objects, momentarily getting larger and larger. "Surely that's brant," I thought as the line thickened and spread out, and swinging away round to Walter's right. They showed a beautiful array of black and white as they spied the decoys, and with a hoarse c-r-r-o-o-n-k-k they soon swung swiftly around into the wind and prepared to settle, when the form of "Morg" showed up, and bang! bang! went one barrel after the other of his gun as the demoralized horde of brant climbed frantically up and out of the smoke and noise, and just "made a hole in the air" as they left that neighborhood to make room for their mates, who came hurrying in from the ocean by the hundreds; and for an hour or two the air seemed to be full of birds, as flock after flock of brant came swiftly cutting the air about a foot above the water, and with a whirl and a c-r-r-o-o-o-n-k prepared to settle among the decoys, only to feel the demoralizing presence of Morgan and his reliable old 12-bore.

And don't forget that I was kept busy—for the shooter in the battery relies solely upon the "tender" (not tenderfoot) to retrieve his game as the tide carries it in and out, and as the birds get wild after a while, Morg. says: "Ad., pull down to No. 4 Buoy and tie up, and may be you can get some of the stray ones as they swing round." The battery was built for Morgan, who is an abbreviated specimen of manhood, and that the lengthy form of the writer would have fitted into it pretty much as a pair of tongs would fit into a cigar box. I pulled down to No. 4 just in time to get in a long shot at a brace of brant, and more by chance than anything else, I brought one down, and for an hour I did have quite a lot of sport, as every now and then the remnants of a flock of brant which Morg. had demoralized came near enough to salute.

Well, we cut loose about 1 o'clock, as the flight had stopped, and on retrieving our birds found that, not counting the few stray birds I had picked off, Morgan had bagged to his gun 49 brant, thus beating Richardson's bag of 42 killed in 1882, and I almost forgot Morg. showed up an old "sprig," or "pintail," he had knocked over, he having confided too much in the deceitful appearance of a lot of wooden decoys—thus making the most successful hunt on black brant of the period. Any Eastern sport who may at any time want to find a bird that will give them all the sport and all the work they want to "get to," should come out here this winter and we'll break them in.

We entertained the past winter Mr. E. S. Babcock, of Nashville, Tenn., Wm. Iglehart, of Evansville, Ind., and James Breeze, of New York, who at different times hunted the dusky brant and corralled the dizzy "honker," and, although our friend Morgan is a market-hunter, he will not fail to show any Eastern gentleman all the courtesy necessary to make his stay a pleasure. And we will welcome right royally any and all who at any time desire to visit our shores to allure the denizens of the forest and stream.

Besides the brant hunting, our goose and duck sport is unexcelled anywhere, and the beauty of hunting in our part of the State is, that an overcoat is hardly ever needed and camping out at night is quite a luxury.

The open season commences here on Oct. 1, and we look forward to early and large bags of game, as the past season has been highly favorable for quail, and coveys numbering up in the hundreds can be seen scurrying in every direction as one rides out in the country. Last season Messrs. Chick brothers and two others brought to market some 3,600 dozen quail, all killed within twenty miles of town, from Sept. 15 to Feb. 5. Not a bad season's work. They are here now anxiously awaiting the time to once more sally out and bring to bag the little beauties. Morgan killed during the season 1,174 brant, besides numerous ducks, geese and quail at odd times.

We promise ourselves more than the usual amount of sport this winter, as the unusual rainfall of last spring has quite filled all our ponds, and the adjacent rivers that ordinarily run dry every summer are all running now, and hundreds of ducks have summered here and raised broods of little ones, which, when we could, we have carefully protected, although, I am sorry to say, several of our town sportsmen(?) have been seen to totally destroy several broods of quarter-grown ducks, simply, it seems, to gloat over killing them.

Several bands of geese have passed over, flying southward, lately, and yesterday I noticed an immense flock of ducks winging their way down the bay, southward, and as the curlew and shore plover have been in for a month, signs seem to indicate an early season.

I notice in your issue of Sept. 18 an interesting letter signed "C." of San Francisco, on duck shooting in California. While enjoying the account very much, I have just the least bit of curiosity to ask "C." whether it is counted "just the cheese" in his club to wait and call and recall a band of "cans" which circle close enough "to strike with an oar" and wait until they settle among the decoys and then,

picking out the thickest of the bunch, "pot-shoot" from a blind and only get one shot in on the wing.

While we in this far-off portion of the great republic don't lay any claim to being "thoroughbreds," and don't own any large marshes to shoot over, nor even do we belong to a club, we consider that it is only just to the duck and more credit to our guns (as "C." says in his opening paragraph) "to be able to stop the old drake canvas-back as he comes sweeping along in the teeth of a southeaster;" and we fear he forgets that half the satisfaction of a thorough hunter is to remember with joy the downward plunge of the beautiful green-winged teal, "which as you rise in your blind doubles and flirts as he climbs to escape your leaden hail." Let "C." come down here this winter, jump aboard the Santa Rosa or Orizaba and spend a week with us, and we will try to show him how we country sportsmen (if we can't boast of a protected march or sportsman's club, or don't even own a "hammerless") enjoy stopping the dizzy teal or bringing to earth the gray old "honker." And if we are not able to say that we can kill "thirty geese in two hours just for amusement," I am satisfied we can show him some good sport, and I think that when he returns to the "city" he will find that he will be well pleased with our part of the State.

Although we are in the most isolated portion of this great country and probably nearly as far removed as nine-tenths of the readers of the FOREST AND STREAM, we try to keep posted as to the doings of the "fraternity" and look anxiously for the weekly arrival of your excellent journal, and when "after many days" it comes back to me well "thumbed," I store it away and await anxiously the time when I shall have another twenty-six to take to the book-binder to have put into volume form. I have only been reading the FOREST AND STREAM a little over a year, but in that time I have made the acquaintance of the "boys" that I wouldn't do without if for anything.

I am very glad to see communications from England and other foreign places, as it shows the widespread popularity of my favorite journal, and I think that every sportsman in the country wide and far, ought to take and read it, as one can read and not fail to be benefited by a perusal of its editorials, its Game Bag and Gun, and Sea and River Fishing, Natural History, The Kennel, and last, but not least, the sportsmen's letters and notes.

A. B. PEARSON.
SAN DIEGO, CAL., SEPT. 26, 1884.

CURVES OF SPORTING RIFLES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have been very much interested in the rifle columns of FOREST AND STREAM for several years, and especially so on trajectory. As I have a shooting range convenient and own several fine sporting rifles of different make, I have, for my own amusement and satisfaction, been making some tests of the highest point a bullet will attain in its flight over a distance of 200 yards.

The shooting range is on a level piece of ground, the distance carefully measured. At 110 yards from the firing point I place a tissue paper screen of dark color, stretched as tight as it will bear, in a light frame a foot or fifteen inches square. This is secured in a support that will reveal the white bullseye just below the screen at the 200 yards. I then look through my field glass from muzzle rest and see that the screen is properly aligned.

If the day is suitable I make my shots, usually ten, consecutively. They should all be landed fairly on the 8-inch circle. I then, with calipers, ascertain the mean average distance of the center of the group of shots and draw a horizontal line across the white bullseye that will be visible through my telescope from the firing point. With the aid of an assistant I stretch a small wire horizontally on the frame beneath the screen in a line with the center of the bore of the gun and target. Select the center of the group of shots in the screen, and with a rule measure the distance to the wire, which will give the rise at that point.

The rifles used in the experiments are Sharps, Ballard, Maynard and a muzzleloader, all in first-class condition. Distance, 200 yards; results:

Rifle Used.	Weight.		Length of barrel.	Caliber.	Powder charge.	Weight of ball.		Trajectory
	lbs.	ozs.	ins.			gr's.	inches.	
Sharps, mid-range.....	9	7	30	.40	70	285	10 1/2	
Ballard, mid-range.....	9	14	30	.40	65	285	10 1/2	
Maynard, mid-range.....	8	2	28	.40	54	240	10 1/2	
Muzzleloader.....	11	13	28	.40	65	210	10 1/2	

The muzzleloader is a new rifle, made by George H. Ferris, of Utica, N. Y., and is furnished with all the appliances for fine work at the target, using a light conical ball.

M. H. CRyder.
MORRIS, Ill., Oct. 6.

NEW ENGLAND GAME.

ALL the gunners in Maine, New Hampshire and Massachusetts who have confined their sports to the more southerly districts, on the borders of settlements, have found the ruffed grouse very plenty this fall, and many handsome bags have been made. But the sportsmen who have returned from the North Woods or the old forests on the borders of Northern Maine and New Hampshire report grouse scarce, but some spruce partridges, Canadian grouse, seen. The theory of guides and woodsmen in these back regions is that, owing to the cold, wet weather in June the eggs did not hatch. One party, which made its hunting ground in upper Washington county, Me., reports the most of the grouse killed to have been old male birds. Another party, spending two weeks on the waters of the St. Francis, near the settlement of that name, had the same experience with grouse.

Both parties report deer and caribou very plenty, and even moose in the St. Francis region, and on the borders of Maine and New Brunswick, to be quite plenty. This party was greatly pressed for time, and not a man among them understood "calling" the lordly moose. About the only guides they could get—Canadian Frenchmen—were as incapable as themselves, and the party comes back to Boston without a moose, caribou or deer, though the deer are as plenty as need be. They slept out of doors nearly every night, without bothering to build a shelter. One or two nights the water froze half an inch thick—the first days of October—and yet no one of the party took cold till on the train within twenty-five miles of Boston. They are much pleased with the country as a sporting region, but disgusted with the shiftless laziness of the few settlers. They recommend the pur-

chase of everything necessary before leaving civilization, and no guides, unless the stalwart sons of one or two noted Yankee settlers, can be obtained. One of the party, they say, should be a fair axeman and cook, and all good trampers and ready to carry a load or hire it carried.

The Washington county party had better success with deer. One gentleman, familiar with hunting deer with dogs in the pine barrens of New Jersey, was much surprised with the tameness of the Maine deer. "But," to use his own words, "I soon took to the sport." He killed two on the first day of October. He returns disgusted with the shotgun for so large game. Both deer were wounded, and found and shot a second time only after a most tedious search. Others were also fired at by the party with the probability that they were wounded.

In the Maine lake regions, as before mentioned, deer are very plenty. The enforcement of the game laws has been excellent in effects, and yet public sentiment is not fully up to where it should be. Indications and dark hints lead to the conclusion that even the supporters of fish and game protection break over when in the woods. There is work for the detectives this fall. The month of September was a tempting one, and a good many rifles and shells loaded with buckshot were carried into the Maine woods during that month.

THE NEW JERSEY SOCIETIES.

THE annual meeting of the New Jersey Game and Fish Protective Society was held at Force's Hotel, Plainfield, New Jersey, Wednesday afternoon, Sept. 17, at 3 o'clock. The secretary reported an increase of sixty-three members since the last annual meeting. During the past year the Society have purchased, cared for and liberated 408 live quail in various parts of the State, on premises of members, who report that the birds have thrived and propagated beyond the most sanguine expectations. Detectives employed to apprehend violators of the game and fish laws, reported no arrests made. It seemed to be the unanimous expression of the members present that the existing woodcock law was not a good one, as summer shooting gives greater chances for the violator of game laws to engage in his nefarious work. Many also objected to the existing squirrel law, which does not allow these animals to be killed until Sept. 1. No definite action was taken in reference to the possibility of changing these laws. Reports were received that parties had drawn seines in the Raritan River contrary to law, and instructions were given to apprehend and punish the guilty parties, if necessary evidence can be secured. After considerable other routine business the following named were re-elected as board of directors for the ensuing year: James S. Vosseller, Martin W. Schenck, William E. Jones, Isaac Brokaw, Edward P. Thorn; William L. Force, William B. Dunn, J. W. King, Israel D. Ten Eyck. The meeting then adjourned.

At seven o'clock the same evening the Board of Directors met for organization at E. P. Thorn's. The following officers were re-elected for the ensuing year: President, James S. Vosseller; Vice-Presidents, Percy C. Ohl, R. M. Stelle, Joseph B. Miller; Secretary, William L. Force; Treasurer, William E. Jones; Counsel, William B. Rankin. With the following Honorary Vice-Presidents: Fred Volkman, N. Y. city, Gen. William H. Sterling, Plainfield, N. J., James R. English, Elizabeth, N. J., William J. Thompson, Gloucester City, N. J., Charles Smith, Plainfield, N. J., George P. Snyder, Plainfield, N. J., John I. Holly, Plainfield, N. J., William L. Dean, Highlands, Ulster county, N. Y., Elisha Shepherd and G. R. Gaddis, of Bound Brook, N. J., and S. L. Serviss, and Calvin Hill of Rayville, N. J.

The semi-annual meeting of the Passaic County Fish and Game Protective Association was held last week, President W. M. Smith in the chair, and a large number of members present. The secretary reported that during the six months which have elapsed since the organization of the association the sum of \$138.13 had been expended in the protection of fish and game and the furthering of the interests of sportsmen. In addition to the expenditure of this money a great deal of work has been done without pay by officers and members of the association; in fact that portion of the work which was most important had been done without pay. The association numbers fifty-six members in good standing. Great difficulty has been encountered in the enforcement of the laws, which are badly mixed. Thus in this county the authorities have held that catching black bass out of season is a misdemeanor which can be punished only after indictments have been found by the grand jury; in Bergen county this offense has been held not to be a misdemeanor but only an offense in which every justice of the peace has jurisdiction. There is every reason to believe that the present grand jury will find a number of indictments on complaints made by the association, as the proof laid before the grand inquest was of the most conclusive kind. If indictments are found, the association will be able to have the law tested and in future govern itself accordingly. When the laws of this State were revised the fish and game laws were not revised but just tumbled into the revision in every way, so that the laws are of the most conflicting nature; it would be well if the next Legislature were to appoint a commission to revise the fish and game laws and draw up a statute which would cover every case in a clear manner and provide for some way of enforcing the laws which would not be questioned at every turn.

The board of directors reported that a short time ago information was received from Newark that a number of men from that city intended to drag nets in the river at Singak on a Saturday night. Four men were engaged by the association, who rowed up and down the river in small boats but without discovering any traces of the alleged violators of the laws, although the men remained out until midnight. The association then transacted a lot of business which, owing to its nature, it would not be proper to publish, this business consisting of the taking of steps tending to the punishment of persons shooting game out of season.

The project of better protection to song and insectivorous birds was next discussed. At present hundreds of thousands of birds are killed annually to supply the market with ornaments for ladies' hats. The State laws permit this kind of slaughter, as the law allows the killing of all kinds of birds for stuffing. A large business is at present being done in slaughtering birds, and it cannot be stopped except by a change of the State laws. The association has done all in its power to break up the business in this city by inducing the Board of Aldermen to pass an ordinance imposing heavy penalties on all persons caught killing birds or robbing nests, and the police of this city have been instructed to enforce this ordinance; in addition to this the association has em-

played constables to make tours through parts of the city where these birds were formerly killed, and it is believed that this business has been practically broken up in the city. The association will endeavor to have the State law amended at the next session of the Legislature so as to prohibit the slaughtering of birds.

A number of reports were received from various parts of the county in effect produced by the action of the association, and in every instance they were of a most gratifying nature. Farmers report that there has been less shooting done than ever, and in some sections not a gun was heard discharged during the closed season. At Greenwood Lake the pot-hunters and pot-fishers had become scared and it was impossible to procure a guide to do any illegal fishing; the more respectable class of guides have offered their support to the association in every way possible. Encouraged by these reports the association resolved to go to work with more energy than ever in the protection of fish and game. A committee was then appointed to obtain all the information necessary in regard to the price of live quail; where they can be obtained, and the method to be pursued to liberate them in this county to increase the present stock. This committee is to report at the next meeting of the association, and it is expected that then a sum of money will be appropriated for the purchase of quail.

CENTRAL ILLINOIS ASSOCIATION.

THE annual convention and tournament of the Central Illinois Sportsmen's Association was held at Alton, Sept. 30 and following days. A fair number of delegates were in attendance, and there was a protracted discussion of the game laws. Mr. Geo. F. Vickery, of Indianapolis, was elected president for the ensuing year. The next meeting will be held at Jacksonville. The following essay was read before the Association by Prof. McAdam:

WHAT IS A SPORTSMAN?

Having on two previous occasions appeared before you with the "Animals of Illinois" and "Fishes of Illinois," we now propose to take up a higher branch of natural history, and give you our views of the sportsmen of Illinois.

What constitutes a sportsman? is a question many have asked as if there certainly must be some well outlined disposition of the term. In our relations as members of this association in the State of Illinois, I will attempt to answer that question.

Our idea of a sportsman is one who occasionally hunts, or fishes, prompted by mere love of the sport. One does not, necessarily, have to be a man of means and leisure to be a true sportsman. The day laborer cares occasionally to take a day's hunting or fishing with true enjoyment and with as much manliness as any one. In this country, we can hardly conceive of a respectable condition in life that prevents a man from being a gentleman. We have spent many pleasant days with a man who used a \$300 breech-loader and whose fishing rod was a marvel of workmanship and costliness, yet he was a gentleman and one of the best of sportsmen. On the other hand, one of the most companionable men we ever met in the field was a quondam farmer and sometime Methodist preacher, who shot an old army musket, for wads in which he used pieces of newspaper, and when he fired the "arm" the ground for yards in front of him would be white with bits of his *Christian Advocate*. Yet he had such a cheery laugh, and such a happy way of enjoying himself in an innocent, legitimate manner, that all who knew him thought him to be a most genial sportsman. We have camped with this man in the wilds of Arkansas where there was no habitation within reach of the reports of our guns, yet he would not hunt on Sunday. My father taught me to "Remember the Sabbath day and keep it holy," he said; and he commanded our respect for his adherence to the principles taught him by Christian parents.

Will a true sportsman go hunting on the Sabbath? We hope not. We think it derogatory to the dignity of a gentleman to hide his gun under the buggy seat and go stealthily out of town, blushing guiltily at the recognition of church-going friends. How loud the church bell sounds. How many acquaintances he meets. Even the little girls on the way to Sabbath school nod pleasantly; and instead of stopping to crack a joke with the deacon and asking after his precinct, as usual, he goes stiffly by with a cold nod, and the deacon wonders, as he turns to look back, "What is the matter with the Judge?" and the next morning there are Spanish needles and rabbit hair on his pantaloons behind. We found out years ago that if you want to retain your self respect, you cannot go hunting on the Sabbath day.

You will pardon us, but we consider that we would be recreant to our trust as president of this great Association if we did not take advantage of this opportunity in impressing on your minds the fact that in being a sportsman you need not lower the standard of your dignity as a gentleman.

We sometimes have a day's hunting or fishing with a friend who enjoys the sport with the keenest relish. He is a genuine sportsman. He insists always on taking his sons, two schoolboys, along. In the wagon there are guns, fishing tackle, a generous lunch, no bottle labeled "Old Bourbon," which is too often a part of the sportsman's ammunition. How those boys would enjoy the shooting and the fishing, and their innocent enthusiasm be imparted to the older heads. How many times with our boys have we fought all the battles of our youth over and over again, and felt life's span lengthen over the legitimate exercise of some of the better and more generous qualities of our nature.

Some men are so bound up in business that they haven't the least idea that it is possible to ever again enjoy the pleasurable excitement they still vividly remember when in boyhood the rabbit sprang up in the path before them, or the first minnow wriggled on their pin hook.

Neither is it necessary for a sportsman to be a trap shot, although many sportsmen are good trap shots, while many good sportsmen never shot a bird from a trap. In fact the time is fast coming when pigeon shooting from a trap will be over. Other devices will replace the live pigeon. We will not be sorry. It is hardly in accordance with this great age of progress to adhere to the old-fashion pigeon shoot. It is hardly in keeping with the advance of morality and humanity to confine live pigeons in a coop for days to satisfy the pleasures of a sportsman.

We were camped last fall on the bank of a stream in Dakota, our companion being a scientist of world-wide reputation, and who presided at the recent meeting of American and British scientists in Philadelphia. I found him one day wading in the stream and lifting the stones, while he laughed like a boy at the crawfish as they darted backward, hither and thither, as their hiding place was taken away. I accepted and appreciated his feelings when he re-

marked in answer to my look of inquiry: "I used to do this when a boy, and was trying to experience the same pleasurable emotions."

How we would like to experience again some of the more memorable of our happy boyhood days. I suppose there are moments when these peculiar memories of the pleasant episodes of our youth come to every man. Nature, that loves best to cling to the woods, fields and riverside of man's memory, we believe, never leaves him. The man of business, with his thoughtful mien, has moments when the very falling of a golden leaf, the picture of a quail, or a fishing rod, would help to smother cut the wrinkles of his care worn face, and then his memories go back. But what are memories? Why don't he go to the woods and see the falling leaves, the persimmons, the grapes, the pecan and the hickory nuts, and the squirrels, the whiz of a covey of quail or a flock of teal, and the echo of the report of his well-loaded gun, the camp-fire and above all the pleasant companionship of genial sportsmen?

With as many beautiful things which nature furnishes in the field and wood a man with a disposition to see them has a world of happiness.

A man may be a walking engine of destruction in the field to seek to slay everything that comes near him and still be no sportsman. The market-hunter and the pot-hunter are apt to have the largest bag, for their idea of success lies simply in the quantity bagged. The very poorest sportsman may have made the greatest count and wonder how any one could have a pleasant hunt without having made a great bag of game. Nor will a sportsman with gentlemanly instincts wantonly fire at birds that are of no use in his bag. He doesn't fire at the great awkward bittern that suddenly rises from among the water plants, nor at the mouse hawk that beats up and down the wind over the farmers' fields loudly engaged in hunting for mice. Nor, in fact, will he shoot any innocent bird not wanted in his bag.

A true sportsman will always conform to and obey the game laws, no matter where he goes. From the many anxious moments spent over the original bill we have a pardonable pride in the game law of Illinois. There still might be some improvement made in it. For instance, the dove, now among the song birds, ought to be placed with the game birds where it belongs. It is a good game bird. When asked by a leading sportsman from an adjoining State why we were forbidden in Illinois to shoot the dove, we answered, that the same reasons prompted the Hindoo to always spare the serpent—superstition. A religious veneration for the serpent in India prevents even the most venomous from being killed. Our dove is not a game bird in law, for the same reason.

We have the pleasant announcement to make to you, that from our various reports it is quite certain that our game laws are being more generally observed—the result of the efforts of the many vigorous clubs of this association. We trust the time will soon come when the sound of a hunter's gun will not be heard in Illinois during the close season. Nor will a true sportsman violate the rights of property owners. No man has a right to invade the premises of another without first having asked permission. As well come into my house or my yard as my fields. The thoughtful and sensitive sportsman would hardly run the risk of being humiliated by being ordered off the premises.

The time will soon come when it will be necessary for well organized clubs to have their own hunting grounds. There are now many excellent places of more or less easy accessibility. Those who early secure these lands will be most fortunate. These are along the Mississippi and Illinois rivers, lakes and bodies of wet land that might be bought for a nominal sum, or leased for a term of years. These places, if properly protected, especially during the close season, would furnish splendid shooting for a club of sportsmen. We advise clubs to have their own hunting grounds and keep market-hunter off them. A market-hunter may possibly be a good fellow, and there even may be nothing in the business to prevent him being a gentleman, but a sportsman cannot be a market-hunter. The idea of going every day into the fields after game for market would strike us as sounding like a man getting his board from a free-lunch table—more than his share.

In short, go hunting in a gentlemanly manner, with gentlemanly companions. Go for recreation. Take nothing into the field, nor do anything while there, that you would be ashamed to have any one know. Take your sons along and set them a good example. A day's hunting or fishing, besides the pleasure, ought to be a source of much information. Show the boys the different species of the birds and be able to tell their right names. Every sportsman ought to know the right names of game. Never speak of your ducks as "big ducks" or "little ducks," as if you had bought them of some market-hunter. Neither does a sportsman wish to use the slang names that fish dealers and river men have for fishes. There is no such fish as a "jack salmon" or a "bull-head." Know the right name of the fishes, and be able to tell the different species. Be able to tell your boy that a true "pike" (*Esox lucius*) has no fin on his back like a perch.

We hope that no sportsman of this Association will ever be guilty of fishing with a seine or net of any kind, unless for minnows. We have one hundred gun clubs, and I hope that every single member will raise his hands in holy horror and say, "Take the nets out of our rivers and all the waters of Illinois." Unless better fish laws are made and enforced soon, fish will be so scarce in our waters that we will have to go back to salt mackerel to get a faint reminder of the departed riches once held by the streams of Illinois. There is much for our sportsmen yet to achieve, and we hope they will be active and prompt.

PHILADELPHIA NOTES.

MR. CECIL CLAY, of Washington, D. C., and his cousin, Capt. A. A. Clay, of Philadelphia, have just returned from a prolonged fishing and hunting trip to Canada. The trophies brought to one of the gun stores, consisting of five or six pairs of immense moose antlers for mounting, speak well of the prowess of these gentlemen. Capt. A. A. Clay, it is well known, is one of our best Pennsylvania deer hunters, but this, his first trip to the wilds of Canada, for moose, and the showing made, stamps him as a Nimrod indeed.

A few ducks have made their appearance at Barnegat and Tuckerton Bay, N. J.; by the middle of the month or a little later a larger flight will have arrived and should any of the readers of FOREST AND STREAM anticipate going to these grounds it would be better to start about the last week of this month as the fowl then stool more readily, not having been shot at so much. All ducks soon learn to steer clear from a bunch of decoys after having been "saluted" several

times, it is so in all waters and especially where there are so many professional gunners shooting for the market. When the ducks arrive with their young they are tame and are readily decoyed, but it takes only a week or ten days to break up their confidence. Go early if you want duck shooting at Barnegat or Tuckerton. It need not be expected during these early trips that geese or brant will be found, these latter arrive later and, like the ducks, make better shooting when they first come, and a blind is soon recognized as concealing an enemy and they are fooled but once or twice.

We are still having some rail shooting. The season has been a long one and a number of birds have been killed since the opening day; but not very many large single scores have been made. The next cold spell will end *Rallus* for this season, and push poles will be exchanged for the ducking paddle.

A number of wood duck were killed last week in Darby Creek. Several flocks or broods appeared to have dropped into this stream, and more than two-thirds of them were shot by rail shooters who happened to be on the ground.

Teal are plentiful in the Delaware, and gray ducks are showing themselves since the cool change set in.

The Pennsylvania quail shooting season opens on the 15th of this month. This is just two weeks too early. The birds, or at least many of them, are yet too small to shoot, and the foliage is still hanging on the trees to make shooting unpleasant and unprofitable.

Ruffed grouse are reported plentiful in sections where the forest fires did not destroy the eggs and nests, and a few woodcock have begun to drop into the covers from their moulting grounds. HOTO.

ADIRONDACK GAME PROTECTION.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your issue of Oct. 2 contains an article, signed "L.," on the subject of game protection in the Adirondacks, which is so grossly unjust to the game protectors, guides, and inhabitants of this region, that I feel called upon to notice it in a public manner. Whoever "L." may be, and whatever may have been his experience in this wilderness, his article shows him to be either a willful falsifier or the dupe of others who have motives to misrepresent. Among other statements in "L.'s" article is the following:

"I talked with a great many of the most experienced guides, and I did not find one who gave the game laws the least attention. All of them invited, nay urged, me to make a trip there in June. 'Then,' said they, 'with a jack we can show you a half a dozen deer in a night, and you can shoot as many as you please.' When I asked if this was not against the law, they said, 'Yes, but if a man wants to shoot deer in summer, the guides will always help him to do it.' It is the same with partridges and trout. At any time when game can be shot or fish caught, the guides will assist in the work."

This is a gross and, I believe, wanton libel on a class of men which, as a class, is as honorable and law-abiding as any engaged in trade or professional life. In a course of forty years of summering in the Wilderness I have known several generations of guides, and have trusted property and life in their hands under circumstances when I would not always have trusted a policeman. It is true I have found those who, under the temptation of heavy bribes from such cockney sportsmen as frequently come into the woods from the metropolis, would aid in killing a deer or taking a trout out of season, but where I have encountered one of this class I have found a dozen who would spurn the offer. There are doubtless on the eastern border of the Wilderness a set of mushroom oarsmen, who in the press of tourists to this section are employed as guides, who have no more respect for law than the men who hire them; but those who are trained to the business—and no one is fit for a guide here who has not been trained to it from boyhood—have too much respect for themselves and their vocation to live by poaching. The old Saranac, Long Lake and Fulton Chain guides are men of honor and conscience, and if they were not they know too well the importance to their own interest of game preservation to slay deer out of season and take trout from spawning beds.

In the efforts of the Commissioners of Fisheries, under whose supervision the game protectors act, to secure the enforcement of the laws, they have received steady and valuable support from the guides. Indeed it is through them that a large share of the information comes, that leads to the punishment of poachers.

I quote again from "L.": "The present constable for the counties I visited, Franklin and Hamilton, lives at Elizabethtown, and, I am told, has only once been in the woods as far as the Lake Saranac region."

The ignorance of "L." is illustrated in the fact that Franklin county is not in the district of the protector at Elizabethtown, nor is any part of Hamilton county except a single town. As regards this protector I have had monthly reports from him for a year or more, and they go to show that he has done more in that time for the interest of game protection than has ever been done before in the same territory, and the testimony of reliable sportsmen, guides and other reputable citizens of the district, is that he has done his duty faithfully and well. His reports show more than twenty convictions, as many indictments, and the destruction of a large amount of nets and set lines within the last year; and all from whom I have sought information in the premises, say, that what he has done has wrought a remarkable change, that the game laws were never so well enforced in Essex and Clinton counties, principally forming his districts, as now.

I have just completed an official tour through the Adirondacks, from the southwest to the northeast, and I have found everywhere on my route, a sentiment friendly to the enforcement of the game laws. Many who have previously been habitual violators have come to see that it is to their interest, as well as the interest of others concerned, to have fish and game protected for the public use, at proper seasons, instead of being wastefully destroyed for temporary gain. The fact that deer have, within the last three years, appeared in greater numbers than they have at any time within the previous twenty years, is the best evidence that they are not as ruthlessly slaughtered as formerly.

Frequently, in my official capacity, receive complaints that this and that protector is not attending to his duty as he should be; that violations are going on almost under his own nose, and that he pays no attention to them. Most of these are anonymous, like the communication of "L.," though generally the writers do not ask that their complaints be made public. In almost every case where I have followed these up, I have found that I have been put on a "wild goose chase." In several cases I have discovered that they proceeded from the friends of some disappointed candidate

for the place. It is quite possible that the communication of "L." comes from a similar source. Finally, if "L." or any other man will furnish me the name of any guide who "urged" him to come up in the woods and shoot deer in June, I will have that man watched, and if the guide or the principal shall engage in any such dastardly enterprise, he will be shown that the protectors are neither dead nor asleep.

RICHARD U. SHERMAN, Commissioner of Fisheries.

SARANAC LAKE, N. Y., Oct. 12.

THE OLD DOG'S REVENGE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The ruffed grouse shooting about here is pretty fair for this time of the year. I have always found the first two weeks in October to be rather a poor time to make a good bag, the birds being scattered badly. A month or so later I can find a great many birds where now they are scarce.

The woodcock shooting has been poor, owing to extreme dry weather. A day or two ago I found eight very fine birds in one cover. A cold storm would bring on quite a number of birds.

Yesterday a friend came out here with a couple of young dogs, and as I wished to see them work I left my old dog at home. We had fair luck, bagging fourteen grouse. At night my old dog would not take the slightest notice of me, and I was told that he had been very uneasy all day. I left five grouse on the piazza that night and at 6 the next morning they were still there, at half-past 6 they were all gone, and no one knew anything about them. I noticed that the old dog's nose was covered with sand, and I at once suspected that in order to get even with me for leaving him at home he had carried off the birds. I tried to make him fetch them, but couldn't (I can send him half a mile after anything I have left). I looked about everywhere, and finally found one bird carefully buried in the garden, but no signs of the others. Now had these birds been killed over my dog they might have been left on the piazza a week and he would never touch them. Hereafter I shall have to take better care of my birds or else take the old dog with me.

C. M. STARK.

DUNBARTON, N. H., Oct. 11, 1884.

FOOD OF RUFFED GROUSE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I see that it is suggested to examine the crop of ruffed grouse. I have always been in the habit of doing so, and find it of great assistance in finding birds, for if you find certain leaves in the crop you can tell where to look for the birds. I have tried the same thing with trout when fishing some of our mountain ponds. Most of the birds we killed yesterday had been feeding on apples and beech leaves. I have found, later in the season, nearly a pint of apple tree leaves in a grouse's crop, at least when they were taken out there seemed nearly a hat full. This season I hope to bag from 250 to 300 grouse, which, I think, is enough to satisfy most any one who is not a market shooter.

C. M. STARK.

DUNBARTON, N. H.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Last week I killed two ruffed grouse, and was led to examine their crops out of curiosity as to their food, knowing that there were no beechnuts this season. One of the crops was filled with green leaves, mostly birch and raspberry, nothing else being found. The other was filled with the same with the addition of some hard white substances, which I took to be ground nuts.

Shooting is better here than for many years. Woodcock have bred here this season in goodly numbers, the first ever known in this vicinity except scattering for a year or two. Have had very fair sport with them. Sportsmen here are just beginning to find that more sport can be had with the grouse over a good setter than with the little barking cur that has always been used until this year, and will, I think, result in making game less wild and scarce, as the barking dog, in my opinion, scares away more birds than the sportsman and gun.

K.

LANCASTER, N. H.

BREEDING OF QUAIL.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I find in my rambles about the field, and also by reports from others, that nearly all of the early coveys were destroyed by the heavy rain of the early summer, and most of the young birds at this writing are not more than half grown, in many instances too small to fly. While crossing a field, in which peas had been planted, I saw a rather unusual "medley" some two weeks since. My young dog being with me began ranging over the field, and soon came to a "stand." Upon going up, I saw the old birds running hither and thither, as is usual with them, when the young are very small. I called the dog off and turned to leave them unmolested, when at my feet rose three or four birds nearly grown, then up went a few about half grown, while some, too small to fly, were running in the grass, and all these with only one pair of "old ones." I have frequently seen two different sizes in one covey, but this is my first experience with three.

A. F. R.

BELVIDERE, N. C.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I was born and raised in old Virginia, midway between the Blue Ridge and Chesapeake Bay—one of the best quail sections in this State. And being descended from parents whose fathers and grandfathers, on both side for many generations, were fond of horses and hounds, guns and pointers, it is natural that I should have inherited a fondness for field sports. In my boyhood days the quail, or as we term them here, the partridge (and if I mistake not the correct name of this gamey little bird is *Ortyx virginianus*), was an especial favorite with me, and I studied its habits very closely, and have continued so to do for more than fifty years. You remember the old saw, "Wise men often change their opinions, fools and idiots never." Prior to this season, 1884, I was in the habit of accounting for the late broods of partridges so often met with in the months of August and September, and sometimes even as late as October, upon the assumption that the parent birds had been robbed of their eggs by some bad boy or their first nesting place so molested that the birds left it entirely and made a new nest, and that this might happen more than once to the same pair of birds. Again I thought the June rains, which are very copious during certain seasons, might have drowned the first brood or that some old sow had eaten them, for it is a fact well known to the farmers that there is no better way to insure a scarcity of partridges than to turn stock hogs into the stubble fields

after harvest. So you see I had several, to me, very plausible theories for accounting for those late broods, which the advocates of two broods said were the second broods.

Now for facts. During the month of May last, two pairs of partridges nested near my house, and in due course of time hatched out their broods. I frequently saw both of these broods; a pair of old birds (cock and hen) being found with each brood until about the 10th of August, when flushing one of these broods I noticed the absence of the hen bird. A few days later I flushed what I thought then and still think was the same brood, with the same result, that is, there were twelve or fourteen young birds and only one old bird, and that the cock. This set me to thinking, and I feared some villainous hawk had caught the mother bird, but I went up to the house and brought my setter out and made him find the other brood for me. With these I also found a cock bird but no hen. I did this at intervals of a few days for more than two weeks, and in all this time did not find either of the hen birds, always a cock with each brood. But a little later on I one day accidentally stumbled upon a flock of wee little birds with a hen bird but no cock in charge of them. I thought these events over a good deal, and now light began to dawn upon me, so I again took my setter out and hunted this field carefully with this result: I found two broods of partridges nearly grown, each in charge of a cock bird but no hen, and two broods of very young partridges not yet able to fly, each in charge of a hen bird but no cock. Now sum up four old birds, two cocks and two hens in stubble field near my residence, four broods of young partridges, two of them evidently hatched about the first of June, and two late in August.

T. E. EPES.

NOTTOWAY C. H., Va., Sept. 29.

WILDFOWL ON LONG ISLAND.—Center Moriches, Oct. 10.—The excessive warm weather for the past ten days has given but very poor shooting to sportsmen in this point of the Great South Bay. The average bag to one gun has hardly ever exceeded three ducks in one day. Wednesday night the wind freshened and blew a gale from the north, which resulted in bringing into the bay large numbers of coots, broadbills, some redheads, with an occasional teal and black duck. The shooting at the Narrows to-day was exceptionally good at our point. At 11 A. M. we counted to the three guns, 41 coots, 7 redheads, 5 winter teal, and 1 black duck. This is the first real good bag that has been made since the season opened on the 1st. The bag to eleven guns on five points on the 1st inst., summed up only twenty-seven birds, of which nine were "boobies." In the memory of "the oldest inhabitant" so poor an opening of the duck season has not been known, to my knowledge it has not been so unfavorable in eight years. The frost of last night was the first of the fall season and its results were seen in the improved state of affairs in to-day's shoot. Yellowlegs snipe are very scarce and equally wild. Plover appear only at intervals of a week or so. Wilson snipe are quite plenty on the flats and need only a few frosty nights to bring them in numbers. They are unusually tame this season, as many as five being bagged in an hour's tramp during the midday hours. Geese have put in an appearance, five being bagged from one point on the 8th. They appear to be travelers and are well disposed to remain in this locality.—H. W. HUNTINGTON.

NORTH CAROLINA.—In your issue of 2d inst., I see that you give the open season for quail, turkey, etc., in North Carolina, as beginning Oct. 1, and closing March 15. By reference to the code of North Carolina, 1883, Vol. II., Sec. 2,834, you will find that none of the birds named can be shot before Oct. 15, the season closing April 1. Sec. 2,835 further makes it a misdemeanor to ship any quail or partridge out of the State, whether dead or alive, said misdemeanor being punished by "a fine not exceeding \$50 and imprisonment not to exceed 30 days for each offense." Sec. 2,836 provides that any one taking or destroying any eggs of partridge or quail, shall be fined not to exceed \$50 and imprisonment not more than 30 days. Thus you see we have very "wholesome and stringent" laws for the protection of our quail, and I take particular pains that they be "known and respected" in this locality. Many quail have been saved during the past summer by a few "timely remarks" from me to those who sometimes destroy them for "pulling up corn and peas" during the planting season. The extension of the close season until Oct. 15 will prove peculiarly beneficial during the present year.—A. F. R.

TRAPPERS TRAPPED.—Stony Point, N. Y., Oct. 13.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I applied to Mr. Matthew Kennedy, of Hudson, as the proper person, and he responded at once in *propria persona*, and proceeded with such energy and activity in the discharge of his duties that inside of forty-eight hours he had secured 88 partridges, 5 rabbits and 3 quail in possession of the trappers and their marketing agent. He also secured full and complete evidence against nearly every person engaged in trapping in this vicinity, and as you can imagine, the utmost consternation now exists in the gang of offenders. Between the 1st of October and the 10th (the day of Mr. Kennedy's raid) these scoundrels had sent to market over 2,000 trapped birds, which would probably aggregate in weight fully 14 tons, and it seems to me high time the business was brought to an end. Our mountains are full of partridges, and offer splendid shooting if these "pot-hunting hogs" can be properly disposed of. Thanks to Mr. Kennedy's activity, it looks as if there was "rough water" ahead for them if they continue the business. Quail shooting promises better than for years past. Woodcock are fairly abundant. Rabbits about as plentiful as usual.—JUSTICE.

TENNESSEE GAME NOTES.—Nashville, Tenn., Oct. 11.—Quail are said to be more abundant this than any year within the past ten. I have gotten this information from reliable parties and personal observation. Near Madison station Felix Mitchell reports knowing of fifteen or twenty coveys, varying in number from twenty-five to fifty birds. In Sumner county the plaintive song of "Bob White" is heard at every turn. Dr. Gooch says that in Rutherford county there are millions of them. In the mountains bear, deer and turkeys have increased considerably the past season. Any one desiring a month's sport in the field can find no better locality than this to enjoy it in. There are a great many good dogs in the country, and our gunsmiths keep on hand the most approved ammunition, so all that the hunter need bring along is his gun. Now is the time for fox hunting, and every night scores of packs of hounds are out after them. Within a radius of ten miles of Nashville there is as perfect fox chasing to be had as can be met with upon the globe.—J. D. H.

A WONDERFUL HUNTING CAT.—Greenland, N. H., Oct. 13.—Daniel Mahoney, of Greenland, N. H., is the happy possessor of a remarkable feline of the Maltese variety. The owner of this cat is a hunter of local celebrity, and in his gunning excursions is usually accompanied by this cat; in fact, she cannot be induced to remain at home unless force is employed. Always on the alert for game, she either poises on her master's shoulder or the gunwale of the boat. When on the water she watches every movement of her owner, seems to be perfectly at home, and is not afraid to wet her feet nor even to plunge overboard to secure the bird that has been shot. When on land, her place of observation is usually the right shoulder of her owner. She watches with a great deal of eagerness the aiming of the gun (never disturbed by its discharge), and springs at once for the game, securing it and bringing it in like a well trained dog. Although very much attached to her owner, she readily makes friends with any person who carries a gun, and is anxious to accompany them to the woods or streams. She is very jealous of all dogs and will not allow them to accompany her, but displays her antipathy to them at once, if one happens to be bold enough to attempt such an intrusion.—W. O. J.

COLORADO.—Deer are reported very plentiful on the Grand and Eagle rivers in Eagle and Garfield counties. Hunting parties return to Leadville with wagons loaded, and are obliged to leave many carcasses behind for lack of transportation. In the carcass the deer bring 7 to 8¢ cents in Leadville. Elk are coming down from the mountains and afford excellent sport. The same region abounds with grouse, and rabbits are so thick in the cedar patches that it is difficult to avoid them. All "pot-hunters" are not steeped in sin. One of them who "went in" lately came across a party of amateurs hounding deer. He up with his old muzzleloader and knocked over the dogs, giving the astonished city sports some choice oburgations with a strong Western flavor. Trout fishing in Twin Lakes, in Lake county, and in all the rivers in the northwestern part of the State is simply immense. The weather in this region is now a delightful fall, but winter may set in any day.—U. P. K.

SULLIVAN COUNTY.—Woodbourne, Sullivan County, N. Y., Oct. 8.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* We have very fine partridge and woodcock shooting here this season. The birds are more abundant than they have been before in several years. Foxes and wildcats are too numerous to mention. I would advise sportsmen who like good shooting to come to Woodbourne, but none of those who like to sit on the fence and have the game come up to them. We haven't any of that kind of game here, and we don't like lazy sportsmen. If they hunt with me I will make it lively for the boys. The best shooting will be for four or five weeks to come.—ELI GARRETT.

GUNS IN RAILROAD STATIONS.—Exeter, N. H., Oct. 6.—For the benefit of my fellow sportsmen, I would suggest that a gun left in charge of baggage masters at railroad stations is liable to be stolen. For the past ten or twelve years I have been in the habit of leaving my gun at the station not checked, for the simple reason that they would not check it; they assuring me that it would be all right. I am now convinced by the loss of a valuable gun that a mistake has been made somewhere or somehow, and if this statement would tend to the exercise of more caution on the part of my brother sportsmen, I shall be only too glad.—DR. C. H. GERRISH.

NW BRUNSWICK WILDFOWL.—Richibucto, N. B., Oct. 10.—A few wild geese were seen here on the 13th of September. They are now quite abundant; and a few have been killed. Black ducks are more plentiful than for several years. I was shown a wild goose (alive) a few days since, which is quite a curiosity here. The top of the head is quite white, owing to the intermixture of white feathers. None of the gunners here have ever before seen a goose marked in that manner. A few brant have come, and the prospect for shooting is fairly good.—C. H. C.

THREE MOOSE.—Mr. C. Blakeslee, of Ives, Blakeslee & Co., this city, recently returned from the Connecticut Lakes, New Hampshire. He stopped at Uncle Tim Chester's, on Second Lake, and reports good success with large game. There have been something like a hundred visitors there this year, and five moose have been killed. Of these Mr. Blakeslee brought down three; the first, a cow, estimated by Ned Norton to weigh 1,000 pounds, another of 350 to 400 pounds, and a bull of same weight. The fishing has not been quite so good this season as in some former years.

MADISON, New Jersey.—Have not heard of any snipe being killed yet on our meadows. Very few woodcock have been seen since the opening, Oct. 1. It is too warm yet for flight birds. Saw a flock of 17 teal ducks on Passaic River Tuesday. A great many of the trees, especially the maples, have donned their fall coat, making the swamp look extremely pretty.—16-BORE.

SEDALIA, Mo., Oct. 6.—Our prospect for game is not very flattering in this locality. Quail are reasonably plenty, but the undergrowth is simply immense. Our law on quail is not off until the 15th inst., and quail are already migrating. No duck as yet. Squirrels reported plenty, but hard to find. All large game has entirely disappeared with exception of small flocks of wild turkeys in two or three localities in our county.—OCCIDENT.

ONTARIO.—Billeville.—There is a good supply of game in this neighborhood this season; deer are numerous, the number of ducks is not quite up to former years, but partridges are very plentiful. Moose deer seem to be working down from the north. Two were shot last season, and eight have already been killed this year by the Indians near Baptiste's Lake.

A SIGN FROM ALASKA.—Sitka, Alaska, Sept. 5.—Geese were seen going south Aug. 23 this year, earlier by six weeks than last year. Teal and mallards are abundant in the lakes about here. The day before we saw so many geese migrating we had a hail squall for a few moments; probably this accounts for it.—W.

MUSKEGON, Mich., Oct. 6.—There has been good duck shooting here this fall, that is, lots of shooting and few ducks. Grouse are reported very plenty, but have heard of but few being shot yet.—A. P. S.

"SPORTSMAN" is informed that an anonymous charge cannot be printed.

Sea and River Fishing.

TROUTING IN MAINE.

WE have just returned, my friend and I, from our annual visit to the Tim Pond and Seven Ponds region in Maine. We stayed seven weeks in Kennedy Smith's camps. The fishing in no way deteriorates. Tim Pond is a wonderful lake for trout. Considering what great numbers are caught there every season, it is surprising that they show no diminution in number or in weight. One evening, after supper, my friend and myself caught seventy trout that would average 5 ounces each, and no "babies" among them. The largest trout taken with a fly in Tim Pond while we were there weighed 1½ pounds. We made it a rule to ask if there were trout enough for the table in camp before we went out upon the lake, for we did not wish to bring in any to be wasted. A large part of our catch were returned to the water as soon as they came to hand.

I saw several things this season that were new and interesting to me. I saw a rabbit, that knew a mink was on its trail, take to the water and swim out into the lake fifty yards or more. It escaped the mink but fell into the hands of the pot-hunter. I saw a trout in the act of spawning; standing within a few feet I watched them a long time. I saw a red squirrel eating a toadstool, and ruffed grouse whose crops were filled entirely with green leaves, mostly clover leaves. We caught large trout in Big Island Pond, late in the season, that had absolutely nothing in their stomachs, though minnows were very plenty there. Do trout fast at spawning time?

While asking questions, will some one tell me how much of an injury from a hook will a trout ordinarily recover from? Is a wound in the gills necessarily fatal? I would like to ask the experience of anglers with the lightest and most flexible split bamboo rods—the Catskill, Caledonian, etc.—weighing about five ounces. Are they found satisfactory for lake fishing where the trout seldom exceed a pound in weight? And what is the proper size of line to use on such a rod? Now that the fishing season is past we ought to have more talks from the anglers about their tackle, to balance the buckshot articles in the gun department.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS., Oct. 13, 1884. W. G.

[Trout eat very little at spawning time. If a female that is full of eggs, and within a few weeks of spawning, is opened, it will be seen that the eggs occupy the whole abdomen and extend forward to the pectoral fins, crowding the stomach, liver, etc. A trout is not injured by a hook which does not penetrate the eye, brain, or gills, but is severely injured by a dry hand being placed ever so gently on its body; that injury will not show until after several days, but it is fatal in every case. We prefer to leave the question of rods and lines to our correspondents, because we then get the experience of several persons who are sure to disagree and present the matter in all lights.]

MINNOW CASTING FOR BLACK BASS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

It is hardly possible to formulate a set of rules for any contest of competitive skill that will be perfectly satisfactory to every one, and especially is dissatisfaction likely to be manifested where there is so much diversity of opinion, as to the methods and appliances, as obtains in any contest pertaining to angling.

In your issue of Oct. 2, appear objections from "R. B." and Mr. C. G. Levison, to some of the conditions imposed by the special committee on "casting the minnow for black bass" in the rules drawn up for that contest. "R. B." thinks that the rules "are needlessly rigid in prescribing that the mode of casting shall be underhand," and that "the weight of the minnow (half an ounce sinker) seems to be greater than necessary." He also fails to comprehend the meaning of "delicacy" as a factor in casting a half-ounce sinker, and thinks that the "style of casting is so much like that for striped bass, save in the use of one hand," that "the scale of points," and "the method of scoring should be the same." Mr. Levison regrets that the limit of the maximum weight of rods is placed at 10 ounces, as his own rod weighs 12 ounces.

It has been the constant aim of the writer to give to the black bass the distinction its merits deserve as a game fish, and to create in "casting the minnow for black bass," a distinctive method of angling. The aforesaid rules, therefore, were not hastily drawn, or adopted without due consideration; on the contrary, they are the result of much study, and of many years of careful, patient and enthusiastic investigation and experience. That they are as nearly correct and just as it is perhaps possible to make them, I might mention that I have received personal letters from anglers who take just the opposite view of "R. B." and Mr. Levison, and who think that lighter or shorter rods, or a greater weight of sinker should be permitted than the rules prescribe.

The objections urged by "R. B." are just what might be expected from one who casts overhead or overhand (as in fly-fishing), for in such methods only the lightest weights, as the artificial fly, or the natural insect, and a comparatively long and flexible rod can be used advantageously. And this explains, probably, why he fails to appreciate "delicacy" in casting a half-ounce sinker, which, cast in such a manner, is hurled into the water as from a catapult. This is the method practiced universally by those who use a long, natural cane rod (eschewing the reel), and wake the watery echoes by the "slap" of the minnow upon the surface of the stream.

In the rules, the term "delicacy" is coupled with "style," and the two words are used, in a manner, synonymously. The word "grace" might be substituted for both, or the English word "form" might be employed instead, were its technical meaning well understood in this country. It has no special reference to the "plumping" of the sinker into the water, but embraces the manner and grace of the angler in casting, his dexterity and skill in handling his rod and reel, and his judgment and carefulness in delivering the sinker without undue violence. I have heretofore had occasion to mention in your columns that there is a wide difference between casting the minnow for black bass and casting the mossbunker for striped bass, and also a corresponding diversity in the tools and tackle employed in the two methods of angling; a greater difference, indeed, than as between salmon and trout fishing. The method of scoring, therefore, should not be the same.

To any one in doubt, I would cordially invite their inspection of the split bamboo, lancewood and bethabara rods, and the reels offered as prizes in the black bass contest. These tools are in the highest degree representative of their class, are constructed especially from specifications furnished by myself, and are models of excellence, beauty and utility.

I have only to say to Mr. Levison that I regret that his greenheart rod was constructed from the specifications for a lancewood rod, and is consequently heavier. Few of us possess the muscular requirements to cast well, single-handed, a 12-ounce rod, and I am sure he can perform much better with one of two or three ounces less weight. I hope he will enter for the contest, and borrow a rod of the prescribed weight for the occasion. Should I be present, as I expect, I will take great pleasure in furnishing him one. I will also say to "R. B." that if the foregoing "explanation" is not sufficient, I will be happy to give him any further light I am capable of, should he make himself known to me at that time. I wish, in this connection, to appeal to all the lovers of the black bass, who can conveniently do so, to attend the coming tournament and enter for the contest of "casting the minnow for black bass."

JAMES A. HENSHALL.

CYNTHIANA, Ky., Oct. 8, 1884.

THE TOURNAMENT.

THE third annual tournament of the National Rod and Reel Association will be held at Harlem Mere, Central Park, Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 22 and 23, beginning at 10 A. M. each day. The following is the prize list:

SINGLE-HANDED FLY-CASTING.

CLASS A—AMATEUR.

Judges: C. Van Brunt, Hon. R. B. Roosevelt, James Benkart referee.

Open to amateurs, under Rule 2, who have never won a first prize. Winners to have choice of prizes.

1. Gold medal, given by James C. McAndrew, value..... \$50 00
2. Fly-rod, 11ft., 8½oz., German silver ferrules, reel-seat of National Rod and Reel standard, in grooved wood case, given by B. F. Nichols, 153 Milk street, Boston, value.... 30 00
3. Levison patent fly-book with sealskin cover, for trout or bass flies, as winner desires, given by William Mills & Sons, 7 Warren street, New York, value..... 8 00
4. Four dozen trout flies, given by Wm. W. Cone, Masonville, N. Y., value..... 4 00
5. One year's subscription to FOREST AND STREAM..... 4 00
6. One box knitting silk, given by E. J. Martin, Rockville, Conn..... 3 00
7. One box "business" fish lines, No. 1, given by E. J. Martin, Rockville, Conn..... 2 00
8. One dozen assorted flies, small, given by W. W. Cone, Masonville, N. Y..... 1 00

CLASS B—AMATEUR.

Judges: Rev. H. L. Ziegenfuss, E. G. Blackford, Hon. James Geddes, referee.

Rules of Class A to govern; winners to have choice of prizes:

1. Gold medal, given by National Rod and Reel Association, value..... \$30 00
2. Black bass minnow rod, Henshall pattern, lancewood, given by Thomas J. Conroy, 65 Fulton street, New York..... 25 00
3. Four dozen trout flies, given by W. W. Cone, Masonville, N. Y..... 4 00
4. One year's subscription to FOREST AND STREAM..... 4 00
5. One box knitting silk, given by E. J. Martin, Rockville, Conn..... 3 00
6. One box "business" fish lines, No. 2, given by E. J. Martin, Rockville, Conn..... 2 50
7. Copy of American edition of Dame Juliana Berner's book, "Fysshinge" edited by G. V. Van Sieden..... 1 50

MINNOW CASTING FOR BLACK BASS.

Judges: W. C. Harris, M. M. Backus, D. W. Cross, referee. Open to all. (See rules.)

1. One "Leonard" black bass rod, German silver mountings, given by William Mills & Sons, No. 7 Warrenst., New York..... \$30 00
2. "Patent perfection" raised pillar, treble multiplying, aluminum reel, capacity 50 yards, weight 3 ounces, given by Frederick Malleon, Nos. 138 to 144 First street, Brooklyn, E. D., N. Y..... 25 00
3. Black bass reel, No. 2, multiplier, extra fine, German silver, handle next to crossbar, adjustable click, drag, or rubber, given by B. C. Milam, Frankfurt, Ky..... 30 00
4. Black bass reel, No. 2, extra fine German silver, narrow pattern, click and drag, with adjustable reel fastening, given by J. L. Sage, Frankfurt, Ky..... 30 00
5. Minnow casting rod, 8½ feet long, in two pieces, weight 9½ ounces, two tips, standing guides, German silver mountings, with reel-seat of National Rod and Reel Association standard, given by B. F. Nichols, 153 Milk street, Boston..... 16 00
6. "Henshall black bass rod," ash butt, bethabara joints, two tips, German silver mountings, ferrules banded and milled, given by A. B. Shipley & Son, 503 Commerce street, Philadelphia..... 15 00
7. "Henshall black bass rod," German silver mountings, non-dowel joints, extra tip, wood case, given by Thomas H. Chubb, Post Mills, Vt..... 15 00
8. Black bass reel, Henshall & Van Antwerp pattern, automatic thumb, adjustable compensating joints, alarm, given by Thomas H. Chubb, Post Mills, Vt..... 15 00
9. "Imperial black bass reel," rubber and German silver, steel pivot, given by William Mills & Sons, 7 Warren st., N. Y..... 14 50
10. "Henshall black bass rod," six-strip hexagonal split bamboo, standing guides, length 8 feet 3 inches, two tips, sack and wood case, Orvis patent reel-seat, given by C. F. Orvis, Manchester, Vt..... 15 00
11. One year's subscription to FOREST AND STREAM..... 4 00

SALMON CASTING.

Judges: Col. L. W. Winchester, Dr. A. Fesher, J. C. McAndrew, referee.

Open to all. Scale as in fly-casting. Rods not to exceed 18 feet.

1. Gold medal, given by Mr. James C. McAndrew, value..... \$50 00
2. Prize given by Mr. D. W. Cross..... 25 00
3. Patent "dorsal fin" landing-net, given by William Mills & Sons, 7 Warren street, New York..... 5 50
4. One year's subscription to FOREST AND STREAM..... 4 00
5. One box of fish lines, No. 4, given by E. J. Martin, Rockville, Conn..... 3 50

HEAVY BASS CASTING.

Judges: S. M. Blatchford, J. L. Vallotton, Hon. H. P. McGown, referee.

Open to all.

1. Gold medal, given by the National Rod and Reel Association, value..... \$30 00
2. "Sport with Gun and Rod," by Prof. A. M. Mayer, morocco, given by Mr. E. R. Wilbur, of FOREST AND STREAM..... 15 00
3. One year's subscription to FOREST AND STREAM..... 4 00
4. Special prize for the longest cast made, without reference to lane, an order for best quality silk hat, presented by Balch, Price & Co., 3768 Fulton street, Brooklyn, N. Y..... 8 00

LIGHT BASS CASTING.

- Judges: Francis Endicott, Martin B. Brown, Thos. E. Gill, referee.
1. Gold medal, given by the National Rod and Reel Association, value..... \$25 00

2. "Sport with Gun and Rod," by Prof. A. M. Mayer, cloth; given by National Rod and Reel Association, value..... 10 00
3. Refrigerator basket, given by J. R. Hare, 63 Fayette street, Baltimore, Md..... 4 50
4. One year's subscription to FOREST AND STREAM..... 4 00

SINGLE-HANDED FLY-CASTING.

CLASS E—EXPERT.

Judges: Louis B. Wright, N. D. Eddy, J. S. Van Cleef, referee. Open to all. Distance only to count.

1. Gold medal, given by National Rod and Reel Association, value..... \$25 00
2. Cash..... 15 00
3. Cash..... 10 00
4. One year's subscription to FOREST AND STREAM..... 4 00
5. Four dozen trout flies, given by W. W. Cone, Masonville, N. Y..... 4 00
6. One box "business" fish lines, No. 3, given by E. J. Martin, Rockville, Conn..... 3 00

THE SLICED HOOK.

WE give herewith an illustration of a new pattern of fish hook, invented by Mr. R. B. Marston, editor of the London *Fishing Gazette*. The object of the additional barb or "slice," on the outside of the shank, is to prevent the bait from wriggling off, and in some cases it may serve to hold the fish. These hooks have been placed upon the English market, and have met with favor, judging from the comment upon them in the London papers. The *Field* says:

"This hook will be found specially useful in up-stream worm-fishing, where the bait has to be cast frequently. The barb on the shank also aids materially in preventing a fish getting off the hook in its struggles. These hooks have been found to answer well for barbel fishing."

Mr. J. C. Willcocks, a well-known writer, in a communication to the same paper, says: "The new sliced hook, invented by Mr. R. B. Marston, is likely to be much used in sea fishing, and the following baits may be used with it: A large single rag worm or a lug, or a lob worm, the small lamprey or pride, the river lamprey, and the small freshwater eel, all for pollack and bass, and the rag and lug worms for bream. A piece of squid or cuttlefish, of elongated form, may also be used with this hook. The sand eel or launce may be used as a dead towing bait on this hook; but, from the great gape of the jaws, the muzzle lashing



round the nose, can scarcely be dispensed with to keep a snug. In trout fishing in Ireland, with the elver for bait, about the eighth of the sharp top of the hook (Limerick) is left free to hold the head of the bait, and a small lip hook is often used in both river and sea fishing. I have often found fish caught by the upper hook, especially in pollack fishing. At page 125 of my work, "The Sea Fisherman," third edition, and page 140, fourth edition, it will be seen that a stout bent pin is shown lashed on to the back of the hook to keep the piece of squid or cuttle fish from sliding down on the bend of the hook. Mr. Marston's introduction of the sliced hook would seem to be a development of and an improvement on my arrangement above mentioned. Mr. M.'s plan forming in its chief feature a portion of the hook itself. It will, of course, be necessary to slice the hook with skill and judgment, that the hook be not thereby weakened, but this matter will doubtless receive due attention from the makers. The quickness in baiting which Mr. M.'s plan promises should recommend it to fishermen generally, who have felt that something was wanted to keep the bait upon the head of the hook."

No doubt some of our enterprising tackle dealers will offer these hooks to our anglers next season. They are well worth a trial by bait fishers. Specimens of "Kirby bent" hooks for sea fishing, Nos. 3 to 5, and hollow pointed Limerick, Nos. 1 to 4-0 may be seen at this office.

THE BIG PIKE.

WE were a jolly party of eight, and had reached our old camping ground on Red River, pitched our tent, got everything in "ship shape" for the night, when the old gentleman on whose place we were camping, came over to see us. Said he, "As I came home this evenin' crossin' the pint yonder I see a big pike run a bass out'n a bank. Mebbey ef you fish thar with a good big minner you'll ketch 'im." C., an old and enthusiastic pike fisherman, jumping up from his log seat and clapping his hands together, said, "Boys, he's my pike!"

The next morning was spent principally in catching bait, and was partly a failure. C., however, selecting a half dozen largest chubs, started for the place where the pike was seen the day before. Baiting his hook he seated himself high up on the bank where he could see, and yet be concealed from the fish. Returning to camp at night full of excitement, he said: "I've seen him twice this evening but he wouldn't notice those small fry I had, he is all of four and a half feet long; I've caught many pike in my days but never saw one like him. If I can get a twelve-inch sucker to-morrow I'll bet my blue roan mare to a nickel I'll catch him before to-morrow night."

That night two men were engaged to catch minnows in a creek emptying into the river six miles above, with instructions to be back by 9 o'clock in the morning. Every one was impatient, as the whole party concluded to try the monster pike. Finally 9 o'clock came, and a few minutes after the men with the minnows, which were nice suckers from ten to thirteen inches long, but only eight in number. There being eight in the party, the question arose as to who should have first choice. T. suggested to draw straws; the man that drew the longest one to have first choice, second longest the next, and so on. C. being the older one of the party, claimed first chance, and on drawing drew the longest straw. Selecting a thirteen-inch white sucker and carefully placing it in his bucket, he started to his fishing ground, previously agreeing that all should return to camp when Jack (the colored cook) should blow his horn for dinner.

After a while a little barefoot boy came along with "Mister, ketchin' any?" On being invited to come and take a seat on the log, he told C. that he lived in "that there house round the bend, and that he ketched some big uns in that

there hole below the pint." Time passed quickly. From a half a mile up the river came the unmistakable sound that Jack had dinner ready.

"Sonny, I'll give you a quarter and two fish-hooks if you sit here and watch my pole; and if you get a bite, run up to the top of the hill, where you can see the camp, call at the top of your voice and I'll hear you, and I'll come back whether I get any dinner or not."

"An' will you give me two hooks with rings on 'em?"

"Yes."

"I do it."

In about an hour, almost out of breath, C. returned.

"Well, sonny, have you had a bite?"

"Yes, sir (exultingly). I ketch'd one. See him that be-hind that ere log? I couldn't find yer wums, so I ketch'd me some crickets. I'll have another'n a-floppin' here in a minit."

It needed but a look to convince C. that his bait was stone dead. Reaching for his hook box, he threw the boy two hooks, and with many adjectives drove him away.

The poor little fellow crying, left, unconscious of having committed a wrong, and only remembering that the other party failed to fulfill the contract in the way of the promised quarter. C. sat down on his log, wondering what to do next. Pulling out his pipe, he proceeded to fill it. "Darn the boy!" he said. "I should have known better; it's an old adage, 'Never send a boy to the mill.'" Lighting his pipe and turning around, he observed a young man, clad in a ragged shirt, an apology for a suspender holding up a pair of trousers that might have been long enough for him six or seven summers before, and a hat without a crown, coming toward him.

"Good evenin'," he said.

C. only nodded.

"Have any luck?"

C. shook his head.

"Mister, kin I have this fish layin' here?"

C. nodded again.

Taking out a "barlow" he cut a long willow pole from the hillside and pulling out a hemp line he carefully tied it on the pole, then from the other pocket he produced a copper wire snell with a large Limerick hook on the end of it, which he tied to the line. Reaching down he took the sucker and passing the hook through both its lips, and wading into the river above his hips, he began to skitter his bait backward and forward in the water. C., in the meantime, sat in amazement, silently smoking his pipe. Presently something took the bait to the bottom and calmly the young man bides his time, occasionally tightening on his line a little as if to feel for his prey. But the line moves off and with a sharp strike sends home the hook. The battle which ensues is long and furious and finally his pike-ship turns his side up to the sun, then with an accelerating pull he drags him high and dry, nor does he stop until he is out of danger.

Yes, C. was right. He measured four and a half feet, and as our rustic angler thrusts a pole through his gills and out of his mouth and with a heave swings him over his shoulder, he looks up at C. and modestly says, "Mister, that's a good 'n," and starts up the river.

C. called, "Say stranger; what will you take for that pike?" The young man turned around and looked at his game said, "Mister, I'd like ter sell you this pike, but I jest married a week ago, an' this is the first fishin' I done since I been married."

LITTLE SANDY.

NORTH MIDDLETOWN, Ky.

A BASS LEAP.—Muskegon, Mich.—Bass fishing was very good until the equinoctial storms came on, since which it has been very poor. I had the best success with the fly all through the month of September, taking almost nothing with the bait, although I have tried both minnows and frogs. Is it not strange their taking the fly so late? I find them about sunken logs and old poles, etc., very few among the grass and rushes. While fishing one morning late in September, I took a bass of about two pounds weight which leaped entirely clear of the water (I was fishing with the fly, of course), making as fine a rise as I ever saw a trout make. Perhaps this is nothing uncommon, but I have used the fly for bass for several seasons, and this is the first experience of the kind I have had. Let us hear from the experts.—A. P. S.

NOT FONTINALIS.—Crested Butte, Col., Oct. 6.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Have just returned from Denver, where I saw the head of a mountain trout, whose weight was 26 pounds. I did not see the rest of the trout, but from the head should have judged him to have weighed at least 30 pounds. Is this of the genus *Salmo fontinalis*? The fish was caught with a fly at the mouth of Eagle River.—SPORN.

VIRGINIA BASS.—Mont View House, Front Royal, Va.—Bass fishing is good here now. Also have splendid gunning. Quail, grouse and wild turkeys are abundant, and deer are numerous.—J. M. S.

Fishculture.

GILLNETS FOR CODFISH.

RESULT OF THE INTRODUCTION OF GILLNETS INTO THE AMERICAN FISHERIES.

[A paper read before the American Fishculture Association.]

BY CAPT. J. W. COLLINS.

THE United States Fish Commission, though it has in so many ways done a useful and important work in the artificial propagation of food fishes, has not confined itself solely to fishculture as a means for improving the American fisheries. It has accomplished quite as important objects by disseminating among our fishermen knowledge of methods of fishing, etc., to which they were previously strangers, and which has been of the utmost advantage to them for the successful prosecution of their work. The introduction of the use of gill-nets in the codfisheries may be mentioned as an instance in point, and viewed in the light of results already attained (though we may yet consider this method of fishing only fairly begun), it seems not too much to claim that the bringing about of such an innovation in the ocean fisheries, is entitled to rank among the most important works of the Commission. The change that has been made in the method of taking cod and other species of the *Gadidae*, has proved of such immense advantage to the New England fishermen that an entire revolution has been created in the winter shore cod fishery, and it is difficult to predict to how great an extent the gillnet fishery for cod may be prosecuted in the future. It is not possible now to say with any degree of certainty whether or not gill-nets may be successfully employed in the codfisheries of the outer banks, since a thorough and careful trial needs to be

made to settle that question. A few unsatisfactory attempts have already been made by the fishermen to use gill-nets on the outer banks, but in no case have these trials been so extensive and thorough as to demonstrate what might or might not be done. In consideration of the results which have already been attained, it seems desirable that a brief historical sketch should be given here of the introduction of gill-nets into the codfisheries of the United States, and also of the varying success which has attended their use since they were first adopted by American fishermen.

Though gill-nets have been long used in Northern Europe, more especially in Norway, as an apparatus for the capture of cod, and are considered by the Norwegians as quite indispensable, they have not, until recently, been employed by American fishermen. In 1878, Professor Spencer F. Baird, United States Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries, knowing how profitably these nets were employed by the Norwegian fishermen, decided to make experiments with them at Cape Ann, with a view to their introduction among the fishermen of this country. He accordingly secured a number of the Norwegian nets, which were forwarded to Gloucester, and there tested by the employes of the Commission.

Experiments were made when the winter school of cod were on the shore grounds in Massachusetts Bay, but the results obtained were not satisfactory, owing chiefly to the fact that the nets were found far too frail for the large cod which frequent our coast in winter. This was apparent from the numerous holes in the nets, which indicated plainly that large fish had torn their way through, none being retained excepting those that had become completely rolled up in the twine. The current also swept the nets about of the rocky bottom, which injured them still more, so that they were soon rendered nearly unfit for use. They were invariably in bad order when hauled from the water, but even under such unfavorable circumstances nearly a thousand pounds of fish were caught on one occasion. This seemed to indicate that nets of sufficient strength might be used to good advantage, at least on some of the smoother fishing grounds along the coast.

These preliminary trials, therefore, having demonstrated that nets could be employed advantageously in the American codfisheries, Professor Baird availed himself of the first chance that offered for obtaining definite knowledge of the methods of netting cod in Norway, with the intention of disseminating this information among the American cod fishermen.

The opening of the International Fishery Exhibition at Berlin, Germany, in the spring of 1880, presented a favorable opportunity for accomplishing this purpose. Professor Baird having appointed me as one of the commission to attend the exhibition on the staff of Professor G. Brown Goode, desired that I should make a careful study of the foreign methods of deep-sea fishery as represented at the exhibition. The method of capturing cod with gill-nets, as practiced by the Norwegian fishermen, was mentioned as a subject which should receive especial consideration.

In the meantime, Professor Baird offered to lend the nets to any responsible fisherman who would give them a fair and thorough test. But the fishermen were conservative and hesitated to adopt any "new-fangled notions" for catching fish. This disinclination to try the new method was due chiefly to the fact that fishermen cannot usually afford to spend any time in making experiments, especially when they feel fairly confident of good returns by continuing in their old ways of fishing.

Mention has been made of the introduction and trial of cod gill-nets by the United States Fish Commission in 1878, but no attempt was made by the fishermen to use them until the fall of 1880, when Capt. George H. Martin, of Gloucester, Mass., master of the schooner Northern Eagle, fitted out with them for the winter codfisheries off Cape Ann and in Ipswich Bay. The immediate cause which led to this trial was the difficulty of getting a supply of bait, the procuring of which is a source of considerable trouble to our shore fishermen, and its cost, even when obtainable, is such a heavy tax on this branch of the fishing industry, that often the fishermen hesitate to engage in it, fearing that the result may be a loss rather than a gain. It was to obviate this difficulty about bait, and to render our codfisheries more valuable in consequence, that led Prof. Baird to bring the cod gill-nets to the notice of the American fishermen. The bait principally depended upon by the shore fishermen in the vicinity of Cape Ann, during the fall and early winter, is young herring (*Clupea harengus*), known as the "spirling." The appearance of these fish about the Cape is somewhat uncertain; sometimes large schools remain for several weeks, and at other times but a few can be taken. There was so little prospect of getting a supply of bait in the season of 1880, that Capt. Martin hesitated about fitting out for trawling, fearing that the cost and difficulty of securing a supply of this article, which is indispensable to the trawl-line fishery, would render the undertaking unprofitable. While the matter of fitting out in the old way was under consideration, gill-nets were suggested by the father of Capt. Martin, an employe of the Fish Commission, as a means of solving the perplexities of the bait question. He thought the idea a good one, and, together with several of his crew, visited the station of the Commission at Gloucester, looked at the Norwegian nets that were there, and consulted with the agent in charge as to the probabilities of success. The result of this interview was that Capt. Martin decided to fit out and give the new method a thorough trial, and nets were therefore obtained for this purpose, part of them being supplied by the Fish Commission.

Before the trial trip was made Captain Martin had an interview with me at Gloucester, to get some additional information as to the management of the nets. I briefly explained to him the methods adopted by the Norwegians. He thought, however, that the nets might be "underrun," as trawls sometimes are, which would enable one man to handle a gang of nets for which an entire boat's crew, six to eight men, is required in Norway. I could see no reason, myself, why the nets could not be underrun, providing the current was not too strong and the water not too deep. It may be explained here that the Norwegians set their nets late in the day and take them up on the following morning, the apparatus being carried to the land, the fish removed from the meshes, and the gear prepared for setting again. This involves a large amount of labor and much loss of time, as compared with the method of underrunning, which may be considered "another Yankee invention."

When the nets are set for underrunning, the anchor is first thrown over, and twenty-five fathoms of line paid out, when the buoy line is bent to it. The buoy and line are then thrown over, and the remainder of the anchor line, the end of the latter being made fast to the nets, which are the next to follow. A middle buoy is attached to the center of the gang. When the nets are all out, the anchor line, with the buoy line attached, is veered out, and last of all the anchor is thrown over, which finishes the work. The nets are usually set in the afternoon, and allowed to remain in the water for several days, unless for some reason the vessel leaves the fishing ground. Even then, when the vessels have been forced to seek the shelter of a harbor during a storm, the nets have frequently been left out. Fish are caught only at night, and, consequently, the nets are underrun only in the morning, unless the men are detained by unfavorable weather until later in the day. In underrunning, the fisherman goes to one of the buoys on the end of his gang of nets, takes it in the dory, and hauls away on the buoy line, the buoy being thrown out on the other side and the line allowed to run out on one side as fast as it is hauled in on the other. When the anchor line (or underrunning line, as it is sometimes called) is up, it is taken across the dory, and the fisherman hauls along toward the nets. The gear is underrun by pulling the nets in on one side of the dory, and, as fast as the fish are removed, allowing the apparatus to pass over the other side into the water, the

anchors, which remain firmly fixed in the bottom, holding the nets in position until the work is accomplished. When the end of the gang is reached, it is thrown off the dory, and the nets remain setting as before, needing no further attention until the next day.

As will be readily understood, this method of fishing can be carried on with the minimum of labor, and it has also this additional advantage, namely: While the gear is still out, the vessel may take her morning's catch to the market, or, if the weather is threatening, she may quietly remain at anchor over night in the nearest harbor, though, in the meantime, her nets are fishing.

Ipswich Bay, where the nets have been chiefly used, more particularly in the winters of 1880-'81 and 1881-'82, lies north of the prominent headland of Cape Ann, which divides it from the waters of Massachusetts Bay on the south. A sandy beach extends along the northern and western sides of the bay, and the bottom sinks gradually from this, only reaching a depth of twenty-five or thirty fathoms at a distance of several miles from the land. The bottom of the bay is a sloping and sandy plateau, with only here and there small patches of rocks or clay, supporting but a small amount of animal life that may serve as food for the cod. It is, therefore, a spawning rather than a feeding ground for these fish, and large schools visit the bay during the winter for the purpose of reproduction, and generally remain until late in the spring. The nets are usually set along the northern portion of the bay, only a few miles from the shore, in about fifteen fathoms of water, where there is less current than at many other points along the coast.

In this connection may be mentioned a curious fact which has been observed concerning the fish that have been taken in Ipswich Bay during the past two or three winters. It is stated that a large portion of the fish caught in this bay have been netted on a small area not exceeding three-fourths of a mile in diameter. This piece of ground, I have been told by the fishermen, for a considerable portion of the season seems to be swarming with cod, while the adjacent bottom appears to be quite barren of fish. According to Capt. S. J. Martin, the center of this area bears south by west from Whalesback Light, Portsmouth, and southwest by west from the light-house on the Isle of Shoals. It is somewhat irregular in outline, the fishermen say, judging from where the fish are taken, but so far as anything can be told of its physical conformation it does not differ at all from the rest of the sandy slope immediately surrounding it. It is said that there is no "feed" on the bottom. The fishermen have a curious theory that there are fresh-water springs in this particular locality, around which the cod love to gather, nor, indeed, can they assign any other reason, since there appears to be no special feature in the character of the bottom to attract the fish. So persistent are the cod in clinging to this locality that it almost invariably follows that nets placed within its limits come up well filled with fish, while gear that is set a dozen or twenty fathoms outside get very few, if any, cod. The fishermen confess that it is a mystery to them, and they are exceedingly puzzled to know how the fish get there and escape the walls of netting which surround this spot in all directions. They do not believe it possible that enough cod could be there at once to fill the nets night after night for months, and they arrive at the conclusion that the fish must reach the place during the day, at which time they are supposed to rise above and swim over the nets that bar their progress near the bottom, and which, of course, can be seen by daylight.*

The results that were obtained from the use of nets by the Northern Eagle, during the winter of 1880-'81, were considered very remarkable. The amount of codfish taken in the first three trials (which were made in Massachusetts Bay) in unfavorable weather and with inferior nets, was 4,000, 6,000 and 7,000 pounds respectively. On a trip ending Jan. 11, 35,000 pounds of cod were taken by the Northern Eagle, 8,000 pounds of which were caught in a single morning. Two other vessels, which were absent the same length of time, fishing at the same place with trawls, got only 4,000 and 8,000 pounds respectively. After that time she made another trip, taking the same amount, 35,000 pounds, in four days' fishing, 18,000 pounds of which were caught in one day. On this day the schooner Christie Campbell, of Portsmouth, set ten trawls (each trawl having 1,000 hooks) close to the nets. The 10,000 hooks caught 2,000 pounds of fish to the 10,000 taken in the nets.

The Northern Eagle began fishing with nets on Nov. 27, 1880, and as early as Jan. 20, 1881, she had taken 111,000 pounds of cod. None of the trawlers during that time caught more than one-third of that amount, though they were fishing at the same place. The netted fish were much larger than those taken on the trawls, averaging during the first six weeks' fishing twenty-three pounds each. Among these were individuals which weighed seventy-five and eighty pounds a piece, but there were no small fish, such as are frequently taken on trawls, and which can be sold only at reduced prices. This, it may be stated, has invariably been the case when gill-nets have been used. No immature fish or what is termed as "trash" by the fishermen, have been taken. At first the nets met with the same opposition from the trawl-line fishermen that trawls did—when first introduced—from the hand-liners some thirty years ago. Notwithstanding, however, that many of the fishermen were inclined at the start to inveigh against "building a fence" to prevent the fish from moving about on the bottom it was not long before they all began to realize the advantage of using gill-nets. It is said whenever in port the deck of the Northern Eagle was crowded with fishermen, anxious to learn about the method of capture which she had adopted. Before the close of the first winter several vessels, both from Gloucester and other ports, fitted out to a greater or less extent with nets. As a rule these schooners commenced their operations so late in the season that they could not make a fair test of the gill-nets, for the schools of spawning fish that had been in Ipswich Bay began to leave the shore grounds soon after the vessels began operations.

Gillnet-fishing for cod and pollock opened favorably in the winter of 1882, but the shore codfish were much less abundant during the greater part of that winter than in the previous year; and consequently the success of this branch of the fisheries was not so pronounced as has generally been the case.

Writing under date of Nov. 15, 1881, Captain Martin says: "I find that pollock will mesh as well as codfish. The first night the schooner Maud Gertrude set her nets, twelve in number, they caught 3,000 pounds of pollock and 2,000 pounds of cod. The nets were set on 'Brown's.' [This is a small rocky shoal lying off to the southward of Eastern Point, at the entrance to Gloucester harbor.] * * * Captain Gill told me that if the nets had eight-inch meshes, they could get them full of pollock. The ten-inch mesh catches large pollock, some of them weighing 20, 21 and 2½ pounds." The nets are often very badly torn by the pollock, which is well known to be a remarkably strong and active fish.

It does not seem necessary that I should go into detailed statements of statistics of the amount taken each season, since the following instances that are given of catches made on various occasions will, I think, serve to convey a fair idea of the results obtained.

Although the winter of 1881-'82 was unquestionably the least productive of any season since the introduction of gill-nets into the shore codfishery, we find that the catches were

* Captain S. J. Martin, writing from Gloucester to Professor Baird under date of Jan. 7, 1884, says: "In Ipswich Bay the fish are in one place. Four hundred nets are set in a place one-half mile wide by one-half mile long. The nets are across one another. The vessels have set their nets all over the bay, but find only a few scattering fish except in that one spot. There they get good hauls every morning when there is a chance to haul the nets. * * * The fishermen think strangely of the fish being in one place. They can find nothing (here) to keep them alive."

often of considerable magnitude. For instance, Captain Martin mentions the following facts: Early in November, twelve nets in Ipswich Bay caught 12,000 pounds of cod in two nights' fishing. A little later the Northern Eagle landed 35,000 pounds of large cod from an eight days' trip, stocking \$800, and each of her crew sharing \$68. Captain Martin, writing under date of Dec. 6, said that during the previous week there were 145,000 pounds of codfish caught in gillnets, and he makes this remark: "If it were not for the gillnets we could not get fish enough to eat." He also says: "All the vessels that were fishing with trawls are getting nets."

Again on Dec. 23, he states: "There were 165,000 pounds of codfish caught in gillnets last week." This, too, was when codfish were remarkably scarce upon the shore grounds, and when there was only a small fleet of about 25 or 30 vessels engaged in the net fishery.

The importance of the introduction of the method of catching codfish with gillnets was more fully demonstrated than ever before in the winter of 1882-'83, and the operations carried on during that season in the inshore fisheries may be considered as having first fully established this method of fishing in New England; since, previous to that time, there had been many persons rather skeptical as to the benefits that might be derived from the use of nets for catching cod.

Owing to the almost total failure of the bait supply in the latter part of 1882 and the beginning of 1883, it was found impracticable to carry on the shore codfishery by the old method of hook-and-line fishing. Such a scarcity of bait had never been previously known, and if the fishermen had been ignorant of the use of gillnets for the capture of cod, a valuable and important industry must have been almost abandoned, for that season at least, while it may be considered probable that the scarcity of fresh cod, which would have resulted, must have increased the price in our markets very materially, possibly, in some cases, to such an extent as practically to place this desirable article of food beyond the reach of the masses. But during the two previous years the New England fishermen had learned a great deal about catching codfish in nets, not only by practical experience but also from an illustrated pamphlet, containing descriptions of all the methods, which had been freely circulated by Professor Baird. The fishermen were, therefore, prepared to meet this unforeseen emergency—an almost entire absence of bait. Instead of being compelled to give up the shore codfishery, as they otherwise must have done, they met with a success which had seldom or never before been equalled. Such results were obtained by the use of gillnets, that the local papers in the fishing ports contained frequent notices of successful catches. As an instance may be mentioned the following from the Cape Ann Advertiser, Dec. 8, entitled "The Good Results of Net Cod Fishing." On Tuesday, Dec. 4, boat Equal, with two men, took 5,000 pounds of large codfish in seven nets off shore, sharing \$40 each. The Rising Star has stocked \$1,200 the past fortnight fishing in Ipswich Bay. The Morrill Boy has shared \$100 to a man net-fishing off this shore the past three weeks.

The Morrill Boy met with unexampled success, her crew of five men having shared \$520 apiece, clear of all expenses, by the last of December, the time employed being less than six weeks.

From the port of Gloucester alone, according to Capt. Martin, there were employed in the gillnet codfishery during December, 1882, twenty vessels, carrying 124 men and 176 nets. In the period between November 19 and the last of December, 600,000 pounds of large shore cod were landed in Gloucester, while 150,000 pounds were marketed at Rockport and Portsmouth, making a grand total of 750,000 pounds. When to this is added the amount which was probably taken by the vessels from other ports, it is perhaps safe to say that no less than 2,000,000 pounds of this highly valued and most excellent food-fish were caught in nets during the month of December and the latter part of November.

In the early part of the winter 1882-'83 codfish were taken in nets in great abundance on the rocky shoals of Massachusetts Bay. After the beginning of January, however, the fish were found to be most abundant in Ipswich Bay; and, in consequence of this, the fleet of shore cod fishermen resorted to that locality, where they met with the most remarkable success, the catch during the first month of 1883 being, it is said, much larger than at any previous time. According to Captain Martin's report for January, 1883, 121,000 pounds of netted cod were landed in Gloucester during the month. Writing to Professor Baird, under date of February 6, he made the statement that "ten sail of small vessels which had been fishing in Ipswich Bay, had landed at Rockport, Mass., and Portsmouth, N. H., during the previous twenty days, 230,000 pounds of large codfish." Calculating on this basis, the total catch of the whole fleet during the month of January, 1883, must have been very large.

It was not, however, until the winter of 1883-'84 that the real value and importance of the introduction of gillnets into our codfisheries could be fully and fairly estimated. The results obtained during the winter of 1882-'83 had inspired the fishermen with more confidence to engage in the net fishing in the succeeding fall. Consequently, we find that the shore fishermen were prosecuting this method of fishing earlier in the season than ever before, even employing it for the capture of pollock before the winter school of cod had reached the shore grounds. This method of fishing was found especially well adapted for taking the large pollock which generally visit, in the fall, the inshore fishing grounds in Massachusetts Bay. The singular fact was also discovered that many of the finest pollock, like the cod, may be taken with nets when they utterly refuse to bite a hook, and, consequently, cannot be captured by the old methods.

Writing under date of Oct. 28, 1883, Captain Martin says: "Pollock and cod had been scarce this fall. Forty sail of small craft, which were out two days on the pollock grounds, came in with 2,000 pounds. Captain Gill, of the boat Gracie, had four cod nets given him that were worn out in catching codfish last winter. He set them, together with two new ones, and the first night he caught 5,500 pounds of pollock and 400 pounds of codfish. The pollock averaged 2½ pounds apiece, while those caught on hand lines averaged 1½ pounds apiece. * * * There are three boats which have nets set. They catch three times as much pollock and three times as much codfish as they do on hand-lines. There will be more cod gillnets used this winter than there have been since they began to use them. * * * There are no sperling this fall, so that the most of the boats will use nets." Under date of Oct. 31, 1883, he gives the following statement, which shows in a most striking manner the advantages that are sometimes derived from the use of gillnets, and, at the same time, affords us an insight into the way in which the fishermen are often induced to adopt this method of fishing: "The schooner S. W. Craig, of Portland, one of the high-line pollock catchers," says Captain Martin, "was in here last Wednesday. I went aboard to see the skipper and to gain what information I could concerning the pollock fishery. The conversation ran thus: 'How do you find the pollock, Captain?' 'Pollock! there ain't none. I have been out two days with twelve men and got 2,000 pounds—that is bad enough.' I said: 'They are catching a good many pollock in nets. Do you see that small boat coming?' 'That is Horace Wiley's; he caught 3,000 pounds the night before last, and caught as many last night. He has got nets.' 'Where does he catch them?' 'Off on a spot of rocks called Brown's.' The Captain said: 'I will get some new sperling to-night, and go off where they have got their nets set. We will give them a try, if we can get some sperling.' I answered: 'Cap., it is no use to go where they have got their nets set. If you do you will get no fish.' He replied: 'That he hanged for a yarn. I think you can catch fish with sperling as well as you can with nets.' I said: 'No, sir, you can't do.'"

"The next day he went out with some new sperling to where

Wiley was hauling his nets. [The latter had picked out a dory full of cod and pollock, about 2,000 pounds.] He let go his anchor close to the nets and gave the order, 'All hands over lines.' He lay there two hours, but did not catch a fish.

"I was aboard again yesterday, and said: 'Captain, how did they bite where the nets were?' 'That beat all,' he replied; 'we never felt a bite. I am going to Boston to order twenty-five nets.'"

The boat Gracie, which began fishing with nets the middle of October, did remarkably well; her crew made \$145 apiece up to Nov. 11. According to Captain Martin she had landed 15,000 pounds of large cod and 30,000 pounds of large pollock, and he writes: "Some of the line fishermen have not caught as much as 10,000 pounds in the same time. * * * All the shore fishing will be done with nets this winter, as the sperling are scarce." This success had the effect to induce others to engage in this fishery, and at the date just given (Nov. 11) there were ten boats using nets. Each one was provided with fifteen nets, each 50 fathoms long, 2½ fathoms deep, with a ½-inch mesh.

The first vessel to go to Ipswich Bay began fishing there early in November, and on her first trip, with only five nets, she caught 6,000 pounds. By Nov. 18, there were 26 boats setting 390 nets in Massachusetts Bay. This would make 39,000 yards of netting. Besides this there were two or three vessels in Ipswich Bay, and the schooner Onward, which left Gloucester that day to go round the cape, had a gang of 35 nets. The little schooner Morrill Boy, previously alluded to, set her nets for the first time on the Sunday preceding Nov. 18, and at the last mentioned date she had landed 43,000 pounds of cod and pollock, stocking \$1,066.75. There were seven men in the crew, who shared \$124 for their week's work, and this, too, when two days of the time were lost on account of high winds. On one day (Wednesday) they made \$50 to a man. At the same time bait was so scarce and difficult to obtain that the hook and line fishermen could do almost nothing. Sperling, when obtainable at all, brought the high price of fifty cents a bucketful, which was a very heavy tax on the cod fishermen. On the six days ending Nov. 25, 487,000 pounds of cod and pollock were taken in gillnets set in Massachusetts Bay, and during the same time four small gillnetting vessels caught 55,000 pounds of fish in Ipswich Bay. Writing under the last-mentioned date, Capt. Martin says that "about all the fish caught inshore is by nets, and he also remarks that 'if they could be knit fast enough the whole fleet would have nets.' So urgent was the demand for cod nets at that time that many of the women at Gloucester were employed in making them. Capt. Martin tells us that 'everybody is at work,' and he continues: 'A great winter's work is anticipated.' By the latter part of November the fleet of netters had increased to thirty-five vessels, and it is probable that a larger number might have been engaged in this fishery at that date if they could have obtained gear. The fishermen were often bothered to get nets, and on one occasion several boats had to wait four days to get a supply of glass floats, which are so essential in this fishery. By the last of January the fleet numbered fifty-two vessels, which appears to be the maximum, for about the middle of March only forty-two schooners were engaged in netting, a few of the boats having probably worn out their nets, and not caring to refit so late in the season, left shore fishing to go to the outer banks, or else, perhaps, to fit out for the spring mackerel fishery. In addition to the vessels a few open boats engaged in the gillnet codfishery last winter, and as early as December, according to Capt. Martin, five dories were thus employed from Salisbury, each having three nets.

The gillnet fishery has not been exempt from loss of gear though, perhaps, this loss is much less than it would be if trawls only were used. In a gale that occurred Jan. 4, 1884, considerable property was destroyed or injured. Captain Martin reports that thirty-five nets were lost and many others badly damaged. "No fish," he says, "were caught for four days after the storm." Curiously enough, the fishermen say that they never get many fish just previous to a heavy storm, and the netters have learned by experience that a sudden falling off in the catch is generally an indication of the near approach of bad weather. Another feature of the net fishing is that, in addition to various species of the Gadidae which have been taken, porpoises (locally called "puffers"), monkfish or fishing frogs, and dogfish (*Squalus*) have been caught, though, fortunately, the latter, which are considered especially obnoxious by net fishermen, are not on the coast during the coldest weather.

In addition to the instances already given of catches made last winter, the following have been recorded: For the week ending Dec. 9, 1883, there were landed at Gloucester 590,000 pounds of netted fish, while 84,000 pounds were marketed at the two ports of Rockport and Portsmouth, the week's catch amounting to the total of 674,000 pounds. The following week Gloucester received 430,000 pounds, Rockport and Portsmouth a total of 81,000, and Swampscott 48,000, making a total of 559,000 pounds. This large amount was taken, too, when the weather was so unfavorable that nothing could be done for three nights and days of the week. For the week ending March 23, 1884, 530,000 pounds of cod that had been caught in gillnets were landed. For the week ending March 30, 1884, 18 vessels landed 489,000 pounds. The following statement of the total amount of fish captured by the use of gillnets during the past winter has been compiled for me by Mr. C. W. Smiley from the notes of Captain Martin, who has made it a special object to collect all possible statistics and information, relative to this important branch of the fisheries.

TOTAL AMOUNT OF FISH LANDED FROM GILLNETS FROM OCTOBER, 1883, TO APRIL, 1884, INCLUSIVE.

Month.	Cod, Pounds.	Pollock Pounds.	Haddock Pounds.	Hake, Pounds.	Cusk, Pounds.	Grand Total.
October, 1883.....	35,500	573,000	45,000	36,000	80,000	719,500
November, 1883....	1,275,500	185,000	249,000	29,200	9,000	1,788,500
December, 1883....	1,372,000	3,900	384,000		15,000	1,855,000
January, 1884.....	937,000		40,000			977,000
February, 1884....	923,000		75,000			998,000
March, 1884.....	1,248,000					1,248,000
April, 1883.....	705,000					705,000
Total.....	6,492,000	761,000	673,000	59,200	54,000	8,039,300

An important matter for consideration in connection with the cod gillnet fishery, is that not only can fishing be successfully carried on even when bait is not obtainable (for of course no bait is required when nets are used), but there is a very great saving of money and time that must be expended in procuring the bait and baiting the lines when hook and line fishing is followed. As an instance of the expense involved, it may be stated that the average bait bill of a shore trawler is not, under ordinary circumstances, less than from \$150 to \$250 per month, when herring are as high as they usually are in winter. It is, therefore, safe to estimate that when as many vessels are employed in gillnetting as there has been during the past two winters, the money saved to the fishermen, which otherwise must have been paid for bait, could not be less than from \$30,000 to \$70,000 each season. Besides this, a very large percentage of the time is saved, as has been stated, that otherwise must have been lost in seeking for bait.

In pursuing the cod gillnet fishery, fishermen have been to some extent handicapped by the rotting of their nets, and in some cases—more especially in the fall, when the waters are filled with animal life—the nets have decayed very rapidly, so that they have been found quite unfitted for use after being in the water for five or six weeks. While at Gloucester last fall

I had this matter brought to my attention by fishermen, who were anxious to obtain some preservative which would prevent their nets from rotting. I addressed a letter to Prof. Baird on the subject, and the result was that, the matter having been brought to the notice of Messrs. Horner & Hyde, of Baltimore, by Major T. B. Ferguson, Deputy United States Fish Commissioner, those gentlemen forwarded to Gloucester a barrel of their net preservative for the purpose of having its merits tested on the cod gillnets. It was applied to a portion of the nets of several small vessels in January last, and after the apparatus had been in use from that time to the middle of April sections of the net so prepared were forwarded to me at Washington, together with a statement by Capt. Martin as to what the fishermen said regarding its use. Previous to this, however, I had talked with some of the fishermen concerning the nets treated with Horner & Hyde's preservative, and they asserted very positively that not only did it prevent the nets from rotting, but that they were fully impressed with the idea that a great many more fish were caught in nets so treated than in others prepared in the ordinary way. The sample of netting sent me by Capt. Martin shows little sign of deterioration, notwithstanding the fact that the net from which it was taken had been in constant use for upward of three months.

Whether future trials of this material will sustain the statements made by the fishermen who have already experimented with it, I am unable to say; but, if such should be the case, there can be no question but that a very important step has been attained through the efforts of the Commission in perfecting the work of cod gillnetting, which it commenced in American waters five years ago.*

*It is, perhaps, proper to state here that some of the North Carolina fishermen who have tried Horner & Hyde's treatment on their nets, have complained most bitterly that their gear was much injured if not almost ruined by it. I have seen copies of two letters from fishermen of the South containing such complaints. This being the case, it will, perhaps, require a longer test to settle definitely whether or not this treatment has all the merit that the Gloucester fishermen say it has, though it is altogether possible the conditions being so very different—that what might give excellent satisfaction when properly applied and used in the ocean fisheries might prove a failure under other conditions.

In this connection it may be well to say that last winter nets cost \$14.25 a piece, and that glass floats could not be obtained cheaper than twenty-two cents each. It will therefore be seen that a "set of gear" for a vessel carrying thirty to thirty-five nets costs a considerable sum, and if these had to be renewed every few weeks it was a material drawback to the prosperity of the fishery.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

Oct. 16, 17 and 18.—National Breeders' Show, Industrial Art Hall, Philadelphia, Pa. James Watson, Secretary, P. O. Box 770. Entries close Oct. 15.

Oct. 21, 22, 23 and 24.—First Annual Fall Bench Show of the Westminster Kennel Club, Madison Square Garden, New York. Entries close Oct. 6. Mr. Chas. Lincoln, Superintendent.

Dec. 16, 17 and 19.—Third Bench Show of the Southern Massachusetts Poultry Association, Taunton, Mass. Wm. C. Davenport, Assistant Secretary.

Jan. 10 to 14, 1885.—World's Exposition Bench Show, New Orleans, La. Mr. Chas. Lincoln, Superintendent.

March 3, 4, 5 and 6, 1885.—Second Annual Bench Show of the Cincinnati Sportsman's Club, Cincinnati, O. Charles Lincoln, Superintendent.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov.—Third Annual Trials of the Robins Island Club, Robins Island, L. I. Open to members only. Mr. A. G. Plummer, Secretary.

Nov. 17.—Sixth Annual Trials of the Eastern Field Trials Club, at High Point, N. C. W. A. Coster, Secretary, Flatbush, L. I.

Nov. 17.—First Annual Trials of the Fisher's Island Club, Fisher's Island, N. Y. Open to members only. Mr. Max Wenzel, Secretary, Hoboken, N. J.

Dec. 2.—Second Annual Trials of the Pacific Coast Field Trials Club at Walllow Timber, Cal. N. E. White, Secretary, Sacramento, Cal.

Dec. 8.—Sixth Annual Trials of the National American Kennel Club at Canton, Miss. D. Bryson, Secretary, Memphis, Tenn.

Dec. 15.—Southern Sportsmen's Association Trials, Canton, Miss. Mr. T. K. Renaud, Secretary, New Orleans, La.

A. K. R.

THE AMERICAN KENNEL REGISTER, for the registration of pedigrees, etc. (with prize lists of all shows and trials), is published every month. Entries close on the 1st. Should be in early. Entry blanks sent on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope. Registration fee (25 cents) must accompany each entry. No entries inserted unless paid in advance. Yearly subscription \$1. Address "American Kennel Register," P. O. Box 2833, New York. Number of entries already printed 1644. Volume I, bound in cloth, sent postpaid, \$1.50.

MODERN JOURNALISM.

"A MAN has an unquestionable right to recognize the character of his own efforts, and to expect that they will be repaid in proportion to what they have cost him. There is no egotism and no presumption in this. It is simply a matter of proper appreciation and of simple justice, founded upon natural law which decrees that results shall follow causes."—*The Sportsman's ("Independent") Journal*, Sept. 13, 1884.

Editor Forest and Stream:

My last letter to your paper has drawn out two columns more of personal abuse and wilful misrepresentation from the editor of your Western contemporary, the sportsman's journal, whose reputation for dodging is so well known. Knowing the character I had in hand, and being fully aware of his ability to wriggle through the smallest loop hole, when brought face to face with his trickery and corrupt acts, I was careful to confine my remarks to statements in his own paper and from his own pen. True to his record, he has, after a fortnight's rest (being as usual "crowded out" during that time), concocted several malicious and deliberate falsehoods concerning myself, and because I did not encroach upon your valuable space, to the extent of quoting all the flattering allusions to me in his "Independent" paper, he accuses me of "manipulating." At the same time he virtually admits the exposure of his trickery, and proves the foundation of his paper to be disreputable and corrupt, and therefore unworthy the support of respectable people. I have always argued, that no matter how a paper is conducted, if its principal is dishonorable and stands charged with offenses of a corrupt nature, it should not be permitted to pass the threshold of any respectable dwelling, much less should it ever be allowed within the reach of a man's family. A rotten foundation invariably means a shaky, and finally a falling house. By the same sense of argument, what a man allows his children to peruse must he expect to be grafted to their memory, and reap good or bad results in the future. It is, Mr. Editor, to your independent columns, and those of that excellent monthly, the *Kennel Register*, that all good dog lovers look for reform of present abuses. Unless independent and fearless papers bestir themselves the inevitable must come, which means that the appearance of our dogs will be ruined and our dog shows and field trials will be run in the interest of a small but unscrupulous "ring." I have done my share during the last six months to expose the "dirty work" and the mere fact that my position is now stronger than it ever was before proves the weakness of a case which has had the support of fifteen columns of editorial slander and malicious abuse, never to speak of a score or more of anonymous letters, most if not

all of which were written in the editor's office. For myself I may say that no "deal" can be arranged with me. When I am silenced justice shall have been done, and when the blessings of peace dethrone the horrors of war, that peace shall be peace with honor. My case has been too strong from the first for it ever to be shaken by the villainous attacks of an individual charged with offenses blacker than have ever previously been placed at the door of the editor of a sportsman's, or would-be sportsman's journal. I am told that when the outrageous and unprincipled attack on Mr. Davidson was over his villain boasted that he had sent an arrow to his (Davidson's) heart which could never be withdrawn. But time, the healer of all wounds, has shown one man to be honest and the other corrupt. A public, misguided for a while, has finally rendered an unanimous verdict in favor of the attacked. In the future the public will be guided only by such evidence as it knows to be true.

Precisely the same tactics have been resorted to in the case of myself. The same kinds of editorials indulged in, supported by the usual anonymous letters praising the editor for his "justice" and his "high minded conduct." There have been the same attempts to influence and to gag the independent press, but the scheme failed. Arrows were made out of every sort of wood, but they failed to reach my heart—corruption had unstayed the hand of their maker and exposure to fraud had bent his bow double, and rotted its string. Because I would not knuckle down to a person who had previously admitted to me (in conversation at the New York show of 1881) his total ignorance of every breed of dog, who had in my presence pronounced a dog minus two ribs the best specimen ever seen in America, a person who had passed his hands over the places where those ribs were taken out and failed to discover their removal, an individual who had the audacity to expect me, how to his will, write a report in support of his own views and gull a confident public because I would not sell my convictions, a "select" meeting was called at the last Chicago show (press of business prevents editor attending shows in any other State than Illinois) at which it was decided that "we will go for Mason." The prelude was the "high-minded letter" "What is Beaufort?" which was supposed by some people to have been written from New York. Then followed those "high-minded," independent (?) and very logical editorials, the first of which drew from a gentleman connected with an English paper the remark that the editor "is insane." They were supported (?) by the usual intelligent anonymous letters, a most substantial indorsement of the editor's courage and of the independent standing of his paper. It was about this time that the great exponent of "Christian charity" wrote to England asking a gentleman to "write something about Mason." But the gentleman didn't know of anything to write about that would serve the purpose of the sportsman's (independent) journal. Mr. Dalziel, however, had a little shot at me about bragging. I forgave him cheerfully for he had not at that time read one-half the controversy. When he did read it, I venture to say his keen scent put him on the track of some very shady work. Certainly Mr. Dalziel never has been an advocate for Bang Bang letters, or for judges letting their dogs out to exhibitors for competition under their own judgship; neither was he, when I was in England, a friend to false pedigrees and similar frauds. But why did not "the petty canine czar" quote from his favorite paper, the *Shooting Times*, as well as from Mr. Dalziel's letter. Had he done this, his readers few though the answer would have read: "We are surprised to see Mr. Mason going in for that sort of thing. We knew him personally, and he was a gentlemanly, quiet and unassuming man, whom we would have thought the very last to start a solid protest against a judge. However, possibly he may have had some strong reasons for thus departing from the beaten track; but what those reasons may be we know not." By this time the *Shooting Times* will know what those reasons are, and it will also have learned that when I discover disreputable practices striking to the very heart of dogs, dog shows and field trials, or when I find a Punic press attempting to override the public to the detriment of the best interests of dog lovers, I am not, after all, such a quiet being.

I have not until recently had the slightest intention of replying to the insulting concocted queries put to me by the editor of the sportsman's "independent" journal, as anything from his pen is judged by the same standard as he himself is judged. But several of my friends have urged me to notice those questions, their argument being that those people who have not followed his writings, watched his career and read his history may be gayed into placing some reliance on his statements. Such people might possibly be numbered by the fingers of one hand; nevertheless, I will, by your courtesy, reply. Those who know me best, have, of course, been fully aware from the first that each accusation was false in every particular, but they argue that my silence is the incentive to further concoctions, and so I will, acting in accordance with your sentiments, expressed in "Concerning Dictatorship," hand the case over for the arbitrament of the public. There shall be no "dodging" on my part, and I do not intend to tolerate any when I put a few questions in return.

Concoction No. 1 is as follows: "After the last New York show, Mr. Mason made a remark to a gentleman (whose name we will give when Mr. Mason denies the statement), that he intended to devote the remainder of his life to breaking up legitimate shows." This is a malicious and deliberate concoction, and I now summon the individual who made it to give the gentleman's name. What I have said a hundred times, and now repeat is, that I would never rest until I had exposed some of the trickery that was going on. I have been true to my word (*vide pointer controversy*). The gentleman's name will tell what truth there is in the statement.

2. "Can he [myself] tell us of an American judge doing what he did at the Washington show, which was before judging the pointers, to declare: 'A pointer would get the award this time, not such a thing as Duchess, which would get a pointer at all. Furthermore, he had a gentleman to whom he sold this understand that the pointer bitch which he had sold some time previously, would be awarded the prize. Mr. Garrett Roach withdrew Duchess." This is a mean, contemptible concoction, and I challenge the perpetrator of it to give proof of his statement or stand convicted of something infinitely worse than falsehood. The character who puts the question to me was, as usual, not at the show, neither was his reporter. He wrote me that he had great confidence in my ability as a judge, and would esteem it a favor if I would report the show for him, adding the request that he would like me to keep the matter strictly quiet; he wished his reporter to have the credit of my judgment. I did write a report, a conscientious report, in which I pointed out the good and bad qualities of several dogs owned by his friends and by stockholders in the paper. Dogs which by him had been represented as the best in the world were criticised fairly and squarely according to merit. Outside of every other consideration, my position and reputation would not have permitted me to indorse the blundering, untrustworthy reports of such a novice. My report was suppressed. "It never reached Chicago," though I mailed it myself at the New York general office—nevertheless he paid my charges for it. Had he received it, I should not at all probability have made any charge, as "he did not receive it," I made him pay for it. I was not alive to all his dodges at that time, though I had been warned to "be wary." A score or more gentlemen can testify that as soon as I reached the show Mr. Lincoln asked me to judge the setters for him, and I had not even the time allowed to bench my own dogs before I was called into the ring. Duchess was never even alluded to by me. Mr. Roach withdrew her, knowing that I object to black nose and eyes in a lemon and white pointer.

3. "Will Mr. Mason explain the sale of the pointer Chancellor

to a gentleman of Baltimore as a first-class field dog when he was utterly worthless?" Misrepresentation again. I sold the dog for \$75 and never did represent him as a first-class field dog, though I stated that he was represented to me as a good field dog. The purchaser wrote me that he was much pleased with the dog. A month later he wished to return it; I objected, and should always do so under similar circumstances.

4. "Can Mr. Mason cite us an instance of a more ungentlemanly act and a more outrageous breach of confidence than the manner in which he obtained Beaufort?" There was no breach of confidence on my part in any shape or form, as Mr. Nixon can and I hope will testify, and this is but another illustration of the corruption of the "petty canine czar." A gentleman who had the refusal of Beaufort came to me and made known to me that if I wished to purchase Beaufort it should be done at once, as somebody else (Mr. Thayer I think he said) was after the dog. I therefore instructed the gentleman who had the refusal of the dog to purchase in my behalf if he could get the dog for \$1,000 or near that price. He did buy Beaufort and I handed him a check for \$1,000, which sum was forwarded to Mr. Nixon by Adams Express. I hold the receipt for the money, also Mr. Nixon's receipt, and I now challenge the exponent of fair play and "Christian charity" to give proof of a breach of confidence on my part. If he does not furnish such proof I will bring another charge against him, and he can then repeat the following, which I take from his independent (?) paper, New York (?) and Chicago, Sept. 13, 1884: "When the abundant fruits of honest, manly labor are brought home and the laborers see in them ample provision for the future, there mingles with the sense of security a justifiable feeling of pride that the harvest has been fairly earned and is nothing more than the well-deserved reward of faithful toil."

5. "Will Mr. Mason give us the true version of the Paddelford matter?" This question is asked Aug. 16, and in the same issue I read, "He (Mr. Mason) shall never pollute our columns." I fail to see how I could give the information to "us" when "we" closed "our" columns to a reply. But this is modern journalism as set forth by the advocate for "Christian charity," "honest, manly labor," etc., etc. The same notorious advocate writes (Oct. 11, 1884), "We believe in dealing fairly with every one, and consider a lie the poorest investment possible." No wonder, when a paper is heavily freighted with such investments, that one of the stockholders (a Pittsburgh gentleman) should have offered his shares for sale for 50 cents at the last New York show. No takers. Well, I cheerfully give the true and only version of the Paddelford matter. Mr. P. wished to purchase some of my dogs when I sold out my kennel, and I let him have them at the best prices I could get for them. One or two of the dogs had been grossly misrepresented by the sportsman's independent journal, "New York and Chicago," and possibly these dogs brought a better price than they were really worth. But I have generally understood that when a man has an article for sale, he not unusually gets rid of it to the best possible advantage, so long as he does not misrepresent, and is willing to allow a careful examination of such article. This I believe to be business all the world over, and I am supported in my views by the fact that the individual who asks the question of me, sells his "independent" paper every Saturday for ten cents a copy when it is really not worth two cents a copy. The difference between the two transactions lies right here. When I disposed of my dogs I sold them and nothing else. But when my interrogator sells his paper, he sells the public at the same time. I trust this explanation is satisfactory and free from "dodging."

6. The infamous concoction of my having tried to influence a decision of the judge at the Pittsburgh show of 1883, has been pronounced false in every particular by the judge himself, and the worthy parent has been compelled to print a denial and eat his own words. If his reputation as a corrupt trickster is not established it never will be until he meets the charges I will bring against him.

7. "Now, let this mass of concentrated purity (?) [myself] answer us if he ever knew an American judge to sell a lot of dogs, become the manager of the kennel, accept the position to judge the classes to which the dogs belonged, and in which he knew they would be entered, accompany them to the show, judge them, and award them the prizes." The man does not live who can prove me guilty of such conduct and I now call for proof. The mere assertion by a corrupt person is not evidence, never was, never will be. But why does this individual ask the question, when he had previously written me to ascertain if there was any truth in the report and I denied that there was. I was not the manager for any man at the time of the London show, neither did I accompany any dogs to the show. I demand evidence without any dodging. "We believe in dealing fairly with every one and consider a lie the poorest investment possible."

8. "Was it the act of a man who desired purity in judges, when taking his dog in the ring at the last New York show, to tell Mr. Dana, the judge, in a low tone, that he had beaten Hero at the New Haven show?" It is untrue that I told Mr. Dana I had beaten Hero. It has too much become the fashion for men to beat dogs, and the practice has been encouraged for years by the sportsman's "independent" journal, hence the editor thinks that whenever a dog wins, the owner has "fixed it." I cheerfully admit having told Mr. Dana, but not in a low tone, that Nevison (not myself) beat Hero at New Haven. I believe that when a man has shown his utter inability to judge mastiffs by any standard (*vide sportsman's "independent" journal's* report of the New York show, 1881), he should judge them by record and be told what the record is, or, like another judge, have the classes judged for him before he goes into the ring. These are my views, right or wrong, and I will defend them.

To clear himself of what he wrote of me before I refused to be influenced by him, the "petty canine czar" says he printed what I told him to print. Really, I don't think he told any more than he gathered from the English papers, from which he loves to swell his columns every week. But is it not a new departure in journalism to pack a paper with any trash people may tell the editor to write? This confession of how the paper is "padded" scarcely warrants a charge of "padding" against the papers which expose such thorough rot. Mr. Llewellyn's "rival" must have been trying to perpetrate a huge joke when he wrote that at the London show I was "sandwiched in between two honest and competent men, Messrs. Taylor and Lincoln." However, perhaps he is aware that very frequently the best part of a sandwich is in the middle.

Now it's my turn to put a few questions to the editor of the sportsman's "independent" journal, the National American Kennel Club Stud Book, and other defunct organs. I request that my questions be answered without any dodging. Perhaps our only (?) authority will lament the "rarities of Christian charity," but has he not written (New York (?) and Chicago, Aug. 23, 1884) "When a man expresses an opinion or performs an act, it is understood that those to whom such is addressed or who are affected by it, have the right of reply." The speaker or actor cannot object to this, as he knows beforehand that he will lay himself open to it, and if he does not wish to encounter it he has only to keep his ideas to himself. * * * No man has a right to expect that his blunders or his wrong doing will be permitted to pass unchallenged." Precisely so. Now.

1. Who offered a "solid silver cup" at a field trial, which cup was won by Grouse Dale?

2. Did Mr. Buckingham, the owner of Grouse Dale, ever get that cup? If so, when did he get it?

3. Is it honest on the part of any individual who has never passed even a preliminary examination to dub himself Dr. (before his name)?

4. How can a paper be edited in New York and Chicago when its editor and manager never enters New York State?

5. Why does its editor never enter New York State?

6. Who pocketed the subscriptions to the N. A. K. C. Stud Book?

7. Who borrowed Mr. Tom Jerome's Gordon setter, sold the dog for \$200, and pocketed the money?

For the present I will content myself with seven questions, which is one less than asked of me and which I have answered. True, I have some more in pickle, one of which is exceedingly choice, but let these be answered first without any dodging, just by way of a start, and to assist in gathering in the "fruits of honest, manly labor." Then in my next I will show your readers what modern journalism really is; just one example, however, before I take my leave:

Sportsman's ("Independent") Letter from the editor of the journal, New York and Chicago, sportsman's "independent" journal, Aug. 23, 1884. "It seems very odd: Chicago, June 24, 1881. difficult for some men to differ C. H. Mason, Esq.; Dear Sir,—with their fellows in a gentle- * * * In conclusion you can go manly manner." to the devil."

CHAS. H. MASON.

WEST BRIGHTON, Staten Island, Oct. 14, 1884.

NATIONAL BREEDERS' DOG SHOW.

Editor Forest and Stream:

One duty remains for me to perform, and one which I freely acknowledge my inability to perform, at least with satisfaction to myself. It is to thank you for the manner in which you have supported the National Breeders' Dog Show. Notwithstanding the fact which you so clearly set forth that the show was promoted and upheld by gentlemen whose very names should have carried conviction anywhere, that the judges were experts and selected for that reason alone, and that the financial backing was equal, if necessary, to paying the prizes tenfold, the project still lacked one thing—support from an independent, honest and respected journal. That the FOREST AND STREAM did us the great favor to supply, not rushing in blindly to support the project simply because it had been attacked, but exercising that caution which is the true foundation of progressive journalism, making sure of your ground. Knowing that I could, "without prejudice," as the lawyers say, place you in full possession of all my own knowledge in the case, I did so with full confidence that you would do justice without fear or favor.

I am aware, to some extent at least, of the attempts to coerce you toward a different course, but neither you nor I yet know the full extent of the deep-seated antagonism. I doubt if you would believe all I could tell of the conduct of persons who so far have been looked upon as above petty jealousy, but in this affair have gone so far as to insinuate what they knew to be false. One prominent judge even went so far as to personally canvas among Canadian exhibitors with a view of stopping their entering their dogs. Strange to say, however, the gentlemen whose promises he thought he had secured have entered at the National Breeders' Show. The Western "fly on the wheel," whose ground and lofty tumbling so admirably suits his character of the canine clown, has once more come to grief, but never before has he made such a lamentable failure. No prizes were to be paid unless sufficient money was taken at the door, no judges of any pretensions to respectability would be asked or consent to officiate, and no one would exhibit, because—well, because the man who fondly imagines he holds in his hands the destinies of the dog shows of the country said he would not support it. As I have already said, every rumor that would prejudice exhibitors, every statement that would for a moment pass current as truth, was mustered into the service, and what is the result? Simply this: The money to pay the prizes is now in my possession over and above all expenses yet to be met, the judges are unassailable on any score whatever (would they not have been attacked if it were otherwise), and we have an entry list which exceeds in point of numbers nearly every show, except that of the Westminster Kennel Club, even including those which received the lavish support of the great mogul (in his mind's eye, Horatio).

It was a square fight, and looking at it as a dog fight, I was decidedly the under dog, no question about that. I had some points in my favor; I may be wrong, perhaps, using the personal pronoun, but I had to do all the work, the gentlemen who were the financial support of the show were willing to stand to their guns, but they were the reserves and to me fell the duty of skirmishing, making and receiving charges and doing all I could to turn the tide of victory in favor of a new era of independence. Besides possessing the complete confidence of the supporters of the show, there were two things in my favor, the support of FOREST AND STREAM and the honesty of the enterprise. It was honesty against false representation, truth against falsehood and the still meaner lie which is half a lie. But what of the result? Well, the result is but half accomplished yet. The first half was the hardest bit of the fight, and we have pulled through away ahead of our expectations, and the enemy is demoralized. To-day and to-morrow are but a breathing spell during which we can figuratively flap our wings and crow our lustiest and then go at it again to put on the "gilt edge" by making the exhibition the most perfect and satisfactory exhibition, alike to the exhibitor and public which has yet been held. That is our aim and we do not mean to fall short of it.

It seems that I have overlooked the thanks due to you for the manner in which you have treated the National Breeder's Dog Show, and which was the initial object of this letter; allow me therefore to express to you my most sincere thanks for your most valuable assistance. Without that our present success could not have been attained; that is beyond question, therefore take as much as you like of the credit, and I am willing to give you all if you wish.

By the time the FOREST AND STREAM is out on Thursday morning, our three hundred odd dogs will be safely benched and the judging in progress. All the awards will be made on the first day, so that those who wish to see the judging can govern themselves accordingly. For those who prefer Friday there is a treat in store. I do not think it is any breach of confidence on my part to say that a well known Philadelphia gentleman, who never does things by halves, proposes to "receive" the visiting exhibitors, judges and others. On that score I need say no more.

JAMES WATSON, Secretary.

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 13.

RETRIEVING WOODCOCK.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have a young Llewellyn setter, about seventeen months old. I have worked him a little on woodcock, and have killed about forty birds over him, but have been unable to make him pick one up to retrieve. He will point them and hunt them as well as any old dog, and when birds fall he will find them and mouth over them as if he was chewing them all to pieces, but he has never bitten one at all. Please let me know how he can be made to retrieve them. He will bring a ball or a paper or anything like that which you throw out, but he seems to have an unconquerable dislike to pick the woodcock up. I have forced them into his mouth, but he rejects them instantly when I withdraw my hand. I have had other dogs take a bird from right under his nose, but all to no purpose.

The dog is not naturally timid or obstinate, and in other things I can easily manage him. I have looked in several works on dog breaking without finding anything that would aid me, and I would like very much to have your advice.

L. F.

[Many dogs appear to have a strong dislike to the taste of woodcock, and it is often quite a task to make them retrieve them. If our correspondent will study "Training vs. Breaking" he will perhaps obtain information that will be of use to him. We would advise that for the present no attempt be made to have him retrieve, and that he should not be allowed to mouth them. If a brace of dogs are used let the other one

do the retrieving, for which he should receive great praise. This course may stimulate your dog to overcome his repugnance. A knowledge of his disposition will enable you to select the proper time for a trial, which should not be made until the last of the season. When you ask him to retrieve, should he show any reluctance you may, perhaps, succeed by instantly turning and walking away from him as though you were going to leave the bird, at the same time calling him in just the manner that you would were there no bird there. We have often tried this plan with success. If he will retrieve other birds you will probably have not much trouble with him if this course is pursued.]

PHILADELPHIA KENNEL CLUB.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The regular yearly meeting of the Philadelphia Kennel Club took place on Oct. 7, when an election of the following officers took place for 1885: President, Samuel G. Dixon; Secretary and Treasurer, Benjamin C. Satterthwait, Jr.; Corresponding Secretary, W. H. Ashburner. The following members were elected on the Executive Committee: W. H. Child, Chas. T. Thompson, L. Shuster, Jr., J. Henry Roberts, E. Comfort, J. A. Stovell, Chas. Wescott, Geo. Esherick.

A number of gentlemen were also elected to membership.
W. H. ASHBURNER, Cor. Sec'y.

THE KENNEL HOSPITAL.

DISTEMPER.—ITS TREATMENT.

FROM what has been said in previous articles as to the nature and symptoms of distemper we may gather some important indications for its treatment. The disease is a fever, and it has been truly said, "You cannot cure but you may guide a fever." Many dogs recover from distemper without being given one single dose of medicine, and strange to say some recover in spite of very many doses. Recoveries also happen under courses of treatment—so far as drugs are concerned—diametrically opposite to each other in their action. The explanation of all this is that there is a natural tendency in the disease to recovery if only the dog be placed in favorable conditions. The disease, unless aggravated, runs a certain definite course, and it is our duty merely to assist nature by keeping the animal's internal economy in good order, and by protecting it from external injury. Remedies given with a view to out short the disease are always useless, and often injurious. We have no agent which can immediately remove the poison which exists in the blood, or which can at once restore to health the organs deranged by that poison. We can only assist nature to gradually eliminate from the blood through the natural channels of the body all deleterious matters. The indications to be observed in treating a case of distemper are: To guide the fever; to prevent any local complications; to keep up the dog's strength; and to protect him from irritants either within or without his body. The first essential step is to place the dog as soon as distemper is detected in a dry, well ventilated place, which must be kept night and day at as even a temperature as possible. In winter a certain amount of artificial warmth is advisable, but a hot room is to be avoided. Too much warmth causes fatigue and predisposes to the advent of nervous affections. A room with a big fire in it generally has cold draughts passing through it, and should the fire go out the fall of temperature is very great. No better place to treat a case of distemper can be found than in a well ventilated stable, if the floor be dry. At the very outset of the disease a mild dose of aperient medicine may be given, but emetics are always unnecessary. The dog vomits very easily, and is quite able to unload his stomach should it be too full. Violent retching only induces weakness, destroys the appetite, and may render the stomach dangerously irritable. Should the feverish symptoms be well marked, a teaspoonful of equal parts of sweet nitre and acetate of ammonia may be given twice a day. During the first day or two of distemper no alarm need be felt at the dog refusing food. He certainly ought not to be forced with soups and beef tea, especially when mixed with wine or spirits. Such a course upsets the stomach. Tempt him with anything he will eat, change the food, and leave none before him. The diet should always include a fair amount of animal food, and it should be remembered that meat is indigestible the more it is cooked; it is most easily digested in its raw state. About the fourth or fifth day small doses of tonics and stimulants may be given, and these should be administered in a form calculated to annoy the dog as little as possible. Bulky drenches and nasty tasting things should be avoided, as they excite and worry the patient to an extent often far in excess of any good they might otherwise do. The compound tincture of cinchona is a rather favorite medicine in distemper; but it is open to two objections—that dogs struggle against its administration, and that it is very apt to cause constipation.

Iron in some of its various medicinal forms is also often prescribed. It should never be given if the stomach is irritable, if any fever be present, or when the appetite is capricious. The best form of medicine is certainly a pill, as it can usually be hidden in a choice morsel of food, and if not is easily and rapidly given by force. A good tonic and stimulant pill may be made of quinine, $\frac{1}{2}$ -grain; nux vomica, $\frac{1}{4}$ -grain; nitrate of potash, 2 grains; ginger, 2 grains. This is for a small dog once daily, for a collie twice a day, and for a St. Bernard, perhaps, two pills twice a day. They should be given after food. When distemper has been neglected, or wrongly treated and very great debility exists, some stimulant is necessary, such as sherry or brandy, and this should always be given mixed with beef tea. When the stomach is irritable, we should avoid milk and all thickened soups. Vomiting is best treated with five-grain doses of nitrate of bismuth three or four times a day and by limiting the diet entirely to lean raw meat. If expense does not stand in the way, Brand's essence of beef is invaluable in cases of great gastric irritation. So long as the feeding is judiciously regulated, no bowel complications of a serious nature will arise. It must, however, be remembered that different articles of food produce very different effects upon the bowels. Liver and oatmeal have a laxative effect, while bread, rice, arrowroot, etc., have quite an opposite action. So long as the dog is not exposed to cold or to sudden changes of temperatures, no chest complications need be feared. The discharge from eyes and nose should be removed every morning with a damp sponge, and if the eyelids be anointed with a little oil or common zinc ointment every night, that glueing together which often occurs and annoys the dog will be prevented. Diarrhea, should it arise, suggests at once some change in the food. It may be met with small doses of port wine and powdered cinnamon. In bad cases tannin, catechu and opium may be necessary. Constipation should be guarded against by changing the food, but when marked must be relieved by mild aperients; the ordinary anti-bilious pills sold by chemists will do good; enemas are also useful. When convalescence approaches great care is requisite, as a chill quickly induces a relapse. Pot dogs must not too soon be washed, no matter how dirty they may have become. Exercise must also be recommenced very cautiously, as a violent frolic or a long run has frequently been followed by fits or paralysis. If it be known that a dog just affected by distemper is suffering from intestinal worms, an effort should be made to dislodge them before the dog gets weak from disease. When once debility exists it is very dangerous to use violent worm medicine. The different complications and sequelae of distemper will be fully considered in their proper places, so we need not here go into their treatment. They seldom appear if the dog be properly treated from the earliest appearance of disease. A simple uncomplicated case requires no further treatment than we have described, and complications will not arise if the little details of management pointed

out be carefully observed. The line of treatment here laid down is in accordance with the theory we have adopted as to the nature of the disease, but was not based simply upon it. It is the result of many years' experience, and its success seems to corroborate the truth of the theory.—Wm. Hunting, F.R.C.V.S., in *Land and Water*.

THE ESQUIMAU DOGS.

THE Esquimau dogs brought back by the Alert, and now on exhibition at the Philadelphia dog show, are thus described by the *Baltimore Sun*:

"Surgeon Howard E. Ames, of the late Greely relief expedition, who sent the Esquimau dogs to the park, arrived in Baltimore Wednesday night to remain some time. He is stopping at his father-in-law's, No. 235 North Broadway. Thursday morning he went out to Druid Hill Park to inspect the Esquimau dogs, and was much pleased to find them in good condition and at the excellent care taken of them. He thought, in order to give them exercise, it would be better to drive them a little each day, and for this reason arrangements were made for a little wagon to which they will be driven. The dogs in the Arctic regions lead a very active life, and when brought here, unless care is taken, die from troubles brought on by a restricted mode of living. The fine female dog Justina, which formed part of this team, has just died in New York. The dogs in the park are a part of a team of seven the expedition used. This whole team started for America on the Alert, and all but three died. Justina and the dogs in the park being the only survivors. Lady, one of the team, gave birth to pups before she died. Lieut. Emory, who commanded the Bear, has one of these, a male puppy, and Capt. Kirkland, at the New York Navy Yard, has a female puppy. These are the only four pure Esquimau dogs this side of the Arctic regions, Dr. Ames says. He hopes to keep them alive and raise some of the breed in this country.

Dr. Ames says that in the Danish colonies good sled dogs are always valuable. The price depends on the number of dogs in a settlement. The animals are subject to diseases that sometimes sweep them off in numbers. The team of which the dogs at the park are the residue was bought from Gov. Peterson, of Alaska, Greenland, for \$50, being \$8 apiece. He only parted with the dogs because he was going away. Capt. Hall, of the Polar, offered \$100 apiece for dogs, but could not get them. In summer dogs are not used, the country being too rough and hilly. If dogs cannot be had there is no means of transportation in winter. From two to nine dogs constitute a team. When harnessed up they stand from twenty to twenty-five feet from the sled, the harness running back from the shoulders and uniting in a single trace. Each dog's trace is attached singly to the sled. When the dogs start off they resemble an outstretched fan. They change places from time to time. When a dog gets tired of running on the outside he darts under several traces and comes up in the interior of the pack. These changes are made very quickly. The size of a team is in some measure graded by the amount of snow on the ground. Mostly the teams are composed of from five to seven dogs. The Esquimau sled weighs eighty pounds, and a team when traveling goes ninety miles a day. If the snow is deep and the dogs have to flounder through it up to their bellies they make about thirty miles a day. The traveling in the Arctic regions varies, as it does in other places, according to weather and circumstances. A single dog on smooth ice can pull 150 pounds, and generally each dog is given 75 pounds to pull.

In each team there is what is called a "king dog," who is master of the pack. He gains his supremacy by conquest, and mercilessly thrashes any of the pack who disobey him or dispute his authority. He is always a fine specimen of the Esquimau dog. The king dog of the team bought of Gov. Peterson was "Bas," the Esquimau for boss. He was a grand animal, and kept his companions full up to the mark when traveling or when in camp. While speeding his team over the wastes of snow he would occasionally discover a dog whose trace was not as taut as it might be. Instantly "Bas" would have him by the throat and administer a severe punishment. Bas and the delinquent would be dragged along rolling in the snow as the team swept on. They would soon pick themselves up and again fall into place. The animal so punished would not need the king's eye again that day. These dogs are exceedingly intelligent. The teams are clanish, and stay together when not harnessed up. If a dog strays into another team, or near one, he is immediately beset, and if not rescued by his comrades is killed. A fine dog carried from Newfoundland when the expedition started was killed in this way.

Esquimau dogs cannot do much in warm weather. In the Arctic regions there are no fleas and but few flies, but plenty of mosquitoes. The dogs go off in cool places to avoid these latter pests. The two dogs at the park will soon be sent to Philadelphia to be on exhibition at the dog show there. They will be returned to the park. Dr. Ames brought home a number of Newfoundland pups, but all have died but two. Newfoundland is, he says, the worst place to get pure Newfoundland dogs. An Englishman, however, has gone to raising them there. Most of the Newfoundland dogs on the island are crossed. The best dogs on the island are a cross of Newfoundland and water spaniel. The pups are worth \$20 each.

Dr. Ames has a lot of ancient Esquimau weapons for the hunt. He thinks the expeditions to the Arctic regions of interest from a scientific view, but of no practical value. He is ready at all times for life-saving expeditions, but does not expect to go on another Arctic expedition, which he considers a life-losing venture. He thinks the efforts in regard to the Arctic regions will be kept up, and that they will be successful, but at the cost of many lives and much money. Dr. Ames is a native of Baltimore.

DANBURY DOG SHOW.

THE third annual bench show of dogs in connection with the world-renowned Danbury Agricultural Fair, was held on the 8th, 9th, 10th and 11th inst. There were about 120 entries, and among them we recognized many of the most successful dogs that have been exhibited at our principal shows.

Messrs. Davis and Friedman attended to the benching, etc., and their untiring efforts toward the comfort of visitors as well as the dogs, we hope will insure them a much larger exhibit next year.

Dr. Geo. Walton, of Boston, Mass., adjudicated upon the setters, pointers and spaniels, and Mr. James Mortimer, of New York, upon all other classes. Following is a list of the

AWARDS.

MASTIFFS.—CHAMPION—*Bitch*: Herbert Mead's Aydah, 3yrs. (Pasha—Herpa).—OPEN—*Dogs*: 1st, Herbert Mead's Leo, 6yrs. (Jack—Dido). *Bitches*: 1st, G. Muhman's June, 4yrs.; 2d, Herbert Mead's Leonie, 1yrs. (King—Gipsy). Very high com. H. B. Smith's Tiney, 2yrs. (Ronce—Diana). *Puppies*: 1st, 2d and very high com. dogs, and 1st, bitches, Herbert Mead's four unnamed, 4mos. (Leo—Leonie).

ST. BERNARDS.—OPEN—*Dogs*: 1st, The Clovenhook Kennel's Samson, 20mos. (Monk II.—Sheila), only entry.

NEWFOUNDLANDS.—CHAMPION—*Dog*: J. A. Nickerson's Sam 2yrs. (Goliath—Dora).—OPEN—*Dogs*: 1st, N. L. Bowman's Ben; 2d, P. W. Goodale's Prince, 4yrs., pedigree unknown. Very high com. G. Muhman's Rover, 2yrs. (Rover—Venus). *Puppies*: 1st, J. A. Nickerson's Noble, 12mos. (Goliath—Dora); 2d, H. P. Stevens's Pete, 4mos.

GREYHOUNDS.—1st, H. W. Smith's Honor Bright, 2yrs. (A.K.R. 902), (Ben—Pan) only entry.

DEERHOUNDS.—1st, the Clovenhook Kennel's Heather, 20mos. (Clamman—Countess).

POINTERS.—CHAMPION—*Dog*: The Maple Kennel's Fritz, liver and white, 3yrs. (A.K.R. 388), (Ned—Fen). *Bitches*: Overlooked but afterward awarded special, H. S. Glover's Nellie, lemon and white, 4yrs. (Rex—June).—OPEN—1st, The Maple Kennel's Bird, lemon and white, 3yrs. (Gay—Grace); 2d, H. D. Perry's Daisy, liver and white, 19mos. Very high com., the Maple Kennel's Kitty Wells (A.K.R. 1049).

ENGLISH SETTERS.—CHAMPION—Overlooked but afterward given

special, H. S. Glover's Sport, orange and white, 5yrs. (Humps—Belle).—OPEN—*Dogs*: 1st, H. Rotherford's Sport, orange and white, 3yrs. (Lucas—Jossey Mansfield); 2d, C. R. Taylor's Shot, liver and white, 14mos. (Jeff—Floss). Very high com., F. Billow's Dash, lemon and white, 5yrs. *Bitches*: 1st, C. C. Hoyt's Don, liver and white, 5yrs. (Belle). *Bitches*: 1st, F. Billow's Sam, lemon and white, 8mos. (Dash—Lem). **IRISH SETTERS.**—CHAMPION—*Dogs*: 1st, W. H. Pierce's Glencho, 3yrs. (Elcho—Noreen); 2d, E. L. Edmond's Don, 2yrs. (Bismarck—Belle). *Bitches*: 1st, J. C. Lester's Maud II. (A.K.R. 383).—OPEN—1st, C. H. Dayton's Vic, 2yrs. (Echo—Lady Helen). *Puppies*: 1st, C. G. Huntington's Red III. (A.K.R. 1470); 2d, Dr. G. L. Chapman's Parnell, 11mos. (Red II., A.K.R. 986—Maud II., A.K.R. 982).

COCKER SPANIELS.—*Dogs*: 1st, H. L. Jessel's Star, liver 13mos. (Rowdy—Panny). *Bitches*: 1st, C. H. Baker's Pauline Markham, 7mos. (Oro II.—Hornell Ruby); 2d, S. M. Allen's Cassie, black and white, 2yrs. (Lucas—Fancy). Very high com., G. F. Bailey's Daisy, liver 5yrs. (—Snip).

FOXHOUNDS.—*Dogs*: 1st, H. A. DeForest's black and tan, 1yrs. (Sport—Fanny). *Bitches*: 1st, H. A. DeForest's Fanny, black, white and tan, 4yrs. (Sport—Clipper).

BEAGLES.—*Dogs*: 1st, H. Gray's Dot, white and black, 2yrs. (Ring—Wad).

FOX TERRIERS.—CHAMPION—*Dog*: The Clovenhook Kennel's Scarsdale, 3yrs. (Joker—Ella).—OPEN—*Dogs*: 1st, Thos. Bland's Vet; 2d, J. S. Buck's unnamed.

COLLIES.—CHAMPION—*Dog*: The Kilmarnock Kennel's Bruce of the Fyde (A.K.R. 1415). *Bitches*: F. W. Goodale's Fanny, black and fawn, 2yrs. (Watch—Rose).—OPEN—*Dogs*: 2d, the Scotch Collie Kennel's Monroe (A.K.R. 891). *Bitches*: 1st, E. Field's Belle, sable and tan, 20mos. (Marcus—June); 2d, high com. and com., the Scotch Collie Kennel's Chloe (A.K.R. 1556); Waverly (A.K.R. 895) and Lady Clyde (A.K.R. 883) and Fannie II. (A.K.R. 851). *Puppies*: 1st, W. R. Finch's Major.

BULLDOGS.—CHAMPION—*Dog*: W. W. Russell's Hamlet, brindle, 22mos. (President Garfield—Wheel of Fortune). *Puppies*: 1st, W. W. Russell's Ophelia, brindle, 9mos. (Sancho Panza—Dorrie).

BULL TERRIERS.—*Dogs*: 1st, F. Dole's Young Bill, white, 7yrs. (Bill—Dutch). *Bitches*: 2d, F. F. Dole's Little Nell, white, 21mos. (Paddy—). *Puppies*: 1st, George Stebbins's Flash.

BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS.—*Dogs*: 1st, withheld; 2d, G. Markham's Gess, 5mos. (Sport—Mollie). *Bitches*: 1st, Dr. W. F. Lacey's Nannie, 9mos. (Fanny—). *Puppies*: 1st, W. F. Lacey's Nannie, 9mos. (Fanny—).

PUGS.—*Dogs*: 1st, Mrs. Howard Meyer's Punch, 4yrs., pedigree not given. *Bitches*: 1st, C. R. Taylor's Betty, 2yrs., imported. *Puppies*: 1st and 2d, C. R. Taylor's Bonnie and Don, 5mos. (Uncle Toby—Betty).

YORKSHIRE TERRIERS.—Prizes withheld.

MISCELLANEOUS.—1st, J. Moran's Mexican dog Winnie; 2d, J. Handley's Newfoundland and mastiff, Major, black, 6yrs.

SPECIAL PRIZES.

Best setter of any kind, W. H. Pierce's Glencho.
Best Gordon setter, C. R. Taylor's Gem.
Best bitch with puppies, J. C. Lester's Maud II.
Smallest dog, Dr. W. F. Lacey's Nannie.
Largest dog, G. Markham's Juno II.
Oldest dog, C. C. Hoyt's Don.
Best pointer, Maple Kennel's Fritz.
Best collection, G. Markham.
Best pup, Mrs. Howard Meyer's Punch.
Best St. Bernard, Clovenhook Kennel's Samson.
Best massiff, Herbert Mead's Aydah.
Best greyhound, two, H. W. Smith's Honor Bright.
Best Newfoundland, J. A. Nickerson's Sam.
Best collie, Kilmarnock Collie Kennel's Bruce of the Fyde.

STAFFORD DOG SHOW.

THE bench show of dogs held at Stafford, Conn., Oct. 8, 9 and 10, brought out a total of ninety-four dogs. Dr. G. Walton, of Boston, judged the dogs in his usual impartial manner, and everybody was perfectly satisfied with his decisions. As an attraction it was a success, for it was crowded every day of the fair. Some of the dogs were very good, especially those from Boston, Lancaster and Greenfield. Below is a list of the

AWARDS.

ST. BERNARDS.—ROUGH-CATED—CHAMPION—Chequasset Kennel's Hermit.—OPEN—*Dogs*: 1st, Chequasset Kennel's Joyous.—SMOOTH-COATED—*Dogs*: 1st, Chequasset Kennel's Idstein.

BERGHOUNDS.—1st, E. O. Donnell's Lion.

NEWFOUNDLANDS.—1st, George Beard's Smut; 2d, Dr. David's Duke.

GREYHOUNDS.—1st, J. H. Watson's Beauty.

POINTERS.—OVER 50LBS.—*Dogs*: 1st, E. E. Butterfield's Tom; 2d, William H. Webster's Prince; 3d, R. S. Hicks's Nig.—UNDER 50LBS.—*Dogs*: 1st, J. S. Burge's Ponto. *Bitches*: 1st, F. S. Taylor's Gyp; 2d, Charles Baker's Bell. *Puppies*: 1st, Charles Eager's Don; 2d, C. F. Harwood's Ned.

BLACK AND TAN SETTERS.—*Dogs*: 1st, J. F. Brown's Snipe. *Bitches*: 1st, George L. Eaton's Fan.

IRISH SETTERS.—*Dogs*: 1st, J. V. Gill's Trio.

FIELD SPANIELS.—1st, W. O. Partridge's Critic; 2d, Dr. David's Shag.

CHAMPION COCKER SPANIELS.—W. O. Partridge's Helen.

FOXHOUNDS.—*Dogs*: 1st, B. F. Eaton's Pete. *Puppies*: 1st, H. G. Needham's Rake; 2d, W. J. Butterfield's Ponto.

BEAGLES.—1st, M. Purcell's Jessie; 2d, J. Lavally's Sport; 3d, M. Purcell's Singer.

IRISH TERRIERS.—1st, J. W. McCarty's Fido.

SKYE TERRIERS.—1st, E. R. Cantee's Skip.

PUGS.—CHAMPION—Chequasset Kennel's Treasure.—OPEN—*Bitches*: 1st, Chequasset Kennel's Victory.

YORKSHIRE TERRIERS.—1st, Gracie E. Harwood's Jack.

The special for the best trained dog, a gold medal, was won by E. E. Butterfield's pointer, Tom.

BENCH-LEGGED BEAGLES AT PHILADELPHIA.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: In your issue of the 9th inst. I notice Gen. Frank A. Bond's theory as to how he came by the collar, a special awarded to my dog Major by Dr. Downey as the best dog in his class. "The gentleman (or club to which he belongs) were naturally admirers and judges of the dogs for the best one of which the prize was offered, and that they took the liberty of giving the collar to the dog that, in their judgment, deserved it." This theory of his is a bubble. I think better of the club, as a body, than that to invite a gentleman to judge at their show, and ignore his judgment and give prizes to such dogs as they deem best. I don't think the club exercised any judgment in the case whatever. I will tell the General exactly how Rose's number came in Dr. Downey's book as winner of the special. Mr. W. H. Ashburner acted as steward when Major and Rose were judged for the special. Dr. Downey asked Mr. Ashburner for Major's number as winner of the prize and Mr. Ashburner gave the Doctor Rose's number, 389, and of course the Doctor put that number in his book as winner, thinking he had Major's number, which was 387; and I again repeat, I don't think any of the natural judges mentioned used any of their judgment in the case. Mr. Ashburner's attention was called to the mistake as soon as Dr. Downey saw it in print. I can't but think if Mr. Ashburner had made the proper statement to the club, and said that he was asked for Major's number as winner of the special in his class and that he gave the Doctor Rose's number, the club would not let the matter rest as it is, for it reflects on them as an honest body.—POTTINGER DORSEY.

RETRIEVER TRIAL.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: The Illinois Kennel Club believe that a retriever trial on land and water, to be held in Chicago at the time of the annual bench show of the club in 1885, would prove a most interesting exhibition, and conduce largely to the improvement of a class of dogs of great value to sportsmen. The club solicits the opinions of its members throughout the State and also of sportsmen throughout the country as to the feasibility of such a trial, and also requests that suggestions be offered concerning the rules to govern such a trial. Such communications to be addressed to the secretary of the club, JOHN H. NAYLOR, 3,183 Archer avenue, Chicago, Ill.

GOING ABROAD.—We understand that Mr. James Watson contemplates a trip to England after the conclusion of the National Breeders Show.

A HUMAN SKYE TERRIER is the latest importation of the museum managers. He is described as Theodor Jo Jo, a boy of sixteen, whose face resembles that of a Skye terrier. Jo Jo held an informal reception in the Astor House after his arrival last Sunday, during which he submitted gracefully to a good deal of pulling about and inquisitive handling by reporters and other invited guests. His face is covered with a long, wavy mass of silken hair, which in color is between light red and silver gray. It hangs upon his brow down to the eyes, parting in the center and waving off to either side like that of a fancy terrier. It droops from his cheeks in long wavy locks, grows from the nostrils, and hangs from both ears. The length of this luxuriant growth of hair varies from two to four inches, and it is so thick that the skin beneath is visible only in scattered spots. The eyes of the dog-faced boy also resemble very closely those of a terrier. They are slightly bluish in color, almost perfectly round, and the whites are visible entirely around the pupils. His mouth is furnished with only the two canine teeth above and two incisors below, and all four are thin and sharp, resembling miniature tusks rather than human teeth. The entire body is covered with a growth of thin light hair, but the thick, heavy locks are found only on the face. It is said that Jo Jo snarls occasionally like a dog, but he was perfectly tractable last Sunday, allowing his visitors to pull his hair and satisfy themselves that it was not fastened on by artificial means, and to examine his teeth as they would have investigated the molars of a horse on exhibition. He speaks Russian and German tolerably well, and a few words of English, and took great pride in showing that he could write his name by signing it to the back of his pictures in large, flowing characters. The dog-faced boy was captured in the forests of Kostroma, in the center of Russia, about eleven years ago, with his father, who is described as a wild man, with the same peculiar face which the boy now possesses. Jo Jo was then little more than a baby, and his face was comparatively hairless. The father was exhibited all over Europe until three years ago, when he died. Mr. Bailey, of Barnum, Hutchinson & Bailey's Biggest Show on Earth, succeeded recently in securing the boy by giving heavy bonds to return him safe to Russia, and Nicolas Forsiet was sent over with Jo Jo as an agent of the Russian Government to accompany him and see that he was protected according to the terms of the contract. The boy has been secured from Mr. Bailey by Hager, Campbell & Co., of Philadelphia, but he was placed on exhibition in a museum of this city on Monday, where he will remain for a season. Jo Jo would be an accession to a bench show.

BEAGLE IMPORTATION.—The steamship Illinois, which arrived from Liverpool Oct. 7, brought over a pair of beagles for Mr. W. H. Ashburner, of Philadelphia. The dog Blue Boy and bitch Blue Maid are both black, white and tan, of the celebrated Crane strain. They arrived in very good condition.

SETTER DOG FOUND.—Henrietta, Clay County, Tex., Oct. 6.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A friend has left in my care a large liver and white setter dog, "T. S. Freeland" marked on his collar. The dog was found near this town. Address ALMO, Henrietta, Tex.

CINCINNATI DOG SHOW.—The Cincinnati Sportsman's Club and Bench Show Association will hold their second annual dog show March 8, 4, 5 and 6, 1885.

KENNEL NOTES.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Kennel notes are inserted in this column free of charge. To insure publication of notes, correspondents MUST GIVE the following particulars of each animal:

1. Color.
2. Breed.
3. Sex.
4. Age, or
5. Date of birth, of breeding or of death.
6. Name and residence of owner, buyer or seller.
7. Sire, with his sire and dam.
8. Owner of sire.
9. Dam, with her sire and dam.
10. Owner of dam.

All names must be plainly written. Communication on one side of paper only, and signed with writer's name.

NAMES CLAIMED.

See instructions at head of this column.

Dora. By Mr. F. M. Pinkney, Madison, N. J., for orange and white English setter bitch, whelped Aug. 15, 1884, by Promise (Fride of the Border Flash) out of Rose (Ned—Rose).

Jim Blaine. By Mr. Moses Sargent, Jr., Belmont, N. H., for black cocker spaniel dog, whelped April 22, 1884, by imported Brush II. out of Gipsy.

Chorister and Ripple. By Mr. R. Power Palmer, Chicago, Ill., for black, white and tan beagles, dog and bitch, whelped June 30, 1884, by Perrine's Trump out of Crate's Chimera.

BRED.

See instructions at head of this column.

Lotta—Sensation. Mr. John Vall's pointer bitch Lotta to the Westminster Kennel Club's champion Sensation (A.K.R. 317).

Betty—Bang Bang. Mr. A. B. Cook's (Norfolk, Va.) pointer bitch Betty to the Westminster Kennel Club's Bang Bang (A.K.R. 394), Sept. 27.

Bella—Bang Bang. The Westminster Kennel Club's pointer bitch Bella (Sensation, A.K.R. 217—Bellona, A.K.R. 204) to their Bang Bang (A.K.R. 394).

Rose—Bang Bang. The Westminster Kennel Club's pointer bitch Rose (A.K.R. 214) to their Bang Bang (A.K.R. 394).

WHELPS.

See instructions at head of this column.

Belle. The Westminster Kennel Club's pointer bitch Belle (Flake-Lily, Sept. 18, ten, of Mr. R. C. Cornell's Match (A.K.R. 210).

Bessie. Mr. Geo. Day's (Springfield, Mass.) pointer bitch Bessie, Sept. 23, eight (four dogs), by Mr. D. W. C. Parker's Peter Black (Pete—Mab); four black and four black and white.

Brunette. Mr. Wm. Loeffler's (Preston, Minn.) dachshund bitch Brunette (Waldman V.—Wally), Oct. 8, three (two dogs), by imported Bergmann.

Princess Blossom. Mr. R. S. Terry's (Lynchburg, Va.) English setter bitch Princess Blossom (Dashing Rover—Princess Rose), Sept. 30, six (three dogs), by Rebel Wind'em (Count Wind'em—Norna).

SALES.

See instructions at head of this column.

Pearl and Cate. Pug bitches, whelped Aug. 8, 1884, by Napoleon out of Beauty (A.K.R. 1900), by Mr. Walter D. Peck, New Haven, Conn., to Mr. E. C. Vander, Hartford, Conn.

Brad. White, black and tan English setter dog, whelped April 30, 1884 (Yale Belton—Topsy), by Mr. H. A. Bailey, New Britain, Conn., to Mr. W. H. Haven, Oxford, Mass.

Speck Belton. White, black and tan English setter bitch, whelped April 30, 1884 (Yale Belton—Topsy), by Mr. H. A. Bailey, New Britain, Conn., to Mr. Joseph A. Horner, same place.

Sensation—Furt whelps. Lemon and white pointer dogs, whelped April 12, 1884, by the Westminster Kennel Club, New York, one to Mr. F. O. de Luzo, same place, and one to Mr. Steward, Middletown, Pa.

Bang Bang—Polly whelps. Lemon and white pointer bitches, whelped June 26, 1884, by the Westminster Kennel Club, New York, one to Mr. Steitsman, Middletown, Pa., and one to the Clifton Kennel, Jersey City, N. J.

Bang Bang—Rose whelps. Liver and white pointer bitches, whelped May 16, 1884, by the Westminster Kennel Club, New York, one to Dr. W. S. Webb, Burlington, Vt., and one to the Clifton Kennel, Jersey City, N. J.

DEATHS.

See instructions at head of this column.

Lacy. King Charles spaniel bitch, whelped April 27, 1884 (Duke of York—Jumbo), owned by Mr. Charles H. Malleson, Hudson, N. Y., Oct. 3, from distemper and worms.

Don. King Charles spaniel dog, whelped April 27, 1884 (Duke of York—Jumbo), owned by Mr. Charles H. Malleson, Hudson, N. Y., Oct. 11, from distemper.

DESTITUTE FAMILIES are sadly plentiful; but they would be much fewer if the fathers while living had invested a few dollars in the life and accident policies of the Travelers, of Hartford, Conn.—*Adv.*

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

MASSACHUSETTS MILITIA SHOOT.

SOUTH FRAMINGHAM, Oct. 9.—The annual rifle competition of the Massachusetts militia took place on the State's rifle range at South Framingham yesterday. The interest that is being taken in rifle shooting by members of the militia may be judged from the great attendance of officers and soldiers, 700 of whom, it is estimated, took part in the various matches. Over a hundred members of the militia in uniform reported on the range before 9 o'clock, and promptly at that hour, Col. Dickwell declared the meeting opened and the match begun. From this hour until dark the shooting was lively, a short intermission at noon being the only time the target was idle. The shoots of this State have always been held under unfortunate weather conditions, and yesterday was no exception, a strong, cold northwest wind blowing across the range all day, and, in the morning particularly, making good holding all but impossible. Toward evening, however, the wind shifted and the rain cleared away. Under these conditions, the scoring of the day must be considered excellent. A pleasant feature of the meeting was the presence among the foot troops of three teams of cavalymen, armed with the new carbine, and they are to be credited with some good team and individual work.

Besides the matches provided by the State, the Providence Tool Company set up four targets, and, as two teams on the field had won it twice (the conditions require it be won three times), a sharp contest for this trophy was looked forward to. As it was, Company D, 1st Infantry (Roxbury City Guard), made the best score in this match, and, having won the cup twice previously, now hold it for good. The New Bedford City Guard, Company E, 1st Infantry, secured the first prize in the State match, having the Roxbury City Guard close behind them. The trophies competed for were as follows: For staff teams, one trophy; for company teams, three trophies; also for teams of such companies as have not in any previous year won a State trophy, three trophies; but no team shall take two trophies. For officers, three trophies. For enlisted men, ten trophies, as follows: For first-class marksmen, three; for second-class marksmen, two; for third-class marksmen, three; for men of no record, two. In the team match, the first six company teams were Private Winters, Co. F, 5th Infantry, and sixth teams winning by virtue of never having before won a prize. Besides the prize offered by the State, about every regiment had special prizes of its own, which added greatly to the interest of the work. A good word should be spoken for the executive officer, Col. Rockwell, who had supreme control of the arrangements for the match. The best of the records in the various matches shot are appended:

Officers' Match.	
Capt Gardner, Co. D, First Infantry.....	5354435-29
Lieut Early, Co. A, Second Infantry.....	4334445-23
Major Shea, Sixth Infantry.....	4341514-23
Lieut Heaton, Co. A, First Cadets.....	5433535-23
Lieut Whitney, Co. M, Sixth Infantry.....	5443434-27
Lieut Eades, Co. F, Fifth Infantry.....	3435333-26
Capt Osborn, First Brigade, one trophy.....	5443344-26
Lieut Hayden, Second Infantry.....	5443344-26
Enlisted Men's Match—(First Class.)	
Private Darmody, Co. G, Fifth Infantry.....	4455334-30
Private Hinman, Co. D, First Infantry.....	4354544-29
Private Whitney, Co. H, First Infantry.....	4354434-27
Sergeant Daulton, Co. M, Eighth Infantry.....	4454434-27
Sergeant Bull, Co. G, Second Infantry.....	5445233-27
Private Frost, Co. M, Sixth Infantry.....	3344444-26
Sergeant Bickford, Co. K, First Infantry.....	3344444-26

(Second Class.)	
Private Bumstead, Co. G, Second Infantry.....	4435444-23
Corp Ford, Co. M, First Infantry.....	4353445-23
Sergeant White, Co. D, First Infantry.....	3454435-23
Private Baxter, Co. H, Sixth Infantry.....	3444434-27
Private Dyer, Co. A, Fifth Infantry.....	4544434-27
Sergeant Pope, Co. E, First Infantry.....	4444434-26
Private Green, Co. D, First Infantry.....	4444434-26
Private Hooker, Co. G, Second Infantry.....	4444434-26
Private Winslow, Co. I, First Infantry.....	3434444-26
Private Cooke, Co. H, First Infantry.....	4344434-26
Sergeant Farwell, Co. C, Fifth Infantry.....	2544434-26
Private Lovejoy, Co. H, First Infantry.....	4255334-26

Third Class.	
Corp Barnum, Co. E, First Infantry.....	4444445-29
Corp Bean, Co. G, Sixth Infantry.....	4454444-29
Private Jennings, Co. E, First Infantry.....	3444434-26
Sergeant Blankenship, Co. I, First Infantry.....	3444434-26

(No Record.)	
Private G Kirkpatrick, Co. H, Fifth Infantry.....	4444454-29
Private Small, Co. F, Sixth Infantry.....	4444454-29
Mus Moore, Co. M, Sixth Infantry.....	5444533-23
Private Tucker, Co. F, First Infantry.....	4444433-27
Private Bishop, Co. F, Second Infantry.....	4444433-27
Private Anderson, Co. F, First Infantry.....	4444433-26
Private Kincaid, Co. C, Sixth Infantry.....	4343315-26
Private Kinkaid, Co. E, Fifth Infantry.....	5334344-26
Private Grant, Co. A, Ninth Infantry.....	3444434-26
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Private Fenn, Co. A, Sixth Infantry.....	5443444-26

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Co F, 2d Inf.....	161
Co A, 1st Inf.....	159
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Co H, 1st Inf (Chelsea).....	153
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CK, 5th infantry, 137; CL, 5th infantry, 137; CM, 5th infantry, 137; CN, 5th infantry, 137; CO, 5th infantry, 137; CP, 5th infantry, 137; CQ, 5th infantry, 137; CR, 5th infantry, 137; CS, 5th infantry, 137; CT, 5th infantry, 137; CU, 5th infantry, 137; CV, 5th infantry, 137; CW, 5th infantry, 137; CX, 5th infantry, 137; CY, 5th infantry, 137; CZ, 5th infantry, 137; DA, 5th infantry, 137; DB, 5th infantry, 137; DC, 5th infantry, 137; DD, 5th infantry, 137; DE, 5th infantry, 137; DF, 5th infantry, 137; DG, 5th infantry, 137; DH, 5th infantry, 137; DI, 5th infantry, 137; DJ, 5th infantry, 137; DK, 5th infantry, 137; DL, 5th infantry, 137; DM, 5th infantry, 137; DN, 5th infantry, 137; DO, 5th infantry, 137; DP, 5th infantry, 137; DQ, 5th infantry, 137; DR, 5th infantry, 137; DS, 5th infantry, 137; DT, 5th infantry, 137; DU, 5th infantry, 137; DV, 5th infantry, 137; DW, 5th infantry, 137; DX, 5th infantry, 137; DY, 5th infantry, 137; DZ, 5th infantry, 137; EA, 5th infantry, 137; EB, 5th infantry, 137; EC, 5th infantry, 137; ED, 5th infantry, 137; EE, 5th infantry, 137; EF, 5th infantry, 137; EG, 5th infantry, 137; EH, 5th infantry, 137; EI, 5th infantry, 137; EJ, 5th infantry, 137; EK, 5th infantry, 137; EL, 5th infantry, 137; EM, 5th infantry, 137; EN, 5th infantry, 137; EO, 5th infantry, 137; EP, 5th infantry, 137; EQ, 5th infantry, 137; ER, 5th infantry, 137; ES, 5th infantry, 137; ET, 5th infantry, 137; EU, 5th infantry, 137; EV, 5th infantry, 137; EW, 5th infantry, 137; EX, 5th infantry, 137; EY, 5th infantry, 137; EZ, 5th infantry, 137; FA, 5th infantry, 137; FB, 5th infantry, 137; FC, 5th infantry, 137; FD, 5th infantry, 137; FE, 5th infantry, 137; FG, 5th infantry, 137; FH, 5th infantry, 137; FI, 5th infantry, 137; FJ, 5th infantry, 137; FK, 5th infantry, 137; FL, 5th infantry, 137; FM, 5th infantry, 137; FN, 5th infantry, 137; FO, 5th infantry, 137; FP, 5th infantry, 137; FQ, 5th infantry, 137; FR, 5th infantry, 137; FS, 5th infantry, 137; FT, 5th infantry, 137; FU, 5th infantry, 137; FV, 5th infantry, 137; FW, 5th infantry, 137; FX, 5th infantry, 137; FY, 5th infantry, 137; FZ, 5th infantry, 137; GA, 5th infantry, 137; GB, 5th infantry, 137; GC, 5th infantry, 137; GD, 5th infantry, 137; GE, 5th infantry, 137; GF, 5th infantry, 137; GG, 5th infantry, 137; GH, 5th infantry, 137; GI, 5th infantry, 137; GJ, 5th infantry, 137; GK, 5th infantry, 137; GL, 5th infantry, 137; GM, 5th infantry, 137; GN, 5th infantry, 137; GO, 5th infantry, 137; GP, 5th infantry, 137; GQ, 5th infantry, 137; GR, 5th infantry, 137; GS, 5th infantry, 137; GT, 5th infantry, 137; GU, 5th infantry, 137; GV, 5th infantry, 137; GW, 5th infantry, 137; GX, 5th infantry, 137; GY, 5th infantry, 137; GZ, 5th infantry, 137; HA, 5th infantry, 137; HB, 5th infantry, 137; HC, 5th infantry, 137; HD, 5th infantry, 137; HE, 5th infantry, 137; HF, 5th infantry, 137; HG, 5th infantry, 137; HH, 5th infantry, 137; HI, 5th infantry, 137; HJ, 5th infantry, 137; HK, 5th infantry, 137; HL, 5th infantry, 137; HM, 5th infantry, 137; 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JF, 5th infantry, 137; JG, 5th infantry, 137; JH, 5th infantry, 137; JI, 5th infantry, 137; JJ, 5th infantry, 137; JK, 5th infantry, 137; JL, 5th infantry, 137; JM, 5th infantry, 137; JN, 5th infantry, 137; JO, 5th infantry, 137; JP, 5th infantry, 137; JQ, 5th infantry, 137; JR, 5th infantry, 137; JS, 5th infantry, 137; JT, 5th infantry, 137; JU, 5th infantry, 137; JV, 5th infantry, 137; JW, 5th infantry, 137; JX, 5th infantry, 137; JY, 5th infantry, 137; JZ, 5th infantry, 137; KA, 5th infantry, 137; KB, 5th infantry, 137; KC, 5th infantry, 137; KD, 5th infantry, 137; KE, 5th infantry, 137; KF, 5th infantry, 137; KG, 5th infantry, 137; KH, 5th infantry, 137; KI, 5th infantry, 137; KJ, 5th infantry, 137; KL, 5th infantry, 137; KM, 5th infantry, 137; KN, 5th infantry, 137; KO, 5th infantry, 137; KP, 5th infantry, 137; KQ, 5th infantry, 137; KR, 5th infantry, 137; KS, 5th infantry, 137; KT, 5th infantry, 137; KU, 5th infantry, 137; KV, 5th infantry, 137; KW, 5th infantry, 137; KX, 5th infantry, 137; KY, 5th infantry, 137; KZ, 5th infantry, 137; LA, 5th infantry, 137; LB, 5th infantry, 137; LC, 5th infantry, 137; LD, 5th infantry, 137; LE, 5th infantry, 137; LF, 5th infantry, 137; LG, 5th infantry, 137; LH, 5th infantry, 137; LI, 5th infantry, 137; LJ, 5th infantry, 137; LK, 5th infantry, 137; LL, 5th infantry, 137; LM, 5th infantry, 137; LN, 5th infantry, 137; LO, 5th infantry, 137; LP, 5th infantry, 137; LQ, 5th infantry, 137; LR, 5th infantry, 137; LS, 5th infantry, 137; LT, 5th infantry, 137; LU, 5th infantry, 137; LV, 5th infantry, 137; LW, 5th infantry, 137; LX, 5th infantry, 137; LY, 5th infantry, 137; LZ, 5th infantry, 137; MA, 5th infantry, 137; MB, 5th infantry, 137; MC, 5th infantry, 137; MD, 5th infantry, 137; ME, 5th infantry, 137; MF, 5th infantry, 137; MG, 5th infantry, 137; MH, 5th infantry, 137; MI, 5th infantry, 137; MJ, 5th infantry, 137; MK, 5th infantry, 137; ML, 5th infantry, 137; MM, 5th infantry, 137; MN, 5th infantry, 137; MO, 5th infantry, 137; MP, 5th infantry, 137; MQ, 5th infantry, 137; MR, 5th infantry, 137; MS, 5th infantry, 137; MT, 5th infantry, 137; MU, 5th infantry, 137; MV, 5th infantry, 137; MW, 5th infantry, 137; MX, 5th infantry, 137; MY, 5th infantry, 137; MZ, 5th infantry, 137; NA, 5th infantry, 137; NB, 5th infantry, 137; NC, 5th infantry, 137; ND, 5th infantry, 137; NE, 5th infantry, 137; NF, 5th infantry, 137; NG, 5th infantry, 137; NH, 5th infantry, 137; NI, 5th infantry, 137; NJ, 5th infantry, 137; NK, 5th infantry, 137; NL, 5th infantry, 137; NM, 5th infantry, 137; NN, 5th infantry, 137; NO, 5th infantry, 137; NP, 5th infantry, 137; NQ, 5th infantry, 137; NR, 5th infantry, 137; NS, 5th infantry, 137; NT, 5th infantry, 137; NU, 5th infantry, 137; NV, 5th infantry, 137; NW, 5th infantry, 137; NX, 5th infantry, 137; NY, 5th infantry, 137; NZ, 5th infantry, 137; OA, 5th infantry, 137; OB, 5th infantry, 137; OC, 5th infantry, 137; OD, 5th infantry, 137; OE, 5th infantry, 137; OF, 5th infantry, 137; OG, 5th infantry, 137; OH, 5th infantry, 137; OI, 5th infantry, 137; OJ, 5th infantry, 137; OK, 5th infantry, 137; OL, 5th infantry, 137; OM, 5th infantry, 137; ON, 5th infantry, 137; OO, 5th infantry, 137; OP, 5th infantry, 137; OQ, 5th infantry, 137; OR, 5th infantry, 137; OS, 5th infantry, 137; OT, 5th infantry, 137; OU, 5th infantry, 137; OV, 5th infantry, 137; OW, 5th infantry, 137; OX, 5th infantry, 137; OY, 5th infantry, 137; OZ, 5th infantry, 137; PA, 5th infantry, 137; PB, 5th infantry, 137; PC, 5th infantry, 137; PD, 5th infantry, 137; PE, 5th infantry, 137; PF, 5th infantry, 137; PG, 5th infantry, 137; PH, 5th infantry, 137; PI, 5th infantry, 137; PJ, 5th infantry, 137; PK, 5th infantry, 137; PL, 5th infantry, 137; PM, 5th infantry, 137; PN, 5th infantry, 137; PO, 5th infantry, 137; PP, 5th infantry, 137; PQ, 5th infantry, 137; PR, 5th infantry, 137; PS, 5th infantry, 137; PT, 5th infantry, 137; PU, 5th infantry, 137; PV, 5th infantry, 137; PW, 5th infantry, 137; PX, 5th infantry, 137; PY, 5th infantry, 137; PZ, 5th infantry, 137; QA, 5th infantry, 137; QB, 5th infantry, 137; QC, 5th infantry, 137; QD, 5th infantry, 137; QE, 5th infantry, 137; QF, 5th infantry, 137; QG, 5th infantry, 137; QH, 5th infantry, 137; QI, 5th infantry, 137; QJ, 5th infantry, 137; QK, 5th infantry, 137; QL, 5th infantry, 137; QM, 5th infantry, 137; QN, 5th infantry, 137; QO, 5th infantry, 137; QP, 5th infantry, 137; QQ, 5th infantry, 137; QR, 5th infantry, 137; QS, 5th infantry, 137; QT, 5th infantry, 137; QU, 5th infantry, 137; QV, 5th infantry, 137; QW, 5th infantry, 137; QX, 5th infantry, 137; QY, 5th infantry, 137; QZ, 5th infantry, 137; RA, 5th infantry, 137; RB, 5th infantry, 137; RC, 5th infantry, 137; RD, 5th infantry, 137; RE, 5th infantry, 137; RF, 5th infantry, 137; RG, 5th infantry, 137; RH, 5th infantry, 137; RI, 5th infantry, 137; RJ, 5th infantry, 137; RK, 5th infantry, 137; RL, 5th infantry, 137; RM, 5th infantry, 137; RN, 5th infantry, 137; RO, 5th infantry, 137; RP, 5th infantry, 137; RQ, 5th infantry, 137; RR, 5th infantry, 137; RS, 5th infantry, 137; RT, 5th infantry, 137; RU, 5th infantry, 137; RV, 5th infantry, 137; RW, 5th infantry, 137; RX, 5th infantry, 137; RY, 5th infantry, 137; RZ, 5th infantry, 137; SA, 5th infantry, 137; SB, 5th infantry, 137; SC, 5th infantry, 137; SD, 5th infantry, 137; SE, 5th infantry, 137; SF, 5th infantry, 137; SG, 5th infantry, 137; SH, 5th infantry, 137; SI, 5th infantry, 137; SJ, 5th infantry, 137; SK, 5th infantry, 137; SL, 5th infantry, 137; SM, 5th infantry, 137; SN, 5th infantry, 137; SO, 5th infantry, 137; SP, 5th infantry, 137; SQ, 5th infantry, 137; SR, 5th infantry, 137; SS, 5th infantry, 137; ST, 5th infantry, 137; SU, 5th infantry, 137; SV, 5th infantry, 137; SW, 5th infantry, 137; SX, 5th infantry, 137; SY, 5th infantry, 137; SZ, 5th infantry, 137; TA, 5th infantry, 137; TB, 5th infantry, 137; TC, 5th infantry, 137; TD, 5th infantry, 137; TE, 5th infantry, 137; TF, 5th infantry, 137; TG, 5th infantry, 137; TH, 5th infantry, 137; TI, 5th infantry, 137; TJ, 5th infantry, 137; TK, 5th infantry, 137; TL, 5th infantry, 137; TM, 5th infantry, 137; TN, 5th infantry, 137; TO, 5th infantry, 137; TP, 5th infantry, 137; TQ, 5th infantry, 137; TR, 5th infantry, 137; TS, 5th infantry, 137; TT, 5th infantry, 137; TU, 5th infantry, 137; TV, 5th infantry, 137; TW, 5th infantry, 137; TX, 5th infantry, 137; TY, 5th infantry, 137; TZ, 5th infantry, 137; UA, 5th infantry, 137; UB, 5th infantry, 137; UC, 5th infantry, 137; UD, 5th infantry, 137; UE, 5th infantry, 137; UF, 5th infantry, 137; UG, 5th infantry, 137; UH, 5th infantry, 137; UI, 5th infantry, 137; UJ, 5th infantry, 137; UK, 5th infantry, 137; UL, 5th infantry, 137; UM, 5th infantry, 137; UN, 5th infantry, 137; UO, 5th infantry, 137; UP, 5th infantry, 137; UQ, 5th infantry, 137; UR, 5th infantry, 137; US, 5th infantry, 137; UT, 5th infantry, 137; U	

other conditions the same. The number of competitors shows how anxious our members were for this annual outing. This year we had an increase in every class. The accompanying score shows the kind of shooting our members can do. We are very proud of the result, and think that it will give some of the crack American clubs a little work to show a better average. Owing to Thursday being such a dull, dark day, we were compelled to shoot the ties off on Saturday afternoon. The following gentlemen were the officers for the occasion: Mr. Geo. Wright, referee; Mr. Wm. Bugge handled the birds in true sportsman style. Mr. J. W. Miller performed the arduous duties of scorer, to the entire satisfaction of every shooter. The Executive Committee consisted of Mr. I. W. Downey, Mr. F. Martin, Mr. Geo. Pearsall, Mr. J. F. Danterfield, Mr. John Townsend, Mr. R. Wilson and Mr. C. Pickering, who all were only too glad to give any information to every person present. The club championship medal, a very handsome gold one, was won by Mr. R. Harris after a very exciting contest.

Scores are as follows:

First Class.	
R Harris.....	1111111111111111
R Townsend.....	1111111111111111
C Small.....	1111111111111111
D Bland.....	1111111111111111
W Villiers.....	1111111111111111
J Townsend.....	1111111111111111
F Martin.....	1111111111111111
J Chambers.....	1111111111111111
B Pearsall.....	1111111111111111
E Pearsall.....	1111111111111111
J R Mills.....	1111111111111111
J Webster.....	1111111111111111
C Ayre.....	1111111111111111

Ties of 15, 31yds.

R Harris.....	01111-4	11-2
R Townsend.....	01111-4	10-1
C Small.....	01111-3	0-0
D Bland.....	01111-3	1-1
W Villiers.....	01111-2	0-0

Ties of 14, 31yds.

J Foreman.....	0111111111111111	13
W McDowell.....	1111111111111111	10
A Taylor.....	1111111111111111	10
J Montgomery.....	1111111111111111	10
F Mallett.....	1111111111111111	10
J Wilson.....	1111111111111111	10
T Taylor.....	1111111111111111	10
R Wilson.....	1111111111111111	10

Ties of 13, 31yds.: J. Foreman, 1111-5; W. McDowell, 0111-4; J. H. A. Taylor, 0111-3; J. Montgomery, 0111-3. In shooting off the first three place at three singles and one pair doubles, Taylor won.

Third Class.

F Schaffer.....	1111111111111111	10
T Lator.....	1111111111111111	10
J C Unwin.....	1111111111111111	10
J R Miller.....	1111111111111111	10
R Morrison.....	1111111111111111	10
G F Oakley.....	1111111111111111	10

Ties of 13, 26yds.: F. Schaffer 1111-5, T. Lator 1111-5, J. C. Unwin 0111-4. In shoot off Schaffer won first. Ties of 11, 26yds.: J. W. Miller and R. Morrison divided fourth and fifth.

Fourth or Nursery Class.

W. Millar and R. Morrison divided fourth and fifth.			
Fourth or Nursery Class.			
T Best	1101111111-9	G A Burns.....	1100010111-6
H Newman.....	0001111110-6	J Braun.....	0110110010-5
R C Bowen.....	0010101111-6	B Charlton.....	0110001110-5

NEW ORLEANS TOURNAMENT.

THE programme of the second international clay-pigeon tournament, to be held in New Orleans, Feb. 11-16, 1895, has been arranged as follows:

First Day, Wednesday, Feb. 11: Match 1—Purse \$300, individual sweepstake, entrance \$5, 7 single clay-pigeons, 18yds. rise. Match 2—Purse \$200, the Von Lengerke sweepstake, individual sweepstake, entrance \$5, 7 single clay-pigeons, use of two barrels, break with second barrel to count 1/2, rise 21yds., four monies, 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. Match 3—Purse \$250, 3 pairs doubles, 18yds. rise, entrance \$5. Match 4—Purse \$100, miss and out sweepstake, 18yds. rise, entrance \$5.

Second Day, Thursday, Feb. 12: International Team Championship Match. 9 A. M. to 2 P. M.—Purse \$500. Match 5—Purse \$300. Conditions: Club team shooting (3 to a team), 10 single clay-pigeons 18yds. rise, 5 doubles 18yds. rise, entrance fee \$25 per team; first, second, third and fourth team prizes, 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent.; a club may enter as many teams as it sees fit. Match 6—Purse \$300, individual sweepstake, 7 single clay-pigeons, 18yds. rise, entrance \$5. Match 7—Purse \$300, open to any team of 2, 5 singles, 18yds. rise, 2 pairs doubles, 18yds. rise, entrance \$10. Match 8—Purse \$100, miss and out sweepstake, 18yds. rise, entrance \$5.

Third Day, Friday, Feb. 13: Match 5—International Team Championship match (continued) 9 A. M. to 2 P. M.—Inter-State Twin Team match; Match 9—Purse \$300, 7 single clay-pigeons, 18yds. rise, entrance \$5. Match 10—Purse \$300, 7 single clay-pigeons, 18yds. rise, entrance \$5. Match 11—Purse \$300, 7 single clay-pigeons, 18yds. rise, entrance \$5. Match 12—Purse \$300, 7 single clay-pigeons, 18yds. rise, entrance \$5. Match 13—Purse \$300, 7 single clay-pigeons, 18yds. rise, entrance \$5. Match 14—Purse \$300, 7 single clay-pigeons, 18yds. rise, entrance \$5. Match 15—Purse \$300, 7 single clay-pigeons, 18yds. rise, entrance \$5. Match 16—Purse \$300, 7 single clay-pigeons, 18yds. rise, entrance \$5. Match 17—Purse \$300, 7 single clay-pigeons, 18yds. rise, entrance \$5. Match 18—Purse \$300, 7 single clay-pigeons, 18yds. rise, entrance \$5. Match 19—Purse \$300, 7 single clay-pigeons, 18yds. rise, entrance \$5. Match 20—Purse \$300, 7 single clay-pigeons, 18yds. rise, entrance \$5. Match 21—Purse \$300, 7 single clay-pigeons, 18yds. rise, entrance \$5. Match 22—Purse \$300, 7 single clay-pigeons, 18yds. rise, entrance \$5. Match 23—Purse \$300, 7 single clay-pigeons, 18yds. rise, entrance \$5. Match 24—Purse \$300, 7 single clay-pigeons, 18yds. rise, entrance \$5. Match 25—Purse \$300, 7 single clay-pigeons, 18yds. rise, entrance \$5. Match 26—Purse \$300, 7 single clay-pigeons, 18yds. rise, entrance \$5. Match 27—Purse \$300, 7 single clay-pigeons, 18yds. rise, entrance \$5. Match 28—Purse \$300, 7 single clay-pigeons, 18yds. rise, entrance \$5. Match 29—Purse \$300, 7 single clay-pigeons, 18yds. rise, entrance \$5. Match 30—Purse \$300, 7 single clay-pigeons, 18yds. rise, entrance \$5. Match 31—Purse \$300, 7 single clay-pigeons, 18yds. rise, entrance \$5. Match 32—Purse \$300, 7 single clay-pigeons, 18yds. rise, entrance \$5. Match 33—Purse \$300, 7 single clay-pigeons, 18yds. rise, entrance \$5. Match 34—Purse \$300, 7 single clay-pigeons, 18yds. rise, entrance \$5. Match 35—Purse \$300, 7 single clay-pigeons, 18yds. rise, entrance \$5. Match 36—Purse \$300, 7 single clay-pigeons, 18yds. rise, entrance \$5. Match 37—Purse \$300, 7 single clay-pigeons, 18yds. rise, entrance \$5. Match 38—Purse \$300, 7 single clay-pigeons, 18yds. rise, entrance \$5. Match 39—Purse \$300, 7 single clay-pigeons, 18yds. rise, entrance \$5. Match 40—Purse \$300, 7 single clay-pigeons, 18yds. rise, entrance \$5. Match 41—Purse \$300, 7 single clay-pigeons, 18yds. rise, entrance \$5. Match 42—Purse \$300, 7 single clay-pigeons, 18yds. rise, entrance \$5. Match 43—Purse \$300, 7 single clay-pigeons, 18yds. rise, entrance \$5. Match 44—Purse \$300, 7 single clay-pigeons, 18yds. rise, entrance \$5. Match 45—Purse \$300, 7 single clay-pigeons, 18yds. rise, entrance \$5. Match 46—Purse \$300, 7 single clay-pigeons, 18yds. rise, entrance \$5. 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Match 60—Purse \$300, 7 single clay-pigeons, 18yds. rise, entrance \$5. Match 61—Purse \$300, 7 single clay-pigeons, 18yds. rise, entrance \$5. Match 62—Purse \$300, 7 single clay-pigeons, 18yds. rise, entrance \$5. Match 63—Purse \$300, 7 single clay-pigeons, 18yds. rise, entrance \$5. Match 64—Purse \$300, 7 single clay-pigeons, 18yds. rise, entrance \$5. Match 65—Purse \$300, 7 single clay-pigeons, 18yds. rise, entrance \$5. Match 66—Purse \$300, 7 single clay-pigeons, 18yds. rise, entrance \$5. Match 67—Purse \$300, 7 single clay-pigeons, 18yds. rise, entrance \$5. Match 68—Purse \$300, 7 single clay-pigeons, 18yds. rise, entrance \$5. Match 69—Purse \$300, 7 single clay-pigeons, 18yds. rise, entrance \$5. Match 70—Purse \$300, 7 single clay-pigeons, 18yds. rise, entrance \$5. Match 71—Purse \$300, 7 single clay-pigeons, 18yds. rise, entrance \$5. Match 72—Purse \$300, 7 single clay-pigeons, 18yds. rise, entrance \$5. Match 73—Purse \$300, 7 single clay-pigeons, 18yds. rise, entrance \$5. Match 74—Purse \$300, 7 single clay-pigeons, 18yds. rise, entrance \$5. Match 75—Purse \$300, 7 single clay-pigeons, 18yds. rise, entrance \$5. Match 76—Purse \$300, 7 single clay-pigeons, 18yds. rise, entrance \$5. Match 77—Purse \$300, 7 single clay-pigeons, 18yds. rise, entrance \$5. Match 78—Purse \$300, 7 single clay-pigeons, 18yds. rise, entrance \$5. Match 79—Purse \$300, 7 single clay-pigeons, 18yds. rise, entrance \$5. Match 80—Purse \$300, 7 single clay-pigeons, 18yds. rise, entrance \$5. Match 81—Purse \$300, 7 single clay-pigeons, 18yds. rise, entrance \$5. Match 82—Purse \$300, 7 single clay-pigeons, 18yds. rise, entrance \$5. Match 83—Purse \$300, 7 single clay-pigeons, 18yds. rise, entrance \$5. Match 84—Purse \$300, 7 single clay-pigeons, 18yds. rise, entrance \$5. Match 85—Purse \$300, 7 single clay-pigeons, 18yds. rise, entrance \$5. Match 86—Purse \$300, 7 single clay-pigeons, 18yds. rise, entrance \$5. Match 87—Purse \$300, 7 single clay-pigeons, 18yds. rise, entrance \$5. Match 88—Purse \$300, 7 single clay-pigeons, 18yds. rise, entrance \$5. Match 89—Purse \$300, 7 single clay-pigeons, 18yds. rise, entrance \$5. Match 90—Purse \$300, 7 single clay-pigeons, 18yds. rise, entrance \$5. Match 91—Purse \$300, 7 single clay-pigeons, 18yds. rise, entrance \$5. Match 92—Purse \$300, 7 single clay-pigeons, 18yds. rise, entrance \$5. Match 93—Purse \$300, 7 single clay-pigeons, 18yds. rise, entrance \$5. Match 94—Purse \$300, 7 single clay-pigeons, 18yds. rise, entrance \$5. Match 95—Purse \$300, 7 single clay-pigeons, 18yds. rise, entrance \$5. Match 96—Purse \$300, 7 single clay-pigeons, 18yds. rise, entrance \$5. Match 97—Purse \$300, 7 single clay-pigeons, 18yds. rise, entrance \$5. Match 98—Purse \$300, 7 single clay-pigeons, 18yds. rise, entrance \$5. Match 99—Purse \$300, 7 single clay-pigeons, 18yds. rise, entrance \$5. Match 100—Purse \$300, 7 single clay-pigeons, 18yds. rise, entrance \$5.

Fourth Day, Saturday, Feb. 14: Match 1—Purse \$300, individual sweepstake, entrance \$5, 7 single clay-pigeons, 18yds. rise. Match 2—Purse \$200, the Von Lengerke sweepstake, individual sweepstake, entrance \$5, 7 single clay-pigeons, use of two barrels, break with second barrel to count 1/2, rise 21yds., four monies, 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. Match 3—Purse \$250, 3 pairs doubles, 18yds. rise, entrance \$5. Match 4—Purse \$100, miss and out sweepstake, 18yds. rise, entrance \$5.

Fifth Day, Sunday, Feb. 15: Match 1—Purse \$300, individual sweepstake, entrance \$5, 7 single clay-pigeons, 18yds. rise. Match 2—Purse \$200, the Von Lengerke sweepstake, individual sweepstake, entrance \$5, 7 single clay-pigeons, use of two barrels, break with second barrel to count 1/2, rise 21yds., four monies, 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. Match 3—Purse \$250, 3 pairs doubles, 18yds. rise, entrance \$5. Match 4—Purse \$100, miss and out sweepstake, 18yds. rise, entrance \$5.

Saturday, Feb. 16: Match 1—Purse \$300, individual sweepstake, entrance \$5, 7 single clay-pigeons, 18yds. rise. Match 2—Purse \$200, the Von Lengerke sweepstake, individual sweepstake, entrance \$5, 7 single clay-pigeons, use of two barrels, break with second barrel to count 1/2, rise 21yds., four monies, 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. Match 3—Purse \$250, 3 pairs doubles, 18yds. rise, entrance \$5. Match 4—Purse \$100, miss and out sweepstake, 18yds. rise, entrance \$5.

Sunday, Feb. 17: Match 1—Purse \$300, individual sweepstake, entrance \$5, 7 single clay-pigeons, 18yds. rise. Match 2—Purse \$200, the Von Lengerke sweepstake, individual sweepstake, entrance \$5, 7 single clay-pigeons, use of two barrels, break with second barrel to count 1/2, rise 21yds., four monies, 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. Match 3—Purse \$250, 3 pairs doubles, 18yds. rise, entrance \$5. Match 4—Purse \$100, miss and out sweepstake, 18yds. rise, entrance \$5.

Monday, Feb. 18: Match 1—Purse \$300, individual sweepstake, entrance \$5, 7 single clay-pigeons, 18yds. rise. Match 2—Purse \$200, the Von Lengerke sweepstake, individual sweepstake, entrance \$5, 7 single clay-pigeons, use of two barrels, break with second barrel to count 1/2, rise 21yds., four monies, 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. Match 3—Purse \$250, 3 pairs doubles, 18yds. rise, entrance \$5. Match 4—Purse \$100, miss and out sweepstake, 18yds. rise, entrance \$5.

Tuesday, Feb. 19: Match 1—Purse \$300, individual sweepstake, entrance \$5, 7 single clay-pigeons, 18yds. rise. Match 2—Purse \$200, the Von Lengerke sweepstake, individual sweepstake, entrance \$5, 7 single clay-pigeons, use of two barrels, break with second barrel to count 1/2, rise 21yds., four monies, 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. Match 3—Purse \$250, 3 pairs doubles, 18yds. rise, entrance \$5. Match 4—Purse \$100, miss and out sweepstake, 18yds. rise, entrance \$5.

Wednesday, Feb. 20: Match 1—Purse \$300, individual sweepstake, entrance \$5, 7 single clay-pigeons, 18yds. rise. Match 2—Purse \$200, the Von Lengerke sweepstake, individual sweepstake, entrance \$5, 7 single clay-pigeons, use of two barrels, break with second barrel to count 1/2, rise 21yds., four monies, 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. Match 3—Purse \$250, 3 pairs doubles, 18yds. rise, entrance \$5. Match 4—Purse \$100, miss and out sweepstake, 18yds. rise, entrance \$5.

Thursday, Feb. 21: Match 1—Purse \$300, individual sweepstake, entrance \$5, 7 single clay-pigeons, 18yds. rise. Match 2—Purse \$200, the Von Lengerke sweepstake, individual sweepstake, entrance \$5, 7 single clay-pigeons, use of two barrels, break with second barrel to count 1/2, rise 21yds., four monies, 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. Match 3—Purse \$250, 3 pairs doubles, 18yds. rise, entrance \$5. Match 4—Purse \$100, miss and out sweepstake, 18yds. rise, entrance \$5.

Friday, Feb. 22: Match 1—Purse \$300, individual sweepstake, entrance \$5, 7 single clay-pigeons, 18yds. rise. Match 2—Purse \$200, the Von Lengerke sweepstake, individual sweepstake, entrance \$5, 7 single clay-pigeons, use of two barrels, break with second barrel to count 1/2, rise 21yds., four monies, 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. Match 3—Purse \$250, 3 pairs doubles, 18yds. rise, entrance \$5. Match 4—Purse \$100, miss and out sweepstake, 18yds. rise, entrance \$5.

Saturday, Feb. 23: Match 1—Purse \$300, individual sweepstake, entrance \$5, 7 single clay-pigeons, 18yds. rise. Match 2—Purse \$200, the Von Lengerke sweepstake, individual sweepstake, entrance \$5, 7 single clay-pigeons, use of two barrels, break with second barrel to count 1/2, rise 21yds., four monies, 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. Match 3—Purse \$250, 3 pairs doubles, 18yds. rise, entrance \$5. Match 4—Purse \$100, miss and out sweepstake, 18yds. rise, entrance \$5.

Sunday, Feb. 24: Match 1—Purse \$300, individual sweepstake, entrance \$5, 7 single clay-pigeons, 18yds. rise. Match 2—Purse \$200, the Von Lengerke sweepstake, individual sweepstake, entrance \$5, 7 single clay-pigeons, use of two barrels, break with second barrel to count 1/2, rise 21yds., four monies, 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. Match 3—Purse \$250, 3 pairs doubles, 18yds. rise, entrance \$5. Match 4—Purse \$100, miss and out sweepstake, 18yds. rise, entrance \$5.

Monday, Feb. 25: Match 1—Purse \$300, individual sweepstake, entrance \$5, 7 single clay-pigeons, 18yds. rise. Match 2—Purse \$200, the Von Lengerke sweepstake, individual sweepstake, entrance \$5, 7 single clay-pigeons, use of two barrels, break with second barrel to count 1/2, rise 21yds., four monies, 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. Match 3—Purse \$250, 3 pairs doubles, 18yds. rise, entrance \$5. Match 4—Purse \$100, miss and out sweepstake, 18yds. rise, entrance \$5.

Tuesday, Feb. 26: Match 1—Purse \$300, individual sweepstake, entrance \$5, 7 single clay-pigeons, 18yds. rise. Match 2—Purse \$200, the Von Lengerke sweepstake, individual sweepstake, entrance \$5, 7 single clay-pigeons, use of two barrels, break with second barrel to count 1/2, rise 21yds., four monies, 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. Match 3—Purse \$250, 3 pairs doubles, 18yds. rise, entrance \$5. Match 4—Purse \$100, miss and out sweepstake, 18yds. rise, entrance \$5.

CINCINNATI, O., Oct. 4.—The Madisonville Gun Club, of Madisonville, O., shot at Trenton, N. J., with the East End Gun Club, of Cincinnati, on the grounds of the latter, the former being defeated after a close and exciting contest. The first match was won by the Madisonville boys by one bird, the score being 63 to 61 in their favor. The average shooting was much better in this match, as will be seen by the following scores. Conditions, 10 single clay-pigeons, 18yds. rise, 5 traps.

Madisonville Gun Club.	
Z T DeMarr.....	0001010010-3
C Stevens.....	10110101010-5
W B Shattuck.....	10011001010-5
Leonard.....	11111111111-10
James DeMarr.....	111100001-5
A Bunde.....	11111111111-8
E Stevens.....	11111111111-8
Heninger.....	11111111111-8
H Stevens.....	11111111111-8
Peters.....	01111111111-8-70

HIGHTSTOWN VS. TRENTON.—Trenton, N. J., Oct. 8.—A very exciting match was shot at Trenton, N. J., on Oct. 6. Four men on each side, fifteen glass balls and fifteen clay-pigeons each. The clay-pigeons were thrown in five ways, and set in fourth notch. The glass balls were thrown from Card's rotary trap, all at 18yds. rise. The wind blew hard.

Hightstown.	
E Emley.....	11111111111101-11
E Hutchinson.....	1011101010101-9
J Mount.....	00010101011-10
A Hughes.....	0001010111100-7-36

Trenton.

Glass Balls.	
J M Allen.....	11111111111110-14
Wm Mickel.....	0011101011011-11
C Allen.....	100110101011110-9
J Messer.....	0000000000000-0-34

EMERALD GUN CLUB.—New Dorp, Staten Island, Oct. 9.—Messrs. Hudson, Cody and Otten 25yds., Glacum and Granger 30yds., the rest 21yds.

Glass Balls.	
Dr G Hudson.....	1111111111111111-10
M W Murphy.....	11111001010-6
N Measel.....	1001111111111111-10
Wm Glacum.....	1111111111111111-10
H Hudson.....	0111111111111111-10
J Messer.....	0111111111111111-10
H Mackin.....	0011111111111111-10
Sergt C M Grainger.....	1011111111111111-10
Counsellor T Cody.....	101001101-5
P Butz.....	11111010000-4
H Otten.....	1111111111111111-10
Wm Hudson.....	0111111111111111-10

Ties for third, miss and out.—B. Lynch 2, Sergt. Grainger 1, J. Measel 1. Dr. Hudson first, H. Otten second and B. Lynch third.

NASHVILLE, Oct. 10.—At a benefit given the Porter Rifles of this city yesterday, as an inducement to attract a large attendance, Captain Andy Meaders undertook to break the records of Dr. Carver and Mr. Bogardus, at clay-pigeons. The trap was set in the fourth notch, and the distance shot from 18yds. rise. The marksman missed his 4th, 27th, 57th, 58th, 59th and 96th birds, scoring 84. The weather was cold and overcast, with a stiff breeze blowing from the northeast; but for these circumstances, I have no doubt that the score would have been even better than it was. Meaders was loudly cheered by the numerous spectators, who unhesitatingly declared him the best shot in America.—J. D. H.

PAWTUCKET, R. I., Oct. 10.—The weather yesterday was not conducive to the greatest success of the tournament of the Union Gun Club, yet the members of the club are feeling quite well satisfied with the result, though a large number from abroad would have doubtless been present had it not been that rain was threatening in the forenoon. As it was, there was a good number present, all the events came off with plenty of contestants in each, and there was some good shooting. The following named persons were present and took part:

Union Club, of Pawtucket and Central Falls: C. B. Payne, E. H. Roberts, J. R. Payne, George Nickerson, S. F. Dexter, C. Fred Crawford, D. C. Wood, F. Radcliffe.

Narragansett Club, Providence—Geo. W. Butts, C. C. Greene, C. M. Sheldon, Geo. Crandall, W. Sheldon, E. W. Tinker, F. O. Wehoseky, Thos. Aldrich, Geo. Anthony.

Tafoemoket, East Providence—C. F. Harris, E. S. Luther, F. Tingley.

South End Club, Worcester—W. H. Webber, William Davis, B. Smith.

Unknown—W. E. Bennett, Wm. Gordon.

First Event—Five birds, 5 traps, 18yds.—Messrs. Webber, Roberts, Butts and Smith tied for first, each shooting 4 pigeons; in shooting of the 5 traps, Messrs. Webber, Butts and Smith tied three times, three pigeons each time, and then divided the first money. For second, Messrs. Davis and C. B. Payne tied with 3 pigeons, and in shooting of Davis won. For third, Messrs. Harris, J. B. Payne, Bennett and Nickerson tied on 2 pigeons, and Harris won in shooting off.

Second Event—Five birds, 5 traps, 18yds.—Messrs. Davis, J. B. Payne and Butts tied for first on 4 pigeons, and in shooting of Davis won. For second, Messrs. Webber, J. R. Payne, Bennett, Smith and Dexter tied with 3 pigeons, and in shooting of Webber, Dexter and Smith tied with 3 pigeons, and in shooting off the second tie Smith won, Roberts and Harris third.

Third Event—Seven birds, 1 trap, 18yds.—Webber, Smith, C. B. Payne and Harris tied with 6 pigeons, and in shooting of Webber, Smith and C. B. Payne tied with 5 pigeons and divided second. Roberts Crawford and Greene tied for third with 4 pigeons, and in shooting of Crawford took 3 and won.

Fourth Event—Five pairs doubles, 18yds.—Webber and Smith tied for first, shooting 9 pigeons, and divided. C. B. Payne, Roberts, J. R. Payne and W. Sheldon tied for second, with 6 pigeons; in shooting of Roberts shot 4 and won. Crandall shot 3 pigeons and took third.

Fifth Event—Five pairs doubles, 18yds.—Webber, C. B. Payne and Crandall tied for first with 5 pigeons and divided. Smith took second with 7 pigeons, Butts, Greene, W. Sheldon and Luther tied on 6 pigeons; in shooting off the first time, Butts, Sheldon and Luther tied, but the second time Sheldon shot 3 and took third.

Sixth Event—Seven birds, 1 trap, 18yds.—Butts, Smith and Barney tied for first, shooting off Barney made 3 birds and took first. Tinker took second with 6 birds. Webber, C. B. Payne, Roberts, Harris, J. R. Payne, Crandall and W. Sheldon tied for third with 5 pigeons; in shooting of Webber and W. Sheldon tied at 3 birds and then divided.

Eighth Event—Five birds, 5 traps, 18yds. Eight contestants tied with 4 pigeons, and in shooting

me in 1860 as now seem most advantageous, and suppose no difficulty whatever could exist in whistling the course in operating the valve by hand. The four quadrants could be remembered as commencing with north and sailing toward the east, and blowing the number of the quadrant upon which the vessel was heading should the additional short blast proposed in the rules to define more closely the course steered be regarded as too complicated.

DANIEL AMMEN.
WASHINGTON, Oct. 6, 1884.

ANOTHER CUTTER VICTORY.

AN old proverb, "Who laughs last laughs best" will no doubt suggest itself to the minds of the sailormen of the Knickerbocker Y. C. after the race of Thursday.

They have found for the last two seasons a vast fund of amusement in the performances of the cutter Surf, designed by Mr. Harvey and built in the winter of '82-'83 for Messrs. Rathbone and Zerega; beginning with the setting up of the frame and continuing down to last week. Her owners have been overwhelmed with advice, suggestions, criticism and ridicule, all the stock jokes being warmed over for their benefit, but they have managed to survive it all, and have gone on sailing and cruising without any attempt at racing.

Her first appearance on July 4, 1883, when she was taken out by her owners, who were anxious to try her, without all her ballast in and only partly finished, was greatly against her, as she made a reputation for her which she has since maintained, but which has stuck to her persistently. Since then she has been used for cruising, knocking about between New York and Marblehead, the very interesting "Cruise in a Seven-Tonner" published in FOREST AND STREAM last winter having been made in her. Her owners being sloop men did not at first understand her thoroughly, to which fact the prejudice against her was partly due.

This season she entered for the first race in the fall regatta and kept a good place in the offit, the race finally failing for lack of wind. Last week, however, she had a better show in a wind which caused the open boats to tie a reef in, but in which she easily carried a topsail. The water was smooth enough to allow the small catboats to go over the course, so could not have been very rough. Under these conditions she beat easily the seven sloops in her class, the only boat not at her heels being a very fast snapper.

The result was decisive and accepted. There is no room for any excuse that the sloops were not the best, etc. The seven of them were certainly up to the average of their class, and some above it, and all were badly beaten by a cruising cutter with badly fitting sails and in anything but first-class racing condition.

The race of last Thursday is an important event in the series of cutter victories of the year, as it forces home, in one locality at least, the conviction of what a cutter can do. The view of the taper stem of the Surf that her opponents enjoyed (7) over all the course will do more to convince them of the cutter's speed than the printed accounts of a dozen victories at a distance. Aileen and the older Verve on Lake Ontario, the new Verve on Lake Superior, Bedouin, Wenonah and Ileen at New York, Newport and Boston, have done their work this season in demonstrating the truth of the propositions that Fores and Stream have advanced and defended, and that the Surf, for her share, taught the same lesson: that the keel can foot off point with the centerboard, that the double head rig is as fast as the big jib, that form is as great an element of speed as mere initial stability obtained by great beam, and finally that the cutter has come to stay.

KNICKERBOCKER Y. C. FALL REGATTA, OCT. 9.

THE fall regatta of the Knickerbocker Y. C., which failed on Sept. 19 for lack of wind, was resailed on Thursday last in a good breeze from the north, sending the yachts over the course in quick time, and resulting in a well earned victory for the little cutter Surf in her maiden race.

Twenty-nine yachts were ready at Port Morris on Thursday morning when the steamer River Belle arrived, and at 10:31 the first signal was given. At 10:41 the whistle blew for the start, and the catboats went over. Nameless first, the sloops following five minutes later. Lizzie R. carried single reefed mainsail and storm jib, several others doing the same, but Gracie tried her whole jib, with two reefed mainsail. The Surf carried No. 2 jib, whole mainsail, staysail and topsail all day.

The wind blew steadily all day, but the water was smooth. The wind was abeam to Port Schuyler, but beyond it was a beat to Gangway buoy. Before it was reached Gracie had had enough and squ. red away to home, but Lizzie R. kept on, and rounded the buoy. Surf came next at 12:36 P. M. Flash 12:42 Nellie R. 12:42:30, and Adele 12:45. The run in from the buoy was well before the wind to the Port, then with wind abeam to the end. Lizzie R. was first in, Surf second and Flash third.

The full times were:

FIRST CLASS—CABIN SLOOPS, 31FT. AND OVER.				
Surf	10 53 07	2 12 00	2 58 58	Corrected.
Yacondah	10 55 46	2 17 20	3 21 34	3 17 21
Undine	10 55 25	2 14 40	3 21 15	3 14 07 1/2
Lana	10 54 12	2 18 50	3 24 38	3 16 03
Sera	10 56 00	2 22 25	3 27 25	3 11 32 1/2
Culprit Fay	10 55 27	2 00 55	3 05 28	3 01 00 1/2
Flash	10 54 06	2 04 36	3 02 33	3 00 10 1/2
Aria	10 56 00	2 42 22	3 42 22	3 33 59
SECOND CLASS—CABIN SLOOPS UNDER 31FT.				
Supervisor	10 53 12	2 12 10	3 18 58	3 14 13
Sea Robin	10 55 04	2 23 10	3 39 06	3 33 06
Reckless	10 53 25	2 17 50	3 24 55	3 24 55
Susie A.	10 51 34	2 23 58	3 32 24	3 20 59
THIRD CLASS—OPEN YACHTS, OVER 31FT.				
Adel	10 47 40	2 12 00	3 12 15	2 58 15
Gracie	10 47 48	Withdrew.		
Lizzie R.	10 47 40	1 32 11	2 44 31	2 44 31
Vida	10 43 34	2 55 25	4 06 51	3 50 41
FOURTH CLASS—OPEN YACHTS, 21FT. AND UNDER.				
Daisy	10 43 30	2 24 33	3 35 53	3 35 53
Margie	10 47 33	3 04 07	4 10 29	4 13 09
Vadelle	10 45 34	Did not go over.		
FIFTH CLASS—CAT RIGGED, 25FT. AND OVER.				
Nellie R.	10 47 27	2 04 10	3 16 43	3 16 49
Black Hawk	10 49 30	2 25 01	3 35 31	3 32 31
SIXTH CLASS—CAT RIGGED, UNDER 25FT.				
Mayotte	10 42 05	2 14 25	3 32 20	3 32 20
Narrchoch	10 45 01	3 15 20	4 30 19	4 25 01 1/2
Truant	10 40 00	2 10 35	3 24 35	3 24 23 1/2
SEVENTH CLASS—CAT RIGGED, 21FT. AND UNDER 17.				
Bon Ton	10 46 00	3 06 20	4 20 20	4 16 07 1/2
Kitty B.	10 40 00	2 41 25	3 55 25	3 55 25
Nameless	10 41 31	Did not finish.		
Katie D.	10 42 43	Did not finish.		
EIGHTH CLASS—CAT RIGGED.				
Jean	10 43 30	Did not finish.		

A LONG CRUISE IN A SMALL YACHT.

JUST at this time, when the disaster to the Mignonette is calling attention to the fitness of small yachts for long ocean voyages, it is very interesting to read the following account from a correspondent in Zanzibar, of the performance of the little 10-ton Fiona in a voyage of 12,000 miles from England to Zanzibar. The particulars given by our correspondent show the Fiona to be a boat of good proportion and design, and the fact of her safe passage shows very clearly that safety is not dependent on mere size. While we do not advise such voyages, they at least show the safety of small boats of good design and properly handled, and their adaptability for something more than mere drifting in the Sound. The stand that FOREST AND STREAM has taken in the matter of safe boats has received ample endorsement from yachtsmen at home, but it is still more gratifying to find our influence has extended to one of the remotest corners of the globe.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Belug a subscriber to your very much esteemed paper, I notice with much pleasure that yachting in America has taken a start for improvement, and for developing this noble sport on a sounder and more stable basis, and that keel boats begin to be considered preferable to flimsy skimming dishes, sandbaggers and death traps, as you rightly call them.

I notice with much pleasure that your very much esteemed paper is one of the foremost fighters for reasonable yacht building, and I hope that your exertions may further contribute, as they appear to have already done to a large extent, in spreading the knowledge of the superior advantages of keel boats with handy rigs.

I am the owner of the cutter yacht Fiona, 10 tons, British Mercantile Register, stationed now in this place, and the object of my present letter is to give you the particulars about her and of her voyage, which she made from England to Zanzibar in about five months, arriving here in October, 1893.

She was bought by a party who sent her out here for the purpose of exploring the east coast of Africa and its islands for guano.

Failing to succeed in finding any guano, she was sold here, and the crew of three Europeans sent home by mail steamer. She was bought by a Hindoo, who kept her for about one year moored in the harbor, and finding him ready to part with her, I purchased her in the beginning of this year for a considerably smaller sum than her first cost.

For her voyage out here she was rigged as a schooner with pole

foremast and mainmast, with topmast, and single stick for a bowsprit, which could be reefed when required.

She tacked and heeled to fill up water and provisions, and went on to Capetown, where she touched for the same reasons, and then came up to Zanzibar, taking in all about five and a half months. I saw her skipper, an old salt, who spoke very highly of her sea-going qualities, and to give you the best proof bow she behaved on the whole trip. I can tell you that she brought out on deck, lashed amidships across, her dingy of 10ft. by 4ft. by 2ft., clinker built, weighing only 90 pounds, as sound and unfaded as when she was on board at starting.

I thoroughly overhauled her, and as the sails were all rather played out when I bought her, owing to the Hindoo's leaving them bent for a year and never looking after them, I determined to put a cutter rig on to her, it being so much handier; and besides, I required bigger spars and spread of canvas than what she had. Following are her dimensions:

Length L.W.L.	33ft.
Length over all	31ft.
Length on keel	32ft.
Breadth extreme	10 ft. 2 in.
Draft aft	5 ft.
Draft forward	3 ft. 6 in.
Draft medium	5 ft. 3 in.
Least freeboard	2 ft. 6 in.
Beam at mainmast	10 ft. 2 in.
Mast, deck to hounds	24 ft.
Headstay	6 ft.
Topmast, fid to sheave	25 ft.
Room	31 ft.
Gaff	23 ft.
Bowsprit stem	14 ft.
Main yard	22 ft.
Topsail yard No. 2	22 ft.
Area lower sails	1,100 sq. ft.
Height in main cabin	5 ft.

Roof of main cabin raised 2 1/2 in. above deck, forecastle 10ft. from stem, main cabin 10ft. 6 in., cockpit 7ft. long by 5 1/2 ft. wide; can be covered over in five minutes, leaving only a small well of 2ft. by 2ft. for helmsman.

If you look at the dimensions you will find she is just the size for knocking about in for three or four fellows who don't care about the luxuries of big schooners and 500-ton steamers but like to manage their own little craft, finding on board every comfort a reasonable man can expect, and such a boat as this has made the voyage of over 12,000 miles round the Cape of Good Hope without requiring other repairs than a new coat of paint, a few new halliards to be rove and some new rigging, and a splendid sailing performance.

Let those who still believe in the once famous death traps, skimming dishes or flimsy shovs show a similar performance of a vessel of the same length if they can.

The place I sail in is the Zanzibar Channel, between the Island of Zanzibar and the mainland of Africa, giving an area of about 80 miles in length by 20 to 25 miles breadth, which is, I dare say, somewhere between the North and East monsoon blowing steadily from December to end of March, and the southwester from first of May till end of October, lively, steady winds, and only during the short rainy seasons is there such a thing as variable and light winds to be taken into consideration.

The Fiona is a good, powerful cruising boat that can beat even the biggest native dhows of 150 to 160 tons in a thrash to windward against the tide, and is a splendid sea boat, being as dry and cozy as a duck, even if the big seas tower 10 and 12ft. higher than her deck. I never found her miss stays, and I only attribute this to her having such a very large amount of ballast stowed well in the center and low down, leaving both ends free and unincumbered with weight.

Should this account be of any service to you please make use of it for the columns of your paper, as it might contribute toward showing that a small boat is not necessarily a death trap, and that a little vessel that can be depended upon and need not run for port as soon as a catspaw is up or the breeze anything stronger than dead calm.

WM. O'SWALD, JR.,
Imperial German Consular Agent.

ZANZIBAR, Aug. 26, 1894.

THE THORN-GRACIE RACE.

THE match between these two well-known boats has been talked of for some time, as both stand near the head of the fleet of open boats in New York waters. No better day than last Monday could have been found for a trial. Though there was rather more weather than open boats want, there were no flukes or calms, but every opportunity for a fair race. The steamer Osseo started from Harlem at 10:30, with a large party on board, and taking the long boat in tow at Oak Point, ran up to Echo Bay, off New Rochelle, the point fixed on for the start.

The Gracie is owned by Mr. Percy Nagle, and is 21ft. 3 1/2 in. long; she was sailed by Capt. John Munson. The Thorn is owned by James Gorton, is 24ft. 6 in. long, and was sailed by Capt. Alonzo Gibson. The course was to be 10 miles to windward or leeward and return, so it was decided to go to the Point of View, and then to the Hog Island buoy, off Oyster Bay, making a run out and beat back.

The wind was west northwest, and the tide near the end of the ebb, at 1:37 P. M., when the Thorn went off with a free sheet to starboard and her jib to port, Gracie being 30s. behind. How the boats steered under the full force of the northwest wind that by this time was whistling a lively tune behind them, may be easily imagined by all familiar with such craft. Gracie was glad to drop her peak several times and finally stopped when well ahead of the Thorn and turned to two reefs. Thorn following her example at once. Gracie took in her big jib and attempted to set a storm jib, but in doing so her bowsprit broke off short at the stem. The Thorn now took the lead, and luffed around the buoy at 3:04:30, while Gracie, with her mast stayed by the jibhalliards, attempted to finish under two-reefed mainsail only, and rounded at 3:30:30, but was compelled to give up and accept a line from the steamer.

The Thorn tacked up alone, passing Shippan Point at 4 P. M., and coming in at 5:50 P. M., her time for the 20 miles being 4h. 13m. The race was for \$250 a side, so Thorn takes the purse of \$500. The judges were Mr. John M. Sawyer and Com. Hobby.

ATLANTIC Y. C. PENNANT MATCH, OCT. 8.—The last pennant race of the Atlantic Y. C. was sailed on Oct. 8, the Rom-yin, which held the pennant in Class F, being challenged by the Ilderan on Sept. 29. The day was bright and clear, wind light from the south, and the tide full flood. The signal was given at 11:00 A. M., and at 11:11:49 the Romeyn went away with Ilderan at 11:13:38, both on port tack. The flag ship Agnes went over the course with the yachts, having on board the judges, Messrs. J. J. Pierpont, R. S. Church and R. E. Randall. Romeyn led down the Bay, both standing over to Cone Island, where they found wind enough to make them take in topsails. Ilderan also housing her topmast and turning in a reef. The yachts gyved around the Scotland Lightship, Romeyn at 2:37:30 and Ilderan at 2:45:30. The run home was made under topsails and balloon jibs before a fresh breeze. Inside the Hook spinnakers were set, Romeyn still leading and finishing at 6:03:44, beating Ilderan 10m. 31s. The sloop Daisy sailed over the course, but was not in the race.

NEW YORK Y. C.—At the meeting of the New York Y. C. last week at No. 67 Madison avenue, the Secretary, Mr. Charles A. Minton, offered the following resolution, which was unanimously adopted: Whereas, the development of yachting tends to encourage and foster the mercantile marine of this country, and whereas, in the opinion of the club, the existing United States laws are in many instances inimical to the interests and growth of yachting, while at the same time they do not conduce in any way practical to the comfort and safety of the public, be it therefore resolved, that a committee of five be appointed by the Chair to take into consideration the entire matter and adopt such measures, either by an appeal to Congress or by such other methods as the committee may deem advisable, as will tend to secure a modification or repeal of the obnoxious regulations. A committee, consisting of ex-Commodore J. D. Smith, ex-Commodore W. H. Thomas, Mr. Elbridge T. Gerry, Mr. Fairman Rogers and Mr. F. W. J. Hurst, was appointed.

A RACE BETWEEN ELECTRICAL LAUNCHES.—On Sept. 20, a race took place on the Thames from Millwall to Charing Cross, between the Australia, a new electric launch, built by Forrest & Sons, and the Electricity, designed by Mr. A. Reckenauz. The Australia is 55 ft. long, 7 ft. 6 in. beam, and carries an electric motor of 100 horse power, and is capable of making 15 miles an hour. The Electricity is 45 ft. long, 6 ft. 6 in. beam, and carries an electric motor of 100 horse power, and is capable of making 15 miles an hour. The boats started at 1:55 P. M., running to Charing Cross in 36min., the Australia winning by half a length. The Electricity has been running for two years on the Thames, in actual use.

THE CASTALLA.—This double hulled ship, built some years since from the designs of Capt. Dicey, for service between England and France, broke down, as will be remembered, and has laid for a long time unused. Lately, however, she came into the possession of the London Metropolitan Asylums Board, who have changed her into a small-pox hospital. Seven detached houses have been built on deck, besides wards in the lower hold, all well ventilated, and the vessel is moored in the "Long Reach" of the Thames, where she answers the purpose admirably.

MIGNONETTE.—A subscription has been started to defray the cost of defending the survivors of the crew of the Mignonette, about to be tried for the murder of one of their number.

PACIFIC Y. C.—On Saturday, Sept. 27, the Fleur de Lis, Annie, Aggie and Lullin sailed to Martinez, where they were joined by Hull, Cyren, Chippa and Kippa. At noon next day the fleet started down with a light wind from the west, Nellie was first home on actual time, but Annie won on time allowance. The prizes won at the regatta on Admission Day were presented on Sept. 20, at the club-house-Sancelotto.

GAVIOTA.—This sloop has just bent sails for a trial trip, having been all the season building. She was built at Marcus Hook, on the Delaware, and is of iron throughout. Her length over all is 60ft., waterline 50ft., beam 15ft., draft 7ft., area of lower sails 2,500. She will be an addition to the compromise fleet, but we doubt whether she will win many laurels for her class as a racer.

A MINNESOTA ZEPHYR.—A correspondent in Minnesota writes us as follows: "One of our Minnesota zephyrs picked up my schooner, 30ft. waterline, keel boat, while lying at anchor with sails snugly stowed and only spars and rigging exposed to the wind, stood her on her rudder for an instant, then dropped her, stern first, and of course she went under and filled."

YACHT RACES OF 1884.—We have in preparation a list of races and winners for the past season, and in order to make it as accurate as possible we would like to receive from yacht owners the record of the races their boats have won, and from club secretaries, lists of races given by the club.

A NEW KEEL BOAT.—Messrs. Wood Bros., of East Boston, are building a keel boat, 35ft. long, 6 ft. 6 in. beam, and 4 ft. draft. Her keel will be sided 10ft. at middle, 7in. at stempost, and 4 1/2 in. at abeam. Frames of oak and hackmatack plank 1 1/4 in. Headroom in cabin 6ft. 8in., keel 4 1/2 tons.

WEST LYNN Y. C.—A race was sailed on Oct. 11 over a five-mile course between the Vesper and Mabel H. The latter carried away her peak halliards and tore her jib, so could not finish. Vesper's time was 42min. 10sec.; Vesper and Raven have each won the pennant once.

CARMELITA.—This schooner is now planked, and has deck, hatch, coamings and rail in place. Her keel will be cast shortly and the joiner work put in.

MONA.—This cutter has been sold by Mr. E. M. Paddleford, for whom she was built by Lawleys, to Mr. Charles Stevenson.

Canoeing.

THE REVISED ASSOCIATION RULES.

THE changes made in the sailing regulations at the late meeting will obviate many of the objections noticeable at previous meets, and will add greatly to the interest of the races next year, while the effect of the rules will be to favor the all-around canoe and to exclude the racing machine. Each man being allowed to use one canoe only for racing, all will be on an equality, as formerly the men from a distance who could bring but one canoe were at a decided disadvantage compared with men living nearer to the camp, who could bring several boats for the various races. As each man will desire to make the best average possible, and is obliged to do it in one boat, he will build a canoe both for sailing and paddling, which will consequently be a cruising craft.

Several important details have been changed as experience has shown to be necessary, the sliding scale has been extended to a smaller fraction, the allowance now being 1/4 in. of beam for each inch of length, instead of 1/2 in. in beam to 6ins. of length, while the length limit in Classes 2 and 3 has been decreased one foot. A margin of 1/4 in. was found necessary in measuring boats which in paddling cannot be under or in sailing cannot be over a certain limit of beam, as it is difficult to build a boat exactly to a certain size.

The provision in regard to centerboards is a good one, as it is unfair that one canoe should be allowed 60 pounds ballast, in the form of centerboards, while another, without a board, is allowed no ballast. The limit of 15 pounds will allow the former to use a light iron or a wooden board, which will amount to little as ballast. Class 1 has been changed so as to abolish all limits of size, the intention being to allow a man to build only a fast canoe to build as they please, within the general definition of the A-association, as such canoes will never be used for cruising or sailing.

Altogether the rules are in much better shape than ever before. Canoeists generally are taking more interest in them, and their value is more generally appreciated. The coming meet will test thoroughly the value of the changes, and probably show some points in which they may be improved, but taken altogether the rules of the American Canoe Association are as full and complete as any set of rules of any similar organization. All that now remains is for canoeists to learn them perfectly, and to comply with them both in racing and building.

PITTSBURGH C. C. SAILING RACE, OCT. 4.

THE free-for-all sailing race of the Pittsburgh C. C. F. I. Regatta, postponed from previous week, was sailed on Saturday, Oct. 4. Before the start the wind was so strong that the Katrina was scared into going back to the boat house for ballast, which she had never before carried, and thus delayed the race so that the end of it saw but little breeze left, much to the disappointment of some of the contestants.

The starters were:

Marguerite	Capt. Singer	14 0 x 23
Nirvana	A. K. Nimick	14 x 27 1/2
Lorna	J. K. Bakewell	14 x 29 1/2
Whiffler	W. E. Woodwell	14 x 30
Katrina	R. W. Bailey	14 0 x 31

At the start there was a small gale blowing, but Katrina alone being provided with an efficient reefing gear, all the others carried full sail, the risks (as the course) being same as reported in FOREST AND STREAM of 2d inst.; total areas being: Marguerite 55ft., Nirvana 55ft., Lorna 80ft., Whiffler 48ft., and Katrina (reefed) 50ft. That most of these were excessive for the wind was proven by the result of the beat down the Allegheny, for while the big sails had to be luffed to shake in the puffs, the smaller ones were sheeted home and kept there, Katrina pointing right into the wind and outfooting the fleet from the very first tack, while Whiffler, though caught on the wrong tack and thrown back last just at the start, immediately worked through her heavier-canvassed competitors, and ran into the Ohio in second place.

From this point the wind began to decrease in force, Katrina shaking out her reef, and Nirvana with her big sails passing Whiffler; the latter at the buoying Katrina, Nirvana, Whiffler, Marguerite and Lorna, the latter two very close together. The reefing of Lorna's big sails and flat bottom enabled her to pass the two boats immediately in front of her, but the others did not change their relative positions, the times being: Katrina 46min., Nirvana 51min. and Lorna 55min., the other two very close together.

In justice to Katrina it should be said she was not properly rigged, and when she gets her new suit of Moroccan sails recently ordered she will be a terror and all brighten up. C. C. A. men who stick to Class A canoes are hereby notified to look out for her at Grindstone Island in '95.

THE DROWNING OF MR. CONKLIN.

OUR warning to canoeists in FOREST AND STREAM, of Oct. 2, page 181, has been emphasized in a most melancholy manner by the drowning of a young man from a canoe in New York Bay. This is the first fatal mishap that has occurred in the waters of New York and vicinity in the fourteen years that canoeing has been followed here, and we have made a careful investigation of the circumstances.

The young man, Mr. Thomas W. Conklin, of Newark, New Jersey, was not a canoeist, knew nothing of boatsailing or the management of a canoe, and could not swim. He had ordered a canoe of Mr. Everson, of Williamsburgh, and visited the shop on Wednesday in company with a friend. On announcing his intention to take the boat away on a Friday afternoon, Mr. Everson, a very familiar with the East River for many years, advised him not to start on the day, as the tide would be against him and the trip doubly dangerous, as he would meet all the Sound steamers at that time. His friend also advised him against the trip, and he finally agreed to come over on Friday morning, taking advantage of the ebb tide. Thursday proved a stormy and stormy, and the wind from northeast, but at 4 P. M. Mr. Conklin arrived at the shop, and the boat was to be launched. Again Mr. Everson advised him against the trip, proposing to take the boat on a truck to the annex boat for Jersey City, where she was bound, but her owner insisted on starting and left Tenth street dock about 5 P. M. The boat was well equipped in every way as far as hatches and gear, but unprovided with a light. A lantern was on board, but it had never been trimmed, and was too small for a night service, even if lighted. The sails were tied securely in the boat, as it was not intended to set them. Mr. Everson waited until dark at the river knowing the difficulty of going down against the tide, and expecting to see the canoe put back, but nothing more was heard of it until the following morning when it was found washed up on the beach at Pamapo.

She had received no damage, and nothing was missing of her gear but half a paddle service, even if lighted. The sails were tied securely in an upright position when found, with some water in her, but it is hardly probable that she had been capsized. On the following Tuesday Mr. Conklin's body was found by a fisherman just inside of Bedloe's Island and off Pamapo. The probabilities are that he was late in getting out of the East River and lost his way in the darkness, not

being familiar with the locality, and either in setting or taking in sail fell overboard.

We have examined the canoe, a 15x30 boat, stiff and able, a better boat than the average, and one with which no fault can be found; but the trip itself, down the East River at the time of day when it is most crowded with ferryboats and Sound steamers, and across the Bay on a dark night without a light on the boat and with a northeast wind blowing, is one that no experienced canoeist would care to undertake, while the attempt to practice sailing for the first time under such circumstances made a fatal ending almost inevitable.

The importance of a knowledge of swimming must be apparent to all, not merely the ability to swim a short distance when unrestrained by clothing, but to undress in the water and to swim with clothing on. In a canoe and in light boats as well, shoes should never be worn. A pair of canvas slippers that will not seriously impede swimming and that can be quickly taken off are all that is required, and for most canoeing a pair of light, woolen stockings, or in warm weather bare feet, are not that easy to come by, but the precaution is an easy one to take, and if anything should happen, may be of great benefit.

THE GALLEY FIRE.

MORE ABOUT MUSHROOMS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The last number of your paper contained a very good article on mushrooms. A few years since I wrote an article for your paper, in which I stated that all mushrooms that smelt good and tasted good when cooked, and seasoned only with salt, were safe, and I now repeat the statement. I eat I know not how many kinds of mushrooms with perfect safety. This year has been a most productive year for a great variety of mushrooms. Yesterday I ate a breakfast of mushrooms, described by Mr. Rhind in his "Vegetable Kingdom" as the *Agaricus micaceus*, found in my dooryard. Yesterday afternoon Mr. Blake brought me three mushrooms that were new to me. They were immense in size. The smallest, which was only a button, measured 3/16 in. in diameter. The other two were fully developed, one measuring 1 1/2 in. in diameter, the other 1 in. in diameter. The gills and the whole mushroom were as white as snow. I do not know that this mushroom has ever been described and named by any naturalist, and if not I name it *Agaricus giganteus*. I applied my test to the largest one this morning, found it smelling and tasting good when cooked, and ate a hearty breakfast of it. I may be dead when this reaches you; if so it will not be from eating poisonous mushrooms.

The common pink-gill mushroom (*Agaricus campestris*) is in its best condition when the gills become of a brown color. The undeveloped button does not compare in excellence with the well-developed mushroom.

T. GAILICK.

Bedford, Ohio, Oct. 6.

SQUIRRELS, RABBITS AND OPOSSUMS.

The most common game the amateur hunter finds are squirrels and rabbits, and they are palatable dishes. The most approved way of cooking squirrels is to make them into a Brunswick stew, which is a Virginia dish, and one that is a great favorite in the state in which it originated. It is known there as "the huntsman's dish," and is a natural consequence of the hunting season, when squirrels throng and fatten in the cornfields, and while vegetables are still plentiful. You will want for a stew for five or six persons two good-sized or three small squirrels, one quart of tomatoes, peeled and sliced, one pint of butter or lard, six potatoes, parboiled and sliced, six ears of green corn cut from the cob, one-half pound of butter, one-half a pound of fat salt pork, one teaspoonful of black pepper, one-half a teaspoonful of cayenne, one gallon of water, one tablespoonful of salt, two tablespoonfuls of white sugar, one onion minced small. Cut the squirrels into joints, and lay in cold salt water to draw out the blood; put on the gallon of water, with the salt in it and let it boil five minutes; put in the onion, beans, corn, pork which has been cut in fine strips, potatoes, pepper and the squirrels; cover closely, and stew two and one-half hours very slowly, stirring the mass frequently from the bottom to prevent its burning. Then add the tomatoes and sugar, and stew an hour longer. Ten minutes before it is to be taken from the fire, add the butter, cut into bits the size of a walnut, rolled into flour; give a final boil, taste to see that it is seasoned to your liking, and serve at once. Squirrels may also be quickly cooked by boiling, and those who like the taste of the meat find it delicious when prepared in this way. Skin, clean and soak to draw out the blood; wipe them dry; tie a bit of salt pork over the head and broil them before the open fire as you would birds, by fastening a stick on each side into the ground and tying the squirrel to it as near the fire as it will go without burning. When done lay in a hot dish and anoint with melted butter and season with pepper and salt.

Rabbits are plentiful and easily caught, and they make a good dinner for hungry campers. They are only good to eat in the late sum-

mer and autumn, being both unpalatable and unwholesome at other seasons. The easiest and simplest way to cook them is to stew them. Skin and clean them, then disjoint them, and stew them in water enough to cover them until they are tender; thicken the liquor with flour wet with cold water, and season with salt and curry powder. Marion Harland emphasizes the deliciousness of barbecued rabbit, and gives a way for preparing it. She says the odor from the cooking rabbit is tempting and appetizing, and the taste is not one whit behind. You will skin, clean and wash the rabbit, which must be plump and young to be palatable, and having opened it all the way on the under side, lay it flat, with a small plate or saucer to keep it down, in salted cold water for half an hour; wipe dry and broil whole, with the exception of the head, where you have gashed across the backbone in eight or ten places that the heat may penetrate this, the thickest part. The fire should be hot and clear, and the rabbit turned often, so that all parts may be exposed equally to the heat. If you broil it, as you do the squirrel, tie the bit of pork on the top to baste and add to the flavor. When it is browned and tender, lay it in a hot dish, and rub with soft butter, and sprinkle well with pepper and salt, turning the rabbit over and over to soak up the melted butter; cover with another dish and set before the fire, where it can have the full heat for five minutes. In the meantime, beat in a tin cup two tablespoonfuls of vinegar seasoned with one of made mustard. Anoint the hot rabbit with this, and serve while hot.

In hunting in the right localities you may possibly bag an opossum; if you do, you will want to know how to cook it. The flesh of the opossum is said, by those who have eaten it, to be sweet and luscious, and to resemble very closely the flesh of a stuffed pig in flavor. Skin and draw the opossum, cut off the legs and part of the tail, and wash thoroughly and wipe dry. Stuff the head and body as you would a turkey, and rest three hours before a brisk fire. You can make a good stuffing from fat salt pork and bread or crackers; chop the pork very fine indeed, soak the bread or crackers in hot water, mash them smooth, and mix them with the chopped salt pork; season well with salt, pepper, sage and chopped onions. This will make a nice sweet dressing, and is delicious in flavor. Eat cold, and you will find that you have a "dainty dish."—*Boston Herald.*

ASH AND BATTER CAKES.

Some one who has been reading "Uncle Remus" asks for a rule for making "ash cakes," and as these come well within the limits of the camp cuisine, the directions may as well be given here. The ingredients are meal, cold water and salt in the following proportions: One quart of meal, one teacupful of cold water, one teaspoonful of salt. The white southern meal is the best if you can get it; if not, take the granulated yellow meal. Sift it always before you go into camp, and then it is always ready to use at once, and you will not need to stop for any trifles; mix together the meal, water and salt, and shape with the hand into long, oval cakes; have a good fire and a clean place just before it; place the cakes on the clean spot, and when the top of the cakes are slightly dried, draw the hot ashes over them and cover them completely, and let them remain there until they are well done. Try one of them after they have remained fifteen minutes in the ashes, and if they are dry and firm they are done; if not, let them remain a little while longer. When drawn from the fire the ashes are brushed off, the cakes are quickly washed, then dried off, and they are ready to eat. These are the genuine old-fashioned ash cakes or corn "pones," as they are called in certain portions of the South. They are as sweet and as toothsome as you please, and if you can get a glass of buttermilk to drink as you eat your "pone," you have a feast indeed. If your camp chances to be in the vicinity of a farmhouse, watch for churning day, and accommodate your ponies to the chances of the buttermilk, which you will get if you have made good friends with the farmer's wife. You will not scorn the ponies, however, even without the buttermilk accompaniment; and it is a good way to vary the hockeecake and shortcake, so that you may have a variety of breads. If you have a frying-pan or a griddle, you may have still another variation in your breads by making some "orop" or "batter" cakes which are really delicious, and should be eaten straight off the griddle. Take one pint of Indian meal, half a pint of flour, two eggs and a pinch of salt; beat up the eggs quite thoroughly, stir in the salt, then the meal and flour, and add sweet milk to make a thin batter. Thick batter takes are not nice; they are apt to be hard and tough. When the batter is thin enough, drop by spoonfuls into round shapes on the griddle or pan. When one side is brown turn the cakes over and cook the other side; butter while hot and eat at once.—*Boston Herald.*

A CONVENIENT MEASURING INSTRUMENT.—The Regatta Committee have announced their intention to enforce the rules strictly at the next meeting, so canoeists whose boats are over the limits must not be disappointed if they are ruled out. The rules have just been revised so as to allow more latitude in measuring than before, but the limits now laid down will not be exceeded in any case. It is a difficult matter to measure the exact beam of a canoe without some apparatus, and with only a common rule. The Mohican C. C. have now a large caliper rule, consisting of a piece of hard wood, 1 1/2 in. and 3/4 in. long, to one end of which an arm 8 in. long is secured, at right angles, while a similar arm is fitted to slide on the long piece. Both arms have notches cut in them to pass over the moulding. The rod is graduated in inches and fractions. By putting this across a canoe, touching the planking at the widest part, the width is quickly and accurately determined.

ROCHESTER C. C., OCT. 9.—The fall races of the Rochester C. C. occurred at Irondequoit Bay, Thursday, Oct. 9. Being a strictly club affair, no audience being present to influence the weather, the wind was all that could be desired for sailing races. Following is a summary of the events: Paddling, open canoes, Class II.—Storms, No Name, first; Seward, Alice, second; Stewart, Winema, third. Sailing, Class B.—F. P. Andrews, Sophrionia, first; H. J. Wilson, Prudence, second; Stewart, Margaret, third. Being but one entry in Class A, Moody, Huff, sailed with Class B, coming in fourth. Paddling, decked canoes, Class B.—Andrews first, Wilson second, Stewart third. Tandem paddling.—Andrews and Wilson first, Stewart and Storms second; Moody and Gilmore third. Sailing, Andrews's Cup race (final race of a series of five matches).—Won by Wilson, Prudence, 13 points.

AN ANCHOR FOR CANOES.—Capt. Chester, U. S. N., has lately patented a very ingenious anchor for canoes and small boats, which folds into a very small compass. The shank is about 3/4 in. diameter, and 14 in. long, cast with four lugs at one end, the other end being provided with an eye or shackle for a line. To each lug an arm is strongly pivoted, so as to fold down close to the shank when not in use. In the same manner that the ribs of an umbrella fold against the handle, and they are held by a sliding collar, similar to the rubber band on most umbrellas. When in use the four arms are opened wide and held open by the collar which slides up under them. The anchor may be quickly opened, or closed into a small compass. The size for canoes weighs 4 lbs., and in brass costs \$4. A larger size would no doubt answer excellently for boats and small yachts.

A SUGGESTION FOR CRUISERS.—A pair of ladies' rubber boots are very useful as part of a canoe outfit, especially in the spring and fall, when the water is too cold for wading. The large boots take up too much room in the canoe, but those known as "ladies' boots" are much smaller and lighter and may be stowed anywhere in the well, ready to slip on instantly on landing in shoal water or on marshy ground. The crew of the Snake wore a pair at Newburg last spring, and others who have tried them find them very useful.

N. Y. C. SAILING RACE.—A race for Class B canoes, open to all canoeists, will be sailed on Oct. 18, starting from the club house at 4:30 P. M. The start will be made exactly at that time, and all are requested to be at the line in good season. First and second prizes will be given. An entrance fee of \$1 will be charged.

CANOE CRUISE IN FLORIDA.—F. W. Storms, of the Rochester Club, and W. L. Fox, both members of the A. C. A., will start on a Florida cruise in December. They expect to devote three months to getting acquainted with Florida and its aquatic population.

CANOE FOR SALE.—We call attention to the advertisement of two canoes for sale by Mr. West. The Jap showed herself to be a very fast and able canoe at the meet this year, both as a racer and cruiser.

Answers to Correspondents.

W. C. S., Lynn, Mass.—Try Bohannon's magic skin cure.

G. L., Boston, Mass.—For worms, give your puppies plenty of thick sour milk.

H. M. W., Baltimore, Md.—Consult Mr. H. C. Glover, 1,293 Broadway, New York.

G. E. W., Minneapolis, Ind.—We can furnish Dr. Henshall's book "Camping and Cruising in Florida," price \$1.50.

C. E. V., New Haven.—To have the barrels of your gun browned put them into the hands of a responsible gunsmith.

E. B., Boston.—You will find in the region accessible from the point named trout, deer, bear, grouse, hares, wildfowl.

J. W. G., Linden, N. J.—There is no book devoted to the training of beagles. "Training vs. Breaking" will give you much valuable information.

M. Lennoxville.—If you should write to J. U. Gregory, Esq., Quebec, Canada, he would probably give you information about a suitable taxidermist.

J. M., East Longmeadow.—You can purchase corduroy and velvet from the gun dealers whose names are given in our advertising columns.

W. B., Toronto.—To whiten sails take one barrel of salt water, 2 lbs. chloride of lime, 2 lbs. whiting, one bag of salt. Mix all together and scrub the sails with a broom on both sides, laying them on clean sand. Let them dry on the sand before bending.

G. H. W., Toledo, O.—The prices for game recently printed in this journal were the retail prices. The dealers who buy at wholesale do not pay so much. 2. The stuffed albino swallow is worth whatever you can get for it. There is no fixed price for such things.

E. W., Springfield, Mass.—What is the best mode to transport brook trout from one stream to another, say twenty miles? What and when to feed them and what attention do they need in winter? Ans. In milk cans or old water barrels. If turned into a stream you need not feed them nor care for them in the winter. Just now the fish are full of eggs and it is dangerous to transport them.

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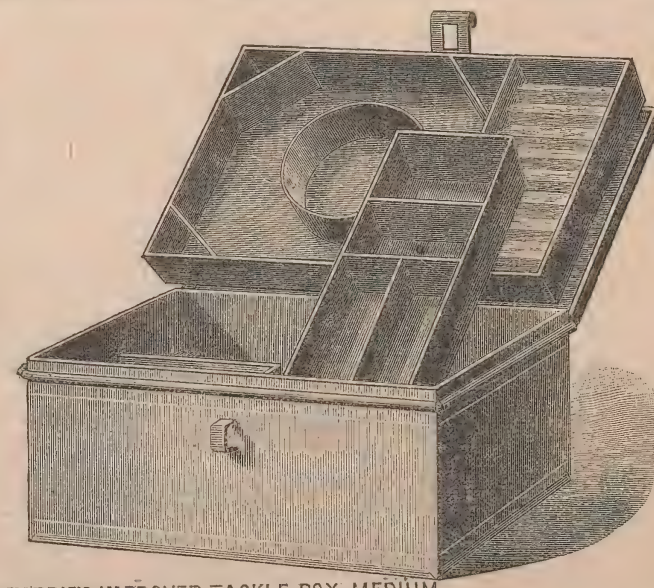
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A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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SIX MONTHS, \$2.

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 23, 1884.

VOL. XXIII.—No. 13.
{ Nos. 39 & 40 PARK ROW, NEW YORK.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. Communications upon the subjects to which its pages are devoted are respectfully invited. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. No name will be published except with writer's consent. The Editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

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May begin at any time. Subscription price, \$4 per year; \$2 for six months; to a club of three annual subscribers, three copies for \$10; five copies for \$16. Remit by registered letter, money-order, or draft, payable to the Forest and Stream Publishing Company. The paper may be obtained of newsdealers throughout the United States, Canada and Great Britain. American newsdealers should order through the American News Company, those in England, Scotland and Ireland, through Messrs. Macfarlane and Co., 40 Charing Cross, London, England.

Address all communications,
Forest and Stream Publishing Co.
Nos. 39 and 40 Park Row. New York City.

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ANGLING TOURNAMENTS.

SINCE the angling tournament inaugurated by FOREST AND STREAM in 1882, and afterward adopted by the National Rod and Reel Association as its first contest, there has been an awakening of the spirit of scientific angling in all its varied branches of fly-casting, casting for bass, and minnow-casting. Some have argued that the tournaments accomplished no good, and were merely gotten up to advertise tackle dealers. The fact is, that while dealers in fishing tackle are allowed to contribute prizes, and this without special solicitation, not one is placed on the Committee of Arrangements nor is selected for a judge. The committee is composed of men who are entirely free from trade alliances, and are only interested in the tournaments as lovers of the art of angling.

A glance at our published list of the committee and the judges will show that this is true, while the prize lists exhibit donations from such men as Mr. McAndrew, Mr. Cross, Mr. Brown and Mr. Wilbur, who have only the desire to advance the art of fishing in the most scientific manner. We have gone out of our way to state this because we have heard that a New York evening paper has had a statement to a contrary effect, which we have not seen. We do not think, however, that it is worth while to more than notice this, because the case is, as we have pointed out, very plain.

If any one should ask what the benefit is to be derived from angling tournaments, we will not reply by asking him to explain the use of tournaments where shooting with either the rifle or the fowling piece is used, or where skill in archery is the object. We can only say that angling tournaments beget a desire in persons witnessing them to possess good tackle and to handle it as they have seen others handle it. It is useless to say that this can be learned on the stream. We will admit that it can, for there all our expert anglers learned it, but on the stream one is absorbed in the prospect of hooking a fish and has to learn to handle the fly by years of experience, when at a tournament he can see where the contestants begin to raise the long line from the water, where they stop the rod in its upward sweep; how they apply the power and increase it in the forward cast, and when it comes to the contest for accuracy and delicacy, how

they deliver the flies upon the water. All this may be noted by the tyro, if he uses his eyes, by observing the different styles of casting of the best experts that have been produced in this or any other country, and this fact is recognized by the private gentlemen who have given the largest prizes in this last tournament.

We regard these tournaments as a mighty power in educating anglers, both young and old, for while a person not familiar with fly-casting might sit out the programme and think it stupid, one who has some knowledge of it can learn much that he never knew. Contrary to general opinion, we place the highest value on the long distance casts. We hold that a man who is master of his rod sufficiently to cast a fly eighty feet, can deliver his flies lightly on the water at sixty feet, while he who can only reach the latter distance by the greatest effort, can only fish well at forty feet. Many an angler has seen a trout rise full twenty feet beyond his power of sending a fly, and has wished for a wind to send the lure out or for the skill of an expert to deliver it where he wished.

The same things may be said of the striped bass casting, for distance and accuracy are factors in these contests also as they are in actual fishing. The minnow-casting for black bass, introduced this year, promises to make our Eastern anglers acquainted with a new style of fishing which if it becomes popular will do so only through the tournament, or it would have waited for years to pass from one to another, and even then imperfectly and with alterations and modifications.

Another objection which has been raised against these tournaments is that men who have never fished might practice and win prizes. This is true, but the practice would lead them to fish; or if it did not, then their proficiency would be instructive. It has never been an objection to rifle matches that men might enter and win who had never either killed nor even seen a deer; skill with the rifle being the only consideration. Hence, we believe that no matter what the fishing records of the contestants may be, their skill with the rod is instructive and the influence on the rising generation of anglers is good, and those who promote and encourage these tournaments are doing good work.

ANOTHER IRISH-AMERICAN MATCH.

THE Irish riflemen-making firm of the Rigbys has been very busy of late upon a new weapon. It is a breech-loader of the small bore or sporting class, and hence capable of the finest work, but it is as well a non-cleaning rifle so far as match shooting is concerned. In trial at the home ranges and at Wimbledon, the Elcho ranges of 15 rounds at 800, 900 and 1,000 yards have been shot over, and with cleaning only between ranges, scores running close up to 220 in the possible 225 have been made.

It is now proposed by the veteran Irish rifleman to renew hostilities of the old time friendly sort with his American acquaintances of the rifle range, and by a match at the longer distances show what the new weapon can do. He wishes to have the non-cleaning clause inserted in the conditions of the proposed match, holding the Americans to such a rule.

The question now is whether or not it would be wise to invite such a contest, and whether or not we are prepared or may put ourselves in a state of proper preparation so far as rifles are concerned. It is claimed by some that the Remington is capable of doing this non-cleaning feat. The Brown rifle also makes a claim very similar, but there are no matches for sporting rifles on our programmes which would make the record complete on this point.

If there are no such rifles in this country there ought to be, and at once, otherwise we have allowed ourselves to be distanced in this important improvement in small arm manufacture. It may be claimed that we have succeeded in bringing out a military arm which will stand the non-cleaning ordeal for a number of shots and yet continue to do fairly satisfactory work over the long distances. The record is against us on this point, for the American team has suffered its only defeats on this line of endeavor. It may be necessary for us to take another drubbing to find out whether or no we have or can make in American armories a weapon capable of the finest work, and yet in which all the unnecessary nuisance of cleaning and polishing the bore after each shot may be abolished. It is certain that the rifle of the future is to be something after this class or at least embrace this feature.

We should be glad to see such a match as this proposed by Mr. Rigby. It is pretty certain that there will not be another match for the Palma under the conditions originally set for it. That class of shooting will, and should be, set

aside for the more advanced kind of marksmanship and rifle manufacture in which cleaning is abandoned. It might be wise to use the Palma as a trophy in a new match; but at any rate, whether the object fought for be but a simple medal, the match ought to come off.

CUTTER AND SLOOP.

SINCE the commencement of the battle for a reform in American yachts, which began in our columns five years ago, there have been times when it has seemed as though the struggle against vested interests, ancient and firmly rooted dogmas, prejudiced ignorance, and a strong opposition to foreign ideas, was too great a task for the few against the many; but looking back to-day, both FOREST AND STREAM and those who have been with us in the fight, can well feel proud of the results attained. The truth of every principle that we have maintained has been demonstrated, the position we have taken and held in spite of opposition and abuse, has been recognized and approved by the yachting public, and the men who have had the courage, in the face of public opinion, to build and sail cutters, have had their reward in a series of undisputed successes.

The war we have waged on the American death-trap, big and little, has borne fruit sooner even than we anticipated, and the results are plainly to be seen on every body of water throughout our country on which boats are used, in the tangible shape of better model, lower ballast, reduced and more sailor-like rigs, increased care and knowledge in handling.

Besides the question of safety, the less important ones of speed, ability and general good qualities have been decided in favor of the cutters. What Madge begun, Bedouin and Oriva have finished. The success of the English cutter is an accepted fact, but the end is not reached yet; the whole science of yacht designing is not fathomed; there is more to learn than we yet know.

The best boat of thirty years ago was an American schooner; the best boat to-day is an English cutter. Both have taught valuable lessons to all willing to learn, and it now remains to us so to study them that the boat of the future shall be a distinctively American yacht.

SHOOTING PROSPECTS.—All the reports from those who have been out with the gun in the Eastern States indicate that birds are numerous. At the same time the bags that have been made have not been large. This is due to the unparalleled dryness of the woods and swamps, and to the very warm weather that we have had so far during this month. While the weather has been delightful, it has been so warm that to travel through thickets and swamps has been very exhausting. In fact, the days have seemed more like those of July than of October. The woods, and in many cases the swamps as well, are quite dry, and the ground when turned up is dusty as a country road. This, of course, means that the birds have left such situations. Besides, even when they are still there, the dogs have great difficulty in finding them, and altogether the sportsman is at a great disadvantage. We have no doubt that after the next heavy, soaking rain, there will be many heavy bags made. We look for a short season of exceptionally good woodcock shooting to follow the next rain, and then, after the cold weather has set, there will probably be good quail and grouse shooting until the close of the season. But until there has been a storm of some magnitude it is scarcely worth while for any one to start out with his gun, unless he lives in some locality especially favored in the way of moisture.

A NATIONAL TRAP-SHOOTERS' LEAGUE.—Last May at Chicago an attempt was made to organize a national association of sportsmen who practice shooting at the trap. The steps then taken did not result in anything. It is now proposed to repeat the attempt at the coming New Orleans tournament. There can be no question of the usefulness of such an organization. If national tournaments are to be held they should be under the control of some responsible body of representative sportsmen. The Chicago tournament was admirably conducted, and doubtless the New Orleans meeting will be equally satisfactory in this respect; but it is clear that these conventions should not be left to depend upon the enterprise and energy of a single individual. We believe that a properly constituted association of representative sportsmen would be a useful and worthy organization. The scheme for providing such a society is set forth in a communication elsewhere, and if to be acted upon early attention to it is desirable.

The Sportsman Tourist.

lassoing THE GRIZZLY.

BY T. S. VAN DYKE.

THE old Spanish settlers of California were never celebrated as hunters, and few of them hunt even now. They lack the swinish propensities of the Anglo-Saxon game butcher; they like to see game around them, and do not enjoy seeing it killed off. They do not, like the stingy American farmer, want to see the whole quail family obliterated because quails occasionally eat a few grapes, and all the deer exterminated because they occasionally ravage a patch of beans or watermelons. But they like a landscape alive with life and enjoy the roar of wings and the thump of bounding hoofs.

But in one respect they were the greatest hunters that the world has ever seen. Their like shall be seen no more. The old breed is dying out and in its place comes a race of cowboys that play with the pistol instead of the riata, and take more pride in lark-bee boots than in the training of their horses. The man whose spare moments are occupied with whisky and cards, and whose principal solicitude is about the gloss of his white shirt bosom, may lasso and bind a steer upon the open plain as well as any one. But such deeds as were done by some of the old Spanish Californians could be done only by men who played with the riata almost in their cradle, and grew up from boyhood on horseback. California has had some good American vaqueros; but few have ever dared to ride upon the grizzly bear, and the few that have done so and made a successful cast of the noose have generally found to their dismay that they had the bear just where they didn't want him and have gladly dropped the riata.

And who could blame them? Compared with the courage and skill required to handle such a savage monster as the grizzly bear, at the end of a rope only twenty or thirty feet away, all the talk about the bravery of hunting the tiger or the skill of cutting down bounding game with a single ball seems ridiculous. The Californian had no elephant to fight off the brute for him, no attendant to hand him deadly rifles as fast as he could empty them, no army of beaters with tin pans and drums to scare the bear out of his senses, nor had he any weapon in which accuracy had been brought to perfection, with carefully adjusted sights to tell him when it was rightly held. Nor had he any dogs to nip the game in the rear and distract its attention, nor any big trap and log upon the beast's foot to clog its movements. He had only a horse trained, perhaps, to charge upon anything he was aimed at, from a cactus patch to a locomotive, but more probably crazed with terror at the first scent of the bear, and driven on only by the sharpest spur. He had only the riata, a rope of braided rawhide, stiff and clumsy in spite of oiling, liable to twist and kink and subject to a dozen other causes of error from which the rifle is free. This can not be made fast to the horn of the saddle, but must be attached with a quick twist after the noose has caught and must be ready to cast off in a twinkling if necessary. The management of the noose requires all the care of one hand, that of the coil and the end of the rope all the care of the other. Yet the reins must be managed with consummate skill and quickness and the frightened horse be kept from wheeling and winding the rider in the rope with the most formidable and savage of all animals at the end of it only twenty feet away. The riata, too, must all this time be kept drawn tight or the bear will cast off the noose in an instant, get his paws under it and cut it with his claws, or pull it out far enough to get it in his mouth where his sharp teeth quickly sever it. Or he may make a rush upon the rider, or with his paws draw him in upon his own rope. There may arise a dozen contingencies in which the horseman has had no previous experience yet must act with the quickness of thought. If thrown or dragged from his horse, or if the saddle girth should break or slip beneath the tremendous strain of the riata, slight were the chances of escape.

A person of good sense might well doubt whether such things ever were done. Yet nothing is more certain than that they were done frequently; done, too, by moonlight; done often on rough ground; and often on horses that few Americans could stay on a minute. At the old-time fiestas, fights between bulls and grizzlies that had been lassoed in the mountains and dragged in, bound upon rawhides, were a matter of course, and were continued for years after the Americans came. Only twelve years ago, my friend Don Thomas Alvarado, of Monserrate, San Diego county, with only an Indian boy to help him, lassoed and killed upon the spot where Fall Brook now stands, two bears, each of which was heavier than the horse he rode. And Don Marcos Foster, of San Juan Capistrano, has, on the slope back of Los Flores, lassoed and choked to death, alone, a full grown bear, the performance being seen at a distance by a party who rode up to help him, but arrived too late.

But all things considered—the size of the bear, the nature of the ground, the confusion resulting from the number of horsemen engaged, and the extraordinary cutting and breaking of riatas by the enormous strength of the bear, the catching of the big bear of Santa Rosa, some years ago in San Diego county, was probably the greatest performance of this kind ever seen in California. This bear was pronounced by several who had seen "Old Sampson" and other great bears, far larger than any of them. His hide was on exhibition for months at Los Angeles and was the wonder of all old bear hunters. His head was more than the strongest man in the party could lift clear of the ground, and his weight was estimated at 1,800 to 2,000 pounds.

This bear had been known for many years, and had laughed at all attempts to kill him. He had only fattened upon lead, sneezed at all traps, and, preferring to kill his own meat, could not be poisoned. Various attempts had been made to decoy him upon open ground by dragging a dead beef down the canyons, etc., but all in vain. But one evening he caught a yearling heifer just outside the edge of the great sea of chaparral that covers miles of the northern part of San Diego county and the southern part of Los Angeles county. And it was just at the head of one of the lovely little valleys that break into the top of the high tableland that sweeps up on the west side of Temecula Valley, in San Diego, and forms the Rancho of Santa Rosa. A vaquero saw him, and as he rode within sight the bear left the heifer and went into the brush. The vaquero made all speed to the ranch house. Word was sent at once to Temecula, and by 8 o'clock six men on six of the best horses in the country, each man with an extra riata tied behind the saddle, were on the ground. Half a dozen more men as spectators rode along in the rear.

Fortunately the moon was nearly full. It was one of those marvellously clear nights such as the countries of dry air alone can show, when the moon seems like a ball of quicksilver hanging in the sky only half a mile away, when every cliff or scar or jutting crag in the mountain stands out and overhangs the mountain's base, and the deep shadows of the canyons seem solid hills of jet trying to overtop the giant mass beside them. About two hundred and fifty yards away, upon the leeward side of the dead cow, the party halted and tied their horses, while some of the men went ahead on foot to reconnoiter. Behind a little knoll, a hundred yards or so from the bait, they stopped. Over the dead animal half a dozen coyotes were snarling and feeding, but no bear was there.

Nearly two hours passed away when there was a sudden lull in the noise of the coyotes, and they began to sneak away from the bait. The crack of brush was heard, too, in the chaparral, and in a minute a huge mass of shaggy blackness emerged. Out it came for some thirty yards from the brush, then stopped and gave a long "woof," much like that of a suspicious hog. Then it struck the ground with one fore paw and gave another "woof." Then it sat down and sat there some thirty minutes, giving an occasional "woof." Then it walked around to the leeward side of the heifer and stopped upon a little knoll so close to the men that they could hear its breathing, and in the cool night breeze that flowed toward them could plainly smell the strong odor of the mighty brute.

Hour after hour passed away, yet the bear still kept his place. The men, who had come in their shirt sleeves and without any supper, began to shiver in the cool air that makes the nights of California so luxurious to wearied humanity. The horses, too, had smelt the bear at once, and had been trembling and snorting with fear, so that the men who remained with them could hardly keep them quiet.

A whispered consultation was now held, in which it was finally decided that the chances that the bear would go to the bait were better than the chances of handling him effectively so near the brush as he then was. The bear had no suspicion of anything going on so close behind him, but sat there sniffing the wind, sending forth an occasional "woof," until the moon rode past the zenith and dipped toward the distant Pacific. At nearly 2 o'clock in the morning the bear finally decided to eat and started toward the carcass. The coyotes scattered in a moment, and soon the cracking of bones was heard.

Quickly the men went back for the horses. The horses knew as well as their masters what was coming, and each one trembled like a leaf as the great horsehair girth was "cinched" as tightly as the long running strap could draw it. Don Francisco Machado, one of the owners of the rancho, was selected to make the first throw. They rode quietly up to within about 100 yards and then, like a flight of arrows, the six horses shot forward beneath the impulse of the spurs. If such a charge be not "into the jaws of hell" it is very much like it. Certain it is that more men can be found to lead a charge like that of the Light Brigade than to lead such a one as Don Francisco led.

At the clatter of the hoofs the bear rose with a savage growl from his supper. Right up to within fifteen feet of the brute rode Don Francisco with his brother, Don Juan Machado, and a friend close behind him. Another brother, Don José Machado, and two other horsemen split off, and passed upon the other side of the victim. Wheeooo, wheeooo went the noose twice around the rider's head as he approached the bear; whizz went the noose as it flew from his hand. With a faint zip it fell over the bear's head and in a twinkling the other end of the rope was wound around the horn of the saddle and the noose drawn tight with a sudden jerk. The bear instead of being pulled off his feet or trying to loosen the riata, made a rush for Don Francisco, but the quick horse he rode sprang forward fast enough to keep the riata tight, and in a moment another noose, from the hand of Don José, dropped over the bear's head from behind; but it also went under one foot, making the noose catch over the shoulder. Vainly the horse set himself back upon his haunches. No horse could hold such a hold as that, and Don José had to drop his riata.

Don Francisco now tried to jerk the bear sidewise so as to get him off his feet or get him to raise his feet so that they could be easily noosed by his companions. His horse sprang beneath the spur like a snake from coil, but the riata tightened on a weight no horse could overthrow. Meanwhile, noose after noose aimed for the brute's legs whizzed through the air. But he would not keep a foot clear of the ground long enough for a successful throw, and his movements were so irregular that it was impossible to base calculations upon them so as to cast the loop in time. But in a moment more zip came another loop over the bear's head and fell full around his neck. As it tightened he rose upon his feet while both loops were pulling in opposite directions. In a twinkling his paws were beneath them, in a moment he had them both in his mouth. Such strength surprised and alarmed his persecutors. The air was filled with Spanish ejaculations, and the worst of it was that both fore paws were now so protected that neither one could be lassoed. Amid the "Carrajo" and "Carrambas" and "que diablo es este," one of the riatas, frayed and cut half in two by teeth and claws, parted beneath the strain, and before another cast could be made the second one gave way. The great bear was again free and two of the best hands were empty.

But the bear was free for but an instant. The very incarnation of fury, he made a rush at Don José, whose horse wheeled with a whirl that would have landed an ordinary rider in the claws of the enemy. Just as he rushed upon him, open-mouthed and raging, another noose came with a sudden snap around his head, catching in his mouth and tightening on the instant behind his teeth and behind his ears. As he reared upon his feet another one fell over his head upon top of the first one, and by the two he was jerked over backward, and then there was a wild confusion of horses and men and ropes and bear and Spanish interjections and cries of "agarra un pie," "pronto," "de veras es el diablo," etc. Before one of his feet could be secured he had so cut the second riata around his neck with his claws that it gave way and had turned himself over and was again upon his feet. The noose in his mouth still held, and as he raised one paw to get that loose zip landed another loop right over the paw. In a twinkling that paw was outstretched, pulling the bear so that he raised the hind foot upon the other side. Quicker than it can be told that foot was caught up by a dexterous fling from Don Francisco and outstretched. The prize was now quite secure; but the work was anything but done. Every foot must be secured with a noose. But two of them were upon the ground, and as only opposite feet had been caught it was not so easy to turn him over. Another riata was cast over his head, and by the aid

of the two he was pulled backward, while by the riatas on his feet he was swung around. A horseman stood ready in front and another behind, each with a riata in short coil and with a small noose ready to pick up the two loose feet. The front one was snapped the first time he raised it clear enough from the ground for the noose to pass under; and as this paw was outstretched and the bear fell upon his belly the last foot was taken in a twinkling and the monster lay spread out upon the ground as flat and helpless as a dead frog.

It now remained to drag him to a tree and tie his hind legs around it. But with such a bear two riatas could not be trusted. He was therefore held by the four horses that held his paws while one of the other riders undertook the pleasing little task of taking the two riatas loose from his head. This was soon done and the two were hitched upon his hind feet in addition to those already there. Then by the four horses behind, he was dragged some hundred yards or more to a tree, the other two horses keeping the fore paws outstretched enough to keep him from biting the riatas. His hind legs were drawn one upon each side of the tree and tightly lashed with riatas so that the bear could move around the tree but not get at his feet. And there he was left till morning to be then released and tied fast to the largest and wildest bull the hills of the rancho could produce.

LOG OF THE BUCKTAIL.—V.

OUR brief summer is past. It is the middle of October, and every hill and wooded mountain spur is robed in glorious hues that make all description tame. The roar of the 10-bore and yelp of the cocker warn the few grouse that have reached the open season to feed early and roost high. I said last March, that for one season I would devote my energies as a woods loafer to home woods, waters and mountains. And I have pretty well done it. Commencing on the 5th of April, at Brookland, in Potter county, I have explored and cruised the waters and valleys to Muncy, Lycoming county, Pa., sticking to the paddle until the long, hot drouth dried up the river to such an extent that it was better wheelbarrowing than canoeing. It is thirty-one miles from Brookland to Ansonia, all the way by stage road. It is seventy-eight miles from Ansonia to Muncy, all the way by rail, or on the river by canoe, which is a longer route by a few miles. The Tiadaton forks ten miles below Brookland, and there is good early trout on either fork; also in a dozen mountain brooks, easily accessible. And there is still better fishing a few miles south of Pike Mills, on the waters of Kettle Creek. Pike Mills is ten miles below Brookland, just below the forks. There are enough fine camping spots in the region for ten thousand outers, and if there is a healthier region I do not know it. Also, it is easily reached and cheap withal.

Having made several trips with the Bucktail, I laid her away in a cool cellar and decided to try a still lighter canoe. For the river was very low, and there was a deal of wading and carrying. Now the Nipper weighs just sixteen pounds nine ounces, and has a light carrying frame. One can carry her all day. But she is very frail, scarcely fit for river work. However, I took her out for a cruise down to Muncy on the 19th of August, the hottest day of the season. The mercury stood at 101 degrees in the shade. Heaven knows what it would have marked on the glittering river with the sun broiling down in a narrow mountain valley; but I was not fool enough to try it until I was below the mouth of the Tiadaton, the sun was low, and the broad Susquehanna made safe, pleasant cruising.

The sun was behind the mountain on the west when I came in sight of Williamsport. As you approach it by the river it looks like a city of smokestacks; and on nearer view you are impressed with the notion that there has been a dress parade of sawmills which has just broken ranks, and the mills are lounging around promiscuously, all smoking. In the city proper, however, there are many fine buildings, and on Fourth street, which is the fashionable quarter, may be found private residences which would do credit to Murray Hill. I received a cordial welcome from members of the Williamsport Gun Club, and on the next morning pulled out early for Muncy, fifteen miles by road, considerably further by river. It was 11 A. M. when I reached Muncy bridge, and a dry, hot day made a one-mile carry as long as I wanted it. I at once found friends at Muncy. The members of the Sportsman's Club took me in hand, got up an afternoon picnic for my benefit, and—well, my money wasn't good for anything. I couldn't spend a dime. They urged me to make a stay of several days, but I had plans that prevented me, and after a stay of only one day I paddled out for Williamsport again, and for once I chose to cruise on a canal. It is not a high-toned or adventurous mode of canoeing, but I found it rather pleasant. I took a long half day for fifteen miles of paddling, and did not meet a single boat.

Once—and not so very long ago—the canal was lively enough. Packets made schedule time and carried loads of passengers. Line boats and horse boats were a constant quantity, and the whoop of the festive driver was heard day and night. It is quiet enough now. The railroad track has made cow-pasture of the towpath; the iron horse has squelched the mule. Whence it happens that there is a stretch of some sixty miles from Northumberland to Jersey Shore, including all that can be asked in the way of pleasant, easy, but rather tame canoeing. The notable point is that you can take the river down and come back right along its east bank by canal; and the river, from the mouth of the Tiadaton to Northumberland, includes as good bass fishing as can be found in the Susquehanna. The route lies through a rich, highly cultivated country, but this does not hinder one from camping on any of the many green, shady islands or along the banks, and the people are very friendly. During the late summer I often called at farmhouses for tomatoes, apples, pears, etc., and it was seldom that the people would take and pay.

It is true that I prefer camping in a wilder country, say between Brookland and Waterville, a wild stretch of fifty odd miles; but the canoeing on this stretch is too rough unless the stream is at least a foot above low water mark. Even then it is hard on a light canoe. And civilization has some advantages to the average outer, who seeks health rest and recreation rather than a rough, adventurous trip.

Staid with my old friend, George Reutter, in Williamsport a day or two quietly picking up notes on the bass, and more especially the way they are being destroyed by nets, dams, weirs and all villainous devices of the fish hog, and then took the canal for Jersey Shore. Made a leisurely cruise of it all day and put in with farmer Smith below Larry's Creek. Spent a day with the bass and in prospecting for fish traps. Then stowed the Nipper in a dry cellar, took an evening train and got home at midnight. Bringing the canoe with

me would have cost nothing, but I wanted her where she was.

I extract a few lines from the log for August: "Picked up the Nipper at J. Smith's and spent the last days of the month in taking notes of fish, fishing, fish traps and their effect on the game fish of the Susquehanna. They (the traps) are numerous enough and bad enough. Brought the Nipper home, racked and leaky."

On the 10th of September, having tightened copper nails and revarnished the canoe, took her down to Jersey Mills for a final cruise. Noted several additions to the fish traps and wing dams, for it is the season when a rise in the river will start the eels down stream, and the chance of a bushel of eels in a single night is not to be missed by the average fish hog. Ostensibly I was fishing and cruising; practically I was hawk-eyeing for fish traps and poachers. They were not far to seek or hard to find. I came home discouraged, and with little faith in fish or game laws; or, rather, their enforcement. I decided, however, to make a last trip down stream early in October, take accurate note of fish traps and their locations, and notify the proper officers thereof.

On the 7th of October, having laid the canoes away for the season, I started for Williamsport by rail, keeping a sharp eye on the stream from a car window. Now, there are several places where the river is not in sight from the cars, and I only noted what I saw and could testify to accordingly.

Between Ansonia and the southern line of Tioga county I counted seven dams and traps, a distance of about eighteen miles. Four of them are marked "bad." "Bad" means that the trap cuts off the entire river from bank to bank. No fish four inches long can run up, and all that attempt to run down must fall into the trap.

In Lycoming county and all above the mouth of the Tiddatton, I note five fish traps, three of them "bad," and three miles below Williamsport, right under the noses of the sportsman's club, there is a fish dam built in the shape of a W, the lower angles pointing down stream, and left open for a couple of fykes, or worse still, wooden weirs or baskets. This is the worst trap I have seen. No fish can get up, and all that attempt to descend are as good as dead. For these traps are made so infernally destructive that all small fish are inevitably destroyed. If they were caught in such a manner that the eels could be saved and the small fry of all game fish could be returned alive to the water, it would not be so bad. But, if desired, I can put the proper officers on the track of a man who fed five bushels of young bass to his hogs in less than one week, or, as it was put to me, "at one run." This was near Jersey Mills, Lycoming county. And there was about a barrel of large bass which were salted down or "divided round." A reliable man told me that the bulk of the salted bass spoiled, and were also fed to the hogs.

Now, what happened to this man's trap at one run happened just the same to numerous other traps. Is it any wonder that there is complaint of the bass fishing not being nearly as good in the Susquehanna as it was two years ago? And is there no remedy? Are we such infernal cowards as to stock our finest streams with the best game fish at public cost, for the equal benefit of all, and then let the fish-hog destroy a thousand of our young bass and trout that his sovereign dirtiness may get away with a dozen eels?

"A plague of all cowards. There's time in this sack, too; Yet a coward is worse than a cup of sack with lime in it."

—Fadstaff.

I notified members of the Sportsman's Club at Williamsport of the fish traps and their particular location, and explained my position in the matter, *i. e.*, that of a private citizen, anxious only for fair play and the enforcement of laws framed for the equal benefit of all. I thought they did not seem particularly enthusiastic. One member gave me a hint not "to play stool pigeon for a cat." Another member spoke of getting evidence concerning the ownership of the fish dam below Williamsport by hiring a "sharp river man to do the dirty work." So the detective who risks person and property in the effort to bring these selfish, lawless poachers to justice is doing "dirty work," and the poachers are, by implication, doing the clean thing. Well, so far as the bass are concerned, perhaps they are. It is pretty clear that, if left to their own devices, they will make a clean thing of all game fish in Pennsylvania.

I derived some satisfaction for the time and money expended on the trip. The owners of several fish traps hearing that they were being reported, took out all vestige of their traps. And on the day of my arrival in Williamsport a party was fined \$125 and costs for seining in the river. I reported seven fish traps with their locations to the fish wardens of this (Tioga) county, who coolly refused to stir in the matter, stupidly asking in his ignorance, "Who's goin' ter pay me fer my time and expenses?"

There is something in this matter of pay. Fish wardens and game constables are not wealthy men as a rule. Perhaps they can hardly be expected to make advances of time and money, with the risk of making dangerous enemies on the chance of getting half a fine that very likely will never be collected. This State could well afford to pay a corps of such officers, say \$800 per annum, with \$150 additional for expenses, added to one-half the fines as at present. Good and efficient men could be secured in any desirable numbers for such pay, small as it may seem. And the taxpayers of the State would never feel it. Then let the law be so framed that any officer who refuses to act promptly on proper information shall be fined heavily, and also forfeit his place.

We want short, sharp, plain laws, and efficient officers to enforce them without fear or favor.

A word to fair-minded sportsmen. If fish and game laws are ever to be effective, the man who zealously and fearlessly strives to enforce them must be upheld and honored, while the onus of "dirty work" is placed where it belongs, on the selfish poacher who is capable of destroying a barrel of young game fish that he may save a string of eels to his own porcine cheek. Honor the laws and those who enforce them.

* * * * *

I have already said what I think of the northern region of Pennsylvania as to health and outing inducements. I will add, that to people suffering from asthmatic difficulties, a camp life for two or three months on the broad, dry summits of our mountains is almost a certain cure in ordinary cases, and in all diseases of the respiratory organs it will be found most salutary. But the fishing and hunting is always poor in such localities, and the life is monotonous to a degree. The alleviations are, the best of spring water, the purest air, fine scenery, and good botanizing, for those who affect botany. The entomologist also will find plenty to interest him; but the angler will be badly out, although in most cases he may take a fair creel of small trout by walking from six to eight miles over a rough, steep mountain trail. The expense

may be made a trifling matter. I find my expenses while camping out the past summer were never more than \$3 per week, and I did not stint myself in the least. Of course, if one must hire a guide or a man-of-all-work about camp, the expense is quadrupled. But this is seldom necessary, even for a stranger.

* * * * *

My outing is over. The canoes hang idly in their slings; my beautiful summer is past.

I have a sad, October-like presentiment that it may be my last. But anyhow, here's the hand of an old canoeist to all FOREST AND STREAM readers who have followed the very simple annals of the Bucktail's log.

NESSMUK.

A VOYAGE BETWEEN THE LAKES.

BY D. D. BANTA.

III.

Gonzalo—* * * whether this be
Or be not, I'll not swear. —Tempest.

THE Judge and Brother Scott were up with the sun and made an early start the next morning. As the Wawa left her moorings the tinkle of a cow bell and the bark of a Seney dog reminded them how short the distance between their recent camping ground and that town; and lest cow or dog might take it in head to run down and charge for bell or bark, the little boat was at once pushed into the middle of the stream, when it began that smooth, gliding descent so dear to the heart of the fluvialite navigator.

The limp and dripping boughs of the night before glistened in the morning sun with limpid drops of dew, and over the river grasses, so lately drooping beneath showers of rain, lacelike fringes of dainty frostwork appeared. The morning air, clear, crisp and still, was no less suggestive of approaching autumn than were the first dashes of yellow, russet and red to be seen among the maple leaves.

A short run carried our boatmen out of the forest shadows to a marshland, where there was a low, level meadow stretching to the right and a bushy thicket on the left. Between a fringe of alders the little river merrily passed its way in a comparatively straight channel for a couple of miles or more (at least, so it seemed to them at the time), and all along were to be seen past and present evidences of the busy beaver.

Beyond the marshland recurred the alluvial bottoms, with their trees peculiar to damp soils. Swamp maples, elms and ashes grew in great luxuriance, and the maples and elms were remarkable for their branching tops. One of the former claimed the travelers' special attention. It was not less than forty inches in diameter at the stump, but at six feet above ground it divided into half a dozen branches, and there in turn divided again, and so on to the furthest tips, the whole making a symmetrical and grandly-overtopping tree.

Three hours through these forests our voyagers held their way over waters that raced toward every point of the compass. No sign of man's habitation was seen, but the cleared river showed man's domain, and the barked and bruised trunks of trees growing at the margin testified to the rolling, jamming and bumping of logs on their way down stream.

Presently they came to a signboard nailed to a tree at one side of the stream, bearing the legend in charcoal, "Blackbird City." A narrow point of high ground jutted out to the river at this place, and, landing the boat, the travelers debarked, and finding a path, followed it out and up to a regular camping ground of the river drivers. Three crows, feeding on the garbage left by the last campers, lazily flapped their wings, and, with spiteful caws, flew into a neighboring thicket as the visitors approached.

Leaving Blackbird City to its only tenants, the "three black crows," the voyage was resumed, and the hoof prints of deer along the margin, which had been seen occasionally all morning, became more and more numerous as they descended. Not having seen a deer during the morning, it was wisely determined that perhaps there had been too much talking. The constant shifting of scenes claiming attention because of their novelty and beauty, had kept up a running conversation all the morning between the travelers. And then they had occasionally anchored for the Judge to cast a spoon into the swift water for the pike-perch that he did not catch. Formerly, it is said, the Fox abounded in this fish, and they occasionally are taken in it yet; but no fish can long withstand the miles upon miles of floating logs that annually go down this stream. Even the deer sometimes become entangled among the logs and are done to death. Four skeletons lying by the river's side, the travelers saw that morning—skeletons of deer that had perished among the logs; but whatever may have happened to the pike-perch, not one of them tried the Judge's spoon on that journey.

The appearance of the country through which the river ran now underwent a great change. The low level lands, covered with swamp-growing timber, gave place to higher and more diversified ground, from which grew hemlocks and hard maples. The river became more sinuous, if possible, and the trees on the shore as the boat glided along,

"Seemed rushing a contrary way."

As they slid around a sharp bend, behind a brush veil on the bank was seen the dim outline of a deer. It was barely a glimpse they got of it, and before they could slow the Wawa down to a dead halt, muffled hoof beats told the story of the animal's flight into the woods.

This was the second wild deer ever seen by Brother Scott, and the sight of it aroused the hunter instinct in him. If he had only seen it in time he certainly could have shot it, was the substance of the observation he made, and, as if to satisfy himself of the truth of his observation, he leveled his rifle at divers stumps and logs and trees, and took deadly aim at them as the boat floated by. And after every bead drawn, he would nod his head complacently, evidently being satisfied in his own mind that he had not been mistaken in his observation, and that if another deer exposed itself, he would unquestionably kill it. But after a long and not over satisfactorily bead taken at a knot on a maple, he suddenly asked the Judge: "Had I better shoot at the head?"

"No. Aim at the body."

And then Brother Scott aimed at a stump about the size of a deer, and as he let the gun down into his arms, a confident smile overspread his countenance. It was the first time he had smiled in two days, and the Judge, who had noticed his dolorous condition, rejoiced at the change.

And just then a turn of the boat brought a deer in sight. It was a beautiful three-pronged buck, wearing a deep red coat, and standing as he was, on an open space on the bank, he saw the hunters as soon as they saw him. With head erect and thin black nostrils dilating in the effort to catch a

scent of the descending craft, he presented a splendid mark for the sportsman. Brother Scott's gun went to his shoulder at the very instant he saw the buck, and in a moment there was a roar, a smoke cloud and a fleeing deer. As the last glimpse of its white tail disappeared in the brush, Brother Scott, in a disappointed tone, exclaimed, "I think I missed it!"

"Yes, I think so, too," said the Judge; "at least, you missed the one I saw on the ground."

"That was the one I shot at," said Brother Scott, with emphasis.

"Was it?" innocently asked the Judge, and there the conversation ended. Brother Scott had missed the deer he had been so sure of killing. He could not remember whether he had seen the sights on his gun or not. Indeed, while he knew he had fired his gun at a deer, yet he had a feeling of uncertainty about it in spite of his knowledge; but that feeling was only momentary. It was evident he had fired his gun—he could feel that, now—but it was also equally evident that he had missed, and his confidence left him. He could never be sure of anything again in this world. "All is vanity."

On the spot where the deer stood that Brother Scott thought he shot at, our travelers prepared and ate their noonday meal, and enjoyed their rest. Resuming their voyage, they soon came to a last winter's lumbermen's camp, where they landed, and, peeping into the eating and sleeping apartments, their nostrils were assailed in each with such a multitudinous and contradictory array of nasty smells that they beat a hasty retreat and took to the water again. Within ten minutes they floated out into the Manistique, where they found a deeper, wider, but more sluggish stream than was the Fox.

On entering the Manistique, our boatmen turned the Wawa's prow up stream and paddled a few hundred yards, and then turning about they dropped slowly back to the mouth of the Fox again, and in a little bay at one side let their boat float on the still waters. The scene presented was very beautiful. The afternoon sun shed a warm and mellow light on all around, and not a sound disturbed the drowsy stillness save an occasional discordant chatter of a sleepy kingfisher. The Judge tried for a pike-perch and got his hook fast to a submerged limb for the tenth time. Brother Scott looked at the still water and then at the green trees, after which he ran his eyes over the blue sky and then said: "How far do you suppose it is to Seney?"

The Judge having unloosed his hook by this time and put it away, with a malediction on both hook and fish, unfolded the map, and both questioned and questioner were amazed to find that by surveyor's chain they were not over seven miles from Seney. It seemed to them that they must have traveled twenty-five or thirty miles at the least, but it is quite common for river voyagers to overrate distances traveled on strange streams. From Seney to the mouth of the Fox is twelve or fourteen miles probably by the thread of the stream. From the mouth of the Fox down to Lake Michigan in a straight line is thirty miles, but it is an amazingly crooked stream, and the canoeaman would think it seventy-five no doubt before he got through. The river drivers, indeed, said it was 120, an estimate presumably wide of the mark. Both the Fox and the Manistique, are very winding, however, and run through the wilderness from Seney down to the lake, a distance great enough to afford a delightful canoe excursion.

The Judge suggesting this to his traveling companion, the latter remarked upon the absence of the historical element in the country. "We hear no stories of adventure," said he; "no comedies, no tragedies, no traditions, no legends, no romances. That which lends the greatest charm to travel in the Old World and in the older parts of the New is here wanting. Every English brook, every Scotch lake, every Irish bog has its historical side, which to the ideal traveler is after all its most attractive side. To my mind this wilderness travel is far less interesting than travel through lands where men have been living for generations. It adds vastly, to my way of thinking, to a country I go through for me to know that men are and have been living in it. I may not know a page of its history, may never have heard one of its traditions, but I know it does have a history. I know it has its heroes and its hero worshippers. I know its men have lived and suffered, have at one time or another gone down in defeat to come up again in victory, and this knowledge is enough to cast a halo over it all. My imagination can fill all the rest. What have we here?"

"All that you so much note on and more besides," replied the Judge, with some warmth. "You talk about your older settled parts of our country, and yet, long before the settlements were made you refer to, this region was occupied by a liberty-loving, warlike people. Before the Cavaliers peopled Virginia or the Roundheads New England, the Ojibwa held possession here, lived here, struggled here, suffered defeats here and gained victories here; was there no romance, tradition, history connected with them? Why, it was only a short time ago that I met old Nungo, an old, blind descendant of the once lords of this region, who told me many of the traditions handed down by the old men of the tribe. This very Manistique River had a place in their traditions. It was the Indian's highway, and along its crooked course a great fleet of canoes filled with Potawatamies and Illinois from the southern end of Lake Michigan pressed forward to make war on the Ojibwas encamped at the Sank Rapids. Crossing the narrow portage between the river and the Tequamenon, the river on which Longfellow located the Puk-wud-jies, his little people, they crossed over and descended that stream. Knowing nothing of that river, and having no guides, all unconscious of danger, the entire fleet was run into the river rapids and carried to destruction over the Tequamenon Falls; and the first knowledge the Ojibwas had of the approach of their enemies was when the young men of their tribe found their dead bodies and upturned canoes floating in the lower Tequamenon. Think of that, will you? These very Potawatamies and Illinois passed right along here and may have encamped on that very high bank before us. From time immemorial the red men floated their bark canoes up and down this stream, and their campfires have been kindled on all the commanding sites on its banks. Was there not wooing of maidens, pursuit of game by hunters, and going to battle of warriors? Had they not their

* * * legends and traditions,
With the odors of the forest,
With the dew and damp of meadows,
With the curling smoke of wigwams,
With the rushing of great rivers?

Now add to this hoary past the wilderness of the present, with its pleasant water courses, its green and feathery-topped trees, the shade, the sunshine, the wild deer, the silence, and

we have an unworked field where creative genius could gather its richest fruitage."

"Well, but—" "Who? Who? Who-a-h!" said an owl concealed in the woods, and it had the last word. Startled by the unexpected noise, Brother Scott forgot his point, and the Judge, taking advantage of the lull, pushed the boat into the current, and the journey was resumed. It was a half mile from the mouth of the Fox to the mouth of the "Outlet," but our travelers were destined to encounter much difficulty in that half mile. They had gone scarce a third of the distance when they came to a "log jam," barring their further progress. Happily it was a light jam, and a little effort served to break the tangle and let the logs float. The Wawa was guided through the floating logs and forced ahead of them. But after a short run a second jam was encountered, and a glance disclosed the fact that it was of such extent that it could not be broken by them, and that to haul over or around it would require such an expenditure of strength as they would reluctantly give.

But the travelers were given to argument. Their respective avocations fostered in each a disposition to "talk back," and now that a log jam of such magnitude as to completely bar further progress by water lay ahead of them, they debarked and sat down on the bank to propose, discuss and reject plans for getting around. After this intellectual exercise had gone on for some time and no headway had been made, the Judge arose and making his way through a thicket of saplings and brush, down stream for thirty yards, he uttered a loud shout. There was the mouth of the outlet from the lakes, and it was wide, deep and free from all obstructions. In a very few minutes boat and camp stuff had been hauled over, and our voyagers were once more on their way.

After a short run they encamped on a dry plat of ground, whereon grew white cedars, white pines and hemlocks with scattering maples. The evening air was delightfully cool, the sky was clear, and it was all of 9 o'clock before the last vestiges of the long twilight disappeared, and they lay down to sleep under the genial influence of a smouldering fire.

FLORIDA AGAIN--III.

TROUT; LARGE-MOUTHED BASS (*Micropterus salmoides*).—This fish is common to all the streams, ponds and lakes of Florida. His favorite haunt is near the margins of lily-pads, reeds, rushes and grass. During the cold months they are ever ready to appropriate anything in the way of bait. Their open countenances will engulf a frog, live minnow, cut bait, bob, spoon or fly. To the lover of piscatorial sport who has not enjoyed the pleasures of playing a game fish, the capture of Southern trout will prove attractive, but to the rodster their actions are objectionable. When hooked this fish will create a momentary disturbance and come to the landing net with his mouth wide open, like a half-drowned kitten. As a game fish they are unworthy of notice, but as they are plentiful, of large size and easily captured, they suffice for the amusement of tyros, boys and girls. Somebody induced President Arthur to visit the head of the Kessenomee River and engage in black bass fishing, and we are of the opinion that he left in disgust, for his stay was very brief.

SEA TROUT (*Cynoscion maculatus*).—This spotted beauty can be found in salt or brackish water in any portion of the State. In size, mode of biting and general habits, the sea trout closely resembles its congener, the weakfish of the North. They will be found in numbers at the passes, on oyster bars and grassy flats. They will readily take a cut fish bait, shrimp, prawn, piece of crab, minnow, artificial fly, or spoon. I find that spoons are being used in the North for the capture of weakfish, and I have reason to believe that I was one of the first to capture a weakfish on a spoon bait. In 1872 I was proceeding from Barnegat Creek to the inlet in a boat sailed by that prince of boatmen, Joel Ridgway. Going down the bay, I laughingly remarked that I could capture a bluefish with a spoon, and dropped a No. 2 Buehler spoon astern. In a few minutes I was rewarded with a bite that astonished me, and I landed a large weakfish. It was iced and forwarded to my friend W. F., of Beverly, N. J. He weighed it and informed me that it tipped the scales at eleven pounds. With a Hill's No. 1, 1½ or 2 bass spoon fly, and a Henshall bass rod, casting near mangrove islands on oyster bars, or near the edge of grassy flats, excellent sport can be secured. They cannot resist the attractions of an artificial fly, and the fly-fisher will find *quantum suff.* of amusement. They are partial to minnows, and the common gray minnows prove an attractive bait. On one occasion with this bait and a stout rod and reel, I landed on the dock at Cedar Keys 383 pounds of these fish, many of them weighing three, four and five pounds. Sea trout, like weakfish, have large and tender mouths, and large hooks are essential. For their capture I prefer 7-0 Sproat or 8-0 Limerick hooks. Owing to their needle-like teeth, a single strand of gut is soon chafed and weakened, and I use a plaited snood. When using live bait, many persons pass the hook through the lips or under the skin near the back fin, and the minnow is liable to be lost without hooking the fish. For over forty years I have been using an arrangement of hook that I have not seen described. I take a suitable number of strands of gut and place them in water to soften. I select three of different lengths and plait them tightly. As I approach an end another strand is added, and after plaiting the double strands for half an inch, I drop the short end. When the snood is made of desired length, I form a loop at one end and secure it with waxen thread. To the other end I attach a No. 7-0 Sproat hook. Two inches more or less above the terminal hook (in accordance with the length of minnows to be used) I attach another hook to the snood. If I use a dead minnow for casting, I press the end hook through the mouth and under the skin, and force out the point near the tail or back fin. The upper hook I pass through one or both lips. When using live bait I pass the terminal hook under the gill-cover and out of the mouth of the minnow. The upper hook is passed under the skin near the back fin. The hook passing through the mouth does not interfere with breathing or motions of the bait. In either case, the minnow is difficult to detach from the hooks, and the latter prove dangerous if meddled with. At many points along the coast, where small streams enter the bays and rivers, the ordinary gray minnows will be found in great numbers, and can be captured in quantity with a cast or minnow net. In the absence of a minnow pail or bucket, gray minnows can be kept alive and kicking for many hours by placing a layer of wet grass or water plants in the bottom of a basket or box, next a layer of minnows, after a layer of grass, and a repetition until the receptacle is full. If a few holes are bored in the bottom and sides of the box, the box or basket can be placed in

water and the bait kept alive for days. If some of your readers will try the double-hook arrangement for black and striped bass, I fancy they will be satisfied with the result. To the fly-fisherman sea trout will prove attractive and furnish him with endless amusement.

RAVALLIA; RALALO (*Centropomus undecimalis*).—Until very recently this fish escaped the notice of Northern writers. It is found at many points on the southwest coast, and as a game fish has few equals. My friend, Dr. Ferber, found them in great quantity in a pool on Billy Bowlegs Creek, a tributary of Sarasota Bay. As rapidly as he could cast with artificial flies he would hook one or two weighing from one to three pounds. Last winter, on the Hillsboro River, above Tampa, the Rev. Mr. Prime hooked several on artificial flies, and was loud in their praise as game fish. After a few moments' play they would cut the gut and escape. Becoming disgusted with his failures, he used flies mounted on fine wire snoods, and succeeded in capturing several, and if my memory serves me they weighed over ten pounds. To my knowledge one was captured at Punta Rassa weighing thirty pounds. This noble game fish is eminently worthy of notice, and I trust that all fishermen who visit Florida and capture this fish will publish where they found them, the best bait adapted to their capture, state the tide, time of biting and any other interesting data. If each person would contribute his mite, a mass of definite and useful information would soon be collected, and one of the best game fishes in the United States placed within reach of rodsters. Many persons object to writing for the public press, and as a result much valuable information is lost. If your readers who visit Florida and capture ravallia will furnish me with any data regarding them, I will collect and publish same for the benefit of all.

It is probable that the term ralalo is the name awarded this fish by the earlier Spaniards, but ravallia seems to be the one in general use. Tarpum was the name used to designate the *Megalops trissoides* by the earlier writers, but it is known to-day as the tarpon, and in consequence I use the common name.

RED SNAPPER (*Lutjanus blackfordii*).—These noble and beautiful fish can be captured at numerous points around the Florida coast, but escape the notice of visitors. I have captured numbers of the crimson beauties, but none inside of the eleven fathom line. They frequent rocky or clayey bottom at a depth of from eleven to thirty fathoms. On one occasion I was in a party that captured 208 within one hour, and at a depth of eighteen fathoms. Nine miles east of the sea buoy off the mouth of the St. Johns River is a snapper bank, and during the year parties are made up, a tug hired, the bank visited and royal sport enjoyed. These fish are bottom feeders and will take cut mullet or shark bait. When obtainable, I use about four ounces of fresh shark for their capture. On the inner banks, where the water is eleven or twelve fathoms in depth, these fish range from 8 to 25 pounds, but on the outer bank, in eighteen or twenty fathoms of water, they will average about 26 pounds. For their capture a 71-thread cotton line, a 20 to 30 ounce snaker, and hooks the size of 4001 cod hooks of Abbey & Imbrie's catalogue will be found suitable. A smaller line will answer, but the fingers will suffer. They bite well during the late winter months, and visitors to Florida miss a piscatorial treat when they fail to visit the "snapper banks." The "banks" are literally covered with sea bass (Florida blackfish), porgies, grunts, etc. When snappers cease biting the small fry begin, and if a sufficient number of hooks are used, three, four and five can be landed at a time. On one occasion snappers ceased biting, and I amused myself with rod and reel and landed 176 sea bass and other small fry in a short time.

MANGROVE SNAPPER (*Lutjanus aximbeus*).—This fish ranges from one to eight pounds, and is most generally found in deep holes, or near mangrove bushes. It takes cut bait or a live minnow. To capture this fish it is necessary to use light tackle, and to cast as far as possible from the boat. When hooked, the fisherman must keep a tight line, or the fish will retreat under a snag, rock, or among the roots of the mangrove and the loss of tackle will result.

BONE FISH; LADY FISH; SKIP JACK (*Albula conorhynchus*).—This is a long, slender fish, one to three feet in length, and useless as a food fish, being merely a mass of bones. It is vigorous and active, and affords excellent sport. The instant it is hooked, it commences leaping from the water and rushes hither and thither. S. O. Clarke says: "I know of no species which equals it in activity, even the grise makes fewer leaps, and is less rapid in its play." They will take a cut bait, spoon, minnow, or fly. When feeding they usually go in schools, and will be seen breaking water in every direction. On one occasion I was encamped on the northerly end of Little Gasparella Island. In an eddy inside of the pass hundreds had congregated, and as rapidly as I could cast a minnow, spoon or cut bait, it would be seized by these voracious fish. But to the fly-fisher, bone fish offer many attractions, and I would recommend all to test the sport.

BLUEFISH (*Pomatomus saltatrix*).—In a paper published in the FOREST AND STREAM in 1, think, 1873, I referred to the fact that on two occasions the bluefish deserted the Northern coasts, and that it was probable that another exodus was near at hand. From the best information obtainable, their winter habitat was north of Cape Hatteras; but during the winter of '77 they first appeared at Indian River Inlet, and last winter they wandered as far west as Cedar Keys. The migration of fish is an interesting study, and in this connection I shall refer to the shad. Over thirty years since a new and singular fish, unknown to all the fishermen, was captured in the St. Johns River. It was referred to my friend Dr. Baldwin, of this city, for identification, and he pronounced it a shad. Yearly they increased in numbers until they sold four for a quarter. Within a few years the river has been filled with gillnets, and shad are few and far between. Last winter bluefish took possession of Lake Worth, on the eastern coast, and created sad havoc among the sea trout, yellow-tails and grunts. As it is probable that their numbers will increase and their winter cruise extend, it would be well for fishermen to supply themselves with bone squids and needle-eyed O'Shaughnessy hooks, with wire snoods.

CATFISH.—Florida is cursed with four kinds of catfish, and to the uninitiated I would say beware of Florida cattles. In perusing papers devoted to sports of forest and stream I frequently notice the communications of enthusiastic fishermen, who detail in glowing language their success in the capture of catfish, and to such I would say that they can be surfeited in this State with the capture of cattles from one to thirty pounds. Our city market is built on piles, and large cattles lie in wait for their food. In the fall of '82 a number of gentlemen from Philadelphia visited this city and called upon me. The subject of fish and fish-

ing was broached and I listened to a lengthy discussion regarding the edible qualities of cattles. I invited the gentlemen to accompany me to the market and introduced them to the w. c. Looking down at the water they saw at least one hundred catfish, from six to fifteen pounds, near the surface. I opine that since that time the early morning cry of c-a-t-f-i-s-h-e-e in Philadelphia is not as welcome as formerly. Catfish in Florida are to a great extent surface feeders, and will not refuse a spoon or fly. They are good fighters, and fly-fishermen will discover that a ten-pound catty is worthy of notice as a game fish. The fisherman in Florida should provide a rod of iron or a shillaly about two feet long, and before he undertakes to unhook a Florida catty (more especially the salt-water species) he should pound every particle of life out of his victim. I speak feelingly and pointedly, for I have suffered from their spines. Another nuisance in Florida is the stingaree. They are occasionally hooked ranging from three to four feet in width, and the sting, midway of the tail, had better be avoided. When fishing in salt water I always carry a cast-steel gaff four feet long. At one end I have the rod bent and welded, and a handle formed to receive four fingers. When I hook one of these varmints I gaff him and bring him to the side of the boat, and with a fifteen-inch butcher knife stab and cut my victim until I can release my hook in peace.

AL. FRESCO.

Natural History.

"KEY TO NORTH AMERICAN BIRDS."

THE original edition of Dr. Coues's "Key to North American Birds" was published in 1872, and has for years been out of print. Now, twelve years later, a second edition, revised and entirely rewritten, makes its appearance. This second edition is a much more important work than was the first. That was intended as a text-book of North American ornithology, a volume which might be convenient, it is true, as a manual of reference for the working student, but which was essentially a book to which the beginner in this science could turn with profit. The new Key is literally an encyclopedia of American ornithology, and, except that it does not give the biographies of the species, covers the whole ground of this great subject in a marvelously thorough manner, and from a standpoint far more advanced than that of the first edition.

The progress which American ornithology has made in the twelve years that have elapsed since the publication of the Key is very great. These years have been important ones in every branch of science throughout the world, and the energy and enthusiasm of American ornithologists have kept them from falling behind workers in other fields, so that this science has kept pace with the advance of knowledge in all departments. It is not necessary to state in detail what progress has been made in the study of birds within that time, how many valuable works published, how much general interest excited in the public mind in regard to this group. A journal wholly devoted to the science and an association for its promotion have been founded in America and are in successful operation. Bearing in mind that the changes that have taken place within the time mentioned and the progress that has been made, we might imagine that the Key of to-day would be different from the Key of 1872.

The present volume contains the material of three important works by Dr. Coues, revised and elaborated. These are the original Key, the Check List and the Field Ornithology. This abundant material has been woven together into a volume of about 900 pages, profusely and beautifully illustrated, and abounding in information and suggestions. Altogether it is the most useful bird book which we have seen. It consists of four parts. Of these, the first is "Field Ornithology," originally published separately, in 1874. This is a very complete manual of advice and direction to the collector. It treats of a variety of subjects, some idea of which may be gathered from the following section headings: Implements for Collecting and their Use; Dogs; Suggestions and Directions for Field Work; Hygiene of Collectors; Registration and Labeling; Instruments, Material and Fixtures for Preparing Bird Skins; How to Make a Bird Skin; Miscellaneous Particulars; Collection of Nests and Eggs; Care of a Collection. The more important of these topics the author treats with very great detail, while others which are less essential he dismisses more briefly. We know of no series of directions which are so clear, simple and easily understood, so full and at the same time so attractively given as those of "Field Ornithology." While a considerable part of this portion of the work is printed just as it originally appeared, the latter part of it has been somewhat expanded.

Where all are so important it is impossible to draw distinctions between the different parts of this work, and yet it can hardly be doubted that without Part II. the Key would lack its most valuable part. This section is devoted to General Ornithology, and is an outline of the structure and classification of birds. The bird is defined, the principles and practice of classification given, the external parts of the birds described and the anatomy of the group very fully treated. The fullness and clearness with which, in a comparatively few pages, Dr. Coues has handled this subject, is one of the most impressive features of the work. The artificial Key, from which this volume originally took its name, is to be found, somewhat changed, at the end of this second part of the work. As at present offered, it is a much less ambitious attempt to make easy the student's work, and brings him down only to the families instead of attempting, as before, to identify by a single line or part of a line of description the various genera. Following the Key is a "Tabular View of the Groups higher than Genera adopted in this work for the Classification of North American Birds," which indicates thirteen orders, twenty sub-orders, sixty-three families and seventy-seven sub-families.

Part III. contains the Systematic Synopsis of North American Birds. In this are included the 878 species, with descriptions of each, and a general history of the different families and larger groups. The etymology of the systematic name is given as in the new check list, and the species are numbered according to that work. Under the species heading, therefore, we have (1) the explanation of the scientific name, (2) a description of the bird, (3) the region it inhabits, and (4) any particulars of special interest which may be known about it.

Delightful as it would be to go into detail about this portion of the work, we must deny ourselves the pleasure of this task. Those who are familiar with Dr. Coues's happy style, and who know with what unflinching accuracy he seizes the points of interest in his subject, will understand very

well how attractive he has made this portion of his work. The illustrations which adorn this portion of the Key are numerous, and very many of them of great beauty. A considerable proportion of them have appeared before, but a large number were drawn especially for this work, and are now seen for the first time. It may be said briefly that this portion of the work represents the old Key, and that of this old Key scarcely anything now remains, since it has all been changed, re-written, added to and improved to meet the requirements of the ornithology of to-day.

Part IV. consists of a Synopsis of the Fossil Birds of North America, and thus corresponds to the appendix of the original Key. The list has been revised by Prof. Marsh, whose important labors in this department of ornithology are so well known.

Taken as a whole, the new edition of Coues's "Key to North American Birds" is a superb work, and one which reflects additional glory upon one to whom literary and scientific honors are by no means new. And students of ornithology who open this volume for the first time will acknowledge again how much they and their science owe to the continuous and devoted labors of the author.

KEY TO NORTH AMERICAN BIRDS. Containing a concise account of every species of living and fossil bird at present known from the continent north of the Mexican and United States boundary, inclusive of Greenland. Second edition, revised to date and entirely re-written; with which are incorporated General Ornithology; an outline of the structure and classification of birds; and Field Ornithology; a manual of collecting, preparing and preserving birds. By Elliott Coues, M.A., M.D., F.R.D., Member of the National Academy of Sciences, etc., etc. Profusely illustrated. Boston: Estes and Lauriat, 1884.

THE MOOSE.

BY CHARLES L. PHELPS.

THE moose is the largest of the deer family. When full grown it stands seven feet high. The body is as round and well shaped as that of a horse. It is not an awkward animal, but the head is large and ill looking. The horns are broad and flat, with short points on the ends. The wide part is sometimes thirteen inches across, and they are often four feet in length. The upper lip is very long, overlapping the under lip, and is used to twist off branches and leaves, something as a horse will take a whisp of hay.

The moose will break off a limb as large as a man's thumb with its upper lip, and with the teeth of the under jaw it will scrape the bark from the roots of a tree to a height of nearly ten feet. From the under jaw hangs a tuft of hair about six inches long. Both the male and female have this tuft, but the male alone has horns. The hair is a dark brown on the back and shades to a lighter color on the sides. Both sexes have a short mane on the shoulders. The moose never runs, he trots. I have seen them trot over a rail fence without breaking their trot, and through snow three feet deep, reaching sixteen feet at every stride. If disturbed they will start off and never stop until they have gone twenty miles; but if followed by dogs they will stop to fight them, and thus may be come up to. Their hearing and sense of smell is much more acute than in a deer, and they will not stand to look at you like the deer, but as soon as they perceive a man they are off. They eat the large roots of the pond lily and coarse grasses in summer. In winter their food consists mainly of twigs and the bark of the striped maple, called moose wood. When they move through the woods they sway their heads from side to side and make quite a noise with their horns. They live to be ten or twelve years old.

The first time I ever saw a moose I was seven years old. I was with my father in a field hoeing corn in the town of Leyden, Lewis county, N. Y., about three miles and a half from Black River, near Tug Hill. There were no settlements east of the Black River at that time. This moose was driven through the field by dogs. He had horns as big as a rocking chair. Moose were very plenty in the Adirondacks and on John Brown's Tract from 1850 to 1855. They were not killed off, but went away to Canada and Maine. They all left in one season. Four or five were brought back to the Saranacs, but they did not stay.

Although moose are timid, they are savage enough when at bay, and will kill a dog at one blow of their feet. I was once out hunting with Owen Roberts and Sim Ruby, when we came upon three moose. We ran them into a ravine where the snow was so deep they could not get up. When they found they were cornered they turned on us, and I and the rest jumped behind trees to keep from being killed.

Sam Dunnigan and I once went up the plains on Moose River and started a moose, but it commenced to rain, and the going was so bad we went down the stream to Stone Dam Shanty, and staid there nearly a week before the weather changed. When it got so we could go on the ice we started. At daylight we were where the dogs left the moose the week before; we followed and found him where he had stopped to feed. He had gone twenty miles without breaking his trot. It was in a little pond. We killed him in the water and made a bridge of logs and poles and got him out. That night we made a shanty of his hide, and the next day got home to Alder Creek, having been gone four weeks, killed one moose, and made our last ten meals off of frozen Johnny cake.

The young moose is not difficult to catch. The last moose ever seen or heard of in John Brown's Tract I led out of the woods—he was with his mother.

Jim Burnett and a man we used to call Schoharie, were taking care of some cows at North Lake, Herkimer county, and in February, 1855, Sam Dunnigan and I went out there one afternoon. We started to hunt rabbits, and when I got to the top of a high hill to the east of the lake I saw moose tracks. I went back and told the men, and the next morning we started. We had not been gone more than fifteen minutes before I killed the mother. We dressed her and then muzzled the dogs, and started after the young one, as we wanted to catch him alive. The dogs soon came up with him, and he fought them for awhile, but soon did not care for them. We followed him over to the Bysbys, to where the Seymour camp now stands, then around north to Jack's Lake and back again to North Lake. By this time it was dark, and Schoharie and Jim Burnett were about tired out, and we had to carry Schoharie nearly all the way to the shanty. Next morning Sam and I took the track alone, and in about two hours we had come up to him; as soon as he saw us he started, but we had kept the dogs back and soon were close to him.

We promenaded around him just as the dogs did, until, striking at the dogs, he fell down, when I jumped on him. We got one leg up out of the snow and knee-banded it with a strap. We then built a fence around him of brush and logs, and made it high and strong, so there was no danger of his getting out. This took us all day, and at night we went back to the shanty.

The next morning we baked some Johnny cake and took it to him. He was much frightened at first, but after giving him a piece he would eat out of our hands. The next morning he was watching for us. We used to go in every day and pat and feed him. I made a halter and taught him to lead. He was very kind and never kicked. I have seen an old moose kick hard enough to take the bark off a tree without hitting it. We kept him a week inside of the fence, when we led him to North Lake and from there out of the woods. On the way out he walked faster than a man, and Dunnigan fell behind. I was walking in one track and the moose in the other. I had one hand hold of the halter chain and the other over his shoulder. When we came to the top of "Railroad" hill he looked back, and seeing Dunnigan in the distance, became frightened. It was two miles and a half to Dawson's, and we were there in ten minutes. He never broke his trot, and all I had to do was to lift my feet. I never traveled so fast before. At Dawson's he was not afraid of the men, but when he saw Mrs. Dawson he went up in the air in a minute, and it was some time before we could quiet him. We started in the morning from North Lake and got to Alder Creek by 2 o'clock in the afternoon—twenty miles.

I kept him in the barn for some time, and one day he got out. I took a halter and some Johnny cake and caught him without much trouble. I afterward took him to Utica and sold him to a man who kept what was known as the City Garden. He died the next 4th of July.

ANTIDOTE FOR RATTLESNAKE BITE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

When about nine years old three boys of us were in the woods after berries, in the southern part of Iowa, where rattlesnakes were plenty. A rattlesnake struck one of my companions on the side of his foot twice, leaving three marks, as if a large needle struck him and was forced out by tearing through the skin. We were a mile from the nearest house for which we started at once. Having to cross a stream, we doused the bitten boy in the cold water to keep him cool. By the time we got him to the house his foot and leg was swollen to twice their size. The mother of third boy took in the situation at once, and made the bitten boy drink all he could hold of new milk, with all the indigo the milk would hold in solution. This was kept up until danger was passed and in a week the boy was as well as ever.

WALL E. PIKE.

CHARLES CITY, IOWA.

Editor Forest and Stream:

A friend of mine recently killed a very large diamond rattlesnake (*Crotalus adamanteus*). It was six feet in length and ten inches in circumference and had seven rattles and the button. I took off the skin to preserve. This is the sixth one that has been killed near the same locality recently. They are pairing at this season and earlier, and traveling about the low scrub and palmetto woods more than at any other time, which makes them particularly dangerous in September and the earlier part of October. I have been here ten years, but never heard of any one being bitten by one. A good plan is for a sportsman to carry a small vial of strong ammonia, inclosed in a little case made from part of a hollow section of bamboo fishing rod. This immediately poured into the wound, after it has been enlarged if possible by a sharp knife, is probably the best remedy one can carry with them.

RED WING.

GLENCOE, FLA., Oct. 14.

THE GROUND SNAKE.—Glencoe, Fla., Oct. 16.—Some time since I mentioned the fact that I had sent a ground snake to the Smithsonian Institution, with request for information, but had never received a reply. This week I received a letter from Dr. H. C. Yarrow, Curator Department of Reptiles of above Institution, in which he states that he had just returned from an extended visit in Utah, which was the cause of delay in answering my letter of inquiry. For the information of those who wish to learn more of the ground snake I will state that Dr. Yarrow says its scientific name is *Rhineura floridana*, popularly known as "ground snake" or "thunder worm." It is supposed to come out of the ground when it thunders and rains. A full description of it may be seen in the "Proceedings of the Academy of Natural Sciences," Philadelphia, 1861, page 75.—RED WING.

ALBINO SQUIRREL.—New York, Oct. 5.—While shooting in Livingston county this summer, I ran across rather a curiosity which was nothing less than a white squirrel. It was about the size of the common gray, had pink eyes, with an extremely full bushy tail, and when shot, although brought to the ground, was not apparently much injured, and I succeeded in keeping it alive. On examination, I found its skin was literally "perforated" with shot much finer than that used by me (No. 7), showing that it had been previously shot. Is this a distinct species or a freak of nature?—Y.B.L.C. [An albino gray squirrel no doubt (*Sciurus carolinensis leucotis*).

POT LUCK FROM EXCHANGES.

A favorite Danish dog was with the Emperor Alexander II., in the tragedy of 1881, and escaped the catastrophe in which his master perished. The animal was taken possession of by the Princess Dolgorouki, and may have been frequently seen escorting the Princess and her children in the Champs Elysees. It has now just died at Lucerne, and will probably be stuffed and sent to St. Petersburg.

Dr. Parker went hunting some time since, and seeing a squirrel poke his head out of a hole in the tree, he fired, but not seeing the squirrel drop, he came to the conclusion that he had missed it. Almost instantly he saw what he supposed was the head of the same animal, and again fired. Still the squirrel head appeared at the same place. He fired thirty-four shots, and, as he did not see the game drop, he came to the conclusion that it was useless to continue the bombardment, and started to go further into the grove. Lo and behold when he had passed the tree on which he had seen the one squirrel, he saw thirty-four lying in a heap upon the ground.—*Charters Valley Tribune*.

An extraordinary incident occurred at Seaconnet Point a day or two ago. It appears that an ox was grazing near the shore where the fishermen had spread their seine to dry. He strayed on to it and his feet became entangled in its meshes, which so enraged him that he attacked the seine with his horns. Then the fun began. With each plunge of his head the beast brought the seine nearer to his feet by continually looping up the seine upon his horns, in consequence of which he was thrown to the ground. The fishermen saw the occurrence and, after some trouble, extricated the captive. The seine was badly broken and the ox completely subdued. This is the first ox ever caught in a seine at Little Compton or any other place.—*Exchange*.

Game Bag and Gun.

DUCK SHOOTING IN NEW BRUNSWICK.

WE have been gunning at intervals all the fall. We sometimes did not need a game bag, but we had a good deal of gunning all the same. Our ambition was roused by reports of ducks in Charter's Lake at Memramcook. We agreed on a day and went early to pick a good position for the evening shooting. I had thirty cartridges and Bob used a muzzloader. We crossed the marsh to the bottom of the lake, and when near a small canal we disturbed a dozen or so snipe. While waiting for ducks we tried the snipe. In about fifteen minutes we had fired all our ammunition and bagged two snipe and a "bunkum." We are not crack shots, and we came home without killing any ducks. We went to the same place on a subsequent evening and opened fire on the snipe again. We got four that time, and saw a Frenchman who had that morning killed five ducks at one shot with an old musket.

We rested for a day or two. Then we heard how Hem-enway and Smith, two "down Easters" from Portland, had killed eighty-five snipe in one day and ninety in another, in the adjoining parish, and we went down in the marsh near the Intercolonial Railway and gunned snipe. Bob killed one dead and I had one down in the grass badly hurt, but could not just locate him, when George McKay, of Philadelphia, came along. He had been down to the Memramcook River with his 36-inch double breechloader, and to encourage us emptied his game bag on the grass. Twenty-two jacksnipe, two golden plover and some sandpipers comprised his pot. He went along on his way home and put up and killed another snipe which we had marked down. We went home by way of Palmer's Pond, however, and Bob killed a muskrat. It fortunately couldn't fly, and we gathered him to his fathers. Our spirits revived somewhat, and when I got a pot shot at a flock of six fall plover and killed the whole lot, like Richard, I was myself again.

Then came the news of how Dr. Allen last week had discovered a haunt of ducks in the Point de Bute Bog, a few miles from here, and had killed forty-seven in a few hours, and missed as many more through bad marksmanship. I remembered a lake in the heart of the woods between here and Sackville where ducks used to congregate, and Bob and I immediately planned to go there. We started last Friday morning at daylight. There had been a frost in the night, and the air was keen as our carriage crashed through the frozen puddles. We had to drive ten miles to New Galloway, and then walk four miles through the forest primeval. We stopped at Deacon Lawrence's to get his dog. The Deacon is fully restored to grace since his one slip last spring, at the same time, wild geese should still beware how they tempt him on Sunday. The Deacon has forgiven me for writing up that Sunday shot of his and lent us his dog, and going on we soon reached New Galloway, where we left the horse. The accommodation at New Galloway is limited. A lumber camp and two deserted frame huts comprise the only habitations. It is a mile from the main road in the heart of the woods, and exists more for the purpose of having public money used on its road than anything else visible to the naked eye.

We picketed the horse in a fence corner and started for our lake. After walking a mile or so, the effects of the frosty air wore off, and we were making good time when Bob stepped on a root made slippery by the frost and fell headlong, sending his dinner basket into a dense brush heap. I waited for him as he groped around in the jungle for stray chunks of bread and sandwiches and raw beefsteak, and strangled my emotions and said nothing, for I did not want to hurt his feelings. Luck came from the mishap, for while Bob was still gathering into his basket the fragments of the loaves and fishes, the familiar sound of a partridge drumming came from a thicket just below us. I hurriedly started back on the road so that we might converge on the point where the bird was. I hadn't gone twenty steps before my turn came, and the treacherous frost on another root gave me a header into a spruce bush. I fared better than Bob with my dinner, as it was stowed away in my coat. Bob did not see me go, so I again strangled my emotions and said nothing, for this time I did not want Bob to hurt my feelings. He did see me putting on my hat, and with his mind on the partridge, asked if I saw anything. I said no, and added with guile that it was impossible to see very far without stooping down pretty well. Bob does not know yet why I went down.

Before we got far into the thicket the partridge drummed again, and then I saw him standing facing me not thirty feet away, on a log, with feathers ruffled and an apparently good opinion of himself and the world in general. I fired at his head, he was so close, and he bit the dust instantly. He was a splendid fellow, as big as a hen, it seemed like slaughter to kill him as he stood up there, but we kill them that way here. Our Canada partridge (ruffed grouse) are not educated as they are in New Jersey, and never think of skulking as snipe do. They are frequently seen on the carriage roads through the woods, and after trotting off into the brush while a team passes, will return to the road to roll in the dust like chickens. Our game was duly stowed away and we again pushed on. Our road principally lay along an old logging road, but occasionally we would branch off and go by dead reckoning.

I don't know what time it was when we reached the lake. My watch was wholly disabled, and Bob's indicated half-past 4. His was a stem-winder, with the winder broken, and he had the night before, in honor of the occasion, put forth an extra effort and wound it up with a corkscrew, but had forgotten to set it. I took the sun with the compass, however, and it was so near south that we concluded to call it noon, and Bob set his watch accordingly.

Where the path branched down to the lake Bob held the dog, while I went ahead to prospect. From behind a bush on the shore I could see two ducks out in the lake, and then, right from the bank beneath me three black ducks swam out in a line all in range not twenty feet away. I would not fire because Bob had no show for a shot. The ducks finally saw me and flew over to the opposite shore. The lake is nearly round and about 300 yards in diameter. I returned to Bob and we went up the road to an old logging camp which we made our headquarters, and unloaded ourselves of all but guns and ammunition. We then crept down to the lake, where an old root made a good blind; but no ducks were within range from there. The main flock of about twenty was up the shore about a hundred yards with a bog behind them, which was hard to cross without being seen. I decided to try it, and leaving the dog with Bob I made a detour through the woods and came out on the bog so as to

keep a tuft of grass between me and the flock. Then began some systematic crawling. I did not go far before an old duck in the middle of the lake saw me and commenced quacking. I had to keep still for fifteen minutes before her suspicions were allayed and she went on feeding. Then I crept on again for a hundred yards, just dragging myself by inches and keeping flat to the wet bog. At last I reached the tuft of grass, and, peering through, I could see the flock bunched together, all feeding, standing on their heads in the water with tails straight in the air. I placed some cartridges ready at my knee for reloading, and then aiming at the point where the tails were mainly bunched, I whistled. Up came the heads like Jacks-in-a-box, and I fired at once. Bob fired as the ducks rose toward him, and when the smoke cleared away six fine mallards lay stretched out on the water and a seventh, wing-broken, was making frantic efforts to swim off. I soon stopped that one and then began shouting to the dog, when hearing wings, I looked up to find the rest of the flock over my head wanting to light among the dead ducks. I fired both barrels, but without effect, as they were flying wild and I was excited. My shots disturbed two teal feeding across the lake, and they came and lit a short distance up shore from me. A hasty detour, some more creeping and a shot, and the birds were mine. By this time the dog had come around and I went back for the mallards, alas, to find but six. One had been playing possum, and as soon as I went after the teal had made off and hidden.

The dog brought the six ashore and we returned to camp. I knew of a pond a short distance off, which I concluded to hunt up, while Bob built a fire. I found one black duck there which I succeeded in soon bagging. I then started up shore on my way back when a teal got up right under my feet. I fired, but I doubt if the shot overtook him, he was going like a ball. He went directly to Bob, who hearing my shot had gone down to the lake and wasted more ammunition over him. We then had dinner in camp and made toast and broiled beefsteak till late in the afternoon. Before leaving for home I had one more look over the lake, and in derision fired a shot toward two gray ducks feeding in the middle of the lake out of range, when they rose and came over under the shore and lit. I walked around and came out behind them, and when nearly within shot the dog moved from cover to see what was going on. I made a quick motion to him, but the ducks were off. I contented myself with some remarks more forcible than devout, and then we turned homeward, satisfied with our partridge and nine ducks for one day.

We have not been out since. An English officer passed through here on Friday with three Indians to hunt moose in the Joggins woods, and John Hickman and George McKay start for Baie Chaleurs to-morrow night after geese and brant. We will wait for reports from these last expeditions before seeking the larger game. B.

DORCHESTER, New Brunswick, Oct. 14.

A BAD CASE OF BEAR FEVER.

A GREAT deal has of late appeared in FOREST AND STREAM about "buck fever," and undoubtedly the hunters of this country have discussed the malady without, however, getting a proper diagnosis. I know of a case in which two hunters were attacked by a somewhat similar trouble, but one which may not be so difficult to diagnose.

In 1871 I was making a trip from Cincinnati to San Francisco; it was a matter of business with me, but I made arrangements so that if I should conclude to stop over for a week's hunt I might do so. It was before I reached Denver, Col., that I met a loquacious farmer on the train. He talked with great volubility about hunting antelope, but apparently did not greatly relish this sport unless properly seasoned with tussles with bears and wildcats. The latter I did not care about, as I had shot many of them in my native State, Ohio, but the word "bear" sent the blood boiling through my veins. It took only a few minutes for me to make arrangements with the farmer and I concluded to stop with him at least a week. We left the train together and drove some fifteen miles to his home. In the evening he told me many stories of desperate encounters with bears, and pointed proudly to a badly lacerated ear as evidence of the cannibalistic propensities of the bears he had introduced himself to. I found his talk very entertaining, but did not like the information I received that bears were becoming scarce and that my friend had not seen any in several weeks.

The next morning we were out with two good rifles, and the word was "anything bigger'n a rabbit or a grouse." I did not like the idea of shooting without a dog, but my friend assured me that dogs only served to alarm the game, and that he could do better without than with them. He evidently considered me greener than I was, but I humored him in everything, even when he suggested to me to keep within fifty yards of him and to signal with my handkerchief in case I saw any large game. He assured me that it required the skill of a hunter like himself to properly despatch Colorado game. Now I had "barked" squirrels in Ohio and Kentucky, and I saw but little difference between hitting an antelope and trimming the bark from under a squirrel. I accordingly made up my mind that the information my friend would receive of the presence of any large game would be given by my rifle discharged at the said large game. It was 9 o'clock in the morning and neither of us had fired a shot, when I noticed something moving in some thick bushes about twenty-five yards from me. I glanced about me and saw my friend looking in a different direction. I cocked my rifle and held my breath, awaiting developments. Suddenly the bushes parted and out stepped—a bear. Allow me to say here that I am glad that your correspondents have written so much about buck fever, for that explains the whole of my subsequent conduct. I was seized with bear fever. I dropped my rifle in one breath, and the next breath I took in the top of a tree. I never could climb a tree; I never had climbed one, but that day I discounted every squirrel in Colorado. You say you would have taken one shot at that bear? It is very nice to say so, sitting at your cosy fireside and reading this article. I think so myself now; but it is a different thing to be far away in the woods, many miles from the dear ones at home, to whom the ravenous bear might not leave even a little lock, without taking into consideration that a corpse after a bear gets through with it does not even make a proper subject for a decent burial; and then with no one around who could tell John and Jake and the rest of the boys about it. Besides that you may not be so susceptible to bear fever as I am. But I am digressing. After I ascertained to my great relief that the bear showed no inclination to force his company on me, I looked about, remembering the injunction about waving my handkerchief in case I saw large game. Judge of my surprise when I saw

my friend up another tree. Both of us enjoyed the exhilarating effects of the upper strata of Colorado atmosphere for some time, and then descended to terra firma and returned home. A coolness had sprung up between mine host and myself, and we cancelled our engagements at once. At the dinner table mine host caught me glancing alternately at his wife's teeth and then at his ear, and the coolness increased to arctic fridity. I hastened away from this place, and since then I have shot nothing larger than a jack-rabbit.

What kind of a bear was it? Now you have got me. When I enter a menagerie I can tell you all about all the bears there, where they come from, how many children they can eat without disturbing their digestion—that is, the bear's digestion—in fact, I am a perfect encyclopædia on bears; but that one particular bear I know nothing about, and I don't want to. I learned all I wanted to know about him in less than the hundredth part of a second. I don't know whether he was a brown bear, a black bear, a grizzly bear, a polar bear, or any other kind of a bear. I would not swear it was a bear at all; it was some big, horrible thing that gave me a horrible fever and made me climb a tree, and if there is anything in the neighborhood that will make me climb a tree, I emigrate. P.Y.M.

TO DAKOTA FOR GAME.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have been a constant reader of your paper for a number of years, and notwithstanding that I belong to that class (postmasters) whom you accuse of handing out to the dear public your paper "well thumbed," I have also been for a long time a "regular subscriber." I confess that when I read your "soft impeachment" against the P. Ms. they were as a class raised several notches in my estimation as to their discernment in the matter of good reading, and I trust if this reaches the eyes of any of them they will at once become not only readers but subscribers as well.

I have been very much interested and profited by your articles from correspondents in different parts of the country, giving notes on prospects for shooting, etc., and the direction of some of my annual shooting tours has been determined by this information. One good turn deserves another.

First as to the route and time. If you are after grouse and chicken shooting start the last of August. If you come from the Eastern States, a good route is via Canada Southern to Detroit, Mich., thence via D. G. H. & M. R. R. to Grand Haven, and then by the boats of this latter company's line to Milwaukee. The day boat of this line, "The City of Milwaukee," makes the run from Grand Haven to Milwaukee (84 miles) in five hours. In Milwaukee, Messrs. Watrous and Mower, editors and proprietors of the newsy *Sunday Telegraph*, are both lovers of rod and gun, and Capt. Mower will cast a fly with the best. In the same building, in the main hall, is Peck of Peck's Sun, who has a beautiful steam yacht on one of the lakes about seventy-five miles north of Milwaukee, built and equipped especially for hunting.

From Milwaukee I took the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railroad. From either Chicago or Milwaukee a return trip ticket can be had, good for forty days. The baggage cars are extra large and roomy, giving plenty of space for dogs (no one should go to Dakota without a good dog). The baggage men, I found, without an exception, accommodating and gentlemanly, taking as much interest in caring for my dog as I did myself, and always making me feel that I was welcome in their car.

My objective point was Redfield, in Spink county. I left Milwaukee at 12 P. M., arriving at Redfield at 8 A. M. of the second morning after, about thirty-two hours' run. At Redfield I hired a team and drove twenty-five miles south-west, to a town called Howell (Hand county). Here I met Major Howell, for whom the town is named, an old comrade in the campaigns of the rebellion, who made me, as he will all who visit his town, feel at home and welcome. And now I was twenty miles from a railroad and in the midst of a perfect paradise for grouse and chickens. I don't know how many birds I bagged. I was out for pleasure and health, and hunted every day. Sometimes I would come in with only five or six birds, another day with fifteen or twenty. I kept the hotel table supplied, and we had plenty to spare. The birds are mostly ruffed grouse, and for true sport give them to me in preference to the pinnated grouse. No waiting for a slow shot with these strong-winged, swift September grouse. They start right from the ground and go. No rising up and sailing off like a prairie chicken.

About fourteen miles east of Howell, and only eleven miles southwest of Redfield, is Cottonwood Lake, a body of water about one mile wide and three miles wide. Here a party of gentlemen from Michigan design locating a club house, supplied with boats, etc., necessary for waterfowl hunting. When this is done, I know of no better place for shooting ducks, geese and brant. I was a little early for waterfowl (October and a part of November are the best times), but spent one day at the lake, and at night on counting up the bag found that I had thirty ducks (most of them mallards), two geese, one sandhill crane and three pelicans. One of the latter measured eight feet six inches from tip to tip. I shot them for specimens to mount. This was a fair day's work, considering the heavy, unwieldy boat I used and that I was shooting a light 7½-pound field gun.

I stopped awhile at Cottonwood with Mr. Wm. Sutton, who has 160 acres of land bordering on the lake. He is an enthusiastic hunter, and his latch-string always hangs out to men of his kind. Should any of the friends of FOREST AND STREAM contemplate a visit to Dakota, if they go via Milwaukee, I commend them to Mr. Geo. H. Heafford, Asst. Gen. Pass. Agent, and Mr. W. E. Rowell, Emigration Agent, of the C. M. & St. P. R. R., for any other information wanted as to routes, etc. P. M.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Countless numbers of geese of different kinds swarm over the wheat stubble at this season of the year. Any one familiar with goose shooting would have no difficulty in obtaining all he wanted. Here is a "pointer" to Eastern sports men who have been here and gone East, no doubt satisfied with killing a few little ducks: Come in October if you want sport.

Dressed in suitable clothes, the color of dead grass (this is important), I procure a dozen sheet-iron profiles, and with my great, big, heavy 12-gauge 7½-pound hammerless, and plenty of shells loaded with one-ounce No. 2 chilled shot, take myself to some convenient stubble field, and there find a suitable place to hide. I arrange my decoys in a semi-circle inclined facing the wind. It is now 3 o'clock P. M. and time for the geese to go out to feed. Looking in the

direction of Fox Lake I see long lines in the sky. I know at once what that means; the geese are coming, and as the first come nearer others follow, until there seems to be no end. Now I hear the *honk honk* of the nearer ones; and see, here they come. They have spied my decoys. On they come, and as they hover for a second, having discovered the fraud, I suddenly rise up out of the stubble and give them both barrels. Strange, only one goose came down. It can't be that I missed. Guess they were further away than I supposed. But here come some more, and this time I have better success, and down come two "whoppers." So it goes on until 5 o'clock. Just two hours' shooting and I have ten geese all told. Let us look them over. This large one is a Canada goose (*Brenta canadensis*) and weighs fifteen pounds. Here are three small geese marked just the same as the above; there are Hutchins geese (*Brenta hutchinsii*). Then we have three nice white ones, snow geese (*Anser hyperboreus*), one speckled belly, yellow feet and bill, with creamy white feathers around base of bill. Here are two that puzzle me: Size nearly as large as the snow geese, color cinnamon ashy, dark on back and dirty white on belly, feet and bill yellow. Will FOREST AND STREAM kindly help me out and say what they are? E. M. K.

SANBORN, Dak., Oct. 15.

THE WOODCOCK'S CONCEALMENT.

EVERY one must have a first time for seeing a woodcock upon the ground and alive. This sight came to me last week. Our party had been out all day, with fair success on quail, when toward night we put up a bevy, which, leaving two of its number behind for our bag, scattered in every direction. Some of them went over a fence, down a side hill into the thick birches, briars and alders, and there we searched vainly for them. Once through this thicket, we found it hard returning; but finally forced our way through to find one quail, which we missed. We followed his flight, and in his stead put up wild a fine woodcock. We marked him down in a thick undergrowth, shaded by second-growth pines, and deep in this our dog pointed him. It was my turn to flush, and into the tangled mass I crept and pushed, gun in hand, until I saw him flattened out upon the leaves like a very leaf himself; his bill under a leaf, his reddish feathers all gathered under him out of sight, the brown stripes on his back looking like the veins of a fallen leaf, save for the gleam of the darker-colored feathers among the lighter ones, and I should not have seen him had it not been for the dog's nose, which pointed straight into his hiding place. So still he lay I thought him a dead bird, and called out that he was the dog's property. But, no! Presently an eye opened, his head moved slightly, his bill lifted the leaf in front, his head cocked over a little to one side and his alert glance, taking in the situation, made me call out involuntarily "Mark!" and he was off, but so was my friend's gun, and though the first barrel missed him, the second brought him to the ground, and the dog which had pointed him so staunchly retrieved him to his master. J. D. P.

WITH THE GROUSE IN NEW ZEALAND.

HAVING spent about six months in close application to office work in the town of Napier without a holiday, and July 31 being the last day of the open season for game, I determined to have a few days after the birds on the property of my friend D., who owns a section of good shooting ground about thirty miles out of town. I own two guns, but my favorite is a double breechloader, cylinder, 12-bore, 30-inch barrels, and for all-round shooting I have found nothing to beat it. I also own two setters, which, considering the small amount of work they get, acquit themselves very fairly in the field. Count, the senior, is a big English and Irish crossed dog, orange and white with ticked head and neck, 3½ years old. I find this cross a great improvement on the pure bred English, being a much stronger and harder dog than the latter. Count is simply indefatigable, very staunch on his points, with a splendid nose and a wide range. His only fault is that he will not retrieve. I rarely, however, lose a wounded bird with him, for he will follow them up any distance and hold them down with his paw till my arrival without damaging more than a feather. Rock, the junior, is a pure bred lemon and white English setter, eighteen months old, and scarcely yet as reliable as the old dog; he shapes very well, however, for a youngster, has a beautiful temper and retrieves perfectly. With care, and good luck next season should make him a grand dog, and worthy of his name.

Starting on horseback on the afternoon of the 28th, my dogs running alongside me, I reached D.'s comfortable country quarters just in time for tea, and found my favorite Bland, which I had left there last trip, all clean and ready for use.

D. and I turned in early, and were up before daylight next morning, as we had some distance to ride to the best shooting ground. The morning was fine and clear but frosty, and the country rough and hilly, so we were not sorry to get off and walk across some of the gullies by way of sparing our horses and promoting circulation. After about two hours traveling we reach a creek which was to be our depot for the day, tethered the horses, and scrambling up the further bank, found ourselves on a good-sized flat pretty thickly covered with manuka scrub. Here we separated, each taking one side of the flat. I had not gone more than 100 yards when Count evidently got on a scent, which turned out to be that of a cock pheasant, which unfortunately rose before I got within shot; this was Rock's doing, and as I saw the pair were too fresh to work well together just yet, I tied the youngster up to a stout bit of manuka and left him behind for the time. Count now worked splendidly, not missing or flushing a bird all the rest of the morning.

The next bird to get up was a hen pheasant, and I had her down almost before I recognized her sex. Shortly afterward, coming to a small grassy gully, Count stood again, and I walked up a cock and hen, dropping the former but letting his consort go in peace. The cock was, however, only winged and ran into the manuka, which was in places seven or eight feet high and pretty thick, but the dog followed and found him, and after some trouble I found them both. I traveled a good distance after this without getting a point or seeing a bird, and was becoming somewhat disgusted when the old dog came to a beautiful stand within a few yards of me. I got the bird, a grand cock, up with some trouble and tumbled him over clean and dead. At this juncture I was stimulated by hearing D.'s first shot on the other side of the flat, both barrels at once, and I pictured him doing immense slaughter. This florid play of my imagination must have unnerved me as I missed a native rail

which got up shortly after, a pretty easy shot, and a cock pheasant, which rose when I fired at the rail, accompanied by a hen, at which last, however, I didn't pull a trigger.

I seemed to have got into the thick of the birds now, as the dog was working very fast, apparently puzzled by cross scents, and ranging backward and forward in an aimless sort of way. However, he at last made up his mind, and was soon over another bird, which I bagged; and had only just fired when another cock jumped up right under my nose, and so startled me that I missed him badly and gave expression to some eloquent language in consequence. I soon, however, made up for this, as the next three birds were within a short time brought down, each with the first barrel; Count standing splendidly and the birds being killed clean. Six pheasant cocks and a hen so far, and my bag began to feel heavy; but carrying his own birds is, to the true sportsman, a labor of love, and I trudged cheerily on over the rough ground. The seventh cock got up presently in a very awkward position and I gave him both barrels. He came down with a broken wing, and I had to go about half a mile before I came across him, with Count in charge after his usual fashion. The sportsman's appetite beginning now to operate on me, I worked back to our rendezvous for lunch, picking up Rock on the way, but without getting another shot. I was not sorry to put off my bag, I can assure you, and by the time I had lit the fire, boiled the "billy" and made some tea, my friend D. put in an appearance. He had got only two cock birds, but had missed several.

We did ample justice to the viands, and although the billy was a deep one, we saw the bottom of it before we left off. After about an hour's rest, including the inevitable pipe, over which we lovingly contemplated the plump proportions and glorious plumage of our victims, a fresh start was made. We had only about two hours now before starting homeward, and they had to be made the best use of. It was Rock's turn now to show what he could do, and I ran a leaf of flax through Count's collar and kept him at heel, an arrangement to which he acceded only after several frantic but futile efforts to break away when he saw his comrade on a point. Rock's first bird, a fine cock, I shot close to where I left off in the morning, and the young dog brought it to me at once; but "parting" was "such sweet sorrow," that I had some trouble to get possession, though his teeth never even grazed it. He soon, however, started to work again, and we put up several hens consecutively, the dog flushing some, but standing grandly on others. I let them all go, with a silent prayer that they would "increase and multiply" for my benefit on some future occasion.

The next was the shot of the day, a cock and hen getting up simultaneously, as I thought, out of range. I let drive, however, at the former and dropped him dead at a distance which I paced as sixty-two yards—good work for a cylinder gun, and showing there was nothing wrong behind the stock that time. Returning campward by the way of a long grassy gully I got two more cocks, which Rock retrieved perfectly.

On arriving at the rendezvous I found D., whose luck had again been worse than mine, waiting for me with everything ready for a start, so we made tracks for his home, arriving long after dark. A good supper, an hour's delicious and contented rest with our pipes after the healthful and pleasurable exercise and excitement of the day, and we turned in to sleep the sleep of the just and the sportsman.

Next morning at daylight we were up again, and, after a hurried though by no means inconsiderable breakfast, started for new ground of very much the same character as yesterday's. I found the dogs in steadier trim the second day and worked them both together, with some slight trouble occasionally through the excitement of the competition, but with several very pretty exhibitions of backing.

To give you all the details of this day's work would be as Hamlet says, "something too much of this." Suffice it to say that when we started for home I had seven fine cock pheasants in my bag. My friend D., however—who I may mention without assumption is neither so keen a sportsman nor so good a shot as myself—had to content himself again with a smaller tally.

Having to return to town the next day, and my friend being unable to go out with me, I took things more easy and waited for breakfast with the rest of the household. The meal over, I took a turn in the immediate vicinity of the house and in the adjoining bush, and had the luck to get a brace of good cocks in the open and five pair of native pigeons in the timber. The latter are rather slow sport, as you cannot get at them except in the thick bush, sitting, but they form a most acceptable addition to the larder.

I started for town late in the afternoon with my ten brace of pheasant cocks (I left the hens behind) and five pair of pigeons variously bestowed upon my own person and that of my horse, and a very tedious journey it was, the heavy and awkward load making it impossible to go out of a walking pace. Indeed, I did not reach town until the small hours of the morning. But the glorious sport and the accession of physical health and mental content, not to mention the sport and the subsequent dinners, well repaid me for the toil.

NAPIER, N. Z., Sept. 12.

ADIRONDACK GAME PRESERVATION.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The reply of Fish Commissioner R. U. Sherman to my recent letter on Adirondack game preservation, calls for a word of reply from me. There is this difference in my position and that of Mr. Sherman. I speak in behalf of the law only as a disinterested private citizen, while he is on the defensive as a public officer. My observations in the Adirondacks were made during a three weeks' trip, during all of which I was in camp with four or more guides. My trip extended from the Lower Saranac Lake, through Saranac River, Round Lake, Upper Saranac Lake, Raquette River, Big Tupper Lake, Bog River, Round Pond and Little Tupper Lake, and back by way of Big and Little Wolf ponds, Little Long Pond, Mosquito Lake, Rollin's Pond, Why Pond, Little Green Pond, Big Square Pond, Fish Creek Pond and Fish Creek. I got my information in many talks with the guides over the camp-fires, and they were as well-known and as well-informed guides as there are in that region. I reaffirm all that I said. The game laws are a practical nullity in the Adirondack regions generally. I did not find a guide who did not express his willingness to assist parties to shoot deer out of season. I was told what sport could be had in this and other unlawful ways. I was told of leading sportsmen's hotels which have venison in their ice houses at all seasons. I found the guides declaring it impossible to form any agreement among themselves to enforce the law. As to the general honesty of the guides, I can confirm all that Mr. Sherman says, and their efficiency in their duties is

proverbial. They simply share the too general feeling that it is no sin to violate a game law. If any number of them did not do so, the violators would soon be brought to justice.

What I wrote about the game protector stationed at Elizabethtown was founded on information given me by the guides, and I feel certain that if those with whom I talked were not under the jurisdiction of that office, they saw too little of any other officer to know under whose jurisdiction they were. Many an officer in search of violators of the game law may have had "wild goose chases" which Mr. Sherman says have fallen to his experience, but this only enforces the recommendation that I made to "set the guides to watch the guides."

NEW YORK, Oct. 17, 1884.

CALIFORNIA ASSOCIATION.

FOURTH ANNUAL MEETING.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The fourth annual meeting of the above named body was convened at Los Angeles on Oct. 2. Some twenty delegates were present, in person or by proxy. Director Robinson presided, in the absence of both the president and vice-president.

An address of welcome by H. T. Hazzard, of the Recreation Gun Team of Los Angeles, was offered, and responded to by the chairman. The usual routine business was then done, after which an address by the president, Hon. M. M. Estee, and a valuable paper by Director Ramon E. Wilson were read.

Mr. Wilson's paper was especially valuable, because it discussed learnedly the question now mooted here, whether or not the State can be districted, so as to enable those in mountain counties to shoot at seasons different from those proper for the valleys and coast. The paper advised conservatism in action, and urged the necessity of full knowledge before offering amendments to the present law. On Friday evening the Committee on Fish and Game presented a partial report. It had sent over the State several thousand circulars of queries, which had been answered in fair number, thanks largely to the kind words of the daily press, the FOREST AND STREAM, and other sportsman's papers. The answers showed great diversity in habits and seasons in the different parts of California, and the committee hesitated in giving conclusions. It advised the greatest deliberation in framing a law which should meet the needs of all sections. It requested further time in which to complete its report, which was granted, with direction to act in conjunction with the Fish Commission of California in recommending legislative action.

Hon. A. B. Dibble and Hon. R. H. Buckingham of the Fish Commission were present, and offered some interesting facts in connection with their work. They had secured 186 convictions for violations of the fish laws. More than had previously been made since there had been a Fish Commission, and believed they had secured either the co-operation or fear of a majority of the river salmon fishermen in the State.

Ten individual members were elected and the meeting adjourned with resolutions of thanks to its entertainers, the Recreation Gun Team, of Los Angeles. Various amusements had been provided by the home club. A trap shoot, drives about the new, but fast growing and developing city of Los Angeles, a quail shoot near the city and a banquet, all of which were enjoyed to the full by the visitors. Much credit is due Messrs. H. T. Payne, H. T. Hazzard, John Kurlitz, F. E. Browne and J. P. Taggart, the Entertainment Committee of the Los Angeles Club, for the perfection of the plan of entertainment.

And very much might be said of the hearty warmth and geniality of all the members of that club, who devoted time and strength to unselfish efforts to please their guests.

The meeting as a whole was a success. The officers elected for the coming year were: President, Hon. M. M. Estee, San Francisco; Vice-President, H. T. Payne, Los Angeles; Secretary, H. H. Briggs, 609 Sacramento street, San Francisco; Treasurer, J. P. Spooner, Stockton; Directors, Orittenden Robinson, San Francisco; Ramon E. Wilson, San Francisco; A. L. Thiel, Chico; J. M. Bassford, Jr., Vacaville; Geo. Fletcher, Grass Valley. FRANCISCO.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal.

PHILADELPHIA NOTES.

THE "Big Deer Woods," North Atlantic county, New Jersey, has been ablaze for several days past, and the game of that section will thereby suffer.

Quail are reported unusually plentiful in both Maryland and Delaware this autumn. A friend, who has lately returned from these States, traveled on business through this region with horse and buggy, and took special pains to inquire along his entire route, and tells me in every case he received the information that many coveys have hatched, and the breeding season has been excellent and the birds are well grown. This is good news, but was expected, as the entire summer has been well suited for the growth of the broods. The swamps and spring branches of Delaware and Maryland afford secure hiding places for the quail, and it is a difficult matter of late years to find them very far from them, and when shot at they invariably seek shelter there; consequently in some parts of both of these States it is next to impossible to make good bags, notwithstanding birds may be quite numerous. A sportsman that has once experienced the trouble of making his way through one of these branches will never forget it.

The cold snap of last week brought on a flight of black-heads to the Havre de Grace flats, not a large arrival to be sure, but enough to know the ducks are making up their minds to come, and by the time the season opens shooting will be good, even if the canvas-back ducks and redheads have not arrived. Your correspondent hears of several gentlemen who intend selling out their sinkbox outfit at Havre de Grace, and of others who are making inquiries with a view of purchasing shares in ducking points, in fact some of the gentlemen who are about selling their sinkboxes have told me they intend giving up that sort of shooting for point ducking. It will be but a few years before it will be illegal to anchor a box on the feeding grounds at the mouth of the Susquehanna River; would it were so now.

There is quite a sprinkling of bluebills at Barnegat and Tuckerton bays. Black ducks are not plentiful there as yet. The few broods that were hatched in the Big Swamp above Harvey Cedars on Long Beach have been killed off. I hear of a number of sportsmen who intend starting for Barnegat and Tuckerton next week.

I have taken considerable trouble to inquire of the results of those who left Philadelphia for Pennsylvania quail shoot-

ing on the 15th of the month and have not as yet heard of any bag having been made. In almost every instance I am told the leaves had not yet fallen and no birds were found. One indefatigable sportsman said to me, "I did not find a single bird," and I know he was well dogged and selected good grounds. There have not been sharp frosts enough to start the woodcock on their flight, but we may expect during the balance of this month to have them come to us.

The following are the highest boats scored at the Lazzaretto, Pa., up to Oct. 11. Thus far there have been 3,720 rail killed at that ground: W. A. Child 63, W. Stewart 60, H. B. Tatham, Jr. 59, G. M. Griffin 54, Charles Powell 54, John Bailey 49, W. Hood 46, R. Starke 43, C. F. Warwick 43, J. Malin 41, H. McLaughlin 40, J. Malin 40, H. Montgomery 40, John Bailey 30, Wash. James 35, P. P. Peace 34, W. Wayne 35, J. Malin 34, W. Irons 33, J. T. Allenger 33, J. Gaffney 33, W. H. Child 30. The season has altogether been a poor one owing to continued adverse winds.

HOMO.

GAME IN PIKE COUNTY.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have just returned from Pike county, Pa., where I have tested the picturesque inducements for sportsmen set forth by enterprising local correspondents for sundry New York and Philadelphia papers. Time was when the picture of a herd of deer sailing through the brush with ruffed grouse streaming from every log would be but little overdrawn. I have seen game and trout plenty in this section, but now game is scarce and the streams are on the verge of being fished out. This is due to market hunting, local hotel requirements, and neglecting to stock to replenish what is taken away.

It seems to me that the correspondents I refer to would do better to save their adjectives and fine writing for the scenery, air and comfort of this lovely country and not say too much about the attractions for the hunter and angler. Too much cannot be said of the natural attractions of Little Pike: exaggeration of its sylvan beauty would be hardly possible. There is accommodation for the most refined and the most delicate in its hotels and every farmhouse. But they should "draw it mild" when they talk of its game and fish.

This was a good year for ruffed grouse. Enough of them were hatched to secure fair sport for a few if they had been allowed to attain maturity. But the woodcock law decimated them, the market hunters "potted" them without compunction when they could barely fly and take care of themselves, in some cases destroying entire flocks. Those not destroyed were scattered and made wild, and but for the thick brush and late season there would be few left. Thanks, however, to this green autumn, there are enough left "for seed," and there is a prospect this year of treble the number of birds being left over for next spring's family business than for many years. With the woodcock law changed by this Legislature in Pennsylvania to Sept. 1, or, still better, the 15th, there would be fine sport in the autumn of 1885.

There will be as good fall woodcock shooting as usual in the county. When I left there had been one small flight; by the 25th there should be one or two more, and there will be others in rapid succession until the 15th of November. Few shooting grounds are better or more attractive than these Pennsylvania swales, marshes and black-loamed haunts of the longbills.

Deer hunting will be fair this year from the 25th of this month to the first tracking snow. Taking the region from the Porter's Lake grounds to the Knob, and from there in a line east from the Shohola to the Log Tavern and Brink Ponds, there is a fair sprinkling of venison on the hoof. Bear signs are numerous.

To those who want advice as to a *pied à terre*, I would say, go to John M. Hoffman's, at the Sawkill Pond near Milford. It is in the center of the woodcock grounds. He has deerhounds, etc., knows how to drive, and he knows how to make visitors comfortable. Oscar Westbrook, at Milford, is a crack shot and a good guide, and can accommodate a party of sportsmen in his snug home. He knows the best quail grounds in the Delaware Valley, and the prospects for the season, which opens Nov. 1, are excellent.

AMATEUR.

LOUISIANA GAME SUPPLY.

THE cold wave that a few days ago swept over this portion of the country was especially welcome to our local hunters, who saw in it the approach of a cooler state of the weather, which would allow them to prosecute their favorite recreation with some degree of comfort. The hunting season really opened on the 15th of last September, but the continuous spell of hot weather admitted of but limited journeys in search of game, short passes in the morning being all that was done.

The warm condition of the atmosphere also prevented the taking out of dogs, for the reason that they were soft in flesh, and being so full blooded, exposure would have subjected them to the danger of being afflicted with fits; the quality of the dog has been greatly improved throughout this part of the country, and he is a very poor sportsman, indeed, who fails to take the proper care of a good animal. Another reason existing for the little hunting done was because of the scarcity of water for the dogs. Much to the regret of those who uphold the game law, it is a well-known fact that deer have been shot all summer in the immediate neighborhood of the city, and in nearly every instance the meat was smuggled into town. The prevention of just such unlawful hunting as this, is one of the principal objects of the new Sportsmen's Association, and it is to be hoped that they will soon be enabled to afford game the protection it is entitled to.

The cold snap through Texas on the 10th inst. had the effect of sending in this direction unusual numbers of teal duck, which spread along the Gulf coast into the western end of Lake Ponchartrain. The Mexican, or dusky duck, that heretofore has been seen around in very limited numbers, can be found in great quantities down near Bayou Des Allemands. On the first day of October eighty-four were shipped into town. Such numbers bagged in one day had been unheard of previous to this.

Reports received from Chef Mentour and Lake Catherine bring the cheering intelligence that the richest kind of duck food abounds in all of the lagoons. Frequenters of these places express the opinion that shooting along the North-eastern and Shell Beach road will drive the ducks into this territory; consequently duck hunters are jubilant over the prospects for hunting. As soon as the weather gets cold large bags can be counted on.

Bayou LaBranche Prairie, up the "Big J" road, has not yet been investigated, but judging from the experience of past seasons there will be no scarcity of ducks there. The great trouble to reach them, however, will be the same as heretofore; the hunter has the impenetrable sawgrass to

overcome in wading to the lagoons. The "no-Sunday-night-train" returning will only admit of limited hunting in this locality.

Reports from the "Jump," below Fort Jackson, are very flattering. Large numbers of teal ducks and widgeon and sprigtail have already arrived there. The great protection the ducks have at the "Jump" is its inaccessibility for our Sunday hunters, which keeps them from patronizing it; it takes at least one day to get there and one to return.

The jack snipe made their appearance here during the month of August, a few being killed in the rear of the city. Some scattering bags of fifteen to twenty have already been made down the L. & N. railroad. As this bird is hatched in the far North, under the most favorable auspices, the admirer of this kind of shooting can be sure of having a royal time with them this coming fall.

Now that the Morgan Railroad is running double daily trains, and has made it possible for hunters to travel at a reasonable outlay of money, the quail and snipe that have heretofore rested in such comparative security along that road from Morgan City to Vermillion, will know what it is to be chased about by the average city hunter.

The Mississippi Valley road runs through the best deer, turkey and bear country to be found anywhere in the United States, and lovers of large game can get all of this splendid sport they want. They will never return empty-handed if they place themselves in charge of the hunters after big game in the Yazoo Valley and swamp.

Quail along the Big J road abound in the usual large quantities. Trapping having been prohibited in several of the Mississippi counties adjacent to the road, a dog and gun will fall heir to the birds previously consigned to the trap.

In regard to the annual field trials, it may be stated that Mr. Kemp, secretary of the Canton Gun Club, has written to this city that the several fields reserved for the trials to be run in that place in December are literally filled with birds, and the field trial races to be given by the National American Kennel Club and the Southern States Sportsmen's Association bid fair to eclipse anything of the kind ever given in this country, owing to the large number of entries made, including the finest dogs, old and young, that America can produce. The heats will be run off in quick time because of the great number of birds.

From the limited information that can be obtained from the Southern Sportsmen's Association, which organization includes some of the best sportsmen element in the city, it seems that they have bright prospects for the success of their field trials. The trials will be run when the others finish, and will secure all the good dogs of the National races, as well as those entered specially for the Southern Sportsmen's event.—*New Orleans Times-Democrat*.

GAME AT TIM AND SEVEN PONDS.—Eustis, Me., Oct. 17.—The fishing at this resort has been first-class all through the season from June to September, and one that has given perfect success and satisfaction to all parties who have had courage to push into this new country, and the results have carried encouragement to the indefatigable pioneer who has carried out the project of keeping a passable road through this forest despite the opposition of the storm king. The hunting season has now commenced, and it will some day be more widely known that this section abounds in big game, especially deer and caribou. Partridges are in abundance also, and can be shot in quantities to suit the desire of the customer. A few hunting parties have already visited these camps, and not a man yet but has had shots at big game. Some hit, but more miss. One man had five shots at three deer, but only got one. But all are satisfied the game and guide are all right, but there was something the matter with the sights on their rifles. Oh! who cannot sympathize with the man at the target match? A clean miss! Witness the look of astonishment and surprise on his face as he makes a critical examination of that rifle and the sights. "Somebody has been fooling with it, surely." We all know how it is ourselves. But it was a noble five-prong buck he shot at, and what will the "boys" say? Just give him one more such a chance and we will have venison for supper. I wish it understood by those desiring to hunt big game this fall that Mr. Smith is still at his post and ready to supply any needs that a party can demand. Supplies, camps, guides and cooks and everything will be satisfactory if the rifles shoot straight, for the game is there.—M.

NEBRASKA GAME.—Lincoln, Neb., Oct. 12.—Chicken shooting is practically over. The birds begin to flock and won't lie to the dog. Where found alone or in the remnants of coveys they rise out of range. In this immediate locality the sport after this game did not prove satisfactory. Quail are reported in unusual abundance but the cover virtually precludes the possibility of good bags. Three or four coveys have been seen here in the heart of the city. My next door neighbor came over after me a week or so ago to get me to go into his yard and massacre a covey of thirteen that were huddled up in his back yard. I was out of town. Ducks have been unusually scarce. The scores on this fowl have fallen away below the average of former years. One day last week, when the wind had gotten into the north the night before, the air was full of flocks flying southward, but very few tarried in the streams and ponds thereabouts. The largest bag I heard of was made by Mr. Hollett and myself, being one mallard, three sprigs, and fifteen bluewing teal, nineteen in all. Six of us are ready for our annual fall goose hunt on the Platte and are waiting to hear the bugle sound notifying us the geese are there in considerable numbers. A few flocks have already come down, and sandhill cranes are pretty thick. The weather is as warm and balmy almost as in the sunny South, to-day being absolutely charming. There must be a material change before we can expect to have many ducks and geese with us. The tens of thousands of acres of corn is ripe and ready for them and they can soon fatten up when they come.—BURR H. POLK.

RABBITS ABUNDANT.—Atlanta, Ill., Oct. 15.—The quail shooting promises to be exceptionally good, there being more flocks, and larger, than commonly. But our best shooting here is at the rabbits in the winter, when there is snow on. W. F. and M. F. and myself killed last winter in about two hours 119 rabbits, 84 quail and 1 fox-squirrel. The rabbits seem to be getting thicker every year; I think on account of the hedge fences becoming more numerous. There is a company here who have banded together for the purpose of protecting the game in and out of season on their own lands. They have elected a secretary and treasurer, whose duty it is to prosecute any one infringing on any of their game rights. May the good work go on.—W. B. S.

WORCESTER, Oct. 18.—The members of the Worcester Sportsmen's Club have arranged to have their annual hunt on Wednesday, Oct. 22, if pleasant that day, if not then the week following. The captains selected are O. A. Benoit and Alba Houghton. They have chosen all the members to one side or the other on 124, not including the captains. Among the number are Alderman John R. Thayer, Alderman Caleb Colvin, Hon. Charles B. Pratt, an ex-Mayor and Senator; Col. E. B. Stoddard, Dr. E. W. Sweet, Dr. Quimby, Dr. Charles H. Davis, Dr. J. Marcus Rice, Dr. W. H. Raymond, Dr. H. J. Simpson; Lawyers Webster Thayer, H. B. Veny, O. L. Taft and J. A. Titus; Col. T. S. Johnson, Clerk of the Courts; Gen. A. B. R. Sprague, Sheriff; Rockwood Hoar, Assistant District Attorney; William Cox, Assistant Registrar of Probate; A. F. Earle, Deputy Jailor; Col. James M. Drennon and David M. Earle, Deputy Sheriffs; Charles A. Allen, City Engineer; Charles E. Batchelder, Water Registrar; Lieut. Aaron S. Taft, of the Light Infantry; also, such shots as W. S. Perry, E. S. Knowles, A. S. Newcomb, A. H. Perry, M. D. Gilman, H. W. Eager, L. R. Hudson, George A. Sampson, A. B. F. Kenney. This year the club will go out of town (to Millbury) to supper.

MASSACHUSETTS.—Salem, Oct. 18.—I hear little as yet of the quail, but quite a number of partridges have been bagged. In New Hampshire these latter birds are said to be plenty. I saw one that flew against a man's breast and was caught alive by the gentleman. Two peregrine falcons, one hawk owl, one Richardson's owl, and a snipe with white head and tail are among the rare and odd things recently taken in Massachusetts. Speaking of odd incidents, a fellow sportsman told me that while laying for ducks once at night, an owl alighted on his head, causing mutual surprise. Some late grass birds and some Wilson's snipe are shot. Mr. Goodale, the Boston taxidermist, lately captured a fine 43-pound black bass on a 9-ounce rod, in Wakefield Pond. The fish was very game. Coots have been numerous at Anisquam and at other places alongshore. Quite a fleet of yachts are hauled into winter quarters at the bridges between Salem and Beverly. Rod fishing for smelts is now in order.—X. Y. Z.

CLINTON, Mass., Oct. 17.—The members of the Clinton Sportsmen's Club reported this morning after their annual hunt. To-night they draw sides by lot, to be followed by a supper. G. W. Goss, F. E. Bailey, W. H. Gibbs and G. L. Avery reported with 1,635 points; D. H. Hoyer and D. A. Rogers with 360 points; G. M. Livermore, W. H. Elwood, A. N. Smith and H. H. Lowe with 510 points; G. S. Gibson and G. O. Fairbanks with 260 points; B. K. Gallup and A. E. Harriman with 230 points; G. A. Sampson and Bayard Thayer with 200 points; G. A. Gibbs and W. S. Nickerson each with 85 points; E. T. Cunningham, 65 points; Charles Fraser, 55 points; Frank Goss, 50 points; E. C. Osgood and C. F. Tufts each with 25 points; H. A. Thissell, 20 points; F. E. Carr, 195 points; G. W. Truell, 190 points; A. G. Larkin, 125 points, and G. A. Brown, 110 points.

COLORADO.—Mr. A. H. Kellogg, the general proprietor of the Fifth Avenue Hotel of Leadville, has just returned from a fortnight's hunt down the Eagle River, Eagle county. He reports game not so plentiful at Castle Rock, the usual rendezvous for camping in that region, but a great abundance of deer and elk near Gypsum. The party also encountered many bears, and discovered three new beaver dams of amazing strength and regularity, equaling in engineering skill the highest art accomplished by man. They were built across a gulch down which the water rushed in a volume at great speed. Some of the trees cut down by the beavers measured fifty-six inches round. Trout weighing two pounds each were caught by the party in unlimited numbers. The fish invariably refused to take the fly in the afternoon, but rose with eagerness later in the day.—C. P. K.

GEORGIA GAME.—Newnan, Ga., Oct. 20.—Owing to the long continued drouth here there has been but little hunting indulged in. Everything seems parched, and it is more of a task than a pleasure to take a stroll in quest of game. Game seems to be plentiful. A rural gentleman who was in town yesterday says that there will be plenty of birds for the fall shooting. This will be good news to our sportsmen, and they will welcome the day when they can get a day off and pay their respects to the feathered beauties. "Possum hunting of late has been indulged in to a great extent, mostly by the colored population, who seem to have very good luck, generally bringing in from three to five at a night's hunting. The exceedingly dry weather compels the 'possums to seek the swamp for water, where the negro meets them with his dog and then the fun begins.—CHOCKTAW.

CHARLES CITY, Iowa, Oct. 18.—The change of open season on chickens was but little observed in these parts, consequently those who waited for the lawful time had rather poor shooting. Ducks have been here in large numbers and we look for good hunting this fall. Woodcock are increasing and if not followed too close will be good sport soon. I am not able to learn that the quail and pheasant are very plenty, and as they have not been hunted to any great extent do not understand why they should not be as plenty as years past.—WALL E. PIKE.

MASSACHUSETTS.—Lakeville, Plymouth County, Mass.—Grouse seem to be scarce this fall. Where I found thirty or forty birds in a day last season, not more than ten or fifteen can be found at this time. There were a good many large broods in July, but for some reason or other they have dwindled down to two and five in a brood. Quail are not showing up as well as expected earlier in the season, but foxes are more plentiful than have been known for a great many years.—E. S.

SPARROWS VS. REED BIRDS.—The editor of the Wilmington *News* complains: "The sparrows, which have become comparatively scarce in this city, are found in great flocks on the marshes along the rivers, and it is stated that they drive off the rail and reed birds, to the great disgust of the gunners." It is certain that in the restaurants the sparrow has largely supplanted the reed bird (though the latter's name still appears on the bill of fare).

"THE AMERICAN SPORTSMAN."—Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co., have in press a revised edition of Dr. E. J. Lewis's "The American Sportsman." Chapters have been added by Arnold Burgess. The price advertised in our last issue as \$2.00, is, we learn, to be \$2.50.

TEXAS QUAIL AND GEESE.—Henrietta, Oct. 11.—North Texas is alive with quail; 100 to 150 is a usual day's bag, dogs just on the point all day long. This applies to Clay and Montague counties. I can hardly get my shells into my hammerless quick enough; had to take the safety out of it to save wearing my thumb off. Ducks have made their appearance, and I expect to kill geese on Red River next week.—ALMO.

WHAT WILL BECOME OF THE MAN WHO KILLED IT?—At Vienna's fish and game store on Front street, New Westminster, British Columbia, may be seen as rare a curiosity as Barnum's white elephant. It is a white deer, a buck, weighing 160 pounds. This animal is a uniform creamy white color, and is quite fat. It was shot on the Coquitlam River, and had with it at the time a companion of the same color.

ATHENS, Pa., Oct. 15.—Squirrels have not been as plentiful this year as last, and but few have been killed. Rabbits are very numerous, and I expect some good sport with them after Nov. 1. Quails and partridges are reported plenty, but few have been brought in as yet.—PARK.

WIRE CARTRIDGES.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Will your correspondent "Backwoods," of Beverly, W. Va., oblige many readers of Middle Massachusetts by giving us definite information as to his mode of making wire cartridges.—M. MASS.

MONTGOMERY, Ala., Oct. 13.—Quail are plentiful but very small. Weather terribly hot. I send you a cartoon of A. Meddows, G. W. Tunstall and L. A. Tucker, too well known to you to make any comment.—C. E. W.

NORTH VERNON, Ind., Oct. 12.—Fishing for black bass not good this fall on account of low water. Rains two weeks ago filled the streams, and prospect is now fair for sport for a short time.—W. G. N.

Sea and River Fishing.

THE TOURNAMENT.

AS we go to press at noon on Wednesday we cannot give the results of the tournament this week. There has been some delay in perfecting the arrangements on account of the difficulty in getting the members of the committee together, which we hope will be overcome next year. If the weather is favorable, everything points to a good meeting.

There is no doubt whatever of the good effect of these tournaments in educating the public in the beautiful art of fly-casting, and in the correct manner in which to cast for the striped bass when its "swirl" is distant and it is desirable to land a menhaden bait where the fish last rose. The opportunity to see experts cast their tremendous distances, not by muscle, but by skill alone, is of great value to the fly-fisher; while the barring of these experts from the amateur classes encourages entries among skillful casters who do not expect to compete with the experts.

Since our list of classes and prizes was published there has been another class restored which was crowded out by the new one for black bass minnow-casting. This is the Class D, single-handed fly-casting, expert. Rods not to exceed 5½ ounces. Scale as in class A. Open to all. The list of prizes will be found in the score book. This is an interesting class, and if the announcement had been made earlier, would be well filled.

We have received the following:

Editor Forest and Stream:

I notice in connection with prizes that I am to give at the coming tournament that the price of my reel is put at \$15. This is not correct. It should be \$10. The price named for Henshall rod is all right, and is just what we sell them at. Of course it is too late to make corrections. I have built up my business by honest dealing, and I don't feel that it is right to bull prices even on give-aways. THOS. H. CHUBB.

POST MILLS, Vt., Oct. 18.

ANGLING FOR A MOCCASIN.

Editor Forest and Stream:

A rather remarkable instance of the voracity of a water snake came under my notice last August. I was standing on the "fan" of the dam crossing the James River, about fourteen miles below Lynchburg, Virginia, I having tried in vain all morning to induce the bass to bite. I was about to leave and try lower down the river, when I saw a large water moccasin put his head out of a hole in the stone work, about two or three inches above the water. Presently a dead minnow came over the fall and was washed into the eddy just below the snake's hole. Like lightning he seized and devoured it. The snake was evidently "on the feed," and I determined to try and catch him in a novel manner.

Taking a minnow about an inch long and putting it on an ordinary bass hook, I intended dropping it up stream and letting the current wash it down to the snake; but happening to let the minnow come within about six inches above the snake's head, I was surprised to see him shoot out and grab it, tearing it off the hook. Next time I held it right in front of him and again he took off the minnow without getting hooked. As I did not propose to furnish him with a free lunch, I took a smaller hook and buried it completely in the head of the minnow, and dropped it in front of his nose. He bit and I struck, but although I bent my rod nearly double and my brother banged his head with a long stick, I could not get more than five or six inches of him out of the hole. Suddenly the hook came out, and on examination I found a piece of the skin of the snake's upper jaw had come with it. Supposing, of course, that he would not bite again that day, we sat down and began eating our lunch.

When we had finished, we thought we would take a parting look just to assure ourselves of the exact locality of the hole in case we wanted to try snake fishing again, and our surprise may be imagined when we saw his "snakeship" in exactly the same position as when we first saw him. Once again baiting with minnow, I dropped it in front of him, but he had evidently had enough of minnows that came flying down through the air in a manner entirely new to him, and would not touch it. However, on throwing it up stream and letting the current carry it in front of the hole, he took it. This time I hooked him firmly. He pulled and I pulled and my brother whacked. All at once I felt him give, and increasing the strain, he came out with a run, but on exam-

ing him, I found he had left about three or four inches of his tail behind him; I had pulled his tail off. His length was three feet two inches, and diameter one and a quarter inches.
New York, Oct. 18, 1884.

BLACK BASS IN LAKE HOPATCONG.

IMAGINE that Lake Hopatcong is not wholly unknown to the New York and New Jersey readers of FOREST AND STREAM, for I have seen frequent references to it in your pages. To those who do not know of its location I will say turn to the map of New Jersey, and it will be found on the line dividing Morris and Sussex counties, lying mainly in the former. Last week a friend and I visited it and tried its bass fishing. We had not been here before in ten years, and then it was noted for the abundance of pickerel. Since that time it has been stocked with black bass of the small-mouth species alone, and report said that they had increased and the fishing for them was now good. We wanted new ground in place of Greenwood Lake, where everybody goes, and we found it. We spent a week on the lake, which is larger than Greenwood, and in outline not unlike Raquette Lake of the Adirondacks, and we had good sport with fly and bait. On our arrival, Oct. 6, we took sixteen good fish with the fly, averaging a pound and a half each. The next day they would not take the fly, and we took twenty-one with helgramites, which are scarce here. Our largest catch was with the fly, on the 9th, when we took thirty-five fish, weighing fifty-one pounds.

In trolling for pickerel with the spoon we captured a few of from one to three pounds, and also took two black bass. It seems to be the opinion that the bass have been plenty in this lake for some years, but that the light catches have been due to the great quantity of food which made the fish indifferent to either fly or bait. Now that they have increased in numbers and have eaten up the food the fishing is better. Whether this is actually the case or not is impossible to say, but the fact remains that while we were there the fishing was not only good, but excellent, and we will go to Lake Hopatcong again.

POKE-O'-MOONSHINE.

THE ICHTHYOPHAGOUS DINNER.

THE fifth annual dinner of the famous Ichthyophagous Club took place at the Murray Hill Hotel on Friday night last. About seventy-five guests sat down in evening dress and ate of the digestible and indigestible viands selected by this club, which spends the year in trying to discover unusual and horrible forms of aquatic food which prejudice prevents other people from eating. The more the appearance or the name of a marine monster excites disgust in the mind of others, the greater the enjoyment the club has in placing it on its bill of fare. At the same time it is a gathering of the brightest wit in fishy circles, and the speeches and stories are of the freshest, as the wines are of the oldest.

Mr. John Foord, editor of the *Brooklyn Union*, presided, and near him were seated Fish Commissioner E. G. Blackford, Dr. William A. Hammond, Congressman S. S. Cox, F. B. Thurber, ex-Mayor Smith Ely, Robert B. Roosevelt, C. R. Miller, editor of the *Times*, Howard Carroll, Fred. Mather, Prof. W. O. Atwater, Hon. H. B. McGown, H. J. DeMott, Dr. Spitzka, B. Gillam and Barnet Phillips. The menu, which was illustrated by a full page cartoon labeled "Our Annual Fish Circus," by Gillam, of *Puck*, and caricatured the club's committee, was scented with fish oil, and on the back was printed Mr. Mather's poem, "When the Ichthyophagous Dines;" it contained:

- Blue Points.
- Elixir of Razor Clams.
- Essence of Devil-fish.
- Petites surprises of Octopus.
- Canelons of Anchovies.
- Wolf-fish à la Cape Cod.
- Cobia, larded, à la Sam Ward.
- Turban of Sea Robin à la Epicure.
- Supreme of Shark sauté à la Helgramite.
- Souffle of Ray, sauce Normande.
- Croquettes of Limulus à la Montauk.
- Baked Carp à la Baird.
- Fillet of Beef à la Financière.
- Ichthyophagous Punch.

The tables were ornamented with fish and bouquets, frozen in pyramids of ice, while living hellbenders in aquaria lent a charm to the scene by their beautiful forms.

After most of the courses had been served the President was presented with a gavel made from a serviceable bone of a walrus and sent in by the ladies of Mackerellville. Several learned gentlemen examined the bone and it was evident that an osteological discussion equal to that which broke up the Society on the Stanislaus, might follow, but the rare humor of President Foord explained the matter and warded off the danger. Speeches filled with ichthyic lore followed from Dr. Hammond, Hon. S. S. Cox, Mr. Ely, Mr. Roosevelt, Howard Carroll, and others, and a letter was read from David A. Welles, of Connecticut, who regretted his absence and asked what the club had done to deserve his continued good will. In reply Mr. Foord proceeded to point out the good the club was subserving. It was teaching people that the common fish of the sea, the big fellows that would always exist, were good eating. Even now, said he, there were six fishermen lying in wait along the rivers for one lonesome, unfortunate salmon and eight stakenets set for a poor, belated shad. These finer fish were being rapidly exterminated. What would our great population live on then? Not on beef, said he, for private advices had been received showing that in fifty years cows would be declared sacred animals and no slaughter of them permitted. So the only recourse was fish. He regretted that none of the members had as yet been able to draw up a leviathan with a hook.

Then a tender, gamy fish labeled "baked carp" was brought in and the verdict of the club asked upon it for the use of the Fish Commission Bureau at Washington. Mr. Eugene G. Blackford explained that carp had been placed in the lake at Prospect Park only two years before and had grown four pounds in that time. Mr. Phillips requested members to send him their written opinions and he would forward them to Prof. Baird.

Prof. Atwater found so much food for thought in the menu that he did not attempt an analysis of the constituents or nutrients in the dishes placed before him, but tasted them all, no doubt intending to astonish the Fishcultural Association at its next meeting with a statement of the amount of protein in a helgramite. Messrs. Werrenrath and Stein gave vocal expression to their emotions in appropriate songs, and the dinner passed into history as one of the most brilliant in the history of the club.

NORTH VERNON, Ind., Oct. 13.—Season opens for quail on 15th inst. Birds moderately plenty. Some good shots and fair dogs about here.—W. G. N.

ATHENS, Pa., Oct. 15.—Bass fishing has been fair here this summer, considering the seines, nets, weirs, etc., that are used against them. If these could be kept out of the river we could have good fishing here.—PARK.

Fishculture.

CATCHING CODFISH WITH GILLNETS.

IN a New York paper of Oct. 11, Mr. "C. H. P." of Beverly Mass., utters the first protest, which it has been my fortune to note, against catching codfish with gillnets, and I would pass it unnoticed but that he takes pains while covering himself with a *nom de plume*, to call Prof. Baird by name in a not very complimentary way. He says, "Prof. Baird introduced the method and it is ruining the fishing on our shore."

I have observed with a good deal of care the weekly reports from Cape Ann concerning the use of the gillnet, and I find that there is no truth whatever in the statement, "it is ruining the fishing on our shore." The shore fisheries during last winter aggregated over 8,000,000 pounds, and the preceding winter they aggregated less than 7,000,000 pounds, and I find that the latter amount is more than had been taken during any previous winter. The nets constitute a most effective mode of fishing, and it is probable that "C. H. P." does not own one, and having to catch his cod with hook, has undertaken to discount the methods of others. Not one in 5,000 of the cod in the ocean comes into Ipswich Bay. Probably not one in 100 of those which do come in is caught. One matured cod may be considered to produce 8,000,000 eggs. What effect on the fisheries will the catch of one cod out of every 5,000 have if each of the 499,999 others produce 8,000,000 eggs annually?

The gentleman remarks that the "nets break up the schools" of codfish, but no proof is furnished and the declaration is denied. On the contrary, the meshes of the nets are sufficiently large to allow many cod large enough to spawn to pass through them and not be caught. The past spring the schools of cod remained on the coast until April and May, showing conclusively that if they were broken up they managed to get together again very quickly. I am not myself interested in crying up or down any method of fishing, and I think it about time that those interested in one method should cease to decry other methods.

CHAS. W. SMILEY.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Oct. 14.

OYSTER CULTURE AT COLD SPRING.—Some people who have laughed at Henry C. Bunce, who has for several years past with a worthy persistency continued throwing overboard on his oyster grounds every season thousands of bushels of tin cans, hoop skirts, branches of trees, and other rubbish of various kinds, are now surprised at the splendid set of oysters he has obtained on these odd receptacles. Some old hoop skirt frames and tin cans contain hundreds of the young oysters nicely started, while the boughs of trees are thoroughly weighted down with them. The theory of Mr. Bunce is that the spawn floats along about a foot or more from the bottom and is more readily collected by the boughs and preserved. In support of this theory he finds boughs at the height of a foot or more from the bottom covered with the small seed oysters, while the shells on the bottom near and surrounding these boughs contain none. The boughs will in time rot down and the large oysters find a secure resting place on the bottom.—*The Long Islander*.

MENHADEN FISHING.—Mr. W. Z. King, Surveyor of Customs at Greenport, Long Island, has made his report for the quarter ending Sept. 30, 1884. The following astounding figures are given: Number of menhaden taken to factories and rendered into oil and guano, 117,000,000, number taken and used for manure, 5,000,000; total catch 122,000,000; gallons of oil manufactured, 555,000; tons of soap (dry made), 81,000; of edible fish marketed, 230 tons. The number of sailing vessels is 201; of steam vessel, 29; total 230. Tonnage registered, 13,055.51.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BRANCH SHOWS.

Oct. 21, 22, 23 and 24.—First Annual Fall Bench Show of the Westminster Kennel Club, Madison Square Garden, New York. Entries close Oct. 6. Mr. Chas. Lincoln, Superintendent.
Dec. 16, 17, 18 and 19.—Third Bench Show of the Southern Massachusetts Poultry Association, Taunton, Mass. Wm. C. Davenport, Assistant Secretary.
Dec. 30, 31 and Jan. 1, 2, 1885.—Meriden Poultry Association Bench Show. Joshua Shute, Secretary, Meriden, Conn.
Jan. 10 to 14, 1885.—World's Exposition Bench Show, New Orleans, La. Mr. Chas. Lincoln, Superintendent.
March 2, 4, 5 and 6, 1885.—Second Annual Bench Show of the Cincinnati Sportsman's Club, Cincinnati, O. Charles Lincoln, Superintendent.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. —.—Third Annual Trials of the Robins Island Club, Robins Island, L. I. Open to members only. Mr. A. T. Plummer, Secretary.
Nov. 17.—Sixth Annual Trials of the Eastern Field Trials Club, at High Point, N. C. W. A. Coster, Secretary, Flatbush, L. I.
Nov. 17.—First Annual Trials of the Fisher's Island Club, Fisher's Island, N. Y. Open to members only. Mr. Max Wenzel, Secretary, Hoboken, N. J.
Dec. 2.—Second Annual Trials of the Pacific Coast Field Trials Club at Walltown Timber, Cal. N. E. White, Secretary, Sacramento, Cal.
Dec. 8.—Sixth Annual Trials of the National American Kennel Club at Canton, Miss. D. Bryson, Secretary, Memphis, Tenn.
Dec. 15.—Southern Sportsmen's Association Trials, Canton, Miss. Mr. T. K. Renaud, Secretary, New Orleans, La.

A. K. R.

THE AMERICAN KENNEL REGISTER, for the registration of pedigrees, etc. (with prize lists of all shows and trials), is published every month. Entries close on the 1st. Should be in early. Entry blanks sent on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope. Registration fee (25 cents) must accompany each entry. No entries inserted unless paid in advance. Yearly subscription \$1. Address "American Kennel Register," P. O. Box 2832, New York. Number of entries already printed 1644. Volume I, bound in cloth, sent postpaid, \$1.50.

CONCERNING DICTATORSHIP.

IN our issue of Oct. 2, referring to a letter recently published by Mr. Charles H. Mason, we said:
"Mr. Mason relates, partly by positive assertion and partly by indirect implication, a most remarkable story of his own individual experience in this country as a judge at dog shows. His statement is substantially this: That having rendered certain favors to the editor of a sporting paper, he was, through the influence of that editor, invited to judge at a dog show; that he was warned beforehand to award prizes only to such exhibits as belonged to members of the editor's 'ring'; that he was asked to report upon the show, being warned not to criticize certain dogs; that he did so report, but that the truth being told about the dogs in question his report was suppressed; that having by his contumacious behavior thus incurred the displeasure of the editor, he received from him a threatening letter, in which the editor said, 'If ever I come down on you in an editorial there will be — little of you left, and don't you forget it,' and that subsequently his

(Mason's) record as a successful breeder and exhibitor in Great Britain was referred to by this journalist in a false and belittling manner.

"The obvious purport of the letter is to show how the dictatorial individual in question sought to direct and control Mr. Mason's decisions as a bench show judge, and thereby cause prizes to be awarded, not for merit, but to further the ends of the editor or the editor's friends. There is no reason to suppose that the circumstances are not substantially as Mr. Mason relates them. No censure can be cast upon him for having made known his experience. It is instructive, and the public ought by all means to have been informed of it before.

"But when Mr. Mason proceeds to draw inferences from his facts he goes very wide of the mark. His conclusions are that his experience as a judge has been and is the experience of other judges. That is to say, because he himself found it impossible to do his duty conscientiously in the judging ring without at the same time incurring the hostility of the petty canine czar, he has made the mistake of assuming that other judges, against whom such subsequent enmity has not been displayed, must necessarily have been humbly obedient to the dicta of the said 'ring' master. This is an erroneous conclusion."

We are glad to have had, in a three-column article, confirmation of our opinion from an individual who is presumably well informed on the subject.

THE NATIONAL BREEDERS' SHOW.

THE National Breeders' Show, which opened in the Industrial Art Hall, Philadelphia, Oct. 16, and closed Oct. 18, was in all respects such an exhibition as should have given satisfaction to the gentlemen who organized it, as it certainly did to exhibitors and spectators. The show had many excellent points, at once recognized by the visitors. The benching was capital. Instead of the usual separate stalls, the dogs were placed on long benches without partitions, so that the entire exhibit of a class would be seen in line, and the effect was very pleasing. The dogs were perhaps more vociferous than they would have been in the separate stalls, but there was not the fighting which might have been expected. The toy dogs were in wire cages, which is by all odds the best mode of displaying them we have yet seen.

Another marked improvement over former shows was the early completion of the judging. This was mainly done on the first day; and on the second day the catalogues were on hand with the awards in each class printed in the margin. This added immeasurably to the convenience and pleasure of the visitors; and it is to be hoped that the same plan may be adopted at other shows. We have repeatedly urged that bench show judging ought always to be done on the first day, and now that the National Breeders' Show has inaugurated the much needed reform, the rule will doubtless be adopted elsewhere. The management of the exhibition was very satisfactory, the dogs well cared for, and the three days' exhibition moved smoothly.

The judging was very satisfactory indeed, and so far as we are able to learn, there was scarcely any grumbling, even on the part of those whose exhibits failed to receive mention. With scarcely an exception, the decisions were well received by victor and vanquished.

It seems probable that this show having been so successful, and received such generous support from the dog loving public, will be only the first of a series of shows to be held in the future under the same management, which has in this case abundantly proved its competency.

Of the exhibits, we have already said that the number was above the average of those in all shows outside of New York in the last two years, and a careful examination of the dogs proved that the quality was also excellent. Setters and pointers were, naturally, not in very great forces, for this is just the time of year when dogs are in the field. In some other classes the display was noticeably fine, the ladies' pets receiving an especial and deserved share of attention. The Esquimaux dogs, brought back by the Alert, were, of course, a great attraction. They are most wise and knowing creatures, and we found them not only very intelligent but very amiable as well. They appeared to appreciate the attention shown them. Here is an illustration: Standing near Schneiker and talking with a friend, we stroked the dog's head for a moment and passed on. Two hours later, when the dogs were led into the ring, Schneiker recognized us, and, bounding the full length of his chain, nestled up against us as if we were old friends and had been through the Arctic together.

Of the display of trophies by Mr. A. H. Moore, it may be said there was never a more elaborate and valuable exhibit of prizes at any show before, and it will be many a year before another such a one is seen. The reception to exhibitors given by the same gentleman, was also in its way quite beyond the usual character of such entertainments, and ought to have been a balm for even the "disappointed exhibitors." Following are the classes in detail.

ENGLISH SETTERS.—(MR. DAVIDSON).

The English setters were not a numerous class—only twenty all told. Dick Laverack was alone in the champion class; he was looking well, although he was not quite up to his best. Liddersdale also had a walk over in the corresponding bitch class. The open dog class brought out a new dog and a good one in the winner, Tug. He is a fine, upstanding dog, with a good head, except that its color gives only at first glance a poor impression of its quality. He is very good all round with the exception of being a bit straight in the place. Prince Phoebe, winner of second, was deserved the title. Antic, who won third, is a well formed animal, and promises to turn out a good one, although his color is against him. Tom, vhc., is a workmanlike looking dog of the old-fashioned type. We also liked Black Joe, he, although he is a trifle coarse. Dick, who was c., is a fair-looking animal. He is a capital trick dog and entertained large audiences each evening. Only four showed up in the bitch class. The winners of first, second and third are all well known to our readers and need no description here. Passion, who was vhc., is one of the sweetest little things that we have seen in a long time. She is very small but of beautiful form, and if nothing befalls her she will easily beat the lot next year.

IRISH SETTERS.—(MR. DAVIDSON).

The quality of the Irish setters was excellent all through. In the champion classes there were no entries for competition. In the open dog class first went to Chip, looking better than when at New York last spring. He has the best head of any in the class. Chief II., who won second, is a very good dog except that he carries his tail straight in the air. Blarney, who won third, is a capital young dog, very good all round except that he might be a little deeper in chest. Kildare, vhc., is of good color and fairly well formed, but was badly shown. Mozo, vhc., is a fair animal, but a bit coarse. Karney, who was c., is rather loosely put together, and has not a first-class head. In the bitch class first went to Mollie, who has a beautiful head and color. She was shown too fat to display her good qualities to the best advantage. Second went to Peggy O'More, rather a pretty bitch but more of the English type than Irish. Lady Berkeley, who was third, is not yet ten months old; she looks weedy and lacks in chest, but as she has many good points she may make a good one when matured.

GORDON SETTERS.—(MR. DAVIDSON).

In the champion dog class the well known Argus was the only one to face the judge. He was looking his best and well deserved his prize. There were no entries in the bitch class. In the open dog class Royal Duke, who won first at the Kennel Club's show last month, easily captured first from his only competitor, Jet, who was awarded second. Jet is a fairly well formed dog, but is lacking in head and his tail is too light in

color. Neither of the two bitches shown were first-class. Lady Bislow, who was first, has a fair head, except that she is a trifle undershot. She has a good chest and legs with a fair loin and feet; she has too much white on her chest and was not in good condition. Heather Lass, who won second, is also a fairly good animal with rather a weak head; she has good legs and feet but is a trifle wide in front and was out of leather.

POINTERS—(MR. DAVIDSON).

In the champion dog class, Beaufort was given the pride of place. He was in splendid condition. In the bitch class, Rue, also in beautiful condition, had a walk over. The open class for large dogs brought out but two. Fritz, the winner, is a very good dog, with no serious faults. Jimmie, who won second, is also a good animal. He was not quite at his best. In the large bitch class, there was not much to choose between the three shown. Lady Gleam won first. She was looking better than we have ever seen her. Roxie II., who won second, is fairly good all round, except that she is slack in the back and too straight behind. Beulah, third, was out of temper and would not allow the judge to handle her; but for this we thought her chances for first very good. The small dogs were a capital lot, all of them receiving notice, which was no more than they deserved. There was not much to choose between Bon Ton, first, and Robin Adair, second, both are good. We fancied the easy style in which Robin moves would carry him to the front. Dean, who was third, has a good head, legs and feet, but was badly shown. In the corresponding bitch class, first went to Nell, a fair-looking animal, but she was in whelp and did not show at her best. Bird, who was second, also looks fairly well. She is too straight behind and has a coarse tail. Nellie, third, is rather an ordinary specimen much too wide in front.

SPANIELS—(MR. KIRK).

There was only one entry in the Irish water spaniel class, and she was absent. In the champion field spaniel class Benedict won over Bob, Jr., his only competitor. In the open class every animal received a card, which was a well merited compliment to the excellence of the class. Our old favorite, Black Prince, won the pride of place; he was looking well. Only one Clumber was shown; he has a good head, capital legs and feet, but might be better in ear. In the champion cocker class Obo II. had a walk over; he was looking well. He was entered "not to compete for specials," which was unfortunate, as he could undoubtedly have won. The open dog class brought out six good specimens, the lowest on the list receiving he. The corresponding bitch class was also an excellent one. In the class for "other than liver or black" there were several that looked like workers. Taking the spaniels all through, we do not remember to have seen so good an average lot together. We thought them well judged.

CHESAPEAKE BAY DOGS—(MR. MARTINETT).

Only two Chesapeake were shown; both were good specimens. Bowley, the winner, has lost an eye and shows age; nevertheless he looks able for a hard day's work yet. He has powerful muscles and is a very good specimen of the breed.

FOXHOUNDS—(MR. BATEMAN).

There were only five foxhounds shown, all owned by Mr. D. O'Shea. We preferred Torrence to any of the lot although there is not a great deal of difference between him and Rally, who was placed over him.

DEERHOUNDS—(MR. BATEMAN).

The deerhounds were a very good lot. They were properly placed, and as the winners are well known, no particular description is needed.

GREYHOUNDS—(MR. BATEMAN).

In the champion dog and open bitch class Mr. Huntington had it all his own way. His dogs were well shown. In the open dog class Poacher was an easy winner. He is a good dog with excellent legs and feet; he is a bit full in eyes and a trifle too straight in shoulders and stifle. Joe is an ordinary animal and got all that he deserved.

BEAGLES—(MR. KIRK).

The beagle classes were not well filled although there were several good ones which were described last month.

BASSET HOUNDS—(MR. KIRK).

Nemours was the only good one in the class, he also won at the Kennel Club's show last month.

DACHSHUNDS—(MR. KIRK).

This class was also poor with the exception of the winner.

MASTIFFS—(MR. R. EXLEY).

As might have been expected, these classes were remarkably well handled by Mr. Exley, who is the best judge of the breed we have seen in the country. It was a pleasure to us to see these grand dogs judged with some regard for the standard. In the champion class Nevison stood alone in his glory, and added another laurel to his long list, this being his forty-second first prize. From eye to nose he is too long, and he lacks squareness of muzzle. He is also a trifle long on the legs, and would be improved by the addition of more bone. His skull is good, but his strongest points are his excellent neck, shoulders, back, loin and hind parts. He weighed 170 pounds, and was looking well, the old sore on his leg being nearly cured. Ilford Cromwell, in the open class, was absent, and DeBach, late Tiny, was, fortunately for himself, not for competition. He was very badly shown, his coat being almost as coarse as that of an Irish terrier. He has plenty of bone, but we do not like the wolfish appearance of his head, his throatiness or his short tail. Sam, he., is light in eyes, long in face, has badly-carried ears, and is faulty in loin and behind it; otherwise he is fairly good. Senator is too long in the head for a mastiff; is leggy, crooked in forelegs, faulty in loin, weak in thighs, and has a curly tail. Dread, c., is badly cow-hocked, stands too high on the legs, has a ring tail, and a weak loin; his ears also are too light in color. Leo, vhc., is a fair little dog, his faults being a plain face and scarcity of bone. Rover (Kisteman's) thought that he deserved a card, and we prefer him to Dread, who was commended, but he is not a show dog, being very faulty in the stifles, added to which fault he is throaty, heavy in ears, and has white feet. Hector, who won second prize, is a nice little dog, with a fair good skull, coat and color. His faults are: Feet turned out, ears badly carried, elbows standing out, and muzzle a trifle pinched. Homer won first and was well placed. He has a good head, is of nice color and correctly marked, stands well on his forelegs and feet, which are good. Like every other dog he has his faults, and they are light eyes, a back too hollow, a neck too throaty, and hocks too close together.

In the next class, for bitches, Liberty, a rare bred one, took third prize. She has a fair good skull and ears, and although she is square in muzzle, she is too long from eye to nose, and is very throaty; her feet too are faulty. She is a fair good bitch, and if carefully mated should breed something good. Queen II., another well-bred one, took the blue ribbon and deserved it. With the exception that she is on the small side, a bit stilty behind, and slack in the back, she is a nice bitch. Aydah was by some people liked better than the winner. We do not share that opinion, and think her correctly placed second. In head, ears, coat and color she is good, but she is light in eye, throaty, slack in the back, and is not a big one. The special prize for the best mastiff of all classes went to Nevison. On the whole these classes were much better than we expected to find them; and without doubt the mastiff is rapidly winding his way into public favor. We have carefully pointed out all the faults in the various exhibits, believing that such criticism is conducive to improvement, as it causes the intelligent breeder to pause and consider how such faults may be eliminated.

ST. BERNARDS—(MR. BARLOW).

These classes were well handled by Mr. Barlow, and we hope to see him in the ring again. The St. Bernard is a grand and noble fellow, and deserves a better fate than he has too often received. Hermit represented the rough-

coated champions, but the son of Rollo and Lady Abbess was sadly out of condition. He has a fair good head, plenty of bone and stands on the best of forelegs and feet, but he has light eyes, a slack loin, and moves badly behind. The first to attract attention in the open dog class was Rene, long in face, slack in back, and curly in tail, fair body; legs and feet, but too small for a winner. Samson, winner of second honors, is of good size, has a fairly good body and stands on good legs and feet. His faults are heavy ears, a curly coat, an inclination to throatiness, and a ring tail. His muzzle, too, is not square enough. Caesar, very badly shown, was placed first. With the exception that he is bad at both ends, he is a good dog. His face is too fine and in expression, and his tail, the end of it, has a liking for his back, body, legs and feet very good. Rollo, placed third, is not up to the usual form of Mr. Benson's kennel, and his faults are too numerous for a good specimen. He is short and wavy in coat, shelly, due in muzzle, light of bone, and carries his tail too gaily. In the ladies' class, Millicent II., placed second, is a niceish specimen of good size, and stands on capital feet; she is inclined to be snipy and slack behind the shoulder, lacks coat and bone, and does not possess those ugly monstrosities, dew claws. First on the list stood her kennel companion, Stella, rather a catchy looking daughter of that not over handsome but notoriously great stud dog, Thor. She is a broody looking bitch, good between the couplings and stands on the best of legs and feet; she carries her tail too high, does not move well behind, is snipy and requires the addition of considerably more coat to be a really first-class specimen; she was well shown, indeed it was her advantage in condition which placed her in front of Caesar and Lohengrin for the special prize. Regie, who won third, stands out at the elbows, lacks bone, is snipy, slack in the back and faulty in feet; her hind parts are good. Lohengrin, who always looks well and has many good points to recommend him, was alone in the class for champion smooth-coated dogs. His head is above the average and his legs and feet are excellent; he would do with more size, carries his tail too high, is a trifle throaty and slack in the back. The winner in the open smooth-coated class will not, we fear, develop into anything good. He is not only plain in head, throaty and has badly carried ears, but he lacks St. Bernard character. The second prize winner has the same faults, and we should have withheld the third for want of merit, as the winner of it runs too much to the bloodhound type. His occipital bone is as prominent as that of a Rollo or a Regent. Bitches were a better lot. Zug, placed second, though on the small side, stands on good legs and feet and has a good body; her head and ears, too, are fairly good. It is in the hocks that her worst fault is to be seen. Dinah, from the same kennel, who won first, has a fair, good head, and a good body, with good hind quarters; she carries her tail too high, is light in bone, open in feet, and inclined to be throaty. The owner of Abra, placed third, refused us an examination of the bitch off the bench, so that the only faults we could discover were crooked forelegs, a snipy face, a throaty neck, and lack of bone in forearms.

NEWFOUNDLANDS—(MR. KIRK).

We were sorry not to see a better class of Newfoundland, though they were equal and even superior to those at most shows. Truly this grand breed of dog deserves more attention. He is brave, intelligent and kind, and those who remember Mayor of Bingley will not deny that he is handsome. The dogs exhibited at our shows are too curiy, and appear to be crossed on the English retriever. The tail, instead of being long and gracefully carried, is almost invariably short and curled away over the back. In head, too, there is a decided lack of true Newfoundland character, and instead of the small, closely carried ear, we almost invariably find the long, dangling ear, such as is seen on a badly bred spaniel. The girth of forearm is seldom found to be more than 9 or 10 inches, whereas it should not be less than 11, and as much more as is possible to get. Major, just a fair specimen, is too curiy, carries his flag too high, is faulty in ears, and lacks substance. Jean was absent when we took our notes. Bounce, who won third, too closely resembles the retriever, barring, of course, his head and eyes.

COLLIES—(MR. APGAR).

The peculiar decisions in these classes during the past few years have threatened to seriously damage the appearance of a most intelligent and useful dog, such as the collie unquestionably is. A man to be a judge of collies must have owned and bred them, or how can he judge them? Notwithstanding this, men presume to judge them who have never so much as seen a first-class specimen, the result of which is that soft coated woolly dogs are awarded the highest honors. It is as unfair to the dogs as it is to breeders, that they should be handled in such a fashion, and we intend to protect the dogs at least. Mr. Apgar has bred collies and has successfully exhibited them; this is not all, he has learned something of their characteristics, and on this occasion his decisions gave general satisfaction. In only one instance did we differ with him in his awards, and that in the open bitch class. The classes were well filled as might have been expected. In the champion dog class old Rex scored another win. He was looking well but does not carry as much coat as he once did. In the corresponding bitch class Fairy, all out of coat, had matters to herself, she falls away below the eyes, is too square in muzzle, and has bad ears. In the open dog class, Chance, commended, was shown much too fat. He has not sufficient top coat or undercoat either, and he carries his tail, which is too short, higher than we like, he is also too straight in the stifles. Head, fore legs and feet fairly good. Hiram, placed second, is a niceish sable and white dog, shown wanting in coat. His ears and his stifles are his worst faults. Ben Nevis won, and very properly so; he is a nice sable dog of good breeding, and he shows it. He has a fair, good head, a little too full at the brow perhaps, and his ears, which are well carried, are better in shape and size than the average. At present he is a trifle light between the couplings, but will improve; he would also be improved by more coat and frill. His tail is of good length, and is carried in the orthodox style. Sam, vhc., has not a bad head, but is too round in skull; his tail is too short, and he lacks undercoat. He was not in the best of condition, but deserved his card. Brack, who won third, has beautiful small ears, but he carries them too much *à la fox-terrier*, and that won't do. He is a little too strong in head and too short in tail, which he carries too high, and his coat is not hard enough to meet the attacks of hail, snow, sleet and rain. Nevertheless, he claims for his sire the great Carlyle, one of the best-coated collies ever seen on a bench. Donald we should have raised a peg higher, though he is too square in muzzle and too round in skull, and carries his ears badly. He is of nice color and has a rare good topcoat. In the bitch class Flirt, slack in back, short in the face, with little frill and ears badly carried, could only score he. The third-prize winner, Jean, shows her good breeding, and her faults are, ears heavy and badly carried, face too short, eyes too light, tail carried too high; she would also be improved by more coat. Jersey Lass, too strong in head, faulty in tail, and wanting in coat, mane and frill, was in her proper place. Jersey Lilly, wide in front, soft in coat, too full at the brow, and lacking a sufficiency of coat, should have given away to Elsie Dean, a nice type of bitch, with a fair head and ears. She was shown too soft in coat, and she carries her tail too high. Nevertheless she should have been second. Lark, who won first, is a nice bitch, and shows a great deal of collie character. She is a trifle round in skull, and some more coat would add to her appearance; her tail, too, is carried too high for our liking. She is good in body, legs, feet and ears. Fan has too much ear and too little coat. The material is in the wrong place, unfortunately.

FOX-TERRIERS—(MR. BARLOW).

These classes were better judged than we have yet seen them, and we regret Mr. Barlow is returning to England; Good

judging means improvement in the dogs, and we would always like to see the plucky little terrier judged on his merits, but alas, how seldom do we see the standard followed. In the dog class there was a great gathering of the cracks. Raby Tyrant, Rascal and Scarsdale, are terriers good enough to suit most men. Mr. Barlow handled them well, and it was evident from the first that he knew what he was about. There was no attempt to put airs on, or to "look wise." He handled the dogs as though he had seen a terrier before, and not as a man would take hold of a cat. Raby Tyrant, the sturdy little son of Baliff and Peach, won, and deserved the blue ribbon. He is a rare good terrier, shows a lot of character, and carries himself as only a terrier proper can. He is a trifle heavy at the shoulders, and is growing cheeky with age, we would also prefer his ears not quite so heavy, and could improve him below the eyes, but he is a grand little dog, stands on rare good legs and feet, has a good back and a capital jacket. Then there is a dare-devil look about him which unquestionably means business. Scarsdale came next. He is a trifle too full in cheeks, wide in front, and light of bone, and there is a thickness of muzzle near the nose which we do not like, for it is not in the place where it is required, or where the squeeze power lies. Rascal is too long in the back, and is also wide in front and inclined to be snipy. The others were outclassed. The bitches were not a good class. Jaunty is weak in muzzle, does not carry her ears well, and is too weedy for our liking. Second prize was withheld, but we think if Jaunty was good enough for first, Clover Belle was good enough for second. Her best point is her coat. She is light of bone, snipy, carries her ears badly and is too long cast. Gypsy is plain in head, light of bone, and long in the back.

BULL-TERRIERS—(MR. BARLOW.)

Here Grand Duke beat Young Bill, but Billy has seen the day when he could have given Young Duke some points and a beating, good dog as he is. Duke was looking well, but was shown too fat. He is a young dog and with age is growing cheeky; he carries his tail too high, and is a trifle underhung, nevertheless he is a good dog. We could never see but two faults in Billy. His eyes are too full and his tail an inch and a half too long. In the bitch class Scarlet II. had a very easy win; she has a capital body, legs and feet, and is a broody-looking bitch that should breed good ones. She too is a trifle underhung, is growing cheeky, and at some time has lost an inch or two off her tail. Nipper is not a show dog, there being a preponderance of bull blood in his veins, as shown by his head and eyes.

SKYES AND YORKSHIRES—(MR. KIRK).

Three Skyes, or rather only one with any pretensions to show form, and he too short and soft in coat to take a first prize.

Yorkshires were better. Mr. Campbell makes a mistake when he enters Dandy as a blue and tan; he is a silver-haired Yorkshire, and if entered as such will not be easy to beat until the breed is improved. The winner is a compact little dog, short in hair and too dark in color along the back; he is straight in coat, but is a long way removed from high class form; the tan on head and legs is not of the rich color we like to see. Jimmy has more coat and it is of better texture than the winner's, but his tan markings are very light and he has lost his back color. We should have placed Marquis second. With the exception of Mr. Campbell's dog he was the best coated specimen in the class, but we do not like his roached back. In the bitch class we cannot indorse Mr. Kirk's awards. The winner is two and a half years old, but has not sufficient coat for a six months' old puppy. The second prize winner was much the best in the class, though light in color and wanting in coat. Lassie, placed third, is too long in the back and too light in color; she has plenty of coat, but it is too wavy.

WIRE-HAIRED AND IRISH—(MR. BARLOW.)

Erin among the Irish scored an easy first. He is a nice colored dog with a fair head and good legs and feet, but he is too small and weedy. The others were not first-class, and one at least was undershot. In the hard-haired Scotch terrier class one prize only was given, and that not to a good one.

BEDLINGTONS AND BLACK AND TANS—(MR. KIRK.)

Blucher, among the Newcastle gentlemen, had a clean and easy win. In head, coat, eyes, and length of legs he requires improvement. We hope to see this game bred encouraged and improved. In the black and tan class Bessie won. She is a fair specimen, good in body and stands well on her feet. But she is a bit snipy and her cheek markings are not distinct. Her color is good. Brilliant is not a good one, being light in eyes, wide in front, not full enough below the eyes and cheeks; he carries his tail straight up in the air. His markings and color are good. In his place we should have put Queen, who only got commended. She is a little weak in muzzle and has no thumb marks, further, she stands a trifle high on the legs, and did not show herself well in the ring. She was in splendid coat, is good in color, correct in markings (excepting thumb marks) and has the best chest and shoulders of anything in the class. Lady falls away too much below the eyes, which are too light in color. She has a plain head and a coarse tail, but is good in color and markings.

BULLDOGS—(MR. BARLOW.)

These classes were remarkably well judged by Mr. Barlow. Bellissima beat Tippoo in the champion class. She is a grand bitch, and we never saw her look so well. She has a grand head, with immense girth of skull for a bitch, good legs all round, and a well roached back with bone enough to suit anybody. Her feet are a bit faulty, and she might be stronger in the back, but we fail to see much else wrong with her. Tippoo, too, is a good one, and we would like him better still with less daylight under him, a stronger arm and better feet. The open dog class introduced us to a new comer, Robinson Crusoe, a grand dog he is. He has a magnificent head and a fairly good body. His worst fault lies at the elbows which are not thrown out sufficiently, which gives him the appearance of having terrier legs. We would like to see his body swing more freely between his couplings when he moves, in the manner peculiar to the bulldog, and would prefer his back a little more roached, but he is a grand dog. Rhodora had a very easy win in the bitch class, there being nothing approaching her in bulldog character. Bellissima won the special over Robinson Crusoe, and we indorse the decision.

PUGS—(MR. BARLOW.)

George, not being for competition, left Roderick with a walk over, and we never saw him looking better. His faults are well known—muzzle, eyes and hind quarters. In the open dog class Tum-Tum II. won, but we cannot stand his smutty color, his long face, small eyes, or his faulty feet and tail. Our choice was Max, notwithstanding his faulty stifles and loin, or his white toe or two. He was points the best headed dog in the class, and there was none with better eyes. We would have placed Treasure next, being cognizant at the same time of his somewhat coarse coat, throatiness, not very good color and terrier feet. Ned is too large, long in muzzle and faulty in hocks. In the bitch class we inclined to Flossy for first, good in body, coat, color, trace and eyes, but faulty in muzzle and tail. Gypsy, the winner, is good in body, tail and color, but too long and fine in muzzle and small in eyes; she is of nice size. Laura we did not think deserving of third prize. She is a very plain looking bitch, with ears much too large, no trace mark, bad tail and of smutty color.

TOY TERRIERS—(MR. KIRK).

In the smooth class first prize very properly went to Dot, a fair black and tan. Second was given to Flora, the owner of which could not consistently have found fault had Mr. Kirk withheld the prize. In the rough class Fonzo, a very poor specimen, faulty both in coat and color, won. Floss, he., was a long way ahead of the winner, and should have been first.

ST. BERNARD—SMOOTH-COATED.—**CHAMPION**—Dog; E. R. Herr's Don H., tawny, orange and white markings, 34 yrs.; (champion Th Shah—Dead-end). **Ritch**—E. R. Herr's Leela—orange brindle and white markings, 3 yrs. (Ritch—Nellie)—**Poss**—Jones' Ice, Briarcliff—white, black and fawn, brindled, 1½ yrs.; (Ice—Glen—3 yrs., 9 mos.; champion Grosvenor—Courtess); 2d, Millbrook Kennel Verne (A.K.R. 418); 3d, Millbrook Kennel's Royalist (A.K.R. 580). Very high com. A. M. Dodge's Guard, 3 yrs., 4 mos. (champion Harol—Lillian—1 yr.). **Box**—Alma L., high body, red, tan, sandy, brown, white, 16 mos.; Rex—Alma L., high body, tan, sandy, brown, white,

In a case lately brought before one of the City of London Aldermen against the owner of a dog that had bitten the prosecutor, it transpired that the defendant had remarked by way of comfort to the victim, that "the dog had his teeth cleaned every week." Mr. Hugh Dalziel, the well-known author of "Diseases of the Dog," has written to the *Stock Keeper* ridiculing the idea, but I am inclined to think that the impetuous Corsican has overshot the mark. Every novice knows that if the dog really has hydrophobia the cleanliness of his teeth will not avert the effects of the disease, but it is also equally well known that the inconvenient though not positively dangerous effects may result from the bite of a healthy dog if he has been eating offal, and what dog won't if he get the chance; the wound would thus become poisoned unless the dog had had his teeth cleaned beforehand.

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

LEOMINSTER, Mass., Oct. 17.—Yesterday the Leominster and J. H. Lorkey Rifle Clubs had a friendly contest. The former were one man short and one-seventh of their total was added to the score. The totals of each were as follows:

Leominster Club.		J. H. Lorkey Club.	
B M Pitts.....	133	W H Wood.....	128
G W Foster.....	132	R F Walker.....	126
E M Rockwell.....	128	A J Ruge.....	122
F A Whitney.....	125	J Symonds.....	121
(One-seventh).....	121	J Walcott.....	120
C A Joslin.....	111	D A Wilder.....	113
E A Buffington.....	111	H R Davis.....	114
A Stickney.....	100-970	H S Lawrence.....	113-963

BOSTON, Mass., Oct. 18.—There was a small attendance of shooters at Walnut Hill to-day, as is always the case after a fall meeting, and had it not been for the fact that there was a return match with the Arlington Rifle Club there would have been fewer shooters still. The day was not of the best, the wind being fair but the light being poor, particularly in the afternoon. Following are the scores:

Credmoor Practice Match.		Credmoor Prize Match.	
J Payson (mil.).....	444455544-42	O F Parsons (mil.).....	444455444-39
H A Lewis (mil.).....	44355454-42	J Hurd.....	443544444-39
O G Buckway.....	45344454-40		

Rest Match.		Victory Match.	
W Gardner.....	8 9 8 10 10 10 9 9 8-82	J B Fellows.....	9 10 8 9 7 9 10 7 7 10-84
G Warren.....	10 10 10 10 9 10 10 9 7-81		
E B Souther.....	20 8 10 10 7 10 10 9 8 8-90		

M. R. A. Team.		Arlington Rifle Club.	
J B Fellows.....	5 8 6 4 8 7 6 9 8 10-71	G Franklin.....	7 9 6 8 4 6 5 8 10 6-69
E B Souther.....	4 8 10 7 9 5 7 7 7 5-71	J C Homes.....	10 10 7 6 6 6 7 5 7 5-69
C E Berry.....	5 6 8 8 5 8 5 8 6 10-67	W E Lloyd.....	8 6 4 4 7 4 7 10 8 6-61
A Clark.....	4 4 9 7 5 4 5 4 9 5 8-61	G Lloyd.....	9 10 9 10 10 5 8 10 6-61
W H Oler.....	3 5 8 8 10 5 8 10 6-61	L Locke.....	4 5 6 2 7 8 9 8 2 8-54
R Reed.....	4 9 9 4 7 10 8 3 8-60	F W Thomas.....	4 0 8 2 9 2 7 7 8 5-52
C A Hunt.....	3 7 5 5 6 8 6 2 8 0-50	A F Davis.....	4 6 3 9 2 7 2 4 2 7-61
G Warren.....	0 6 3 8 6 7 8 8 2 4-47-488	A W Damm.....	3 5 5 5 2 4 6 0 7 6-43-458

CLUB SCORES.—Correspondents who favor us with scores are requested to send them in as soon as possible after the matches described. We go to press Wednesdays; and it is necessary that matter for publication should be in hand by Monday, or Tuesday at the latest.

HARTFORD, Conn., Oct. 16.—The annual shoot for the Barbour medal by the company teams of the First Regiment C. N. G. occurred to-day at the Franklin range. The medal was first offered by Col. Barbour, in 1879, when it was won by the City Guard; in 1880 Company E, of New Britain took it; in 1881 there was no competition; in 1882 the City Guard again took it, and in 1883 Company K won it, and again this year the City Guard, or Company F, takes it. Following are the scores made by each company team:

Company F.		Company K.	
Priv Williams.....	30 32 62	Lieut Jarman.....	33 27 50
Capt Thompson.....	36 39 55	Sergt Preston.....	27 27 54
Sergt Greene.....	36 39 55	Priv Case.....	22 24 46
Priv Ripley.....	32 38 60	Priv Barrose.....	26 26 52
Priv Jordan.....	31 38 59	Priv Kimberly.....	22 16 38
Lieut Welles.....	28 28 56	Priv Latimer.....	27 23 50
Capt Thompson.....	33 34 47	Sergt Bates.....	28 32 60
Q M Sgt Blumhorn.....	24 18 42	Priv Willard.....	21 25 46
Sergt Southwaite.....	34 24 48	Sergt Quiggle.....	24 27 51
Sergt Newton.....	29 32 61	Priv Tracy.....	29 27 56

Company B.		Company E.	
Priv Williams.....	268 267 535	Lieut McConkey.....	240 258 507
Capt Moran.....	28 33 61	Sergt Saunders.....	27 27 54
Capt Kingsley.....	35 38 53	Capt Corpson.....	20 25 45
Sergt Leahy.....	15 17 32	Capt Corpson.....	23 22 45
Priv Ripley.....	29 32 61	Priv Barrose.....	26 26 52
Lieut Smith.....	27 25 52	Capt Wulger.....	22 16 38
Capt Hafey.....	23 25 48	Priv Rawlins.....	18 4 22
Capt Coughlin.....	20 15 35	Capt Thompson.....	25 27 52
Priv McDermott.....	18 11 29	Priv Sautter.....	24 25 49
Sergt Dunn.....	26 22 48	Sergt Smith.....	27 17 44
Priv Clark.....	22 25 50	Capt Stearns.....	20 30 50

Company H.		Field Staff.	
Corp W M Clark.....	30 25 55	Adj't J K Williams.....	28 23 51
Capt W H McLean.....	27 27 54	Sig Off T W Gleason.....	27 26 52
Priv E S Young.....	28 28 56	Conn Sgt W J Fenn.....	24 28 52
Sergt E S Stone.....	24 19 33	Nat'l J L Goodrich.....	19 20 39
Priv J Goldson.....	22 24 46	Sergt J D Worthington.....	10 25 35
Sergt C H Patterson.....	18 25 43	Q M Sgt H Howe.....	29 28 57
Lieut H E Chapman.....	23 21 44	Q M T C Swan.....	23 24 47
Capt W H Thompson.....	25 54 79	I T P John W Crane.....	20 48
Sergt M C Horton.....	22 9 31	Hos St P W Newton.....	17 17 34
Corp W M Carey.....	29 23 52	Ass Sur P H Ingalls.....	23 43

SPRINGFIELD, Mass., Oct. 16.—The Rod and Gun Rifle Club's fall tournament of three days on the Lake Lookout range, closed to-day. The attendance has been large and the competition sharp. Some of the most conspicuous among the contestants were absent, but the number of out-of-town shooters who were present was unexpectedly large. The results of the various matches are here shown.

German Target—Continuous Match.		Massachusetts Target—Continuous Match.	
J D Marks, of Thompsonville, Conn.....	24 24 22-70	W M Farrow.....	11 12 10 11 12 11 12 12 12-172
D E Marsh, of Bridgeport, Conn.....	19 24 25-68	G F Ellsworth.....	12 0 12 12 9 12 12 12 12 11 12-173
H McEnroe, of New Britain, Conn.....	22 23 23-68	D E Marsh.....	12 11 11 12 10 11 12 12 12 12 11 12-171
W Farrow, of Springfield.....	22 23 21-66	C T Talbot.....	10 12 11 11 12 12 12 11 11 12 11 12-171
G F Ellsworth, of Gardner.....	23 21 23-66	S S Bumstead.....	11 12 11 11 11 11 11 12 12 12 12 12-170
H Andrews, of Hartford, Conn.....	20 21 21-62	W Charles.....	11 12 11 11 11 11 12 12 12 11 11 12-168
O B Hull, of Collinsville, Conn.....	19 21 22-62	E B Hull.....	12 12 11 12 12 12 12 12 12 12 12 12-167
L H Mayott, of Springfield.....	13 23 18-59	J A Wilson.....	11 10 11 12 12 12 12 12 12 12 12 12-167
G E Botsford, of Bridgeport, Conn.....	22 20 17-59	S J Lyon.....	10 11 9 12 10 11 11 10 11 10 10-157
S J Lyon, of Collinsville, Conn.....	22 13 20-55	J C Gassner.....	12 10 11 10 11 8 10 11 11 7 9 11 12-166
C T Talbot, of Springfield.....	11 23 11-45	G E Botsford.....	9 11 12 9 11 10 10 11 11 9 11 11 9-155

Record Match.		Consolation Match.	
W M Farrow.....	22 24 24-70	J D Marks.....	22 20 25-67
J D Marks.....	22 20 25-67	C T Talbot.....	20 24 22-66
C T Talbot.....	20 24 22-66	W B Thomas.....	21 19 31-61
H Andrus.....	22 19 24-65		

Most bullseyes during the tournament, Z. C. Talbot. First bullseye in the tournament, S. J. Lyon. Last bullseye in the tournament, H. Andrus. Most German bullseyes, S. J. Lyon.

TORONTO, Oct. 13.—The meeting of the Toronto Rifle Association closed to-day after a good time had been enjoyed. The scores will be seen to be greatly below the average, owing to the weather. With a 30-mile wind blowing there is no certainty of shooting with a Snider rifle, and consequently good shots got to the bottom of the list, and many are down below the line altogether. The shooting was fairly good at 200 yds., as the gale had not then started, but after 200 yds. with the exception of the possible score at 400 yds. made by Staff-Sergt. Ashall, there was not one score worthy of note. Many of the old shots at 600 yds. found great trouble in getting on the target, and when on, found it the easiest thing in the world to get off again. One

Mr. Dalziel says a policeman might still object to being bitten by a dog even though his teeth were regularly cleaned. I don't see why he should, except for the slight pain caused, because of danger there can be actually none. It seems to me that people make a great deal too much fuss about an ordinary dog bite. I know men who carry a little stick of caustic in their pockets and apply it whenever they are bitten by their own dogs even. I cauterized a wound once and for the future it may be a case of pain, pain, pain, but never again in that way, Robin. The wound became a sore, it took weeks instead of days to heal, I had twitches up my arm, I broke out in cold sweats and my fears played enough tricks upon my nervous system to drive a statue mad. Now I simply wash the place if there is any disinfectant handy; I put a few drops in the water—that is in case the dog may have dined off filth that might poison the wound. After washing I suck it, and then I forget it.

Reverting to Mr. Dalziel, he has at last hunted out to public view an old rumor that has long lain hidden in covert. For a long time mastiff men have gathered together in corners and byways to whisper their doubts of the pedigree of the magnificent champion Crown Prince.

Mr. Dalziel boldly proclaims, in that lively doggy organ *The Stock-keeper*, his "belief that The Emperor is the sire of the Crown Prince litter," and he asserts that he knows this belief is shared "by the majority of men who know mastiffs." Mr. Dalziel proclaims his readiness to discuss this subject before the Kennel Club, the Mastiff Club and any other judicial body, and further invites anybody to take legal proceedings against him for the publication of the charge. Simply stated Mr. Dalziel's disclosure amounts to this, that on Dec. 21, 1879, Mr. Woolmore's bitch Merlin, the dam of Crown Prince, was served by Mrs. Rawlinson's dog The Emperor, and that on the 22d of February, 1880, the normal period of gestation, the Crown Prince litter were born, but these pups have been "fathered on the weedy, wastrel Young Prince." This statement is made on the evidence of one Ridout, who at the time was acting as assistant to Mr. Burnell, care-taker of The Emperor.

Mr. Burnell has replied that this is "a direct falsehood," "bathos" etc. He asserts that Ridout was not present on the alleged date, and further that the date given is entirely wrong, and that Merlin was served by Young Prince on the 24th of December in the presence of two witnesses, who are ready to come forward to testify. Mr. Burnell asserts that The Emperor was not put to Merlin for some two years after.

There is some great mistake somewhere, and as I don't think Mr. Dalziel is addicted to the sport of mare-nesting, my leanings are at present to his side of the case, and I am anxious to read his reply.

I see it stated in print that the black and tan collie Rutland has changed hands at the seemingly high price of £250. I have thought seen so many fancy figures explained away when brought under close examination that I must warn my readers against accepting this sum as representing the coin that passed. I only pass this remark to prevent the people making calculations on the value of collies, based upon such transactions, which are more often than not solely published for the sake of advertisement. Apart from all this, Rutland is one of the best collies that ever graced the bench; he has only been beaten by his sable rival Eclipse.

The history of Rutland is a curious one. He was originally bought when he was weaned by Sir Charles Mordaunt for the sum of £5. Sir Charles never troubled about pedigree, forgot it, never cared for the dog and entered him at last in the selling class for £5 at the Warwick show a year ago. Several other collie men rushed to claim him, and the lucky man was a Mr. Boddington of Birmingham. He has had a great success with the dog, culminating in this sale, he discovered his pedigree and Wolf has the honor of being called his sire. Mr. Boddington has acquired Wolf from the purchaser of Rutland. Sir Charles Mordaunt at the same show purchased for a very long price the enormously coated Staffa, who is not fit to carry biscuits to Rutland.

The *Live Stock Journal* of this week contains a picture of the St. Bernard Leonard, which I hasten to affirm is a miserable production as a portrait and a work of art. Leonard is a noble dog and not an over-fed, gasping pig as here represented.

LILLIBULERO.

October 8, 1884.

MERIDEN DOG SHOW.—The Meriden Poultry Association will hold a dog show in connection with their eighth annual exhibition at Town Hall, Meriden, Conn., Dec. 30, 31, and Jan. 1 and 2, 1885. Mr. Joshua Shute, Secretary.

KENNEL NOTES.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Kennel notes are inserted in this column free of charge. To insure publication of notes, correspondents MUST GIVE the following particulars of each animal:

1. Color.
2. Breed.
3. Sex.
4. Age or, of date of birth, of breeding or of death.
5. Name and residence of owner, buyer or seller.
6. Name and residence of owner, buyer or seller.
7. Sire, with his sire and dam.
8. Owner of sire.
9. Dam, with her sire and dam.
10. Owner of dam.

All names must be plainly written. Communication on one side of paper only, and signed with writer's name.

NAMES CLAIMED.

See instructions at head of this column.
Check and Cash. By Dr. P. B. Greenough, Boston, Mass., for white, black and tan English and Gordon setter dogs, whelped Aug. 9, 1884, by Fay's Coin (Leicester)—Rose) out of his Beauty (A.K.R. 123).
Gipsy. By Mr. A. C. Krueger, Wrightsville, Pa., for black and tan beagle bitch, whelped Sept. 5, 1883, pedigree not given.
Madam Theo. By Mr. P. B. de Arzavens, Evrona, N. J., for orange and white English setter bitch, whelped Aug. 15, by Promise (Pride of the Border—Flash) out of Rose (Ned—Rose).
Princess Rose. By Dr. G. A. Scaman, Marysville, Kan., for blue belton English setter bitch, whelped Jan. 2, 1884, by Colonel Thunder (Thunder—Moll) out of Princess Belle (Rufus—Rose).
Othello. By Mr. Seymour Van Santvoord, Troy, N. Y., for red Irish setter dog, whelped July 11, 1884, by champion Glencho out of Sampson's Nora (Elcho—Fire Fly).
Donald. By Mr. W. F. Parker, Brunswick, Ga., for orange and white English setter dog, whelped Aug. 20, 1884, by Count Dan (A.K.R. 1332) out of Belle Boyd (A.K.R. 1377).
Shamrock Kennel. By Mr. Dan O'Shea, London, Ont., for his kennel of sporting and non-sporting dogs.

NAMES CHANGED.

See instructions at head of this column.
Flying Scud to Gladys. Black greyhound bitch, whelped April 20 (Friday Night—Honor Bright), owned by Mr. H. W. Smith, Worcester, Mass.

BRED.

See instructions at head of this column.
Europa—De Buch. Mr. W. Wade's (Pittsburgh, Pa.) mastiff bitch Europa (A.K.R. 14) to De Buch's (A.K.R. 1502), Oct. 2.
Nancy—Epps. Mr. Thos. Good's (Tucker's) South Gaston, N. C.) Byrton toxhound bitch Nancy (Logan—Fanny) to Epps, Oct. 13.
Rose—Bang Bang. The Westminster Kennel Club's pointer bitch Rose (A.K.R. 214) to their Bang Bang (A.K.R. 334), Oct. 5.
Venus II—Hero II. Mr. R. Exley's mastiff bitch Venus II. (Colonel—Junio) to the Ashmont Kennel's Hero II. (A.K.R. 845).
Lacy—Minstrel. Mr. C. Huntington's (Scranton, Pa.) beagle bitch Lacy to Mr. A. C. Krueger's imported Minstrel.
Rena—Bannerman. Mr. A. C. Krueger's (Wrightsville, Pa.) beagle bitch Rena (Ringwood II—Spider) to his imported Bannerman (March Boy—Dew Drop), Oct. 9.
Gipsy—Bannerman. Mr. A. C. Krueger's (Wrightsville, Pa.) beagle bitch Gipsy to his imported Bannerman (March Boy—Dew Drop), Oct. 3.

WHELPS.

See instructions at head of this column.
Spice. Mr. James Page Stinson's (Leavenworth, Kan.) bull-terrier bitch Spice (A.K.R. 739), July 14, nine (four dogs), by Saxon (Young Royal—Impress).
Quiver. Mr. James Page Stinson's (Leavenworth, Kan.) bull-terrier bitch Quiver (A.K.R. 786), July 5, five (one dog), by Silk II. (A.K.R. 782).

Viola. The Surrey Kennel's (Ellicott City, Md.) pointer bitch Viola (A.K.R. 703), Oct. 17, twelve (six dogs), by Joker, Jr. (Beaufort—Nymph).

Waxy Zulu. Mr. I. M. Dewey's (New Haven, Conn.) cocker spaniel bitch Waxy Zulu (A.K.R. 381), Oct. 17, seven (four dogs), by Mr. J. P. Wiley's champion Obo II. (A.K.R. 432), all black.

Rena. Mr. A. Foster's English setter bitch Rena, Oct. 6, two (one dog), by Mr. Hugh Hill's Royal Sultan (A.K.R. 119).

Fidget. Mr. Chas. G. McKenzie's (Hudson, N. Y.) cocker spaniel bitch Fidget (A.K.R. 308), Oct. 1, ten (seven dogs), by Click (A.K.R. 133).

Theon. The Chequasset Kennel's (Lancaster, Mass.) rough-coated St. Bernard bitch Theon (A.K.R. 94), Oct. 13, eleven (eight dogs), by champion Hermit (A.K.R. 33), four since dead.

Brunhilde. The Chequasset Kennel's (Lancaster, Mass.) smooth-coated St. Bernard bitch Brunhilde (A.K.R. 28), Oct. 11, four (two dogs), by imported Mentor II. (Mentor—The Nun); one bitch since dead.

Irina. The Chequasset Kennel's (Lancaster, Mass.) rough-coated St. Bernard bitch Irina (A.K.R. 1050), Oct. 14, two (one dog), by champion Hermit (A.K.R. 23).

Red Lassie. Mr. Thos. D. Husted's (Peekskill, N.Y.) red Irish setter bitch Red Lassie (Rory O'More—Queen Nellie), Oct. 16, nine (six dogs), by champion Glencho.

Priscilla. The Clovermook Kennel's (New York) fox-terrier bitch Priscilla (Joker—Warren Daisy), Oct. 18, five (three dogs), by their Scarsdale (Joker—Ellie).

Oma. Mr. Wm. Mellic's (Lacknow, Ont.) mastiff bitch Oma (Pluto—Junio), Sept. 21, eleven (seven dogs), by the Ashmont Kennel's Hero II. (A.K.R. 545).

Norah Mavourneen. Mr. Geo. E. Styles's (Burlington, Vt.) red Irish setter bitch Norah Mavourneen (Rory O'More—Norah O'More), Sept. 11, seven (five dogs), by Mr. W. N. Callender's Rexford.

Edith. Mr. Walter S. Russell's (Bath, Me.) cocker spaniel bitch Edith (Brush II.—Olivia), Oct. 7, nine (six dogs), by his Rex (Diamond—Quand).

SALES.

See instructions at head of this column.

Sir Walter Scott. Scotch deerhound, age and pedigree not given, by Mr. H. W. Smith, Worcester, Mass., to Mr. Joseph Davis, same place.

Jewel. Collie bitch, whelped April 2, 1884 (imported Shep—Spotter, A.K.R. 1576), by Dr. Hext. M. Perry, Philadelphia, Pa., to Dr. J. M. Westmorland, Greenville, S. C.

Shep, Jr. Collie dog, whelped April 2, 1884 (imported Shep—Spotter, A.K.R. 1576), by Dr. Hext. M. Perry, Philadelphia, Pa., to Mr. Homer Jacobs, Greenville, S. C.

Rough-coated St. Bernard dog (Cesar, A.K.R. 22—Nun, A.K.R. 24), by the Chequasset Kennel, Lancaster, Mass., to the Millbrook Kennel, New York.

Smooth-coated St. Bernard dog (Mentor—The Nun), by the Chequasset Kennel, Lancaster, Mass., to the Millbrook Kennel, New York.

Smooth-coated St. Bernard dog (Cesar, A.K.R. 22—Brunhilde, A.K.R. 28), by the Chequasset Kennel, Lancaster, Mass., to Mr. W. W. Tucker, New York.

Rough-coated St. Bernard dog (Cesar, A.K.R. 22—Theon, A.K.R. 94), by the Chequasset Kennel, Lancaster, Mass., to the Millbrook Kennel, New York.

Rough-coated St. Bernard bitch (Obo—Irina), by the Chequasset Kennel, Lancaster, Mass., to the Blackburn Kennel, Newburg, N. Y.

Black greyhound dog, whelped July 30 (champion Friday Night, A.K.R. 753—Honor Bright, A.K.R. 902), by Mr. H. W. Smith, Worcester, Mass., to Mr. H. W. Wyman, same place.

Garnet and Solo. Beagles, dog and bitch, age and pedigree not given, by Dr. F. H. Rohwinkle, Chillicothe, O., to Mr. Fred T. Lane, Glenoe, Ill.

White bull-terrier dog, whelped July 5, 1884, by Mr. James Page Stinson, Leavenworth, Kan., to Mr. H. M. Austin, same place.

Pug dog, whelped May 18, 1884 (Young Toby, A.K.R. 473—Junio, A.K.R. 406), by the Forrest City Kennel, Portland, Me., to Mr. E. R. Hearn, Passaic, N. J.

Pug bitch (A.K.R. 1591), by the Forest City Kennel, Portland, Me., to Mr. Geo. A. Nissen, Baltimore, Md.

Pug bitch, whelped May 18, 1884, by the Forest City Kennel, Portland, Me., to Mr. H. L. Horn, Norway, Me.

Strawberry Hill Kennel, Leicester, Mass., to Mr. H. C. Whitney, New York.

Pug bitch, whelped Aug. 8, 1884 (Napoleon—Beauty, A.K.R. 1300), by Mr. Walter D. Peck, New Haven, Conn., to Mr. E. C. Wandler, New York, Conn.

Pug bitch, whelped Aug. 8, 1884 (Napoleon—Beauty, A.K.R. 1300), by Mr. Walter D. Peck, New Haven, Conn., to Mr. A. L. Norton, same place.

Brindle mastiff dog, whelped April 15, 1884, by Mr. James Hutchings, Exeter, Eng., to Mr. Walter D. Peck, New Haven, Conn.

Black greyhound bitch, whelped July 30, 1884 (champion Friday Night—Honor Bright), by Mr. H. W. Smith, Worcester, Mass., to Mr. J. D. B. Stott, Stottville, N. Y.

Black and white greyhound bitch, whelped March, 1881 (Pensive Laddie—Playmate), by Messrs. H. P. & J. J. Charles, Neath, South Wales, to Mr. H. W. Smith, Worcester, Mass.

Lemon and white beagle dog, Bys. old (March Boy—Dew Drop), by Mr. Lewis Sloan, Philadelphia, Pa., to Mr. A. C. Krueger, Wrightsville, Pa.

Orange and white English setter dogs, whelped April 2, 188

old shot struck the target once, and another missed even that one making the clean score of nine misses. The shooting season is now over, and the shots will have something to talk about until next spring, when they will be just as enthusiastic as ever, even if they feel now like selling their rifles, stock, lock and barrel.

The following were the results of the matches:
Citizens' Match.—Rangers, 200 and 400yds., 7 shots at each; possible total, 70.
Staff Sergt W. Ashall, Q O R... 63 Staff Sergt A. Bell, 12th Batt... 60
Capt A. Anderson, Retired Lieut. 63 Staff Sergt T. Mitchell, 10th R G Co
Association Match.—Rangers, 200, 500 and 600yds., 7 shots at each; possible total, 105.
Staff Sergt Geo Lewis, Q O R... 77 Private Durcan, Q O R... 72
Surreon Alken, Q O R... 77 Private Bartlett, Q O R... 72
Capt W. Macdonald, Q O R... 74 Staff Sergt S. F. Walker, Q O R... 72
Sergt Kennedy, Q O R... 74
Aggregate.—Five prizes, to be awarded to competitors making the highest aggregate score in matches Nos. 1 and 2: Dr. Aiken 134, Staff Sergt. Lewis 133, Staff Sergt. Ashall 132, Staff Sergt T. Mitchell 129; Capt. J. McDelamere 127.

BOSTON, Oct. 16.—The sixth annual contest among members of the Boston Press Rifle Association, occurred at Walnut Hill range to-day, where teams representing the *Herald*, *Globe*, *Transcript*, *Post* and *Advertiser* offices contended for supremacy and prizes. The day was all things considered, a good one. There was but little wind, and there was a tolerably even, steady, gray light. The average scores were better than any previously made by the contesting teams, and showed a general improvement in skill on the part of the rival riflemen. The team match was begun about 1 o'clock P. M., and was shot inside of two hours, the scores standing:

Globe Team.		Transcript Team.	
E. Searns	44	H. S. Fisher	42
J. P. Carr	41	H. A. Waterman	40
S. Merrill	41	W. V. Alexander	39
C. H. Orr	39	J. D. Whitcomb	37
R. Luce	34—200	L. M. Hammond	29—187
Herald Team.		Post Team.	
F. H. Buffum	42	H. A. Newman	45
C. B. Brownell (mil.)	41	S. Head	38
J. Collins	41	W. H. Hathaway	34
C. B. Danforth	39		
G. H. Morgan	37—190		
Advertiser Team.		One average score	
E. B. Farwell	42		37—185
J. G. Smith	40		
F. W. Scott	39		
R. C. Carnahan	38		
One average score	37—187		

MANCHESTER, N. H., Oct. 18.—The three days' fall meeting of the Manchester Rifle Association closed this afternoon, after an animated contest. The conditions, as a whole, have been favorable, but the attendance has not met expectations. In the all-comers' match there were 223 entries and re-entries, and in the club event 376. Military rifles were allowed two points per score of seven shots, which enabled W. Charles, of Boston, to secure the first prize. The result of the all-comers' match was as follows:

W. Charles (military)	32	33	38—103
G. S. Ellsworth	34	34	38—106
A. B. Dodge	33	33	34—100
B. G. Harris	33	33	39—110
G. Curtis	33	33	34—100
C. D. Palmer	32	32	37—101
J. L. Niven	32	32	35—103
G. Leighton	30	31	32—93

The prize winners in the club match were as follows, it being a handicap match:

L. W. Colby	30	32	32—15—109
J. Barnette	31	31	33—15—109
L. N. Westover	30	31	32—15—108
J. A. Barker	32	32	33—10—107
J. Higgs	31	32	32—12—103
G. Leighton	32	32	34—7—106
E. Partridge	30	31	31—14—106
C. H. Norman	29	30	31—15—105
F. J. Drake	31	32	32—9—104
C. M. Henry	31	31	32—10—104
W. M. Boothby	30	30	31—14—104
B. Dodge	30	32	33—14—103
J. L. Niven	31	32	32—8—103
T. C. Williams	31	31	32—9—103

THE TRAP.

Correspondents who favor us with club scores are particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only.

A NATIONAL ASSOCIATION.

To the Sportsmen of the United States:

We desire to call your attention to the second international clay-pigeon tournament to be held at New Orleans, La., Feb. 11 to 16, 1885, as being a most favorable occasion for the organization of a national association, whose main functions shall be to adopt national rules and to organize future annual tournaments. We are aware that many have criticised adversely our management of the first international clay-pigeon tournament at Chicago as also the Inter-State shoot at New York. We are aware also that the public as well as the sportsmen would appreciate these tournaments more, if they were conducted by amateur shooters and not by a business house. Therefore we have concluded in the future not to organize these large tournaments, although we will always lend our aid financially and otherwise in assisting any body of men who may undertake same. What better body could there be for this purpose than a National Association? What better opportunity could there be than this second international tournament? We have assurance of a full representation from all sections of the country. The attendance at the Chicago tournament was large, but it will be tripled at New Orleans.

We claim broadly if a National Association is organized that the number of shooters in the land will be doubled within three years; that said association will establish friendly social relations among sportsmen throughout the land; that every owner of a gun will deem it an honor to wear the badge of the association. Let it be understood once for all that this association is to be formed not to shoot clay-pigeons only, but glass balls, live pigeons or what not, at the option of the shooters. (It is proposed to add here that we are endeavoring to obtain several thousand live bats to substitute for the clays in some matches at New Orleans.) At the preliminary meeting held in Chicago in May last to form some association a debate arose as to the proper name. Some wanted a "National Sportsmen's Association," others a "National Trap-Shooters' Association." We ourselves favor the title "The National Gunners' League." If some such league be not formed at New Orleans, we will still persevere and endeavor to form a National Clay-Pigeon League whose functions shall be similar to those indicated above. As a preliminary step we now advise the formation of sub-leagues throughout the country, to be called after the name of the section or town in which the same is organized, and that said sub-leagues shall appoint one or two delegates to fully represent same at the meeting in New Orleans to form the National Clay-Pigeon League. The Middle States Clay-Pigeon League was successfully organized Oct. 9 to 11, 1884, at New York. We are aware also that the public as well as the sportsmen would appreciate these tournaments more, if they were conducted by amateur shooters and not by a business house. Therefore we have concluded in the future not to organize these large tournaments, although we will always lend our aid financially and otherwise in assisting any body of men who may undertake same. What better body could there be for this purpose than a National Association? What better opportunity could there be than this second international tournament? We have assurance of a full representation from all sections of the country. The attendance at the Chicago tournament was large, but it will be tripled at New Orleans.

The Southern C. P. League, with New Orleans as the center.
The Southeastern C. P. League, with Savannah as the center.
The Western C. P. League, with St. Louis as the center.
The Northwestern C. P. League, with Chicago as the center.
The Northern C. P. League, with Cincinnati as the center, etc.

Again it has been suggested (and we are now of the opinion that this would be best) that in forming sub-leagues no attention be paid to State lines, but that the League should take its name from some central prominent city, such as Chicago, St. Louis, Louisville, Omaha, etc., where organized, and admit to membership all neighboring clubs even though in an adjoining State. If this were done at once, and each league sent a delegate to New Orleans, the National League would be a certainty. If this were done it would be but a short time before challenges would be frequent between the sub-leagues, the public interest would be excited, the principal base ball grounds of the country, and the gate money would soon fill the purses of the clubs. Is this not a desideratum worthy of your efforts? And what an easy matter it is to organize a sub-league. Call a meeting of any three clubs, appoint an executive committee of three to draft a constitution and by-laws, issue a call inviting all clubs to meet and join the league, arrange a tournament to follow the ratification meeting, report all your action to the sporting press, and the thing is done.

The most important question in connection with a National League is this: How can the funds be obtained to make it self-sustaining, to enable it to give an annual tournament? Our answer is this: It is not unreasonable to suppose that when the League is a year old, it will have 1,000 individual members with annual dues of \$1, thus netting

\$1,000, this increased by 10 per cent. of all purses will furnish sufficient funds for the above purpose. To place the treasury in a flourishing condition from the very start, it is proposed to solicit liberal cash donations from the principal jobbers and manufacturers of guns, cartridges, powder, etc. (all of whom will be benefited indirectly through increased sales). It is anticipated that no future calls will ever be made either for the above purpose or for prizes for tournaments, etc. We ourselves, though a mere pigny compared to a hundred and one other firms or in connection with the gun trade, hereby agree to contribute \$100 to the treasury of any national organization which may be started at New Orleans whenever said organization has 100 individual members combined from at least ten States.

It is to be expected that the League will be open to individuals and to clubs, every member of the latter being, *ipse facto*, a member of the League. These are matters of detail to be discussed and arranged at the next meeting.

We trust that all sportsmen interested will now give their views on the above subject to the public.

THE LIGOWSKY CLAY-PIGEON COMPANY.

(Per J. E. Bloom.)

CLUB SCORES.—Correspondents who favor us with scores are requested to send them in as soon as possible after the matches described. We go to press Wednesday; and it is necessary that matter for publication should be in hand by Monday, or Tuesday at the latest.

MONTGOMERY SHOOTING CLUB.—Match for diamond badge, 5 birds, 20yds. rise:
Jones.....01101—3 Adams.....00110—2
Long.....11111—5 Ledgerd.....11111—5
Hutchings.....01010—2 Davidson.....10011—3
Randolph.....01013—3 Maston.....10110—3
Bell.....11001—3 Wescott.....11110—4
Ruse.....01011—3 Wescott.....10101—3

Tie, miss and out: Long 2, Ledgerd 3, and wins diamond badge, Adams is not a member; Hutchings took "goose egg" badge.—O. E. W.

WELLINGTON, Mass., Oct. 18.—The largest attendance for some time at this shooting ground was present to-day. Field sports holds the gold badge. The other events: 1. Ten birds.—Field and Farrington first, Snow and Brown second, Pratt third. 2. Five blackbirds.—Sanborn first, Field second, Nichols third. 3. Five blackbirds.—Snow first, Farrington and Field second, Pratt third. 4. Five pigeons.—Field first, Snow second, Sanborn third. 5. Five pigeons.—Farrington first, Durand second, Field third. 6. Five pigeons.—Field and Farrington first, Durand and Scott second, Brown and Adams third. 7. Five pigeons.—Farrington first, Field second, Brown third. 8. Three pairs.—Adams and Field first, Farrington second, Snow third. 9. Ten pigeons.—Field first, Snow and Adams second, Nichols third. 10. Five birds.—Nichols and Field first, Brackett second, Adams third. 11. Five balls.—Farrington and Field first, Adams and Scott second, Brown third. 12. Five blackbirds.—Farrington first, Field second, Adams third. 13. Five birds.—Snow and Field first, Adams second. 14 and 15, miss and out—won by Field.

CLUB SCORES.—Correspondents who favor us with scores are requested to send them in as soon as possible after the matches described. We go to press Wednesday; and it is necessary that matter for publication should be in hand by Monday, or Tuesday at the latest.

NEW ENGLAND TRAP SHOOTERS.—The New England Trap Shooters' Association will hold its first tournament at Wellington, Nov. 7 and 8. The events will be as follows, the first five taking place on the first day:

First event, 7 single birds; entry \$1.
Second event, 7 birds 5 traps; entry \$2.
Third event, 3 pair doubles, fixed trap; entry \$2.
Fourth event, individual championship, 7 singles, 4 pair doubles, fixed traps, entry 50 cents for bird. The gold challenge badge of the Association will be at stake, and in addition \$30. An optional sweepstake of \$2 will be shot with this match.
Fifth event, two-men team match; \$5 entry per team; 7 single birds.
Sixth event, 6 single birds, entry \$1.
Seventh event, 7 single birds, 5 traps; entry \$2.
Eighth event, 3 pair doubles, 5 traps; entry \$2.
Ninth event, three-men team match, 7 singles, 4 pair doubles. The first prize will be \$30, in addition to the gold challenge badge of the association. An optional sweepstake of \$6 per team will also be shot.
Tenth event, walking match, 5 birds; entry \$2.
The gold badge and money in the individual and team matches are presented by the Liguowsky Clay-Pigeon Company. The Boston Gun Club will in addition present \$50 in matches Nos. 2, 4 and 5, \$10 for the best average, \$5 second, \$3 third, \$1 fourth and \$2 fifth.

The Association rules will govern. The matches are open to all members of the Association. The grounds will be open the day previous from 1 o'clock for practice. Additional sweepstakes, at 50c. and \$1, will be shot for as occasion affords. The number of clubs that have joined the Association give evidence that this will be the largest shoot ever held in the New England States. Shooting begins promptly at 5 o'clock each day. Ties will be decided in singles, 3 birds at three angles, doubles 1 pair.
The programme is signed by C. H. Gerrish, president, and Charles H. Orr, 238 Washington street, Boston, secretary.

CLUB SCORES.—Correspondents who favor us with scores are requested to send them in as soon as possible after the matches described. We go to press Wednesday; and it is necessary that matter for publication should be in hand by Monday, or Tuesday at the latest.

LONG ISLAND SPORTSMEN'S ASSOCIATION.—Brooklyn, Oct. 20.—The annual shooting tournament of this Association will take place on Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 29 and 30, at 9 A. M., at Dexter Park (Chris. Durler's), on Jamaica Road, reached by Atlantic Avenue Rapid Transit to East New York, and thence by dummy to Cypress Hills Cemetery. A liberal number of prizes have been donated. Individual and club team contests have been arranged.—HENRY THORPE, Secretary.

PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT.

MONDAY, the 27th inst., will see the commencement of an auction sale of guns, which offers an excellent opportunity for obtaining good guns cheap. The stock to be sold is that of E. S. Harris, agent, 177 Broadway; see advertisement in other columns.

Dachting.

THE OPEN BOAT SWEEPSTAKES, OCT. 20.

ANOTHER sweepstakes race for open boats was sailed on Monday. An open to all, the entrance fee being \$100. Three yachts entered: Nettie Thorp, J. W. Thorp owner, sailed by Capt. Abe Metzger; Adele, sailed by Capt. Webber, and Gracie, owned by W. R. Morse, sailed by Capt. John Morrison. The course was from Mattinecock Buoy, southwest to the Port Schuyler Buoy, 19 miles to windward and back, the time allowed being 2m. to the foot of the judges were Messrs. Hobbs, Onderdonk and McAllister. The wind was nearly southwest, and the tide ebbing when the steamer Pioneer reached the start with the boats in tow at 2:40 P. M., and at 2:53 the starting whistle sent them off with crews and sandbags to windward.
Gracie crossed first and Adele second, the latter going back and recrossing. Gracie led the way to windward, with Nettie next and Adele well astern. The boats were reached at 4:15, and Gracie tacked over 5:34. The Thorpe rounded at 5:42 and the Adele at 5:54:10. With the sunset the breeze fell light, the boats running before it with booms to port and jibs whiskered out. It was quite dark when Gracie reached the finish at 7:33:30, and it was 11:50 P. M. when the steamer finally reached Harlem.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Nettie Thorp	2 54 20	7 33 30	4 39 10	4 39 10
Adele	2 55 00	7 35 00	4 39 10	4 39 10
Gracie	2 54 00	7 31 20	4 37 20	4 36 35

AN UTTER ROUT.

"YANKEE sloops beaten; not a single sloop reaches the finish line and in all sail class the cutters are victorious." If FOREST AND STREAM had displayed such a heading a few years since there would have been a shout from many outraged patriots of "Anglomaniac," "Quitter Crank," "Snob" and other similar epithets, but the above is only quoted from the report of the race of Saturday in the *New York World*, the paper that above all others has been the constant advocate of the sloop and has abused the cutters without stint during the whole of the late controversy. The *Herald*, too,

whose style of warfare was shown in its reports of Bedouin's and Daisy's races the summer, where fairly won victories of the cutters were credited to the sloops by misleading headlines, eases its mind by a full confession, "The centerboards completely routed in the Seawanhaka races." "A fleet of fourteen starters in which only five finish." That it was, indeed, a sweeping victory to extort such admissions from these sources is evident to all who have watched the boats, but the rout was thorough and overwhelming. Every cutter, large and small, that started went over the course without material damage, while every sloop retired, nearly all of them disabled, and not one completed the course. Added to this the light weather victory of Wednesday, when Oriva beat Athlon on even sailing, and the cutter men can well afford to be satisfied.

AN UNCONDITIONAL SURRENDER.

IF ANY Rip Van Winkle of the yachting world had returned to New York Bay on Saturday last, after an absence of even four or five years, he would most certainly have been at a loss to know the fleet of yachts present. Annie indeed would be a familiar sight; with the low freckled, overhanging stem, big house and clumsy rig, she would be easily recognized as a typical American sloop of but a few years since. Two others might pass with him for sloops, though the higher sides, plumb stems, housing topmasts, straight bowsprits and general style of rig would no doubt have puzzled him; but where were the famous ones of yore? Arrow, Mischief, Gracie, Fanny, Coning, Vixen, Redcap, Wave, Hindwader, Fantia, Vision, Schemer, Rover, Blanco; the representative sloop fleet of America? They were not there, their cause was championed by one of their class, the Annie, and by two boats, Athlon and Penguin, which, although sloops in the sense that they were not cutters, were in themselves the strongest contradictions of the old theories of light draft and displacement, boats that five years ago no sloop man would have counted as an American sloop.

If the returned mariner had looked for the cause of this strange event, he might soon have discovered it, though his wonder would have been in no way decreased. Was it Staten Island or Isle of Wight near by? Was that light above, Fort Tompkins or the Needles? Was the stretch of water below, the lower bay or Oriva or a reach of the "Thames"? All these would show a part of Kings county, or Kent? For there below, flying about as if they enjoyed it under the "twisters" that came down at short intervals from the hills were two unmistakable English cutters. Long, narrow, glossy black sides, the burnished copper showing as they heeled, they were there ready for battle; a challenge which the sloops have one and all declined.

They have at last thrown up the sponge and withdrawn from a fight which they could not win, and a long and weary course they have seen a braver course to some if they had followed Athlon and Penguin out to the lighthouse on Saturday and succumbed only after a hard fight, but instead they have let the battle go by default, a complete and unconditional surrender.

THE SEAWANHAKA FALL RACES.

THE OUTSIDE RACE—OCT. 15.

THE racing season of 1884 ended on Saturday last the date of the second of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. fall races, with a complete and overwhelming victory for the cutters, a victory conceded by all the yachtsmen, with their sailing, with their speed, and that, with the other victories of this season, has settled finally and conclusively the predominance of the cutter over the sloop, and has fully justified the position that FOREST AND STREAM has so long maintained. Of the two races sailed last week, one was in a light wind and smooth water, resulting in a decided victory for the cutters, while that of Saturday, in a high wind and moderately rough water, was a still greater triumph.

This year the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. have been very fortunate in their choice of weather in all their races, that of the spring being sailed in a strong breeze and sea, in marked contrast to two previous races in the same week; and this fall they have been equally fortunate. The race of Wednesday was over the outside course, 20 miles out and back for first and second classes, and 10 miles for third, the start being at Buoy 3, in Gedney's Channel. The prizes offered were \$150 for first and second classes, and \$100 for third. Entries were scarce, the sloops apparently having had enough of Bedouin and Oriva, and only Athlon was on hand to start in the larger classes.

The northwest wind that had blown for several days went over to northeast early on Wednesday morning, which broke clear and high, with just enough frost in the air to make a hard pull on halliards and cable or a few minutes over the winch acceptable to warm up for the day, but as the sun rose higher the chill disappeared. About 9 A. M. the tug E. Luckenbach arrived at the S. C. Y. C. basin with but few spectators on board. The two buoys were soon taken on board, and she started the race, with the water of the bay, which were already well down toward the Hook, with booms broad off.

The wind held of topsail strength with a little life to the water of the Upper Bay, but not enough to trouble the smaller boats. Isis and Madge were left behind in winter quarters at the Basin, and Fanny was passed, lying idly at anchor off Stapleton, as though she had no concern with such a race. The cutters were racing in October, and the Luckenbach stopped and the judges gave their orders to the yachts, first class, down the Jersey beach 20 miles and home to windward; third class, 10 miles down and back. The starters were but few, in the first class Bedouin, Athlon and Oriva, the latter having no opponent in the second class, went in the first at a measurement of 5:51, thus being handicapped 46 seconds. In the third class were Mr. Padelford's cutter, built by Lawley in 1883, Surf, Messrs. Rathbone and Zerega, designed by Mr. Harvey, and Happy Thought, a deep keel boat, built by her owner, who sailed her. The former boats are well known here, the latter a New Haven craft, is a very handsome keel sloop, 33ft. sin. on waterline, 37ft. on deck, 10ft. beam, and 4ft. 6in. draft, with 34½ tons of lead on her keel.

At the line, Noddy, a 20-ton yawl, was off her gear, and so could not start. Mr. Padelford's cutter, Mr. Padelford, was ready, but the wind was now back at northwest, so that spinaker booms had to be shifted to starboard again. The wind was very light for some time and there was just enough to toss the booms about as the sails were hardly full. At 10:59 the whistle was blown to prepare, and at 11:04 the second whistle followed. No one had crossed, however, when the third class, the only question being whether the latter could save her time on her rival sister, as the sloop was already beaten by the smaller cutter.

Surf and her rival were having a pretty fight up the beach, the latter cleaving up topsail after a stretch on the wind, which gave the cutter a chance to regain what she had lost. Soon, however, the Happy Thought set her topsail again, and as the wind fell lighter she walked through the cutter's weather and left her a little astern. The boats now crossed back and forth as they worked short tacks up the beach, and in a little while the cutter, laying over to a puff, walked past the sloop as handsomely as the latter had passed her a few minutes before. This game was repeated all the way home, each leading in turn as the wind freshened or fell, sometimes sailing side by side, and at no time a quarter of a mile apart, until nearly five minutes after the start, when the cutter, winning by nearly 3 minutes.

Nearly an hour after Bedouin crossed the line between Buoy 3 and the tug, and a little later Oriva came in, with Athlon last. The tug took both the latter in tow and steamed on up, Bedouin continuing under sail after the two little ones, already well up the Bay. When they left the Hook the sun was setting red in the west, the lights were just lit in the lighthouses and the waters were dancing under the light breeze.

Perhaps the pleasantest part of the day was the sail up, loafing along easily, resting after a hard day's work on sheet and halliard, puffing over the meditative pipe and soothed by a savory smell from the forehatch as each point of the day's battle was fought over again. Off to the north were the lights of Coney Island, and around the lesser luminaries of the Hook, and the mainland, ahead were the lights of Staten Island, the bright ray from Robbins Reef, and, above all, the glare of the city, against which stood out the brilliant electric arch of the Bridge. The wind had blown itself nearly out by the time the boats were in the Narrows, and the ebb tide made progress the meter last, however, the Basin was reached, and the cutters dropped, sails stowed and all at leisure to discuss the ifs and maybes consequent to all races.

The net results, however, as given by the following table were that Bedouin beats Oriva sine. on time allowance, taking \$150, and Happy Thought beats Surf about 3min., neither having been measured, taking \$100. Apart from Bedouin's victory over Oriva, the net result is that the cutter Oriva beat the same centerboard sloop Athlon 15min. 50sec. even time, over a forty-mile course in a light wind and smooth water, half to windward, 4min. of this gain being on

the run down, while to windward she added 11 min. to it. If any one seeks to find consolation in the fact that the sloop beat the cutter in the third class, they must remember that the sloop was a keel boat of less than three beams, drawing nearly 5 ft., and with $3\frac{1}{2}$ tons of the "precious metal" under her.

FIRST CLASS—SLOOPS AND CUTTERS, 55FT. AND OVER.				
	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Bedouin	11 09 00	5 36 24	6 27 24	6 27 24
Athlon	11 09 00	6 03 57	6 59 57	6 46 12
Oriva	11 09 00	5 53 37	6 44 37	6 27 25
THIRD CLASS—SLOOPS AND CUTTERS, 35FT. AND UNDER 45.				
Surf	11 09 00	4 50 24	5 41 24	— — —
Happy Thought	11 09 00	4 47 35	5 38 35	— — —

It is highly reasonably have been expected that an "outside race" in October meant plenty of wind and water, and also that an "inside race" meant calm and chop. But it would be a very interesting race, since, but the reverse was the case. The fight of Wednesday in light weather was of little interest, but that of Saturday equalled the two days in June when the N. Y. Y. C. and the S. C. Y. C. races were sailed, races that will be long remembered by all who sailed in them. The "inside" race was sailed on Sunday, and on Saturday, with the exception of Athlon and Penguin, whose owners deserve all credit for doing their share as champions of the centerboards against odds; they were conspicuous by their absence, and have let the battle go by default. The club had provided all the requisites to a successful regatta, prizes, plenty of photographers, competitors fully worthy of the prizes, and a large number of such yachtsmen might delight in, but all to no purpose. Gracie was not on hand at all, Hildegarde was laid up, Mischief preferred the excitement of duck hunting on the Chesapeake to a dusting around the Lightship in October, and Fanny lay idly at her moorings, but the rest of the fleet was present, and the contest was fought on the doubtful laurels won in a calm last June. Of the smaller classes, none of the old time cracker races visible, Fanita, Vixen, Regina, Wave, Sohemer, and others once as well known, had disappeared, and Oriva had against her only the old Annie, and the Penguin, but last year, from a model of Mr. Ellsworth's. The third class had no more entries, but in the fourth were six boats, the first list being as follows:

FIRST CLASS—55FT. SAILING LENGTH AND OVER.			
	W. L.	Beam.	Draft.
Bedouin, cutter, k., A. Rogers	70.00	15.00	11 00
Athlon, sloop, c. b., Dr. J. O. Barton	51.02	17.04	6 00
SECOND CLASS—45 TO 50 FT.			
Oriva, cutter, k., C. S. Lee	50.00	11.08	9 00
Annie, sloop, c. b.	49.00	17.00	3 00
Penguin, sloop, c. b., P. Bentley	44.00	15.08	6 00
THIRD CLASS—35 TO 45 FT.			
Mona, cutter, k. E. Paddler	36.06	8.00	7 00
Vacandon, sloop, c. b., H. Dwyer	35.00	11.00	6 00
Happy Thought, sloop, k., G. M. Greaves	33.03	9.10	4 00
FOURTH CLASS—UNDER 35 FT.			
Daisy, cutter, k., M. Van Rensselaer, Jr.	25.00	8 08	5 00
Yolande, cutter, k., E. M. Schuyler	26 09	7.01	5 00
Arcturion, cutter, k., A. Stevens	23.01	8.00	5 00
Aria, sloop, c. b., E. Wm. Quinn	22.00	7.00	5 00
Sara, sloop, c. b., G. R. Hobby	22.02	11.07	2 00
Stranger, sloop, c. b., J. N. McCauley	28.00	11.06	2 00

We give as full dimensions as possible, as they teach a lesson of their own. If there are still some who doubt the value of depth, who believe in great beam, who rate initial stability above form, whom the arguments and facts of the last few years have failed to convince let them take this table and the list of winners below, and study them until they have learned the lesson. All types were represented, kee and centerboard, sloop and cutter rig, shoal and deep, wide and narrow, high and low ballast, and all were thoroughly tested.

A rain at sunup promised a poor day, but when the Luckenbach started at 8:30 A. M. from the city, the sun was shining and a fine breeze blowing from the northwest. After halting at the club house she ran down to the start at Fort Wadsworth, the fleet, all except the "Sandy Hook," consisting of the yachts set small spalls, but Daisy was more ambitious, tipped up her club to clear the water, however she carried well. Montauk, Sentinel, Eolus, and a proper schooner, New Haven (with a cannon on board which was not fired) were on hand to see the start, and further down the Ruth was met, bound up.

The courses were: For first and second class sloops and cutters from an imaginary line between the committee steamer and Fort Wadsworth, to buoy 10, on the S. W. Spit, keeping is on the port hand thence to and around buoy 8½, keeping it on the port hand, thence to and around buoy 15, keeping it on the starboard hand, and return over the same course to buoy 10, keeping to the eastward of buoys 9, 11, 13 and 15, on the West Bank, and on the buoy 5, on the point of Sandy Hook, going and returning. For third class sloops and cutters, from the same starting line to buoy 10, on the S. W. Spit, keeping it on the port hand, thence to and around buoy 8½, keeping it on the port hand, thence to and around buoy 15, keeping to the eastward of buoys 9, 11, 13 and 15, on the West Bank, going and returning. For fourth class sloops and cutters, from the same starting line to buoy 10, on the S. W. Spit, keeping it on the port hand, thence to and around buoy 8½, keeping it on the port hand, thence to and around buoy 5 on the point of Sandy Hook, keeping it on the starboard hand, and return over the same course to buoy 15, keeping to the eastward of buoys 9, 11, 13 and 15 on the West Bank, going and returning, all to finish between a mark boat off buoy 15 and the buoy itself.

At 10:15 the whistles were blown at 10:15 and 10:20 and Daisy, then came, then Eolus, then Santa Anna, Penguin, Oriva, Stranger Bedouin, Daisy, Wacandah and Happy Thought, Yolande was last over, and Patre not in sight.

The tug had started and gone some distance in chase when Petre was met beating up, and requested that they turn back and take her in. When she was within 100 yards of the tug, the tug's crew, looking for and finding no one there, ran outside to the stern of the tug. When once she stopped to turn in a second reef, by which time the tide had carried her so far to leeward that she was unable to return, she was abandoned. The tug then turned back, and taken, however, never, and she went off on a stern chase, which proved her fate. She was abandoned near the Hospital Ship. She returned to the finish line, and laid there until the race ended, when she took a tug for the hospital.

Once clear of the Narrows the full force of the breeze was felt. Topsails came down and reefs were turned in. Daisy hung on to her big topsail until her topmast backstay lay flat, where she took it in, and then she lowered it. The ship was now under a single reefed sail, with a small cabin cover, a skimming dory, and a mail bag in the fore-trouble, lowering sail by Dix Island. Annie soon turned back, Happy thought lost her traveller and started home, Wacondah, Aris, Sara, disappeared from the fleet, and when Buoy 5 was reached, the pack was lowered. The pack consisted of the following: Thelon next, Penguin, Mona, Daisy, Yoku and Oriah, all with their loads.

Daisy was first of the small ones around buoy 5, jibing and carrying away the shackle that joined the band on her mast to the iron on main boom, leaving the latter adrift. A watch tackle was quickly clapped on the end of the boom, which rested on deck projecting a little forward of the mast, the tackle was made fast aft and set up, and she beat up home with the boom in this shape. Yolande was soon around the mark and off after Daisy, no others turning.

In the second ass Mona kept on alone out to Scotland Lightship, which she rounded safely. Bedouin ran wide of her course for at a time, but finally tacked and made for it, while Oriva and Athlon under reduced sail were tearing along on a better course. The tug had reached the lightship and lay tumbling about, drenching the ever present foam of its bows as it rolled. Then Oriva saw the sight which Bedouin rounded was a grand one; a glossy, shining black hull, a blaze of gold where the sun struck her copper, a smother of white foam under bow and quarter, decks glistening in the sunlight, bright red and yellow set off by two rich reds of skylight and hatch, and not disfigured by a big blue or yellow house-top, sails white and hard, and the rigging all painted green. She gave a gasp, dropped her white to leeward, and to windward, where the sunlight struck, of a sudden turned green, made a picture that every yachtsman could appreciate, but only an artist could reproduce. Her time was 12:00:55 and Athlon was still well within her allowance of 12m. 45sec. when she passed at 12:04:37, but the way home was a long one, and all up hill. Athlon jibed downwind and came swinging, while Oriva, with nothing to push her, tacked about and crossed at 12:06:10. The last half hour of the race, nothing visible but small jib and peak of her mainsail, making a brave but hopeless fight, and it was 12:18:20 when she rounded.

Off went the tug on starboard tack, a glorious dance to windward, Bedouin first, of course, Athlon next and Oriva last, but promising not to be there long. Pointing up beyond the sloop, and outfooting her, the tug was well on, Bedouin spinning out her lead as she reached the beach. Monty, who had waited for the tug to pull off for home, and the tug was throwing the signal on the Lightskip, was up the beach, and Oriva was on the beach, and the tug was on the beach, and the tug was on the beach, though the sea was not heavy, the wind alone making all the commotion. When near the Scotland, Mona was made out from the tug, hammering out to windward, just under the Hook, going along bravely. Bedouin came up here, Oriva was second, and Athlon and Penguin out of the race, the former carrying away her board, and the latter giving up the chase. When well up the Bay, Oriva was made out with reefed mainsail and small jib, cutting through the seas, which were much worse here, and on the outside. Still further up Daisy was overtaken, and under reduced sail, and with decks well washed.

The tug stopped by Buoy 15, and soon came Bedouin over the line, a ship every inch of her, as all who saw her acknowledged. Astern of her was Daisy, making a tack before crossing, while Yolande was third across, getting into Irons on the line. Just before Bedouin was timed the sloop Gael was seen ashore between the Hospital Islands and evidently in trouble, but the tug drew too much to go to her aid. As soon as Yolande was timed, word was left with the men on the Galveston that they were to go to the aid of the Gael, and for help. Captain Lake Smith, who was in the line off in a rowboat, but the Gael was not bound home in tow of a tug. Oriya and Mona were timed, and the race was over. The times were:

FIRST CLASS.				
	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Bedouin.....	10 24 22	3 01 53	4 37 31	4 37 31
Athlon.....	10 24 05	Disabld.		
SECOND CLASS.				
Oriva.....	10 23 52	4 26 35	6 02 43	6 02 43
Annie.....	10 23 29	Withdrawn.		
Penguin.....	10 24 26	Withdrawn.		

THIRD CLASS.				
Mona.....	10 22 49	4 34 43	6 11 54	6 11 54
Wacanda.....	10 23 00	Withdrawn.		
Happy Thought	10 25 00	Disabled.		

FOURTH CLASS.				
Daisy,	10 24 56	3 18 56	4 54 00	4 50 22
Stranger,	10 24 19	Disabled.		
Sara,	10 25 00	Turned back.		
Aria,	10 25 00	Turned back.		
Volande,	10 25 00	2 39 32	5 07 22	5 04 22

Bedouin wins \$150, Oriva \$150, Mona and Daisy each \$100.

ough water for the small ones, not nothing more than any vessel that
floats will be able to do. The only possible explanation for the
the lessons are plainly written. The keel has beaten the centerboard,
heavy displacement has gone over the courses safely and speedily
where light displacement has failed entirely, narrow beam has not
only proved faster than wide but has gone where the other could not
follow, form has succeeded where mere power has failed, full cutter
rig has proved faster, blow high blow low, than the deep sloops or a
mixed rig; outside lead was on every winning boat, inside ballast on
all but two of the losers; deep boats go over the entire course, shoal
boats cannot come within the wind, and the cutter is the only boat
that can turn disabled. These are not merely FOREMAN and FREEMAN'S
opinions, or cutter sailors' opinions, but they are hard facts, long
apparent to all who were not willfully blind, but now driven home to
all with the help of an October northwester. They rest not merely
on our assertions, but are backed by those who saw them; by the
daily press, who have persistently opposed the cutter and all pertain-
ing to it since they were first advocated in our columns, and they

It is verified that all who stay down land, where there is no wind, are not so flukes to be claimed on either side; true, the sloops were poorly represented in the large classes, but only because our leading sloops have given up the contest. The presence of Bedouin and Oriva at the starting line on two days last week was a direct challenge that they declined. No plea of "our weather" is possible. The first race was won by the cutters, and the second by the sloops. It is not to be expected that there was in a day such as, unfortunately, we are not often enough blessed with, a day when yachting means more than idling under an awning or drifting about the Bay, when pleasure is intensified by har' work and excitement that make it the noble, manly, king of sports that it really is; but not as some would have it, a day when no one would venture to sail, or in which any honest craft should be afraid to venture out.

DAISY.

THIS little fly that has this season made her permanent home in American waters, has scored her second victory since her arrival under the most credible circumstances, in a breeze that drove all but one of her competitors, besides the large craft, to seek shelter under the mast. Under a light breeze, she sailed in the company of 21 and 22 of this year. She is, in model, an outgrowth of the fishing boats of Itchen Ferry, from which have been developed a fleet of fast, safe and able little yachts—Raven, Keepsake, Will Rose, Rayon and others. The new boat is a development of the old, and is rated by length, of more beam than the modern racing cutter.

Daisy was built 1892 by Messrs. J. G. Fay & Co., of Southampton her length on waterline being 25ft., on deck 32ft. 7in., beam 8ft. 10in., draft 6ft. 9in., with a lead keel 4½ long tons. Her frame is of oak, her hull is of iron, her deck is of teak, her cockpit and hatchways inside she has a forecaste with two lockers and a chest for our arms, abaft this, a cabin 8ft. 6in. long, 8ft. wide, and 5ft. high to deck, above which is a teak skylight. In the cabin are two wide lockers, 6ft. 6in. long, and at the head of each is a chest of drawers 2ft. square, with a closet above. The entrance from the cockpit by a semicircular hatchway, 4ft. 6in. wide, leads to the cabin, and from the cockpit forward, making her very strong. The cockpit is very large for a boat of her class, and more in accordance with American ideas.

The forestay is carried down to an iron outrigger or boomkin on the stem, a peculiarity of all fichen craft. The mast is 32ft. 6in. from deck to hounds, masted 6ft. 6in., topmast, heel to truck, 23ft. 6in., topmast, fitted to haul, 6ft. 6in. outward, 23ft. over all, boom, 23ft. 6in., 20ft. 6in., splined, 20ft. 6in. outward, 23ft. over all, 23ft. 6in. outward, 17ft. 6in. She carries also an extra gaff 9ft. long, on which can be set a storm trysail, used as a lug sail without a boom.

Her outfit of sails, all by Laphorne, is most complete, including a mainsail, two working foresails of different sizes and a balloon foresail, three sizes of jibs, jibtopsails, jackyard topsail, two yard topsails, one working topsail, trysail and spinnaker, making fourteen sails in all. She is carried in the large space under the cockpit, and is stowed away in the forepeak. She was brought to America on the *Albatross*, and is now making the passage from Southampton to Liverpool under sail, and also that from Boston to New York, since which time she has cruised about the Sound, with her owner. Her racing record in England gives her a prize for every start, one first, three seconds and one third prize, and here she has added two starts and two first prizes.

Our own preference would be for less beam than Daisy has, on the same length and displacement, but this is a detail in which many may not concur with us, and in other respects we can commend her to those in search of the coming boat, the long-hulled motor-propelled, as a boat that is safe, roomy, comfortable and fast, while the material, construction and outfit, she can well be followed as a model. Such boats as yet are unknown, almost unheard of on our lakes, but there is the place for them, as well as along the seacoast. In them, cruising is not only possible, but pleasant to a degree never imagined by those who knock about in shoal, flat boats, sleeping under canvas or in a stuffy little kennel. Whether she will equal in speed the motor-propelled boats is quite a different matter, but this type combines, with speed and safety, the comfort and roominess demanded by many of our yachtsmen, a small angle of heel, as all who saw her in a blow with big topsail up, will testify, and large cockpit and deck room.

WRECK OF A SLOOP YACHT.—On Tuesday, Oct. 14, the day of the S. C. Y. C. outside race, the sloop yacht Bonita, a shoal center-board boat, left Bath, La. at 10 A. M., bound for Barneget, on a shooting cruise of three weeks, with her skipper, Mr. E. Hastings, and two friends, Messrs. E. L. Smith and Emilen Franklin. At 10:40 A. M. they passed Sandy Hook under two reefs and reefed jib, and at 3 P. M. were abreast of Maanaguan Inlet, but there was not water enough to allow them to enter. In order to reach Barneget before night, one reef was shaken out and their speed increased. She steered badly, and finally jibed, throwing Mr. Hastings and Mr. Smith overboard, and starting out to sea on port tack. Both gentlemen finally reached the shore, and Mr. Hastings finally took care of by the crew of the Life-Saving Station No. 16, who fed and clothed them, and lent them money to reach New York, where they proceeded, giving up their comrades as dead. The Life Saving crew promising to look for his body. On Saturday Mr. Franklin astonished his friends by landing from the San Marcos, just in from Galveston. It appears that he was steering, when they ran in too close to the rocks, and he was thrown overboard; he put the helm up, when she jibed, carrying away boom and mast, and he was thrown overboard, and were thrown into the water. Mr. Franklin seized the rail and climbed on board as she righted and went off on the port tack, while, her tiller being lost, he steered with a gun-stock. The boat leaked badly, but he bailed her out. Next morning there was no land in sight, and nothing to drink on board, the only eatables being two eggs. During the night Mr. Franklin slept some, but was obliged to resume bailing. He was picked up by the Rio Grande, of Mallory's line, bound to Galveston, which transferred him later on to the San Marcos.

THE FRENCH YACHT LIST.—We have received a copy of the new yacht list, published by *Le Yacht* for 1884 5, a neatly printed and bound book of 800 pages, giving a list of the yacht clubs of France, Belgium, Spain, Italy, Portugal, and the Lake of Geneva, with their flags, and also a list of the yachts enrolled in the clubs, the signal letters of French yachts, names of owners, and much other useful information.

A WALL FLOWER.—If yachtsmen are more than men, masses of wood and metal, and have a personality of their own, as those familiar with their varying moods can easily imagine, it would be no difficult task to divine the thoughts of poor Fanny, as she lay idly off Stapleton last week, and watched her more fortunate sisters as they passed out in the morning on their way to the races, and in at night, after two grand victories. Like the ballroom belle, who, her charms dimmed a little by age, is forced to sit alone, a wall flower, and watch the younger and fresher beauties as they dance, she laid idly off the water, and gazed at the boats, every inch of canvas driving, and every line taut as iron, romped down the middle, each with an Octopus gust for a partner, and waltzed out of the Narrows and back to a lively tune piping over the Staten Island hills. What a shiver must have passed through her bones as she thought of the fate of Vision, her racing days over, lying not far away, stripped and dismantled, a fear that even the remembrance of her victory in a June calm could not dispel. It is a sad sight to see the end of any yacht when, after a glorious career, weakened by age and decay, she can no longer hold her own in the water, but it is a sadder sight to see her, while yet strong and staunch and in fighting trim, step out of the lists, give up her place at the starting line, and admit herself vanquished without a struggle.

THE NEW ELECTRIC LIGHT AT HELL GATE.—This light was tested a few days since, and was put in practical operation on Monday night last. The lamps, of which there are nine of 6,000 candle power each, are displayed at the top of a light iron structure 250ft. high, and are visible at a distance of 8 to 10 miles. The cost of the entire plant was under \$20,000, the amount appropriated. The light is generated by a Brush machine of 23 horse power.

AN ACCIDENT ON A YACHT.—On Saturday last the yachts Maggie May and Linda were racing near Atlantic City, when the mainsheet of the Linda parted, the boom sweeping the deck of the Maggie May just to leeward, killing Harvey Carr and injuring badly two others of her crew.

Canoeing.

CANOEISTS are invited to send us notes and full reports of cruises club meets, information about canoeable waters, and other communications of interest.

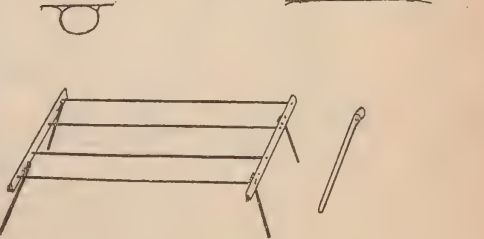
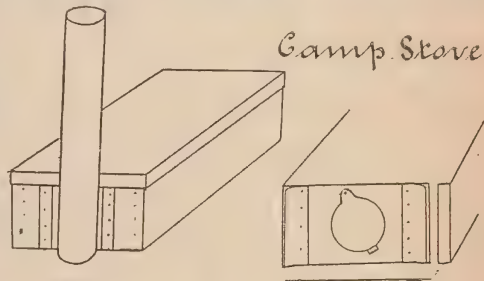
Secretaries of canoe clubs are requested to send to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with name, membership, signals, etc., of their clubs, and also notices in advance of meetings and races, and reports of the same. Canoeists and all interested in canoeing are requested to forward to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with logs of cruises, trips, and information concerning their local waters, drawings or descriptions of boats and fittings, and all items relating to the sport.

AMATEUR CANOE BUILDING.

Seventeenth Paper.

STOVES AND LAMPS.

ON a canoe cruise of any length cooking apparatus of some kind is of course a necessity, but on short trips it is usually dispensed with, a supply of cold provisions being carried. Some means of making tea, coffee or hot soup is always necessary, however, and should be at hand even if the trip in prospect is to last but a few hours. Delays are always possible on the water, and the prudent canoeist will prepare for them. For light cooking an alcohol stove is the cleanest and most compact, the best being that known as the "flamme forcée," which gives a hot flame in a little while, and may be used afloat. With this stove, a little coffee or tea, some pilot bread and a can of prepared soup, a good meal may be quickly prepared. The only objection is the cost of the fuel. Wood spirits may be used instead of alcohol, and is much cheaper; but the odor is very disagreeable. Kerosene stoves have no place on a canoe, as they are so dirty, besides being quite heavy, and the oil is difficult to carry.



Camp Gridiron

without spilling over the boat. Alcohol for the spirit stove may be carried in a quart can, with a screw top, and even if a little is spilled it will do no injury, as kerosene will.

Most of the cooking will be done on shore over a wood fire, either on the ground or in a camp stove of some kind. Several very compact stoves are made by the dealers in camp goods, but they are too large for a canoe, unless in a large party, where the load can be divided among several boats. For cooking without a stove a very useful contrivance is the camp gridiron, shown in the cut. The ends are of half round or flat iron $\frac{1}{2}$ in. long. Each has four holes drilled in it for the cross bars of $\frac{3}{16}$ in. wire, which are riveted in. The legs are of $\frac{1}{4}$ in. round iron, $\frac{1}{2}$ in. long, the upper ends being flattened down and turned over to fit on wire staples. These staples pass through holes in the end pieces of the gridiron, and are riveted fast. When in use the fire is made and allowed to burn down to a mass of hot ashes, then the legs of the gridiron are opened and stuck in the ground over it, making a level framework, on which coffee pot, pails and pans will rest without danger of upsetting. When not in use, the legs are folded down and the gridiron stowed in a canvas bag.

A very compact and convenient camp stove was used by Mr. Smith, of Newburg, at the camp last spring. It was made of sheet iron, the top being about 10x15in., or larger if desired, in the shape of a flat pan, the edges turning up 1in. all around. The two sides were pieces of sheet iron 6in. wide and 17in. long, 1in. at each end being turned at a right angle, as shown, making the sides each 15in. long. The ends were each 6in. wide and 10in. long, a strip 6in. long and 2in. wide being riveted across each end as shown, on the inside. To put the stove together, the projecting pieces

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

TERMS, \$4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY.
SIX MONTHS, \$2.

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 30, 1884.

VOL. XXIII.—No. 14.
Nos. 39 & 40 PARK ROW, NEW YORK.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. Communications upon the subjects to which its pages are devoted are respectfully invited. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. No name will be published except with writer's consent. The Editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

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May begin at any time. Subscription price, \$4 per year; \$2 for six months; to a club of three annual subscribers, three copies for \$10; five copies for \$16. Remit by registered letter, money-order, or draft, payable to the Forest and Stream Publishing Company. The paper may be obtained of newsdealers throughout the United States, Canada and Great Britain. General subscription agents for Great Britain, Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston, Searles and Rivington, 188 Fleet street, London, England.

Address all communications,

Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

Nos. 39 and 40 PARK ROW.

NEW YORK CITY.

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JUDGES AT DOG SHOWS.

THE recent dog show in this city was chiefly noteworthy as indicating the growing strength of certain special classes in this country. A number of classes of dogs not used for field sports are rapidly making their way into favor with the general public, and efforts, more or less intelligent, are being made to improve these breeds. To the novice the simplest way of getting good dogs appears to be by importation from England; for deep down in the hearts of most men, who are without long experience, lurks a feeling that an imported dog must of necessity be better than a native. Of course this idea is wholly erroneous. They have better dogs in the non-sporting classes in England than we have here, but they also have others that are as bad as any of ours, and the mere fact that a dog is imported is not necessarily anything in its favor. The man who, being ignorant of a breed, picks up a specimen in England, is, if he trusts to himself, almost sure to be cheated and to secure a very commonplace animal.

Intelligent importation cannot fail to improve our dogs, but indiscriminate bringing in of foreign dogs merely because they were born on the other side of the water, is useless and absurd. Judicious breeding is much more to be relied on than importation alone, but the two working together are what will improve our dogs.

When we consider this growing strength of many of the classes, and the increasing number of "real good ones," in America, it is evident that if these classes are to be satisfactorily judged, the knowledge of these different breeds must keep pace with their improvement. In old times, a man who had owned and bred pointers and setters, was often trusted with the decisions in all the classes in a show, and distributed in a hit or miss manner the honors among pugs, poodles, mastiffs, greyhounds and the other breeds. He knew nothing of what they should be, and if his awards were properly made it was a matter of good luck, not good judgment.

We have advanced far beyond that stage now, and have a number of fairly good "all-round" judges, but we need something more. In many classes at the large shows the good dogs are becoming so numerous, that nice judgment and an exhaustive knowledge of these breeds are required to justly determine the relative merits of the animals exhibited.

Such knowledge can be acquired in only one way—by experience. A judge must have bred or owned and exhibited good dogs, the more the better.

Dog shows in America are comparatively new, and dog-breeding still newer; so that we have not in this country as many specialists as they have abroad. Still, there are not a few individuals—and their number is constantly on the increase—who are striving to intelligently breed better and better animals, and these efforts will not be without the desired results. The managers of dog shows will do well to consider the advisability of selecting judges at future shows from among such breeders and exhibitors, many of whom are qualified by temperament and experience to act in this capacity. In a number of cases this has been already done, but it should be the rule rather than the exception.

At present our judges have too much to do, too many classes to adjudicate upon; as a consequence they are often worn out by their work, which is extended over too much time, and confused by the number and variety of the animals brought before them. The task of judging at a dog show is a hard and thankless one at best, and it should be made as easy as possible. A further division of labor too, will give more satisfactory results to the public, and by increasing the number of judges, the awards can all be made during the first day of the show. This will, as we have so often insisted, result in dog shows having their full educational effect, for the public can then see for themselves what the judges regard as the best specimens of the different breeds shown.

The subject is one which calls for the careful consideration of the new American Kennel Club.

ANOTHER INTERNATIONAL MATCH.

THE call of the N. R. A. Committee for an expression of opinion on the part of riflemen upon the subject of another match is made through our columns, and the field of discussion is now clear for vigorous cultivation. The question simply is whether there are enough riflemen of real ability who are willing to give the time and trouble involved in a match of the prominence which the proposed one will have. The exact conditions of the contest, if one is decided upon, may be fixed at any time, but the question of getting men is next to the question of getting money, the one on which our managers in the past have had the most difficulty in considering. It will certainly be one of the conditions of the next match that the rifles shall go uncleaned from shot to shot, and the necessary experiments in ammunition should be made without delay. There are claims that the rifle companies are prepared with the requisite arm, but this is a matter which is yet fairly open for settlement by trial.

On the subject of an international match sectional differences should be cast aside and a united front be presented to the teams which will visit us from abroad. There are riflemen in the country who owe it to their region to make an appearance in such a match as this. There are ranges beside Creedmoor and Walnut Hill, but they make no adequate showing before the public.

The invitation of the committee is timely. The whole winter is before our riflemen for talk and preparation. It seems necessary that a certain season of chin-wagging should precede any such contest, and for this match now is the time. The coast is clear, our columns are many and broad, and to all suggestions of merit respectful attention will at least be given.

A LIVE RIFLE CLUB.

THE promise that a real shooting club will be organized in this city, is held out in the communication of Mr. James Dnane in another column. There is need and room for just such a company in this city, and if it be kept in the hands and under the control of the shooting men themselves, there is no reason to doubt that it will be kept up to the plane of success.

The end of small arm shooting is still a long way off. Already much that was thought fine work and of the most advanced sort at Creedmoor, has become obsolete, and a club of live shooters need never grow dull for want of some interesting contest to be devised. One thing only is to be guarded against, and that is a surplussage of management. There have been clubs in the past which have done pretty much everything but shoot. Those who go into the new organization have the benefit of this experience, and whatever may be the fate of the new effort, it is certainly the fact that there is an abundance of material in and about this city for a club strong in numbers, and far up in shooting attainments.

THE MAINE DEER LAW.

THE State of Maine has made a more decided advance in securing wise game laws and compelling their observance than has been attained in any other State of the Union. The efficient work of her commission has been the subject of repeated commendation in these columns. Friends of wise game protection have come to look upon the old Pine Tree State as the chiefest exemplar of its principles and practice. The condition of affairs there to-day is one of actual progress. A backward step at this time would be lamentable.

It is said that an attempt will be made, at the next meeting of the Maine Legislature, to change the opening of the season for deer shooting from Oct. 1 to Sept. 1. Advocates of this change in favor of earlier shooting make the plausible argument that, while it will permit the sportsman to pursue the game, yet because of the dense foliage of the woods in September not many deer can actually be killed. It is contended, too, that business and professional men, who cannot leave their counting rooms and offices in October, should not be deprived of the privilege of hunting in the month of September. Moreover, such a change would permit trout fishermen to combine hunting with their fishing.

The plausibility of these arguments is only on the surface. The reasoning is, in fact, fallacious. If it were not expected that the deer would actually be killed in September, there could be no object in making that month an open one. As to the combination of fishing and shooting large game, if the intention be to legislate at all with respect to that class of anglers who jig the large trout on the spawning beds, the kindest and most judicious expedient would be to change the trout season so that it would close Sept. 1.

In regard to the business and professional men—as we have often said before—if they cannot afford to shoot game in October, then for the sake of maintaining the game supply, they must be content to forego the pleasure of hunting at all. The law governing the case is not the statute of human enactment, but nature's own immutable law. If it is ordained by natural law that in the month of September in the Maine woods fawns are still with the mother deer, and dependent upon her for their sustenance; and this being the case, the sportsman should be forbidden by the statute—if indeed his own heart does not so forbid him—to kill the mother doe.

This is the insurmountable objection to September deer hunting in Maine. There are other considerations which add their weight to the same side of the question. We should extremely regret to see a change, such as we are told is proposed.

ANOTHER WEDGE.—This appears to be the age of "wedges." Some time ago the English Parliament proposed legislation to prohibit the trap-shooting of pigeons in Great Britain. This was at once recognized by astute newspaper scribes in this country as an entering wedge, which was to destroy field sports, disrupt society, and in the end cause the downfall of the American Republic. Then came the alarming rumor that, in order to relieve a long suffering public from continued infliction of angleworm jokes, the Englishmen were going to prohibit the use of worms as bait. That was the worm wedge, as dire in its results as the pigeon wedge. Now comes the dog wedge. It might be presumed that the second-sight, which detected the pigeon wedge and the phantom showman, might have seen as well the dog wedge; but as a matter of fact, the only journalist equal to the occasion appears to be the editor of the New York Times. In editorial comment on the Westminster Club's non-sporting dog show, he says: "The Westminster Kennel Club will not succeed in persuading mankind that pointers and setters are not eligible to the very best canine society, or that the same taint of disrepute attaches to a sporting dog and to a sporting man." The motives which the eagle-eyed editor of the Times ascribes to the club are unquestionably the correct ones. The Westminster members are clearly convicted of a covert attempt to ostracise sporting dogs. That means the sending of sportsmen to that limbo where they belong, the abolition of field sports, and—the final overthrow of the Republic. The pigeon wedge, the worm wedge, and the phantom showman wedge are puny and ridiculous in comparison with the dog wedge. And the humiliating and utterly disheartening feature of the case is that the Westminster members are themselves field sportsmen, who own and use field dogs, and who might, therefore, be expected to conserve the interests of sportsmen instead of driving the wedge that is to destroy it. Who can tell what will be the next wedge?

HINT FOR TUESDAY.—Vote early and then go shooting.

The Sportsman Tourist.

A VOYAGE BETWEEN THE LAKES.

BY D. D. BANTA.

IV.

Now welcome, Lake Keewau! Hail to thee,
Thou hill-hugged bosom of waters, hail!

—Coates-Kinney.

THE morning of the third day dawned cool and clear, and our travelers, after a hearty breakfast, resumed their voyage up the outlet. The little boat was soon going at a good rate of speed up the quiet and deep stream, and on rounding the second bend above their camp, a mother duck with her half-grown family was, unexpectedly to all concerned, come up with, when with a great fluttering and quacking, she made her way up stream, while her ducklings dodged into safe hiding places, and all was still again.

Scarcely had the ripples set in motion by the mother duck died on the shore, when Brother Scott thought he saw a grouse, and they at once landed that he might go and shoot it. But his hunt was unsuccessful, and as he re-entered the boat, a descending canoe came into view. Its sole occupant was on his knees with body erect, and his steady strokes of the paddle sent his craft down stream at a speed the navigators of the Wawa never dreamed of save in very swift water. A rifle, a blanket and a lantern stowed in the bow, warranted the Judge and Brother Scott in considering him pretty well equipped for night-hunting.

Meeting him unexpectedly and in the wilderness they took more particular notice of his personal appearance than they otherwise would. His hair, cut short, was bristly and of a dull leaden color, while his chin tuft—the only beard he wore—was a tawny white. His sunken and corrugated cheeks had a leathery look, and his long, thin nose, was humped like a "hog brace," and his light gray eyes gleamed from beneath a jutting and over-developed eyebrow.

"Hello," said the Judge as the fellow seemed inclined to pass on the further side without speaking, "Are you lost or are we?"

"I don't know whether you are or not, but I'll be blanked if I am," he replied.

"Well, I don't think we are," said the Judge, "but we were never here before. I suppose you live hereabouts?"

"Yes, down the river a mile below the outlet."

"Hm, you'll hardly be able to go all the way home by river," suggested the Judge.

And then there was an explosion. The man had a grievance and the Judge had unwittingly uncovered it, and now that the cover was off, the fellow poured forth such a torrent of abuse interlarded with such an array of unique and indictive maledictions leveled at the Chicago Lumber Company, the reported authors of the obstruction, as is seldom heard in places where men live, let alone in the wilderness.

After the first burst of wrath began to subside he was asked several questions concerning the lakes and the country, all of which he answered willingly and intelligently, but when his questioners wanted to know something about deer shooting, eyeing the meanwhile his gun and lantern, he resumed his invective against the rich lumber company that was trampling on the rights of the poor and then moved on.

Our voyagers soon forgot the man and his grievance. The wrath and gloom that, like things of evil, had followed them at the beginning of their journey, had long since been left behind; and now, alive only to the sensations produced by the varied scenery about them and their spirits subdued by the drowsy influences of the morning, they journeyed slowly on. Brother Scott began softly humming to himself a familiar tune, and among the words that he "mumbled o'er," the Judge heard:

"This is the way I long have sought
And mourned because I found it not,"

and he knew that Brother Scott was happy.

At one place where water, sky, marsh grass, foliage, sunshine and shadows combined to form a picture of exceptional beauty, they landed to get a photographic view, and while the Judge was busy with the camera, his companion found a raspberry patch, where the ripe red berries hung in such large and tempting clusters that, after the picture was taken, the finder led the way back to it and in spite of a nest of threatening "yellow jackets" close at hand, they gathered enough fruit to furnish their table the rest of the day.

A short run brought them to the entrance of a stream from the south side. This flowed from a small lake two miles to the south known as Mud Lake and reputed to be a great deer resort. From it the canoeaman of the morning had doubtless come.

Right at the mouth of the stream the water was very deep, and a pole driven into the bottom signified that these fish were to be taken. Marcot had told them to stop there and try their luck fishing, but notwithstanding large numbers of fine-looking fish were to be seen through the clear waters, the spoons tendered them had no charms; and the travelers moved on.

A half a mile further run, brought them into the Manistique Lake. In the throat of the outlet is deep water which all reports bespoke a noted fish pool, and the vanishing fins as the Wawa floated over the translucent tide, indicated that the reports were true.

Our travelers were no less astonished than charmed with the beauty of the scene that opened before them, as they entered the lake and gave vent to their feelings in frequent exclamations of surprise. Manistique Lake lies in a limestone basin and its shores, numerous indented with alternating "points" and bays, are surrounded next the water-line with a narrow fringe, principally of white cedars, which gives way on the rising ground to a dense growth of hemlock, intermingled with beeches, maples and other deciduous trees. Its greatest length is almost six miles, being from east to west, and its greatest width about four. Along the shores is to be seen a thin white line made by blocks of limestone cast up from the rock floor of the lake. This adds to the picturesque effect of the scene, but the most marked feature is the islands. Four of these rose from the bosom of the crystal waters—four apparently round islands, covered with emerald forests.

The boatmen turned southward; they entered from the west and ran a mile or more to a long point extending out from the west shore. This was not less than half mile long, and half the distance it was not to exceed an average width of twenty feet. Its sides were well rip-rapped with broken limestone rock, and from its backbone sprouted a bristly hedge of dwarfed evergreens. On this rocky point they

prepared their dinners, eating off the smooth surface of a limestone slab.

From this vantage ground the west half of the north shore could be seen, together with the little clearings and some of the cabins of the six or seven settlers who have within the past three or four years moved in. All the south shore could be seen except such parts as lay behind headlands, and not a cabin marred the view. One small clearing showed where an Indian had undertaken to make a "claim," but had fainted by the way. To sail down this south and wilderness shore to the portage leading across to White Fish Lake, lying three-quarters of a mile south of the Manistique, was the purpose of our travelers; but a mile to the east of them lay the nearest island, and it looked so inviting that they at once turned their canoes to it. As they approached it they discovered a flock of ducks in its vicinity, and to reach these a wide circuit was made and the island nearly circumnavigated. The ducks escaped, however, and the island was found to be a long and rather narrow limestone outcrop, covered with popple saplings and fuzzy underbrush. Its beauty had vanished, and Brother Scott and his companion regretted that they had not kept on their original course.

When ready to resume their journey, their ears were saluted with the sound of breakers among the rocks on the south side of the island, and on paddling around they were surprised to see the waters between the island and south shore lashed into fury by a sudden wind. One glance over the rough waters upset their purpose of going to the south shore just then, and turning northward the way to the largest island in the lake, three-quarters of a mile distant, was open and the water serene. As yet the wind was confined to a narrow belt on the south side of the lake.

On reaching the large island they were met by a man who invited them to land, and was pleased to show them the choicest of the raspberries that grew in abundance on it, and otherwise contributed to their pleasure. He was a resident of some one of the railroad villages lying to the north, and had come to the Manistique Lake with his wife and another woman on a sort of vacation, and this day they were berrying on the island. He had found the time to hang heavily upon his hands, and pressed the Judge and Brother Scott to make their camp for a few days in the vicinity of his stopping place, assuring them that if they would do so he would paddle the boat for one of them to shine a deer. "I can't shoot," said he, "worth a blanked cent, but I can paddle like thunder!"

The generous and rather unusual offer of the man was declined, and once more setting forth on their cruise, they made a wide detour eastward to escape the shallows on the northeast of the island.

This island contained about seven acres, and like the other, was an outcropping of the Niagara limestone. It was covered with timber common to the country, and had a lagoon in the center. It was a mile to Hawbuck's landing, and although the wind had begun to blow in gusty puffs on the north shore, as before on the south, the Wawa was driven to that landing in a short time.

Hawbuck's house stood on rising ground about fifty yards from the water's edge, and between the two was a flower garden filled with pinks—pinks and nothing but pinks—of all colors and growing to perfection. The house itself when seen at a distance outlined against the somber forest, had appeared to be large and roomy, but a near view showed that it was the merest log cabin; still there had been an effort at adornment. There was a porch overlooking the lake, and the four sturdy sapling columns with the bark on that up held its clapboard roof, had recently been painted a bottle green. Above the door was a diamond-shaped ornament, carved with a pocket knife out of pine wood, which was likewise painted green. On the edge of the porch floor was a varied assortment of battered cans and cracked crockery, all painted green, and improvised into flower pots, from which rose-moss, witch-in-the-green, touch-me-nots, bachelor buttons, and other old-fashioned flowering plants were blooming, and by the side of the door, swinging to a wooden pin, was a bird cage containing its twittering little bird, whose ancestors had originally come all the way from the Canary Islands. In response to a sturdy knock on one of the sturdy sapling columns of the porch, the mistress of the castle appeared and the wandering knights stood speechless before her. There she was, a young dame in a neat gown, bright-eyed and smiling, and with a head covered with a mass of quivering and carefully-kept brownish curls; while there they were, ragged and unkempt, the Judge's collar open at the throat, and Brother Scott's trousers out behind. Instinctively the former felt for his open collar, and the latter felt behind, while the dame, tossing her elastic curls, showed her pretty teeth, and disclosed her English origin by dropping her h's. Handing them chairs they were soon seated, but scarcely was this done when a young man came in who wore tightly-fitting trousers, and boots with heels remarkably small for his feet. The first thought of the two knights was that he was the lord of the castle, but he soon gave them to understand that he was only the "nevy" of the lord. The "nevy" displayed a churlishness seldom met with in frontier life. The knights were charmed with the place and proposed camping there for the night, but he knew of no suitable place short of "yan vander pink," which was a mile away. Then the Judge asked him if he could buy some potatoes.

"Yes, how many do you want?"

"A peck."

"A peck?" exclaimed the "nevy," with a dash of contempt in his tone.

"Lord, man," said the Judge, "you don't think we want to buy your entire crop, do you?"

And the dame who was standing in the door shook her elastic curls and showed her pretty teeth and laughed a little laugh, as if she thought it all very funny.

Taking a hoe, the potato trader set out for the patch, inviting one of the knights to follow him. The Judge by this time had managed to button his collar, and had carefully seen to it that his shirt was well thrust down beneath his waistband, and feeling quite comfortable he made no movement to follow; thereupon Brother Scott gave the Judge a you-go sort of look, but it was all in vain. The Judge was asking questions about the seasons on the lake, and the dame was protesting without the aid of h's that she 'ad lately come to the region, and her elastic curls were quivering and her pretty teeth gleaming and her bright eyes beaming. Brother Scott, seeing that he had to go, tacked off the porch rather awkwardly but nevertheless safely and got away. After the potatoes were dug he went up the hill to where Hawbuck was plowing a tract of stumpy ground with oxen, and the two had a brief talk about the country and the fishing. Mr. H., it seemed, had lived about five years on the lake, but up to about a year ago had done nothing but trap. Every im-

provement at his place worthy of the name had been done within the past year; all before that was a blank. "He left the impression on my mind," said Brother Scott that night, as at the camp-fire they talked over the incidents of the day, "that he is in his year one."

"And so he is," replied the Judge, "for the curly-headed English wife has been with him only since last spring."

"How did he ever happen to get her?" asked Brother Scott, as if the Judge could know.

But the Judge did know—at least undertook to tell the story—how H. five years before and the dame, then a miss in her teens, living with an uncle in New York, had come lovers, and how a fascinating dry goods clerk had come temporarily between them, and how he had fled the country and taken up his abode on this lake. For four years no word had been heard of him, and the English girl, broken down in health, was taken by her uncle to the Upper Peninsula to regain it, and who should turn up as guide and boatman over this very Manistique Lake but her old lover; and what else could they do but kiss and make up and go to house-keeping in the old cabin. "It's the old, old story," concluded the Judge.

"Love! Love! Old song that poet ever chanteth,
Of which the listening world is never weary."

To the romantic tale as told, Brother Scott gave a listening ear, and when it was through he said, "Yes, it might be. Every cabin along here doubtless has its romance, and the one you have woven from a very slender thread, or, what is more to the purpose, from no thread at all, is as likely to be true as any of them."

Our voyagers were encamped on the second headland from Hawbuck's Landing. At the first they had found the cedar thicket practically impenetrable, but at the second was a good and accessible camping ground. Their little tent was soon set up in an open space, and bought cut and a bed made. Over the coals the Judge broiled a pike they had hooked on their last run, and around a glowing hardwood fire they sat till a late hour, weaving romances and seeing visions of flower gardens and elastic curls and Manistique beauties in the blinking coals.

STONY ISLAND.

IT has come to be an accepted fact that the black bass is to be the main reliance of the every-day angler. The purl of that untainted stream where alone the brook trout will consent to dwell, has grown fainter and fainter upon the ear of careless or unappreciating men, until now it is substantially true that its sweet music and sweet waters, like many good and worthy things in life, are chiefly for the possessors of time and money. He, therefore, who makes known to the craft of anglers the sure dwelling place of black bass, confers a favor that will be sufficiently recognized.

In the FOREST AND STREAM of Oct. 2, "Podgers" relates his search for and finding the sportsman's paradise about Cape Vincent on the St. Lawrence. Let me call the attention of your readers to a locally just this side of paradise, a cis-Podgersian paradise, as it were.

Where the waters of the great lakes begin for the last time to gather themselves, and to feel the mighty traction of the sea along the channel of the St. Lawrence, and in the company of others that serve to introduce you to the greater company of the Thousand Isles, lies Stony Island. It is reached from Watertown in the State of New York by a branch road to Sackett's Harbor, and thence by the propeller Dayan, which runs Tuesdays and Thursdays to the head of the island. It is between three and four miles long and one broad, and lies ten miles out in Lake Ontario. Its rocky foundations on the north rise to a headland barely respectable. Elsewhere its low surface and sloping shores, converge into fine points that continue as reefs far out from water line. It has bays and shallows which are the homes of countless black bass.

Ten families have eked a living for years from its thin soil and fat fishing. Sportsmen have lately furnished to some a substantial aid to their resources, and with the growing fame of the island for fishing must come their best harvest, July and August are its proper season, May and September, on the island, have hints in their atmosphere of winter, that are somewhat rough and forbidding for the proverbially gentle angler. "Benoi's" is the name of a family at "the Head," who, in an every-day sort of a house and outlying cottages, minister to the wants of fishermen in the way of beds and food. They can find boats and boatmen for applicants. Prices are low.

Many a time while in camp on the island has the writer stretched himself upon the beach of a summer night and with delight and sweet forgetfulness watched the moon ride through the southern sky, touching, with its silvery sheen, the white crests of the waves that break upon the rocks and sand. There has he easily imagined the warm south wind, rustling the leaves of beach and maple on the shore and laden with the cool moisture of the great water, to be the air of a tropical clime, whose night it was. How softly breathed the wind, how the light of the stars and of that greater luminary mellowed the darkness far out on the lake, disclosing now and then the white sails of some tacking schooner.

Neighboring Calf Island (romantic name) on such a night, with its encircling line of breakers, with its low shores and flat surface, with its slim-trunked elms, whose branches spread in a thick-leaved crown, looks for all the world like some "pleasant isle of Avés beside the Spanish Main." If all time were like such nights who would not be a lotos eater on yonder island,

"To watch the crisping ripples on the beach
And tender curving lines of creamy spray,
To lend our hearts and spirits wholly
To the influence of mild-miaded melancholy."

Had the writer the confidence to believe that it would be of interest sufficient for the valuable pages of FOREST AND STREAM he might recite how on a fine day in August he took ship—a small yacht—at the port of Oswego, and with two other wise men, two boys and a sailor, slid away over the blue waters thirty miles in five hours to "Stony;" how he went to bed at Benoit's and was awakened from his sleep of innocence by being rasped with a long pole thrust in from out of doors by a facetious *compagnon de voyage*, who thought this business a necessary preliminary to imparting the information that the wind had chopped about, and that our craft must sail away to "the Foot" (of the island) or go aground; how we sailed away and barely escaped beaching the Idler at the Foot; how we camped for three delightful nights and days under rainy and starry skies in a ragged lean-to on the

stones of the beach with boat cushions for mattress and pillow; how we fished and caught many, but no large ones until the last day, when the writer held three 8-pounders with his 9-ounce rod at one time and saved two; how we offended an auburn-headed denizen of the isle; how we were necessitated to take ship with ungraceful alacrity by reason of the coming up of the first fair wind for three days that did not blow a gale; how we headed for home and were forced away along the eastern shore of the lake, and at dusk, beneath a threatening sky and heavy wind, ran in at Big Sandy Bay across a booming bar in time to escape a summer hurricane that might have ended our promising lives thus ignobly; how we found that we had entered into the sheltering arms of the Life-saving Station (No. 1 Ninth District) before we knew it; how we lay that night between white sheets; how we took ship again at cock crowing, beat seven miles to windward against heavy sea until tired of wrestling longer, *Abolo et Neptuno adverso*, we put about, ran before the wind and sought again the haven of the station; how we tacked across country by slow conveyance and took rail for home.

Near by Stony Island lie others—Calf and Gallon islands. Far away on the western horizon are the Duck Islands, the true and the "false ducks." Bass can be taken in abundance on any of their shores. To the east, off the shores of the mainland, in Henderson Harbor and about Six Town Point, are famous fishing grounds. It is safe to direct fishermen to this vicinity. It is surer ground than the widely-known Thousand Islands and of smaller compass.

GEO. T. CLARK.

FLORIDA AGAIN—IV.

DEVIL FISH.—In my previous remarks I merely referred to a few of the more attractive fish of the State; those who can enjoy the capture of large ones, I would recommend to provide themselves with a lilly iron (harpoon), 100 yards of half inch braided sash cord, and one or two lances similar to those used by whalemen. In the gulf off Sarasota Bay and more especially Charlotte Harbor, devil fish (*Manta birostris*) from fifteen to twenty feet in width, will be seen cruising or sporting on the surface. If caution is exercised they can be approached and harpooned. If harpooned, the performance will commence, and a cheap tow secured. After the fish is somewhat exhausted he can be hauled in and bled with a spear or ballasted with rifle balls or buckshot. I have not tried the experiment, but I am of the opinion that an explosive bullet would derange the internal machinery of a devil fish and hasten his capture. Last winter a number of gentlemen visited Punta Rassa, and being provided with a lilly iron (harpoon), they chartered the small steamer Spitfire and went devil fishing. The harpoon line was fastened to the bits forward, and a lusty representative of the colored persuasion was installed harpooner. The steamer was slowed down, a devil fish approached, and the iron was driven home. Before headway could be obtained on the boat, the fish started, the line tightened, and if it had not parted, the bits would have been pulled out. When harpooned, these fish are apt to take a trip seaward. As the coast is very shallow, the ten fathom line being about forty miles from shore, and as the gulf is as a rule as calm and smooth as a mill-pond, the ardent fishermen would enjoy a tow in a twenty or twenty-five foot decked boat, provided there was a supply of food and water on board.

SHARKS.—Blue, white, man-eater, sharp-nosed, hammer-headed and shovel-nosed sharks haunt the waters in endless numbers in the channels, inlets and passes; and if heavy fishing is desired, it can be enjoyed *ad libitum*. A shark from ten to fifteen feet in length is a difficult antagonist to manage. The shark fisher should firmly plant in the sand on the beach a four or six-inch snubbing post. A large hook should be baited with a fresh fish, or, what is better, a fish or bait that is somewhat tainted. With a boat the hook should be carried twenty or fifty yards from shore and brown overboard. Very soon a bite will be felt, and if the visitor is rewarded with a lusty yank, the performance will commence and the utility of the snubbing-post discovered. When fishing from a boat I use a six-pound powder can for a float, attaching it to the line a few feet above the hook. This can prove a valuable addition, for it makes a serviceable float and materially retards the movements of a captive.

JEW FISH.—Another fish worthy of the notice of the athletic fishermen is the jew fish (*Epinophelus nigrilus*). They are occasionally captured weighing four hundred pounds, and in form and color resemble a black bass. They frequent deep holes and docks, and can be captured with a strong net, large hook and mullet bait. These fish are not plentiful, and if the fisherman is anxious to try conclusions with them, he should institute inquiries of residents regarding their haunts.

SAWFISH.—The devotee of exciting sport should engage in the capture of sawfish (*Pristis pectinatus*). At times they will take a mullet bait, but a harpoon or grains should be used for their capture. They can be found in most of the bays, but in great numbers in Kettle Harbor, Esturo Bay, and in the bayou one mile above Punta Rassa. By using a suitable grains (fishspear) they can be grained without difficulty. The line used should be at least fifty yards in length and of the size of a small clothes line. It should be firmly lashed to the shank of the grains, and two half hitches made on the staff near its lower end; allowing sufficient slack between the two lashings to allow the staff to slip from the socket when a fish is struck. Two additional close latches should be made around the staff near its upper end. When a fish is struck, traction on the line displaces the staff from the socket, and as a consequence the wood presents little resistance to the movements of a fish. If a large fish is struck, the boat should be rowed to the shore, for it will be found more pleasant to dispatch a sawfish on the beach than by the side of a boat. In fact it is not agreeable to have a four-foot saw prodding about, more especially when the propelling power is active, and will weigh from 2 to 600 pounds.

From my experience with grains, I am of the opinion that they are made for sale and not for service. It is possible that some manufacturers may construct them of good steel with a proper temper, but I have failed to find a satisfactory one, and I have tested numbers. To obtain a reliable and useful implement, the fisherman should employ a blacksmith or gunsmith, who is accustomed to work and temper steel, and have a five-tined grains constructed. The staff and socket should be made heavier than in those sold at the tackle stores. The last ready-made one I used was made by a leading tackle house in New York. I was fishing a large channel bass, and had several taken from the side of the boat by large sharks. Watching my opportunity, I

plunged the grains into the next visitor, and in an instant it was minus three of its tines. Such an accident is liable to ruffle the fisherman's temper. Becoming disgusted with ready-made grains, I employed a shipsmith, and he made me a tool that has "stood the racket." In fishing in Northern waters the loss of an implement is of but little importance, for it can be easily replaced. But when the sportsman takes a Florida trip he should be provided with tools that will not break. The breaking of a rod, grains or gaff, may seriously interfere with the results of a fishing trip—more especially when the sportsman is beyond the reach of blacksmiths and rod makers.

I have simply and briefly referred to some of the more common game fish of Florida, and of the many not referred to I shall merely give the names of a few:

- Mudfish—*Amia calva*.
- Green pike—*Esox americanus*.
- Barracuda—*Sphyrna plicuda*.
- Bonito—*Sarda mediterranea*.
- Yellowtail—*Chloroscombrus chrysurus*.
- Warmouth—*Chenobranchius gulosus*.
- Spotted bream—*Lepomis punctatus*.
- Blue bream—*Lepomis palidus*.
- Blackfish—*Serranus atrarius*.
- Black grouper—*Trisopterus brunneus*.
- Buller fish—*Bodeanus punctatus*.
- Gray snapper—*Lutjanus caais*.
- Sailors' choice—*Pomadasys fulvomaculatus*.
- Grunts—*Diabasis elegans*.
- Porgy—*Sparus crysops*.
- Drum—*Pogonius chromis*.
- Yellowtail—*Sciaenops chrysura*.
- Croaker—*Micropogon undulatus*.
- Whiting—*Menidia menidia*.
- Angel fish—*Pterodroma volitans*.
- Flounder—*Paralichthys dentatus*.

That accomplished writer and experienced angler, Mr. S. C. Clarke, remarks: "Nowhere in our broad country can the angler find a greater quantity of game, or more or better sport, than on the coasts of Florida. In an experience of more than fifty years as an angler, reaching from Canada to Florida and from Massachusetts to Colorado, the writer has found no region where fish are so abundant as on this [east] coast." Of the fishing on the east coast, with the exception of that at the mouth of the St. John's River, St. Augustine and the Halifax River, I have no personal knowledge. My experience has been on the southwest coast, from Key West to Cedar Keys; and I can unhesitatingly assert that at most points the water teems with fish in endless variety. For over fifty years I have wielded the rod, and have fished from the head of Lake Superior to the Gulf, and in my humble opinion no section of the United States presents as many attractions to the hand-line or rodster as Florida.

TACKLE.—Northern fishing tackle houses advertise a "Florida fit-out," and it is possible that the advertisers may have experience in our fishing, and be competent to determine what is required; but I regret to say that from what I have seen of these "fit-outs" they are based on theory and not on practical experience. Hence I shall take the liberty of tendering advice based on a long and varied experience in Florida fishing.

RODS.—In *limine* I would earnestly advise the visitor to Florida to let alone severely the abortion known as a trunk rod, for such an implement is unfit for any practical purpose. For Florida fishing the angler should be supplied with at least three rods. For our large fish a stout and strong bass rod, from 8 to 9 feet long, is a necessity. Bass rods, as generally constructed, have the second joint made of ash, and as a rule it fractures at the upper ferrule. A three-jointed rod is portable, but the greater the number of joints the weaker the rod and the greater the liability to fracture. I would advise the fisherman to supply himself with a two-joint bass rod, made of split bamboo, bethabara, greenheart, lancewood, Japanese cane or bamboo. First joint, 2 feet 3 inches, and the second joint 6 feet 4 inches, with banded ferrule and arched guides. I have used with great satisfaction a split bamboo rod, 8 feet 4 inches long, two joints, weight 25 ounces. The best rod that I have thus far used for heavy fishing was a rod made for me for tarpon fishing by B. F. Nicholls, of Boston. It consists of two joints, the first of lancewood and the second split bamboo. Although very powerful, this rod possesses sufficient elasticity. The prime consideration for heavy fishing in this State should be a powerful rod. When fishing for bass and grouper, a shark or ray may be hooked, and unless the rod possesses strength combined with elasticity, rod or tackle will be destroyed. To successfully play a large channel bass or cavalero in a rapid tideway, a proper rod is a necessity.

In this connection I must enter my protest against the common arrangement of solid reel-seats and reel-bands. The pocket of the reel-seat and the fixed band are usually placed toward the butt. In playing a heavy fish for a length of time, the reel-band (when above the seat) is liable to work loose and an embarrassing condition arises. The pocket of the reel-seat and the fixed reel-band should be placed at upper portion of reel-seat and displacement of reel obviated. I speak out in meeting, for I have found myself in trouble by displacement of reel.

FLY-RODS.—To the fly-fisher Florida presents unequalled attractions, both for number and size of fish that will take the fly. As yet fly-fishing in the State is in its infancy, but it has been ascertained that fourteen distinct species of fish will take the feathery lure, and they are not mere fingerlings, but game fish of proportions that will test the art and tackle of rodsters. Fishermen visiting Florida should leave their five and six-ounce rods at home and provide themselves with a ten or, what is better, a twelve-ounce rod twelve feet long. A ravallia, cavalero or channel bass weighing from twelve to twenty pounds will test the strength of even a twelve-foot rod. I am prepared to admit that a large fish can be finished on an eight-ounce rod and will answer a good purpose when fish are few and far between, but when fish are plentiful the fisherman is not disposed to devote an hour or more to the capture of an eight or ten-pounder. If the fisherman uses an eight-ounce rod and hooks a ravallia, he will agree with the Rev. Mr. Prime that a twelve-ounce or even a grise rod would not prove objectionable. To the expert I would say, provide a split bamboo, but if too expensive, a bethabara, lancewood, or greenheart rod. I own a twelve-ounce twelve-foot greenheart, and I have found it very useful. Ordinary bass flies will answer a good purpose, but the fly-fisher had better lay in an assortment of rather gaudy flies mounted on large-sized and strong hooks, and it would be found advantageous to have some of his flies mounted on fine steel wire, as ravallia and other fish are apt to cut a gut snood. One successful fly-fisher made his own

flies and in a simple manner. He made the body of ordinary embroidery worsted, and wings from the feathers of the red bird, bluebird, bluejay and white crane. Florida fish have not been educated, and will seize anything that moves, be it a bass fly, coachman, hackle, or a home-made bug unlike anything that exists in air or water. As yet but little practical information has been gleaned with regard to the most suitable flies for Florida fishing, and there is a wide field for experiment. For the benefit of the lovers of the angle, those who visit this State should publish their experience.

LIGHT BASS RODS.—A Henshall rod will afford the expert much amusement in the way of capturing black bass, sea trout and medium-sized crevalli and channel bass. In time an adept may wind up the energies of a large sized channel bass or ravallia, but when the feat is accomplished the fisherman will be disposed to have a pull at his meerschbaum. In the hands of Dr. Henshall these rods can accomplish wonders, but it is questionable if they will ever become popular for Florida fishing. I own a split bamboo Henshall rod, but I look upon it as a "thing of beauty and a joy forever." The Henshall rod is a beautiful toy, and well adapted to the capture of small fry, but not suitable for landing heavy fish. In conclusion I would advise the fisherman to supply himself with a heavy and strong sea bass rod, a light bass rod, and a 12-ounce 12-foot fly-rod. The two first to be made of two joints, the first joint short and the second long.

REELS.—For Florida fishing the fisherman should provide himself with a large plain brass multiplying reel, carrying 200 yards of 18-thread Cuttyhunk line. A reel with steel pivots should be avoided, for the metal is liable to be injured by salt water. For show, and where fish are few and far between, an expensive reel will pass muster, but for Florida fishing a useful implement is required and one that will stand rough usage. For light fishing a bass reel without click (costing \$4.50) will be found very efficient. This reel will receive 100 yards of 9-thread Cuttyhunk line. For fly-fishing I use reel No. 1, costing \$3.50.

As generally constructed, the spools of reels are too wide, and if the line is long, and the thumb of the left hand not freely used in distributing the line as it is recovered, it is apt to override, foul the pillars and stop the performance. When engaged in playing a heavy and active fish the angler has enough to attend to without thumbing and distributing the line. What is required for Florida fishing is a plain, strong and cheap multiplying reel; the spool not to exceed one inch and a half in width, and of sufficient depth to carry 200 yards of 18-thread Cuttyhunk line. A small increase in diameter would compensate for loss of width, and the additional weight would not be very objectionable. I never could understand why the handles of reels are made round, unless it is to tire the muscles of the thumb and two fingers, and to favor the slipping of the handle from the grip of the fisherman. For the capture of small fry, say up to fifteen pounds, a firm hold can be retained of a round handle, but let the fisherman try conclusions with an active 40-pounder in a rapid tideway, and he will appreciate the fact that a reel-handle should not be too round nor too short. To retain an easy and a firm hold of a reel-handle it should be made square, and of sufficient length and thickness. If any of your readers ever had a reel-handle to slip from their fingers when playing a heavy fish, and received a whack over their knuckles, they will support my position and advocate a square-handled reel. I had better end my criticisms and suggestions or your readers will denounce me as a chronic grumbler.

JACKSONVILLE, Fla.

AL. FRESCO.

Natural History.

PLANTS AND ANIMALS.

THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THEM.

THE student of nature has to deal with some problems which seem to become more difficult of solution as the amount of knowledge bearing upon them is increased, or he may find, as frequently happens, that increased knowledge serves to show the incorrectness of a solution already arrived at. Both these statements may be made concerning the problem of drawing the line between the vegetable and animal kingdoms. A century ago this was thought to be a very easy matter, and all the living organisms known in that day were given a place in the one kingdom or the other, with very little doubt as to the correctness of the classification. But later observers have found that the standards of classification used by their predecessors were in some cases wrong, and quite a number of organisms relegated by them to one kingdom are now known by more scientific standards to belong to the other. But while the naturalists of to-day have thus shown the errors of those who lived before them, they have by no means been able to solve the problem for themselves. The difficulties have become greater and greater, as, by the aid of better instruments of discovery and observation, new organisms have been brought to light. Indeed, it has been proposed by one of our ablest zoologists to form an intermediate kingdom in which may be placed all organisms of a doubtful character.

To a casual observer it might seem remarkable that this should be so difficult a matter. And it is true that, in the case of the higher members of the two kingdoms, it is very easy to point out their differences. Take a horse and a tree, for example. One would hardly think of making a comparison between them, they are so unlike. In size and form, the first characteristics to strike the eye, there is no resemblance whatever. It might next be observed that the one moves about at will, has the power of locomotion, while the other remains fixed in one place. Then the horse is possessed with the organs of sense—can see, hear, feel, taste and smell, and has the power of performing other functions connected with the possession of a nervous system, thinking, remembering, etc.—while the tree is incapable of performing any of these functions. Again, the animal is provided with an internal cavity for the reception and digestion of solid food, while the food of the plant is wholly fluid or gaseous, and is not received into an internal cavity. These are differences which are apparent to the most casual observer.

There are others which might be enumerated, such as differences in the chemical constituents of their bodies, differences in the foods by which they are nourished, etc., but these we may pass as being beyond the reach of easy observation. But when we descend to the lower forms of life we cannot separate them by any of these distinctions. In the matter of size and form we find that many of the lower plants, either in the earlier stages of their existence or when

grown up, are exactly similar in these respects to some of the lower animals. Some of the infusorians, for example, that is animals produced by placing some animal or vegetable substance in water and allowing it to stand for a day or two, very closely resemble some of the plants in the class *Alga*. The yeast plant is exactly like some of the forms of *Bacteria* in having a simple globular shape. Then there are many animals so plant-like in appearance as to be always popularly regarded as vegetables. This is the case with many of the hydroids which are often gathered and pressed as sea mosses by seaside visitors.

As regards the power of locomotion, the microscope has shown that it is by no means confined to the animal kingdom. Before the invention of this instrument no instances of voluntary movements were known in plants except the well-known facts that flowers open to the sun and close at the approach of night, that the leaves of sensitive plants droop when irritated, and a few other phenomena of like nature; but now we know of many plants which have the power, either when young or throughout life, of making movements apparently as voluntary and independent as those exhibited by the lower animals. In most cases these movements are brought about by means of little vibrating hairs, called cilia, with which the whole or a part of the surface of the body is furnished. The protocoecus, a plant which may commonly be found in the mud that collects in roof-gutters, in one stage of its existence possesses this kind of motile power. On the other hand there are many animals which do not have the power of locomotion, but spend their lives fixed to some solid object. This is the case with the corals and sea anemones, the latter often being spoken of as "sea flowers." Thus it is seen that no absolute distinction can be drawn between animals and plants on the ground of the presence or absence of independent locomotive power.

The presence of a nervous system cannot be made a basis of division, for very many of the lower animals are entirely devoid of nerve tissue. And we have no reason for believing that these creatures, being unprovided with a central nervous system, are possessed with any of the five senses, seeing, hearing, etc. It does seem, indeed, that they have a sense of touch, for they seem to be conscious of contact with other bodies, and the fact that they are able to distinguish between substances which are fit for food and those which are not, might argue the presence of something like a sense of taste. But at all events, to the best of our knowledge they do not possess sense organs of a nature at all similar to those of the higher animals, and whatever reasons we have for believing them capable of touch or taste apply to some plants equally as well.

Neither does the possession of a body cavity form a dividing line between the two kingdoms, for many of the lower animals have no internal cavity and take in their food by surface organs just as plants do.

Thus we see that none of these differences so readily observed between the higher plants and animals serve as a means of separating the lower forms.

There are some other tests of a more delicate character than the above, but quite as interesting. If we examine plants and animals as to their chemical composition, we shall find that there are some decided though not universal differences. As a general rule, plants exhibit a decided predominance of what are known to chemists as "ternary compounds," that is, compounds composed of three elements, carbon, hydrogen and oxygen. In animals, on the other hand, the fourth element, nitrogen, is present. Still, in both kingdoms both nitrogenous and non-nitrogenous compounds are found, and it is only in the proportion that these bear to one another that animals differ from plants. The most characteristic of all compounds in plants is the one known as cellulose, a substance very similar to starch. In general, the presence of an external covering of cellulose in any organism raises a strong presumption as to its vegetable nature. Still cellulose is not confined to plants. The outer covering of the so-called sea-squirts (*Tunicata*) contains a large quantity of cellulose, and it has lately been found to be present in other lower forms. Another highly characteristic vegetable product is chlorophyll, the green-coloring matter of plants. This was for a long time thought to be a certain test, but like the others there are a few cases in which it does not apply. On the one hand the *Hydra viridis*, an undoubted animal, contains chlorophyll, and on the other hand the yeast plant is devoid of it.

The test which, upon the whole, is the best means of determining whether a living organism is a plant or an animal is the nature of their food, and the products which are formed out of the food within the body. Plants subsist entirely upon dead or inorganic substances, such as water, carbonic acid and ammonia; and they have the power of making out of these true organic substances, such as starch, cellulose, sugar, etc. Plants, therefore, take as food very simple bodies and manufacture them into much more complex substances. In the process of digestion they break up carbonic acid into the two elements of which it is composed, carbon and oxygen, keeping the carbon and setting free the oxygen. Animals, on the other hand, have no power of living on dead or inorganic substances; they have no power of converting them into the complex organic substances of which their bodies are composed. On the contrary, they require to be supplied with ready-made organic compounds if their life is to be sustained. These they get in the first place from plants, and therefore animals are dependent upon plants for food, either directly or indirectly. Animals, therefore, differ from plants in requiring as food complex organic bodies which, in digestion, they reduce to very much simpler inorganic bodies. While plants, then, are the great manufacturers in nature, animals are the great consumers. Another distinction arising from the nature of their food is, that while plants decompose carbonic acid, keeping the carbon and setting free the oxygen, animals absorb oxygen and give out carbonic acid, so that their reaction upon the atmosphere is the reverse of that of plants.

It was long thought that these distinctions with reference to the nature of their food were sufficient to separate the two kingdoms; but it is now known that these rules, like all the others, have some exceptions. There are some fungi which, in the matter of food, are animals; that is to say, they cannot live upon inorganic materials alone, but require ready-made organic products for their support. Again, recent discoveries have rendered it not unlikely that some of the lower animals have the power of acting as plants and of manufacturing organic compounds out of inorganic materials.

The present status of the question may be defined as follows: No perfect rule is known by which animals can be separated from plants, and all recent discoveries point to the conclusion that there is no dividing line between the two kingdoms, but that they merge into each other.

JOHNS HOPKINS UNIVERSITY, Oct. 16, 1884.

THE PANTHER.

BY CHANDLEY L. PHELPS.

NEARLY all of the panthers have been driven out of New York, but at one time they were quite plenty. The largest one I ever saw was 4½ feet long, about 2½ feet high and weighed 150 pounds. The panther shows all the peculiarities of the cat family. A small dog will drive it up a tree and will follow it just as readily as a common cat, while dogs hesitate to follow a bear, which is not as powerful an animal. The panther springs on other animals and birds, and will even eat the porcupine, quills and all. I have found the quills in the stomach of several. It lies in wait and springs upon its prey, but will not follow it. I have seen the place where a panther made a jump of thirty feet in the snow for a deer and jumped over it. The tracks showed that the panther made no attempt to follow, but went one way and the deer the other.

I have never known of a panther attacking a man; the only instance I have heard of in which they showed fight was when Sam Dunnigan, Ruben Howard and Ed. Arnold were hunting deer for the market. They had a trail in the snow, and when they got a lot of deer, they would tie them to a rope and hitch a horse to one end and draw them out. One afternoon they killed two panther cubs and drew them out with the deer. The next morning Sam Dunnigan was going along the trail with his snow shoes on the end of his gun when, as he turned to go around the roots of a tree that had been overturned and stood in the way, he saw the mother of the cubs crouched, as he supposed ready to spring on him; he brought his gun over his shoulder and shot her through the head. Whether she would have attacked him or was only following the scent of the cubs I don't know. I do not believe that the panther has any cry, and Jack Shepard, Sam Dunnigan, Ed. Arnold and all the other panther hunters that I have consulted, are of the same opinion. What is supposed to be a panther is undoubtedly a species of owl.

The first time I ever shot a panther I was quite a young man. Luther Wright and I were going to Gull Lake, Herkimer county, after deer, and after we had passed Bear Creek we came across the track of a panther. As we had never hunted this animal, we went back and got provisions to last us a week. After following the trail two hours we found where it had stopped. A little while after this, Wright and a man who kept the sawmill at Bear Creek, who were ahead, asked me if I could see anything of the trail. I was standing at one end of a fallen tree and they were near the roots. I saw there was no trail ahead, and made up my mind that the panther was under the roots of the tree.

Just then two dogs that Wright was leading broke away and dived under the tree, and the panther pushed his way up through the snow not more than six feet from me. I had the lock of my gun tied up in a handkerchief, and before I could untie it I made for him, and with me a dog. He showed his teeth and gave two or three jumps, the last one nearly twenty-five feet, and landed in a spruce tree about eight feet from the ground. He went up the tree ten feet at a jump until he got to the very top; then he swung himself around on a limb that bent down under his weight, and faced us with a growl. I fired, but just grazed the top of his head. I shot again and struck his throat, and down he came. As soon as he struck the ground the dogs took hold of him, but although they worked some time, they never made a mark on his hide. The skin of a panther is as tough as sole leather.

When we were running the flow line for the Woodhull reservoir in Herkimer county, we came across a deer that had just been killed by a panther, I think we drove him away as we came up. We set the dogs on the track and after a while got to the high ground on the east side of the lake. The panther went down the face of the rocks but the dogs soon caught up and drove him into a tree. I shot him in the throat and it seemed to make him crazy, he jumped from one side of the tree to the other, and the roots being near the surface, the ground would heave for two rods each side of the tree; after a while he made a false step and down he came. Although most all of the blood was out of him he was too much for the dogs and stuck his claw into the side of a big dog and tore the hide away from his body. The space became filled with air and he was the worst looking dog I ever saw.

I have eaten the meat of a panther—it is as white as chicken and very good.

THE ADIRONDACKS.

MOOSE IN THE ADIRONDACKS.—In an interesting article entitled "The Moose," which appeared in the last issue of FOREST AND STREAM (page 245), Mr. Charles L. Phelps says: "The last moose ever seen or heard of in John Brown's Tract I led out of the woods." He then goes on to state that the event took place in February, 1856. Now, one Ed. Arnold, a well-known Brown's Tract guide, says that he killed a moose at Nick's Lake in July, 1856, and in the following spring a man named Baker killed another in the same vicinity. Subsequent to this the Hon. Horatio Seymour, ex-Governor of New York State, killed a huge bull moose in the forest north of Joe's Lake. Its head and horns may now be seen at his farm in Deerfield, New York. Alva Dunning says that he shot several moose near West Canada Creek about the year 1860. The last moose killed in the Adirondacks, concerning which I have been able to secure positive data, was shot on the east inlet of Raquette Lake in August, 1861, by Palmer, of Long Lake. (For additional details see my "Mammals of the Adirondacks," pp. 138-143.) Mr. Phelps further states that the moose of this wilderness "were not killed off, but went away to Canada and Maine." Proof of this assertion would doubtless interest many of your readers.—C. HART MERRIAM (Locust Grove, N. Y., Oct. 25).

ARIZONA QUAIL IN CONFINEMENT.—Toledo, Ohio, Oct. 23.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* On the evening of the 21st I received from "Adios," at Tucson, Arizona, a basket containing two pairs of the beautiful Arizona quail (*Lophortyx gambelii*). Although some five days on the way, all four seemed bright and well on their arrival, and are rapidly becoming acquainted with a new out-door coop, 12x3½ feet, in which they were placed yesterday. My chief concern is in getting them through the winter, and if any one has had experience with them in this latitude, I hope he will give us the benefit of his experience through FOREST AND STREAM. The birds are in fine plumage. Any suggestions on wintering thankfully received.—J. B. B.

Deer hunters should read Judge J. D. Caton's "Antelope and Deer of America." For sale at this office. Price \$2.50.—*Adv.*

Game Bag and Gun.

ROD AND GUN IN WEST TEXAS—II.

A TRUMPET blast would hardly have created more excitement than did the "honk, honk" of three wild geese, flying low and wearily right in the midst of us. The two or three early risers who were saddling horses involuntarily threw up imaginary guns, and taking quick, imaginary aim, contented themselves with imaginary geese. I don't know how it is, or why it is, but when one sees the best shots and opportunities for fine game, one never has a gun; perhaps it is nature protecting her own. I love to sit and watch the graceful flying of a wild goose, or a flock of wild geese, and to wonder where it came from, how it came and what it saw in coming.

The geese are with us the harbingers of winter, and nothing in the way of "signs" tells the Texas sportsman that winter is coming more surely than the wild goose. True to its forerunner, the first norther came up yesterday and blew cold. The coolness makes the hunting fine, and has a good deal to do with making the game plenty. Thousands of ducks come after each norther, and if it gets warm, the next day fly away somewhere to return again with the wind from the north. Our ducks are, so far, nearly all teal, the mallards not having come as yet, although I fancied that I have seen a few mallards, and I have seen a few of a specimen that unfortunately I am unacquainted with, nor have I ever seen it here before. It was of the shape of a teal, with perhaps a little difference in length of body; its coloration differed essentially from that of any duck I have heretofore observed. Head and neck black, breast a dark gray mixed with clear white, and principal difference of all, a mixture of clear white and black feathers in the wings. It was some well-known species, no doubt, but it was a poser for me, and I tried to get a specimen. I tried for an hour and a half, but all my strategy was of no avail. Perhaps it is just as well, for I have had several experiences of this kind. One time out in California, I was having some fine duck shooting along the Pacific, when I saw a duck that was a total stranger to me, and watching it for some time I saw a number of the same kind. I went into camp that night and announced that I had seen a new variety. I succeeded in stirring up a proper amount of enthusiasm among the other fellows, and the next day, after two or three hours' work, I pointed out my new variety only to be hooted at, for it was one of the most common of the native ducks. I lost my standing in that unforgiving crowd from that day on.

The ducks come and go, and where they go I have often wondered. One day the creek will be literally alive with them, and the next there will not be a duck in the whole country. They no doubt go out on the prairie in water holes, yet at this season of the year there is no water in the holes, and where do they go?

Snipe shooting at its best is fine sport, and when we do have any snipe shooting it is of the best. Snipe usually arrive here somewhat earlier than this and in quite large numbers, but this year, with the rest of the birds, they are a little late. We got a few, however, the other day, and yesterday I noticed quite a number. These late arrivals of the birds are no doubt the forerunners of a mild, pleasant winter. It is to be hoped that this is so, for the Texas winter is wholly unlike the northern winters and equally as unpleasant as the northern winter is pleasant. We do not provide ourselves with a winter wardrobe and start in in October or November for a long, bracing, cold winter that fills a man with bottled-up life to stand the strain of a summer; far from it, we provide ourselves with clothes enough to withstand the Alaska winter, but we do not have the privilege of enjoying them. It may be cold to-day with a wind blowing down from the north that no amount of clothes can keep out; and to-morrow it may be as warm and pleasant as a June day in New York. Nothing short of a thick walled house with a blazing fire on the hearth makes these northers at all pleasant, and then around the fire one forgets that the wind outside is a cold wind, and even if he does think of it, it is with the genial thought that "It's an ill wind that blows nobody good."

The writer imagines that these northers making the water cool makes the fish bite with a renewed vigor. The finest fishing that I have ever had, with the exception of some bass fishing I once found in Northern Michigan, has been on bright, sunshiny days after a norther. Perhaps it has been the peculiar buoyancy and beauty of the atmosphere and all the surroundings of nature that have made it more enjoyable, but it seemed to me that on no day does the fish take the fly or minnow with more vim than on those days, and a no time does he make a better fight for life.

One day, two winters ago, I was fishing in a beautiful spot and was having fine sport with a splendid rod, when I had one of those rare opportunities of seeing a wild animal perfectly natural; a gratification that was only marred by the chagrin of a bad shot caused by that inebriate weakness, buck fever. I had been fishing above a sudden horseshoe bend in the river, the further extremity of which was hid from view by the point of a cedar-topped mountain that came nearly down to the water's edge and ended there in a huge pile of rough rocks.

I had sat down on the grass, and leaning against one of the rocks, was repairing the snell on my hook when my attention was attracted by a slight noise down the stream as though something was splashing in the water. My first thought was that it was a crow, but on reflection I knew that I had not seen a crow all day, consequently it must be something else. With the utmost caution I crawled down to the water's edge and peering through between two rocks I saw the finest buck I have ever seen—the game we don't get is always the finest, you know. He was drinking and pawing in the water, totally oblivious of my dangerous proximity; and as after events proved he was safe enough even had he known I was there. I managed to return for my carbine, and crawling back I tried to take aim—deadly aim, and slay that deer in his innocence. Would you believe it, I missed the buck? The day's sport was spoiled, and gathering together my traps I went home, and every step of the six miles that I walked I saw that noble deer in all his grandeur of surroundings, with his proud, stiff neck and splendid, graceful body, gracing the table at home. What a feather it would have been in my cap. I would like to read a good article on this buck fever from some knowing pen. It's a delight to read scientific sporting articles from scientific sporting men. Disciples of the gentle Isaac cannot give too great thanks to men who have written such interesting books on various fishes—the black bass in particular.

Thinking of my miserable failure to kill the deer calls to

mind the time when one of the Knickerbockers first came down from New York and roamed at large with his rifle. The buzzard, flying or sitting, looks like a turkey; and the aforesaid Knickerbocker, who goes by the name of the "Fat Sportsman," anxious to distinguish himself and keen on the scent for larger game, for he carried a rifle, saw one of these members of nature's board of health flying in a graceful circle some distance away. Almost wild with pent-up enthusiasm, he worked himself into position, and taking good aim, made a true shot, and brought down to the ground and thence into camp—a buzzard.

I wish that you could have seen the picture which I saw the other day, when four of the Knickerbockers came back from a good day's hunt in Burk's Creek Valley. One of them stood with twenty-eight ducks and sixty-one quail in his hands and strung over his shoulder. With his gun leaning against a tree and his two dogs crouched at his feet, he presented a picture that would have been an inspiration for a Landseer and one which merits a long word painting from some more facile pen than this particular pen of this particular Knickerbocker.

KNICKERBOCKER RANCHE, October, 1884.

[The description of the strange fowl applies very well to the red-breasted merganser, except as to size.]

ADIRONDACK GAME PROTECTION.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

Under the above heading your New York correspondent, who signs himself "L.," and the Hon. R. U. Sherman, have given expression to widely diverse opinions concerning the killing of deer in close season; and also concerning the character of the guides of the region. Loose assertions of this sort are productive of little good. Nothing short of a specific charge, accompanied by the complainant's name, is sufficiently explicit to admit of verification or refutation; while, on the other hand, a general denial of the killing of deer out of season in all parts of the Wilderness is absurdly incorrect. As a matter of fact the game law is respected in some parts of the Wilderness and not in others. To be more explicit, and to speak only of the western side of the region, the law has, to my certain knowledge, been openly violated during the past season at Beaver Lake and the Oswegatchie Ponds, where venison was regularly served at well-known and much frequented "hotels," of which fact a deputy game constable is not in ignorance. On the contrary the proprietors of "hotels" and "camps" along the Fulton Chain and North Branch of Moose River seem to vie with one another in securing the enforcement of the law, and the killing of a deer before Aug. 1 in this part of Brown's Tract is a rare event.

I confess much surprise at "L.'s" statement: "I talked with a great many of the most experienced guides, and I did not find one who gave the game law the least attention." Indeed this is so contrary to my own experience that I can only explain it on the supposition that "L." fell in with what Gen. Sherman calls "a set of mushroom oarsmen, who in the press of tourists in this section are employed as guides, but who have no more respect for law than the men who hire them."

To give the public the impression that the Adirondack guides, as a class, are willing and anxious to aid unscrupulous parties in violating the game laws, is doing great injustice to a large number of honest and conscientious men.

C. HART MERRIAM.

LOCUST GROVE, N. Y., Oct. 26, 1884.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

Deer are scarce here this fall, and will be more so after another decade of hounding. Upward of fifty men, with about as many hounds, are employed along the Beaver River in the work of extermination. More than one hundred deer have already been killed. "L." can talk as much as he pleases about deer slaughter during the month of June. I can assure him that ten are killed by hounding them into the water where one is killed by jack light.

MUSSET.

NUMBER FOUR, Adirondacks, Oct. 16.

OPENING DAY IN IOWA.

OUR Legislature wisely, I think, put off the legal season for shooting prairie chickens until Sept. 1, or two weeks later than heretofore, but the law was ignored by so many that it was practically a dead letter.

Chickens were shot for a full month before the open season began, the only apparent effect of the law being to cause the law-breakers to call chickens snipe, and make them late in coming into town after a day's shooting.

This is a disheartening state of affairs for those who do respect the law, but there seems no escape from it, and it is probable the law will not be enforced until there is no game left to protect, which, in our open country, will not be far in the future.

The season was favorable for the birds, there being but few rains to endanger the lives of the young, and some of us had been looking for rare sport when the season should open; so Monday morning, Sept. 1, a party of four and a driver were out on betimes and off for a favorite shooting ground about twelve miles out of town, and had arrived on a good shooting ground by sunrise, with the day before us, for we did not expect to start home till too dark to shoot.

The morning was a glorious one, not a cloud to be seen, the pure and bracing air making it a pleasure to be out. All were eager for the fray, and soon we were divided, two taking the stubble fields on the right, the others those on the left; and for a mile or more we kept at it, hunting what seemed to be the most inviting cover, the dogs doing their work in splendid style, but nary a chicken was seen except a pair of old ones, that got up fully a hundred yards away from the nearest gun.

"Hunted to death" was the unanimous verdict, and we loaded up and drove on a few miles, hoping we should find a range that had not been hunted so much. Again we were out, and for the rest of the afternoon we searched earnestly for chickens. The bruciness of air wore off, the glory of that lovely September morning departed with the passing hours, but we would never give up, perish the thought.

We had sent the team on to the house of a jolly friend, where we expected to make our midday halt, and around whose hospitable board we would fain appease the cravings of the inner man, to apprise him of our approach, a sort of advance courier, who was in some appropriate and effective way to give him a hint of the probable extent of our appetites, and that same craven driver had in some manner missed us, leaving us to hoof it in as best we might.

Hot, hungry, tired, thirsty and footsore we ranged field

after field. The beauties of the magnificent landscape were lost on us, the luxuriant richness of the maturing corn ceased to cause a thrill of enthusiasm in the breast of any member of that party unless it was at the thought of the amount of Johnny cake those thousands of acres of corn would make. We had no eyes for the beautiful, no ambition to figure as imaginary corn kings, our every energy was concentrated on one object, and that was to get a chicken. Hark! bang! bang! goes a gun over that hill; the boys have either found some chickens or are practicing on our credulity. No; there they go over the next hill and in our way, a fine covey of them, and we mark them down in a small cornfield. Hunger, thirst, heat, blisters are all forgotten, and we go for those chickens. Pshaw! they rise wild, but a long shot brings one to the ground, and the rest fly on and on until we lose sight of them in the dim distance, but we do not care much now, for we are surely in the chicken country and will find others, but as field after field is ranged with no sight of game we lose courage and make for dinner by the most direct route, four big men with one poor little chicken to show for a half-day's hard work.

A long nooning we made of it, sleeping on the sweet hay in our friend's barn for more than an hour after dinner, a dinner he must have been convinced that we appreciated. After resting we consulted what were best to do, and decided upon a couple of hours' drive further from town and another trial, as our friend told us that there were really no chickens where we had been, as the ground had been hunted every day for fully a month.

That afternoon we did not work quite so hard, as we kept the team near us and would ride a part of the time, but we only found two coveys during the afternoon. From one of them we got two chickens and from the other we got twelve, as they scattered and we got them up one at a time until we shot almost the entire covey.

We went home after dark, tired and happy but unsuccessful. Hereafter we will either join the throng and get our share of the birds as they go or make a trip of it and go where they are so plenty the outlaws cannot kill them all before the season opens.

W. S. P.

ELDORA, Ia., Sept. 26.

BULLET VERSUS BUCKSHOT.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

I have been a reader of *FOREST AND STREAM* for the last seven years, and during that time have never ventured "to give my experience." Like "Nessmuk," my "best hole" is the rifle and paddle, and as I have done nothing save hunt, trap and fish during the last ten years, my pen has become decidedly rusty. I am now laid up with a wounded hand—relic of the carelessness of a greenhorn with a scatter-gun—which will preclude the possibility of any sport for this fall and winter, to say nothing of the loss of at least one finger; but as I must occupy myself in some manner to pass away time, I will give my views of the bullet and buckshot question.

When I went into the woods ten years ago to stay, I purchased a Winchester rifle and a little 20-gauge English breechloading gun. After using the rifle a few times, I found that I was losing much game from shooting over. I therefore determined to try the rifle at a target. After repeated trials I found the bullet struck nearly fourteen inches high at 100 yards. This would never do; so the next spring I came down from the west to Pittsburgh, and had a pair of .50-caliber barrels fitted to my little shotgun. They were twenty-four inches long and parallel, *i. e.*, the same diameter at muzzle and breech. The rifling consisted of six very shallow grooves, the grooves and lands being of the same width, and having one turn in 144 inches. Charge of powder 150 grains C. & H. No. 6, weight of bullet, 395 grains; ratio 1:2.5. The projectile was one inch in length, and solid, flat-pointed conical. This pair of barrels, together with fifty screw-head steel shells, cost me \$73, and after using the gun a few times on deer and twice on bear, I came to the conclusion that I had solved the problem of a successful hunting rifle so far as I was concerned. I used it during the following winter on all kinds of game, from a wild goose to moose and elk. The next spring, while on my way out of the woods, I had the misfortune to have it stolen from my camp by one of a band of Chippewas.

My present armament consists of four double-barreled express rifles, one Sharps, one Stevens, one Winchester and one little Wesson, beside three shotguns of 12, 16 and 20-gauges respectively. The dimensions of the express rifles are as follows: First, .350-caliber, 20-inch barrels, 60 grains powder, 150 grains lead; weight, 6 pounds. Second, .400-caliber, 22-inch barrels, 90 grains powder, .225 grains lead; weight, 7 pounds. Third, .450-caliber, 24-inch barrels, 120 grains powder, 300 grains lead; weight, 8 pounds. Fourth, .500-caliber, 26-inch barrels, 150 grains powder, .375 grains lead; weight, 9 pounds. It will be noticed that the barrels are very short, and also that the guns are not heavier than the ordinary single-barreled weapons of the same calibers.

In regard to length of barrels, I have found that the lengths enumerated above give satisfaction equal to those which are one-half longer in each caliber. Some may object to them on the ground that they do not burn enough powder. To test this I had a muzzleloading rifle made, caliber .36, 100 balls to the pound; weight of conical bullet, 180 grains; length of barrel, 30 inches; charge of powder, 65 grains; ratio 1:3, sighted for a point-blank range of 100 yards. The highest point in the trajectory was at 56 yards, the bullet being 1½ inches high at that point, showing its great initial velocity. I then reduced the length of the barrel to 20 inches, and used the same charge as before, and at the same range. I could discover no difference in the trajectory. My theory is that in rifles made on the express principle and with very slow twist, light bullet and a heavy proportionate charge of quick powder, the difference in length of barrels ranging from 20 to 30 inches, in calibers of .350 to .500, has very little influence on the trajectory up to 200 or 250 yards, which is the extreme working distance for which a true express rifle is intended.

It is generally conceded by intelligent sportsmen throughout the world who hunt large game that certain rules must be followed in making a rifle suitable for their use. In brief, they are as follows: (1.) The weight of the bullet shall be equal to twice the weight of a round ball which exactly fits the bore of caliber desired. (2.) The weight of the charge of powder shall be equal to not less than one-third of the weight of the bullet, and from that to one-half. (3.) The twist of the rifling shall be no quicker than is necessary to preserve sufficient accuracy to place successive shots in a ten-inch circle at 250 yards, and the grooves only deep enough to take hold of the projectile so that it will not strip.

(4.) That the weight of the arm shall be no greater than is sufficient to withstand the shock of the explosion of the powder or the recoil, as weight greater than this is objectionable in a hunting arm which is seldom used on stationary objects, although it may be desirable in a target rifle. (5.) That a cartridge shell capable of being reloaded indefinitely shall be provided—a taper shell is the best form. (6.) The sights to be open and rather coarse, and the rifle to be sighted for a point blank range of from 100 to 150 yards. A rifle made on these plans will be found to "fill the bill" for all kinds of shooting in which a rifle is used—the caliber, of course, to be large enough for the game which you intend to hunt.

For express or hollow-pointed bullets I prefer to have the cavity from $\frac{1}{8}$ to $\frac{1}{4}$ of an inch in diameter at the point of the bullet, according to caliber, and tapering to nothing at the bottom, the depth to be equal to one-half the length of the projectile.

The best powder that is manufactured is, as far as I have been able to ascertain, Curtis & Harvey's diamond grain. It is expensive, but clean and strong. I prefer the Winchester primer, as the anvil is renewed with the primer and the shell is not injured.

The merits of straight or taper and bottle-neck shells do not differ greatly, although I use the taper ones when possible and always reduce all shells before reloading, and am not troubled with sticking. The best sights for hunting are: Fore sight rather coarse and square across at top, not filed to an edge, as in the majority of cases. Rear sight, plain lead, without "buckhorns" or "clover leaves," but having a V-shaped notch no larger than can be filled by the fore sight. If properly made there will be no blurring or indistinctness. I like a round barrel for a single rifle or repeater, as I have found it to give better results, and it is also lighter.

The only country for which I have sometimes found one of the above-described express rifles unsuitable is on the plains and in the open mountain country, where the work partakes somewhat of the nature of target shooting, and where a fellow must occasionally take a shot as far as 500 yards, and it is sometimes impossible to approach any nearer. For this use I have a Sharps .45-caliber, 9-pound, 30-inch rifle, chambered for the $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch shell; charge, 135 grains of powder and 405 grains of lead. It is one of the most accurate and strongest shooting rifles that I ever owned. I have found a shotgun loaded with a heavy charge of powder and a round ball which will go into the muzzle easily to be a most deadly weapon for deer and other large game in thick cover, where it is generally started within a distance of twenty-five or thirty yards.

If I were obliged to content myself with one rifle I should prefer the .400-caliber, 90-225, for all game found east of the Mississippi. For the West, however, where the game is much larger, with a chance for grizzly, I want the .500-caliber, 150-375. I have been greatly amused at different times to read of the deadly effect of a single buckshot. Now I cannot understand why this shot is more deadly when fired from a shotgun than the same ball fired from a rifle, if each arm is loaded with a proportionate charge of the proper powder. Don't you think that the rifle would come out ahead when used at the same range as the shotgun, and be effective at twice the distance?

One of the most successful deer hunters that I ever knew was a Mississippian who used a muzzleloading rifle carrying 120 to the pound, 68 grains, about .38-caliber. He used to chaff me not a little on the size of my favorite .50-bore "with a kick like a mule," as he expressed it. He was one of the best shots at a stationary object that it has been my fortune to meet, and a good, whole-souled fellow to boot. He was killed by the Apaches in Arizona or Northern Mexico in 1878.

I have always remarked that the majority of men who use small calibers for large game seldom if ever shoot at a running deer; but they are invariably good shots and equally good hunters and woodsmen, and depend upon these qualities to approach near enough to their game to make sure work at the first shot. The small ball is perhaps as fatal under these circumstances as a larger one. Men of the above class are generally old backwoodsmen, and so were their grandfathers before them.

There are only three animals in North America which can be classed as really dangerous, and they are the grizzly and cinnamon bears, and the panther, or mountain lion, as he is called in the West, and the two first, especially the grizzly, by reason of their thick hides and large bones, and the consequent difficulty of killing, and the latter on account of having all the tenacity of life of his little brother of back fence fame, only in a much higher degree. For a sportsman of to-day to take up a work published forty years ago, and read some of the stories relating to the difficulty of killing the grizzly, he would be led to believe that "Eph" wore a boiler iron jacket over his ribs, that his head was solid bone, and unless a ball penetrated the eye the hunter was a "gone coon."

This was no doubt all well enough when the only men who ever met the grizzly were the adventurous trappers who, by reason of the necessity of economizing ammunition, were obliged to use small calibers, and depended upon their marvellous skill in placing the light bullet in a vital spot; but in the present days, when the sportsman can be whisked to the mountains at the rate of thirty or forty miles per hour, and is enabled to use a repeater and bullets weighing nearly an ounce, it will not apply. I do not wish to be understood as having a low estimation of the danger of an encounter with this dangerous animal. And here I wish to ask if grizzly, or grisly, is the proper adjective. I incline to grisly, as it agrees with the Latin *horribilis*, being derived from the Anglo-Saxon verb *grisan*, to dread, the adjective being grislic, frightful or horrible, while grizzly is from the French *gris*, gray. It is a curious coincidence that the two words of the different languages, having different meanings, should be rendered in English with the same pronunciation, but different orthography, and that either adjective should express a marked quality of the animal to which it is applied.

Your correspondent "C. F. M. G.," in the issue of Oct. 9, says: "Now, I should say that the average deer killer who goes into the woods for a month's slaughter could kill more and so wound less with the shotgun than with the rifle, on the theory that the more pellets fired the better the chances of hitting a vital spot."

That's all right in theory and for a man who cannot hit a flock of barns with a rifle (no disparagement to "C. F. M. G." insinuated) or for one who has poor eyesight, but for a man who can use a rifle, to stand on a runway or paddle up to a deer on open water and blow his (oftener her) head off with a charge of grapeshot, does seem heartless to say the least.

Imagine a deer to get up in front of the shotgun fiend: "Aha! my fine fellow. You're a good one if you get away without carrying at least one of these twelve 'blue whistlers' with you."

Again, ninety-nine per cent. of the men who go into the woods for "a month's slaughter" go for that purpose and no other. What matters it to them if a deer gets off with a few buckshot or a bullet in its body, and after suffering all the agony of a gunshot wound, dies in some impenetrable swamp, or is pulled down by the wolves. Game is too plentiful to waste time in following a wounded deer. True sportsman is a name unknown to such men, hunter even is a misnomer, and butcher has an air of refinement when applied to them. How often do we read in local papers, brevities of the following type: "Dr. Killen Quick and companions have just returned from a trip to Michigan, where they have been spending the last two weeks in deer hunting. They were very successful, as they succeeded in securing thirty fine specimens of *Cervus virginianus*. Many more were lost by reason of the deep snow." The following, however, will give the reader a better idea: "Man—shotgun—dogs—runway—deer—bang! Tally one."

If I understood "C. F. M. G." rightly he wrote his communication in the interest of game; i. e., he thinks that a man with a shotgun would not cause as much suffering to the deer as the same man with a rifle, other things being equal. I cannot agree with him in this for several reasons. In the first place, no fellow can make a deer stand just as he would like to have him. Suppose, for instance, that a deer is standing with his stern toward you at a distance of 50 yards. The man with the shotgun would naturally fire at the head, while he of the rifle would be nearly if not quite as sure of the game if he struck the body, and the buckshot would do comparatively little damage, nine times out of ten, if they lodged in the hindquarters.

Again, suppose the same men to shoot at a running deer. The center of the charge of buckshot goes over the animal, and one or two pellets inflict flesh wounds. The rifleman misses altogether and the deer escapes unhurt. I am considering the results of all save fatal shots. If I wound a deer badly—and a good hunter can generally tell how badly his game is wounded—I always follow as long as I think there is a chance of getting it. I have slept out in the open, away from camp, many a night, in order to take up the trail at the first crack of dawn.

My favorite way of hunting, is to approach the deer by following the track, and when in sight, to crawl near enough for a shot. Next to that, I like to drop down some wild river in a canoe, about sunset, when the deer go to drink and bathe. It requires a quick eye and a steady hand to lay down the paddle, pick up the rifle and fire before the deer see or hear you.

Before a person attempts to hunt large game, he should learn to shoot; then if he misses or wounds game occasionally, his conscience will not be so greatly perturbed.

I have hunted deer in all kinds of cover to be found in this country, from the cane and laurel brakes of Mississippi and the Alleghenies to the open timber and prairies and mountains of Canada, British America and the West, and have yet to find the place in which a good rifle is not as effective at short range as a shotgun. Beyond fifty or sixty yards the shotgun is nowhere. For all kinds of game, from a turkey to a grizzly, give me the rifle. For ducks, geese and other waterfowl, a good solid gun of 12-bore, full choke, is good enough and large enough for me. This gun, together with two others of 16 and 20-gauge, comprise my list of fowling pieces.

I have noticed in nearly every issue of *FOREST AND STREAM* one or more advertisements of heavy, large-bore duck guns, for sale at a sacrifice. This does not augur well for the popularity of large calibers, and in fact there seems to be a growing demand for small bores since the general adoption of chokeboring. So much the better for the game. An ounce or an ounce and one-half of buckshot, cast in the form of a round ball, is infinitely more deadly when propelled by from four to six drams of good powder, than it was before. A ball of this size, striking an animal fairly, will produce such a wound that, if it does not kill immediately, will soon cause death by loss of blood. To those who must use their shotguns for deer I would say: Try this plan and see if you do not get better satisfaction than by the use of buckshot.

A magazine rifle is a good tool for a market-hunter, a shiner or a soldier, and for the use of a sportsman is only proper when he expects to meet dangerous game.

Game of all kinds seems to be more plentiful this fall than I have ever known it to be in the various localities of the Northwest where I usually hunt. There seems to be a growing respect for the game laws, and, with proper care, there is no reason why we should not have large game for years to come. Buffalo are almost a thing of the past, owing to the destruction caused by skin-hunters. The (hunters) are now turning their attention to other animals; but it will take them some time ere they can succeed in thinning their ranks, as they have those of the gregarious buffalo.

DEVIL'S RAMROD.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The "Bullet versus Buckshot" argument carried on through the columns of the *FOREST AND STREAM* is an interesting one indeed, and many a fine point has been given by good sportsmen of different views. I think the general features of a country has a great deal to do with the choice of a weapon. For a sportsman who does not use a gun more than two months in a year, and lives in a section of country where the undergrowth is heavy and the swamp almost impenetrable, a good shotgun well loaded would be the weapon. On the reverse, if he lives in an open country, I think he would choose a rifle. But as far as I am concerned personally, I would be satisfied if he used a shotgun. As for myself, I hunt all the different game in its season, the year around; and after many trials of various guns, both shot and rifle, my favorite at present is a 10-pound rifle, 28-inch barrel, pistol grip, .40-caliber, 60 grains powder, 210 grains lead, regulation cartridge, or as I reload my shells, 40 grains powder, 160 grains lead, round ball, for pheasant, grouse and small game, and at the cost of fifty cents per 100. I load as follows: Recap my empty shell, pour in 40 grains of powder (buy factory bullets \$2 per sack of twenty-five pounds and they run about sixty to the pound), seat the ball with a small stick and a mallet, then I pour the shell full of warm tallow of any kind, this hardens and holds the ball in place and acts as a lubricant for the gun, and if with it you use good powder your gun will not foul. I have killed many deer from 75 to 100 yards with this cartridge, but I always carry five factory cartridges in the magazine for long shots or for dangerous game. I never reload the regulation car-

tridges as I think the factory with their facilities can do this more perfectly than I can and cheaper. I have never had one to miss fire. Of course the cartridge with a round ball cannot be used in the magazine, but it is carried in the pocket and the gun loaded as a single breechloader. TILICUM.

OLYMPIA, W. T., Oct. 12, 1884.

THE MAINE GAME LAW.

THE Maine game wardens are after the poachers, and some cases will be brought to justice. There has been some hunting of deer with dogs, but generally by persons living out of the State, and the law fails to reach a poacher of this class. He kills a deer in close time or with dogs and escapes from the State; his crime is regarded of too small magnitude to bring him back by requisition, and he steers clear of Maine soil ever after. Indictments are placed on file against such persons, however, and they must stand trial for breach of the game or fish laws if ever caught in the State again. A few cases are also being worked up by the authorities where deer and caribou have been killed before the season opened. These cases are also generally from out of the State. In one or two instances the claim is laid that the deer was killed on Canadian soil; after the 1st day of September, at which time the open season commences in the Province of Quebec, but not till the 1st of October in Maine. For several hundred miles of provincial border it would be difficult to decide whether the game was killed in Maine or otherwise.

The need of a uniform system of game laws, both between the New England States and the Provinces will be noted from the above. The crime should also be made of such importance that the stepping over into a border State should not clear the poacher. It is gratifying to be able to note that steps are being taken in this direction. The biennial session of the Maine Legislature assembles Jan. 1, and such has been the success of the game laws in that State the Commissioners will only have to ask for minor changes, and the people will grant them. Some action will also be asked for in the Massachusetts Legislature, among others the putting of the breaker of the Maine game laws where he belongs. Inter-state uniformity, lost last winter in Massachusetts, will probably be asked for again. It is well known that strong steps in the right direction have been made in public sentiment, and better game and fish laws are hoped for.

Without a doubt the Maine Legislature will be asked to add September to the open season for moose, caribou and deer, and many of the warm friends of game protection in that State are not opposed to the measure. In fact, such an amendment was proposed there in 1882-3, and the Commissioners were not opposed to it; but it was lost through the further attempt saddled on to make it July 1 instead of September.

The request to change the beginning of the open season there to Sept. 1, will come from some of the leading sportsmen and friends of game protection in Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Connecticut. It is generally claimed that it may be done without much injury to caribou and deer. The forests are densely clothed in that month, and September is regarded as a poor month for jack-shooting, since the nights are generally cool.

Most sportsmen claim that the fawns of the deer are able to take care of themselves by the 1st of September, though one man, for a long time familiar with Maine deer, claims that there are occasionally late fawns. The request for the change will come from sportsmen who desire to add shooting to the fall fishing. They will claim that deer have increased wonderfully under protection, and they are right; and that the adding of September to the open season cannot be of serious harm to the future prospects of game in that State. Of course these petitioners will be warmly seconded by the hotel and traveling interests of Maine. SPECIAL.

BOSTON, MASS.

NEW JERSEY SUNDAY SHOOTING.

Editor Forest and Stream:

For a long time this section of New Jersey has been overrun every year by hordes of New York gunners, who would shoot game out of season, or on Sunday, or in fact shoot anything that wore feathers or fur, if they could aim straight enough. Complaint after complaint was sent to members of the New Jersey Game Protective Society asking them to put a stop to the nefarious work, but the complainants themselves, although having direct evidence, refuse to cause arrest or give necessary evidence to convict, fearful of some (imaginary) revenge from the parties in the future. The above Society have done all in their power to apprehend the persons violating the game and Sunday laws for a long time, and have made arrests of non-residents and residents shooting game and insectivorous birds out of season. This year it was determined to make extra efforts to apprehend violators of the law. Within the past week two parties have been arrested for shooting on Sunday, brought before a justice of the peace and fined \$53 and costs. Both the parties hailed from New York. I refrain from giving their names, as I am confident they are ashamed of their action, and will be better protectors of the game and vindicators of the law in the future after their experience of Sunday, Oct. 19, 1884. Warrants are in the hands of the Society's detectives for the arrest of three other individuals, against whom direct evidence has been secured of shooting quail out of season. The Society is thoroughly alive to the necessity of putting a stop to illegal shooting in this State, and have detectives "all along the line" to arrest any such. Non-residents should bear in mind the fact that in addition to the liability of being fined for shooting out of season, they are also liable to a fine of \$50 for shooting or fishing in this State, unless they first become members of a game protective society in New Jersey.

PLAINFIELD, N. J., Oct. 23.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Yesterday I accepted an invitation to spend the Sabbath at Edgewater, N. J. I did not propose using the small rifle which I carried with me for the purpose of destroying sparrows or the farmers' chickens, as the Sunday sportsmen do, who are accustomed to frequent this locality in droves on Sundays and holidays and shoot indiscriminately everything that can show a feather, much to the annoyance of the residents of the place. I was armed with a new .32-caliber rifle which I proposed to test for its accuracy. We commenced firing on the lawn in front of the house at a target, and were just getting our hands in when along comes a game warden or an official of some sort and informed us that it was against the law of the State of New Jersey to fire a gun off on Sun-

day or to carry a gun on the highways, and if we would not stop he would exact the fine of \$25. Now, as we were on our own grounds, were not shooting game of any sort, and were merely practicing with a rifle for our own amusement, could we have been liable to arrest? It may interest you to hear that several arrests were made yesterday in the neighborhood of Fort Lee and Edgewater, N. J., and that terror is spreading in the ranks of the sparrow hunters.

NEW YORK, Oct. 20.

COSMOPOLITAN.

[The New Jersey law, approved March 26, 1886, reads as follows: "That hereafter any person who shall hunt with a gun, or with a dog and gun, or with any kind of firearm or weapon, or shall in any way kill, take or destroy with any trap, snare, or other device whatsoever, any bird or animal whatever, on the Sabbath day, commonly called Sunday, except those who observe the seventh day of the week as the Sabbath, gunning upon their own lands, shall be liable to a penalty of twenty-five dollars for each and every offense, one-half of said penalty to be paid to the complainant and the remainder to be paid to the overseer of the poor of the township where the offense was committed, for the use of the poor of said township."]

PHILADELPHIA NOTES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

We have at present just the weather to bring a flight of ducks to the different feeding grounds where our sportsmen are wont to go, and the cold snap has brought the fowl. At Havre de Grace, blackheads, redheads and canvasbacks are present in goodly numbers, and many young ones are in the crowd; but of course shooting there is not allowed until Nov. 1. Thus early in the season at "the Flats" redheads and blackheads are in majority. When the weather is sharper a greater flight of canvasbacks will show up.

At Barnegat and Tuckerton Bays the shooting is good. In our own bay both black ducks and sprigtails are being killed. These fowl, shot by market-duckers, are being sent to Philadelphia in fair numbers, and the ducks I have examined are in good condition for the season.

I have met friends who have just returned from interior Pennsylvania with excellent reports of their trips. Quail are truly plentiful. A number of ruffed grouse, quail and woodcock were brought from the Lehigh Valley from my old stamping grounds only yesterday. I go to find what is left in the locality after Nov. 1.

The farmers throughout both Delaware and Chester counties, Pa., are complaining of the increase of foxes in these sections. This, remember, is only thirty miles at most from Philadelphia. The losses sustained from the depredations of reynard in these counties amount to not a little. Depleted henneries, etc., tell the story better than I can write it. During the past year, especially the tillers of the soil near Valley Forge, Port Kennedy and Marion have had large quantities of poultry stolen by foxes, and scarcely a night passes that some roost is not bereft of some of its feathered and webbed foot tenants. The farmers say that they can understand how necessary it is for the velvet-coated fox hunters of Philadelphia and different county packs to trample their cover and winter wheat beneath the hoofs of their English hunters while galloping across the country, but they can't appreciate the action of the aforesaid gentlemen, in buying foxes in distant localities and bringing them to their own neighborhood to be turned loose to breed.

It is stated by the farmers that the fox hunters of a certain leading hunt club and other similar organizations buy foxes that have been trapped and let them go in the fields, and that they will never allow a fox to be killed if they can help it, either by their own dogs or other parties, and that they have had a number of quarrels with negro market gunners who shoot the animals whenever they come upon them. Now this statement is given as I got it from one side, but I cannot think the hunt club is to blame as is charged. One thing we know, foxes are always more plentiful where they are most hunted and the more hounds are kept. Should the farmers surrounding Philadelphia lose a few pullets yearly, are they not compensated by the gentlemanly treatment they receive from the club members? A farmer living in a fox-hunting country is always welcome at a meet—I know it is so about Philadelphia—and I have no doubt that any bill for damages he could present for depredations of reynard would be gladly paid by the clubs. Why, what is the value of hens in these days of incubators? I am most happy to know foxes are so numerous in Delaware and Chester counties, and very sorry to learn of these complaints.

Mr. R. P. McCallum, of St. Louis, claims that his name should appear in the list of "high boats" at the Lazaretto this season. His statement is, that with Ben Smith as pusher, he scored 84 rail, and has the documents to prove it.

HOMO.

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 17.

HOT SULPHUR SPRINGS, Col., Oct. 19.—Great numbers of deer and a good many elk are being killed in this region. One party passed yesterday with twenty-six deer. Another with forty-eight. These are only samples of the way the game is being decimated. Already there is complaint that they are growing scarce. Two men left here for the lower part of the Park on a contract to kill 400 jack rabbits; price, \$60 for the lot. A ranchman from below says some means must be devised for destroying the rabbits, as they are doing great damage in the destruction of hay. This may seem strange to eastern people, but it is a fact that rabbits eat tons and tons of hay in this western country every winter. Trout fishing still fair on certain days. Suckers being caught by the ton, with seines, and hauled to the mining camps. Some ducks along the larger streams but they are not very plentiful.—W. N. B.

DUCKS AT STONY CREEK.—New Britain, Conn., Oct. 21.—A party of ten from this place spent last Friday and Saturday, the 17th and 18th, at Stony Creek, Conn., ducking, and had very good luck, taking into consideration that the wind was blowing strong and a heavy sea running. We shot 209—coot, sheldrake and old squaw. Saw some broad-bill and teal, but were unable to bag any of them. The latter will be more plenty later in the season. We were handsomely entertained by J. B. Northrup, of the Island View House. Should any of the readers of the *FOREST AND STREAM* wish to try a hand at the sport, by writing or telegraphing to Mr. N. he will have everything in readiness when they arrive.—MARK EAST.

"Rod and Gun in California," by T. S. Van Dyke, is the best thing on the game of that country. For sale at this office. Price \$1.50.—ADV.

ASSAFŒDITA FOR COYOTES.—Knickerbocker Ranch, Texas, Oct. 16.—I am interested in the killing of wild animals in sheep pastures, and so have read with interest the remarks in your paper of the great attraction assafœdita has for wolves. Coyotes belong to the wolf family, so I tried the assafœdita dodge day before yesterday by dragging a leg of mutton from my saddle along the sheep trails, and at intervals dropping baits of liver doctored with assafœdita and strychnine. But out of a dozen baits only one was taken, and yet coyote tracks were found but a few hundred yards away from some of them. Perhaps the coyote is not enough of a wolf to like assafœdita, or perhaps I did not have the baits strongly enough impregnated with the drug. I shall try it again by dragging the assafœdita as soon as I can obtain more of it. It seems to be impossible to poison wildcats with dead baits. Does any one know of an attraction for them in shape of drug?—J. B. R.

BARNEGAT DUCKING.—Perth Amboy, N. J., Oct. 25.—For the past ten days the woods hereabouts have been full of robins, and many hundreds have been killed. Tens of thousands have passed over, bound south, as well as countless swallows and bluebirds. A good many ducks have been shot on the bay and river, and increased numbers have arrived since the cold snap set in. In a letter from a friend, just returned from Barnegat, he says: "The ducks are nowhere. Been shot at for a month before the law was up. Know every point and every decoy in the bay."—J. L. K.

A BIG BLAZE IN CHICAGO.—The well-known firm of A. G. Spalding & Bros., at 108 Madison street, Chicago, lost their entire stock of sporting goods by fire last Sunday. The entire building occupied by the firm was gutted—guns, fishing tackle, hunting suits, bicycles and baseball clubs going up in one grand conflagration. The loss will probably reach \$80,000. But they know just how to act after a big fire out in Chicago, and the firm is already on its feet again and doing business at 164 Madison street.

ADIRONDACK GAME.—Indian Point, Chateaugay Lake, N. Y.—Grouse are plenty enough to make good shooting over dogs. Ducks rather scarce. I have killed forty-one, mostly blacks. Snipe and yellowlegs scarce and hard to get. Never knew 'coons so plenty. Bears gone out to the clearings. They were very plenty in the summer. Deer are very plenty, and can be got any time before the close season, Dec. 1, either by hounding or still-hunting.—OLD GUIDE.

DOWN THE RICHIBUCTO.—Weldford, New Brunswick, Oct. 24.—Have just returned from a birch bark canoe cruise of ten days down the Richibucto River, and along north, between beaches and main land as far as Kouchibouguac Bay. Saw plenty of geese on our way home. No time to stop, but had very poor shooting at the bay. I think weath' r too fine and rather early.—J. M.

Sea and River Fishing.

THE MARKINGS OF SEA TROUT.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have sent you to-day per express, charges paid, two trout taken with the fly where they are very numerous, at Trinity Bay, Labrador, in salt water, near the mouth of Trinity River. You will notice one is spotted the other is not; the local fishermen call the former sea trout, the latter salmon trout, and think they are distinct species, and it is now a matter of dispute between some of my sporting friends whether they are or not. I believe ichthyologists say that at certain seasons a new coat of scales overlay the spots, rendering them invisible for a time, especially in the migratory species. To please some of my friends I have sent the fish to you. Please write me a line to say what you think of the matter.

While on this subject I would beg to say, that if any of your friends want this kind of fishing, they can hire a very comfortable yacht with two men, good coasters, and accommodations for a party of four to six gentlemen for about five to six dollars per day, and get plenty of sport in July and August with just such trout as I send you and some even larger. They take the fly readily and afford great sport. I shall be glad to assist your friends any way in my power.

J. U. GREGORY.

QUEBEC, Oct. 23.

[We have examined the specimens carefully and while the spotted fish has its sides colored like the brook trout and also had the white line on the lower fins, the so-called "salmon trout" had neither spot nor line but was like a salmon in coloration but without the black X-marks on its shoulder and along the back. Structurally they are the same fish and the best authorities now agree that the difference in coloration is due merely to the length of stay in salt water. (See "Synopsis of Fishes of North America," Jordan & Gilbert.) We know that anglers generally hold that they are distinct and that the "Salmo canadensis" is a valid species. The South Side Club, of Long Island, obtained some eggs of this fish three or four years ago, and the young are brook trout, now in their ponds. Color in fishes is usually of small value in determining species, but in the Salmonidæ is of less than in almost any other family, witness the variations in brook trout. We call both the specimens *S. fontinalis*.]

THE TOURNAMENT.

THE Third Annual Tournament of the National Rod and Reel Association, took place on Wednesday and Thursday last, on Harlem Mere, a beautiful lake at the northeastern corner of Central Park, New York, situated at the corner of 110th street and Fifth avenue. The hour was understood to be 10 A. M., but owing to the fact that the lumber for the platform could not be found, and new had to be ordered, the preparations were incomplete and the first class was not called until an hour later. In the meantime there was much practicing, and the swish of rods, click of reels, and an occasional snap of a fly as it parted from its leader on the back cast, could be heard on all sides. The day was pleasant, but from the west and southwest the wind was unsteady, and after consultation it was decided to stretch the measuring line to the north of the stand instead of south, as heretofore. The platform was elevated twelve inches from the water, and the measuring line had numbered floats every

ten feet from 40 to 200 feet, and unnumbered ones at the five foot points.

The revised rules, as published in FOREST AND STREAM, of Oct. 9, had been construed by some to admit all the former amateur winners of first prizes into the amateur classes, and as this was not believed by the Prize Committee to be the spirit of them, the latter body in making up the prize lists for the amateur classes expressly barred former first prize winners. This amendment will be found in our published list of prizes and classes, Oct. 16. In that list will be found eleven prizes in the class for minnow casting for black bass, which had been offered especially for this class, and this fact hampered the Prize Committee in making the classes, and obliged them to leave out Class C, amateur single-handed casting, and the amateur salmon class, because of lack of prizes. The consequence will be that all prizes not won will go to the next tournament.

FIRST DAY.

CLASS A—AMATEUR SINGLE-HANDED FLY-CASTING.

Open to amateurs under Rule 2, who have never won a first prize. Scale of points: Distance, actual cast; accuracy and delicacy 25 each. (If a contestant cast 60 feet, and is awarded 20 for delicacy and 15 for accuracy, his score will be 95.) Delicacy shall be judged by the lightness with which the flies light on the water, and accuracy shall be scored by the number of times the float is touched in 25 casts. The casts shall be made for delicacy at the same time.* Judges: Ira Wood, W. C. Harris; James Benkard referee.

In this class there were six entries which are given in the order of their winnings, and not in that of their casting. The prizes were: Gold medal, given by Mr. James C. McAndrew, and eight other prizes of rods, flies, etc., a list of which will be found in FOREST AND STREAM of Oct. 16.

NAME.	Length of rod.	Weight of rod, oz.	Distance in feet.	Delicacy.	Accuracy.	Total.
C. A. Rauch.....	11.6	10	80	20	6	106
C. G. Levison.....	11	9	79	19	3	101
Dr. A. D. Leonard.....	11.3½	11	77½	10	7	94½
H. Keenan.....	11.3	8½	69	20	90	90
Samuel Polhamus.....	11	10	71	10	8	89
Wallace Blackford.....	11.6	10½	64	10	2	76

The first casting was done by Mr. Polhamus, and he showed himself to be an elegant master of the rod, but the wind worried him, and he did not get out as much line as he did in the next contest, where he came in second.

Next came Wallace Blackford, the thirteen-year-old son of the New York Fish Commissioner, who, though he came out last in his contest with grown men, showed that he handled his rod in a manner that would do no discredit to an amateur of seventy years. He cast gracefully with either hand, and will be heard from in future contests. His light score in accuracy will be found referred to and explained by one of the judges at the dinner following the close of the exercises of the first day.

Dr. Leonard, a brother of the celebrated rod maker, came next, and was supposed to be the "dark horse" which would carry off all the honors. He proved a neat caster, with the back action which distinguishes the family, but failed to show that he was the Jason who would reap the harvest of amateur medals. His delicacy was fair. The wind slackened about the time he was half through casting for distance, and was more favorable afterward for those following in this class.

After him came Mr. C. A. Rauch, whose casting last year was much admired. He beat his competitors in distance and delicacy, and took the gold medal given by Mr. J. C. McAndrew.

Mr. Levison cast within a foot of Mr. Rauch's score, and the judge allowed him within one of Rauch on delicacy. This gentleman cast last year and is a candidate for the medal next year, as he is a caster of great merit.

Mr. Keenan took fourth prize with 69 feet over Dr. Leonard's 77½, because of his superior delicacy, giving him ten more than the doctor, while he was six below him in accuracy.

CLASS B—AMATEUR SINGLE-HANDED FLY-CASTING.

Rules of Class A to govern. Judges: Rev. Henry L. Ziegenfuss, Prof. A. M. Mayer; J. C. McAndrew, referee. The prizes were: Gold medal given by the National Rod and Reel Association, value \$30, and eight others of rods, etc.

NAME.	Length of rod.	Weight of rod, oz.	Distance in feet.	Delicacy.	Accuracy.	Total.
Ed. Eggert.....	11	7½	75	20	8	103
Samuel Polhamus.....	11	10	77½	15	8	97½
C. G. Levison.....	11½	9	72	15	5	94
Dr. A. D. Leonard.....	11.3½	11	77	10	7	90
Wallace Blackford.....	11.6	10½	62	5	0	67

Mr. Eggert cast first, and again the wind blew in fitful gusts; still he managed to get out 75 feet, which with his score in the other points gave him victory over two competitors who cast further. As Mr. Eggert has taken part in all previous tournaments and never before won the first prize, his friends rejoiced to see him with his medal on his breast.

Wallace Blackford followed, but the wind beat his line down in the water behind him, as by this time it had veered around more to the south, and this prevented him from casting as far as he did in his previous trial. It was the opinion of all present that he would cast better against the wind than with it, for his style of casting was such that the wind hurt his recovery more than it helped his cast.

Mr. Levison cast next, and failed to come up to his record in Class A for distance, while his average in delicacy and accuracy just equaled it. The wind caught his fly on the back cast and brought it down in the water, so that he could not send it forward with the full force of his rod.

Dr. Leonard came within six inches of his former record,

*The judges took the responsibility of changing this and ordered that the casts for delicacy and accuracy should be made separately. This may have been an oversight of theirs or may have been done deliberately in consequence of their knowledge that the Association allows its judges full power to do almost anything and allows no appeal from their decisions.

and won fourth with 13 points for delicacy and accuracy, instead of 17, as in Class A, where he was third. He kept his flies well out of the water in retrieving, and, we should judge, could cast further with the wind than against it.

Mr. Polhamus won second, beating Mr. Eggert by six inches on distance, but falling eight points behind him in the delicacy and accuracy trials.

SALMON CASTING.

Open to all. Rods not to exceed 18 feet. Scale as in single-handed fly-casting. Judges: E. G. Blackford, James Benkard; James C. McAndrew, referee. Prizes: Gold medal given by Mr. J. C. McAndrew, value \$50; cash given by Mr. D. W. Cross, \$25; and five other prizes.

NAME.	Length of rod.	Weight of rod, oz.	Distance in feet.	Delicacy.	Accuracy.	Total.
H. W. Hawes.....	18	34	131	15	1	147
R. C. Leonard.....	18	37	129	14	2	145
Dr. A. D. Leonard.....	18	37	115	17	3	135
Ira Wood.....	18	32	106	20	0	126
Thos. B. Mills.....	18	34	103	14	1	118
Thos. J. Conroy.....	18	32	110	7	0	117
H. C. Thorne.....	18	37	96	10	0	106

Ira Wood led, and as in previous classes, the wind seemed to have a spite against those who cast first, for it moderated every time that he fouled his line or a tangle compelled him to stop, yet he beat his winning record of last year by eight feet and came in fourth, his delicacy being the best in this class.

H. C. Thorne came after Mr. Wood but was evidently a novice with a two-handed rod.

Mr. Mills essayed next and showed some very pretty casting although coming out fifth. He handles his rods, whether single or double handed ones, in a manner that shows his knowledge of the art.

Mr. R. C. Leonard won second with 129 feet, beating all previous records of the Association by five feet. It is always a pleasure to see Reuben cast, for his neat recovery and straight, clean delivery are things to be remembered.

Dr. A. D. Leonard astonished the audience with 115 feet, or within one of the record of R. C. Leonard in 1883, and won third. We thought his salmon casting exceptionally fine.

When Hiram W. Hawes was called to the score there was a crowding to the benches along the shore opposite that part of the line where the buoys bore large figures, and when after several trials he raised his flies from opposite the buoy, marking 125 feet, with an increased velocity, straightened them in the air behind without dropping them on the water and with a forward sweep laid them out a full foot beyond 130 feet, the spectators cheered and the record was beaten by seven feet.

Mr. Thomas J. Conroy handled his rod well, and in distance was the fourth, led only by Hawes and the two Leonards, and his 110 feet were cleanly laid-out. His points in delicacy and accuracy were not up to those of the others.

SINGLE-HANDED FLY-CASTING. CLASS D—EXPERT.

(This class was inserted in the score book after the list of classes and prizes had been published in FOREST AND STREAM. It is the light rod expert class, and is a most interesting one, and was only omitted by the prize committee at first because of lack of prizes to put in it.)

Open to all. Rods not to exceed 11 feet in length nor 5 ounces in weight. Scale as in Class A. Judges: H. P. Wells, L. Dinwiddie Smith; J. B. Stewart, referee. Prizes:

1. Cash given by Mr. Martin B. Brown..... \$25 00
2. Cash given by National Rod and Reel Association..... 12 00
3. One Leonard click reel in leather case, given by Wm. Mills & Son, 7 Warren street, New York..... 10 00
4. One Levison fly-book, given by Mills & Son..... 8 00
5. One year's subscription to the FOREST AND STREAM..... 4 00

NAME.	Length of rod.	Weight of rod, oz.	Distance in feet.	Delicacy.	Accuracy.	Total.
H. W. Hawes.....	10.3	5	76	20	22	118
R. C. Leonard.....	9	5	73	15	15	108
Thomas J. Conroy.....	10	4½	72	15	20	107
W. E. Hendrix.....	10	5	67	21	15	103
W. W. Abbott.....	10	5	67	15	20	102
M. E. Hawes.....	9	5	75	15	10	100
Thomas Prichard.....	10	4½	75	10	10	95
David Guthrie.....	10	4½	65	10	15	90

Mr. Leonard drew the first position, and his 78 feet was not exceeded; Hawes did not reach it by two feet, but led him five points in delicacy and seven in accuracy, beating him ten points. This has been the usual position of these crack casters, and it is thought that if Reuben Leonard had the knack of delivering the flies as gracefully as Hawes he would beat him nearly every time. Leonard looks to be the most powerful man of the two, as he undoubtedly is, yet the battle in fly-casting is not to the strong.

Thomas Prichard hardly came up to our expectations, for we had heard that his father, the famous "Harry," whose record of 91 feet with a single-handed 8-ounce rod has not yet been beaten at any tournament,* had been instructing him.

Thomas Prichard has a slight, boyish figure, and is hardly as large as Wallace Blackford, the thirteen-year-old boy who cast in the amateur classes. He looks to be about twenty-one years old, five feet high, and to weigh about ninety-five pounds. We say that he hardly came up to our expectations, for we looked to see him win first, and hoped he would, for our sympathies are always with a new man; yet he cast well, and while winning only seventh in a class of eight, on distance he tied M. E. Hawes, and was only second to the winner and R. C. Leonard. In the other points he was below all, as will be seen by the score. The champions may look out for quiet, little, unassuming Tom Prichard, for some day he will leave them behind.

Mr. Thomas J. Conroy next surprised the judges with a

*At the last tournament of English anglers, at the Welsh Harp, Prichard's figure was exceeded, but as the cast was made on the water and the line afterward taken on shore, stretched and measured, we cannot receive the record thus made as a valid one. Our men cast from a platform into the water, and the judges were in a boat and saw where the line dropped. Under the English mode, no doubt, some of the American casts would have exceeded 100 feet.

cast of 73 feet, for all knew that it is not two years since he first cast the fly in a tournament, and has only been allowed to enter in the "expert" classes because he is a dealer in fishing tackle, a cast-iron rule which was found necessary by experience.

Mr. M. E. Hawes, a new man, tied Prichard on distance and on accuracy, and led him on delicacy, winning sixth.

Mr. W. W. Abbott, another new face at these contests, also barred from amateur contests by Rule 2, cast very beautifully and won fifth. A stranger in the city, he won friends by his cordial manner, and he will be welcomed again.

Hiram W. Hawes won first again. He was below Reuben Leonard two feet in distance but led him twelve in the other points. Comment on his style is superfluous, it is simply perfect, yet we wish some one would beat him to break the monotony of his winning year after year.

Mr. Hendrix won the Amateur Class B in 1883 with 78 feet, rods not restricted as to weight, and in this contest tied Abbott with 67 feet, and won fourth with five leading him on distance.

Mr. Guthrie was another new man, and his casting was neatly done. He was not up to his competitors in any points, yet he showed that he was familiar with the principles of artistic fly-casting.

SECOND DAY.

The morning in the city seemed to promise a fine day after the rain which came at the close of the casting yesterday and moistened some of the party who left the grounds late. At Harlem Mere the wind gave a promise that the fly-casting records would not be broken, and the promise was kept. It blew almost a gale from the west, and it was proposed to place the contestants in boats and let them cast in shore, with the wind. It was decided to stretch the buoy line to the north, in the same direction as yesterday, and cast across the wind. As the black bass contest came first, it was hoped that the wind would abate, but it did not. It was decided to hold the latter on the water, but to cast the two following classes, *i. e.*, "Heavy Bass" and "Light Bass," on the land. These two classes are in the style of casting for striped bass (rockfish of the South), and differ only in the weight representing the baits used for fish from ten to sixty pounds on the coast, and for fish from two to ten pounds in the estuaries.

MINNOW CASTING FOR BLACK BASS.

This was a style of casting before unknown in the East and was made according to the rules and directions of Dr. James A. Henshall, who has tried to introduce it in former years. The contestants had provided themselves with the regulation rods, reels and lines, which had been thought by some of our correspondents to be restricted too closely. Nevertheless one of these, Mr. Levison, changed his rod so as to bring it within the rules and cast. The prize list contained eleven prizes. Originally it had three more, for Dr. Henshall had worked faithfully for them, but the prize committee doubted whether a sufficient number of entries could be had to take them all and obtained the donors' consent to change the three to other classes. The array of prizes was a great temptation to "mug hunters," and the entries were closed with six names without appeal for more, for there were prizes to the value of fifty-two dollars which were at the mercy of any duffer who could pay the entrance fee. The unclaimed prizes will revert to the Association and be offered next year. The prizes were all in fishing tackle and subscriptions to journals. The class was open to all and the rules restricted rods to not less than 8 nor more than 10 feet, nor less than 7 nor more than 10 ounces; reels to any black bass multiplying reel, but barred clicks, drags, or any device to control the rendering of the line except the thumb. Lines were restricted to No. 6 (letter H) braided silk, or No. 1 sea grass, or corresponding sizes of other material. The weight of the snker was one-half ounce; the cast to be underhand; each contestant to have five casts, the longest to count, and then five minutes for style and accuracy. The score to be as in fly-casting, *viz.*: Distance, the longest cast in feet; style and accuracy 25 points each. Judges: W. C. Harris, M. M. Backus; Rev. Henry L. Ziegenfuss, referee.

NAME.	Length of rod.	Weight of rods, oz.	Distance in feet.	Delicacy.	Accuracy.	Total.
Prof. A. M. Mayer.....	8. 9/16	8 3/4	97	25	15	137
H. W. Hawes.....	8. 1 1/2	7 3/4	95	20	12	127
Thos. B. Mills.....	8. 1 1/2	7 3/4	95	13	3	111
R. C. Leonard.....	8. 1 1/2	8	83	15	12	110
C. G. Levison.....	8. 1 1/2	8 3/4	80	14	8	102
Ed. Eggert.....	8. 3/4	8	70	13	4	87

Mr. Eggert cast first and came out last; he lacked the grace with which he casts the fly, and he did not come up to his competitors in points.

Mr. Hawes seemed well up in the new style as he followed Mr. Eggert, and we feared that he was going to win here and make the thing monotonous. Time proved—but, as the novelist says, "We anticipate."

Mr. Leonard followed Mr. Hawes, but did not reach him in distance nor in points.

Mr. Levison, in spite of his note in FOREST AND STREAM that he would not enter in this contest because of the weight of the rod, came to the score, and did well in the opinion of those who knew that the rod he used was new to him and that his summer's fishing and practice had been done with a heavier one.

Prof. Mayer next followed. He had been casting along the shore from favorable points, and many had remarked his grace and the ease with which he seemed to deliver his substitute for a minnow, but they had no means of judging of his distance. Many were surprised when they saw him lead them all on distance and also on delicacy and accuracy. For particulars, refer to the score above.

Mr. Mills cast neatly, as he does with the fly, and won third with a cast that equalled Hawes in distance, but he fell behind him in a contest for points.

HEAVY BASS CASTING.

Open to all. Rods not to exceed 9 feet, any reel, line not less than No. 9. Casts to be made with sinkers weighing 2 1/2 ounces; to be made in a lane 35 feet wide. Each contestant to be allowed five casts, his casts within the lines only to be measured, added and divided by five, and the result to constitute his score. The casts were made on land. Judges: William Dunning, Jas. L. Vallotton; Hon. H. P. McGown, referee. Prizes: Gold medal given by the National Rod

and Reel Association, value \$30, and five other prizes of tackle, etc. The following score is given in feet and inches:

NAME.	First cast.	Second cast.	Third cast.	Fourth cast.	Fifth cast.	Average.
J. A. Roosevelt.....	206	207	215 10	217	175.06	204.03
W. H. Wood.....	237	0	190	233 02		195
P. Eagan.....	137.03	112.09	115.07	112.10	124.06	119.02
Thos. B. Mills.....	150.03	117	127.01	157.18	0	110.05
R. C. Leonard.....	111.03	117.07	66.02	121.04	132.01	108.02

Mr. Roosevelt beat his winning score of 1882 by nearly 77 feet, and his winning score of 1883 by nearly 47 feet. He seems a sure winner in these contests, and should be a successful fisher for striped bass, as it is said that he is, for his distance and accuracy seem to excel.

All contestants in the above class were allowed to compete for the hat offered by Balch, Price & Co., of Fulton street, Brooklyn, the longest cast to win without reference to the lane, three casts each being allowed. It was won by Mr. Roosevelt with a cast of 214 feet 4 inches. The following is the score of this contest:

NAME.	First cast.	Second cast.	Third cast.	Longest.
J. A. Roosevelt.....	214.04	173.05	205	214.04
W. H. Wood.....	126.04	210.04	194.09	210.04
T. B. Mills.....	170	169.06	175	175
R. C. Leonard.....	134.09	145.08	170.03	170.03

LIGHT BASS CASTING.

Open to all. Conditions as in previous class, except that the sinkers shall be 14 ounces. Judges: Francis Endicott, S. M. Blatchford, Hon. H. P. McGown. Prizes: Gold medal given by the National Rod and Reel Association, value \$25; books, tackle, etc. The cast was made on the ground, as in the heavy bass contest:

NAME.	First cast.	Second cast.	Third cast.	Fourth cast.	Fifth cast.	Average.
H. W. Hawes.....	148.09	103	134.04	137 11	133.03	129.06
R. C. Leonard.....	142.07	115.09	135.11	145	99.01	127.03
W. H. Wood.....	70.08	0	183.03	0	147.11	80.05

SINGLE-HANDED FLY-CASTING. CLASS E—EXPERT.

Open to all. Rods not to exceed 11 feet 6 inches. Distance only to count. Judges: Dr. A. Ferber, A. P. Vreedenburgh; Louis B. Wright, referee. Prizes: Gold medal given by the Association, value \$25—cash \$15 and cash \$10, given by the Association, and minor prizes.

This is the champion class, and the wind dissipated all hopes of beating the record, for it blew across the course fiercely:

NAME.	Feet.	NAME.	Feet.
R. C. Leonard.....	83	Thos. B. Mills.....	70
M. E. Hawes.....	80	W. E. Hendrix.....	69
H. W. Hawes.....	74	W. W. Abbott.....	68
Thos. J. Conroy.....	71	Ed. Eggert.....	65
Thos. Prichard.....	70		

We have not the slightest doubt that had the wind been favorable, or had it been still, all records would have been broken. The cross wind seemed to affect Tom Prichard more than most of them, and we think he erred in casting parallel with the measuring line instead of on the upper side of it more into the wind. The consequence was that his line was often blown almost in shore. The gusts favored some of the men, but that is something that they must take their chances on, for the judges cannot take note of it. The dinner following the first day and the proceedings of the business meeting we give elsewhere.

THE ROD AND REEL ASSOCIATION.

AT the close of the first day's casting at Harlem Mere, a few members of the Association sat down to dinner in the Metropolitan Hotel, and enjoyed the good things that the house affords as only weary anglers can. After dinner the meeting was called to order by the president, who congratulated the members on the success of the first day of the tournament and on the attendance of so many ladies and gentlemen at Harlem Mere. He then announced that the election of officers for 1885 was in order.

Mr. Backus arose and said that as the present officers had given so much satisfaction, and that it was entirely through their labors, assisted by the committee to a certain extent, that the tournaments have proved so successful, he would propose that they be continued. Mr. Vallotton seconded the motion, and suggested that, as a matter of form, they be voted for separately. The following were elected:

President, Francis Endicott, Staten Island.
Secretary, Fred Mather, Cold Spring Harbor, N. Y.
Treasurer, James L. Vallotton, New York city.

Mr. Ira Wood said that he would call the attention of the Association to the fact that the change in the rules governing the scoring for accuracy this year were not, in his opinion, as good as those of last year. In previous contests a judge was allowed to decide upon this question to the best of his ability and give the contestant the figure which he thought he deserved, just as in the trials for delicacy. This year a rule required a contestant to make twenty-five casts for accuracy, and for each time the float was struck he was allowed one point. Under this rigid rule he had been forced to decide against his judgment in the case of Wallace Blackford, whose general accuracy was good enough to warrant the judges in giving him twenty points in Class A, when, as he only struck the float twice, they could only award him two. His line was laid along the float almost every time, while others who struck it oftener made some wild casts and did not average near as good. He hoped that this rule would be changed another year.

Mr. Hawes agreed with him, and the Secretary was ordered to make a note of this to present to the next Committee of Arrangements.

Mr. Mather regretted that Dr. Henshall was not present, and read a letter from him saying that he had made all preparations to come but was suddenly taken ill.

After an animated discussion between Messrs. Wood and Mather on the object of the tournaments, whether it was to make anglers or fly-casters, the meeting adjourned.

Fishculture.

THE AMERICAN FISHCULTURAL ASSOCIATION.

LETTERS READ.

THE RECORDING SECRETARY: Mr. President, I have received a telegram from Mr. W. F. Witcher, formerly Commissioner of Canada, in which he expresses his inability to attend this meeting, on account of family sickness. I have here many letters from members and others who regret their inability to be present. To read them all would consume the morning. I would, however, ask your attention to three of them. The first is from the father of American fishculture, who writes:

BEDFORD, Ohio, April 25, 1884.

DEAR SIR—I am in receipt of the announcement for the Washington meeting of the American Fishcultural Association to be held in May. My health is such that it is impossible for me to be there. I feel as much interest as ever in this important industry.

What a great debt our country and the world owe to Prof. Spencer F. Baird for what he has accomplished in promoting this industry.

I have no paper to be read on that subject at that meeting. I would be glad, however, if a correction is made in the report of the proceedings of the meeting of 1881. On page 42, under the head of "Fishculture in America," it is stated that my experiments were made in 1853, and that I read a paper before the Cleveland Academy of Natural Sciences, detailing my experiments, Feb. 14, 1854, which is correct. But it is further stated in the report that my paper was not printed until 1857, which is incorrect, and does me great injustice, as it gives Dr. Bachman four years of priority of publication (or record). My paper was published the month and year that it was read before the Academy, in the "Annals of Science," edited by Prof. Hamilton Smith.

I am writing, or trying to write, lying on my lounge, and fear you will find some difficulty in reading my letter.

Hoping you may have an interesting meeting, I am, dear sir, very truly yours,

T. GARLICK.

P. S.—The first edition of my book on fishculture was run through the *Ohio Farmer* in 1857. Prof. Ackley, my partner in the practice of surgery, never wrote nor published a line on the subject of fishculture.

The next letter comes from across the water, and asks that our notices of meetings be issued earlier. It is as follows:

BERGEN-OP-ZOOM, May 9, 1884.

To the American Fishcultural Association:

MR. CHAIRMAN—Marshall McDonald's letter came yesterday to hand, not leaving a ghost of a chance to get a hearing for what I might have to say in the meeting, either by mouth or by paper.

Please send in future communications for meeting, if possible, sooner, to this side of the great fish pond, to give us time to prepare if we have something to say.

I remain, dear sir, yours truly,

C. J. BOTTEMANNE,

Government Inspector of Fisheries.

The third relates to the lobster question. It says:

BOSTON, April 25, 1884.

DEAR SIR—I would say in reply to the circular received this morning that I regret that I shall be unable to attend the meeting of the American Fishcultural Association, which promises to be so interesting and instructive. And I earnestly hope the matter in which I am particularly interested (the best method for the preservation of lobsters) may be discussed and bring out the views of those familiar with fishculture and protection in its broadest meaning, for I am confident of its importance as compared with other branches of fishculture, and protection and its intelligent consideration will in the end be of great benefit to the people, for whose good the efforts of this Association are directed. With best wishes for a successful and profitable meeting, I remain,

Yours respectfully,

S. M. JOHNSON.

The SECRETARY then read the following letter:

WASHINGTON OFFICE

WORLD'S INDUSTRIAL COTTON CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION,
515 Fourteenth street.

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 13, 1884.

Mr. Marshall McDonald, Chairman, Local Executive Committee.

DEAR SIR—Permit me through you to extend to the American Fishcultural Association, an invitation to hold its next annual meeting on the grounds and in one of the buildings of the World's Industrial Cotton Centennial Exposition, to be held at New Orleans, beginning Dec. 1, 1884, and continuing for six months. Any time that your Association may designate for said meeting will be acceptable to the Directory, which I have the honor to represent. As there will undoubtedly be large displays of fishculture made by both the United States Fish Commission, and by the several States interested in this great food industry, I think your Association will derive both pleasure and profit by accepting this invitation. Be assured that the Executive Managers of the Exposition will do all that in them lies to make your annual meeting next year—if held at the Exposition—a great success.

Very respectfully yours,

E. A. BURKE, Director General.

Mr. Worth offered a resolution as follows:

Resolved, That if the United States Fish Commissioner makes a fishery display at the World's Exposition; that the fishermen of the country be requested to meet in convention the American Fishcultural Association there at its next annual meeting.

Dr. Hudson then offered:

Resolved, That the thanks of the visiting members of the American Fishcultural Association are hereby tendered to the various local committees for their cordial reception, and take this opportunity to express their appreciation of the efforts which have been made to render this fourteenth annual reunion the most successful since the organization of the Association.

The president announced that after adjournment the Association would call upon the President of the United States as had been arranged. On motion the Association adjourned to meet at the call of the Executive Committee. At 11 o'clock A. M. the members were introduced to President Arthur by Professor Baird. At noon Professor Baird convened a meeting of the State Fish Commissioners in the office of the assistant director of the Museum.

CARP ON LONG ISLAND.—We have noted the fact that the Ichthyophagous Club served carp from Prospect Park, Brooklyn. We have since seen a fish from the same waters which was only four years old and weighed nine pounds. It lay on the slabs at Mr. Blackford's, Fulton Market, where four years ago it swam with hundreds of its kindred, which were then about two inches long. No doubt carp culture will pay, to a limited extent, on Long Island, for the demand for the fish by the Germans, to whom it smacks of Vaterland, will consume a goodly quantity. On Monday last a Long Island farmer brought Mr. Blackford 100 pounds of carp which he had taken out because his ponds were too full of fish, and these were all sold within an hour.

PROF. GILBERT.—We learn that Professor Charles H. Gilbert, recently Instructor in Zoology in Butler University, Irvington, Ind., and well known by his labors in ichthyology with Prof. Jordan, has just been appointed Professor of Biology in the University of Cincinnati.

A timely book is Henshall's "Camping and Cruising in Florida." For sale at this office. Price \$1.50.—Adv.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

Dec. 16, 17, 18 and 19.—Third Bench Show of the Southern Massachusetts Poultry Association, Taunton, Mass. Wm. C. Davenport, Assistant Secretary.

Dec. 30, 31 and Jan. 1, 2, 1885.—Bench Show of the Meriden Poultry Association, Meriden, Conn. Joshua Shute, Secretary.

Jan. 10 to 14, 1885.—World's Exposition Bench Show, New Orleans, La. Mr. Chas. Lincoln, Superintendent.

Jan. 27, 28, 29 and 30.—Annual Bench Show of the New Brunswick Poultry and Pet Stock Association. Mr. H. W. Wisson, Secretary, St. John's, N. B.

March 3, 4, 5 and 6, 1885.—Second Annual Bench Show of the Cincinnati Sportsman's Club, Cincinnati, O. Charles Lincoln, Superintendent.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. —.—Third Annual Trials of the Robins Island Club, Robins Island, L. I. Open to members only. Mr. A. T. Plummer, Secretary.

Nov. 17.—Sixth Annual Trials of the Eastern Field Trials Club, at High Point, N. C. W. A. Coster, Secretary, Flatbush, L. I.

Nov. 17.—First Annual Trials of the Fisher's Island Club, Fisher's Island, N. Y. Open to members only. Mr. Max Wenzel, Secretary, Hoboken, N. J.

Dec. 2.—Second Annual Trials of the Pacific Coast Field Trials Club at Walltown Timber, Cal. N. E. White, Secretary, Sacramento, Cal.

Dec. 8.—Sixth Annual Trials of the National American Kennel Club at Canton, Miss. D. Bryson, Secretary, Memphis, Tenn.

Dec. 15.—Southern Sportsmen's Association Trials, Canton, Miss. Mr. T. K. Ronald, Secretary, New Orleans, La.

A. K. R.

THE AMERICAN KENNEL REGISTER, for the registration of pedigrees, etc. (with prize lists of all shows and trials), is published every month. Entries close on the 1st. Should be in early. Entry blanks sent on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope. Registration fee (25 cents) must accompany each entry. No entries inserted unless paid in advance. Yearly subscription \$1. Address "American Kennel Register," P. O. Box 2832, New York. Number of entries already printed **1644**. Volume I, bound in cloth, sent postpaid, \$1.50.

THE NEW YORK NON-SPORTING DOG SHOW.

THE first annual fall dog show of the Westminster Kennel Club, held at Madison Square Garden last week, although devoted mainly to non-sporting dogs, was a decided success. After a hurried glance at the dogs, we stated last week that the quality of the exhibit was better than we had before seen. A careful examination corroborates this opinion, and we congratulate the breeders and owners of the animals shown upon the manifest improvement that has been wrought within the past few years. This improvement extends to nearly all breeds, but is more apparent in the St. Bernards, mastiffs, collies and fox-terriers; each of these classes made a very good show of itself. Mr. Lincoln never managed a show to the better satisfaction of all concerned than this one. The benching of the dogs was admirable, the open benches being a great improvement upon the old style where each dog was in a stall by itself. The wire cages in which the small dogs were shown should be adopted by every show; they are open on all sides, and visitors have a much better view of the dogs than under the old plan. Better progress was made on the first day with the judging than has usually been the case. A still further improvement is called for, and we hope that the managers of all bench shows will seriously consider this question and decide to have all judging completed on the first day of the show.

One of the most important objects of the dog show is the education of the public as to the points and characteristics peculiar to each breed, and in no way can this object be attained better than by placing before them as early as possible the official opinion as to the relative merits of the animals exhibited.

The weather during the show was very good, except that there was one rainy evening. The attendance was not up to the mark of the spring shows, although it was very good and we presume sufficient to meet the expenses. All of the judges examined their dogs very carefully, and we are sure that their decisions were rendered impartially. Some of the decisions we could not agree with; our reasons will be found in our comments upon the dogs.

Mr. James Mortimer, of New York, judged the mastiffs, St. Bernards, fox-terriers, sheep dogs, bulldogs and bull-terriers; Mr. J. F. Kirk, of Toronto, Ont., Newfoundland, black and tan terriers, hard-haired Scotch terriers, rough-haired terriers, Dandie Dimont terriers, Irish terriers, Bedlington terriers, Skye terriers, Yorkshire terriers, toy terriers, King Charles spaniels, Blenheim spaniels, Japanese spaniels, pugs, Maltese terriers and Dalmatians; Mr. Joseph R. Pearson, of Buckingham, Pa., greyhounds, deerhounds, Italian greyhounds, and miscellaneous classes, and Mr. John G. Heckscher, of New York, poodles.

MASTIFFS—(MR. MORTIMER).

These grand dogs formed even a better class than those on view at the National Breeders' show, but they were scarcely handled in the same masterly manner. The judge, however, got through his work fairly well. In the champion dog class Hero II. had a walk-over, and his condition is better than we have seen it since he made his debut at the New Haven show last spring. Like his sire he is a big dog, with a good coat and color, and he stands well on his forelegs, which could be improved by more strength. He is not short or square enough in head, and is a trifle heavy in ears; he is also slack behind the shoulders, faulty in the pasterns, too thin in tail, and inclined to be leggy. In the ladies' class Dolly Varden had to stand down and make room for Princess Royal, a decision which we indorse. Dolly is not dark enough in muzzle or ears, neither is she blunt enough in muzzle. Her eyes, too, are light in color, and the superabundance of dewlap is a serious blemish. She is on the small side, but stands on the best of legs and feet, and has a fair good body. Princess, who by the way is a full sister of Dolly, has altogether a different type of head, and it is a better head. She too is not sufficiently dark in muzzle or ears, but is shorter and blunter in muzzle. But for being too much "dished" she would have a very good head. There is too much dewlap, but not so much as seen in her sister, and she is a bigger bitch, has fair length of body, and moves well. She was not in good condition.

Homier, in the open dog class, repeated his Philadelphia victory, and was well placed; he was fully described in our last issue. Next to him came Zulu, a dog with an entirely different type of head, and one we do not like. He is frog faced, has badly carried ears, and not being a big dog, we fail to see why his fairly good body should have got him so high on the list. After Homier we preferred Hector, Ilford Cromwell, and Hildebert. The last named is a fairly good young dog, a little leggy at present, a bit dished in face, and faulty in carriage of tail. He was not even commended, though he is decidedly better than others more fortunate. Hector is a nice little dog, good in coat and color. He has a good skull, but it is not blunt enough in muzzle, neither does he carry his ears *comme il faut*; we could also improve upon him at his shoulders and pasterns. Ilford Cromwell is spoiled by his very bad eyes, and though his muzzle is deep it is long. He is on the small side, and should be exhibited in better trim. Dan, c., is fiddle faced. Agrippa is good in body, but he lacks size, and is long in muzzle and faulty in ears. Duke of Kent is good in legs, feet and body, but he is snipy, heavy in ears, throaty, coarse in coat, and short in tail. Dred Lacks character, he is far too long from eyes to nose, and has little girth of muzzle,

his ears are badly carried. He is a fair sized dog and received his card on this account no doubt.

In the next class Lorna Doone, a handsome daughter of Crown Prince and Ilford Baroness, scored an easy win, and the issue was never in doubt. She is too small ever to be a really first class specimen, but she is a good bitch. Little fault can be found with her nice massive head, full of mastiff character as it is. Her color is of a high order, the black markings being dense in color and correctly distributed. True she is light in eyes and a trifle slack in the back, but these faults almost sink into insignificance alongside her many good qualities. Such is the good-looking daughter of the great Crown Prince. Queen II. came next, followed by Lorna Doone's sister, Liberty. A very critical report of these bitches appeared in our last issue. We would have given the third prize to Ayda instead of to Liberty, for reasons given in our report of the National Breeders' Show. Hebe is a nice type of bitch, but much too small. She has a nice, well-wrinkled head, the appearance of which is not improved by her heavy ears. Monmouth Meg did not deserve a card, being a poor specimen throughout, and not at all the equal of Juno, placed on equal terms with her, or Fairy, also commended. Juno has fair good head and ears, but is too small, whereas the daughter of Beau and Stella is a big bitch, too long in the muzzle, a bit light of bone, and high on the legs.

In the class for puppies under twelve months, the first and second prizes in each class were awarded to the Wilmavva Kennel, decisions we do not indorse. In the first place, these puppies were entered as a litter in Class 5, and, seeing that the rules of dog shows distinctly state that entries cannot be altered after they are received by the secretary, we fail to see why two of them were on the first day of the show transferred to Class 6 and awarded the prizes in that class. In the second place, the entrance fee for a litter of puppies is \$5, and if the puppies we allude to were allowed to compete separately the fees would be \$12 for the four puppies and \$5 for the balance, making in all \$17. If \$17 were not paid at the time the entries were made (in accordance with the rules of the show) we cannot see that the entries were valid. The dissatisfaction expressed was loud and prolonged, and we are certainly of the opinion that rules are useless unless enforced, or if they are carried into effect in some cases and disregarded in others. It is impossible for exhibitors to lodge a protest, seeing that one of the rules of the show requires that protests be lodged "immediately" after the awards are made, and immediately may be construed as meaning before the dogs leave the ring. It is to be hoped that the new association will take hold of such questions and bring impartial legislation to bear on them.

The prize winners in the class for dog puppies are little else than dwarfs if five months old, as represented in the catalogue. They are light in eyes, heavy in ears, and domed in skull. By far the best dog in the class was Vulcan, hc. He has a fair, good head, but is a bit heavy in ears; color, coat and bone good; legs, feet and body also good. Though but four months old, he is three times the size of either of the winners. Leo II. did not deserve the vhc. card, having a bad head and ears, and by no means a faultless body. The winning bitches have the same faults as the dogs, and outside the question of the legitimacy of the entries, we do not think they should have beaten the entries of Mr. Gregg or that of Mr. Mead.

ST. BERNARDS—(MR. MORTIMER).

A really good lot of St. Bernards faced the judge. The St. Bernard classes are now coming to be well filled, and seeing that the breed is not an easy one to adjudicate upon we would suggest the advisability of appointing a special judge. Strong classes call for the appointment of judges who have made a specialty of such classes, or for men who have owned, bred or successfully exhibited in them. That the judge worked hard and conscientiously we firmly believe, though several of the awards were not well made. The champion rough-coated class brought out the three cracks—Duke of Leeds, Bonivard and Hermit. Bonivard (the best of the lot) was withdrawn, and his kennel companion had no difficulty in beating Hermit, who was not in the best of condition. He has a fair good head, lots of bone, and stands on the best of forelegs and feet, but he has light eyes, is faulty in loin, and does not move well behind. The Duke is a big, fine dog, and claims a pair of forelegs and feet of the correct pattern. He has a good head, which, however, lacks expression, and he carries his tail too high. We would also prefer him with more coat. Nevertheless he takes rank among the best of his brethren, and is worthy his distinguished position.

Gertie, in the corresponding bitch class, had matters all to herself. Lady Abess being on vacation; she is a nice bitch, good in length of body, legs and feet. She is a bit cheeky, snipy, carries her tail too high, and would be none the worse with more coat.

The open dog class introduced to us a truly grand dog in Mr. Fred W. Rothera's Otho. He is one of the grandest fronted dogs we have ever seen. His head is a study and his forearm we have never seen surpassed, he is also an immense upstanding dog. His faults lie behind his last rib; he stands too straight behind, and carries his tail, which is not long enough, too high; a few inches more in length of back would also improve his appearance. He is only a young dog and being of such large proportions he is not yet at his best, and will not be until he is three years old. We predict for him a brilliant future. Caesar, faulty at both ends, came next, followed by Dare, a well built young dog, possessing capital legs and feet, but snipy and light in eye. Samson took the reserve card, he and Caesar were fully described in our last, as was also the he. Rene. Bernard is faulty in loin, coat and stifles.

Rhona won again for Mr. Hearn in the next class, a decision we cannot indorse. In the first place she is undershot (a serious fault), is short in head and heavy in ears; her hindquarters stand considerably higher than her shoulders, and she carries her tail too high. We should have placed Stella first. She is good in body, legs and feet, and is a taking-looking bitch. She carries her tail a bit high, is snipy, and would be improved by more coat; her gait, too, is not of the best, but we thought her points the best bitch in the class. Empress does not possess the necessary markings for a winner, is plain in head, light of bone, and would do with more coat. In body and hindquarters she is good. Regie is light of bone, snipy, out at elbows, slack in back and faulty in feet, hind parts fairly good. A much better bitch is Norah, c., with her fairly good head and general proportions. She is light of bone and her markings are not good, but she deserved a better fate.

The rough puppies were not good classes. Bonaparte has some good legs and feet to commend him, but how about that tail? Filibuster is a well-grown youngster, faulty in muzzle and tail. Joyeaux must have considered himself in luck's way with the vhc. card; he was not, in our opinion, worth notice. Esme, the winning bitch, is never likely to develop into a show dog, and the same may be said of Spiranza. The prizes should have been withheld in this class.

The smooth-coated champion Don II. is a very good dog; good muzzle, body, legs, feet and size. His high-carried tail is his worst fault, and we would prefer him shorter on the leg, and with a stronger forearm.

In the bitch class Lella of course won. She is a magnificent specimen, and the St. Bernard does not live in America that can beat her. Her head is perfection; we have never seen its equal, and in body, legs, feet and size she has few equals. We fail to see more than one fault in her—a badly carried tail.

St. Botolph in the open dog class deserved the winner's card. He is good in head, legs, feet and body, but is a bit straight and weak in the stifles and faulty in tail. Verone, placed second, we thought very lucky. He has just a fair head and plenty of bone, but is hollow in the back and crooked in forelegs. He was not in good condition. Royalist we do not like, though he is of fair size and stands on good legs and feet. We do not like either his head, tail or stifles. Second prize

was, in our opinion, easily secured by Guard. He has a good body, fair head and ears, also good legs and feet. He curls his tail, which is his worst fault. Gluck is too small. Don Pedro is good in body, legs and feet, but faulty at both ends.

In the bitch class Daphne won first, and we venture to say will never again repeat the performance over such a bitch as Her Majesty, who had the easiest possible win. This is a really good bitch and beats Daphne all over, excepting in bone, and in this respect Daphne has the best of it. She beats Daphne all to pieces in head, ears, body, tail and size; there was nothing in the class to approach her let alone beat her. Nestor, in the dog puppy class, should have won easily enough. He is good in body, legs, feet and color, but is fine in muzzle and straight in the stifles. The winner has a plain head, carries his ears badly, and lacks St. Bernard character. Rector II. has the fault of his sire, but he is a big, well-grown puppy, possessing a good body. We preferred him to the winner. We do not know why Valentine, Jr., got a vhc. card. He has a very bad head, ears and hind parts, and is cock-eyed. We should not have given him a card. Ion is straight and weak in stifles and is undershot, which we believe to be very serious faults. As the winning puppies were only two months old, we will not enter into a criticism of them.

NEWFOUNDLANDS—(MR. KIRK).

We are sorry to find these handsome and intelligent dogs not to be making the slightest improvement, and on this occasion there was not a good one on view. Major, the winner, is of fair size and has a good coat, but his ring tail and faulty head will keep him back in good company. He shows the haw, which is a serious fault. Sam is too curly and carries his tail up too high, and Ben is not a show dog. Juno is faulty in head and ears, and Nellie is much too curly. Jumbo has a grand dignified head, but it is not the head of a Newfoundland. The awards in these classes were properly distributed.

GREYHOUNDS—(MR. PEARSON).

In the class for champion dogs there was the usual meeting of Friday Night and Bouncing Boy. Friday Night won, but we cannot tell why, seeing that the same judge put Bouncing Boy before him last spring. The decision is the more unaccountable when we call to memory the fact that when Bouncing Boy won he was in very poor condition, only having left the steamer a few days before he was shown, whereas on this occasion he was looking well. Perhaps the judge will kindly explain the inconsistency of the award. There were no champion bitches, and in the open dog class the blue ribbon was given to Dell, who lacks liberty behind and is not good in head. Master Donald, strong in head, heavy in shoulders and straight behind, came next, but we preferred the vhc., Doubleshot, notwithstanding his bad feet and lightness of bone. The class was a poor one. In the bitch class the recently imported Mother Demdike had a clear win, and although she is a good bitch, and is unquestionably the best of her breed in the country, we must confess that she does not fulfil our expectations. She has a splendid head, which could only be improved below the eyes, and there but a trifle. Her eyes might, to advantage, be smaller and darker. She has a long, well shaped and well placed neck, but we would like to see it a bit cleaner. In chest, loins and feet she is very good, and she shows considerable muscular development behind; her tail, too, is first-class, and her gait is perfection, and unless she can go out of slips at a rattling pace, her looks belie her. Her worst fault is a deficiency of bone in the forearms, and she is a bit flat in the back. Begonia came next, but we do not know why, for at the last New York show the same judge withheld the prize from her for want of merit. On that occasion School Girl won, now School Girl is put behind Begonia, though shown in better condition. The judge will perhaps explain his reasons for reversing his decisions. Honor Bright was outclassed in this company. Outside the question of her size, she is plain in head and heavy in shoulders.

DEERHOUNDS—(MR. PEARSON).

The champion class was divided for dogs and bitches, Roy and Lorna II. being the winners. Roy is faulty in ears, expression, bone, second thighs and coat. He is just a fair specimen. Lorna II. lacks size, is faulty at the shoulders and stily behind; legs, feet, coat and head fairly good. In the open dog class Mac had an easy win, and is the best dog in the country that we have seen. He is a bit weak in the pasterns and would do with another rib. We did not like Bruce for second, as he is soft in coat and weak in the quarters. Our choice was Spring, vhc., who has a fair, good head, but is a trifle soft in coat and light in second thighs. Borva is short in coat and woolly, and not entitled to the vhc. card. The bitches and puppies were a wretched lot and call for no comment.

FOX-TERRIERS—(MR. MORTIMER).

In the champion dog class old Brokenhurst Joe was awarded the prize. In our opinion he should never have been entered for competition, let alone have been awarded the prize. Every dog has its day, and Joe has had his. In loins and hindquarters he has gone all to pieces, and his mouth is finished. His faulty feet and lack of bone—faults of his youth—have been intensified with age, and he should be withdrawn. To perform the work of a terrier a dog must have a sound mouth to commence with, or how can he draw his game? Dogs should be judged according to what they are, not what they were or what they should have been. Joker is growing cheeky and lacks expression. His legs and feet are good. No champion bitches were shown. In the open dog class premier honors were given to Belgrave Primrose, a decision we cannot indorse. He stands on the best of legs and feet, and has plenty of bone, but his long, open coat, plain, expressionless face and badly carried ears and tail should always keep him back in good company. Scarsdale, placed second, was in his proper place; and then followed Baby Tyrant, who should have won with consummate ease. As one of the best judges in the country put it, "he is worth more than all the other dogs in the class put together." A full description of this dog and Scarsdale appeared in our last issue. Buff has seen his best days, and was not worth a card in his present condition. Warren Jim is too leggy and long cast, faulty in feet and wanting in expression. In head and coat he is fairly good. Grover is a weed and did not deserve his card in such company. Dick is too large, short in face and wide in skull. His legs and feet are good. Brokenhurst Spice II. has a plain head, but his legs, feet and coat are the correct thing. Sancha did not deserve a card, being soft in coat, leggy, shallow, sheepish in expression, and faulty in loins. Jack, not noticed, is a better dog, though he is strong in skull and weak in jaw. We do not like the winner in the bitch class as she is prick-eared, plain in head, and slack in the back. Viola, placed second, is too light, wide in chest, round in skull, and long in back. She does not carry her ears well, but we think her a better bitch than Dance. Clover Belle is long in the back and weak in jaw. Jaunty, one of the best in the class, was not noticed. Vixen did not deserve a card, she has some nice black and tan markings which appear to have covered a multitude of faults. This was a poor class. Whitehorn beat Tyke in the wire-haired class, and properly so. He is at present out of coat, is cheeky, a bit light of bone, and not so good in feet as he should be, but he won well. Tyke has grown all to pieces and is not the Tyke of old. The puppy classes were a failure both in numbers and in quality. As will be gathered from our criticism, the fox-terrier classes were not well judged.

SHEEP DOGS—(MR. MORTIMER).

The collies were a grand lot all through, many of the best kennels being well represented. Mr. Mortimer handled them fairly well. In the champion class Robin Adair was alone, Lorne not putting in an appearance. We first saw Robin at Washington, in March, 1883, shortly after his arrival in this country, and although he was not in good condition, we

Scholes's Bessy, black and tan, 2yrs. 6mos., (imported Nep—Imported Topsey); 2d, John Hammond's Cuss, black and tan, 3yrs.

HARD-HAIRED SCOTCH TERRIERS.—OPEN.—1st, John H. Naylons Bessie, black, 4mos.; 2d, John Hammond's imported Scotch, blue tan, 4mos.

ROUGH-HAIRED TERRIERS.—OPEN.—1st, A. Priestly's Sir Garnet, blue and tan, 2yrs. (Brack—Gipsy Queen); 2d, L. B. Wright's Vic, red, 3yrs. (O'Shea's Billy—Lady).

DANDIE DINMONT TERRIERS.—OPEN.—1st, Robert Hume's Kelpie, pepper, 3yrs. (Badger II.—Gipsy); 2d, withheld. Com. Thos. H. Bell's Peel, pepper, 2yrs. 3mos. (Hubble—Mint); R. P. Palmer's Wasp, pepper and salt, 3yrs. (Darkie—Nell).

IRISH TERRIERS.—OPEN.—1st, Lawrence Timpon's Sheila (A.K.R. 187); 2d, J. Coleman Drayton's Slasher, whelped in 1882 (Fury—Spuds). High com., Daniel D. Lawlor's Nellie, red, 18mos.

BEDLINGTON TERRIERS.—OPEN.—1st, John F. Scholes's Blucher, silver, 2yrs. 6mos. (Winon's Peachon—J. A. Baldy's Jess); 2d, John F. Scholes's imported entry.

SKYE TERRIERS.—CHAMPION.—Wm. P. Sanderson's Jim (A.K.R. 128).—OPEN.—1st, Wm. P. Sanderson's Souter Johnnie, light blue, 3yrs. 7mos. (Birkey—Highland Mary); 2d, Wm. P. Sanderson's Queen Mab, dark blue, 5yrs. (Tommy—French); 3d, Geo. Sanderson's imported Fauny, steel gray, 4yrs. Very high com., Geo. Sanderson's imported Watty.

YORKSHIRE TERRIERS.—OVER 5LBS.—OPEN.—1st, Mrs. H. A. Kisteman's Charlie, blue and tan, 18mos.; 2d, J. F. Campbell's Dandy, blue and tan, 2yrs.; 3d, Mrs. H. A. Kisteman's Beady, blue and tan, 2yrs. Very high com., J. R. Gildersleeve's Roger, blue and tan, 4yrs. (Ben—Minnie); John Marriot's Jim, blue and tan, 3yrs.; J. F. Campbell's Charlie, silver gray, 4yrs. High com., John Marriot's Charlie, blue, silver and tan, 3mos.; H. F. Vogt's Reddie, blue and tan, 2yrs.; Barney, silver, blue and tan, 16mos.; J. F. Vogt's Reddie, blue and tan, 2yrs.; A. Kisteman's Jim, blue and tan, 18mos.; Com. John Hammond's Mat and Lillie, blue, tan and golden fawn, 20mos.; J. R. Gildersleeve's Willie and Prince, blue and tan, 18mos.; and 2yrs. F. L. Vogt's Charlie, blue and tan, 1yr. (Reddie—Nellie).—UNDER 5LBS.—1st, Mrs. H. A. Kisteman's Lass, blue and tan, 2yrs.; 2d, Mrs. H. A. Kisteman's Bright, blue and tan, 20mo.; 3d, John Maddox's Daisy, blue and tan, 17mos. (Warrant—Highland Mary); 4th, J. F. Campbell's Dot, blue and tan, 2yrs.; 5th, John Hammond's Teddy, blue and tan, 2yrs. High com., Wm. Hales's Dandy, blue and tan, 22mos. (Huddersfield Ben—Foster's Crack); J. R. Gildersleeve's Spider, blue and tan, 2yrs. (imported Duke—Imported Lady); Mrs. H. A. Kisteman's Nellie, blue and tan, 1yrs. Com., Mrs. John Cotter's Bright, blue and tan, 2yrs. (Charley—Beauty).

TOY TERRIERS.—ROUGH-COATED, OTHER THAN YORKSHIRE, UNDER 5LBS.—1st, John Hammond's imported Dot, blue and tan, 11mos.; 2d, Mrs. H. A. Kisteman's imported Lillie, white, black and tan, 18mos.—SMOOTH-COATED, UNDER 5LBS.—1st, J. Maddox's Dot, black and tan, 16mos. (Trickey—Nellie); 2d, L. H. Johnson's Bull, black and white, 1yr. (Cinch—Dolly). Very high com., Henry Lucas's Daisy, black and tan, 18mos. (Barney—Gypsy). High com., John Hammond's imported Tiney, black and tan, 6mos.

KING CHARLES SPANIELS.—BLACK AND TAN.—OPEN.—1st, John Parker's Floss, whelped 1882 (Duke—Lady); 2d, A. W. Lucy's Silver King, 2yrs. (Lewis—Butcher's Lady). Very high com., John Parker's Major, whelped 1882 (Duke—Gypsy). High com., John Parker's Charlie, whelped 1882 (Ben—Littletan).—BLACK, WHITE AND TAN.—1st, Miss Maggie Parker's Cherry Ripe, whelped 1882 (Sir Charles Napier Lillian); 2d, Mrs. H. A. Kisteman's Smoke, blue, 18mo. Very high com., Mrs. A. W. Lucy's Investigation, tricolor, 18mos. (Napoleon—Butcher's Daughter). High com., A. W. Lucy's Storm Beaten, tricolor, 13r os. (Napoleon—Butcher's Daughter); John Hammond's Fannie, black, white throat, 2yrs. Com., John Hammond's Charley, black, tan and white star, 4yrs.

BLENNHEIM SPANIELS.—OPEN.—1st, Miss Maggie Parker's Violet, orange and white, whelped 1882 (Prince—Countess of Whiddison); 2d, Miss Maggie Parker's Rhebus, red and white, whelped 1882 (Prince—Queen). High com., Mrs. A. W. Lucy's Rosie, red and white, 3yrs. (Prisk—Rose). High com., Mrs. A. W. Lucy's puppies, red and white; John Parker's Charlie, red, whelped in 1881 (Prince—Violet).

JAPANESE SPANIELS.—OPEN.—1st, Mrs. Eugene Clark's Koba, black and white, 2yrs. (Charles—champion Flo); 2d, Charles E. Pratt's Flo, black and white, 5yrs., (imported from Japan). Very high com., John Hammond's Nellie, black and white, 2yrs. Com., John Marriot's Jap, black and white, 18mos.

PUGS.—CHAMPION.—Dog: Mrs. Geo. H. Hill's Joe, fawn, 4yrs. 6mos. (champion Comedy—Clytie). Bitch: Mrs. R. N. Knight's Effie, stone fawn, 3yrs. 6mos. (Banjo—Zoe).—OPEN.—Dogs: 1st, Mrs. Chas. Wheatleigh's Tu-Tu (A.K.R. 1283); 2d, Briarcliffe Kennel's Wally of Briarcliffe; 3d, withheld. High com., Briarcliffe Kennel's Buffy of Briarcliffe; James B. Reddie's Sambo, fawn, 3yrs.; Cheneassett Kennel's Treasure, 17mos. (Fritz—Banjo). Com., W. Knight's Don Juan, 3yrs. (Comedy—Chloe); B. G. Burdett's Nig, 3yrs. 6mos.; F. S. Dillthey's Charley, 2yrs. 6mos.; Andrew Ludwig's Punch, 1yr.; Walter D. Peck's Napoleon; Walter Brockway's Pug, 1yr. 6mos.; Mrs. Marie E. Salter's Patcho, 1yr. Bitches: 1st, Andrew Wenner's Gypsy, fawn, 3yrs. (Black Diamond—Bessie); 2d, Mrs. Chas. Wheatleigh's Victoria (A.K.R. 1284); 3d, T. H. Love's Hossy, 3yrs. 6mos. Very high com., Walter D. Peck's Beauty (A.K.R. 1280). High com., Miss Alice Morley's Ducho, 3yrs. 6mos. (Duke—Judy). Com., Cheneassett Kennel's Victory, 7mos. Young Toby—Daisy. Puppies: 1st, John Fred Schenk's Chokra, 9mos. (Tim—Duchess). Very high com., Charles E. Loeffler's Ben Butler, 9mos. (Jumbo—Polly Beck). High com., Andrew Wenner's three puppies, 6mos. (Punch—Gypsy); Harold H. Oddie's Betsy, 6mos. (Munro—Peggie); C. DuBois Wagstaff's Zoe, 9mos. (Sambo—Topsey). Com., Andrew Ludwig's Lottie, Nellie, Edith, 8mos. (Duke—Judy). High com., Eugene Wachner's imported Belle, white, 1yr. High com., J. R. Gildersleeve's Sam, black and white, 9mos.

MALTESE TERRIERS.—Absent.

ITALIAN GREYHOUNDS.—1st, Mrs. Annie M. Kramer's Romeo, fawn, 20mos.; 2d, Mrs. Annie M. Kramer's Babe, fawn, 4yrs. Very high com., Miss Florence De Lara Fibel's Gipsy, fawn, 3yrs.

POODLES.—BLACK.—Dogs: 1st, Miss Work's imported Rajah II., 4yrs.; 2d, Miss C. L. Ryder's Nigaud. Very high com., Miss Woerz's Punch, 2yrs. High com., E. Berry Wall's Bonhomme, Prescott Lawrence's Sweep. Bitches: 1st, withheld; 2d, E. Berry Wall's Mignon, 3yrs. Very high com., E. Berry Wall's Mignonette. OTHER THAN BLACK.—Prizes: 1st, withheld. Very high com., Eugene Wachner's imported Belle, white, 1yr. High com., J. R. Gildersleeve's Sam, black and white, 9mos.

DALMATIAN.—Prize withheld.

MISCELLANEOUS (OR FOREIGN CLASS).—OVER 25LBS.—(Not specified in the above classification). LEONBERGS.—1st, Miss Anita E. Evans's imported Marco, white, 8yrs.; 2d, Fleetwood Kennel's Trump, fawn, black and white markings, 3yrs. BERGHEUNDS.—Very high com., W. A. Furcron's Dan, tawny, 1yr. (imported Max—imported Plockie. GREAT DANES.—2d, Daniel D. Lawlor's Leo, gray and black, 3yrs. MEXICAN HAIRLESS DOGS.—1st, Mrs. Hubert Foote's Leo Too, black, 3yrs. 6mos.; 2d, Isaac V. Hunt's Jerry, dark mouse, 2yrs. 3d, Esquimaux, 2d, Surgeon Ames's (U. S. N.) Zampa and Schneller.—UNDER 25LBS.—1st, J. W. Clarke's Cafe-au-Lait, brindle, 1yr. 6mos.; 2d, Wm. Easton's Judge, brindle, 1yr. 10mos. (Jones's Bruno). Very high com., George Sealey's imported Dynamite (North of Ireland terrier), light yellow, 3yrs.; John B. Morris, Jr.'s Dutchy (Daehsund), brown, 4yrs.

SPECIAL.—1st, Capt. A. S. Williams's Nigger Jim, the great police dog.

SPECIAL PRIZES.

A.—Deerhound challenge cup, did not fill.
B.—Best deerhound dog, William D. Whipple's Bruce.
C.—Best deerhound bitch, J. E. Thayer's Lorna II.
D.—Best mastiff, Ashmont Kennel's Lorna Doone.
E.—Best collection of collies, Thos. H. Bell's.
F.—Best rough coated St. Bernard, E. R. Hearn's Duke of Leeds.
G.—Best smooth-coated St. Bernard, E. R. Hearn's Lella.
H.—Best greyhound, H. W. Smith's Mother Demdike.
I.—Best deerhound, the Clovenhook Kennel's Roy.
J.—Best fox-terrier, Prescott Lawrence's Brokenhurst Joe.
K.—Best sheep dog, the Kilmarock Kennel's Bruce of the Fyde.
L.—Best bulldog, J. B. Thayer's Bellissima.
M.—Best bull-terrier, R. & W. Livingston's Grand Duke.
N.—Best Yorkshire terrier, Mrs. H. A. Kisteman's Lass.
O.—Best pug, Mrs. Geo. Hill's Joe.
P.—Best mastiff, the Ashmont Kennel's Lorna Doone.
Q.—Best Newfoundland, J. H. Phelan's Major.
R.—Best mastiff puppy, Winlaw Kennel's unnamed.
S.—Also a special collar by Mr. J. G. Heckscher to Capt. A. S. Williams's police dog Nigger Jim.

ST. JOHN DOG SHOW.—The New Brunswick Poultry and Pet Stock Association will hold their annual bench show at St. John, N. B., the last week in January. Mr. James Mortimer, of New York, has consented to act as judge. The secretary is Mr. H. W. Wilson, St. John, N. B.

EDINBURGH BENCH SHOW.

[From our Regular Correspondent.]

The Scottish Kennel Club held their fourth exhibition of sporting and other dogs, in the Waverley Market, Edinburgh, on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, the 7th, 8th, 9th and 10th of October. The total entry list amounted to 650, which made a good display, but the Waverley Market could accommodate 2,000 dogs without in any way interfering with the comfort of the exhibitors or the available space required for the visitors.

The judges were Mr. Gresham for St. Bernards, mastiffs, Newfoundland, bloodhounds, bulldogs, Italian greyhounds, pugs, litter of puppies and selling class; Mr. Asley, fox-terriers, bull, black and tan and smooth-haired terriers, toy terriers, toy spaniels and variety classes; Mr. Bishop, deerhounds, greyhounds, retrievers, setters, spaniels and sporting puppies; Dr. Dames and Panmure Gordon, Esq., collies; Mr. Cunningham, Scotch terriers and Skyes; Mr. Mather, dandies; Mr. Ross, Bedlington and Irish terriers; Messrs. Ross and Mather, litters of puppies.

The committee only got possession of the market at 11 o'clock on Tuesday; and when we say that all the dogs were comfortably benched and judging commenced a few minutes after 2 o'clock, and was all finished between 6 and 7 o'clock the same evening, we consider we can speak no more plainly as to the abilities of the honorable secretary and the staff under him. Messrs. Spratt were intrusted with the feeding of the exhibitors.

In St. Bernards, Lord Byron II. has a good head, color and marking, but is wavy coated and rather smaller than those placed over him. Mr. Kaye's exhibit is small but of fair type. Storm King, a white and red dog, is of good size, and has an excellent body, feet and legs, but is deficient in character and seems quarrelsome. Bayard was looking well, and won first. Glacier, who took second, is not improving. Faust, a full brother to Glacier, we consider the better dog of the two, if in condition. In bitches the well-known Elfreda won, though sadly out of coat at present. Second was a good-headed bitch, but rather wavy in coat. Khiva, looking well, came third.

In mastiff dogs The Prince, well known, won, followed by two fair specimens. In bitches Crown Prince once more came to the front, second prize going to a very good-sized bitch, not so short in face as some. Third prize was taken by a leggy bitch with a good short face, bad eye and expression, and her color is almost red, not fawn.

Newfoundlands were a very fair collection. King Bruce, second prize, was much the largest shown, and plenty of quality for his size. First and third were more of one type and smaller than King Bruce. Bitches were moderate, except in deer.

In deerhounds, dogs, Chieftain, who was looking well, won. He has improved very much, and his color is now a good blue, while some time back it was almost gray, and it also seems of a much better quality than formerly. Both second and third were good specimens, the latter a red. In bitches Beatrice won first. She is light in color and body. The second prize winner was shedding and out of coat. Third had a good coat, though rather short.

In bloodhounds Dido was an easy first.

There was a moderate collection of greyhounds, the second prize, Rose Marie, being the pick of the lot.

In pointers Quickshot was first, and also divided with the fox-terrier Richmond Delta, the president's cup for best sporting dog. He is a liver and white, with not a very good head, but a strong workman-like dog, to our mind coarse throughout. In pointer bitches the first prize winner was a lemon and white, rather snipy, and fine all over. The second is liver and white and has a bad expression and is broad in chest. There was a very good black bitch shown, which was for a considerable time during the show credited with second.

The setter judging seemed to give a good deal of dissatisfaction and it was the pretty general opinion that the third prize, liver and white, Young Rock III., was one of the best dogs in the show, and that he and his brother, Osman VI., should have been first and second, with Glaingair third. The actual winner is red and white, very shelly in body, light of bone and narrow as to his quarters.

In spaniels, the winner in Clumbers was rather short in body. In blacks, first was Solus and second a very good black bitch by Solus; third was Beverly Blanche, a very good specimen and well known. In liver or Sussex spaniels, first went to Guy, who was looking well. In "any other" variety, the black and white Beauty II. won easily.

Collies came out in large numbers, but quality was conspicuous by its absence. Clearly Scotland is not the best place to go to for a collie, as when the English entries were taken away the remainder looked a very poor collection. Eclipse won in champions and in open class Scottish Hero won, and we consider him about the best in the show. Second was a black, white and tan dog Course, Bronze, third, was a fair sable tan dog, who might have been second. The first prize bitch Amy, was a very nice specimen. Taking the collies as a collection, we heard well-known exhibitors and fanciers pass an opinion that there were not over three collies in the show whose market value exceeded £30.

In champion fox-terriers, Darkie beat Baby Nailer, and we think correctly. The winner in open dogs is not quite sweet in face, but stands upon good legs and feet, with good neck and shoulders, and good coat. Second, a lemon-marked dog, was rather cobby. In bitches Delta won easy, with Pie, a very good one, bar her ears, second.

Jack Frost, the winner in wire-hairs, is a good one, but might have better hindquarters.

In bulldogs, first was a good-bodied dog and had a good skull, though he might be better before the eye. Second was a very good brindle bitch, but was in bad condition.

Bull-terriers were a large class. The winners were well placed, and were all fairly good specimens fit to show and win in any company.

There were two good classes of Irish terriers containing good quality, all the winners being well known.

Scotch terriers were small classes, and contained only about five or six moderate good specimens. The awards seemed to give general satisfaction.

In black and tan terriers there was also an amount of quality. The dog class was pretty well judged, and the same may be said of the bitches, except that Mr. Gray's Dinah ought to have been first; the others in the order placed.

All the winners in the Skye classes were good specimens, and the first prize dog in the drop ear class, which we consider should have been first, is in our opinion about the best Skye we have seen, and we understand he changed hands at a long price during the show.

Dandie Dinmonts were a poor collection, especially the bitches.

Bedlingtons were pretty well handled, except that the second and third prize dogs might have exchanged places. The first prize winner was well ahead of the others. First in the bitch class was remarkably good in head, but deficient in coat and color.

In toy terriers, The Conqueror won well, but Sybil should certainly have been second. We consider her one of the best black and tan toys we have in England, while the second prize Mirian was a very moderate specimen of Yorkshire.

In toy spaniels nothing really good was shown.

There were a few very good Italian greyhounds, and pugs, except the first and second prize winners, the latter for preferences, we consider the others below the average.

In variety class, over thirty pounds, a moderate black poodle and a baset bound were placed equal first.

In variety class, under thirty pounds, a Pomeranian, baset and a Paisley Skye were equal first.

There was nothing in the puppies that requires notice, and the selling class was, as usual, all sorts, all sizes.

The attendance was good, although the weather was rather unfavorable, and we hope it will prove a financial success to the promoters. Below we give the principal

AWARDS.

ST. BERNARDS.—Dogs: 1st, reserved cup and club medal, J. C. Macdonia (Bayard); 2d, E. Hodgson (Glacier); 3d, H. C. Joplin (Faust); 4th, W. J. Orvin (Storm King). Bitches: 1st and club medal, H. C. Joplin (Elfrieda); 2d, L. C. R. Norris (La Mascotte); 3d, J. K. Kaye (Khiva).

MASTIFFS.—Dogs: 1st, J. Royle (The Prince); 2d, G. Benton (Guelph II.); 3d, J. W. Burton (Sebert). Bitches: 1st, J. Royle (Crown Princess); 2d, A. Morrison, Jr. (Queen Liberty); 3d, J. L. Fiddocks (Greece).

NEWFOUNDLANDS.—Dogs: 1st and club medal, T. E. Mansfield (Courtier); 2d, R. W. Moll (King Bruce); 3d, J. Stafford (The Black Watch). Bitches: 1st and club medal, T. E. Mansfield (Zoe); 2d, J. Tweedle (Ada); 3d, R. W. Moll (Queen Zoo).

ST. BERNARD, MASTIFF AND NEWFOUNDLAND PUPPIES.—1st, cup and medal, J. Eason (Sholto); 2d, J. C. Macdonia (Bega); 3d, W. Ralphy (Scotch Hector).

DEERHOUNDS.—Dogs: 1st, special and medal, H. C. Joplin (Chieftain); 2d, A. Maxwell & E. Cassel (Robin Gray); 3d, Lord A. L. Cecil (Glengarriff). Bitches: 1st, W. Gordon (Beatrice); 2d and club medal, A. Maxwell & E. Cassel (Minnia); 3d, E. W. Bell (Lady Boswell).

BLOODHOUNDS.—1st, J. C. Tinker (Dido); 2d, G. C. Urquhart (Leon).

GREYHOUNDS.—1st and club medal, A. R. Mackenzie (Little Sam); 2d, T. B. Swinburne (Rose Marie); 3d, R. Chapman (Self Defence).

RETRIEVERS.—SMOOTH OR WAVY-COATED.—Dogs: 1st and club medal, W. Irvine (Boston); 2d, W. Cockburn (Dan); 3d, W. E. Fraser (Nick). Bitches: 1st and club medal, Lord A. L. Cecil (Ruth); 2d, A. Whitelaw (Thyra II.); 3d, W. Telfer (Cora).—CURLY-COATED.—1st and club medal, T. B. Swinburne (Chicory); 2d and 3d, R. Chapman (Black Pearl and King of the Koffees).

POINTERS.—Dogs: 1st, President's cup and equal club medal, J. Shorthose (Quickshot); 2d, Rev. W. Shield (Fluke); 3d, T. Garland (Russel). Bitches: 1st and special club medal, T. Garland (Countess of Glasgow); 2d, J. Shorthose (Lady Brecon); 3d, A. Whitelaw (Flora V).

SETTERS.—BLACK AND TAN.—Dogs: 1st and club medal, R. Chapman (Heather King); 2d, J. Drybrough, Jr. (Darnley); 3d, H. B. Gibb (Young Dash). Bitches: 1st and club medal, R. Chapman (Heather Beauty); 2d, W. Cockburn (Heather Bell); 3d, J. Drybrough (Daisy).—ANY OTHER VARIETY.—Dogs: 1st, special and club medal, J. Shorthose (Royal IV.); 2d, special, J. Shorthose (Rocky); 3d, J. Boyle (Glen Gairn); 4th, T. C. Garland (Young Rock III.). Bitches: 1st, J. Alexander (Ferne); 2d, H. Dundas (Belle of the Isle); 3d, J. C. Macdonia (Frog).

SPANIELS.—CLUMBER.—1st and a club medal, R. Chapman (Barney); 2d, W. E. Duncan (Duke I.); 3d, J. Russell (Sport).—BLACK—1st and special, J. Royle (Solus); 2d and club medal, J. Etchells (Alva Jet); 3d, J. Leiper (Beverly Blanche).—SUSSEX AND LIVER.—1st and club medal, S. M. Thomas (Guy); 2d, H. A. Timms (Nell); 3d, R. W. Young (Flora II.).—ANY OTHER VARIETY.—1st and club medal, J. Etchells (Beauty II.); 2d, V. Kitchingman (Katrine); 3d, A. Cochrane (Fan III.).

SHEEP DOGS.—CHAMPION: G. R. Krehl (Eclipse).—OPEN.—Dogs: Medal, C. D. Nairn (Chance III.). Bitches: Gold medal, J. Coalston (Hersel).—THAT HAVE NEVER WON THREE FIRST PRIZES.—Dogs: 1st, T. J. R. Homfray (Scottish Hero); 2d, R. Haig (Phulax); 3d, J. S. Exham (Bronze); 4th, M. H. Lowe (Trevor). Bitches: 1st, Rev. H. F. Hamilton (Amy); 2d, M. H. Lowe (Lilly); 3d, M. C. Ashwin (Oola W.); 4th, J. S. Exham (Elate).—CONFINED TO SCOTLAND.—Dogs: 1st, P. R. Currier (Tyneholm); 2d, special and medal, R. Haig (Phulax); 3d, J. Coalston (Flock).—SMOOTH: 1st and club medal, J. Young (Ferne Glen); 2d, J. Pollock (Fanny); 3d, J. Young (Jesse II.).—PUPPIES.—Dogs: 1st, J. Cowan, Jr. (Sir Stafford); 2d, N. McKelvie (Kilnephah); 3d and club medal, J. Young (Handy). Bitches: 1st, J. S. Exham (Elate); 2d, D. Wills (Lady Lizzie); 3d and club medal, R. Chapman (Discovery).

FOX TERRIERS.—CHAMPION: 1st and club medal, J. Russell (Darkie). Reserve, J. T. Openshaw (Baby Nailer).—OPEN.—Dogs: 1st and club medal, G. Raper (Baby Mixture); 2d, R. H. Cartwright (Compton Jack); 3d, G. J. Monson (Coalville Tartar). Reserve, R. Ferguson (Horizon). Bitches: 1st and President's cup, equal, G. Raper (Richmond Delta, late Delta); 2d, J. S. Exham (Pie); 3d, G. J. Monson (Douglas Tickle).—ROUGH: 1st and club medal and 2d, A. Maxwell & E. Cassel (Jack Frost and Tees Try); 3d, G. Raper (Ringleader). Reserve, E. Powell, Jr. (Finish).

BULLDOGS.—1st and club medal, W. W. Mackie (Tom Sayers); 3d, J. B. Morrison (Snider); 3d, J. Wilson (Crasher).

BULL TERRIERS.—1st, T. A. Hewitt (Murderer II.); 2d, I. Batensby (Neville); 3d, J. K. Kaye (Satyr). Reserve, J. W. Blench (Dutch Prince).

IRISH TERRIERS.—Dogs: 1st, W. Graham (Gifford); 2d, C. H. Buchsone (Buster); 3d, G. R. Krehl (Pagan II.). Bitches: 1st, G. M. Nicholson (champion Poppy); 2d, W. Graham (Gally); 3d, G. R. Krehl (Kitty).

SCOTCH TERRIERS.—Dogs: 1st, club medal and 2d, W. W. Mackie (Dundee and Dunara); 3d, Lord L. A. Cecil (Bodach III.); 4th, J. S. Exham (Elate). Bitches: 1st, club medal and Lord L. A. Cecil (Janet); 3d, W. W. Mackie (Glenog).

BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS.—Dogs: 1st and cup, J. Royle (Burke); 2d, G. Lodge (Debonair); 3d and club medal, S. M. Thomas (Black Kat). Bitches: 1st, Joseph Royle (Florence III.); 2d and club medal, S. M. Thomas (Wild Mite); 3d, G. Lodge (Lustrum Lady). Special and reserve, B. Gray (Dinah).

WHITE ENGLISH TERRIERS.—1st, C. F. Copeman (Leading Star); 2d, Mrs. M. A. Troughear (North Star); 3d and club medal, W. Ballantyne (Diamond).

SKYE TERRIERS.—PRICK-EARED.—Dogs: 1st, cup and club medal, J. King (Prince Charlie); 2d, A. Mitchell (Young Rob); 3d, R. Wardlaw (Prince Regent). Bitches: 1st and club medal, Mrs. Jacobson (Favorite); 2d, J. Munro (Nellie II.); 3d, J. R. Blackwood (Princess Toto).—DROP-EARED.—1st, M. Grettton (Kirk Elia); 2d and club medal, J. King (Strathmore); 3d, Mr. Jacobson (Blue Belle).

DANDIE DINMONTS.—CHAMPION.—1st and club medal, A. Stee (Linnet).—OPEN.—Dogs: 1st and cup, J. & C. Sheldon (Tiger); 2d, W. A. B. Compaix (Border Prince); 3d, J. J. Maxwell (Lad of Kyle). Bitches: 1st, J. J. Glover (Podgie); 2d, T. Maxwell (Mide); 3d, R. Jackson & Sons (Lomond Queen).

BEDLINGTON TERRIERS.—Dogs: 1st, A. Dodds (Hairdresser); 2d and club medal, W. Morris (Skymann); 3d, S. M. Thomas (Choker). Bitches: 1st and club medal, W. Morris (Bagatelle); 2d, A. Dodds (Tyneside); 3d, J. M. Wilson (Rennet Lass).

TOY TERRIERS.—1st, Mrs. M. A. Troughear (Conqueror); 2d, J. A. Wood (Mirian); 3d, J. K. Kaye (Sibyl).

KING CHARLES OR BLENNHEIM SPANIELS.—1st and 2d, R. Brand (Conrad and Bolton); 3d, Mrs. Frew (Frisk). Reserve, R. Brand (Sappho).

ITALIAN GREYHOUNDS.—1st and 2d, R. Grant (Violet and Lilly); 3d, Mrs. M. A. Troughear (Little Gem).

PUGS.—Dogs: 1st and special club medal, R. T. Linton (Victor II.); 2d, W. Griffiths (Shower); 3d, Mrs. M. A. Troughear (Lord Nelson). Bitches: 1st and special club medal, J. Leckie (Topsey); 2d and 3d, A. Peterson (Birkie II. and Flora III.).

ANY OTHER VARIETY.—OVER 30LBS.—Equal 1st, T. Wilkinson (Russian poodle Royal), and G. R. Krehl (Jupiter); 3d, J. R. Blackwood (Amstel).—UNDER 30LBS.—Equal 1st and club medal, J. King (Paisley terrier Lorne); equal 1st, J. K. Kaye (Scoff) and G. R. Krehl (basset bound Pallas).

PUPPIES.—SPORTING.—1st, H. A. Timms (Belle); 2d and club medal, R. Chapman (Heather King); 3d, W. Irvine (Iolanthe). Non-Sporting.—1st and club medal, W. Miller (Gulnare); 2d, J. Ewing (Error); 3d, W. Bailey (Fifehire Hero); special club medal, J. Eason (St. Bernards puppy); 4th, C. D. Nairn (Columbus); 5th, club medal, G. Watson, 2d, C. D. Nairn. Pugs.—1st, club medal and 2d, R. T. Linton.

SELLING CLASS.—1st, V. Kitchingman (Kidnapper); 2d, A. Pratt (Porfiricoda); 3d and club medal, G. Raper (Rambler).

THE NATIONAL FIELD TRIALS.

THE entries for the All-Aged Stakes of the National American Kennel Club Field Trials, to be run on quail, closes next Saturday, Nov. 1. Purse \$500, with \$250 to first, \$150 to second, and \$100 to third. \$10 forfeit, which must accompany entry, and \$15 additional for starters. The trials will commence on Monday, Dec. 8, at Canton, Miss. The judges are Major J. M. Taylor, Lexington, Ky., Hon. J. M. Thompson, Covington, La., and Mr. I. R. Stayton, Pittsburg, Pa. Secretary, Mr. D. Bryson, Memphis, Tenn.

"Training vs. Breaking," by S. T. Hammond, kennel editor of this journal, is creating a revolution in the practice of dog training in this country.—Adv.

THE AMERICAN KENNEL CLUB.

THE adjourned meeting of the National Bench Show Association was held at Madison Square Garden, Wednesday evening, Oct. 22. Mr. Elliot Smith, of New York, called the meeting to order. Mr. E. G. Dixon, of Philadelphia, was appointed temporary secretary. It was voted to call the association The American Kennel Club. The Committee on a Constitution and By-laws submitted their report, which was read, and after some changes and additions had been made, the constitution, by-laws, rules and regulations, which will be found below, were unanimously adopted. The following named gentlemen were chosen as officers for the ensuing year: For President, Major J. M. Taylor, Lexington, Ky.; First Vice-President, Mr. Elliot Smith, New York; Second Vice-President, Mr. Samuel Coulson, Montreal, Canada; Secretary, Mr. Edward S. Porter, New Haven, Conn.; Treasurer, Mr. G. N. Appold, Baltimore, Md. Following is the

CONSTITUTION.

This Association shall be called "The American Kennel Club."

ARTICLE I.

All regularly organized Clubs or Associations of the United States and British American Provinces, under whose auspices Bench Shows or Field Trials of dogs have been held, or which have been formed wholly or in part for the purpose of holding Bench Shows or Field Trials, shall be eligible to membership.

ARTICLE II.

The object of the Association shall be to secure uniformity in rules governing Bench Shows and Field Trials, the revision of standards, the decision of such appeals as may be taken from the decisions of the managers of Bench Shows and Field Trials held by the members of this Association, and the preparation and enforcement of such rules and regulations as shall be required for the punishment of all cases of improper conduct on the part of the managers, judges, or exhibitors at any Show or Trial held by the members of this Association; also the advancement of fellowship and a higher standard of action among Breeders, Exhibitors and Sportsmen.

ARTICLE III.

The members of the Association shall be represented at each meeting by delegates whose appointment shall be certified to in writing by the secretaries of the several members, which certificate shall be delivered to the Secretary of this Association.

The delegates need not necessarily be members of the club or clubs they represent, and the delegate or delegates may represent several members.

ARTICLE IV.

The Association shall be governed by a President, a First Vice-President, a Second Vice-President, a Secretary, a Treasurer and an Executive Committee.

ARTICLE V.

The President, First Vice-President, Second Vice-President, Secretary and Treasurer shall be elected at the annual meeting, and hold office until the next annual meeting and until their successors are elected.

The same individual may be elected as Secretary and Treasurer.

The Executive Committee shall be composed of the President, Vice-Presidents, Secretary and Treasurer, and of so many individuals as there shall be clubs or associations members of this Association. The several members of the Executive Committee other than the President, Vice-Presidents, Secretary and Treasurer, shall be elected by the several members of this Association, and their election certified as in the case of delegates; the certificates shall be delivered to the Secretary of this Association at least two weeks in advance of the annual meeting. They shall hold office as provided in the case of the President and other officers.

Each of the officers shall be at the time of his election a regular member in good standing of one of the clubs or associations of which this Association is composed.

ARTICLE VI.

The President, and in his absence, the First and Second Vice-President shall preside at all meetings of this Association and of all committees of which he shall be a member.

The Secretary shall take and preserve minutes of all meetings, notify members of their election, conduct the correspondence of the Association and perform such other duties as are usual.

The Treasurer shall receive the funds of the Association and disburse the same under the direction of the Executive Committee.

The Executive Committee shall conduct all the business of the Association except such matters as shall appertain exclusively to the duties of the other officers.

All officers shall serve without compensation.

ARTICLE VII.

There shall be an annual meeting of the Association in the spring of each year. The time and place shall be selected by the Executive Committee and notice sent by the Secretary to each member of the Association at least four weeks prior to the date of holding same.

ARTICLE VIII.

The President may at any time and must on written demand of any three members of the Association, call a special meeting thereof. A notice for a special meeting shall specify the time and also the purpose for which it may be called, and such a meeting shall not consider or take action upon any matter other than that specified in said notice. He cannot, however, be compelled to summon the members to more than one special meeting in any calendar month.

ARTICLE IX.

The Executive Committee may conduct its business by correspondence among its members without assembling under such rules and provisions as may be provided by the By-Laws.

ARTICLE X.

At any meeting of the Association five members shall constitute a quorum.

ARTICLE XI.

At any meeting of the Executive Committee five shall constitute a quorum, except when voting on admission of members.

ARTICLE XII.

Clubs eligible to membership must be proposed by a member of the Executive Committee and elected by that committee. Two negative votes shall exclude the candidate.

ARTICLE XIII.

This Constitution may be amended at any regular or special meeting of the Association upon the vote of two-thirds of the members represented thereat. Written notice of the proposed amendment shall be given to each member at least two weeks prior to the date of the meeting. All election of officers shall be by ballot, a plurality of votes shall be sufficient to elect.

BY-LAWS.

I. The order of business at all meetings of the Association and of the Executive Committee shall be:

1. Election of officers.
2. Secretary's report.
3. Treasurer's report.
4. Reports of committees.
5. Election of members.
6. Miscellaneous business.

II. The Executive Committee shall appoint from its members a Committee on Credentials, whose duty it shall be to in-

vestigate the qualifications of any candidate for membership and report the same to the Executive Committee. They shall also appoint from their own number a Committee on Discipline, whose duty it shall be to investigate all complaints and protests which may be made to the Association and report their finding, with such recommendation as they may desire, to the Executive Committee. They shall also appoint as many committees as they may deem desirable to revise and adopt standards for all breeds of dogs. In appointing such committees they shall not be confined to members of the clubs and associations forming this Association. The President shall be *ex-officio* a member of all special committees except Committees on Standards.

III. In all business of the Executive Committee when conducted by correspondence, the proposer or initiator of any resolution or other business shall deliver to the Secretary of the Association a written statement of the resolution or other business which he desires to have considered by the committee, together with as many copies thereof as there are members of the committee. The Secretary shall thereupon deliver to each member of the committee one copy thereof, accompanied by a notice that the member addressed must within one week return the same with a written approval, disapproval, or proposed amendment, or be deemed to have approved thereof. In case any member of the committee prepares an amendment, he shall forward to the Secretary as many written copies thereof as there are members of the committee. The Secretary shall deliver them to the several members with a notice as above provided. Upon the expiration of the period provided for in the said notices the Secretary shall deliver to the President the entire correspondence with a report detailing all that has been done in the matter, whereupon the President shall make such ruling as may be demanded by the circumstances and notify the Secretary thereof. He may, if deemed desirable by him, direct further correspondence or call a meeting of the committee. The Secretary shall enter upon his minutes a full report of the proceedings.

RULES AND REGULATIONS.

1. The term dog where used in these rules is general in its application, and includes bitches unless they are otherwise mentioned.

2. All dogs entered for competition or exhibition only shall be entered in the name of *bona fide* owner. Such entries must be identified by name of dog, its age, and, if known, the names of its sire and dam; if the name of a dog which has won a first prize has been changed, its name at the time of winning and every such prize, and the place thereof, as well as its present name, must be given. If the names of its sire and dam are not known, it may be entered "Pedigree unknown."

3. If a dog shall be entered without being identified, as directed in Rule 2, it shall be disqualified from competition.

4. Puppies may compete in grown classes, except in classes where they are specially excluded, and will be judged as if matured.

5. A dog which has when a puppy won a first prize in a puppy class, is not thereby disqualified from competition in a class where first-prize winners are excluded.

6. Dogs can be entered for the special prizes when eligible, but they must in all cases be previously entered in their regular class.

7. No dog can be entered for competition in more than one regular class.

8. A dog to compete in the champion class must have won three first prizes in open classes at Bench Shows given under the auspices of clubs, members of this Association. And a dog having won three first prizes at above shows cannot compete in an open class when there is a champion class for its kind, but must compete in such champion class.

9. A dog to compete in the extra champion class must have won two first prizes in the champion classes at shows recognized in Rule 9, but it must have at least two competitors to advance its standing, otherwise it wins the prize alone. A dog having won two first prizes cannot compete in a champion class when there is an extra champion class for its kind, but must compete in such extra champion class.

10. A dog affected with mange or other contagious disease shall be disqualified from competition, and may, at the discretion of the Managers or Superintendent, be removed from the show. A competent person shall be appointed by the managers to pass judgment as to the disease of dogs.

11. In any class where there is one or more dogs entered, the judge shall award the prizes only according to merit, withholding such as his judgment dictates.

12. The decision of the judges will be final in all cases, except where mistake, fraud, misrepresentation or collusion can be shown. In any such case the Managers, or such referee as they may appoint, must decide all cases, and the dog may be rejected.

13. All disputed questions, except those of merit, in any way connected with the judging, will be referred to, and be decided by, the Managers.

14. No question involving the merit of a dog to receive a prize can be brought before, or be determined by, the Managers.

15. All protests and charges must be made in writing, and be delivered to the Managers or Superintendent as soon as possible after the awards are made.

16. The Managers will meet daily to receive complaints, and must decide the same as soon as practicable thereafter during the show.

17. Any person who misconducts himself or herself, or has misconducted himself or herself in any way in connection with dogs, dog shows, or field trials, may, in the discretion of the Managers, be disqualified from exhibition or competition at these shows. Such disqualification shall be recognized by all the members of this Association, and such person can only be reinstated by the club or association disqualifying him or her. The person disqualified may appeal to the Executive Committee.

18. The Managers or Superintendent shall have the right to exclude or remove any dog from the show for any cause appearing to them to be sufficient.

19. The Managers or Superintendent will use due diligence for the care and safety of all dogs exhibited. Watchmen will be kept on duty day and night, but it must be distinctly understood by all exhibitors that the management will not be responsible for loss or damage to any dog exhibited, whether the result of accident or other cause.

20. It is desired that with each entry the exhibitor will state the price for which he will sell his dog. A prohibitory price will be permitted. All transactions must be between the owner or his representative and the purchaser. The Managers or Superintendent, unless requested, will not interfere nor assume any responsibility in the matter.

21. An entry fee of will be charged for each dog entered, and it must in all cases accompany the entry. It includes care and feed for dogs during the exhibition.

22. All entries must be made on blanks furnished by the Superintendent, and can be had on application at his office.

23. The entries close on and as soon thereafter as practicable each exhibitor will receive a ticket of identification, and a numbered tag corresponding with the stall number of his dog. When the dog is brought to the exhibition hall the tag must be attached to the collar, and the person accompanying the dog must show his ticket of identification before the animal will be received. Therefore, exhibitors

are requested not to lose their tags, nor to put them on the dogs, when practicable, until just before presenting them at the door. In case of dogs coming by express, the tags must be firmly nailed to the crates.

24. Each exhibitor will receive a ticket of identification for all dogs entered, which must be carefully preserved, as no dog will be permitted to pass out of the building at night until its owner shall deposit \$5 and surrender this ticket to the check clerk, both of which will be returned on the return of the dog next morning before 9 o'clock. If prize winners are taken and not returned, the prizes awarded them will be forfeited.

25. No dog will be received unless supplied with a suitable collar and chain.

26. The show will be open from 9 A. M. to 10 P. M. each day.

27. The judging will commence promptly each morning at 10 o'clock, or sooner if practicable, and continue until 1 o'clock, and also from 2 P. M. until 6 P. M. During these hours no dog shall be taken from its stall, not even by its owner, and if any dog is not found in its stall when called for by the judge, the judging will proceed without it. This rule will be rigidly enforced that the judging may not be retarded. Owners are requested to be near their dogs, and when the class is called to bring their animals into the judging ring. In the absence of the owner, attendants will take the dog into the ring.

28. Notice of the awards will be attached to the stalls of the prize winners as soon as practicable after the awards are made.

29. Exhibitors will be furnished with a season ticket free.

30. No dog can be permanently removed from the building except by consent of the Managers or Superintendent.

31. Dogs shipped by express must be prepaid and have a label stating from whom shipped, also name of station and express company that they may be properly returned.

32. Previous prize winnings, pedigrees or other mention, shall not be posted in kennels of prize winning dogs until after their respective classes have been judged.

33. Each member of the Association shall appoint their judges, arrange prize lists, form of catalogues, assume its own financial responsibility and arrange such other details as may properly come under its individual management.

34. Other rules and regulations not inconsistent with the constitution and by-laws may be adopted by the members of this Association.

BENCH-LEGGED BEAGLES AT PHILADELPHIA.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your issue of Oct. 2, Mr. Pottenger Dorsey asks you to correct the mistake in special class EE, at our late bench show. You add that the mistake probably is owing to a clerical error of the steward. As I acted as such for Dr. Downey, the mistake is not mine nor the club's. Dr. Downey took the numbers himself from all the dogs awarded prizes in the classes he judged, while I acted as steward. I took the number from the judge's book while he held it, and in no case did I give the number of any prize winners to the Doctor. I received a letter from the Doctor asking me to call the attention of the club to the matter, which I did at the regular meeting, Oct. 7. The books were asked for, and it was found in the judge's book (Dr. Downey's) in his own handwriting, in special class EE, that he had awarded the prize to No. 389. In the steward's book, it was found in his handwriting the same. The club said they could do nothing. The judge had awarded the prize, and that if it was a mistake the club did not make it and could not alter the record of a judge. It was agreed to let it remain as it is, and I was instructed to so state to the parties interested. I wrote Dr. Downey and Mr. Dorsey about it.—W. H. ASHBURNER.

IMPORTANT SALE OF MASTIFFS.—Dr. L. S. Forbes Winslow, of London, Eng., will sell by auction through Messrs. Cook and Smith on Thursday Nov. 20, his entire kennel of mastiffs. This is a rare opportunity to secure some of the best bred as well as the best looking specimens of this noble breed, and one that is not likely to occur again for a long time. Crown Prince, Maximilian and Rosalind constitute a trio that cannot be beaten and we have no doubt that the bidding will be spirited. We would much like to see all of them come to this country and hope that some of our fanciers of the breed will have the pluck to secure at least one of them. Several other well bred ones will be disposed of at the same time. Further particulars are given in the advertisement of Messrs. Cook and Smith.

THE WESTMINSTER KENNEL CLUB gave an entertainment last Saturday on the opening of its new club house at Babylon, Long Island. It is proposed next year to construct a new set of kennels on an approved plan.

No MEDICAL EXAMINATION is required to take out an accident policy in the Travelers, of Hartford, Conn., granting a sum of money weekly while disabled from an accident injury, and principal sum in case of death resulting therefrom.—*Adv.*

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

AN OFF-HAND CLUB.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The general decadence in off-hand rifle shooting in New York and vicinity has been so marked as to call for editorial notice in your columns.

The growing apathy has been a source of regret to all lovers of the sport, and a remedy is much to be desired. The New York Rifle Club is probably, numerically, the strongest organization in this neighborhood, but even with us it has been impossible at times to fill a match requiring only five entries. That this lack of interest is purely local is evident when we consult the weekly "Range and Gallery" columns of your paper. For instance, I find in your last issue that the small city of Manchester, N. H., has a rifle club that can (and what is more important, does) turn out fourteen first rate shots, and could probably turn out more. There seems no earthly reason why we should not do at least as well here. Some half dozen of the most active members of the New York Rifle Club have put their shoulders to the wheel and hope to form the nucleus of a future off-hand club. The expenses of such a club as we propose need not be at all large, being confined to the actual cost of targets, markers, etc. We know that by offering a large prize list we can secure the attendance of a goodly number of muge-hunters, or that by having a keg of beer at the firing point, we can attract another class of shooters like flies around a sugar bowl. But the affiliation of neither of these classes is desired. We have secured a convenient and accessible, covered 300-yd. shooting ground in Morrisania, for the winter, leaving the question of an outdoor range in abeyance till spring. And we feel sure that it only needs the hearty co-operation of all those in this vicinity actively interested in off-hand shooting to make the proposed club an assured success. Communications and suggestions from all who love the sport for its own sake are earnestly solicited.

JAMES DUANE.

MOTT HAVEN, Oct. 25, 1884.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

A CALL FOR VOLUNTEERS.—The committee appointed by the National Rifle Association to consider the subject of a return military rifle match at Creedmoor in 1885, between the British Volunteers and American National Guardsmen, request that all riflemen who feel disposed to compete for places upon the American team, in case the match should be decided upon, would address its Secretary, Mr. James Duane, No. 31 Chambers street, New York city. The Committee particularly request the co-operation of all rifle associations and military organizations, as well as of individuals riflemen throughout the country, so that proper representation may be secured from all sections, and would be glad to receive suggestions from any quarter,

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ROSSER'S "LAW OF STORMS."—We have received from the publishers, Messrs. Norie and Wilson, a little book by W. H. Rosser entitled, "The Seaman's Guide to the Law of Storms," giving the theory of the law of storms, with much practical information concerning them.

HEAVY VERSUS LIGHT CENTERBOARDS.

other hand, in cooes a great weight is carried in the form of center board, either one or two being used, without any evil results, and in fact the boats are more easily handled in the form of a center board craft of moderate proportions, with success. The advantages of "outside," or rather low and concentrated weights, are clearly proved as regards most types of boats, but the question of the effect on shoal water craft is yet undecided, and we shall be glad to hear from others who may have tried such experiments. The old idea of making a boat "lory" of weight duly immersed, being detrimental to speed, and similar fallacies, are pretty well exploded, and the benefit of low ballast, as a rule, is conceded in practice by those who nominally deny it; but the question is still to be determined whether there are exceptions to this rule, and if so, what they are.

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while Routier (who is very slight) handled a weapon which must have weighed about 11 pounds, and his cartridges—with many of which he

theory of the law of storms, with much practical information concerning them.

SMALL CRUISING BOATS.

THE pleasure navy of this country includes an innumerable variety of craft from the delicate birch of a few pounds weight to the stately steam yacht, every variety of out-door sport being fully represented; the canoe or dugout, the sinkboat, sneakbox, houseboat and steam launch of the hunter, the numerous rowing and sailing craft of the fishermen: the shell, the gig and the barge, together with a vast number of less elegant craft used by the oarsmen; the handsome and swifty fleet whose emblem is a paddle; the sailing fleet, the little cutboat, the spider-like catamaran, the large number of small yachts of various types, the sloops, cutters and schooners of the racing fleet; and of late years, a rapidly increasing fleet of steamers of all sizes and models, from the puffing, pretentious little dinghy, to the queenly Namouna; but in all this fleet there is one class that of late has come into more general notice, and in the future promises to take an important place of its own, that as yet is little known and poorly represented, the small cruiser in which two or three may travel by oar or sail, in safety and comparative comfort.

Cruises of this kind have until recently been little known in this country. Prior to the war the interest in athletic sports was very slight, and the charms of an out-door life but little appreciated by the young men of the cities, and during the war there was no time for such development, but the last decade has seen a marked improvement. People are learning the importance of play; baseball, cricket, football, tennis, archery, rowing and racing, bicycling, canoeing and yachting are recognized as important factors in the development of the perfect man—though like other good things, subject to abuse—in communities where once they would not have been tolerated. The busy men of to-day, in all their rush and haste for fortune, are having the lesson of the absolute need of rest and relaxation forced on them, as one after another succumbs to overwork and the diseases consequent on a sedentary life, and are forced to recognize the fact that the men who do the best work, and do it the longest, are those who do not devote every waking moment to the "street" or the office, but who find time for a pull on the river, a few miles on a wheel, a restful hour over a spruce paddle, or a day to windward on the bay or sound. The patrons of out-door sports form a very large and rapidly growing army, recruited from all ages and stations, and the manufacture of the various implements of their sports constitutes no small portion of our industries.

A very large division of this army find their amusement on the water in different forms, and to meet their requirements the various craft have been developed to a high standard of excellence; for the racers, the light cedar, or paper shell boat, the fast open boat and catamaran, the racing sloop, cutter and schooner; for the hunters, boats and implements suitable to their sport; for the larger cruisers, the schooner or steam yachts; but when it comes down to the smaller boats, the list is much shorter.

Some fifteen years since, a party of gentlemen desirous of taking a summer cruise up the Hudson, could find nothing better for their purpose than an ordinary open rowboat of fairly good model, but still poorly adapted for such a trip. They made the cruise, however, from New York to Albany, and enjoyed it so much that they cast about for a better craft for more varied cruises. Their attention was drawn to a new craft that had just come into prominence in England under the title of canoe. They made inquiries, obtained the lines of the craft, several were built and imported, and with the formation of the New York C. C., the sport was inaugurated in America. Its subsequent growth is well known; canoeists have penetrated every portion of the country, they have a strong and vigorous organization devoted to their interests, to collecting information, securing recognition and rights to members, aiding cruisers of all kinds, while with them camping and cruising is reduced to a science, and their boats are marvels of completeness and excellence. Canoeing fills the wants of a very large class, but from the canoe to the cruising yacht, even of moderate size, is a long step, the first cost jumps at once from one or two hundred dollars to up in the thousands, while the current expenses increase in like ratio.

There are many more who do not care for so small a craft as a canoe, and who on the other hand cannot afford an outlay of \$500 to \$1,000 per year for a yacht, but who would like to take their outing in the shape of a cruise if a suitable boat were available. They have at their disposal the tribe of rowboats, good for many purposes, but most unfit for theirs, and on the other hand, the nearest approach in the shape of a sailboat has been heretofore the well known catboat, say 16 to 18 ft. wide, shoal, with centerboard, open cockpit, and cat rig, good for its purpose of short sails in light weather, and having the advantage of light draft, but on the other hand, very unsafe, a bad sea boat, the rig not adapted for cruising, hard to steer, with little or no stowage room, and no sleeping accommodations. Many cruises have been made in such boats for want of better, but they are badly suited for the purpose. Besides these are the sneakbox and sharpie, both used sometimes for cruising, and above them comes the small cabin boat, like the catboat, wide, flat, dangerous, useless in a sea, poorly rigged, and of limited accommodations. These comprise the boats within the reach of those who wish to cruise as comfortably as possible at a small expense.

Now, let us see what is necessary or desirable in such a craft, large or small, between the canoe and the yacht of say 30 ft. water-line, which is as large as most amateur sailors will care to cruise in without a hired crew. Speed we will put out of the question, as of little importance at present compared with other matters, but safety comes first of all. The smaller boats, of course, cannot be made non-capsizeable, but much may be done by a suitable model and ballast to render them practically safe in that direction, while they may be infinitely superior in rough water to the ordinary open boat, especially when the latter has to reef. All experience points to what may be called the canoe model, both ends pointed, a proportion of beam to length of $\frac{1}{4}$ to 1-6, bold sheer, long flat floor, good freeboard and a comparatively large depth, as the best boat for such purposes as we are concerned with. To this family belong the whale boats, the galleys of the Vikings, many modern life and surf boats and ship launches, most seagoing mores, the Norwegian pilot boats, Block Island fishing boats, and some of the vessels of the early settlers of America; all boats designed for easy performance in rough water and many of them capable of developing a good rate of speed. The ballast should be of iron or lead, the latter being better and cleaner, but more expensive, and should be as low as practicable. The rig should be so divided as to be easily managed by one man if required, and capable of being quickly and surely reduced to meet any emergency.

To obtain comfort, there must be some provision for sleeping, with a suitable shelter, and also ample and convenient storage room for clothes, bedding, provisions and other necessities, with apparatus for cooking.

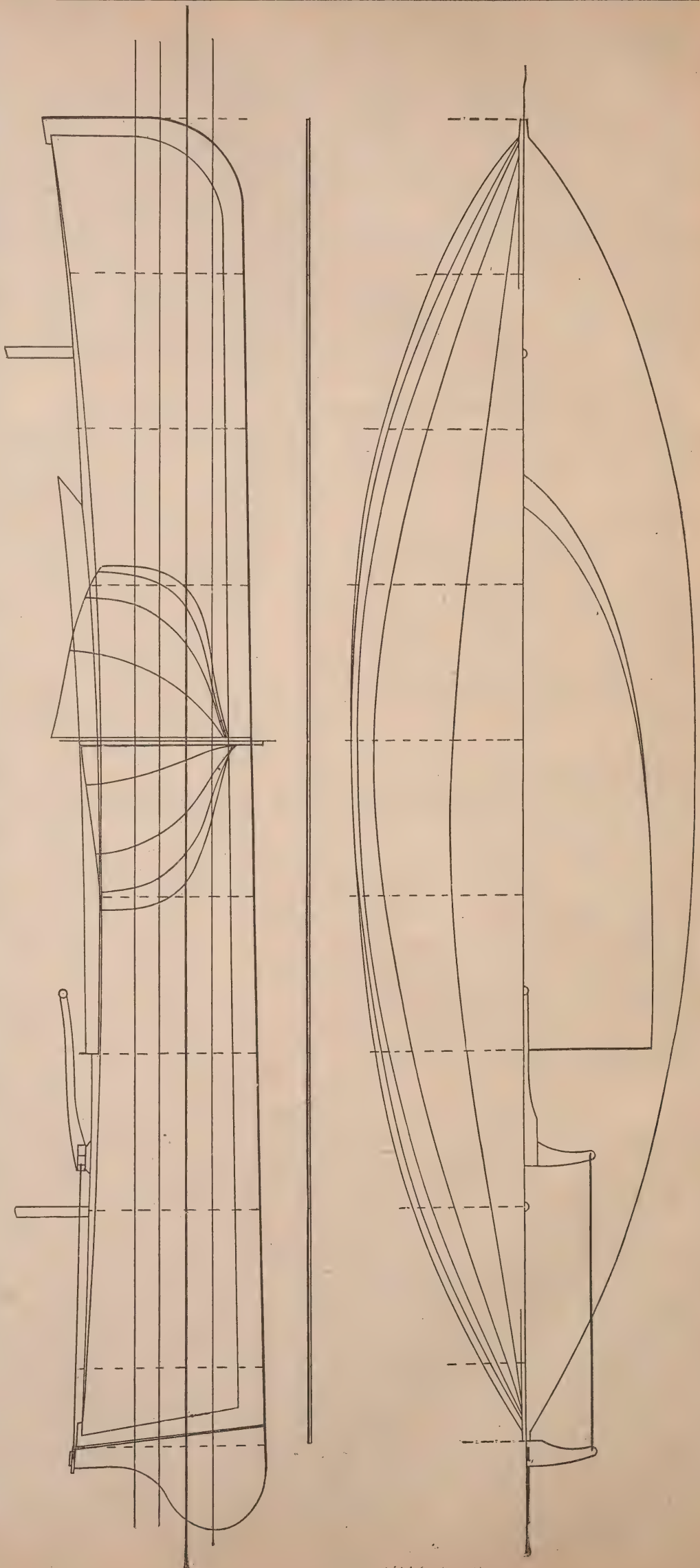
Provided with a suitable boat and equipment, a party of two, three or four congenial companions will find no limit to the cruising grounds at their disposal, or to the amount of hearty, healthy sport they can, at small cost, enjoy. What may be done has been told many times in books: the "Vacation Cruises" of Prof. J. T. Rothrock; "Cruises in Small Yachts and Big Canoes," by Mr. Speed; Bishop's and MacGregor's books—the latter by far the most charming of all the list, and responsible for the making of more canoeists and cruisers than any other agency; the cruises of the Orion, Leo, Kate, Silver Cloud, Freycen and many others.

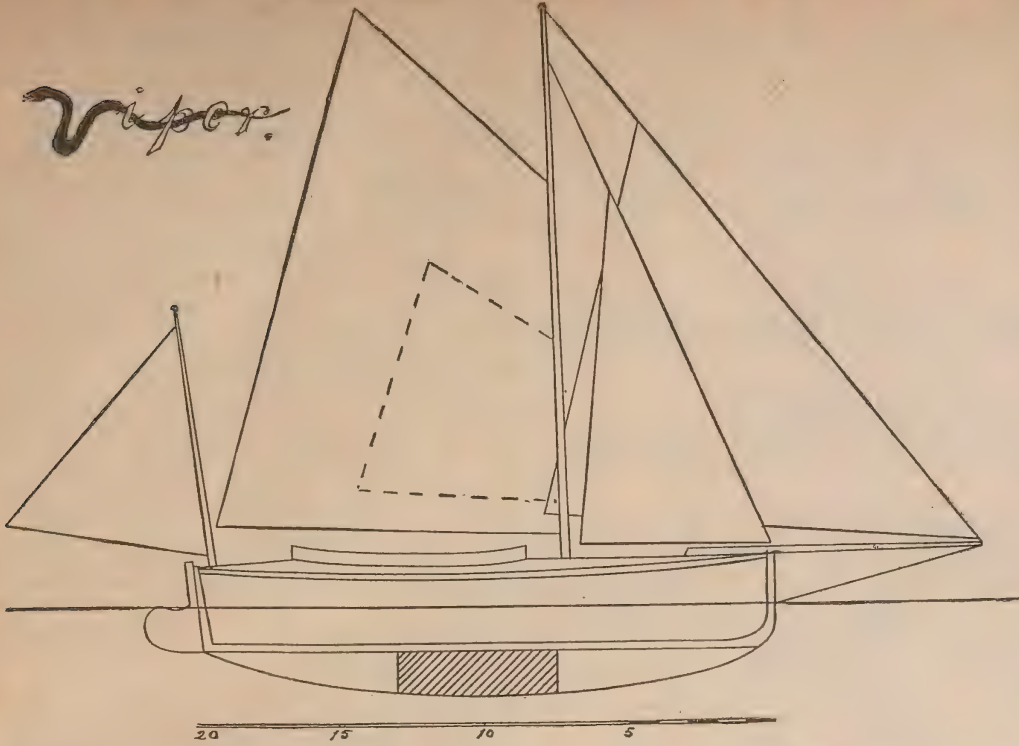
Perhaps one of the most instructive of these books is the chatty and interesting yarn spun by Mr. H. T. Speed, of cruises in various small craft; to Holland in a 10-tonner; in smaller boats on Southampton water, the Solent, the Channel and the "crystal Thames." The first of these cruises was made in a 10-tonner, the Waterside, described by her skipper as follows: "She was a small cutter of about 7 tons, built at Portsmouth in 1873, but redecked, sparred, canvassed, and thoroughly overhauled and refitted by McWhirter, at Erith, in 1878; of pretty smart appearance and not overdone with sail. Dimensions as follows: Length over all, 34 ft. 6 in.; counter, 6 ft.; beam, 8 ft.; draft of water, 5 ft. She had iron ballast inside and a small lead keel of half a ton. Of course canal built, and with considerable rise of floor. Sternpost not much raked, and clew of mainsail plumb with taffrail. Main cabin 10 ft. 3 in. long; after cabin 3 ft. 6 in. long; a good forecabin, with room in it for a bed-bunk, but with which it was never fitted. Her fittings below were mostly teak and mahogany French-polished. The little after cabin was entered by a ladder on the starboard side through the cabin top, and had a washstand on the starboard side and a 6 ft. berth on port side, which was carried along under the deck and passed along one side of the steering well. The latter was 2 ft. 7 in. long, and completely shut off from the main cabin by a bulkhead, which had fitted on it a small shelf to take the binnacle in a handy position." The crew numbered three—the skipper, his brother and a friend.

Starting from Erith on the Thames, they ran around the South Foreland to Dover, thence past Calais, Dunkerque, Ostend, and on to Flushing, thence for a month through the maze of Dutch water-courses, and home again, laying up after a cruise of three months. The whole cruise seems to have been full of incident and pleasant occupation, coupled with some hard work and hearty exercise.

The next cruise recounted is in a smaller craft, a "Mersey canoe" 16 ft. long, 4 ft. 1½ in. beam, 20 in. deep amidships, with 6½ in. of keel, containing 30 wt. of lead. Inside she carried 10 wt. 10 lbs. of lead. The sail area was 180 ft. mainsail and mizzen, lugs, with jib, the dimensions of spars being:

Mainmast.....	13 ft. 1 in.
Main boom for lug sail.....	10 ft. 4 in.
Main yard for lug sail.....	12 ft. 6 in.
Main boom for gaff mainsail.....	8 ft. 5 in.
Main gaff for gaff mainsail.....	5 ft. 6 in.
Mizzenmast.....	8 ft.
Mizzen boom.....	6 ft. 4 in.





Mizzen yard. 7ft. 4in.
Mizzen boomkin, outboard. 2ft. 6in.
Spritsail, outboard. 5ft. 9in.
Spritsail boom. 10ft. 6in.
Tonnage, "one ton and an awful fraction."

Her well was 5ft. 6in. long, and 2ft. 6in. wide, with a locker aft for stores, open lockers along the side, and two shifting thwarts, steering with a half yoke on the rudder, and a rod hinged thereto, the motion, of course, being fore and aft. The well was covered completely by a tent.

She was built by Mr. McWhirter to her owner's specifications, which, as he gives them, called for "a jolly big canoe; one that will take two people, and sail, and row with a pair of sculls, and look after herself a bit, and one that I can sleep in with a low tent, and move about in without looking in the glass first to see if my hair is parted in the middle." In her, two vacations were pleasantly passed, knocking about the Thames and neighboring waters, before she gave place to a smaller but larger boat, the Viper.

The Viper, also from Mr. McWhirter's shop, was built in 1881, for a cruise on the Zuyder Zee. Her sheer plan and rig are shown in the drawing. Her length is 20ft., beam 5ft. 5in., depth to gunwale amidships, 2ft. 6in. Deck has a crown of 5in. and is of light wood covered with canvas. Her keel has 19 cwt., 2 qrs., 19 lbs. of lead, with 2 cwt., 1 qr., 18 lbs. inside, and an iron keelson of 75 lbs. The depth of keel 1ft. 6in., and the total depth 2ft. 4in. Her cruises were in the Thames and along the south coast of England.

The larger drawing shows a boat of the same class as the Water Rat, known as the "Mersey canoe" or "canoe yawl," described in Kemp's "Yacht and Boat Sailing." Such a boat would meet the wants of many who desire something larger than the ordinary canoes but with the good qualities of the latter. Her dimensions are, length 17ft., beam 4ft. 6in., depth 2ft. 4in. She is used as the beam is too great to admit of paddling. The deck and well is similar to a canoe. Lead ballast is stored under the floors. The rig consists of two lugs, main and mizzen, the dimensions being:

	Racing mainsail.	Cruising mainsail.	Mizzen.
	Ft. In.	Ft. In.	Ft. In.
Foot	10 00	6 06	4 06
Head	10 00	7 06	2 06
Luff	5 00	2 06	2 04
Leech	14 06	10 00	6 00
Tack to peak	14 08	9 00	5 09
Clew to throat	10 09	7 00	4 09

As there is no centerboard the interior of the well is entirely unobstructed, and there is room for three persons, though on a cruise two, with the necessary stores and baggage, would be enough. Beds for two might easily be made up on the wide, flat floor, a tent being pitched over the well, while the seats may be removed entirely at night. Under the fore and after decks is ample room for storage of all stores. The steering is done with a deck tiller, as in a canoe.

In building such a boat, the stem, sternpost and keel would be of oak—or the former of hackmatack—sided 1 1/2 in., keelson of oak, 3 1/2 in., plank of cedar, 5-16 or 3/16 in. lapstrake; gunwale of oak or mahogany; deck of 3/4 in. pine, covered with 6 to 8 oz. drill laid in paint; coamings of oak, 3/4 in. thick. The ribs would be 3/8 x 3/4, spaced 9 in., with floors at every alternate frame.

The sails are rigged as "standing lugs" or a yawl rig similar to the Viper may be carried. The sails will be of 6 oz. drill, double bighted; rigging of "small 8-thread" manilla; blocks of wood, iron or brass. Next week we will give plans of two similar boats, one of 14ft. and one of 18ft. length.

SAN FRANCISCO.—Oasco, Spray, Nautilus, and Nellie have been laid up. Lurline may stay in commission all winter. The lead keel of the Carmelita was cast successfully at Driscoll's yard, Greenpoint, New York, on Oct. 16.

BUFFALO, Y. C.—Mr. Geo. C. Smith has lately purchased the sloop Ripple, of New York, and she has been taken to Buffalo in tow of a steam canal boat. The Ripple is 37ft. over all and 14ft. beam.

ATLANTA.—The sloop Atlanta, advertised for sale at auction on Oct. 20, at Belleville, was not sold, owing to there being no bidders.

Canoeing.

UNSAFE CANOES.

A WALK along shore in search of information concerning the drowning of Mr. Conling, brought us face to face with an unpleasant feature of modern canoeing in the shape of two so-called canoes hauled up on a bank, both being of the home-made, canvas-covered variety, about as dangerous traps as can readily be found among small craft, the catboat of our daddies not excluded. In model they were all a canoe should not be; low, little sheer, flat deck, no floor or bearings to support them. In build they were equally bad, small strips of heavier iron, 3/4 in. thick, are riveted on sides and one end in such a manner as to project below bottom of stove, and being pointed, can be pushed into the ground in setting up stove so as to hold all firm. The front end does not have these projections, so it can be propped out from stove, thereby acting both as a door for fuel and to create a draft.

The funnel is made of four pieces hinged together, two 23x3 and two 23x2 1/2. The additional half inch projecting below and fitting into the hole cut in top of stove.

This gives a stove which can be shut up like a schoolboy's dinner box, the sooty side always in, and the covers and funnel, folded and put inside, the stove can be taken out of bag and set up ready for use in one minute, and is altogether the best camp stove I have ever heard of or seen.

Boston, Mass., Oct. 24.

and pleasant an occupation as any boy should want, and the danger not excessive. Those who have the care of boys, however, should see that the boats in which they are trusted are of proper model and build and suitably equipped. There is no reason why the canvas boat, of home-made build, should not be a safe and serviceable craft, while it is within the reach of many who cannot afford a more expensive boat, and for their benefit we will give shortly the plans of a canvas canoe designed to be safe under sail or paddle, for beginners.

To those in charge of boys we advise a careful examination of the boats they use, and a condemnation of all that are in any way unsafe.

Besides the work of amateurs there are canoes built and sold by builders that are unsafe for any purpose, and others which, while safe in the hands of experts, should never be entered by a novice, and purchasers who are not familiar with the various builders and models should ask the advice of some old canoeist in their selections.

THE INVENTION OF THE DROP RUDDER.

THE following letter explains itself, and settles the question so far as Mr. Stoddard is concerned. Mr. Stoddard assures us that the idea of a metal drop or "centerboard" rudder, to coin an appropriate name, was original as far as he was concerned, he not being aware that such a device had been described or used previously:

Mr. S. R. Stoddard:

DEAR SIR—Yours of even date, calling our attention to the construction that may be put in our claim to a rudder, the use of a drop rudder, as shown at the A. C. A. meet at the Thousand Islands last summer, printed in the FOREST AND STREAM of Sept. 11, is received. In reply we beg to say that the combination of the well-known lateen sail with the batten lug, and the rudder with the blade to raise and drop below the keel, was, so far as we know, original with you. The idea of a drop rudder had occurred to us before, but had never been put into practical use. What we obtained to protect against is by the letter referred to was that our adaptation of the idea, differing essentially from yours, and containing also our latest improvements, should be called by your name.

The sail of the Atlantis differed from ours in shape and also in having a long, jointed gaff, while the spars in ours were of a uniform length. Our rudder, as shown at the A. C. A. meet, differed from that of the Atlantis in material points devised by which we consider very great improvements, making it practically a new invention, for which we should have the credit.

T. JOYNER & SON.
GLENS FALLS, Oct. 23, 1884.

WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN?

WITH the exception of "Okeechobee," "Windward," "Tarpon," and a few others who are able to escape the hur year of depression enforced in most canoeists, the cruisers have "laid up" except so far as an occasional paddle is concerned, and the season of 1884 is at an end. Hundreds of cruisers varying in length have been made this season, on every one has some information of value been obtained which would benefit other canoeists, and nearly every cruiser desires similar information in regard to some route proposed for next summer. Now the best way to obtain such information is by no means difficult; an account of your own cruise, told plainly and concisely, or if the writer is able and the details of interest, written up at greater length, will give some one else the facts they desire, and will set an example to them to do in turn what you have done; to contribute their leaf to FOREST AND STREAM's "Log Book." It has been proposed to collect the logs of all members of the Association, and publish them in pamphlet form for the benefit of cruisers, but such a plan is hardly possible yet, and besides such a record can answer no new questions and is soon out of date, but the "Log Book" and "Chart Locker" of FOREST AND STREAM are always fresh, always ready to answer any questions, and to record the latest changes in water courses.

We want now a few words at least from every canoeist in or out of the Association, who has cruised this year; if nothing more, a postal card, telling as much as possible of his wanderings and what he has learned, and also what he wants to know for future cruises.

CAMP STOVES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Noticing your account of a simple form of camp stove shown in this week's issue, and having for some years used one of similar construction, but which, I think, has some advantages over the one shown, I send you a description which, if you see fit, please give to our fellow craft, for I believe in each doing what he can to impart information.

My stove is essentially the same as shown in "Amateur Canoe Building," with the decided advantage that the body of stove is all hinged together, and that when not in use the stove, covers and funnel all go into a canvas bag, two feet long, one foot wide and about three-quarters of an inch thick, which can be stowed under floor of canoe, and is entirely out of the way. Made of sheet iron, the top is 24x12, with two holes 8 in. diameter, with sheet iron covers, and a small 5x3 in. hole at one end to hold chimney or funnel. Sides are 24x12, hinged to top, and ends 12x10, hinged to top in same manner; small strips of heavier iron, 3/4 in. thick, are riveted on sides and one end in such a manner as to project below bottom of stove, and being pointed, can be pushed into the ground in setting up stove so as to hold all firm. The front end does not have these projections, so it can be propped out from stove, thereby acting both as a door for fuel and to create a draft.

The funnel is made of four pieces hinged together, two 23x3 and two 23x2 1/2. The additional half inch projecting below and fitting into the hole cut in top of stove.

This gives a stove which can be shut up like a schoolboy's dinner box, the sooty side always in, and the covers and funnel, folded and put inside, the stove can be taken out of bag and set up ready for use in one minute, and is altogether the best camp stove I have ever heard of or seen.

M. E. CROCKER.

Boston, Mass., Oct. 24.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Seeing in the canoeing department of the last week a suggestion as to camp stoves I feel called upon to describe a very simple and useful one I have used and still cling to.

It consists of a large sheet iron cylinder about 10 to 12 inches in

diameter and the same in length, open at both ends. Across one end are stretched several stiff wires upon which rest the cooking utensils. At the other end, which is the bottom when used as a stove, an opening about 6x7 from the bottom edge is cut to serve as a door and draft. At the same end, opposite the door, another small opening is cut to give a draft to the other side.

When not used as a stove it is reversed, the wires serving as a bottom enables it to hold all the utensils, plates, etc., as a bucket, and a wire handle being fitted to the bottom for that purpose.

Its advantages are that a fire can be made very quickly, even with poor wood, as the draft is tremendous; it confines the heat and saves fuel, enables one to have a good fire of wood too small to use in an open fire, and renders the hunting and cutting of the usual cross piece for hanging the pots by unnecessary, and it is also very cheap.

NEW YORK, Oct. 27. GEO. H. SULLIVAN.

THE LOG BOOK.

THE DELAWARE RIVER.

FROM COCHETON FALLS TO PORT JERVIS—II.

THE river widened into a large quiet eddy above the falls. On the Pennsylvania shore stood an old sawmill and piles of lumber, near which the party landed, with the intention of examining the channel. They clambered over the great boulders of granite which lined the fall on either side, eagerly looking for the safest road through the rushing waters. There were three successive rapids over long ledges of rock, the last one being the highest and white with foam. However, there being no boats, the party, in full view of the falls and bailed out, and her crew amused by watching the others as they came plunging through the wild waters one after another in safety. They gathered together to set things to rights, all talking at once, each and every one eager to describe how he did it, and "not so much of a fall after all" was the general remark, though there is little question but that before the event every man was at heart a good deal demoralized.

For the next eight miles the scenery was very beautiful, the river winding through a hilly country heavily wooded with pines and maples. The current was fairly swift with an occasional sharp rift just rapid enough to keep up the fun. Above Narrowsburgh where the river forced its way through a narrow gorge between high cliffs of granite, was a large quiet basin. The day was perfect, and the water looked clear and cool, tempting the crews to a bath. A jolly party of about a dozen, including the boatmen, were seen to be in the lake. All hands tried the small neck life preservers which had been carried with great care, and upon which they had placed implicit reliance. Great was the disgust when it was found that the ridiculous little rubber affairs were not buoyant enough for any practical purpose. Soon hunger brought all ashore and a short paddle carried them under the quaint old bridge which spans the river from cliff to cliff.

Landing under the boulders they scrambled up to the steep bank, down the main road, and across the railroad track to the depot restaurant. They had stopped there on their journey by rail and knew that mine host fed travelers well, and verily he lived up to his reputation, for then and there was stowed away a dinner fit for a king. The passengers on the waiting train stared in open eyed wonder at the voracious gray-breathed sunburnt tramps. And well they might, for the party, as they sat at the table, were eating and drinking the provisos of our heroes that he insisted on treating all hands to most excellent cigars. So our party departed in high feather with considerable good beer on board, and an additional cargo in bottles for afternoon delectation.

By 2 the cliffs of Narrowsburgh were hidden by a sharp bend of the river, and an eventful afternoon began. Soon the rapid current came, and the party, as they were about to enter, and beyond it into a heavy rapid full of boulders and white water, which they had to close under a rocky, pine-covered cliff. It was an ugly bit, and was passed with hardly a bump. Rift succeeded rift, and the pace was very fast as the canoes swept by Masthope on the right bank, the site marked by a noble grove of stately pines. The scenery grew very wild, the shores high and rocky, covered with forests of spruce and pine, and the water rushing on ominously over its stony bed.

Beyond Masthope was a continuation of the rapid, and a quarter of a mile, and nothing but the most careful work saved the boats from shipwreck, as they fairly flew down the tortuous channel, menaced by rocks on every side. The foot was almost reached, when O., turning around in his boat to warn the others of hidden rocks, was himself brought to a sudden standstill on a ledge in the very middle of the channel. At a moment, despite all his efforts, the Marion reached the ledge, and the angry stream, pouring over the gunwales. The others dodged by her with difficulty, while he lay flat on his back, and she was almost completely submerged. He was almost completely submerged, and he was almost completely submerged, and he was almost completely submerged.

By night all had dried fairly well so that he had a decent bed. A good night's sleep and the bright morning sun smoothed out his sorrows, and he was ready by daylight to tempt fortune once more. They had not been about ten minutes when they were in the midst of another and heavier rapid than the one of the previous day. Fortunately it was run successfully, though O. was as nervous as a cat from his recent experience and surrendered the lead to an ambitious junior. The scenery was wild and beautiful beyond description, the river being almost gloomy at times with the shadows cast by the precipitous cliffs. There seemed to be no end to the rapids; the low stage of water made them more than ordinarily difficult on account of uncovered boulders.

All went well until just above Narrows Falls, at the head of Lackawaxen Pond. In the rapids there several took the wrong channel, ran aground, and were obliged to get out and wade, F. being out of his boat and not having hold of his stern painter, was left standing solitary and alone, his paddle in one hand, and the other stretched out in vain toward his treacherous canoe, which quietly slipped away from him, and ran the balance of the rapid quite empty and "on its own hook." F. had to wade ashore, and it was no joke with the rapid current boiling about him nearly to his waist, doing its best to upset him. The bottom was covered with sharp rocks, and as he floundered along, now in a hole, and now stumbling over a hidden boulder, he presented a most amusing spectacle to all but himself. He finally reached the shore, and he was almost completely submerged, and he was almost completely submerged, and he was almost completely submerged.

At Lackawaxen the Delaware and Hudson Canal crosses the river on a bridge, a few rods below the great dam. The water being very low, the bridge extends up along the edge of the dam, thus making it impassable as the whole stream was forced to pass between the two piers. Canoes might succeed in running at that point, but the rocks and stakes at the foot promised certain disaster. The party disembarked on the Pennsylvania shore and went up to the little town after carefully reconnoitering the fall and deciding that a carry must be made. It was but 10 o'clock, too early to dine, and learning that good food would be had a few miles below at Barryville, they decided to push on to shore, and the short rapid at the foot run without mishap.

Two miles above Barryville, after a very fast run, the Big Cedar Rift began. The rapids so far had been child's play to this; and as the canoes plunged into the roaring waters every man's heart was in his mouth. Near the foot the current swept in great waves under the rocks, and the water was so deep that the boats were forced to run. Away went the boats at breakneck speed, the great seas breaking over the decks and deluging the crews, and it seemed as if they must come to grief every moment. Fortune favored our heroes, however, and with the exception of a few hard knocks and a bucket or two of water in O.'s lap all went well. That day he "got wet," for the Marion was

quite low amidships and would insist on shipping a wave or two at the foot of each of the larger rapids.

At noon they pulled up at the picturesque little town of Barryville, opposite Shohola, at the head of the falls of that name. Barryville is simply a row of houses and stores close to the low path of the canal, existing entirely on the traffic of the boatmen passing through the locks there. The hungry and rather moist crew sought the cover of a small and shabby house, to which they had been directed with but small hopes of any decent food. But a happy disappointment was in store for them, for the proprietor, a rough diamond, speedily set before them a most bountiful and excellent meal, waiting on them himself and pressing each to eat to such an extent that all felt like overfed pigs on arising from the table. By that time the rain was pouring down, the first wet day on the cruise, and the party made themselves comfortable on the rough bench under the porch, smoking and watching the canal boats constantly passing.

Just opposite a picturesque stream, spanned by a crazy rural bridge, poured its foaming water into the canal over quite a fall, making a charming picture framed in the surrounding pine-covered hills. The clouds broke away, the rain ceased, and once more they took to their boats with anticipations of a very exciting afternoon, which were most fully realized. From this point, beginning at Shohola Falls, to within two miles of Port Jervis, the river flows between high mountains, the rocky gorges being grand and picturesque in the extreme. The stream was filled with rocks and the current most swift, with many sharp rifts and several of the heaviest rapids on the river. Shohola Falls were passed in safety, though it required no little skill to avoid the many great rocks which blocked the way at every turn.

An early camp was decided on, as all were tired with the constant strain on eye and nerve. Stopping for a short rest under a high bridge, not far from Flaxstone, the two H.'s went up to a canal store for milk, eggs, etc. They returned with a very sad story. A little child had fallen from the bridge during the thunderstorm and been drowned, the body having been just recovered and laid in the house to which the canoeists had gone. During their absence the others were visited by the many curious canal men, one of whom was unique in his oaths and questions. He had the principal benefit of his conversation, and he averred that never before in all his many experiences had he met the equal of this preposterously blasphemous Swede.

A very pleasant camp was made that night on a shelving rock close under the bank of the Pennsylvania shore. The space was small, and the boats were grouped closely and cozily together. A delightful little waterfall near by furnished delicious water, and a happy evening was passed. Next morning it was found that the bottom of F.'s paper boat was pretty well worn through, and quite a late start was made to enable him to patch up. The sun poured down, nearly roasting the crews before they could get away from the hot rocks, and they were most thankful to at last find themselves rushing down the rift just below the camp. That morning's paddle to Port Jervis was a short and merry one, nor they ran the three worst rapids on the river without a mishap, except a little water shipped.

First came Mongaup Falls; then Butler's Falls, at the foot of which the waves were so high as to entirely hide the boats from one another at every successive plunge. In these rapids fortunately there was plenty of water, and there was nothing specially to be feared excepting being swamped by the great seas; but the excitement was in the tense and the relief of mind great at the completion of each. The river scenery here was magnificent, great granite cliffs towering on

either side, the narrow strip of blue sky visible overhead and below the black waters of the river crested with great ridges of foam.

Last, but not least, was Sawmill Rift, just above the railroad bridge, and the final drop of the river, as it entered the open country about Port Jervis. The rate of speed for at least a quarter of a mile was immense, the shores seemed to fly past and the waves at the bottom seemed veritable mountains as the canoes plunged through. Landing below the bridge to bail out they put to flight several wondering boys who, it turned out, had mistaken the canoeists for veritable Indians. They were coaxed back with difficulty, giving the information that Port Jervis was but a mile away around the great bluff. A most perilous run of two days had been made without serious mishap, and it was with a sense of relief that they paddled a quiet mile to port, as they were sated for a while at least with rapids.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE GALLEY FIRE.

MORE ABOUT MUSHROOMS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Is not the mushroom described by J. Garlick in "Galley Fire" the ordinary horse mushroom? I have seen them about the size he mentions. He will find them described in any of the works on the edible fungi.

NEWPORT, R. I.

COOKING CORN.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In the "Galley Fire" it is directed to cook corn from twenty minutes to one hour. Green corn should only be cooked from ten to fifteen minutes; too much boiling destroys the sweetness. As soon as a grain can be lifted with a fork whole from the cob the corn is done.

T. T.

NEW YORK-C. C.—The entries for the race of Oct. 18 were Guenn, Com. Whitlock; Dot, C. B. Vaux; Tramp, C. J. Stevens; Surge, H. O. Bailey; Freak, C. V. R. Schuyler. All started under reefed sails, the course being from the float to buoy 17, then to stake off mouth of Kills, and home, 3 miles. Guenn won, with Dot second, Surge third. The roadbed of the new Rapid Transit railroad is now graded under the clubhouse, and the latter will be moved outside the tracks. Psyche has been hauled out for repairs, prior to her fourth cruise to Florida. She will have company this winter in the shape of the Dot, which has been sold to go to Florida also. What her owner will do without his "better half," with whom he has cruised for six seasons, is the question that is agitating their friends at present.

SPRINGFIELD C. C.—This club has just adopted a very neat badge, we suppose to be distributed among the colony at Squaw Point next August. It is of white ribbon with the club flag printed in gold and colors, and is suspended from a bar in the form of a trident. Remembering the wanderings of several badges at the last camp, we suggested that the words "not transferable" be added. Mr. Shedd has sold his canoe to Mr. Proctor of the Howard C. C., and will build another.

HARVARD C. C.—The fall races were held on Oct. 18, on the Charles River, starting from the Union boat house. The entries for the sailing race were F. A. Proctor and E. V. Abbott, class A; Tarantula, E. G. Rand, and Beatrice, Theodore Dunbar, class B. The wind was

very light. Abbott was ruled out in class A for using the paddle. Tarantula won in class B. The paddling races were postponed owing to the lateness of the hour. The prizes were silk flags.

EXCHANGE OF CANOE PHOTOS.—Louis Sahn, 52 N. Market street, Nashville, Tenn., would like to exchange photographs with other canoeists.

SAN FRANCISCO.—Oakland now has a fleet of seven canoes, three being housed in the old boathouse on Oakland Creek, once belonging to the Mystic B. C.

Answers to Correspondents.

No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.

A. B., Cleveland.—See addresses in our advertising columns.

H. B.—There is no one nearer than Plainfield to whom you can apply.

S. D. M.—Go down to Barnegat, N. J. See notes on that point, in issue of Oct. 16, page 226.

H. K. T., Chicago.—A chart of the Richelleu River is published by the Canadian government. Write to the Land Office, Ottawa, Canada.

J. M. E., Sinclairville, N. J.—The insect you inclose is a partridge fly. It is commonly found on ruffed grouse, quail, hawks, owls, and some herons.

B. C. C., Holt, Mich.—The rifle is an excellent arm. It will "stand the racket," if by that you mean that it will be serviceable. We do not know the trajectory.

AMATEUR.—1. Try Sussex county. 2. Consult our advertising columns for names of beagle breeders. 3. The best average load adapted to your wants is probably 30rs. powder and 1oz. No. 8 shot. 4. There is no perceptible difference in the excellence of the best brands of the several manufacturers.

H. E. S., Sparta Centre, Mich.—1. To render fabrics fireproof, wash a concentrated neutral solution of tungstate of soda, diluted with 34 water, and then mixed with 3 per cent. of phosphate of soda. 2. Chokeboring will make your gun shoot closer. In shooting buckshot from a chokebore, the pellets should be so arranged in layers that they will chamber nicely in the point of most constricted choke. 3. The article is serviceable.

PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT.

The new Racine hunting boat advertised this week possesses novel and attractive features. The bow-facing oar attachment deserves special notice, being simple and effective.—*Adv.*

LEATHER KEEP DRY, advertised in another column under the head of "No Rubbers Needed," is an article almost indispensable to sportsmen, softening the leather of boots and shoes and making them waterproof; also adding much to their wearing capacity. H. C. Squires has it for sale in this city.—*Adv.*

But of all books be sure to read "Woodcraft." See advertisement elsewhere.—*Adv.*

LUMPHREYS' HOMEOPATHIC VETERINARY SPECIFICS

OR THE CURE OF ALL DISEASES OF HORSES, CATTLE, SHEEP, DOGS, HOGS, AND BIRDS.

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Lumphreys' Homeopathic Veterinary Manual, (39 pp.) sent free by mail on receipt of price, 50 cents. Pamphlets sent free on application. LUMPHREYS' HOMEOPATHIC MED. CO., 109 Fulton Street, New York.

NERVOUS DEBILITY

LUMPHREYS' Vital Weakness and Prostration from over-work or indiscretion, HOMEOPATHIC SPECIFIC No. 28, is radically cured by it. Been in use 30 years, —is the most successful remedy known. Price \$1 per vial, or 5 vials and large vial of potent powder sent free on receipt of price. Lumphreys' Homeo. Med. Co., (Illustr. Catalogue free.) 109 Fulton St., N. Y.

The "Mayer" Minnow Casting and Trolling Rod.

This rod is made from specifications furnished by Professor Alfred M. Mayer, who with this rod and an Imbrie Black Bass Reel won first prize for black bass casting at the tournament of the National Rod and Reel Association, Oct. 23, 1884.

Its proportions were reached after a long series of experiments, the object of which was to obtain a round section bamboo rod of about 9 ounces that would feel light in the hand, be so well balanced not to throw off a delicately mouthed minnow in making long casts, and finally after striking the bass would have enough spring and flexibility to afford the angler the same pleasure as that given him when playing a bass on a fly rod.

The rod has two tips, one 6 inches shorter than the other; the shorter tip is used for trolling and in casting when wading.

This rod has been thoroughly tested in both lakes and quick water, and anglers who have used it are unqualified in praises of its staunchness and the delicacy of its action.

Our rods have taken the highest prize at every tournament in which they have been used.

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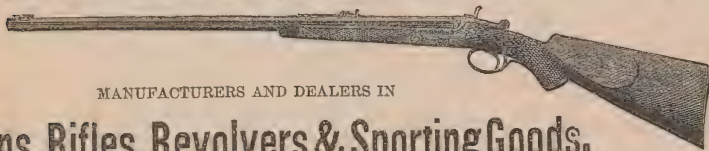
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Calls the attention of the trade and dealers in fishing tackle to his extensive assortment of Valencia Silk Worm Gut in all grades, long and extra long, and from Extra Heavy Salmon Gut to Extra Fine. Sample thousand, 10 different grades, from extra heavy to fine, \$5.00. For price list address

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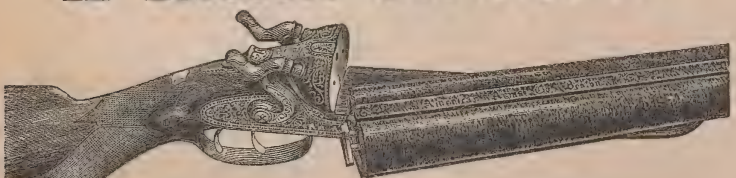
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The American Arms Co., manufacturers of the Fox patent double guns, are now running their entire gun machinery on the single semi-hammerless guns and their new double-action extracting pistols, and will make no more double guns at present, except on orders, at full prices. The undersigned, having purchased all their stock of Fox guns, some 300 in all, of the various grades, No. 5 list and above, will offer them to sportsmen—"first come, first serve"—at 25 per cent. discount from the regular list while they last. Here is an opportunity to purchase a fine gun at an unprecedentedly low price. They are all warranted of the finest qualities in every respect, and cannot be duplicated when this lot is exhausted. Orders may be sent as usual to the AMERICAN ARMS CO., or to F. H. RAYMOND, Treasurer, 103 Milk Street, Boston. Will be sent C. O. D. for trial and examination.

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TWIST BARRELS AND SIDE SNAP ACTION, 10 or 12-BORE. PRICE \$15.00.

Brass Shells, 5 cts. each; U. M. C. or Winchester make Paper Shells, 12-gauge, 55 cts. per 100; 10-gauge, 60 cts.; FG Powder, 25 cts. per pound. Shot, 7 cts. per pound; Black-Edge Felt Wads, 11 to 16. Loading Tools complete without crimper, 50 cts.; with crimper, \$1. Three-Joint Cleaning Rods, complete with wire brush, etc., 50 cts. Brown Canvas Coat with seven pockets, \$1.50. Pants, \$1. Caps, 75 cts. Drab Canvas Cartridge Belts, 25 cts. Cartridge Bags to hold fifty shells, 50 cts. Game Bags, 50 cts. Drab Canvas Long Gun Covers, with Leather Handles, 50 cts. Short Covers to take gun apart, 50 cts. GUN REPAIRING OF EVERY DESCRIPTION. Parties out of the city wanting the above gun can have it sent by express by sending with order \$1 to pay for boxing.

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KYNOCH'S Patent "Perfect" Brass Shells, MANUFACTURED BY KYNOCH & CO., Birmingham, Eng.

These shells are made of extra fine thin pliable metal, with reinforced base; are adapted to either Winchester or Wesson No. 2 primers. Can be reloaded as often as any of the thicker makes. Cost only about half as much. Weight less than paper shells. They shoot stronger and closer, and admit of a heavier charge, as owing to the thin metal, inside diameter is nearly two gauges larger. Load same as any brass shells, using wads say two sizes larger than gauge of shells. Or can be effectually crimped with tool and straightened out to original shape when discharged. The crimping tool also acts as a reducer, an advantage which will be appreciated by all experienced sportsmen. Sample shells will be mailed (without charge) to any sportsmen's club or dealer, and prices quoted to the trade only. For sale in any quantity by gun dealers generally, or shells in case lots only, (2,000), and crimpers not less than one dozen, by

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FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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SIX MONTHS, \$2.

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 6, 1884.

VOL. XXIII.—No. 15.
{ Nos. 39 & 40 PARK ROW, NEW YORK.

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THE FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of 'entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. Communications upon the subjects to which its pages are devoted are respectfully invited. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. No name will be published except with writer's consent. The Editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

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Address all communications,

Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

Nos. 39 AND 40 PARK ROW.

NEW YORK CITY.

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

FEW OR MANY.

WRITING in the Game Bag and Gun columns of this paper the other day, a New Hampshire man expressed his hope of securing 800 ruffed grouse in the current season. Reading this, a correspondent in Western New York writes to say that 800 grouse in one season are an outrageous number for one man to kill, that our New Hampshire correspondent is, in respect to game, not a whit better than he ought to be, and that five grouse in one season ought to content any man who is not a pot-hunter.

There is some difference between the two limits set by these writers. They look at the question from different standpoints, each one reasoning from the circumstances which are within his own experience.

In the favored part of the world where the New Hampshire man lives grouse are presumably abundant. The season extends from Sept. 1 to Feb. 1. This individual in question has a well-trained dog, and is at liberty to (and as a matter of fact we believe does) spend most of his time grouse shooting. He has the reputation of being one of the best shots in the country, and since he has put innumerable days work into the difficult labors of circumventing the crafty grouse, he may be given credit for possessing much skill in this particular phase of sport; and finally it would be quite erroneous to presume that any one of the birds was obtained in any other than a sportsmanlike manner. With favorable conditions—plenty of birds, abundance of time, experience and skill—the New Hampshire man regards a score of 800 birds as fair for himself.

On the other hand, the correspondent in Western New York presumably dwells in a less favored region, where the grouse drums less frequently; and it is possible, also, that he cannot spend all the week in the grouse covers. He is one of the great majority of men who can now and then snatch a day from their work to go shooting, or at the most, can take a week off. Half of this week is sometimes spent in going to and coming from the region where the grouse are supposed to be; and if, in the remaining time and after much tramping, five or six birds are secured, the gunner is amply repaid and perfectly happy. To men so situated a season's score of five is quite the correct thing. They work

hard for these, see few birds, every year become more firmly convinced that grouse are scarce, and look invidiously upon other folks who score their dead birds by the hundreds.

Now which is the right, the New Hampshire man or the New York man?

ADIRONDACK DEER HOUNDING.

WHAT is Adirondack deer hounding? How is it done? Who does it? Is hounding a legitimate way to kill deer in the Adirondacks? Is it more destructive than still-hunting? Is it sportsmanlike and ennobling, or is it brutal and brutalizing? Ought it to be abolished? Can it be abolished? Will it be abolished?

These are timely questions. They ought all to be answered, and answered now. We propose to throw some light on them.

SMALL-BORES.

GUNS of small bore are coming into favor. A circumstance was brought to our notice the other day, which may be taken as showing that the demand for small-bore guns of a certain character exceeds the supply. A country dealer wanted six 20-gauge guns, of moderate price. He could not find them in New York city.

The change of fashion—as far as it is a change—is not set by the dealers themselves. Given a price, the maker would prefer to furnish for it a large-bore gun. The raw material for the two guns, one large-bore and the other small-bore, costs practically the same. To make the smaller requires more skill and care; it is a more delicate task than to make a gun of the larger bore. As a rule, the grades being equal, to make the smaller gun costs the more.

There is much to be said in favor of small-bore guns; and the tendency of the day is toward them. They are lighter, and weight is an important consideration, especially in the last part of the day's tramp. Once let the man who has been used to lugging around nine or ten pounds of gun, find out that he can do just as good work with a weapon weighing from five to seven pounds, and the chances are that, his common sense and skill as a shot being rightly proportioned, he will choose the smaller bore and the lighter weight. Add to this the satisfaction that comes with the use of finer tools. The shooter who brings down his game with a small-bore gun is in very nearly the same position as the angler who catches his fish with delicate tackle. A small-bore will not scatter so broadly as a large gun; more skill is required to hold on; but its penetration is practically the same; and the two will kill at equal distances.

There is a growing sentiment among expert shots that he is a little more of a sportsman who uses a small-bore gun than his companion who is armed with the larger gauge. Some men, indeed, have made the mistake of going to the extreme of small-bores. For ordinary work the gauges from sixteen to twenty, and weighing from five pounds to seven pounds, will prove satisfactory.

SIDE-HUNTS.

THE side-hunt is not so common to-day as it was long ago. In old times the settlers and pioneers gathered their forces for a combined attack upon the bears and wildcats and wolves and foxes. The side-hunt was gotten up on the principle of the logging bees and haying bees. After the large game was pretty well thinned out, came the side-hunts for sport. These were known in New England as "squirrel hunts." Two captains were appointed, flipped up a cent for choice, selected their sides. Squirrels were the only game shot. Then, perhaps because the squirrel supply gave out, the side-hunters began to shoot other game. To-day, when game of all kinds is comparatively scarce, almost everything that has fur or feathers is made to count in the score.

There is much difference of opinion about whether a side-hunt is a legitimate form of sport or not. The objections urged against the practice are principally based on the fact that, in their eagerness to secure a big score, the competitors shoot many birds that ought not to be shot at all, and shoot more game birds than there is any excuse for. It is urged that a side-hunt is only in principle and practice an organized wholesale slaughter; that the woods are scoured by a horde of gunners, eager to kill every live thing that comes in their way; that, carried away by the spirit of the thing, even the conscientious sportsman blazes away untiringly, until he has gone far beyond the bounds of his own usual practice and of decency itself. And it is moreover objected that, as a result of these side-hunts, game is wantonly slaughtered and diminished, the game-protecting professions of the clubs

participating brought into discredit, and the public sentiment seriously lowered.

Those who defend the practice claim that a side-hunt, where fifty or a hundred gunners participate, is only in effect equivalent to these men going out shooting on different days and separately; that though much game is killed, the proportion killed by each man is not so great, and that the total appears inordinately large only because it is a total.

It may, perhaps, be most truly said that some side-hunts are legitimate and others are not; and each one must be approved or condemned by itself, according to its character. Sometimes, for instance, in fixing the credit or value to be attached to the several kinds of game brought in, a large credit is given to birds of prey, skunks, foxes, etc., while the game-birds proper, as quail and grouse, count very little and the insectivorous and song birds have no value at all. In this way a side-hunt is actually beneficial, so far as game protection is concerned. It is also equally plain that a side-hunt, in which the competitors are urged to kill all the quail or grouse they can, if not directly censurable for its destructiveness, is at least not likely to elevate the participants' field ethics.

GAME LEGISLATION.

IT is well understood that the game law amendment will make its appearance at the next session of the State Legislatures. There will be urged a variety of changes by a variety of influences and for a variety of purposes. The man who makes a pretense of being a sportsman, but whose pockets are bulged with the marketman's money, will be there. The man who wants to make the entire State revolve around the stump in the hollow out back of his house will be there. The man who can get away to shoot only in July, and wants that month in the open season, will be there. The man who thinks that the way to make a dead letter law a live one is to change its wording will be there. And, it is very possible, the man who really has a sensible and deserving amendment to urge will be there. Would it not be well for sportsmen's clubs to take time by the forelock, and provide for the discomfiture of the interested game-law tinkers and for the support of the amendments (if there are any) that deserve to be supported?

This is a hint which it may be worth while to adopt.

THE MIGRATORY QUAIL.—Some years ago a great deal of attention and some hundreds of dollars were given to the importation into this country of the European migratory quail. A number of clubs joined in the enterprise. Thousands of birds were brought over and distributed in different parts of the Eastern and Middle States. A few meagre and unsatisfactory reports were heard of their subsequent whereabouts, and then all information about them suddenly ceased. They may have increased and multiplied and migrated, but their abiding place is known of no man to this day. The individuals and clubs who brought over these birds are not very well satisfied with the results so far obtained, and in fact are so much discouraged, that they have given up all hope of ever seeing or hearing of the game again. A recent announcement in these columns that more quail could be had failed to excite much interest. Has any one recently seen any of these birds? Intelligence of them would be welcome. While the migratory quail experiment failed so completely, other similar enterprises to transplant our own American bird, "Bob White," have been very successful. Many depleted covers have been restocked and the shooting restored. The results of endeavors have not been uniformly satisfactory, but the average is such as to warrant further work in the same direction. Our game clubs and associations can engage in no more profitable labor to increase the game supply than this transplanting of the quail.

FLORIDA.—We receive more inquiries about Florida fishing waters and hunting grounds than about those of any other State. If this be accepted as an indication of the interest taken in that southern winter country, we have every reason to believe that our correspondent, "Al Fresco's" series of papers on Florida will be gladly read. There is no writer either a correspondent of this journal or of any other, who has given more full or more useful information to sportsmen visiting Florida than "Al Fresco." He began writing on the subject years ago, and we cannot begin to reckon the number of sportsmen who have availed themselves of his information. The present series of articles should be read by every man who proposes to fish or shoot in the Florida peninsula this winter.

The Sportsman Tourist.

A NIGHT WITH THE NAVAJOS.

BY ZAY ELINI.

IN the Moon of Gentle Breezes the rattlesnakes go to sleep. Then at night, by the fire of his low hut, the Navajo may safely relate his mythic lore; then he may safely build his great brush corral and celebrate his most sacred rites, without fear of death from thunderbolt or venomous fang, until, in the Moon of Falling Horns, the thunder is heard in the mountains and the serpents waken at the sound.

It is, therefore, only in the cold months that the ceremonies I am about to describe take place. They are collectively called by the Navajos *il-nas-tchin-go ha-thal*, or the Song of the Corral of Branches; but white men living in the Navajo country give to the whole night's entertainment the name of "Hoshkawn Dance," from the one dance of the evening which seems most to excite the Caucasian interest.

It was on the 5th of November, which fell in the Moon of Gentle Breezes in 1882, that I found myself at the trading post of Mr. Keam, in Keam Canyon, Arizona, whither I had come to witness an exhibition of the Hoshkawn Dance, which I was promised would be one of unusual interest and well performed.

Soon after nightfall, our party of eight white men set out from Keam's. A walk of about a mile took us out of the canyon, up the juniper-covered mesa, and to the locality where the dance was to be held. Here we found a large corral, or inclosure, of an irregularly circular form, about forty paces in diameter. Its fence, about eight feet high, was constructed of fresh juniper and piñon boughs. In the center was a conical pile of dry wood about twelve feet high, which was to make the great central fire. Around this, a few feet from the fence, a dozen smaller fires were burning for the comfort and convenience of the spectators, who numbered about 500 men, women and children, gathered here from various parts of the Navajo country. The majority were from the neighboring camps in Arizona and New Mexico; but many came from the distant borders of Utah and Colorado. The corral had but one opening, and this was in the east. All who wished to witness the ceremonies were obliged to assemble within the inclosure; none might peep through the fence or over the top of it, for the spirits of the bears and other ancestral animal-gods were supposed to be there, looking on at the sports of their children.

The words outside of the corral were illuminated by fires, in different places, and we determined to visit some of these before the ceremonies began. Some seemed to be merely the camp fires of parties who came from a distance, others were the fires around which different bands of dancers were preparing themselves. We entered one lodge or *hogan*, which stood close to the corral on the south, this was the principal medicine lodge (a sort of "green room" or place of preparation for the dancers). No objection was, at first, made to our presence; indeed, we were invited to enter by some of the liberal-minded Indians who stood at the door, but soon after we got inside an ill-natured conservative, sitting to the west of the fire which burned in the middle of the floor, made some grumbling remarks about the impropriety of admitting the "Bilikanos" (Spanish jargon for "Americans"). His words were approved by another grumbler in the north. Thus encouraged the man in the west motioned us to leave, which we did, notwithstanding that there seemed to be no other objectors in the house.

We next wended our way to where a brilliant light gleamed through the dark junipers, about three hundred paces west of the corral, and found a party seated around a fire in the open air. Two of the number were engaged in sewing some radiating eagle feathers to two circular wooden disks, covered with buckskin—properties which I afterward recognized in the dance of the Sun and Moon. They allowed us to observe their labors for a few minutes, when the man who was making the Sun looked up, saying, "The great fire will be lit very soon, the dance of the Wand will begin and if you do not hurry away you will miss it." Understanding this as a hint to leave, much more polite than the one given to us in the medicine lodge, we departed and visited some other camp fires where, as no preparations for the dance were being made, no objections were urged to our presence.

He who comes among the Navajos with his notions of them formed by reading the reports of the explorations of thirty or forty years ago, the works of Pattee, Gregg, Hughes and Emory, or by the perusal of romances of the Mayne Reid school, can with difficulty realize that in these industrious, jolly, friendly groups around the fire, he beholds the former scourges of Northern Mexico, for these smooth-faced young men and laughing girls perhaps know of those days only from the tales they hear at night told by their elders in the smoky *hogan*. But see you gray-haired, fierce-eyed old man, who warms his hands in the flame, and rubs with them his wrinkled chest. Many a tale could he tell you of his own exploits in the Rio Grande Valley, and on the distant plains of Sonora and Chihuahua. A whole library of dime novels might be written from his dictation.

Yet it is possible that we may not seek among the gray-heads for all the bloody raiders. When their cousins, the Apaches, are at war on the southern frontier, occasionally a Navajo youth is missing for a time, and when the war is over he turns up again; he has just been off on a visit to some friends of his. But he will not tell us of his adventures; he will find some other audience.

In this great Indian festival there was no vast supply of game brought in to feed the assembled multitude, nor deer and turkey from the neighboring forests of the Sierra de Chusca, nor from the great peak of San Francisco, whose snowy summit is visible from the neighborhood of our camp, but there is an inclosure of rocks and dead trees hard by, filled with fat, if prosaic, sheep. These are the gift of a sick man to the assembled dancers, who help themselves as they need.

When we returned to the corral we found an old man addressing the assembly. He congratulated them on the absence of liquor from the camp, exhorted them to temperance, begged them not to steal from one another, and declared that the heavens looked favorable for a calm and pleasant night.

At 8 o'clock a band of musicians—the orchestra, entered, sat down beside one of the fires in the west, and commenced to make various noises, vocal and instrumental, which were to them music. There were singers, there were rattlers, and there were those who scraped on notched sticks, laid on inverted baskets that answered the purpose of sounding-boards. From the moment it began until dawn when the dances ended, this music ceased not for a minute to delight

the audience and drive away the evil spirits. At the moment the music began the great central fire was lit, and the conflagration spread so rapidly through the entire pile that in a few moments it was enveloped in great flames, throwing up a storm of sparks to a height of a hundred feet or more, and covered us with the descending ashes, which fell in the corral like a shower of snow. The heat was soon so intense that in the remotest part of the inclosure it was necessary for us to screen our faces when we looked in the direction of the fire. And now all was ready to test the endurance of the dancers, who must expose their naked breasts to the torrid glow.

When the fire gave forth its most intense heat, a warning whistle was heard in the outer darkness and a dozen forms, lithe and lean, dressed only in the narrow white cloth at the hips, and daubed with white earth until they looked like a group of marble statues into which the breath of life had suddenly been breathed, came bounding in at the entrance, yelling like wolves and slowly moving around the fire. As they advanced in single file they threw their bodies into diverse attitudes, some graceful, some strained and difficult, some menacing—attitudes that might have inspired the chisel of the sculptor. Now they faced the east, again the south, the west, the north, bearing aloft their slender wands, tipped with eagle down, holding and waving them with startling effect. Their course around the fire was to the left, *i. e.*, from the east to the west by way of the south and back to the east by way of the north; and this was the course taken by all the dancers of the night, the order never being reversed.

When they had encircled the fire twice they began to thrust their wands toward it, and we soon saw that their object was to burn off the tips of eagle down; but owing to the intensity of the heat it seemed difficult to get near enough to the flame to accomplish this. One would dash wildly toward the fire and retreat; another would lie prone, as close to the ground as a frightened lizard, and endeavor to wriggle himself up to the fire; others sought to catch on their wands the sparks flying in the air. One approached the flaming mass, suddenly threw himself on his back, with his head to the fire, and swiftly thrust his wand into the flames. Many were the unsuccessful attempts, but at length one by one they all succeeded in burning the downy balls from the ends of their wands. As each accomplished this feat it became his next duty to restore, by a slight-of-hand trick (the mechanism of which I have since discovered), the ball of down to the end of the wand. He apparently did this by waving his wand up and down as he continued to run around the fire. When he succeeded he held his wand up in triumph, yelled and rushed out of the corral. The last man feigned great difficulty in restoring the ball. When he at last gave his triumphant yell and departed my watch showed me that it was ten minutes to 9. The dance had lasted twenty minutes.

After an interval of three-quarters of an hour, the dance of the Great Plumed Arrow, a potent healing ceremony, began. There were but two performers; they wore broad sashes around the hips, silver-studded belts, long blue woolen stockings of Navajo make, moccasins and an ornament of plumes on each arm, otherwise they were nude, their skins painted white. Each bore a stone-headed arrow of great size, to the stem of which was attached tufts of feathers, not only for ornament, but also to conceal the mechanism by which the arrow was shortened telescopically when the bearer pretended to swallow it. While they were making the usual circuit around the fire, a sick man was placed sitting on a buffalo robe in front of the orchestra. They halted in front of the patient; each dancer seized his arrow between his thumb and forefinger about eight inches from the tip, held the arrow up to view, giving at the same time a yelp like a coyote, as if to say "so far will I swallow it," and appeared to thrust the arrow slowly and painfully down his throat as far as indicated. I doubt not that many of the audience actually believed that he accomplished the feat he feigned to perform. While the arrows seemed still to be stuck in their throats, they danced a *chassé* right and left with short scuffling steps. Then they withdrew the arrows, held them up to view as before with triumphant yelps, as if to say "so far have I swallowed it," and sympathizers around yelled in response.

The next thing to be done was to apply the arrows. One of the dancers advanced to the patient, and to the soles of the feet of the latter, he pressed the shaft of the magic weapon with the point to the right; reversed it and pressed it again with the point to the left; and in similar manner he treated successively the knees, hands, abdomen, back, shoulders, crown and mouth, giving three coyote yelps after each application.

When the first dancer had completed this work the other took his place and went through exactly the same performance. This done, the sick man and the buffalo robe were removed; the bearers of the arrows danced once more around the fire and departed. All the rites of the night are to some extent, intended for the benefit of the sick man who sits on the buffalo robe; but in the dance of the Great Arrow is performed the special healing act. It is this patient who gives the sorcerers rich presents for their efforts, and supplies all the sheep devoured by the whole multitude of visitors.

At 10 o'clock the sound of the whistle again called the spectators to attention, and a line of twenty-three dancers came in sight. The one who led the procession bore in his hand a whizzer—such as our schoolboys use—a little stick tied to the end of a string; this he constantly whirled, producing a sound like that of a rain storm. After him came one who enacted the *Yebitchai* of Navajo mythology; he wore a mask designed to represent an owl's face, and further to mock the doleful bird of night he hooted from time to time. Then there were eight wand-bearers, dressed, or rather decked, like the arrow-bearers in a previous dance; but instead of arrows having wands or grass, cactus, and eagle plumes. The rest of the band were men in ordinary dress, who were merely choristers or supernumeraries. When they had all gone around the fire a couple of times, they halted in the west, the choristers sat, and the wand-bearers formed a double row of four. Then while the owl hooted, the orchestra played, the choristers sang, and the whizzer made his mimic storm, the eight wand-bearers, keeping time with their feet, went through a series of figures not unlike those of a modern quadrille. The country fiddler would probably have called the dance in these terms: "Forward and back, *chassés* twice, face partners, forward and back, forward and bow, forward and embrace, forward and wave wands at partners," etc. When several of these evolutions had been performed in a graceful and orderly manner, the choristers rose and all went singing out at the east.

Three times more the same band returned. In the third and fourth acts, the wand-bearers bore great piñon poles,

about twelve feet long, portions of which they pretended to swallow, as their predecessors had done with the arrows. The simple and devoted Indian of the unconverted pueblos, it is said, does actually, in dances of this character, thrust a stick far down his gullet, to the great danger of health and even of life. But the wily Navajo attempts no such prodigies of deglutition. A careful observation of their movements convinced me that the sticks never passed below their tonsils.

In the fourth dance there were three interesting character dancers, all in fancy masks, who danced a lively and graceful jig, in perfect time to the music, with many bows, waving of wands, and other pretty motions which would not have looked ill in the spectacular drama of a metropolitan theater, but which, with the wild surroundings of an Indian camp, were doubly attractive.

After the fourth dance there was an interval of nearly an hour, which passed slowly to those in the corral; some smoked and gossiped; some listened to the never-ceasing din of the orchestra or joined in the chant; some brought in wood and replenished the waning fires; some, wrapped in their serapes, stretched themselves on the ground to catch short naps.

It was after midnight when the blowing of a hoarse buffalo horn announced the approach of the group who were to perform in the fifth dance. There were but two character dancers in the party and these represented the sun and moon, who in Navajo mythology are not male and female, as other nations have conceived them to be, but mer and brothers. Like nearly all the character dancers so far seen they were arrayed in that cool and scant costume of which white paint formed the principal part. Their heads and arms were adorned with the plumes of the war eagle, their necks with rich necklaces of genuine coral, their waists with valuable silver-covered belts, and their loins with bright sashes of crimson silk. The Sun bore upon his back a round disk nine inches in diameter, decorated with radiating eagle plumes, to represent the orb of day; his companion carried a disk of six and a half inches diameter, similarly ornamented, as an image of the nocturnal luminary. While the whole party, including twenty-two choristers and a rattler, were passing around the fire in the usual manner, they frequently bowed and waved their wands toward the flames. When they stopped in the west the choristers sat and sang, the rattler stood and rattled, and the Sun and Moon danced at a lively rate for just three minutes, when the choristers rose and all sang and danced themselves out of sight.

The sixth dance, that of the standing arcs, was both picturesque and ingenious. The principal performers were eight in number, as usual with scant clothing; their hair fell loose and long over backs and shoulders; and each bore in front of him, held by both hands, a wooden arc, ornamented with eagle plumes. The ends of the arc, which was a full semicircle, showed tufts of piñon twigs, and were evidently joined together by a delicate string which was invisible to the audience. Besides these eight there was a rattler, a whizzer and a chorus. While the whole band was making the fourth circuit of the fire, frequent shouts of *Tho-he! Tho-he!* (stand! stand!) were heard, the significance of which soon became apparent. When it stopped in the west, the eight character dancers, having first gone through various quadrille-like figures, knelt in two rows, facing one another. At a word from the rattler, the man nearest to him, or No. 1, arose, advanced to the man who knelt opposite, No. 2, with rapid shuffling steps and, amid a chorus of *tho-he! tho-he!* put his arc with caution on the head of the latter, where with its radiating plumes, lit by the flickering firelight and contrasting with the dark shadows behind, it looked like the halo around some saintly head on a mediæval canvas. Although it was held in position by the friction of the piñon tufts at each ear, and by the pressure of the ends of the arc, now drawn closer by the subtending string, it had the appearance of standing on the head without material support; and it is probable that some of the uninitiated believed that only the magic influence of the oft-repeated word *tho he* kept it in position. When the arc was secured in its place No. 1 retreated with shuffling steps to his former position and fell on his knees again, while No. 2 advanced and placed the arc which he held in his hands on the head of No. 1. Thus each in turn placed his arc on the head of the one opposite until all were crowned. Then, holding their heads rigidly erect, lest their crowns should fall, the eight kneeling figures began a splendid, well-timed chant, which was accentuated by the clapping of hands and joined in by the chorus. When the chant was done, the rattler addressed the arc bearers, warning them to be careful, so they cautiously rose from their knees and shuffled with stiffened spines, out of the corral preceded by the choristers. This dance was repeated after a second performance of the fifth dance.

The seventh dance presented nothing worthy of special note, but its shortcomings were more than atoned for by the interest of the eighth dance. In this there were sixteen performers in ordinary Navajo dress. One of these was a whizzer who led the procession; another, who came about the center of the line, carried a hewn plank (puncheon) some twelve feet long and four inches broad, painted with spots and decorated with tufts of piñon, branchlets and eagle plumes. Immediately behind the bearer of the plank walked a man who had in a basket an effigy of the sun, formed of a small round mirror and a number of radiating scarlet plumes. Having walked around the fire as usual, the whole party gathered in the west in a close circle, which completely excluded from the sight of the audience the operations of the medicine man. Singing, rattling, and cries of *Tho-he!* were heard. In a few minutes the circle opened and disclosed the plank standing upright on a small Navajo blanket without any apparent means of support, and at its base was the basket containing the figure of the sun. Singing was continued, and so were the uproarious cries of *Tho-he!*—cries anxious, cries appealing, cries commanding, while the bearer of the rattle stood facing the pole and rattling vigorously at it. At length, seemingly in obedience to all this clamor, the "sun" left the basket, and slowly, falteringly, totteringly ascended the plank to within a few inches of the top, stopped a moment, and descended in the same manner that it rose. Once more was it made to rise and set, when the circle of dancers again closed; the pole, sun and basket were taken in custody and the dancers departed. Taking into consideration the limited knowledge and rude implements of the originators, this was a good piece of leger-de-main. The man who pulled the sun up and down could not be detected. The dancers formed a semi-circle nearly ten feet distant from the pole, and the light of the great central fire shone brightly upon all.

It was in the "wee sma' hours" when the real dance of the Hosh-kawn (*yucca bacata*) began. The ceremony was conducted in the first part by twenty-one persons in ordinary

dress. One bore, exposed to view, a natural root of yucca, crowned with its cluster of root leaves, which remain green all winter. The rest bore in their hands wands of piñon; what other properties they may have had concealed about their persons, the reader will soon be able to conjecture. On their third journey around the fire they halted in the west and formed a close circle for the purpose of concealing their operations, such as we witnessed in the eighth dance. After a few moments spent in singing and many repetitions of *Thoho*, the circle opened, disclosing to our view the yucca root planted in the sand. Again the circle closed; again the song, the rattle and the chorus of *Thoho* was heard, and when the circle was opened the second time the small budding flower-stalk (or its excellent counterfeit rather) was seen amid the fascicle of root leaves. A third time the dancers formed their ring of occultation; after the song and din had continued a few seconds the circle parted for the third time; when lo! amid the frosts of November, the great panicle of creamy yucca flowers which, except in the mysteries of the Hô-h-kawn', never bloom on the high mesas of Arizona later than July. The previous transformations of the yucca had been greeted with approving shouts and laughter; but the blossoms were hailed with the greatest storms of applause. For the fourth and last time the circle closed, and when again it opened the blossoms had disappeared and the great dark-green fruit hung in abundance from the pedicels. When this act was completed the dancers departed, leaving the Hô-h-kawn' behind them. Barely had they disappeared when the form of one personating an aged, short-sighted, decrepit man was seen to emerge slowly from among the crowd of spectators in the east. He was dressed in an old and horribly ragged suit; his face was whitened and he bore in his hand a short, crooked bow and a few crooked, ill-made arrows. His mere appearance provoked the "stoic" audience to scream of laughter, and his subsequent "low-comedy business," which excelled much that I have seen on the civilized stage, never failed to meet with uproarious demonstration of applause. Slowly advancing as he enacted his part, he in time reached the place where the yucca stood, and in his imbecile totterings he at length stumbled upon the plant and pretended to have his flesh lacerated by the sharp leaves. He gave a tremendous cry of pain and wined: "This must have been the yucca that cut me; where can it be." Standing directly over the plant he pretended, after much vain search, to find it, and rejoiced with querulous extravagance over his success. When he had marked the spot and the way back to it with an exaggerated burlesque of the Indian methods doing their things, he went off to find his "old woman" and bring her to pick the fruit. Soon he reappeared with a great, strapping Indian "buck," dressed to represent a hideous, absurd-looking old granny. The latter acted his part throughout the rest of the drama with a skill fully equal to that of his partner. But I cannot go further in describing this strange performance; many things that followed may not be told in the English tongue.

The night's entertainment fully ended with the fire dance, which was the most picturesque and startling of all. Some time before the dancers entered we heard strange sounds mingled with the blowing of the buffalo horn. The sounds were much like the call of the sandhill crane, and may, perhaps, be properly called "trumpeting," and they were made by the dancers constantly during the exercises. The noises continued to grow louder and come nearer, until we heard them at the opening in the east, and in a moment after, ten men, having no more clothing on than the performers in the first dance, entered. Every man bore a long, thick bundle of shredded cedar bark in each hand except the leader, who carried four smaller fagots of the same material. Four times they all danced around the fire, waving their bundles of bark toward the flame, then they halted in the east; the leader advanced toward the central fire, lit one of his little fagots, and trumpeting loudly, threw it over the fence of the corral to the east. He performed a similar act at the south, the west, and the north, but before the northern brand was thrown, he lit with it the fagots of his comrades. As each brand disappeared over the fence, some of the spectators blew into their hands, and made a motion as if tossing some substance after the departing flame.

When the fagots were all lit, the whole band began a wild race around the fire. At first they kept close together and spat upon one another some substance of supposed medicinal virtue. Soon they scattered and ran apparently without concert, the rapid racing causing the brands to throw out long brilliant streamers of flame over the naked hands and arms of the dancers. They then proceeded to apply the brands to their own nude bodies, and the bodies of their comrades in front of them—no man ever once turning around. At times the dancer struck the victim vigorous blows with his flaming wand; again he seized the flame as if it were a sponge, and, keeping close to the one pursued, rubbed the back of the latter for several moments as if he were bathing him. In the mean time the sufferer would catch up with some one in front of him and, in turn, bathe him in flame. At times when a dancer found no one in front of him, he proceeded to "sponge" his own back and might keep this up while making two or three circuits around the fire, or until he overlooked some one else. At each application of the blaze the loud trumpeting was heard, and it often seemed as if a flock of a hundred cranes were winging their way overhead, southward through the darkness. If a brand became extinguished it was lit again in the central fire; but when it was so far consumed as to be no longer held conveniently in the hand, the dancer dropped it and rushed trumpeting out of the corral. Thus one by one they all departed, and the spectators stepped into the arena, picked up fascicles of the fallen fragments of bark, lit them and bathed their hands in the flames as a charm against the evil effects of fire.

Did these dancers, next day, hide sore and blistered backs under their serapes? I think not. How then did they escape the effects of the flame? Did the medicine they spat upon one another save them? I doubt it. Does the cedar bark ignite at a low temperature, and is the coating of white earth with which their bodies were covered an excellent non-conductor? Such I believe to be the case. However, the thought that their bodies might have been thus ingeniously protected, lessened little, if any, the effect produced on the spectator. I have beheld many fire scenes on the stage, many acts of fire-eating and fire-handling by civilized jugglers, and many fire dances by other Indian tribes, but nothing quite comparable to this. The scenic accessories were unique. Demons scourging lost souls with the eternal fire could scarcely be pictured to look more awful.

A few unimportant closing ceremonies, and the labors of the night were done. The Indians began to stream out of the corral and we followed them with eyes sore from the bitter smoke and loss of sleep. When we stepped out of the

glare and heat of the corral a frosty autumn morning and a cloudless sky greeted us. The morning star was high above the horizon; a faint hint of dawn was in the east. But although the last human votary of the Fire God had departed a celestial dancer still sped on his eternal round and held his blazing torch aloft—the great comet of Crull gleamed in the southern sky.

A VOYAGE BETWEEN THE LAKES.

BY D. D. BANTA.

V.

Antonio—* * What does else want credit, come to me,
And I'll be sworn 'tis true. Travelers ne'er did lie,
Though fools at home condemn them. —Tempest.

The next morning, when the travelers arose, a fog veiled the shores of Manistique Lake, but by the time they were ready to strike their tent the ring sun had dissipated the vapors, and from out the glassy waters the green islands rose more beautiful than ever. After their boat was laden they walked up and down the rocky shore many minutes, dwelling upon the various points of beauty within the range of their vision.

During the promenade they discussed the question of visiting White Fish Lake, and settled it in the negative. Across four miles of blue water rose the ridge of green woods which hid that lake whose praise was in every one's mouth who had looked upon it. But the Greek Professor was alone in his tent, and the travelers reluctantly decided to postpone their visit to it till a more convenient season. And so they kept the Wawa up the north shore, but they made no hurried voyage. Whenever the notion took them to throw out a hook or run ashore they did it, and so when on this sunshiny morning the Judge thought he might hook a fish by making a cast of a spoon with his rod, he at once adjusted the rod and flung the spoon as far as he could and then reeled it in. Now he had a Kentucky reel of which he was quite careful, and on making one of his sweeping casts the handle flew off, and striking the water, went round and round in a spiral-like curve, until it landed at the bottom with four and a half feet of water above it. If Brother Scott laughed or even smiled then the Judge did not either hear or see, but the latter was so astonished and grieved at the mishap, that he probably would not have heard nor seen neither. The Judge did not smite his breast and cry, "Woe is me!" nor did he swear, unless an emphatic "damn it!" be that. Nor did he stand still and look after the truant handle longer than was necessary for him to make sure that he could see the bright head of the screw in the end of it gleaming on the bottom like a star. Nor did the Judge ask any advice. Brother Scott was not called upon for an opinion as to the best way to fish for reel handles in four and a half feet of water, and the historian cannot aver that he had any opinion at that time. All that can be said is, that the Judge hauled off his clothes without ceremony and lowered himself over the stern of the boat into the cold water, while Brother Scott turned his head away for modesty's sake—or to laugh, the historian knows not which.

With a thousand tremors and an infinity of rigors, and one prolonged "U-u-u-g-g-g-h-h" the Judge struck bottom, and after fixing his eyes on the gleaming star, he made one tremendous dive. The lapping water closed over his broad back, but for a moment only. Up he came with a jump and a spout, spouting water like a porpoise and clinging to a handful of mud. He had missed the star at the foot. And Brother Scott again looked the other way.

And now the Judge made a second dive, but by this time his ardor was greatly cooled, and it is by no means certain that he touched bottom at all. At any rate, after clawing somewhat frantically at his face and regaining his breath through a series of puffs and snorts, he was in a proper frame of mind to give the "darned thing" up. "It has bothered me a good deal one time or another," said he as he held to the side of the boat and looked yearningly at his dry and warm clothes, "and I can readily get another;" and then he crawled up and put on his clothes. And Brother Scott once more looked the other way.

"It's a pity," said Brother Scott, about the time the Judge was clothed, "to lose that handle, and I think I caught it;" and with that he thrust down a paddle bruised into tiny splinters on the end, and cautiously insinuating it under the handle lifted it into the boat. "The water will do you no harm," remarked Brother Scott shortly after, in a pious-like tone, but as he was a preacher and a Baptist one at that, the Judge did not quite understand his meaning, and the matter was never mentioned more between them.

A brief spell at the paddles brought them abreast of a clearing containing two residences in close proximity to each other. Landing at their log they met with a man who said he was going across the lake a hunting, and that the occupants of the houses were at that instant setting out to attend the funeral of a neighbor who had died in spite of his healthful surroundings. They learned from the same source that a professor with his students were encamped on Round Lake, whither they were going, and also that on the first headland they would come to, a hunter had his camp, and that just beyond it was the Widow Barker's place. They had heard the names of all the residents along the north shore of the lake before, and the Widow Barker's name had suggested to Brother Scott the possibilities of a romance. "No one cares to see her, I presume," said Brother Scott, "but I think it desirable, in case any one should attempt a romance of the Manistique, to have a picture of a house, so that if pictures were put in the 'Widow Barker's Cottage' could be one of them." With this thought uppermost the hunter's camp was passed without stopping, and the headland turned and Widow Barker's landing made. There they met the hunter himself, who was repairing his boat, and a glance told them that he was no ordinary hunter. His guns—a rifle and a shotgun—shone like new, his clothes were neat, whole and well-fitting, and his canoe, the product of his own skill, was as neat a vessel as was ever fashioned from a log. With his knees on a Mackinaw blanket that covered the bottom of his boat like a cushion, and a paddle in his gloved hand he soon left the Wawa far in the rear.

But before that was done the Widow Barker's cottage was photographed. It was a mean-looking affair, constructed of poles, and yet located as it was on the hillside with a tangled mass of logs and brush lying all criss-cross in the foreground, and a dark wall of living trees for a background, it had much of the picturesque about it. While the camera was being focussed, two of the inmates of the cabin came to the door, and one, a heavy-bodied young man clad in black, struck an attitude and stood for his picture. And such an attitude! With his head thrown back, his abdominal region bulging out, and his arms akimbo with thumbs in armbolts

of vest, he was the personification of a consuming egotism. The picture taken, which afterward proved to be badly fogged and a failure, the voyagers pursued their way, but they had not gone far when the Judge said: "I wonder where that preacher came from?" "Preacher!" exclaimed Brother Scott, "What preacher?" "Why, the pompous one whose picture we got with the Barker cottage."

"O, he's no preacher! Didn't you know? Why, he's a young lawyer who's lately come in."

"How do you know that?" asked the Judge, misled by Brother Scott's earnest manner into the belief that he knew whereof he affirmed.

"How do I know? Why I could see it in his self-conceited strut and assinine ways."

Much more was said by the two, each maintaining his side with such reasons as occurred at the moment, some of which were anything but complimentary to the green bag or the cloth; but as neither seemed disposed to yield, it was finally agreed to cut across the mouth of a bay and intercept the dilettanti hunter and leave the matter to him. The bay was accordingly crossed and the hunter intercepted and the question at issue stated.

"Him?" queried the hunter; "O, he's a sort of a jack at all trades. He preaches occasionally, pettifogs a little, doctors some and I believe has taught school."

"We thought so," said the Judge, softly, and once more the travelers and the hunter, who paddled his canoe in gloves, bid each other adieu.

"Say," cried Brother Scott after some minutes' silence, "It was the schoolmaster in him, wasn't it?"

"Yes, or the doctor," replied the Judge. And then there was silence again, but not for long. Brother Scott, of a highly sensitive nature and easily affected by his surroundings, began humming a tune which finally broke into the following college song, and which he rendered with a boisterousness that would have done credit to a hilarious junior:

The bulldog on the bank,
And the bullfrog in the pool,
And the bulldog called the bullfrog
A blamed old water fool.

And the bulldog stooped to catch him,
But a snapper bit his paw
And the pollywog died laughing
To see him wag his jaw.

It was not far from noon when the voyagers landed at the portage, and after inspecting some of the numerous springs of water that flow or seep out of the bank at that place, they hauled their boat and camp stuff up to the shade of a beech tree on the hillside, and there swung the kettle and made tea.

It was reputed to be eighty rods across the portage, and the travelers expected to find the carry tiresome and uninteresting to the last degree, but in so far as the last qualifier was concerned, they were happily disappointed. A high, forest-covered ridge intersected by numerous depressions running from the center northward or southward—the drains of an ancient and more aqueous condition of the region—lay between the two lakes, and a picturesque Sylvan path led across. But what was more to the interest of the portagers on that day, the professor and students of whom they had before heard, had organized themselves into an army of offense and defense, which was posted along the path awaiting in feverish anxiety the approach of the deer that Mr. Roat, who lived on the north shore of Round Lake, and another, had gone forth to scare up and drive that way. The Military Professor, as he was henceforth known to the heroes of this journey, had placed his forces in such order as to ambush the path from lake to lake. An elderly and mild-mannered professor guarded the left wing, over against Manistique; a couple of students held the center, while the Military Professor, a selfconfident and warlike gentleman, held the right wing. The Judge and Brother Scott had hardly set forth on their journey across the ridge, when a tremendous firing took place at the center, which was in their front. Before they reached that place the firing was resumed at the right, and it was known that the Military Professor was having a hot time of it. On reaching the center, they lowered their load and joined with the student who did the shooting, in looking at the ground where the deer stood and ran, that he shot at. The student proved to be a young theologian, and was a marvel of modesty. From his story hastily told, it seemed that a deer—whether buck or doe it had never occurred to him to look—had suddenly appeared to him in a gentle lope about thirty-five yards distant. "I 'mah'd' at it," he said, "and it stopped and I shot. It then wheeled and circled around and I shot again. I ought to have hit it but I didn't!" He then led our travelers over the ground, pointed out the place he was standing, and asserted over and over that he "ought to have killed it," and to their astonishment, the meanwhile protesting that he had not touched it and offering no excuse for his miss. This was so unusual that the travelers looked with a sort of wonder on the young man. The rule in the woods is to claim everything. No common man ever admits that he misses when he shoots at a deer if he can help it, and if he can't do that, he is fertile in the invention of good reasons showing why he ought to have missed. But here was a young man who was alone when he shot at his deer and could have invented any excuse he chose without any danger of being found out, and yet who ingenuously declared he had missed and had no excuse to offer.

By this time the elderly professor from the left wing and another student, and Mr. Roat and his man were at the center, and the force, accompanied by the Judge and Brother Scott, set out for the Military Professor's position. "I am sure the professor has killed it," said the ingenuous young man, "for he was very confident that if he could get within eighty yards of one, he would fetch it."

In a few minutes they found the Military Professor. He was standing on a log sweeping the horizon with his gaze as far as the forest would permit. He had killed his deer, there was no mistake as to that, he said in substance; but for the life of him he could not find it. Indeed he wasn't quite sure of where he stood when he shot, and he had no idea whatever of the location of the deer. He could not say whether it was standing or running, whether it was a buck or doe, or whether there was one or more, and when told that he had fired three shots he shook his head doubtfully. He knew he had shot once, but recollected no more. But he had killed it—given it a death shot, and there could be no mistake about it, he reiterated. "Where did you hit it?" asked Mr. Roat.

"In the neck. I saw the blood spurting from its neck as it ran from me."

"Dang it, that can't be," bluntly said the man who had

been driving with Mr. Roat, "for the neck is the most vital part about a deer. A bullet in the neck is sure pop."

The Military Professor did not reply, but he gave the fellow such a withering look that no more bad grammar escaped him that day in his presence.

"I know I gave it a mortal wound," said the Military Professor, "if the gun shoots where it's held."

"Oh, there's no doubt of that," chimed in the elderly professor, who seemed in some way to be responsible for the gun; and then he related how somebody once snipped woodpeckers' heads off at a fabulous distance.

Mr. Roat and the ungrammatical man then examined carefully the track the deer made for blood; but found none. They looked wise while about it, and when through Mr. Roat said he "could not understand it." The ungrammatical man said nothing.

"Neither can I," said the Military Professor, "but I know I gave it a death shot!"

The deer was never found. The dog even could not do that when he came.

Round Lake, so named from its circular shape, is two miles in diameter. The Judge and Brother Scott crossed it from south to north, and made a camp on its north shore in the vicinity of a famous spring of cool, soft water. It was late Saturday afternoon when they selected the spot for their tent. A soft bed of hemlock boughs was made and an abundance of maple and beech wood lay close at hand. Here they rested till Monday morning, when Mr. Roat, whose house stood about thirty rods back from the lake, carried them in his wagon to McMillan, on the railroad, four miles distant. And notwithstanding the unevenness of the road, and the consequent jolting of the wagon, the Judge and Brother Scott were in the best of spirits. The new road wound through a wonderful forest, made up principally of beech and maple trees, among which was here and there to be seen the dead hole of an immense pine. The hardwood timber had evidently supplanted the soft, and this fact set the Judge agoing on one of his favorite themes—"Nature's rotation of timber crops." Mr. Roat could do no less than give him a patient hearing; but Brother Scott, who had doubtless heard it all time and time again, relieved the tedium by whistling Days of Absence, Hail Columbia and Yankee Doodle by turns.

The journey had been hastily made, too much so for a pleasurable sporting journey. Had the travelers been provided with proper fishing tackle, which they were not, they nevertheless moved with such rapidity as prohibited any serious attempts at sporting. But they satisfied themselves that fish were there—pike, pike-perch, bass and masacalone. They saw all these varieties except the last mentioned, and heard abundance of testimony from the inhabitants of the region to the large numbers and excellent size of all the fish.

Hastily as the trip was made, however, our travelers set at rest one question, and that related to the availability of the route for boating purposes. It is not often we find a boating route possessing all the charms of wilderness, river and lake, so accessible as this one. Here one may paddle his canoe for two weeks or more and see new views all the time, with only four miles of wagon road to pass over. Nay, he can do better than that; he can descend the Fox and navigate the lakes, after which he can return to the Manistique and descend that to Lake Michigan, where he will find a steamer three days in the week, that for three dollars will carry him to St. Ignace, thus getting ninety miles of a day-light ride along the north shore of that lake. When we remember the great love so many men have for a brush with the wilderness, it is to be wondered at that this region has not been invaded by swarms of canoe men ere this. It lies right upon a great public highway—a highway connected with continental lines of railway. Both the Grand Rapids and Indiana and Michigan Central railroads land passengers at Mackinaw City, and thence six miles of the most delightful water travel imaginable, takes the traveler across the straits to St. Ignace, where the iron horse on the D. M. & M. R. R. will take him up and carry him out to Seney, where he can launch his boat, and in a few minutes find himself in the heart of the "continuous woods." The cost of railroad transportation will depend, of course, on the distance traveled, but aside from that, a boat journey similar to the one indicated in the foregoing papers of this series, need cost but very little more than the provisions consumed. Not a cent after leaving Seney need be paid out till the north shore of Round Lake is reached, and Frederick Roat, who lives there and whose address is at McMillan, charged the Judge and Brother Scott two dollars and a half for carrying them and their boat to the railroad. This, he said, was his minimum price. For a bigger load he would charge more, his maximum being five dollars, and he holds himself ready to give his services whenever called on.

I am thus particular in my statement, because I know there are many persons who dream of the wilderness, but are deterred from attempting a visit to it on account of the uncertainty of the expenditure involved, aside from railroad and hotel fares. If a voyage over the same waters the Judge and Brother Scott journeyed would possess charms to any one, it may be enjoyed for next to nothing.

FRANKLIN, Ind.

FLORIDA AGAIN.—V.

BY this time my readers will conclude that "Al Fresco" has an attack of *cucothes scribendi*, and that he had better raze his long yarns. But I am disposed to measure others by my yard-stick, and thereby enable them to avoid mishaps and enjoy a Florida trip.

Boats.—Common batteaus can be borrowed, hired or purchased at most fishing points, or built to order in Jacksonville or Cedar Keys. If a boat is purchased in the North, it can be shipped to Jacksonville on a schooner at a trifling cost. If consigned to Peter Jones, at boat yard, foot of Market street, Jacksonville, Fla., he will pay charges and take care of it until owner arrives. If sportsmen contemplate a prolonged fishing trip in the State, I would advise them to have built in the North or in Jacksonville a light draft, nearly flat-bottomed boat. In model it should resemble the batteaus in use about Philadelphia. Length 22 to 25 feet, beam 8 to 9 feet, depth 28 inches between carlines and floor at forward part of cockpit. The boat should be cat-rigged and decked over forward and aft, and supplied with 10-inch wa-hboard and 6-inch coaming. In addition, there should be a light, water-proof moveable cabin, built as high as the boom will admit. If the cabin is made moveable, it can be removed to clean and air boat, or moved forward when in camp so as to give more room in cockpit. There should be provided a pilot dunt tent extending from a point within three feet of the mast to the stern. The tent should be supplied with stout cords every fifteen inches, and holes

bored in deck moulding to receive them. The tent should be of sufficient size, so that the boom can be raised high enough to afford standing room in cockpit. I provide a trees of sufficient length, so that when the tent is fastened on each quarter and the trees placed on the stern sheets the canvas will be tight. I lash gaff to boom, slack peak halliards and haul on throat halliards until tent is in place. At forward end of tent I attach two triangular canvas curtains, wide enough to overlap, and lash corners to screw eyes in deck or to throat and peak halliards. At night, or when in camp, the tent will be found a great convenience, for plunder can be stored on deck and room made below; and if a fifteenth amendment is carried, he can sleep on the cabin.

A boat as described will be of light draft, seaworthy, easily handled, and in every way adapted to a cruise in the shallow waters of Indian River or of the Southwest Coast. It will no doubt be urged that such a boat would prove too small, but if the sportsmen merely carry actual necessities, there will be ample room for two or three persons. Boats of deep draft should be avoided, more especially by persons who are not familiar with the coast. In one of my trips on the Southwest Coast, two friends and self spent sixty-three days in a flat-bottomed boat 21 feet long and 7 feet 6 inches beam. For another trip I had built a full-modeled yacht-like boat sixteen feet long and six feet beam. In her I carried cook stove, three five-gallon water kegs, bedding, four weeks' provisions, rods, gun, rifle and other impedimenta, and found room for a gentleman of the colored persuasion. I transported the boat by rail to Cedar Keys, from that point by steamer to Key West. At the latter point she was launched, and in her I enjoyed a pleasant cruise to Cedar Keys. The marooner who studies how few things are really necessary to make him comfortable, will realize the pith of that passage.

"Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long."

If a boat is purchased, it can be sold at the end of the season at a moderate discount. To those whose pockets will admit of chartering a boat much trouble will be avoided. They can be secured at Jacksonville, St. Augustine, Rockledge, Cedar Keys, Tampa and Manatee. A boat of sufficient capacity to comfortably accommodate two, three or four persons can be chartered at from four to six dollars per day. This charge will include captain, boy, small boat, stove, bedding, cooking utensils and cookery. One advantage of chartering a boat is the fact that the sportsman can arrange with the captain for his return trip at any time, and take steamer for civilization. When a boat is chartered, the sportsman must furnish provisions for the crew. If the party consists of more than two persons a second small boat should be provided. It should be distinctly understood before final arrangements are made for a charter, that the captain or boy, or both, will do the cooking, and if required, row the small boats. Many of the captains are partial to snake antidote, and if it is carried, it should be kept under lock and key, or else it will evaporate, and the inhalation of the vapor will at times so affect the crew as to render them unfit for duty.

IMPEDIMENTA.—Regarding impedimenta, a few suggestions from an old marooner may not be out of place. If sportsmen furnish their own boat, a representative of the colored persuasion will be found very useful. But before he is hired it should be ascertained that the gentleman is honest, sober, industrious, a cook, and able to sail or row a boat or use a cast net. Sportsmen should provide three or four five-gallon kegs to carry a supply of drinking water. A short-handled shovel to dig for fiddlers and water is a necessity. Potable water can be obtained along the coast line, or on most of the keys, by digging a shallow hole in a low, moist place—under all circumstances avoiding the near neighborhood of mangrove bushes, for where they grow the water will be salt or brackish. If a hole is dug near the shore, the best time to fill the keg is on the last of the ebb tide. For sleeping I carry a mattress 2 feet wide, 6 feet 6 inches long and 2 inches thick. In the morning I roll it up tightly, tie it with a cord, place it in a canvas bag and stow it under deck. My blankets and air pillow are treated in a similar manner. I carry a food chest 2 feet 6 inches long, 18 inches wide and 15 deep. It was constructed of thin poplar boards, with a partition one foot from one end. In the large compartment I stow sea biscuit, coffee, breakfast bacon, lard, sugar, milk and other necessities; and in the small one plates, saucers, cups, knives, forks, etc. When meal time arrives the food chest is placed in the center of the cockpit, and when the fodder is prepared the top of the chest answers the purpose of a table. When the meal is over the chest is stored under deck. A kerosene stove is almost indispensable, but should be provided with a box, in which it can be stowed when not in use. A kerosene can is a nuisance, and to avoid its presence I fill a sufficient number of ale or porter bottles with kerosene, and stow them between the timbers under the floor. In case of an accident, I carry a five-inch boat compass costing about \$6; but an ordinary pocket compass will answer a good purpose.

A boating party should be provided with a camp axe, a hammer for making repairs to boat, a palm, sail needle, twine, and a few yards of canvas to repair sail if an accident should happen. A small gimlet, some copper tacks and three pounds of different sized galvanized boat nails should be carried in a canvas bag. A piece of zinc or yellow metal one foot square might be carried as a remedy for a defect of or a hole made in a plank. An extra piece of line for throat halliards on main sheet should be a part of stock in trade. A two-gallon stoneware jug would be found very acceptable. If filled with water over night and covered with several thicknesses of bagging, the bagging kept wet and the jug placed in the shade, a drink of comparatively cold water can be indulged in. An oyster-knife is indispensable, for at many points large and delicious oysters will be found. A heavy anchor is serviceable in a gale, but under ordinary circumstances it is inconvenient. I carry a fourteen-pound anchor with wide flukes, but provide two eight-pound sash weights. If the water is shallow, holding ground good or but little wind, I use my light mud hook; but if a gale is blowing, the weather threatening, or if I am compelled to anchor in a strong tideway, I lash a sash weight to each arm of the anchor, and in this way convert a fourteen into a thirty-pound anchor. Before anchoring in rivers where there are snags, or where the bottom is rocky, I attach a trip line with buoy to the anchor, and in the event of the anchor fouling it can be recovered. Kerosene lanterns are smoky things and liable to be extinguished by high winds; and a lantern to burn sperm oil, with a supply of the oil, should be provided. A cast net or short seine would be found very useful to capture bait or a fry of fish. The cotton cast nets as sold in tackle stores are almost useless, and a six-foot net made of gilling twine will be found sufficient. If the sports-

man cannot use a cast net, he should take a lesson from a local fisherman in the art of casting one. Such nets can be purchased of better quality and cheaper in Florida than in the North. A new net, properly mounted, will cost about one dollar per foot in length. That is to say, a net covering a diameter of twelve feet will cost \$6. To handle shark, stingarees, kingfish and large channel bass a strong gaff is essential. The one I use is handy and reliable. I purchased at the hardware store a 7-inch steel rod 5 feet long. At one end I had the rod bent and end welded so as to make a handle 3½ inches by 1½ inches, and at the other end a hook measuring 2½ inches from point to shaft. With an implement of this description the fisherman can restrain the motions of a powerful fish more easily than with a wooden-handled gaff. The gaff I use is convenient for when a large fish is tamed I seize the gaff with three fingers, allowing the hook to hang over the side of the boat, and play my fish with the forefinger and thumb until an opportunity presents to use the gaff. A gaff of this description will be found useful in the capture of large fish. If a few feet of strong line is fastened to the handle, a large fish can be gaffed as soon as it grounds, and two or three persons may seize the line and drag the captive ashore.

GUNS, ETC.—The rifle is a useful weapon for deer, bear and alligators. For my purposes I prefer a Winchester .44. For an all-round gun for ducks, quail and beach bird shooting, I carry a ten-bore breechloader. Owing to the action of salt water and air, a cheap gun should be carried, unless the sportsman devotes considerable time to the care of his pet. Ammunition of every description can be purchased as cheap and of as good quality in Jacksonville as in the North. If desired, W. C. Pitman, of this city, will load and pack shells on reasonable terms.

When preparing for a cruise, I purchase a barrel of the best quality of pilot bread. I secure some starch or other small boxes, and in them pack the bread and nail on the lids. The boxes are stowed forward, and are opened as required. In addition, I carry lard in four-pound tins; butter in small earthenware jars; Eagle brand of milk in small tins; equal parts of Rio and Java coffee, ground and packed in tins; sugar, pepper and salt in tins; breakfast bacon and Chicago canned beef, with a few bottles of chow chow, and some onions and potatoes. For the balance I depend on my rifle, gun and rod. When at home I enjoy luxuries, but on a cruise I relish substantial and simple fare. Those who are supplied with poor grinders should carry a stock of self-raising flour and make bread, biscuits and flapjacks. Oat meal, hominy and grits will answer a good purpose for breakfast, and if some bacon is carried these things will be enjoyed by the crew. In this age of canned goods, sportsmen can lay in a stock of luxuries, from deviled ham to baked beans. My experience has taught me that simple provender is conducive to health, and easily prepared.

CLOTHING.—The question is often asked, "What kind of clothing shall I provide?" At times warm woolen clothing will prove acceptable, and at others thin summer clothing will be agreeable. I would advise the sportsman to pack up a bundle of cast-off summer, fall and winter clothing, and when cruising select from the stock on hand garments best suited to the existing temperature. The gunner and hunter should provide a brown canvas suit. Many who visit Florida supply themselves with leggings as a protection against rattlesnakes. I would never carry such an abominable leg ballast, for I deem such things unnecessary. As far as snakes are concerned, the sportsman need have no fear, for in all my wanderings I have seen but one rattler. For my feet I carry two pairs of pegged, broad-soled soldiers' brogans; they are suitable for a day's tramp in the woods, and excellent to wade in. On my return from fishing, if my feet are wet, I remove my wet shoes and stockings and put on dry ones. For evenings and knocking about camp, a cheap, wide-soled pair of slippers will prove comfortable. At times broad-brimmed straw hats will be acceptable; and as they are liable to be lost overboard, I would advise each member of a party to purchase four, costing about sixty cents. During the winter months rain seldom falls in South Florida, but to be ready for an emergency, an india rubber coat, with cap and cape, might be added to the impedimenta.

The neighborhood of Jacksonville offers but few attractions to the sportsman. By taking the morning train on one of the railroads leading out of the city, and proceeding fifteen or twenty miles, good quail shooting will be found. In November and December excellent duck shooting can be secured on the St. John's River, between Reddy's and Mill Cove Point. Catfish ranging from one to thirty pounds can be captured in numbers with rod or hand line from the docks. At the market dock catties do most congregate, and can be caught *ad libitum*. To those who can enjoy a long pull and a pull all together I would say use a bass rod and hook a twenty or thirty-pound caty. In McGirt's Creek, three miles west of this city, large-sized bass and pickerel will be found; and with a good boatman from five to twenty, ranging from two to eight pounds, can be taken in a day's fishing. At Pottsburg Creek, three miles east of the city, similar sport can be secured. Mayport and Pilot Town, at the mouth of the St. John's River, are distant twenty-three miles, and are accessible by steamboat daily. Comfortable board and accommodations will be found at Gilbert's or Burroughs's, at a cost of from ten to twelve dollars per week. In the adjoining creeks and ponds ducks will be found, and the mar-bes swarm with mud hens. On the beach, more especially at Talbot Island beach, birds can be shot. At the j-ties and on the oyster reef in front of Pilot Town the rod-fisher will find ample occupation capturing sheephead, sea trout, grunts, yellowtails and small channel bass weighing from one to ten pounds.

West of Jacksonville, along the line of the railroad to Pensacola, wherever old fields exist, excellent quail shooting will be found, and the rivers and lakes are supplied with black bass and brim. Fishing along the western coast from Cedar Keys to Pensacola is undoubtedly good, but almost inaccessible and but little known. At Pensacola the fishing interest is an important one, and the amateur who is fond of sea fishing can arrange with the owners of fishing vessels for a trip to the fishing banks and engage in the capture of grouper and red snappers.

St. Augustine can be reached from Jacksonville by the J., St. A. & H. R. Railway, or via Tocoi by the J., T. & K. W. R. R. We have not fished at St. Augustine for some years, but from information received I am satisfied that sheephead, whiting, sea trout and small channel bass can be captured in limited numbers. We have reason to believe that if the fly-fisherman would test San Sebastian Creek and the North River he would be rewarded by the capture of black bass, sea trout and channel bass. Matanzas Inlet, a few miles south of St. Augustine, can be reached by a sail-

boat, and at this point the fisherman will find a variety of salt water fish.

The propeller Greenwich leaves St. Augustine for New Smyrna twice or thrice weekly, at which point good hotel accommodations will be found. But if the fisherman desires a variety of sport and some one to point out the fishing "drops," he should secure accommodations with "Old Man Paceltie." At New Smyrna the fishing is very fair, but not to be compared with points further south. At this point sheephead, sea trout, mangrove snapper, bonefish, yellow-tails, grunts, cavallie, bass and other fish can be captured.

If the fisherman possesses a boat he can ascend Mosquito Lagoon and pass through the canal (or Haulover) to the head of Indian River, and by working his way through the intricate channel of this extensive salt-water lagoon, he will in time reach the inlet, where superior fishing can be enjoyed. If the sportsman is desirous of adopting a shorter and quicker route, he can ascend the St. John's River to head of navigation, cross over to Rock Ledge, and take steamer to inlet. At Rock Ledge good boats with experienced captains can be chartered. At the inlet fish in endless quantity and great variety can be captured. In the streams tributary to the Indian River the fishing is very fine, and in some of them the gamy cavallie exist in great numbers and of large size. Between Indian River and the St. John's, Nimrod's will find deer and turkey, and may cultivate the acquaintance of a bear.

Lake Worth, a short distance south of the inlet, will be found worthy of a visit; more especially if the fisherman is disposed to blister his fingers capturing bluefish. On the rocks off Lake Worth Inlet, sea fish will be found in great numbers and variety. If the ocean is calm the sportsman can pass out of the inlet on the ebb and return on the flood. On the main land, west of the lake, deer and turkey are comparatively plentiful. During the coming winter steamers will ply on the river, and fishermen can reach any desirable point. At present, accommodations for tourists and fishermen are limited on the lower river. At Lake Worth, Dimmock has opened a hotel, and is prepared to accommodate twenty persons.

South of Lake Worth the fishing and shooting is very good, but owing to the heavy seas and the possibility of an easterly gale rising, the passage along the coast might result in disaster. If sportsmen are desirous of visiting the Hillsboro or New rivers, and Biscayne Bay, they should charter a seaworthy boat with an experienced captain. These are obtainable on Indian River. Taking advantage of a westerly wind the experienced sailor may make the outside trip to Biscayne Bay in a small boat. But I am not disposed to risk the treacherous Atlantic, and if I ever reach Biscayne Bay, it will be from the west. From Cape Sable the eastern coast can be safely navigated as far as Miami in an ordinary canoe.

AL FRESCO.

INCIDENTS ON A CRUISE IN CLEW BAY.

BY REV. WM. ADAMS, D.D.

I.

THE town of Westport, the great-grandmother of all the "Westports," is situated in the county of Mayo, province of Connaught, Northwest of Ireland. It is a small, neat, well-built and thriving little town, embosomed in hills which are wooded to their summits. It is both watered and ornamented by a nameless little river or creek, which is fed by limpid mountain rivulets, and which empties itself into Clew Bay, one mile from the town. In the suburbs of this town the writer spent some years of his boyhood, during which he became familiar with every nook and corner in mountain and meadow, sea, lake and river in that entire region. This writer could, therefore, entertain his readers with minute particulars of Irish weddings, wakes, fairs, races, fox hunts, hare hunts, or even whisky-still hunts. Many a time has he been out with the "gagers" (revenue officers) on the latter hunt, and many a long race has he kept up with in order to witness the capture of a moonshiner. The present article is not, however, a reminiscence of early associations, but a record of incidents in a recent cruise in the beautiful Clew Bay.

II.

"That I may never die at all, and nobody kill me, so that I may have a snug and easy time lavin' this world; but he's the biggest sale I ever laid my two livin' eyes on." The author of this lively and emphatic exclamation was Johnny Woods, an Irish "boy," fifty-four years of age, height five feet ten and a half, hair thick, short, and closely matted together, and as black as a raven; complexion like that of an Indian, two arms, long and strong, only one hand, however, between them, but that a very useful and skillful one. At the end of one arm an iron crook was substituted for the hand that had been shot off in the days of double-barrel "muzzleloaders." Johnny Woods (he always objected to being called "John," "Call me Johnny, sir, for shortness, as ye please") lives in a small cabin at the Quay of Westport, and keeps a sailing boat with fishing tackle, and guns for hire. On the occasion in which the above characteristic observation was made, Johnny and the writer were cruising between Clew Bay and Newport Bay in search of seals. Johnny had but one of a crew, who performed the duties of second officer, cook, quartermaster, and man before the mast. This was his son Tommie, a boy of fifteen years of age, who, in obedience to orders, from time to time, with the agility of a monkey, made from the cabin to the mast-head, swept the lee sides of the islands for the basking seals, and like his father, very strongly emphasized the result of his survey whenever he succeeded in discovering the game. The seal referred to was not basking, but fishing. "He's blowing, father, like a bellows," exclaimed Tommie. "It might as well be a 'she,' Tommie, me son o' brass. But what are ye waitin' for? Down with the sails, man. Oagh! murder! do ye hear the way that young omanian is lettin' that jib rattle. Oagh! what it is to have a son an oanshough. Now, thin, out wid the anchor, aisy now, succer a vic succer an' aisy, don't let it make a splash, Tommie, ma loughal. Ye see, yer Riverence, that sale is in deep water, but in two hours it'll be 'nib' tide an' he'll go ashore."

"An' where'll he go to, father?" asks Tommie. "Oh, thin, yer Riverence, isn't it an aggravatin' circumstance to have a son that never would learn anything? Now, sir, that gossun has been on the Finch Rock (a small island) a hundred times an' he has never yet found out that that big sale over there has built himself an illegant residence, festooned wid tapestry. Throuth he has a drawin'-room in there, Tommie, 'ed bate the one in Lord Sligo's castle, ye'll see the pictures on the walls of it when ye land, Tommie."

By this time we are in a small boat with muffled oars, Tommie in the bow, Johnny pulling the second oar, and myself at the helm.

"Now thin, sir, steer for the weather side of the island

and now Tommie, me son, take yer time and do it well, and do a good deal of it." All this was said in whispers, with solemn gravity, and without a muscle moving in Woods's face. Having reached the point for which we steered and gained the summit of the island, an elevation of several hundred feet, we waited patiently for our game to come ashore. While doing so I once more took in the glories of that entire region.

The island itself is situated between the two bays already mentioned. Clew Bay itself, extending but twelve miles from east to west, and four from north to south, has 166 islands, some of them quite extensive and densely populated, others small, steep and verdant to their summits, and again others but long snowy lines of sand and gravel, some perfectly straight and some curving gracefully or twisted fantastically by the action of the water.

The conical Croach-Patrick or "the Reek" forms part of the background of this beautiful landscape. The rugged declivities of this mountain run down to the water's edge. The mountain itself is 2,510 feet above sea level. It seems to terminate in a point; though on its summit is a small platform of half an acre. On the south side is a steep precipice called Lug na Nurich, on the edge of which tradition says St. Patrick stood, bell in hand, and every time he rang it he flung it from him, and it, instead of plunging down the Lug, was brought back to his hands by ministering spirits, and every time it thus hastily was rung, thousands of toads, adders, and noisome things went down tumbling neck and heels one after the other. What Croach-Patrick is to Clew Bay, Nephin Beg is to Newport Bay. This magnificent sheet of water is also gemmed with green islands and almost surrounded by mountain ranges.

But to return to Johnny Woods and the seal. With a good glass we watched our game for nearly two hours; saw it go down and rise, then timed it and found that it stayed four minutes under water. While we were thus employed a circumstance occurred which relieved the monotony of the watch. A shadow flitted right across us, and spontaneously lifting our eyes there floated far above our heads a herring gull (*Largus argentatus*). Woods instantly said to me, "Watch him, sir, watch him." While doing so, just as he crossed over the spot in which our seal was fishing, he suddenly paused, rose almost perpendicularly a hundred feet or more, and, poising himself, gathered his wings together and, like an arrow, darted straight downward into the sea, how deep I know not, but the echoes of that tremendous explosion through those islands I shall never forget. It was as if a heavy cannon had been fired and a hundred more along the mountain ranges had answered it. The bird rose directly with a large fish in its mouth, which it instantly devoured. I have seen many small gulls dive in the same way, but never before nor since have I seen this king of gulls do so, and here I may mention the ingenious device of the islanders for securing the feathers and oil of this magnificent bird. A piece of hard dead board is painted water color, and, with a perfectly fresh fish fastened to it, is anchored in a certain depth of water. Seeing the fish, but not the board, the gulls dive in the manner described, strike the board with terrific force and instantly kill themselves. The plunge of the gull by no means disconcerted the movements of the seal, which had now come nearer to the shore, with the evident intention of basking. It was time, therefore, for us to steal nearer to the lee side of the island and keep him to windward of us, for if we got to windward of him he was instantly gone. Our plan now was to watch when he dived and then to rise and run for three minutes, and then, before he got up, throw ourselves flat upon the ground and wait until he had risen and dived again. In this way we got within range, and while he was climbing between two rocks put a bullet in his head.

III.

Having secured our seal, which measured nearly five feet in length, we started for another quarter of the bay, which we had no sooner reached than we found ourselves in a dense fog. This effectually put a stop to all further sport for the present, so after waiting till nightfall we again took to the small boat and made for an adjacent island. The name of this island is Innishfesh. It had one solitary house, occupied by a family named Berry. Notwithstanding that the islands were perfectly familiar to us both, so dense was the fog that it was nearly midnight before we made the one we wanted. The family had long since retired; the dogs, however, were wide awake, and their barking alarmed the entire household. Before we had time to knock at the door the eldest son, Pat, came out, and without expressing any surprise, or asking us who we were or what we wanted, exclaimed, "Yer heartily welcome, gentlemen," and although this was my first introduction to Pat Berry and his family, a cordial invitation was at once extended to enter the house. It was a one-story thatched cottage with three rooms, the middle one of which was the kitchen. Pat with his brother Michael occupied one room, three daughters the other, and the old father and mother slept in the "collaugh," an outlet from the kitchen large enough to hold a bed. The house was perfectly dark when we entered it, but a friendly voice from the collaugh exclaimed, "God save ye, gentlemen." This was Mrs. Berry. The answer was "God save ye kindly, ma'am."

"Arrah now, and who is it sure?" seemed to come from the same voice in the wall. Being told who it was, the good lady exclaimed: "Honor! Honor, whisper me this arn't ye gettin' up? Don't ye hear; there's company come?" A clear ringing laugh came down to us and a girl's sweet voice answered: "Mother, that's a loud whisper. I'll be down directly." And down she came, a nymph, as I afterward saw, with long, wavy hair as black as jet. But here I stop. Honor Berry I cannot portray. She was a beautiful Irish girl—she is such still—that is sufficient.

By this time the good mother herself, a round, plump, country matron, was on the floor. How she dressed herself in the dark, I know not, but dressed she was, and calling out to Pat to bring the grisset, and praying "bad luck to the cat that ate me tallow candle on me last night." The "grisset" being brought, some grease was melted in it, and with a flaxen wick, a light was soon provided (it was then, of course I had the first look at Honor Berry). By this time Pat had made a fire, and every soul was up, dressed and in the full flow of conversation. The kettle was put on, tea provided, stories told and fun and frolic went on for hours. Let the reader remember that this is not a grandfather's story, but that of a modern divine, who loves to preach the gospel of his Master and also loves to take a flyrod and a rifle and to make the most of a vacation; and the facts here recorded are not those of the "long and pleasant past," but those of yesterday. Mrs. Berry, Pat and the queenly Honor are all living and well. May they continue prosperous and happy.

Toward the small hours of the morning I was invited to retire, and, wrapped in a new blanket, soft and white, of Mrs. Berry's own manufacture, I slept some hours. In the meantime it was arranged that Woods should return to Westport and that I should spend the next few days salmon fishing on the Burrosoul lakes. My tackle was a ten-ounce rod, a Frankford reel, twenty-five yards of silk line and a nine-foot leader of gut, a few flies from the wing of a rail (*Rallus aquaticus*), better known in Ireland as the "corn-crake." With these I killed on the first day eleven salmon trout weighing over fifty pounds, and the second day I landed nine of the same kind and about the same weight. These fish are not second to the salmon itself, the flesh is not as red, however, it is rather a pink color, but the flavor is much more delicate. On the Burrosoul lakes I had two boatmen, Pat Berry and Hugh Deevers, his cousin. There was a small cottage on one side of the lake, and Pat asked Hugh, "Who lives in that house?" Hugh replied, "A man named Malley." "What Malley do you mean?" asked Pat again. "Why, Malley that died," was Hugh's sage reply.

I stayed several days with these kind people, and would have prolonged my visit but they would accept no remuneration for their trouble. In fact, all the time they tried to make me feel that I was doing them a favor. This is no solitary instance of Irish hospitality experienced by the author of this sketch. Right well do I remember being shipwrecked near the same place, and after a merciful deliverance from a terrible death, was carried into a public inn, in the little town of Newport, where for a week I was tenderly nursed, and when able to resume my journey the innkeeper handed me my bill receipted.

AUGUSTA, GA.

Natural History.

THE BEAR'S POT.

ON the north shore of the Gulf of St. Lawrence and about eighteen miles west of Mingan is the mouth of a fine salmon river called St. John.

I am told by Mr. Napoleon A. Comeau that about forty-five miles up the river is a fall, and that in a rock alongside the fall is a pot-hole, about the size of a punchon. In June of each year a great many of the jumping salmon, in their attempts to leap the fall, tumble into this hole. So many, indeed, meet with this misfortune that the pit is actually filled with them.

Now bears abound on this part of the coast, and for many generations they have come, at the proper time each year, to feed on the luckless salmon. Numerous well trodden paths leading from the pit penetrate the forest in various directions, and the rock is smeared with grease and hairs.

The firm of Frazer & Holliday of Quebec (owners of the Moise salmon fishery) heard of this from the Indians, and despatched a man to the place to ascertain the truth or falsity of the report. Returning, he confirmed the Indians' tale in every particular. The Canadian government was notified and had the rock blasted in such a way that the salmon could no longer be caught in the pot-hole, and the bears have since been forced to content themselves, so far as fish are concerned, with what capelin they could catch in the tide pools.

LOCUST GROVE, N. Y.

C. HART MERRIAM.

SWAINSON'S WARBLER REDISCOVERED

(*Helminthorus Swainsoni*).

Editor Forest and Stream:

Since the discovery of this bird in South Carolina by Bachman half a century ago it has always been considered one of the very rarest species of our Eastern fauna. Until the present year very few specimens have been known to naturalists, and scarcely anything has been added to our knowledge of its history beyond the original account that Audubon gave. During the past season, however, some fifty or sixty specimens have been procured in the vicinity of Charleston, S. C., chiefly by a correspondent of mine, Mr. Arthur T. Wayne, who sends me his valuable and interesting notes, with the request that I would arrange them for publication. The matter stands as one of the most remarkable episodes in the late history of our birds.

ELLIOTT COVES.

"Swainson's warbler," writes Mr. Wayne, "arrives in the vicinity of Charleston about the 22d of April, and remains as a summer resident, none wintering. As is the case with many other birds, the males come first, the females about a week later, when the mating immediately begins. The notes of the male are exquisite—like a clear ringing whistle, which can be heard at least a fourth of a mile away if the wind is still. The power and volume of the song is wonderful, considering how small is the creature from which it proceeds, and one can hardly be convinced until he has actually seen the birds singing. These are, of course, only the love notes. The eggs are laid early in May. This I know, although I have never found a nest, by dissecting a female shot May 10, that had already laid all but one of her eggs, this last one being nearly ready for the shell. I have no doubt that the nest will be found to be placed on the ground, as usual, with species of *Helminthorus* and *Helminthophaga*. The first brood is abroad late in June, that is, on the way; it usually numbers four. The second brood is abroad early in August. The male sings his love song while preparing for this event, but less vigorously and with less of the romantic fire of sexual abandon, than during the fervor of his vernal passion. The female has no song, merely a chirp in recognition of her lord's presence and attentions. The song of the male ceases entirely when the second brood appears. Cares have sobered him till next spring, and his feeble inconsequential chirp is but a listless answer to his mate. They both go away late in September—vanish by the 25th.

"You will find Swainson's warbler in deep, dark, gloomy swamps; where venomous snakes abound, and bloodthirsty mosquitoes almost drive one wild, is the chosen home of our voluminous Anacreon. You will look for him in vain on highlands or in dry woods. He is the minstrel of the swamp, where decaying logs lie heaped inextricably in the stagnant water, where the fretwork of climbing vines is laced to the standing shrubs, and the pond lilies diffuse their perfume from the cups with which they drink in the struggling sunbeams. He is a shy recluse, though not ascetic, truly; sometimes as hard to see as a *Gyrfalcon* or a cormorant, yet again appearing absorbed in inward contemplation and oblivious of your presence. Once I saw one, in August, that seemed positively lost in reverie. It walked on the ground but a couple of feet from me, singing the while as if delighted with its dream, as it idly turned the dead leaves over, takin

no heed of me whatever. I thought to catch it alive, and nearly had my hat over it, when it came to its senses and rapidly sped away on wing, till a well-directed shot cut short its flight—rude transition, indeed, from the Land of Nod to No Man's Land for the hapless dreamer.

"Swainson's warbler spends most of its time on the ground, like a *Siurus*, or like the worm-eating warbler of its own genus (*Helminthorus vermicorus*), and in its general habits it recalls these birds, though it never flirts the tail like those of the first named genus. The birds invariably mate on the ground. One day I shot three males to one female, and the next day two more males to the same female. They are spirited as well as jealous, have many disputes, and seem especially to dislike catbirds, with whom they quarrel incessantly. Their food is principally spiders, worms, caterpillars, and other larvæ. Sometimes, though rarely, the prey is taken after the manner of a flycatcher. The young hug the ground closely even in September. They are found chiefly among rotten, fallen logs, and seem to be usually shyer, or perhaps more timid, than the old birds.

"Considering its many peculiarities, I think that Swainson's warbler needs a new genus apart from *Helminthorus*. What do you think of this?"

[To this it may be replied that Swainson's warbler is the type of Audubon's genus *Helminthia*, lately emended into *Helonæa*, and already in use by some ornithologists.—E. C.]

"THE AUK."

THE October number of *The Auk* opens with an article on the Canada goose (*Bernicla canadensis*), by James P. Howley, which is rather a surprise to us, for it is not at all the kind of matter which usually finds its way into these carefully edited pages. Mr. Barrow's list of the "Birds of the Lower Uruguay" is concluded. It is of especial interest here because it treats in part of the waders, many species of which are those common in the United States. We note that he speaks of *Actitis bairdii* as sometimes balancing itself "for a few seconds on the tops of bushes, which I do not remember noting before." This is a common practice of the bird in some portions of the West, and we have frequently seen it done in Nebraska and Dakota. Dr. Coues, in an article entitled "On Some New Terms Recommended for Use in Zoological Nomenclature," gives his reasons for suggesting the use of the word "onyx," from *ὄνυξ*, and various compounds formed from it, in zoological writing. Mr. Bicknell's "Singing of our Birds" it continued part way through the *Fringillide*. Mr. W. W. Cooke presents an interesting and full account of the distribution and migration of *Zonotrichia querula*. An extended report of the meeting and the discussion held last summer at the British Museum for the purpose of considering the availability of trinomials in zoological nomenclature, is given by Mr. J. A. Allen, and Mr. F. Stephens contributes an interesting article on "Collecting in the Colorado Desert," "Leconte's Thrasher." The third series of Dr. Stejneger's "Analecta Ornithologica," is not less interesting than those which have preceded it. Mr. R. Bowdler Sharpe has in this number a valuable, though brief, note on the genus *Progne*, and Dr. Stejneger describes, under the name *Logopus albus alleni*, a new sub-species of willow grouse. The number concludes with a full report of the meeting of the American Ornithologists' Union. General notes are, as usual, full of interesting news.

THE BLACK BEAR.

BY CHANDLEY L. PHELPS.

THE black bear is the only species found in New York State. It lives to be fifteen years old, and the largest I have ever seen weighed 425 pounds. It lives on berries and fruit, and will eat almost anything, including beech nuts, ants, honey and frogs. It will also eat dead animals. The bear will not attack a man unless wounded, or when it has young. If the cubs are old enough, the whole family will run away; but if the little ones are too small to run fast, the mother will drive a man away until they have time to get out of reach.

Bears go into winter quarters when the snow is so deep that they cannot get food, and not before. I have known them to dig away two feet of snow to get at the beech nuts on the high ridges. They are fond of scratching the bark on the trees, and of biting a piece of bark out of balsams about six inches in diameter; these are what the hunters call "bear signs." As I said before, a bear will rarely attack a man, and even if wounded is not dangerous unless brought to bay.

About ten years ago I started out with Sam Dunnigan and Gus Syphert after panther. We crossed the north branch of the Moose River in Herkimer county, and passed Panther Lake, and came around the high ground to Little Moose Lake. Near there we came across the track of a bear leading out of a swamp, through which ran a small stream. The ice had dammed up the water, and had flooded the bear out of his den. We went into the swamp to see whether there were any other bears left, and found the hole where he had slept full of water.

It was about 1 o'clock in the afternoon when we started, and we shunted that night on his track, and followed all the next day and the day after. About 2 o'clock we came to the forks of the Moose River. The bear went up the south branch. The dogs were afraid of him and would go up and make a circuit and come back. As we thought we should be out some days, we went to the Moose River tannery, and staid there one night, and as we got some bread baked, did not get back to the forks until about 11 o'clock. We followed up to where we had heard the dogs barking the day before, and there, upon a broad, bare rock on the side of the stream the trail stopped, the dogs had gone up a little further and then came back.

I went back and Dunnigan went up the stream, but we found no tracks; so I said to Dunnigan, "He is somewhere near us," and he said, "Yes, he is here." The rocks overhung at this place, and the bear had dropped down and worked his way between the rocks and snow. We shoveled the snow away with our snowshoes for some distance, and as we were doing so the bear put his head out, but before I could shoot him or Sam hit him with the axe, he drew back. We finally came to a sort of a den, into which I crawled, but found nothing. Further back I found a place running into the rocks about as large as a man's body. It ran parallel to the face of the rocks for some distance and then turned and formed a sort of a cave. I crawled in, and after a while I saw something moving, which I knew was the bear. I said to Sam, "I can see his head." "Well," said he, "that's where you want to hit him if you shoot him in there." I waited a moment and saw it was not his head, but his stern, and that he was trying to get away from me. I was afraid

he would work his way up to the ground through some crevice, so I shot and hit him in the stern. He turned and made for me, and growled and snarled a great deal; but I knew he could not get out, for I filled up the hole, and I knew he could only bite me, and I did not believe he would do that, because he was cowed by the long chase we had given him. As soon as I fired I passed the gun out through the crevice in the rocks and had it loaded again. (It was a sort of a breechloader and it was not gone more than half a minute.) I held it out so that anything that came against it would be shot, but the bear did not try to get out, and before long I could see his eyes and see him wink and hear him breathe. He was only about three feet away, and the next time I shot him through the head. When I hit him he pushed right over toward me, and lay close to my shoulder across the hole. When he stopped breathing I took hold of his head to turn him around, but he lay in such a position I could not move him; but after two hours' work I managed to turn him around and Sam Dunnigan passed in a rope, and he pulled and I pulled, and finally we got him through. When we got to the tannery we put him on the scales and he weighed 220 pounds.

THE ADIRONDACKS.

SNAKE-BITES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

A correspondent, in your last issue, gives the antidote for the venom of the rattlesnake, that is to say, "new milk and indigo." His statement shows that this boy was not fairly bitten, but merely scratched. That he would have recovered without the use of the supposed remedy is quite certain. Milk and indigo is a horrid dose. Milk by itself is easily assimilable nutriment calculated to support the powers of life and sustain the functions of the great vital organs while the poison is thrown off. You can not make of thirty or forty pounds of blood a chemical fluid capable of decomposing and neutralizing this venom without, at the same time, destroying the character of the blood as a vital fluid, and so murdering the unfortunate sufferer by well-meant efforts to relieve him.

This whole idea of antidotes is bad and misleading. Any and every stimulant is an antidote physiologically to the depressing effect of the snake poison. So it will be well to give, say, two tablespoonfuls of whisky or brandy in three times as much water, along with twenty-five or thirty drops of *aqua ammoniac* or spirits of hartshorn, at such intervals as the depression may seem to demand. Clear the bowels by an enema of warm water and soap, to which may be added with advantage two teaspoonfuls of spirits of turpentine. If the patient has been bitten by a copperhead, assure him that the bite of that snake scarcely ever, if ever, imperils human life, and that he is in no danger. If bitten by a rattlesnake, tell him not to be needlessly alarmed; that the bite of this snake is seldom dangerous if left to itself, still less so if intelligently treated. Many persons bitten by snakes die of fright; some are killed by excessive medication, especially by fatal quantities of alcohol. Some few persons are so very susceptible to the influence of the venom, that they die of its effects with or without treatment. If we have in the United States a really deadly snake, it is the so-called venomous water moccasin of the Southern States, technically *Anistrodon piscivorus*.

My principal object is to ask your Southern readers to report any authentic cases of the bites of this snake, either animals or man, and the result. The history of this species and the clinical history of its bite are very meagre. So far as my information extends, the bite of this snake is often fatal to adult man inside of half an hour from its reception. I think *Anistrodon piscivorus* is simply the southern form of copperhead (*Anistrodon contortrix*). In accordance with what I understand to be the modern view of nomenclature it would be *Anistrodon contortrix piscivorus*. It is no true water snake, but merely semi-aquatic, and so, too, is your copperhead as far north as the Potomac. A fisher, too, is your copperhead, making common resort to the borders of rocky shoals, to old stone dams and to the stagnant pools left in small streams, in time of drought, for the purpose of feeding on minnows left imprisoned in little pools in these places. However this may be, I think it certain that the venomous water moccasin of the South is the most dangerous snake we have. It would prove very interesting if your Southern correspondents will make us more familiar with the species. The medical men of North Carolina are among the most learned and skillful in America, and I think this species abounds in some sections of that State. I doubt not they can enlighten us.

M. G. ELLZEY, M.D.

DOMESTICATING WILDFOWL.—Cold Spring Harbor, N. Y., Oct. 28.—After the loss of my entire flock of fourteen wood ducks, killed by a mink last March, I made inquiries for others and bought four pairs. They were a hard lot, and if I had seen them first would not have bought. One pair had been wintered in a robin cage and the others in dry goods boxes; the plumage was bad and the birds were weak. Two of them died within three days after receiving them, and the others slowly picked up in their outdoor quarters with its large pool of spring water. None laid, and in summer I bought some green-winged teal, pintails, and widgeon, all English birds, and in condition not much better than the wood ducks. They died freely for the first few days after their arrival. I then imported a pair of Chinese mandarin ducks, which came in good order, but the voyage probably stopped the formation of eggs. In the summer rats got into the house where they were confined at night and when the vermin were killed off an account of stock showed one pair of mandarins, one widgeon, and three wood ducks, the latter including one drake. These birds are now getting their fall plumage and the mandarin drake is beginning to look splendid after his dull summer coat. They have been mating for the past month. A flock of wild wood ducks just bought are all in full plumage except the young drakes, being at least two weeks ahead of mine. Inquiries for live green-winged teal have failed to find them, nor does it seem possible to get bluewings. A friend in Dakota has promised some pintails, and I hope for better luck next year, if the minks and rats do not get in again, as it does not seem possible for them to do.—FRED MATHER.

WATER BIRDS OF NORTH AMERICA.—Early last summer a correspondent ordered a copy of the "Water Birds" and we supplied the first volume, which was all that had been then issued. Meantime his name and address have been mislaid. We now have the second volume, and should be glad to know where it is to be sent.

Deer hunters should read Judge J. D. Caton's "Antelope and Deer of America." For sale at this office. Price \$2.50.—Adv.

A WOOD DUCK'S STRATAGEM.—The following note I copy from my note book, thinking it might interest some of the readers of the FOREST AND STREAM interested in this most beautiful of all ducks: Witleacoche River, Fla., Dec. 8.—Shot a green-winged teal in a small pond and a male wood duck on the river. The wood duck was very cunning, leading me quite a chase up the river. I was rowing up the stream against a strong tide, keeping a sharp lookout for alligators on the bank, when my eyes caught sight of, as I thought, a little dipper duck swimming along very close inshore under the shadow of the trees. After watching it a few moments I saw that it did not dive as the little scaup ducks do, but seemed to be intent on making its escape by swimming. Determined to find out what kind of a duck it was, I started in pursuit. It was hard work, as the current was running very swiftly, but after a little while I saw that I was gaining on the duck. I rowed hard, looking over my shoulder every few moments to see if I was gaining and if the duck was still in sight. At last I thought I was near enough, and dropping the oars I picked up my gun, and looked ahead just in time to see the duck dive. I rowed up to the place where it went down, expecting to see it come up. I waited several minutes, but no duck came in sight. I looked carefully up and down the river, first on one side and then on the other, but no duck could be seen. On the right hand side of the river opposite the bank was rocky, and the tops of several large rocks projected over the river, throwing a deep shadow on the water. I was looking in that direction when my eyes were attracted by what appeared to be a block of wood floating down with the current. I looked at it sharply, and the thought struck me that it might be my duck. Yes, it was the duck, its head and neck stretched out on the water, and as motionless as if dead. I raised my gun, took quick aim and fired, and had the satisfaction of seeing the bird flap his wings for a few seconds and lie still. I rowed up to where he was, and to my delight saw it was a male wood duck in perfect plumage. On examining my prize I saw that the end of the left wing was gone up to the wrist, and the wing was healed up. This, then, was the reason that my duck did not try to escape by flying, but resorted to the cunning trick of floating past me down the river.—J. C. CAHOON.

EASTWARD RANGE OF THE MOOSE NORTH OF THE ST. LAWRENCE.—The fact is well known to the Indians and other moose hunters of the region, that the Saguenay River constitutes the eastern limit of the range of the moose on the north side of the St. Lawrence. Stragglers beyond this limit are so exceedingly rare that a Bersimis Indian (one Thomas Colard by name) mentioned to Mr. N. A. Comeau, as a previously unheard of occurrence, that a moose had been seen about the headwaters of the Bersimis River in December, 1883. The distance between these two rivers is not greater than a moose could travel in two days.—C. HART MERRIAM (Locust Grove, New York).

Game Bag and Gun.

THE FIRST DEER.

WE had been in camp on the Second Connecticut Lake pretty nearly a week, and in that time had not shot a single deer, having turned all our attention to the finny tribe, which afforded us keen sport. We however bagged an occasional partridge, and this, together with the trout and ever glorious flapjack, afforded us banquets fit for a king. Our party consisted of four, none of us very experienced sportsmen, and no guide, for we preferred to shift for ourselves, and save the, to us, expensive luxury. We had two canvas canoes among us, and we intended paddling part way down the river on our journey home if we had time.

Supper was over, and we had gathered round the blazing fire to enjoy a pipe, as we talked over the events of the day, when it happened to strike one of us that it would never do to leave the woods without having brought down at least one deer.

"That's so!" cried Charley, leaping to his feet, "and I for one vote we try floating for them to-night. Who's with me?" "Now don't get excited, boy," said he whom we called Dutch, "I don't intend to stir from this fire to-night. There will be plenty of time for such small game before we break up."

"Small game! I'd like to see you shoot one all the same!" "Thank you, but I'd rather not tramp through tangled bushes and fall into mud holes when I can get better sport by sitting in a nice clean canoe and throwing a fly."

"That's where you and I differ."

"Just precisely," replied Dutch, who was really a fine angler.

"Come, fellows," I put in, "please don't quarrel all the time, and I'll tell you what I've just thought of. We'll all go hunting to-morrow, and as a reward, the man who kills the first deer shall be exempt from washing dishes an entire week. How does that strike you?"

"Agreed!" they all exclaimed; and then after replenishing the fire, for the mosquitoes were thicker than usual, which is saying a good deal, we sought our respective couches and proceeded to woo the gentle god of sleep, who comes to none so willingly as to him who makes his bed 'neath the green-wood tree.

Next morning I was up with the sun to find my comrades still sweetly slumbering. So hastily making my toilet in the lake, and cramming a few crackers and a box of cartridges into my pocket, and grabbing my rifle, I set out, for it was not my day to get the camp breakfast, and moreover, I had set my heart on getting a deer.

Well, to be brief, I tramped through thick woods and jumped brooks till I was about tired out, and I guess it must have been about twelve o'clock, or at least my appetite indicated a near approach to that hour, when I seated myself on a log and began debating on the advisability of turning my face campward.

I had seen several traces of deer, but none very recent, and had about decided to start back in order to arrive in time for dinner, when I became conscious of a gentle plashing, sounding from the direction of the brook I had just crossed. My blood tingled in my veins as I made my way cautiously back, after ascertaining that the slight breeze was in my favor. But most of my excitement disappeared as I saw a handsome buck leisurely wading in the shallow water, and knew that I would have to shoot close if I wanted my deer, for he was fully seventy-five yards distant. I say he was a handsome buck, because the sorriest old specimen in

the State would have appeared a regular "Monarch of the Glen" in my eyes at that moment.

I fired, and the way that animal leaped was something to wonder at. He sprang from the center of the stream up the bank some ten feet, and then back again, where he fell dead. How he managed to make such a jump after my bullet reached his heart is more than I can explain. However, he was mine, and although he probably would have liked to live a while longer, his time had come.

When I returned to camp the others were all there, and of course had big stories to tell of the number and size of the deer they had seen, but been unable to kill, except Dutch, who had given it up after a couple of hours and taken to his rod and fly.

We had venison often after this, for I was not the only one who got a deer that year. In fact, Charley was the most successful deer-slayer of the crowd, and succeeded in getting the largest, of whose capture he tells wonderful stories to this day. That night, after a refreshing plunge in the cool waters of the lake, we turned in, and I, at least, was well satisfied with the day's work.

C. F. M. G.

PHILADELPHIA NOTES.

ALTHOUGH there have been plenty of fowl at Barnegat since I last wrote you, but few ducks have been killed, owing to the low state of the tides, which made bare the grounds which are used by the gunners, and rendered the approach of these points in sneak-boxes impossible. Several Philadelphia sportsmen have returned much disappointed and with but meagre showings, when, as they say, "the bay was full of redheads." No brant had arrived, and but one or two flocks of geese were seen. It was news to me to hear that Long Beach, N. J., in the neighborhood of Harry Cedars, grows a yearly crop of rabbits, and that much fun can be had hunting them. The landlord at Harry Cedars does not own bounds, but has one or two curs that will run a cotton tail. It would pay for the sportsman who visits this place to enjoy duck shooting, to take with him a beagle or two in order to vary his amusement and stretch his limbs in the chase of the rabbit, a large number of which, I am told on good authority, can be readily found a short distance from the hotel. Duck shooting at Tuckerton last week appears to have been better than at Barnegat. There was much shooting heard by my friends who were at the latter place last week, and it looked as if the Manahawkin duckers were having a good time of it, when we take it for granted that when a big gun goes off it is generally pointed at some object.

To-morrow will not take many sportsmen to Delaware or Maryland, the opening of the quail shooting season, as Tuesday's election will prevent, but Wednesday, we may be sure, will find carloads of dogs and guns stubble bound. Nov. 1 opens the ball at Havre de Grace, but that date coming on Saturday, and Sunday intervening, no work will be done there until next week. I learn there are a great many red-heads and blackheads at this favorite shooting ground awaiting slaughter. Not many canvas-backs have come; more cold weather is needed for them.

Quail shooting in a part of the Cumberland Valley, Pa., visited by my informant last week, was poor. This was not what was expected from reports early in the autumn.

Homo.

ADIRONDACK GAME PROTECTION.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have just returned from my annual hunting trip in the Adirondacks. When we reached Sageville, Hamilton county, we found court in session, and Silas Coll's new hotel well filled with guides and woodsmen, called there as jurors, etc. Mr. Bradley, game constable for this district, welcomed our arrival, as, being members of the game protective association that had already successfully prosecuted the poachers, we could help him in getting his indictments through with the Grand Jury. The members of this Grand Jury live where hardly a day passes without their being tempted to break the game laws; and if an oath were administered before they took their seats, hardly one of them could swear that he had never broken the law. It takes strong arguments to get indictments brought in against game law offenders. Mr. Bradley was successful in getting the worst cases indicted, and may summon some others before court here on supreme writ.

Gen. R. U. Sherman, State Fish Commissioner, after earnest letters from myself and the committee from Northville, visited the Lake Pleasant region in his tour to locate the new State Hatchery. However he may decide, we have the consciousness that we did all we could to get our section's claim well before him. No one can deny that our waters were the first visited by sportsmen; and forty years ago Dr. Bethune and others made Piscose section famous, and now that the State is to start a hatchery, how natural it is for us to think the first depleted waters should have first attention.

We found gray squirrels and partridges fairly plenty on the way into the woods; but around Sageville, sportsmen who had summered there and had bird dogs, had cleaned them well out. Some duck shooting on the lake and a few snipe amused us for a day or so; and then we organized a camping out party for the river a few miles in toward Cedar Lakes. We got a deer for each day's hunt, besides seeing four that our green man scared, but did not hit. How the reminiscences of old hunters abound with the surety of the untired sportsman being put on the supposed poorest runways; and how sure the deer are to go to them. I have hunted deer in many ways, but one day's watching on a good river runway is worth more to me than a week's watching a lake. There is a tingle to your nerves as you hear the dog in the distance, and as you see the deer bound into the river, as your eye sinks in the sights covering his shoulder, you fire with a feeling that the meat is yours.

And here let me speak against the fallacy of the buckshot talk. Advise every hunter to stick to the rifle. He will soon learn to have perfect confidence in himself and know that up to 200 yards he is sure. Neither of the two deer that I killed would I have got with buckshot, as one was killed at 125 and the other at 175 yards.

I am pleased to say that our stoppage of winter killing when the deer were yarded has caused considerable increase and I have never seen them so numerous as this fall. Mr. Sherman's letter and "L's" answer on the subject of violations of the game law are valuable in so far as they attract sportsmen's attention to their duty as good citizens to privately notify the nearest game constable of the violations, so he can know whom to watch. If you next spring would publish a list of game constables and their P. O. addresses,

and editorially advise each sportsmen visiting the woods to cut it out and write of the violations he may hear of, it would do much good.

M. S. NORTHRUP.

JOHNSTOWN, N. Y., Oct. 24.

Editor Forest and Stream:

While hunting recently in the Adirondacks, my guide had occasion to visit the camp of three so-called sportsmen from your city. They, with their four guides, began to hunt on Oct. 8, and between this date and the 15th, when my guide saw them, had killed seven full-grown deer, and five fawns, nine of which were hanging whole in camp at the time. One of their guides (who had protested against such brutal slaughter) told us that they had killed three more a few days afterward, and it was their intention to hunt each day till the 25th, when they would break camp. If it had been possible for them either to eat the venison, or to save it to carry out, their conduct might be excused, but such was not the case, and it could only spoil. Cannot something be done to prevent such unjustifiable slaughter? True sportsmen will agree that active measures should be taken to keep such fellows (who call themselves sportsmen, but are a disgrace to the name) out of the woods if the game is to be preserved there beyond the immediate future. If your paper will formulate some plan, and agitate it, you certainly will not lack the assistance necessary to accomplish it.

INDIGNANT.

OCTOBER 20.

[Will "Indignant" further tell us how the deer were killed?]

BULLET VERSUS BUCKSHOT.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I heartily agree with the "Devil's Ramrod" when he says that a man who would "stand on a runway and blow a deer's head off with grapeshot" is no hunter; but nevertheless, I think an animal minus the head would be more likely to die on the spot than one with only a rifle ball in some non-vital part. Mind you, I do by no means advocate this style of killing. I simply offer this opinion to those who think a rifle ball more fatal than a charge of buckshot. If a man is going to pepper away at every deer he sees or hears, why then, of course, a good many will run off with some of the lead; but a person old enough to handle a shotgun ought also to have come to those years of discretion which would teach him to get at least within easy range of his gun. "Ramrod" says that before anybody attempts to hunt large game, he should learn to shoot. Agreed, and if he uses the scatter gun, let him learn to crawl up on his game until he can be tolerably sure that the shot will do its work. I believe I said before that I preferred the rifle, and as "His Satanic Majesty's Ramrod" surmises, I am only taking up the cudgel in the interest of game. A rifle in the hands of a crack shot is by all means the proper weapon, and if he used it on all game from the rabbit up, he would get more sport, according to my ideas of that ambiguous term.

C. F. M. G.

MAINE LARGE GAME.

THE prospect for game the present season never looked better. The Kennebec region is rooded out in deep paths by moose, caribou, deer and bear. There is also good signs of fur game; beaver are building houses within two miles as the crow flies of Camp Kennebec, and fresh otter signs are conspicuous; mink are also abundant, and the released Rangeley guides are getting in their traps preparatory for the fall and winter hunt.

The State Fish and Game Commissioners, Stillwell and Stanley, have finished up their labors on the Kennebec and Rangeley streams, and placed in the hatching house at this place over 300,000 brook trout spawn, which will, when turned into these lakes, largely replenish these waters with the speckled beauties.

As soon as the ponds freeze over the caribou will make his appearance, and then the fun begins. They are easily approached by hunters who understand their habits, and the woods are full of them.

Deer abound on every hill, and bears are on the rampage in all the frontier towns, destroying sheep and finishing up their year's raid on the acorns and other nuts and berries preparatory to denning up for their long sleep.

These are glorious days for lovers of sport and wood life in this wild region, and the venison eaters are jubilant.

The Kennebec River rises among the Canada mountains and the Kennebec Lake runs into it through another outlet. The Seven Ponds are approached from Tim Pond, as well as through the Kennebec region, and the whole northern forest is one vast breeding and feeding ground for all the wild beasts occurring in these latitudes.

Camping on the Kennebec River the past month alone, we could hear every night the various cry and call and tramping of the wild inhabitants, and it was our usual custom to spend an hour or more each evening, soon as dark, in sitting on a log in front of our camp and listening to these various sounds and enjoy the loneliness of our situation. And even at this moment we long for "a lodge in some vast wilderness," away from all the turmoil of life and business; where civilization never enters; where the spirit is free from conventionalities, and the soul can worship and enjoy the true God of nature in nature's home.

J. G. R.

BETHEL, Me.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The hunting days for Maine are well under way, and everything is in full blast. The hoot of the 12-bore in company with the sharp crack of the rifle, may be heard on all sides and about every day. Parties have gone and are continually leaving for their up river cruises of a few days or weeks, all anxious to bring home their three deer each, which the Maine law allows them. But I fear many idle shots will be fired. Deer are quite plenty this fall, and several have already been brought in. Last week two friends of mine went out for a short hunt of two or three days, and the third day came home bringing with them a fine buck weighing (with the entrails taken out) 263 pounds. A good shot that. One may go out from here and in less than one hour's walk arrive on the grounds where deer signs may be found without any trouble, and often the chap that made them.

Grouse are plenty this fall but quite wild, and when started up it is hard to find them the second time. Wild ducks have been flocking into our back lakes very plenty for four weeks past, and some good shots have been made. I just learn from a neighbor of three deer having been killed to day within a few miles of home.

A FOREST LOVER.

NACHIAS, Me., Oct. 24.

MARYLAND GAME LAW.

THE Maryland State law for ducks prohibits shooting at wildfowl bedded in flocks upon their roosting or feeding grounds or elsewhere from boat of any kind; shooting wildfowl flying about their feeding grounds from any boat, except citizens of the counties bordering the waters and those to whom they may extend the privilege, who can shoot when the birds are thus flying from any boat except a sink-boat or sneak-boat, and prohibits shooting from a booby, blind or artificial point more than 100 yards from natural shore. Fine, \$10 to \$100 and forfeiture of guns, boats, etc. See Article 98, General Laws, Sections 1 to 12.

The State law also prohibits shooting over the waters of the Chesapeake with any big or swivel gun from any boat or craft. Fine, \$100 to \$500.

The State law allows shooting upon obtaining a license from the Circuit Court of Harford or Cecil counties, from sink-box, sneak-boat, etc., not less than a quarter of a mile from shore, northward of a line beginning at Turkey Point Lighthouse, in Cecil county, and drawn westward to a point half a mile north of the most northern part of Spesutia Island, thence westward half a mile north of the adjacent mainland to the shores of Harford county, at or near Oakington, and south of a line drawn east from Concord Point Lighthouse, in Harford county, to Carpenter's Point, Cecil county, between Nov. 1 and March 31, and prohibits shooting at any other time except from shore. Penalty, \$50 to \$100.

The law prohibits shooting at night time over the waters northward of the line drawn from Turkey Point. Fine \$100 to \$500.

Shooting days until January 1, between lines above described, Monday, Wednesday and Friday. After January 1, shooting allowed on Saturday also. Penalty, \$50 to \$100.

The law prohibits anchoring of boats on any but gunning days, or going over the waters on gunning days before 5 o'clock A. M. Fine \$25 to \$50. See Chapter 459, Acts 1884.

POLICE.

That every two years the Government shall appoint two citizens of Harford and two of Cecil to carry out provisions of above laws. See Chapter 106, Acts 1880; Chapter 180, Acts 1882.

The sneak-boat allowed is a flat-bottomed bateau or other boat with push or canvas blinds, and shall be engaged bona fide in shooting over decoys. No skiff, sailing boat or other boat engaged in hunting or shooting crippled ducks, or in purloining ducks killed by other persons having a license to shoot shall forfeit their license if they have one, be fined not less than \$20, and forfeit boat, guns etc. Possession of ducks and gun by any offending boat prima facie evidence to convict.

LOCAL DUCKING LAWS.

Anne Arundel County.—Prohibits shooting at night time except from land.

Shooting with gun, both day and night, that cannot be conveniently discharged from shoulder. Fine \$50.

Prohibits use of sink-boats, sneak-boats, etc. Fine \$5 to \$50.

Allows shooting from sink-box upon obtaining license.

Prohibits shooting on South River from booby or bush blinds, except on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday; requires license to erect such blinds, and they must be 300 yards apart.

Baltimore and Harford Counties.—Prohibits the possession of big or swivel guns, sink-boats or sneak-boats, for the purpose of killing water fowl in Baltimore and Harford counties, and Chesapeake Bay adjacent to middle of bay. Possession of above named articles prima facie evidence of unlawful purpose. Fine \$50 to \$100.

Shooting at night time prohibited from water or shore. Fine \$50 to \$100.

Frightening wildfowl from their roosting or feeding grounds prohibited. Fine \$50 to \$200. Chapter 287, Acts 1882.

Erection of booby blind or artificial point more than 100 yards from shore prohibited. Fine \$50 to \$200, subject to penalty once a week until removed.

That these laws shall not interfere with the general laws within the limits as above given, beginning at Turkey Point.

Prohibits shooting from Eastern avenue bridge across Back River, in Baltimore county. Fine \$25 to \$50. Chapter 198, Acts 1882.

Charles County.—Any bona fide citizen of this county or of St. Mary's may shoot out of any boat or craft of any kind at wildfowl in the Wicomico River and its tributaries.

Cecil County.—Prohibits lashing of waters or otherwise scaring fish into nets within half a mile of ducking points on Elk River, Bohemia River or Heron's Island when fame are occupied by gunners after wildfowl, or within half a mile of bridge over Bohemia River when occupied by gunners. Fine \$10 to \$25. Chapter 27, 1880.

Cecil and Kent Counties.—Any bona fide citizen may shoot from sink-boxes in Sassafras River, upon obtaining a license, on Mondays, Wednesdays, Fridays and Saturdays, between Nov. 1 and March 31. Sink-boxes to be not less than 100 yards from shore on Cecil side of river. Cost of license \$10. Fine for shooting on any day but those specified \$10 to \$20. Shooting without license, \$50 to \$100. Chapter 204, Acts 1882.

Dorchester County.—Allows shooting from sink boats at water fowl in Choptank River and its tributaries from day-break until dark, on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays.

Allows citizens from Hooper's Island to shoot from sink-boats or otherwise for home consumption, within the waters around the island, not more than one mile from shore.

Unlawful to kill from boats or sink-boats within two miles from Lower Hooper's Island ferry.

Kent County.—Prohibits shooting at night from any boat, and daytime with any gun requiring a rest to shoot.

Prohibits shooting in Sassafras, Elk or Bohemia rivers and tributaries from any vessel less than ten tons burthen. Fine \$50.

Prohibits use of sink-boxes, sneak-boats, etc., in any of the waters of Chester River and the Chesapeake Bay. Fine \$5 to \$50, and forfeiture of gun, etc. Code L. L., Article 14.

Allows shooting over decoys from shore.

Prince George's County.—Prohibits any but citizens of Anne Arundel, Charles, Calvert and St. Mary's from shooting or trapping water fowl on the Patuxent River or its tributaries. Fine \$10 to \$50.

Queen Anne's County.—Permits bona fide citizens to shoot from sink-boxes, upon obtaining a license, upon waters whose mouth is 400 yards wide. License \$10. Fine \$20 to \$100. Chapter 370, 1880.

Somerset County.—Prohibits any open boat carrying any gun or pistol approaching within 50 yards of any blind for the purpose of shooting wildfowl. Fine \$10. L. L., Article 19, Section 208.

St. Mary's County.—Any bona fide citizen may shoot from any boat of any kind in the waters of the Wicomico and its tributaries.

Talbot County.—Prohibits the use of sink-boats, snuck boats, etc., in the waters of the county. Fine \$5 to \$50. Code L. L., Article 20, Section 206.

Allows shooting from sink-boxes by citizens, inclusive of Eastern Bay, in waters not less than 30 yards wide.

Prohibits shooting with lights between evening twilight and morning twilight, and capturing by net or traps. Fine \$50 to \$100. Laws of 1880.

Prohibits killing wood or acorn ducks before Sept. 20.

Wicomico County.—Prohibits the killing of summer ducks between Jan. 1 and Sept. 10.

Worcester County.—Prohibits the shooting of wildfowl between April 10 and Nov. 1, catching of at any time, and shooting at night except from shore, and using any swivel or pivot gun. Chapter 160, 1880.

PARTRIDGES.

The general State law allows shooting from Nov. 1 to Dec. 24. This law applies to all counties where there is no local law. Where there is a local law it takes precedence over the State law. Local laws: Allegany, Oct. 15 to Jan. 1; Anne Arundel, Nov. 1 to Jan. 11; Baltimore county, Oct. 1 to Dec. 26; Caroline, Nov. 1 to Feb. 1; Carroll, shooting prohibited until Nov. 1, 1884; Cecil, Oct. 15 to Jan. 2; Dorchester, Nov. 1 to Feb. 1; Frederick, Oct. 25 to Jan. 1; Garrett, Nov. 1 to Jan. 1; Harford, Oct. 15 to Dec. 26; Kent, Oct. 25 to Jan. 15; Montgomery, Oct. 15 to Jan. 15; Prince George's, Nov. 1 to Jan. 11; Queen Anne's, Nov. 1 to Dec. 2; Somerset, Nov. 1 to Feb. 1; Talbot, Oct. 15 to Jan. 1; Washington, Oct. 20 to Jan. 1; Wicomico, Nov. 1 to Feb. 1; Worcester, Nov. 1 to March 1.

WOODCOCK.

The general State law allows shooting between June 15 and Feb. 1. Local laws: Allegany, June 15 to Feb. 1; Baltimore county, June 15 to Feb. 1; Caroline, July 4 to Feb. 1; Cecil, June 10 to Jan. 1; Dorchester, June 15 to Feb. 1; Harford, June 10 to Jan. 1; Montgomery, June 10 to Jan. 1; Queen Anne's, July 4 to Feb. 1; Talbot, June 15 to Jan. 1; Wicomico, Sept. 1 to Jan. 1.

RABBITS.

The general State law allows shooting between Oct. 15 and Jan. 15. Local laws: Allegany, Oct. 15 to Jan. 1; Anne Arundel, Oct. 1 to Feb. 1; Baltimore county, Nov. 1 to Jan. 1; Caroline, Nov. 1 to Jan. 1; Cecil, Oct. 15 to Jan. 2; Dorchester, Oct. 15 to Jan. 15; Frederick, Oct. 1 to Feb. 1; Harford, Oct. 15 to Dec. 26; Kent, Oct. 25 to Jan. 15; Prince George's, Oct. 15 to Feb. 1; Queen Anne's, Nov. 1 to Dec. 24; Talbot, Oct. 15 to Jan. 1; Wicomico, Nov. 1 to Feb. 1.

PHEASANTS.

The general law allows shooting between Aug. 16 and Jan. 1. Local laws: Allegany, Sept. 1 to Jan. 1; Anne Arundel, Oct. 15 to Jan. 1; Baltimore county, Sept. 1 to Jan. 1; Cecil, Sept. 1 to Feb. 1; Dorchester, Aug. 15 to Jan. 1; Frederick, Oct. 15 to Jan. 1; Garrett, Aug. 15 to Jan. 1; Harford, Sept. 1 to Feb. 1; Montgomery, Sept. 1 to Feb. 1; Washington, Aug. 12 to Dec. 31.

The Act of 1884 for the further protection of wild game and wildfowl in Worcester county provides that no person, corporation or company shall at any time kill or expose for sale, transport or have in possession any quail or partridge, woodcock, Wilson or English snipe, English or French mocking bird, rabbit, wild duck, wild goose, brant or swan, after the same has been killed, for any purpose except for consumption as food within Worcester county. Penalty, \$5 to \$50 for each offense, and, in default of payment, imprisonment at the rate of a day for each dollar of fine.

Frederick county has a similar law in regard to pheasants, partridges, squirrels and woodcock.

Queen Anne's county requires non-residents to take out a shooting license. A license to ship game out of the county costs \$100. Trespassing on posted ground is punishable by fine, which, if not paid, renders the offender liable to imprisonment.

MY LAST ANTELOPE HUNT.

HERE I am, dear FOREST AND STREAM, stretched out on my back, a sad relic of an enthusiastic hunter. My ankle bone is broken, and the important and serviceable bones of my instep, which have just been put back into their proper positions, are very sore and weak.

A few days ago I saddled up for an afternoon with the antelope. Going up the north branch of Bear Creek as far as the Culver corral, and not seeing anything, I crossed the big flat to Dyer's sheep camp on South Bear Creek, and from there went across country to the Boughton Gap, on the old road toward Cheyenne. The game seemed scarce enough, but toward the middle of the afternoon a bunch appeared in view half a mile away. They were quietly feeding on a hillside and very near its top. Quickly turning my horse and beating a hasty retreat, in order to study the lay of the ground, I found it necessary to ride back toward the north for a couple of hundred yards, and then turn sharp to the east and ride on that tack for half or three-quarters of a mile. Then I left my horse and climbing one hill peered cautiously over the top of it. The antelope were still feeding a couple of hundred yards away. The wind was strongly in my favor, and I had but to exercise ordinary care to decrease the distance to about a hundred yards. Five minutes sufficed to place me in a favorable position when, choosing a buck nearest me, I fired, and broke his left foreleg. Away went the band, the wounded buck and all. Quickly returning to my horse, I was soon in the saddle prepared to give chase. Away we went, up hill and down, across the little valleys, through the little draws, in sage brush and sand, until a smart gallop of ten minutes brought the bunch in sight again.

The wounded one had so far kept well along with his companions, but was now lying down. Keeping back a few minutes in order to give my horse a blow, I prepared to cut him out from the bunch. They saw me as I came over the hill and in a few seconds were out of sight. The wounded buck did not discover my presence until I was well on to him, when he, too, sped away with a wonderful burst of speed for a crippled animal. Over two hills we raced, and down the third we started, the horse gradually gaining ground. It was my intention when the bottom of the third hill was reached to dismount and follow the game afoot, or ride very slowly, for he would, without doubt, stop running in his weakened and tired condition; and discovering he was not pursued, lie down and rest, when out of sight, beyond the next hill or two.

But this was not to be, for scarcely was I well under way

down the third hill, not straight down, but siding or quartering, when the horse stumbled. I felt him going from under me and attempted to clear myself but my rifle was in the way and we were both down. My left shoulder struck the hard ground with tremendous force, while the horse came down upon my left foot. Pulling it from under him I drew off the boot just in time for the foot was already discolored and swollen and the swelling rapidly increasing every moment. Then turning round to my horse who still lay motionless, I untied my saddle rope and hung on to it. The horse was my only companion and I had no relish for being left several miles from home with only one useful foot and no crutches.

The disabled foot was turned at a right angle out from its natural position. Tying my boot on the saddle, I shook up the horse, who had also received a pretty severe blow, the skin over the eye being knocked off and bleeding. After several efforts to mount him from the near side, I found it impossible to do so, not having the strength in my foot to sustain my weight in the stirrup; so turning the horse around, he was gentle enough to let me mount him from the off side, and the long, weary ride toward home commenced.

There was no pain whatever. A couple of hours' ride brought me to the Boughton Spring Branch, which empties into Bear Creek a mile above the ranch. Dismounting, I had a refreshing drink, bathed my head and foot, and climbed into the saddle again. Here it seemed as though the real trouble commenced. My head was reeling, the perspiration poured out all over my body, and I could not even see my horse's head. Close around me seemed a great wall of bright green. The horse kept the trail among the trees on the Spring Branch, while I hung tightly on to the horn of the saddle. This sort of blindness lasted perhaps ten minutes, when gradually the surroundings became distinct, and by the time I had reached Bear Creek everything was plain.

I met one of the cowboys riding toward the ranch, and had ridden nearly home alongside of him before he noticed my foot. He said he saw my boot tied to the saddle, but thought that perhaps I had taken it off on account of corns or something of that kind. Bathing the foot in hot water and bandaging it with cotton batting and oiled silk, made the foot very comfortable. It did not feel as though any bones were broken or out of place, but a trip to town and an examination by a surgeon revealed the facts of a broken ankle bone and the bones of the instep out of position. One of the men riding the range told me a few days ago that he saw a wounded antelope with one of his forelegs broken. He may be the one that gave me the race. I had hoped the coyotes had downed him and put him out of misery.

BEAR CREEK, WYO.

MILLARD.

A NEW CLUB HOUSE.

IT will be remembered that about three years ago there was quite a little comment in the public prints on the formation of the Kittyhawk Club. This association was said to have secured vast tracts of shooting land in North Carolina, and was darkly alluded to as a monopoly which was likely to prevent the poor man from going gunning in the future. Since that time but little has been said about it, but the club has not been idle. Under its new name, the Narrows Island Club, it has acquired various shooting properties in Currituck Sound, which give it the absolute control of what is probably the best canvasback, redhead, and goose shooting on this continent, and has just completed a club house which is said to be the finest edifice of the kind in America. It stands on Narrows Island, not far from the old Nye place at Poplar Branch in Currituck county, N. C. The house is 100x41 feet, with a wing 23x36 feet, and consists of two stories and an attic. The sitting-room is 27x27 feet, and is furnished and finished in cherry with a hard wood floor. It has a high wainscoting, a paneled wood ceiling, large open fireplace, and large windows. The dining-room is 20x27 feet, and is finished in ash. The hall is large, and the staircase leading to the second story wide. On the first floor there is a drying room and a gun-room, besides kitchens and other necessary apartments. The second story is devoted to bedrooms to accommodate eighteen members at one time. These are furnished in ash, with stoves and Kensington rugs.

Besides the main club house, there are other buildings and improvements, of which the most important are a boat house, 32x59 feet, and platform 12x59 feet, an inclosed basin for boats 50x59 and 4 feet deep, a dock 16 feet long and 225 feet of rail track, with truck, an ice house 16x16 feet, a magazine 10x12 feet, a woodshed 16x30 feet, and a water-tight cistern 18 feet in diameter.

All the work has been done in the most thorough manner, much of the labor having been performed by the best workmen that could be found in New York city.

The present membership of the club is 25, who control 29 of the 35 shares. The par value of these is \$2,500, but we understand that a high premium has recently been bid for them without bringing out any shares. The stock of the Currituck Club has sold within a short time for \$5,000 per share.

THE SOUTH SIDE SPORTSMEN'S CLUB.—This renowned Long Island club has just issued its eighteenth annual report, from which we learn that the fishing last season was the best since the foundation of the club, the catch numbering to over 5,700 fish [round]. The waters were, as usual, but little fished the last months of the season, but it was very evident to those who visited the club during the summer that the waters were unusually well stocked. The club, although mainly a fishing club, stocks its grounds with quail and feeds them in severe weather. Of the 5,707 trout captured in 1883 1,518, weighing 316 pounds 6 ounces, were taken in the main brook above the screen, and 4,249 from the other waters, weighing 2,351 pounds 12 ounces, an average of 8½ ounces each. As the total catch for 1882 was 4,028, the increase is considered satisfactory. About 1,000,000 trout eggs were taken, and a good proportion of them were hatched by Mr. Riley. Eggs were still being taken from the rainbow trout while the report was being written, and the result was impossible to foretell. The officers of the club are: President, Roland Redmond; Vice-President, Chas. Banks; Treasurer, John Benjamin; Secretary, H. Duval; Counsel, John E. Develin.

GLAUCOE, Fla., Oct. 28.—The thermometer registered 58° at 6 A. M. recently. The same day large flocks of ducks passed along the coast, and Mosquito Lagoon is now dotted with them. Duck shooting has commenced a little earlier than common. Quail are quite plenty this year; have seen numerous large coveys. Several bear have been seen south of here this fall. One was killed by John and Charles Rush, of Cow Creek. —RED WING.

WORCESTER, Mass., Nov. 1.—The Jerome Marble hunting party arrived home to-day after a six weeks' trip in the wilds of the far West. The party, who had the excursion car "Edwin Forest," included Mr. and Mrs. A. B. F. Kinney and child, A. L. Gifford, Mr. and Mrs. Jerome Marble of this city, Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Allen of Grafton, Mr. W. H. Hutchinson of Lynn, Mr. M. Max B. Richardson of Oswego, N. Y., Mr. B. F. Lamb of Boston, and Mr. H. L. Schaeffer of Pittsburgh, Pa. The attachés of the car consisted of Albert Parker, as porter; Wm. Bland, waiter, and John W. Adams, cook, all of Boston. The route was from this city to Montreal, thence to Chicago, St. Paul and the Northern Pacific Railroad. The first halt was at Lake Park, Minn.; the game found was ducks and chickens. Then came a three days' halt at New Buffalo, and then some length of time at Tappan, in Dakota. The next halt was at Dickinson, in Dakota. The men of the party, with a guide, left the ladies and the car on a side track and pushed out into the country. After an absence of ten days, a large portion of the time spent in the saddle, they returned loaded down with game. During their absence they secured fifteen deer, four antelopes and several mountain sheep. The monster shot by Mr. Lamb had horns which were forty inches long, measured seventeen and three-quarter inches in circumference, and weighed forty pounds. While on the trip they bagged 150 ducks and eighty geese. They went as far West as the Little Missouri; traveled about 4,500 miles in their car, and some 200 miles on horseback.

FLORIDA GAME.—Sanford, Fla., has a "wigwam," so called, where an enterprising firm have put a big stock of sportsmen's supplies and fitted up a reading and yarn-spinning room for the meeting of successful gunners, Mr. C. A. Loud, one of the firm, writes of the game in that section as follows: "Near Sanford we have plenty of quail, I have bagged from 20 to 63 in a day, snipe also are quite plentiful. One day last winter a friend and myself bagged from 90 to 100. Ducks, of which we have a large variety, stay with us all winter and large bags are common. Deer can be found within two miles of town, and quite plenty from five to ten miles. Wild turkeys can be found near this place and in the country about. The fishing of this vicinity we can boast of. From 25 to 100 fish have often been taken by a single boat and we have shad, bream, pike, black bass, mullet and many other kinds of fish in Lake Monroe and surrounding waters."

MANITOBA.—Winnipeg, Man., Oct. 28.—The weather here is now turning quite cold, our first snow storm having arrived yesterday; consequently the ducks and geese are flying south in great numbers. The rustling of their wings is heard throughout the entire night. Game has been unusually plentiful here this season, probably on account of our excellent game laws and the untiring efforts of the guardians to secure their strict observance. The early part of the season being very dry, it facilitated the breeding of the prairie chickens to a great extent, and any number of them can be secured a short distance (say three or four miles) from the city. Ducks, however, are very wild, and to bag them, with any degree of success, you must travel twenty-five or thirty miles from Winnipeg.—F.

MISSISSIPPI GAME.—Philadelphia, Miss., Oct. 18.—I have had very little chance to examine into the game prospects for the season. I frequently flush becks of quail by the roadside, and as I am passing through the fields, however, and they all seem to be very full, having from fifteen to twenty birds in them, and I have seen no small or weak becks. I frequently see deer tracks where they have crossed the roads, and I have seen several large droves of turkeys. Ducks have not made their appearance yet, and will remain only a day or two when they do come. Squirrels are generally here in large numbers through the winter months. I have not been out hunting yet, and can probably give more definite information at a later date.—FOREST FIELD.

MISSOURI GAME.—Jefferson City, Mo., Oct. 27, 1884.—The game around here is very abundant this fall. Deer are plentiful in the Osage River country. Turkeys are numerous but very wild. The quail have been suffering some from pot-hunters and market-hunters; they are not up to the average in size. Ducks are coming in since the recent cold snap in large numbers to the slaws and lakes in the vicinity of the Osage and Missouri rivers. A large pelican was killed in the river just above this city last week which measured five feet high, and eight feet from tip to tip of the wings. It was a pure white, with black-tipped wings.—P. D. F.

GAME IN SULLIVAN COUNTY.—Woodbourne, N. Y. Oct. 26.—A party of three here last week took home as the reward of three days' shooting sixty fine birds. This was a fair average of the shooting we have here. I had a fine wildcat chase the other day. The fun began at Catamount Lodge; from there the cat ran down into Catamount Swamp, across the east pond, back to the ledge, and then began to circle. That was the first time I had the satisfaction of seeing him, though he was too far off to shoot. The next circle brought him within range and I killed him, at seventy-five paces, my gun being loaded with BB shot. The wildcat measured 5 feet 7½ inches length, and stood 21½ inches.—ELI GARRETT (Guide).

BAGGAGE MASTERS ON THE MAKE.—Mechanicsville, N. Y. Nov. 3.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Delaware & Hudson Canal Company's railroad allows its baggagemen to collect any price they can for bird dogs, and also forbids passengers riding in baggage coaches. Consequently, when I boarded the train for home yesterday, the baggagemen charged me fifty cents for my setter, five cents more than my own fare. And thus they salt every one they get a chance at. Can nothing be done to change this? This is the main road to the North Woods. Do others fare as I do?—A. C. J. [Do not pay the exorbitant charges.]

FORKED RIVER, New Jersey, Nov. 3.—Large quantities of ducks are now in Barnegat Bay, and several fine bags have already been made, the largest one so far was by a party of gentlemen who were out two days with Capt. Forman Mathews; they brought in 165 ducks, mostly broadbills and redheads. The Riverside House will be kept open till about the 20th inst., from which point the bay is most available. Harvey's Cedars, Capt. Ike Jennings, will also entertain gunners all winter.—B.

NORTH CAROLINA DUCK SHOOTING.—A correspondent wishes information about some good duck shooting ground on the North Carolina coast, which is not taken up by a club, and where he may go with assurance of success.

NEW LONG ISLAND CLUB.—Riverhead, N. Y.—Articles of incorporation of the Amagansett Sporting Club were filed in the County Clerk's office on the 18th ult. The objects of the club are stated to be for hunting, shooting, fishing and the preservation of game. The trustees for the first year are: Frank Bennett, Abe Detmars, Samuel B. Loper, Charles M. Bennett, Henry Loper, William M. Terrell and Eugene Loper.

SOUTHBIDGE, Mass., Oct. 30—The Southbridge Rod and Gun Club of this town, held its annual supper this evening. It was served at the Dresser House, Mr. W. C. Campbell presided. The bill of fare included wild goose, partridge on toast and partridge fricassée, squirrel pie, woodcock, and robin on toast. The occasion was a very enjoyable one.

TOMS RIVER, N. J., Nov. 1.—The gunning season opens to-day with quite a good supply of quail, rabbits, etc. A week ago I saw six distinct coveys of quail in walking three miles. I saw a large number of swallows flying in a southerly direction at noon to-day. Is it not rather late for them?—T.

MONTANA.—Birch Creek, Oct. 21.—The weather is still clear and no snow in the mountains. Brant and other waterfowl began to go south three nights ago.—J. W. S.

Sea and River Fishing.

SALMON FISHING ON PUGET SOUND.

THE autumn days are upon us; our summer is ended. The leaves are falling thick and fast, the nights are growing cool, and now and then our lovely "Indian summer" is varied by a cold rainstorm. A thousand signs combine to warn us of the approach of the days when the gentle art must be a dream. The erratic jacksnipe (*sic*, by our local phraseology) is abroad in the meadows and marshes, startling the hunter by his marvellous gyrations, and the voice of the teal and mallard enlivens the waters where he is wont to resort. Our fishing for 1884 is but a pleasant memory, an annual addition to the files of sweet recollections, the perusal of which is to cheer our old age and make pleasant our declining years. Was it Tall-grass of whom the following story is told? Asking a young man if he played whist, and being informed that he did not, he remarked: "What a cheerless old age you are preparing for yourself." In the same light the sportsman may view the conduct of the man who is not a follower of the rod and gun. The writer derives an immense amount of satisfaction from his pilgrimages to the shrine of his object of worship, when he thinks of the pleasure he will derive in his old age from his retrospective fishing and hunting excursions. The sharp corners of fatigue, cold, hunger and all like discomforts experienced by the hunter will have been removed by the obliterating hand of time, and the pleasant recollections that are left will serve to make pleasant many an hour of reverie by the fireside.

Among the many pleasant excursions which the writer has made during the past summer, he gives the one which he is about to narrate a prominent place.

Every August at about the same time the annual run of salmon begins and lasts for about six weeks. During this time the bays and inlets of the Sound, into which streams flow, are filled with myriads of these fish, which may be seen at any time during flood tide jumping from the water in countless numbers for some unknown reason. Flinging themselves twice their own length out of the water they fall on their sides with a heavy splash and disappear. No satisfactory reason for their jumping has ever been given. The writer is inclined to think it is done out of pure sportiveness. During this "run" salmon will take a spoon hook freely and afford fine sport. The bay upon which Seattle, the metropolis of Washington Territory, is situated is a famous place for salmon, as quite a large river (the Duwamish) empties into its head a couple of miles above town.

Rising one morning in September last at 5 o'clock the writer walked down to a boat house, stopping on the way for a cup of coffee at a restaurant. At the boathouse he selected a light, easy rowing boat and set out. A pull of half a mile brought him to the fishing grounds, which lie along the edge of the deep water bordering on the mud flats at the head of the bay, through which run the three mouths of the river. Here a busy scene presented itself. The surface of the water for a mile or more was covered with Indian canoes whose occupants were busily engaged in hauling in the lordly fish, which on reaching shore they disposed of for the pitiful price of five cents each. These Indians often fill their canoes in a morning's fishing. Scattered among the canoes were a few boats occupied by white men, who, like the writer, were bent on pleasure, not profit. The sun was just rising over the Cascade range as the writer neared the grounds, casting its radiance on the snowy peaks of the Olympic mountains in the west. To the south old Mount Ranier reared his snowy head, half cold and forbidding and half bathed in the rosy sunlight. Immediately at hand were the smooth waters of the bay, skirted with their green border of mighty firs, standing in unbroken platoon save where the two miles of city front lay. The town was still in shadow, and but for the columns of smoke rising from the many manufactories, would have seemed still asleep.

But action was necessary did the writer intend to do any work on that morning. Joining his heavy lancewood rod and adjusting his reel with its hundred yards of line, he fastened on a spoon, and adjusting a sinker of four ounces weight about twenty feet in front of the hook, so as to keep the spoon about two feet under water when in motion, he was ready for business. Starting off with a slow steady stroke, which propelled the boat at about two and a half miles an hour, he unreeled his line as he went, till he had cut about 100 feet. A few minutes' rowing and a vicious jerk announced that he was fast to a fish. Dropping his oars the eager fisherman commenced reeling in. It is a peculiarity of these fish that when hooked they will come in without resistance, even swimming toward the boat until they get in sight, when off they go as if shot from a gun, and it is then that the real fight begins. It is no easy task, in a light boat with a flexible rod, to bring a good-sized salmon to gaff, and so the writer found in this instance. A dozen times did he have him within ten feet of the boat, only to have him make another rush for freedom. The tackle was good, however, and twenty minutes from the time he was hooked the fine fish was gasping with his mouth out of water alongside the boat. Taking his gaff, a large fish hook

lashed to a stick, and dexterously introducing it into his gaping jaws, he lauded him in the boat. He was a noble fellow, weighing 13½ pounds, and afterward proved to be the largest one of the morning's catch. These fish will average probably 7 pounds, and they are caught weighing as much as 40 or 50 pounds. The writer has taken one of 32 pounds. A row of an hour and a half more resulted in the capture of four more salmon, weighing from 4 to 8 pounds.

A brisk row home succeeded, and after a good cold bath the writer was in good condition to enjoy a late breakfast. The catch of the morning was an average one for a rod, which is, of course, a slower method of taking them than with a hand line, although the enjoyment connected with the latter process is not to be compared with that resulting from the former. It is not an unusual thing for two men, one rowing and one fishing, to catch twenty in a morning in a couple of hours with a hand line. These fish are in fine condition when "running," and are a magnificent table fish cooked in any way. As a food fish they are surpassed probably only by the famous Columbia River salmon. Very large numbers are taken during the season. The canning of them is a large industry, and their export and sale adds no small sum to the wealth of the Sound. A few years ago, at a point some twenty miles below Seattle, 7,000 of these fish were taken in one haul of a seine. They are very gamy and fight to the last.

It may not be out of place, as we are speaking of a salt-water fish, to mention that we have in the Sound nearly all of the varieties of salt-water fish known to the temperate zone; but owing to the fine trout fishing within easy reach and the salmon fishing, there is not such salt-water fishing indulged in for other fish than salmon for recreation. There is, of course, no fishing that will compare with trout and salmon fishing, unless it may be Dr. Henshall's pets. When one can lie on a bed of rose leaves he does not care to recline on corn husks. ALKI.

SEATTLE, W. T., Oct. 25.

ECHOES FROM THE TOURNAMENT.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The fly-casting at the late tournament did not show the distances expected because the contestants cast across the wind instead of with, or against it. It is well known that some casters can get out more line against a moderate breeze than with it, hence, if the stand had been moved out from the shore, say a hundred feet and let them cast directly in, the record would have been better. The stand was built upon legs and was stationary. It would seem as if a float was the proper thing to cast from, for then it could be moved at will. Two logs would float it and it would be both portable and secure. It was suggested to use a boat, but distance casting requires a more secure footing, and a float will meet all the requirements. LOOKER ON.

Editor Forest and Stream:

It strikes me that the Committee did not do as well as usual by the amateurs this year, in leaving out Class C. Surely there were prizes enough if they had not overloaded the minnow casting class with them. I would call their attention to a fault or oversight in the programme, and one which is growing. This is the fact that there is no place for an amateur who has ever won a first prize. He is barred out from all classes except the expert ones, where he must meet men who are far ahead of any winners of amateur prizes. Why not make a class for them next year? AMATEUR.

[The suggestion of a floating platform has already been made, but whether it is a desirable thing or not is not settled. "Amateur" is informed that there were not prizes enough to fill Class C this year. Those in the minnow casting class were given especially for that class, and the Committee could not change them. Whether his proposition to make a class for amateurs who have won first is a good one or not, the next committee will decide.—F. M.]

SMALL FLIES.

IT is our belief that most artificial flies used in America are too large. We have been gradually reducing the size of our trout flies until we have some midges, scarcely larger than the tiniest insect which dances over the water, and we find them killing. The prevailing belief is that the hook which necessarily accompanies such a fly is not large enough to hold a good trout. If the hook is of good steel, it will do it in proper hands. A trout will often rise to a small fly when a large one will alarm it. Concerning this question, an American writer recently said that he was glad to see that English anglers were following the American example and recognizing the "stream value of fine tackle." Mr. R. B. Marston, editor of the London *Fishing Gazette*, claimed that the English used finer, *i. e.*, more delicate tackle and flies than the Americans, and sent on some flies which were forwarded to Mr. W. C. Prime, who wrote Mr. Marston as follows:

"Profile House, New Hampshire, U. S. A., Sept. 8, 1884. Dear Sir—That I have not long ago, thanked you with all heart for sending me the flies has been more my misfortune than my fault. When I received them, by the kind hands of Mr. Harris, I had left town with the intent to pass the spring and summer, as usual, rod in hand each day. But at the very time they reached me at Franconia, near this place, I was overtaken by an attack of illness, and I have not had a well hour since. Three several unfinished letters to you attest my desire to tell you how thoroughly I felt your kindness in sending the flies, and what a revelation they were to me of the possibilities of high art in the angler's employments and life. But if you know the weariness of body and mind which accompany constant pain for months, you will, I am sure, appreciate my own regret that I could not write as I wanted to, and understand why this acknowledgment has been delayed. With the cooler weather of autumn I begin to feel some of the return of vigor and health.

"I have shown to a host of friends these flies, not only as marvellous specimens of delicacy and perfection of work, but also, as I esteem them most, as evidences of the relationship among anglers of all countries and all peoples. It was exceedingly gratifying to receive them on this account. It is many years since I have tied a small fly or a gnat, though I use more of them than any four other American anglers. I depend for my supplies on Scotland and England. It is only within three years that any of the American dealers in tackle have had gnats or small flies on sale. This was, doubtless, because of the abundance of trout in many of our waters, and the freedom with which they rose to almost any cast.

But from my childhood, years ago, I have been accustomed to use fine tackle and small flies. It was my pride, as a small boy, to kill large trout on a single horse hair, and I have always since enjoyed the use of the most delicate leaders and gnats when killing the heaviest fish. But I never saw or dreamed of such exquisite bits of fly-making as these. I have two or three hobbies. I have given a long life to the collection and study of early illustration in books. I have devoted a good deal of time to the study of ancient art. I have filled my house with a collection of pottery and porcelain. I live, when in town, among these associations; but all my life, my heart, is shut upon my rod case, until I get away from town, and then it escapes and enjoys its beating. With renewed thanks, I am sincerely yours.

"W. C. PRIME."

The *Fishing Gazette* publishes this and says: "Some years ago, when noticing FOREST AND STREAM in this paper, I said what a good thing it was that the Continent of North America, with its unrivalled sporting grounds and waters, was in the hands of an English-speaking and practically English race, which produced as keen, good, and true sportsmen as the old country. Since then I have met or corresponded with many American anglers, and I have always experienced the same feeling of good fellowship which is shown by the very pleasant letter quoted above. May the feeling grow and extend.—R. B. MARSTON."

REMARKABLE CATCH OF SHAD.—Three hundred shad were recently caught in a mackerel weir off Truro, Mass. They were of good size and condition, several of them weighing five pounds. We saw them on Mr. Blackford's stand last Saturday, and they were bright and beautiful. As the shad finish spawning in the Connecticut River in July and are supposed to go to deep water to recuperate, it is singular that a school should be found so far inshore. The old theory that this fish left our coast for the south in the fall is not now believed in, but it is thought that they seek depths where they find a temperature of about 60° Fahr. and crustacean food.

BLUEFISH AT BARNEGAT.—Outside the beach at Barnegat shore was grand sport last week with big bluefish. Numbers were taken running from six to twelve pounds, and many boats were out, the wind being favorable for the yachts to go out the inlet and cruise up and down the beach. A great weight of fish was salted down, and the life-saving crews were in luck for the provision of a part of their winter stores. This was about the only run of big bluefish that showed itself this year.—HOMO.

Fishculture.

THE AMERICAN FISHCULTURAL ASSOCIATION.

THE RIVER EXCURSION.

AT 1 o'clock P. M. the second day, the members of the Fishcultural Association proceeded in carriages to the Lower Cedar Point wharf, where they embarked on board the Fish Hawk, one of the Fish Commission steamers, which had been tendered for the occasion by Professor Baird.

In the course of the afternoon the committee, appointed on Tuesday by the President of the Association to draw up a resolution looking to the interests of oyster cultivators, prepared their report, and shortly afterward a meeting of the Association was called to order in the saloon of the vessel by the President.

THE PRESIDENT: This meeting is called for the purpose of considering the desirability of changing the name of the Association. The present name is not considered comprehensive enough by a number of its members. After this point has been settled, we will consider any other business that may be brought forward.

FROR GOODER: I beg to propose that the name of the "American Fishcultural Association" be changed to the "American Fisheries Association." I have conferred with several of the members present in order to get an idea as to what the general feeling might be in the matter. I should not have brought up this question on the present occasion but for the fact that every one with whom I have spoken seems to be in favor of the change. I think it hardly necessary, therefore, to present all the reasons for the proposed change. I will, in brief, say that in most of the European countries—Norway, England, Holland, Germany and Spain—there are "fisheries associations," "fisheries societies" and "fischerer vereins" which in scope correspond precisely to this one, and I believe that by changing its name we shall be brought into a more appropriate relation with those sister societies, and that thereby the limitations of the society will be more exactly represented. Of course the greater includes the less, and the change of the words "fishcultural" to "fisheries" will in no way diminish the importance of fishculture, or of the work of those members of the Association who are more particularly interested in that special branch of the fisheries.

The president submitted a general request for the opinions of the members.

MR. ROOSEVELT: I confess that the proposition to change the name of this Association has surprised me somewhat. I am not quite satisfied that the proposed name conveys to our English-speaking and American-thinking men precisely the purpose of the organization. Our Association is in reality a fishcultural association. The name "fisheries association" is open to various interpretations. At this moment I am hardly prepared to define distinctly what would be precisely conveyed by that expression. We certainly do not meet for the purpose of catching fish but for the purpose of creating fish. I do not think that to the English mind the word "fishery" or "fisheries" conveys the purpose of this Association at all, and it seems to me that "fishculture" is the better term. The name of this Association originally was the "Fishculturers' Association," but that was not broad enough. Fishculturists confine themselves exclusively to raising fish, involving practical and not scientific research. It has been suggested that many of the papers that have been read before the Association have been only indirectly connected with fishcultural matters; but it seems to me that all of them have had a direct bearing on fishculture. The food of fish is necessary to their cultivation and a knowledge of their uses, character and nature is also essential. I cannot see how anything that is connected with the study of fish would not come within the limits of a fishcultural association; and when I heard of the name proposed, it occurred to me that the term "fisheries association" would not definitely interpret the aims of this society.

DR. HUDSON: I have been reflecting upon this matter and would say that my thoughts in the main coincide with those of Mr. Roosevelt, although my conclusions are somewhat different. I am inclined to the opinion that the word "Fisheries Association" is rather broader than "Fishcultural Association," and would be more acceptable. Many men when asked to join our Association say, "I am not a fishculturist." I do not feel as if I had any special interest in the subject, although, if they attended its meetings, they would soon discover that all kinds of fish, lobsters and oysters are described; their anatomy and physiology discussed; their food investigated; their flesh analyzed; and their organizations compared with others. It seems really as though in the term "Fishcul-

tural" all the matters just alluded to cannot be strictly included, and for that reason I believe that "Fisheries Association" would be more suitable. It is the term most generally employed in Europe, and I think it is the best for us to adopt.

MR. PIKE: I think the proposed change of name is one which should commend itself to this Association. According to my views, the Association has outgrown its original purposes. Its primary object was to bring into closer relations those who were immediately engaged in the artificial breeding of fish; and when the Fish Commissioners of the several States were invited to join, some, I know, declined, because they were not fishculturists or fish-growers for gain. But all this is changed now; the aims of this Association have gradually become more expanded and elevated—embracing everything that pertains to food fishes in all their manifold relations. This is seen in the great variety of topics which were presented for discussion during the session of the Association. Strictly speaking, Professor Atwater's excellent paper would not have been an appropriate one before an association of persons devoted simply to the best method of cultivating and increasing food fishes. And yet it was one of the most acceptable papers presented; and it was acceptable because the members of the Association have learned to take broader and more comprehensive views of the subject of fisheries. In a word, this Association has outgrown its name—and it needs to adopt a name that will more truly, more significantly, indicate its present commendable objects and studies. I think the term "Fisheries Association" would accomplish this. It may be adopted with or without the definite article "the;" but I would prefer to call it "The American Fisheries Association."

MR. WORTH: Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen—I have felt in my work that I needed the hearty co-operation of the fishermen, and I have endeavored to bring about a more intimate relationship between them and fishculturists. I have found in North Carolina that the fishermen were fighting the work, and at the exposition which we propose to hold there this fall, I have already organized in the State a movement which will bring about a "fisherman's convention," which will hold its sessions in October, at which time I hope to display the fishery industries of North Carolina. With regard to the change of name, I think that the term at present in use is rather narrow. Several special subjects have been taken up at our recent sessions which are not fishcultural, and yet if we call it "The American Fisheries Association" we drop rather beyond the line where we want to go. As Colonel McDonald said to me, we are a kind of protective association of the fisheries. We not only want to propagate fish, but to perfect the system of fishing; and the methods of preparing and marketing them; all of which considerations have direct bearing upon the name by which our Association should be known. While it is desirable that these various questions should have their place with us, it seems to me that the proposed name is rather a broad departure from its present anchorage. I think the name should be broader and more comprehensive than at present, but I am rather opposed to calling it "The American Fisheries Association."

MR. STONE: I can suggest nothing better, I admit, but it seems as if there must be some intermediate and appropriate name. The term "society" strikes me as more allowable than "association." If manufacturers and fishermen are allowed to come in, I am somewhat afraid that they will overbalance entirely the fishcultural element. I am opposed to changing the name to "The American Fisheries Association," but there is an intermediate name if we could just hit on it.

COL. McDONALD: I have no opinion to express beyond what has already been expressed by Mr. Pike. I agree with him fully.

MR. EVARTS: I somewhat disagree with my friend Mr. Roosevelt. I would suggest something covering the same idea, but how it will sound I cannot say—"The Fish Interests Association"—I don't know whether that would be intelligible or not.

MR. WILLCOX: I feel as if it were desirable to change the name, judging by what my feelings were when I was asked to become a member. I said, "I am not a fishculturist, although I am interested in its scientific relations." I thought I would be "out of my latitude" in the territory of this Association. But judging from what I have seen and heard since I have been a member, I now believe that the Association has outgrown the purpose of its original organization. I think the time has come when the name should be changed; but I am not prepared to suggest a substitute, as I have not considered the matter sufficiently.

MR. STONE: I do not know that I have much to say. I think the considerations on both sides are of about equal weight. When Professor Goode asked me if I objected to the change being made, I said I had no objection, but since Mr. Roosevelt has spoken on the other side, I can say that the change of name would, I believe, radically change the purpose of the Association. I think it would be rather a pity to do that. Perhaps I am more sensitive on the subject than some of the others, because I happen to be the one who drew up the constitution under the old name. If, however, the change is thought to be for the interests of the Society, I don't think I should offer any objection; but I think it would be a good plan to let the matter lie over for a year, until we have given it more thought.

MR. MATHER: I feel like saying a few words. I think with Mr. Stone that if we could offer a name that would embrace the whole purpose of the Association—perhaps "The American Fish, Fisheries, Oysters, Lobster and Fishcultural Association"—it would be well, but it would take a great deal of ink. I should prefer to call it a "society," because there are fewer letters in it than in "association," and the Secretary has less writing to do. As a fishculturist, I do not like to see the idea of fishculture lost sight of or made to take a second place. That was the main purpose of the Association at its birth, and I believe that Mr. Stone and I are the only two original members left. I agree with Mr. Stone's suggestion that the matter lie over for a year. I object to any change whatever, because we are well known by our old name, and under it have taken in all questions which we can under the proposed new one. If at a future meeting there should be a majority of net-makers, they might wish to again change the name to include their business. I have grown up with the Association under its old names, and it seems to me suicidal to make a change. It is like exchanging a tattered flag that we have fought under for one just out of the shop. I can readily see how new members desire a change, but I cannot approve it.

PROF. GILL: Although I may not be a member of this Association, I have no objection to speak, as I am requested. I am rather inclined to disagree with that old proverb that a rose under any other name smells equally sweet. I think Mr. Roosevelt has given a good argument for changing rather than keeping the name. He has well remarked that the Association has developed from a fishculturists' association into a fishcultural association, and that it is still in progress of further development; and it seems as though it would be merely following a natural sequence to enlarge it still further and call it "The American Fisheries Association." As regards the preference of the word "association" or "society," I should be disposed to retain the old name, because we are apt to recognize a "society" as a local organization, while this is rather a peripatetic body. It would then be on a footing with the "American Association for the Advancement of Science," and others which are also peripatetic in their habits. I should, therefore, be in favor of simply changing the name to "American Fisheries Association."

DR. H. H. CARY: It occurs to me that the name might be made a little more comprehensive, and it seems to me that a change is desirable. In that view, I venture to throw out a suggestion, and ask how it would do to call it "The American Fishcultural and Protective Association." We need protection as much as anything else. There are as many poachers of fish as of game.

MR. ENDICOTT: I have listened to the interesting papers that have been read at many annual meetings of this Association, and have as yet seen nothing to prevent a member from introducing any matter that pertains even in the remotest degree to fish or fisheries. Nor do I suppose we shall ever have any difficulty in that particular. Consequently I see no reason for changing the name. I do not think that we have grown so large that we should be ashamed of the old colors. I am in favor of retaining the old name.

MR. ROOSEVELT: I propose to let the matter lie over for a year. If you change the name to "Association of Fisheries," people would regard it as composed of fishermen. It would narrow our aims instead of broadening them. If we could agree on an accurate and satisfactory substitution, I would not object. I move that the subject lie over for a year, or until the next meeting of the Association.

PROF. GOODE: Mr. President: I have no personal feeling in the matter, but it seems to me that there has been a little misapprehension of the significance of the term "fisheries" as used in the literature of the present time. We have had last year in London the International Fisheries Exhibition, the classification of which corresponded to some extent with the scope of this society, and was much broader than this institution at the present promises to be. The word "fisheries" is used in the broadest sense by a great many writers upon fishing topics. "Fishery" is a very different word. The word "fisheries," as in Germany and France, takes in the whole subject of economy in fishing, and includes protection, propagation, proper methods of carrying on the fisheries, and embraces all the subjects that have been discussed by this Association during the past two or three years of its history, in which interval the scope of the Association has been much wider than in previous years. I have not the slightest objection to voting for a deferment of the consideration of the subject, but fail to see what can be gained. I think such action will retard the Association in its march of progress just twelve months.

PROF. GILL: I would suggest that the furtherance of the fisheries is the object of this Association, as I understand it, and fishculture is simply a means by which this objective can be obtained. Now I think that the work of this Association naturally includes a very wide field of investigation, and, therefore, am of the opinion that the term "fishculture" is decidedly too narrow in its meaning. If fishculture is its limit, then to be logical we would have to eliminate a good deal that has been done by this Association; in other words, we should have to call a halt, put down the brakes, and put back the work of the Association a good deal behind that point which it has already reached. This organization began in a small way—as a fishculturists' association; it became naturally developed in the course of time into an association that took cognizance of all that related to fishculture, and it has now developed beyond that point, embracing in its aim all that is useful for the fisheries. It seems to me consequently that, if it be desired to have a name which is expressive of its present aims, such a change as is proposed, namely, to call it the "American Fisheries Association" is decidedly preferable.

THE PRESIDENT: Gentlemen: Are you ready for the question? The first vote will be on Mr. Roosevelt's amendment.

This was taken and lost.

MR. ROOSEVELT: I recommend the word "society" instead of "association."

PROF. GOODE: I accept this amendment, and am willing that it should be called "The American Fisheries Society."

MR. MATHER: I would really like to ask whether it is parliamentary, after this Association has adjourned, and some of its members have gone home, to hold this meeting here. I object to all the proceedings of this meeting as being irregular.

THE PRESIDENT: I shall rule it in order, as the Association has no order of business. Besides, Mr. Mather has taken part in the discussion, and therefore has no right to object to the meeting as an irregular one.

COL. McDONALD: It is the largest attendance we have had throughout the whole meeting.

MR. MATHER: But the regular meeting adjourned this morning.

THE PRESIDENT: The last amendment has been accepted that the name shall be changed to "The American Fisheries Society."

PROF. GOODE: I would like to ask one question. Supposing the wish of the majority be to retain the old name, "Association?"

THE PRESIDENT: The amendment has already been accepted. We will now vote on it.

This was taken and carried.

THE PRESIDENT: The future name of this Association is "The American Fisheries Society."

SOME RESULTS OF FISHCULTURE.

CARP.—The carp, wherever planted under favorable conditions, and receiving reasonable care and attention, have grown, bred, and multiplied rapidly. Thirty thousand distinct bodies of water in every section of the United States have been occupied with this fish. These represent an aggregate area of 100,000 acres of waste water, which have been converted to profitable, almost spontaneous, production, yielding at a moderate estimate 20,000,000 pounds of food per annum, and adding \$1,000,000 annually to the value of the products of the country.

BLACK BASS.—The black bass has been acclimated in all of the rivers of the Atlantic slope, and while not increasing the aggregate food product of the areas occupied by them, the introduction of this game fish has indirectly contributed to the prosperity of various sections by attracting sportsmen and summer residents.

TROUT.—The mountain sections of New York, New Hampshire and Vermont have their game and fish well preserved through the efforts of the State Fish Commissioners; the trout streams being kept up by artificial propagation or planting, and by protection. The summer visitors who are drawn to this region by the fame of its hunting and fishing leave there annually \$1,500,000, according to the statement of the New Hampshire Commissioner. The larger part of this is to be credited to the efforts in artificial propagation systematically carried on there.

CALIFORNIA SALMON.—The efforts to acclimate this species on the Atlantic slope and in the Mississippi basin have proved abortive, unfavorable temperature conditions, as I have elsewhere shown, having militated against success. This, however, is to be regarded as an experiment in acclimation rather than in fishculture, the artificial propagating and planting of this species in the Sacramento River having carried the annual production of that river up to double the volume it had before planting was inaugurated, and added to its aggregate value \$300,000 per annum.

WHALEFISH.—The propagating and planting of this species in the great lakes was undertaken in the face of a rapid decrease, which foreshadowed the exhaustion of these fisheries in a few years. This decrease has been arrested, and the product is again slowly on the increase.

SHAD.—The results of the artificial propagation and planting of shad cannot, in the absence of accurate statistics covering the whole coast, be definitely stated. There is no question but the production of the Chesapeake area as a whole is steadily on the increase, though local causes determine local failures of the fisheries each season; local statistics, being the only measure of increase that we have, of course can furnish us no data by which we can determine the general advance in production. This, however, is shown by the decreased cost per pound of the shad from season to season in the face of a con-

tinually increasing demand brought about by increasing population and increased facilities for distribution, the price to-day in the markets of Baltimore and Washington being from \$12 to \$20 per hundred and from three to four cents per pound.—*Marshall McDonald, in Bulletin of the United States Fish Commission.*

MAINE TROUT.—Stanley, Morris County, N. J., Oct. 31, 1894.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The following letter from Hon. Henry O. Stanley, Commissioner of Fish and Game, will doubtless interest many of your readers.—*GEO. SHEPARD PAGE, "Office of Commissioner of Fish and Game, Dixfield, Me., Oct. 27, 1894.—My dear cousin, your letter received. We are very busy with our report and fighting the poachers, which takes nearly all my time, day and night. I returned from Rangeley a few days ago, having finished taking brook-trout eggs. We secured about 800 male and female trout in the Kennebag Stream of two to eight pounds each, and could have caught many more if they had been required. They were all taken from one spawning bed, for the most part by seining; although they would take the fly well, even when they were ripe and the eggs would run from them; but we found it a slow way. We did not kill a fish at Kennebag, and only one on the Rangeley Stream. They were the finest lot I ever saw. In the small pool below the dam on the Rangeley outlet I took twenty-six at one pull, which averaged five pounds each; the largest trout weighed nine and one-half pounds. We also took a male salmon of ten pounds, and saw several others above the dam, and also very many large trout, which we did not disturb. Those we took from the pool below the dam put above out of the way of the blueback fishermen. The gates are shut, and they will not run down the stream until the water rises. We took about fifty trout in the pool below the dam averaging five pounds each. We have kept the Kennebag and Rangeley streams guarded this fall without help from subscriptions or from the State, except the cost of running the hatching house. Mr. Stilwell and myself have thus far borne the expense, and hope the result will be seen in the future. Truly yours—HENRY O. STANLEY."*

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

Dec. 16, 17, 18 and 19.—Third Bench Show of the Southern Massachusetts Poultry Association, Taunton, Mass. Wm. C. Davenport, Assistant Secretary.

Dec. 20, 31 and Jan. 1, 2, 1895.—Bench Show of the Meriden Poultry Association, Meriden, Conn. Joshua Shute, Secretary.

Jan. 10 to 14, 1895.—World's Exposition Bench Show, New Orleans, La. Mr. Chas. Lincoln, Superintendent.

Jan. 27, 28, 29 and 30.—Annual Bench Show of the New Brunswick Poultry and Pet Stock Association. Mr. H. W. Wisson, Secretary, St. Johns, N. B.

March 3, 4, 5 and 6, 1895.—Second Annual Bench Show of the Cincinnati Sportsman's Club, Cincinnati, O. Charles Lincoln, Superintendent.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. —.—Third Annual Trials of the Robins Island Club, Robins Island, L. I. Open to members only. Mr. A. T. Plummer, Secretary.

Nov. 17.—Sixth Annual Trials of the Eastern Field Trials Club, at High Point, N. C. W. A. Coster, Secretary, Flatbush, L. I.

Nov. 17.—First Annual Trials of the Fisher's Island Club, Fisher's Island, N. Y. Open to members only. Mr. Max Wenzel, Secretary, Hoboken, N. J.

Dec. 9.—Second Annual Trials of the Pacific Coast Field Trials Club at Walltown Timber, Cal. N. E. White, Secretary, Sacramento Cal.

Dec. 8.—Sixth Annual Trials of the National American Kennel Club at Canton, Miss. D. Bryson, Secretary, Memphis, Tenn.

Dec. 15.—Southern Sportsmen's Association Trials, Canton, Miss. Mr. T. K. Renaud, Secretary, New Orleans, La.

A. K. R.

THE AMERICAN KENNEL REGISTER, for the registration of pedigrees, etc. (with prize lists of all shows and trials), is published every month. Entries close on the 1st. Should be in early. Entry blanks sent on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope. Registration fee (25 cents) must accompany each entry. No entries inserted unless paid in advance. Yearly subscription \$1. Address "American Kennel Register," P. O. Box 2832, New York. Number of entries already printed 1644. Volume I, bound in cloth, sent postpaid, \$1.50.

THE BLACK SETTERS.

TEN or twelve years ago I had the pleasure of being introduced to your then editor. At that time I was in your city to meet the Commissioners of Fisheries for the State, being deputed by the late Frank Buckland and his coadjutors to hand to the representatives of the Empire State models of all the last improvements in fishways and salmon leaps, *con amore*.

The United States for many years—the best part of a half-century life—was the scene of very many of my shooting experiences, and, as I then contributed largely to your press, I naturally considered myself identified with your field sports. The progress—which no one can fail to observe—that has been made in them, provided even that your own columns be taken as evidence, must be most satisfactory; nay, more, highly gratifying to the large body of American sportsmen and naturalists.

At the present time sport and science march hand in hand; the latter doing much to elevate the former, the former doing the same to popularize the latter. Therefore, let science and sport ever remain united for the protection of both.

Long ere this I had hoped to revisit "Greater Britain" (*vide* Sir Charles Dylke), but military service took me to South Africa, over the greater part of which I have traveled, having hunted and shot from the Zambesi to the Cape of Good Hope (*vide* "The Great Thirst Land," "Ride Through Hostile Africa").

However, in my own estimation being "worth two dead men still," I look forward to that day when I will again sight Sandy Hook, tread Broadway, knock over a wood grouse (*Bonasa umbellus*) in the Eastern States, or at a long shot double up a prairie grouse (*Lepus cupido*) on the grass and flower-clad plains of the Western States.

This rodomontade is not business, only the hope that still animates the breast of one who is no longer a youngster; for you may judge for yourself that such is the case when I inform you that I knew the late Dr. Porter and Mr. Herbert ("Frank Forester").

But coming to the point, the amount of attention and space that you give in your columns, and the knowledge and acquaintance that both you and your correspondents possess, is truly gratifying, indeed, most refreshing to lovers of the dog and gun.

But there is one item I should like to inform you of, and which may be of service to dog breeders and dog lovers that dwell among you, it is this:

In 1861 I visited your country and brought with me a black setter bitch. Her mother was a perfectly pure bred Irish setter, the stock being for many years owned by the Stoddart family of Galway. The father was bred by the Duke of Devonshire (hence I called my strain Cavendish setters), was also coal black, was of the purest blood, and was as noble a dog at work as he was in appearance.

The bitch I brought with me to the United States was simply perfect in form, speed and staunchness, but not being broken in her youth to retrieve, I never could get her to do so. At

the same time all her progeny took to that essential accomplishment without hesitation.

The first dog show in America was at New York. The famous showman, Mr. Barnum, was its promoter. I exhibited my pet under the ownership of Dougall McDougall, and she beat all competitors.

Soon after I took her to the Western States, where her performances for speed, staunchness and beauty caused her to be the admiration of all sportsmen with whom I was acquainted, and these were very numerous, hailing from Chicago, St. Louis, Cincinnati and Louisville.

Belle's (her name) first family was sired by Bob, the property of the late Lord Milton, then shooting at Kent county, Indiana, a remarkably good and handsome dog, but I ever believed from the shape of his head, coat and length of ear that he had a cross of the water spaniel in him. At this time I advised Mr. Charles Wooley of Cincinnati to import a black setter of a breed that was undeniable in every requisite. Mr. Ten Broeck, Kentucky, of racing celebrity, carried out this request. He did so, thus in due course of time a splendid black setter arrived at Porkopolis, direct from the kennels of the late Lord Derby.

The whole of Belle's future progeny were sired by this "Stanley setter," the Gordon setters and Stanley setters having much of the same blood in them, although of different colors.

Upward of twenty of this breed were given by me to various friends and acquaintances, viz., Mr. Noble of Indianapolis, Mr. Logan, of Cincinnati, Mr. Selaw, of Vincennes, and Judge Aaron Shaw, of Lawrenceville, Ill., an intimate acquaintance of President Lincoln. When I broke up my establishment in Illinois, my kennel of setters and pointers were sold and were distributed in every direction. Mr. Foot, of New Jersey, a distiller at Cincinnati, purchased my best dog, Beau, and the old lady Belle, the price paid for the former being seven hundred and fifty dollars.

Since my last return from South Africa I have met many of your countrymen, who have spoken of this black breed of setters as being *par excellence* the best strain in their country, but not one could inform me from whence they originated. This is the reason that I have presumed to write such a voluminous article, and trespass upon your valuable columns. With the hope that you will succeed in carrying out the good work you have undertaken, believe me, sincerely yours,

PARKER GILLMORE,
Author of "The Great Thirst Land," "Gun, Rod and Saddle,"
"Prairie and Forest," "The Rod and How to Use it," (sic)
etc., etc.
LONDON, England, September, 1884.

ENGLISH KENNEL NOTES.

XVII.

THERE is something in the light, fresh air of Edinburgh that always brightens me up. "A bit raw this morning," I thought, as I stood on the steps of the hotel lighting my pipe, and then feeling that my note-book and pencil were safe, I drove my hands deep in my pockets and sauntered down the street to the show, perfuming the atmosphere as I went with tobacco smoke and inoffensively scanning—

"Brother man,
Still gentler, sister woman."

I always quote Burns, eat short bread and smear myself with marmalade when I get to Scotland. "Is a way we have in the army," as we used to sing at school. Of course I had forgotten all about the show not being ready before 2 P. M., and so I found the place beset with vegetables instead of dogs. The cheery Mr. Christie would make a good stage manager judging from the ability he displayed in changing the scene. The entry was a big one and the various breeds were well represented in quality.

The stagnant condition of our kennel press and the lethargic abilities of its agents forced themselves upon my notice at this show. This being one of the great exhibitions of the year, the representatives of the different journals were of course present, and among them the reporter of the *Live Stock Journal*. But although the show opened on Tuesday, thus allowing him two clear days to compose his report, the paper appeared on Friday morning without a word about the show. In a great many offices such unenterprising, incapable laziness would have earned its owner the distinction of the most ignoble "Order of the Boot."

It was generally hoped when the *Live Stock Journal* lately passed into wealthy hands, that its new owners would appoint an able manager of journalistic experience, and that such a man would surround himself with a staff of competent writers; but it soon became apparent that the new owners were wrapped up in cattle and horses, so the dogs are still left to a man whose whole qualification for the post consists in the fact that he once kept St. Bernards, and who, at the time he retired from the fancy, got his affairs rather "mixed" with a reverend gentleman who had purchased several of his dogs at unjustifiable prices. What reliance then can the paper's readers place in the criticisms of a man whose personal experience does not extend beyond one breed, and the rest of whose report, therefore, must depend upon notes charitably supplied by exhibitors on their own classes. If readers knew the writers and how their reports are "vamped," they would echo the words of one of our oldest and most successful exhibitors who said in my presence: "Show me the prize lists, I don't want their reports; do you think I am going to read what Blank says about —, he never owned one in his life, and do you suppose he can teach me anything, who has been in the fancy fifteen years and upward?" For the application of my remarks on this subject I would ask those who have back numbers by them, to contrast the reports of the *Field* and the *Live Stock Journal* when they were written by Lewis Cleant and Vero Shaw with those of to-day. It was the business of these men; their pens earned their living, and they gave you value for your money. Mr. Vero Shaw has many enemies in the doggy world, but I think there are few who would not consider his return to the kennel editorship of the *Live Stock Journal* a change for the better. "Look on this picture and on that;" in the old days the reports were written by men who were journalists, authorities and authors on doggy subjects—Vero Shaw, Hugh Dalziel and L. Clement. Their places are now taken by a fancier who once kept terriers, by a fancier who once sold St. Bernards, and by another who once kept spaniels, though I will allow that the remarks of the last named are often readable if not very profound.

I suppose they had dual judging at Edinburgh, because everybody wanted to do something. In coupling Mr. Panmure Gordon with Dr. James, a very clever judge, the committee by these harmless means cheaply returned their thanks for the prizes presented by the former. Two men judging one class is in most cases unsatisfactory. If both men are independent and experienced it often leads to open recrimination in the ring. Jones says Don stands better in front and has such good carriage. Brown can't see it, and besides Dash's coat is so much denser. "Not a bit of it," says Jones with a superior air, "just feel it." "I don't want to feel it," replies the injured Brown; "I can see it." "Oh, can you," remarks the irritating Jones, "then perhaps you can see his teeth without opening his mouth; that will be a distinct advantage, because he looks bad tempered." And so they continue to nag until one gives in or an arbiter is called to decide. Neither remedy is convincing; with the first the owner of the beaten dog has a right to complain that his dog's strong chance was given up by the weakness of one of the judges, and in the second case the referee becomes the judge.

The plan can be made a successful one in practice if a division of labor be agreed upon beforehand. I was watching the ring where the two judges were acting, and I soon perceived

that they had come to a friendly agreement upon this point; while Dr. James devoted all his attention to picking out the prize winners, Mr. Panmure Gordon occupied himself with the other business of the ring, such as jotting down the awards, etc.; so in this way their opinions did not clash.

I do heartily congratulate the urbane secretary and his hard-working colleagues on their great success. The difficulties in their way to less plucky spirits would have seemed quite insurmountable.

I have received a copy of the *Scottish Fancier*, and I dare say I shall disgust some people by saying that it requires very little more "stuff" in it to make the paper quite the best of its class. The price is only one penny, and it is already comparatively better than its higher-priced doggy contemporaries.

The October number contains the report of the Edinburgh show, and a very pretty "fancy" picture of the Scotch black and white collie flock, who won third prize in the open class. No reliance whatever can be placed upon drawings of dogs. If Flock were as good as his portrait, he would be a cheap dog at £200. The editor of the *Scottish Fancier*, a Mr. Gray, is so void of judgment as to enter into a bitter controversy on bulldogs, in the *Stock-keeper*, and what is worse for him, one of the correspondents has dragged away his nom de plume, "A Canny Scot." An editor of a paper has responsibilities and a position to respect, and should never make his appearance except under the dignified editorial "we." This is how Mr. Lyell commences his reply to Mr. Gray's attack on him: "The virulent, blackguardly attack on me in your last shows me that the enemies who have so often tried to injure me are again, as 'Arry would say, on the tappy.'"

I don't censure nor commend Mr. Gray or Mr. Lyell, the tone of such a discussion can do neither of them any good. It is not on the tapis one would expect to hear such language, but more likely on the sanded floor of a tap-room.

It is amusing to notice what very small beer the kennel press is driven to chronicle for the employment of space; here is a paragraph in the *Live Stock Journal*: "We understand that Mr. H. St. J. Stephen, the secretary of the Kennel Club, has been appointed (sic) a member of the committee of the Great Dane Club."

I would respectfully suggest to the editor of that paper to enage a "reader" of Mr. Toot's complexion to point out to them what is of "no consequence."

With regard to the paternity of the Crown Prince litter, Mr. Hugh Dalziel repeats his assertion that the pedigree is false, and invites unbelievers and those he charges with misrepresentations, to bring the matter before some judicial body. The *Stock-keeper*, this week, seasonably points out that in the absence of the National Dog Club the proper body is the Kennel Club. The case is of such great consequence to mastiff breeders, that I hope the club will not wait for the disputants to come before them, but promptly summon them to do so.

The Kennel Club begin to recognize that the ever increasing number of shilows is lowering the dignity of the title champion. A sub-committee has been appointed to deal with the question. I hope their efforts will not fail as miserably as those of the feeble few who took the faking and trimming question in hand.

The eventful history of the collie Rutland is now published on authority. It appears he was first given to Sir Charles Mordaunt by the Rev. Hans Hamilton who bred him. For reasons in connection with the dog's temperament Sir Charles parted with him and a large sum of money for the over-coated, sour-headed Staffa. Rutland's next appearance was at Gloucester in the selling class, "price £5.5." He was claimed by half a dozen eager applicants, but Mr. Boddington got him, and by his recent sale has cleared £245 profit without money made in prizes and fees. Usury does not seem much of a business after this.

The *Kennel Gazette* of October has broken out into three columns of correspondence. I think a little magnesia and sulphur would do it as the attack is not of a serious nature.

The Bulldog Club held a very lively meeting the other night on the subject of "Dudley noses." I don't know if

"De kompanij vligted mit duple-lecks
Dill de coonshtable made 'em shlop,"

but the "argufying" must have been spirited, as those in favor of noses not, I presume, named after the shapely nasal organ of the lovely countess, only lost the day, or rather night, by one vote. The rule that a bulldog's nose must be black is quite an arbitrary one and due to fanciers' dictation. The color of the nose generally follows the body color, that is nature's rule; so fallow or smut-colored dogs have frequently flesh-colored noses, that's nature's idea of the matter, but then nature is not a member of the Bulldog Club. For the sake of the club I hope Sir John Lubbock and others interested in the development of the instinctive knowledge in dogs will not carry their experiments too far. Imagine how awkward it might be if the bulldogs themselves called a meeting to consider the question of disqualifying all owners with red noses. The dogs would have a long way the pull (of noses), for theirs "grewed" like Topsey, their owners had no voice in the matter, whereas we men and women can color our like pipes. The old song says:

"Nose, nose, nose, nose,
And who gave thee that jolly red nose?
Cinnamon and ginger, nutmegs and cloves,
And that gave me my jolly red nose."

So no more spices for LILLIBULERO.
OCTOBER 21, 1884.

THE MASTIFF PUPPIES.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

Will you allow me through the medium of your columns to ask the managers of the bench show for non-sporting dogs, recently held in this city, to explain under what circumstances mastiff puppies, the property of Mr. W. P. Stevenson (Winlaw Kennels), were allowed to compete, and were awarded prizes in Class 6, when no entry of any such puppies appears in this class in the official catalogue?

The number chalked up on the blackboard as prize winners was 41, and on reference to the catalogue it will be seen that 41 is in Class 5, which was intended for dog pups, Class 6 being for bitches.

As soon as the judge's award was made known, Mr. J. A. Pruss and I (both exhibitors) entered a protest in manner provided for by Rule 13, and about an hour afterwards Mr. Lincoln handed the protest back to me, with the following pencil memorandum (not signed by any one) written at foot: "Dear Sir: The matter referred to in your protest has been considered. The rules as printed permit a litter of puppies to compete. The classes are divided into dogs and bitches, consequently the litter was properly divided according to sex."

This I do not consider by any means a satisfactory explanation. Admitted that the rules "permit a litter of puppies to compete" (i. e., provided they are properly entered). Admitted that "the classes are divided into dogs and bitches," but I dispute the illogical conclusion that "consequently the litter was properly divided according to sex," which means if anything that it is allowable for a litter entered in Class 5 to compete in Class 6. If my memory serves me, Rules 14 and 16 prohibit dogs entered in one class from competing in any other, except under circumstances not bearing on the present case.

Rule 21 provides that "all entries must be made on blanks furnished by the superintendent." Rule 22. "The entries close on Monday, Oct. 6. Now, I should like to know—

First—Did Mr. Stevenson comply with Rule 21, by entering his bitch puppies in Class 6, specifically stating the sex and

class in the proper column of a "blank" provided by the superintendent? If so,

Second—Was such entry made on or before October 6, in compliance with Rule 22? If the answers to these questions are in the affirmative,

Third—Why was the entry omitted from Class 6?

The case may possibly be referred to as a precedent at some time, and for this if for no other reason it would be satisfactory to know the exact circumstances connected with it. As the matter stands at present, some of the exhibitors feel themselves aggrieved, especially as one of the puppies informally introduced for competition, and to which a blue ribbon was awarded, resembled, in formation of skull and set of ears, an English bloodhound.

J. A. S. GREGG.

FORDHAM, N. Y., Oct. 27.

THE BOARHOUND GROUP.

THE Great Dane and boarhounds generally are at the present time very fashionable in England, and as this canine fever is not at all improbable to cross the Atlantic, seeing that even in this country the points are little understood by the majority of fanciers, while on the Continent gross ignorance is rampant, both the German and French breeders mixing all the varieties indifferently, without any ideal standard, I venture to think an article pointing out somewhat of the history and peculiarities of the varieties will be acceptable to my readers. The boarhounds consist of three distinct races, all of which, however, are constantly fused by continental breeders, but the original strains are the rough, which is known as the Austrian, Hungarian or Suliot, the latter being the commonest designation. The smooth varieties are the Danish and the German; the latter known also as the Saxony, Dresden and Ulmer, and by the term Sautfänger. Continental breeders and others have endeavored to give these dogs the name of German mastiff, but it is as ridiculous to try to pass these mongrels off as German mastiffs as it would be to endeavor to pass Brummagen jewelry as the real thing. The Suliot or rough boarhound appears to be the descendant of the celebrated Molossus of ancient Epirus, denominated by the classical writers according to the district they were reared in, as example, Chaonian, Molossian, Hyrcanian, Pannonian and Albanian, and since those times they have spread into Greece, Turkey, Hungary, Austria and southeastern Germany, but in the two latter they have been crossed with the heavier mastiff and taller and more speedy Great Dane. Youatt mentions this breed under the comprehensive name of Albanian dog, stating that a dog very much resembling the classical accounts is yet found in Albania and most Grecian districts.

The Suliot are a Graeco Latin race, supposed to be descended from the ancient Illyrians. They are noticed in Grote's "History of Greece," being mentioned as a warlike people, and their dogs celebrated throughout all antiquity. Williams, in "Dogs and Their Ways" says: "The Suliot is one of the largest breeds known. In the war between the Austrians and the Turks, the Moslem soldiers employed many to guard the Imperial forces. One of these, presented to the King of Naples, was reputed the largest dog in the world, being little less than four feet high at shoulder. Colonel Smith saw one at Brussels marching at the head of the regiment of Clairfont, and another at that of Bender, both little inferior to Shetland ponies." Williams also states that "when he was sitting with Lord Truro, in walked the largest dog he thought he had ever seen, a Suliot dog, a boarhound, in fact, brought by one of his master's sons from Germany." Colonel Hamilton Smith (Naturalists' Library, Mam. Vol. X.) describes the Suliot boarhound as an allied breed to the Great Dane, of vast size, but broken-haired, and considered them identical with the Molossus of antiquity. He further allies these Suliot dogs with the watch-dogs of Hungary, which are somewhat smaller, and regards the boarhounds (*Canis sullus*) figured by Redinger as identical. Gmelin's designation for this breed was (*Canis sullus*). From Pliny's account of the enormous dog presented by the King of Albania to Alexander the Great, we learn that Albania produced a gigantic and powerful race of dogs.

I have now brought forward sufficient to show the antiquity of the rough-coated Suliot, and that these boarhounds, except for their rough coat, somewhat resemble the Great Dane. I understood that Mr. Adcock's noted boarhound, Satan, was bred in the Eu press of Austria's kennels. This dog was generally termed a Great Dane but was in reality no more like one than a rough St. Bernard is like a mastiff. I always considered Satan a very characteristic Austrian boarhound, and for real work or fighting fully believe he would have beaten any Great Dane and most English mastiffs. I have dissented thus fully upon a breed that, owing to its scarceness in its purity, is very little known in England, in order to show what the true broken-coated boarhound really is. The smooth German and Danish boarhounds should be perfectly free from any roughness in coat, although foreigners may and often have fused the varieties together, and vendors often try to represent a somewhat broken coat in the Great Dane as no defect. In treating of the German boarhounds I cannot do better than quote a few remarks from Mr. C. Faust, who, writing for "Webb's Book on the Dog," says, "The boarhound was formerly used to pull down the bear, the wolf, and the wild boar." He quotes an instance of boar hunting in the Black Forest with two of these German Sautfänger, in which the dogs, seizing him by the ears and cheek, killed him in a very short time.

In England at times specimens of old Dresden china are to be met with, having these Saxon boarhounds carefully modelled. In 1874 I saw a life-like piece—two dogs attacking a boar. I ascertained it was of Dresden china of about 75 years of age, and the dogs were of the true German boarhound type, the one was disabled, the other had fixed the boar on the top of its neck, a mode of attack peculiar to this group. I also saw a very similar piece, although much broken, at Park View, Towcester, when visiting Sir Thos. Herketh, Bart., but understood it was much older. My reason for mentioning these models is simply because manufactured on the spot, the Dresden artists have copied from the life, and their models form reliable proof of what the type has been for the last hundred years or more, they form a sort of pedigree for the race. The etchings of Stephano Della Bella, made at Paris about 1642, under the patronage of the famous Cardinal Richelieu, throw as much light as anything on the fixed characteristics of these continental boarhounds. This work, full of hunting subjects, in which the Great Dane, as well as dogs ranging between it and the true mastiff, are depicted hunting the bear and boar, showing that mastiff blood was seemingly at that date a recognized essential in such hounds, and from personal investigation I feel satisfied that in Germany the Great Dane has been crossed with the mastiff from very early times, resulting in heavy dogs, most properly termed boarhounds, being neither pure mastiff nor Great Danes.

Richardson, who wrote about 1840, states that the Duke of Buccleugh had a Great Dane, purchased from a student at Dresden, and that the breed were then called in Germany and Saxony "Boa dogs." From the portrait given the dog was not a pure Great Dane, showing trace of the mastiff alloy. Richardson further remarks: "In its native country the Dane is chiefly employed in boar hunting; it was formerly used in the chase of the elk," etc. In the "History of the Dog," by Martin, published in 1845, is the fullest information on the Great Dane and other boarhounds that I have met with, and the work being out of print and exceedingly scarce, it will be interesting to quote short extracts. It runs: "The Great Danish dog, when pure, is generally of a slate color, with white about the breast and limbs. This dog was principally found in Denmark and Northern Germany. In Sweden it was used in the chase of the elk, in which it was started in couples," etc. Before further stating the characteristics of the smooth boar-

hounds, it will be well to enforce that the difference between the German and Great Dane in its integrity, is the mastiff blood in the former, which, prevailing more or less, causes a variety of opinions among the various breeders as to the true type. The German dog should be bred up to a standard most fitted for its work. Strength and savage fire should not be overlooked. At the same time speed must be diminished as little as possible, consistent with the stronger lines necessary to secure power, and mere height should not be so much aimed at. While the Great Dane possesses characteristics that have been marked through long ages, vast height and size being a typical peculiarity, this dog is longer and more elegant in its build, and approaches nearest to the smooth greyhound; in fact, has been considered by many naturalists as the connecting link between the greyhound and Molossian group.

Whatever standard breeders may agree upon, the real type of the Great Dane is clearly defined. In England, a great majority of the specimens that have been imported as Great Danes have been merely German boarhounds, and each owner holds his own possession the correct standard, regardless and generally totally ignorant of the true type of the Great Dane. But the canine atmosphere here is clearing. The Great Dane fanciers have formed themselves into a club. On the other hand, owners of the more wear and tear German boarhound are virtually excluded if a judge adheres to the standard for Great Danes, and this necessarily causes disappointment to some, who, not regarding the grievance in the correct light, rush into print, cavil at the awards and attack the judges. The matter will be rectified I trust by the introduction of a German boarhound class, but these dogs should be bred on much the same lines as the large-sized bull-terrier, although a slightly more truncated muzzle is admissible, but any throatiness or development of the dewlap is a fault; in fact, any unnecessary lumber is a defect in the boarhound, as it militates against the speed of the animal, at the same time it is not possible to breed a weight-carrying hunter or powerful boarhound on as the lines as a more race horse for speed or greyhound for coursing. In the Great Dane vast size is one of the chief characteristics of the breed, and is best kept up by breeding from unaltered sires.

The colors are of little importance, the dark blue or slate with nebulous or smoky darker colored patches are almost peculiar to the breed, but the brighter colors are more picturesque. The head is long and pointed, the nasal bone is elevated and elongated, and there is less divergence in the parietal lines than in the mastiff. The muzzle is more or less elongated, the jaws strong, but the inferior maxillary is less convex than in the mastiff, which causes an appearance of less depth and strength in the muzzle. The teeth should be level or slightly overshot; the eyes small; lips free from any pendulosity; the ears are small, with more or less a tendency to erection when left uncropped; the neck long, muscular and free from throatiness; chest deep and narrow; thighs and back very muscular, loin inclined to be arched and flank somewhat tucked up, stern fine and curved down; feet not so cat-like as in the mastiff, as a long forearm and fetlock will generally be accompanied with longer toes, and a bare foot has more elasticity than a round one, the toes being more flexible are less liable to get broken than shorter ones. These points, though general, are alike in all three varieties; the German possessing less of the greyhound type than the Great Dane. The coat of the latter should be short and fine with a peculiar satin-like feel and appearance, the German dog having a somewhat harder coat. The Suliots have a broken coat free from wooliness, curliness or silkiness. At the same time it is not exactly a hard wire hair. The Great Dane should be at least thirty-two inches at shoulder. The two other varieties not less than thirty. M. B. WYNN.

THE ELMS, ROTHLEY, LOUGHBOROUGH, ENGLAND, OCT. 5.

THE KENNEL HOSPITAL.

RABIES.

RABIES is a contagious disease of the blood capable of transmission to man and most warm-blooded animals. "It is," says Blaine, "unquestionably of great antiquity, for we have authentic accounts of it for more than two thousand years. It was described by Aristotle, and historians of every age have left short but frightful records of its dreadful visitations." In England it was described with some approach to precision by the celebrated sportsman, Mr. Meynell, but Delabere Blaine, who very justly claimed to be "the father of canine pathology," must be credited with the first really scientific account of the malady. He states that the disease "became very common in England, and abounded in the vicinity of London in 1806." In 1820 it was again observed to be on the increase, and for three or four years continued alarmingly common. Since that time outbreaks have been recorded by Youatt and by Simonds; and recently Dr. George Fleming has published a monograph on the subject containing a detailed account of the history and geographical distribution of the disease. Rabies now exists in every part of the world, excepting perhaps South Africa, Australia, and some islands. It is most common in the temperate zones, but has been seen in India and the Arctic regions. Its prevalence seems to depend not upon climatic influences, but upon the facilities for its distribution. In those countries where its first appearance has happened in recent times, its origin is distinctly traceable to imported dogs. My own experience commenced in 1866, when rabies existed to a slight extent in London. In 1870 the disease assumed grave proportions, and spread all over the kingdom, only subsiding in 1875. Toward the latter part of 1883 an increase was again noticed in London; but this year, although the disease still exists, it is less prevalent than it has been for many years. The great importance of a proper understanding about the disease is based, not upon its fatality to dogs, but upon its communicability to man, in whom it produces hydrophobia. I cannot say exactly when the human mortality amounts to from this cause, but a statement of Fleming's, in his work on "Veterinary Sanitary Science," suggests that our preventative measures are not sufficiently stringent. It is that "since the annual loss of life from hydrophobia in England has been recorded there appears to have been a progressive increase in the number of persons who have fallen victims to it." This was written in 1874, and I think the mortality had not then reached its maximum. A great deal of the loss of life, both human and animal, would be avoided if more correct ideas of the disease prevailed. The term madness as applied to the malady is most misleading, as it suggests that the symptoms exhibited by a rabid animal must necessarily be those of violence and excitement, whereas quite half the cases are characterized by signs of a totally opposite nature. "Madness" also suggests that the disease is of the nervous class, depending upon some derangement of the brain, producible by various causes. This is a common error.

Dogs, so far as I know, suffer from no form of insanity; they never "go mad," like human beings. From disease of the brain they may show symptoms of excitement, and suffer from convulsive affections, but such disorders are not communicable in any way to man or other dogs. The brain of a rabid dog is certainly affected, but only as a result of the disease; he may or may not show signs of violence, but in any case his system contains a virulent poison, capable, by inoculation, of causing a similar disease in other animals. The disease is a specific contagious one, and all its symptoms are traceable to the effects of the specific virus in the blood. Like all other contagious diseases, its symptoms are not developed for some time after the inoculation of the virus; there is a period of incubation—a time during which the poison remains latent. Although the whole body is affected, the poison seems to be chiefly thrown off by the salivary glands, the secretion from which is increased and virulently infective. This special infectiousness of one product of the body is seen in other contagious diseases, thus: in the distemper of dogs, the nasal dis-

charge; in small-pox of sheep or man, the pustules on the skin; in cholera, the intestinal discharge, are all pre-eminently the products specially loaded with the specific poison.

Causes.—A number of different causes have been stated as possible generators of rabies. Heat, thirst, starvation, and sexual excitement have all been credited as causes, but each has in innumerable cases failed to produce it, while on the other hand rabies has over and over again arisen in dogs not exposed to, or affected by, any of these. We know that direct inoculation will produce the disease, and we can usually trace each attack to the bite of an infected dog. It is allowed by every one that cases arise in other domestic animals only as the result of direct inoculation, but some authorities hold that the disease may be "spontaneously generated," or "developed primarily" in the canine, feline and vulpine animals. This hypothesis rests solely upon the ground that rabies in animals or hydrophobia in man has been traced to bites inflicted by dogs, cats, wolves, foxes, jackals, badgers and skunks. We do not deny the facts. Such animals are quite capable of causing the disease when they are themselves affected. They are capable of being infected, they have no immunity against the disease, and by biting they may communicate it. The bites of such animals have been inflicted on others innumerable times with no morbid effect. The reason the carnivorous animal spreads the disease is simply that his habits and the form of his teeth are favorable to successful inoculation. The saliva of a man, a sheep or a horse is equally infective if properly inserted into the system. Their methods of aggression, and their organs or weapons of offense are, however, different. The carnivora in Australia, in South Africa, in Madeira, or St. Helena never cause rabies or hydrophobia by their bites. Why? Because rabies has not yet been imported to those places. It is only in countries where rabies exists that wild animals inflict a wound capable of causing the specific disease. Rabies is said to arise in dogs which have certainly not been bitten by other dogs or animals. When such cases are thoroughly inquired into, the possibility and often the certainty of a bite is established.

The fact of being unable to trace the method of communication in five per cent. of cases is no argument in favor of spontaneous generation, nor is it logical to conclude that the five cases were due to the same causes which obtained in the ninety-five. It has been suggested that excitement alone may cause changes in the saliva of an animal, rendering it poisonous, and capable of producing disease. I know of no instance of such a thing, although quarrels and fights between dogs are common enough. All the positive evidence collected by observers points to one conclusion, viz., that rabies never arises spontaneously, but always and only from inoculation with the specific poison. Meynell, Blaine and Youatt all held this view. Fleming also adopts the same opinion. Quite recently Pasteur has succeeded in isolating the specific organism, which he finds chiefly in the saliva and the fluids of the brain. This organism he has been able to reproduce outside of an animal body in certain organic solutions, and to produce the disease by inoculation with these fluids. Such evidence, I think, is sufficient to prove that the disease is specific, dependent upon a definite organism, and capable of development by no other cause. The usual method of infection is by a wound into which the poisonous saliva is introduced by the tooth of the infected animal. It is possible, however, to inoculate without a bite. If the skin be abraded, and diseased saliva reach the injured spot, inoculation may occur. In this way human beings have been infected by rabid dogs licking their hands and faces. There is no danger of the poison entering the system through the sound unbroken skin, but it is probable that the mucus surfaces, such as the membranes of the nose, mouth and eyes, are not impervious.

It is doubtful if inoculation can be effected with the blood or flesh of diseased animals, and it seems to be established that the milk of rabid goats and cows is harmless. The rabid virus probably retains its potency for a considerable time if dried, but soon succumbs to decomposition if kept moist. After the death of an animal the saliva retains its activity for a few hours, but has never been successfully inoculated thirty hours after death. When successful inoculation of an animal with rabies has taken place, a variable time elapses before any symptoms of disease are manifested. This "period of incubation" in the dog is usually from three to six weeks, never less than eight days, but it may be prolonged to three or four months, and there are authenticated cases of it reaching twelve months. This period may be shortened by anything which assists in developing the disease. A sudden fright, the infliction of great pain or the advent of some other disease, have all been known to cause the development of rabies in an inoculated dog. As a rule the period of incubation is shorter in young than in old dogs. In most diseases of a contagious nature animals are found capable of immunity against a positive inoculation. Many animals have an immunity against a positive inoculation. Many bites do not inoculate, but if the specific poison be really introduced into the blood, the disease follows. More than half the bites inflicted by rabid animals are harmless, but only because the virus had not been introduced. Either the teeth were cleaned by passing through hair or clothing, or they happened to be free from a coating of saliva.

The bites of wolves are said to be more often fatal than the bites of dogs. This is explained by the fact that the wolf bites at uncovered parts, such as hands and face. It is very difficult sometimes to know when a dog has been bitten. A dog is attacked by another one and apparently bitten, yet no wound can be found. The long canine tooth may cause a deep wound without any escape of blood, and such wound on a long-haired dog is almost impossible to find. If the biter be a stray dog suspicion is justifiable. If it be a known dog no anxiety need be felt, if it be alive and well a week after its aggression.

Its Symptoms.—The signs of rabies are by no means too clear. It is quite true that a well-defined case can be mistaken for no other disease; but there are cases which, especially at the commencement, it is almost impossible to positively identify. It is most essential that the disease should be detected in its earliest stages, so as to prevent serious results to man and other animals; therefore, it is a safe rule to secure any dog which shows symptoms of a suspicious kind. Symptoms are suspicious if they resemble those commonly seen in undoubted cases of rabies. There is not one single symptom which can be called diagnostic. No single symptom is shown by a rabid dog which is not also occasionally seen in the animal as the result of other morbid conditions. Often such symptoms can be readily accounted for, or they may be accompanied by other signs which enable us to say they are only evidence of a simple disorder. When, however, any symptom commonly associated with the rabid condition is exhibited by a dog, it should be considered suspicious, and the animal be placed in a position where it can do no harm if the terrible malady become developed. It is customary to describe certain symptoms as premonitory; but I should discard the word altogether. There is but too much reason to believe that from the time of the earliest appearance of any sign of the disease the dog is potentially a dangerous animal. We know that there is a period of incubation following infection, during which, although the poison is in the system, it is apparently latent. We can only detect the change from this latent condition to an active one by certain signs which experience has taught us arise as the result of this change. We have no reason to doubt that morbid changes in the saliva, giving it an infective potency, are among the earliest changes due to the development of the disease. Numerous cases have been recorded showing that no infection can arise from a dog during the period of incubation. Certainly the saliva is harmless, and it is probable that even the blood is innocuous. The offspring of an inoculated animal, if born only a short time before any signs of the developed disease are noticed, will escape all its effects; although it must have been made from the blood in which we suppose

the latent poison existed. Bites inflicted by dogs during their period of incubation are harmless, but bites inflicted in the earliest stage of the developed disease have been fatal. It is then an error to describe any symptoms of rabies as premonitory. If the word be used in a comparative sense, implying that in the earliest stages of the disease the dog is less dangerous, I assent. He is less dangerous because more controllable. He has the power to inflict injury, but not the morbid impulse to do so which characterizes him later, when the disease becomes fully developed. All of this is simply an argument to enforce the advice to secure a dog that shows any suspicious symptom until time has determined its significance. The disease does not last long. Nearly every dog affected dies in four days. I have never seen or heard of one that survived the seventh day after the appearance of disease was first noticed. In no case then will it be necessary to secure a dog for more than a week to obtain absolute evidence of his condition, and consequently to safely estimate the gravity or innocence of any bite he may have inflicted upon human beings or other animals. For want of this simple precaution many persons have suffered months of anxiety, and dogs have been shot when bitten by their companions who suffered only from some temporary derangement.

The earliest symptoms of rabies are changes in the habits or manners of the dog. I shall consider them seriatim, and in the order in which they are most commonly observed; but I again repeat that none of them are premonitory, and that cases arise in which at the very commencement we see signs not usually noticed till the disease has well advanced. Changes of manner or habit may be shown by restlessness and irritability. The dog constantly changes his position from place to place in a room, and from room to room in a house. There is a tendency to hide away in corners or under articles of furniture. A hitherto good-tempered animal suddenly develops an animosity to other dogs, or perhaps to a cat with whom he has been good friends. The change of manner may be developed in an opposite direction, and the dog become unusually affectionate, licking the hands and face of its owner, if permitted, to an ordinate degree.

Very often a peculiar morbid taste is developed which leads the dog to pick up and swallow straws, pieces of thread, or wood. This is even carried to the extent of chewing and swallowing cinders, fragments of pot and other strange articles. If the animal be confined in a room he will gnaw the door, carpets, or mats, and sometimes totally destroy every tearable article in the place. Licking, scratching, or even gnawing some part of the body is a symptom often noticed early in rabies. This part marks the spot at which inoculation took place, and sometimes retains the scar caused by the bite. There can be little doubt that when the general symptoms become apparent some pain or irritation is frequently felt in the part originally bitten. This is rather remarkable, and suggested to Blaine the question whether the poison of rabies may not lie dormant in the inoculated spot for some time. That the irritation is great at that part in some cases is shown by the almost constant licking, so constant as to remove the hair entirely and to inflame the skin. Scratching is only resorted to when the part is out of reach of the teeth. Gnawing is not so common, but there are many cases recorded, and I have seen three in which the leg or foot was gnawed to the bone. In Paris, a dog, which was inoculated in the tail by the bite of a rabid dog, is related to have first gnawed and finally bitten off and eaten the injured member. Eating their own feces and lapping their own urine are two symptoms often seen in rabies, and of special value as being very rare accompaniments of any other complaint. Sexual excitement also may occur, but is more often seen as a sign of rabies in the sheep than the dog. Catching at flies or snapping at imaginary objects are symptoms to be treated with grave suspicion. When some or a number of these symptoms have existed for a day, or perhaps two, a change in the expression of a dog is noticeable. The eye seems fixed as though vision were directed to some distant object. There is a somewhat subdued or sullen manner, from which the master's voice easily arouses the animal, but which is speedily resumed. If the dog be confined by a chain, and even more so if he be placed in a cage, the symptoms are more rapidly developed, and the irritability marring the disease more positively shown. He will fly at the cage or bars and shake them so violently as to break either them or his teeth. A stick pointed at him is immediately seized, and even the most timid dogs show little or no fear when threatened with whip or stick. Howling is an extremely suspicious symptom. Owing to the inflamed condition of the throat the voice is much altered. The half-bark, half-howl of the rabid dog is very expressive to those who have once heard it, and its tone is due to the spasmodically-affected and sore throat. Many dogs howl when provoked (or pleased) by music; some howl at the moon, and some when merely confined in a strange place. The rabid dog howls when loose or confined, and without any apparent provocation. He does not do it continuously, but at short intervals.

Inability to swallow does not often appear early, as shown by the curious objects nearly always to be found in the stomachs of dogs which have died of rabies. It is, however, pretty early noticed. Not only does this apply to solids, but also to liquids. Thirst is usually present, and attempts to drink are frequently made, with the result that the water is upset, and what is left in the basin becomes dirty and thick from admixture of saliva. It is hardly necessary now to repeat that rabid dogs display no dread of water. This dangerous old fallacy has been the cause of much mischief and more risk. The disease in the human subject is accompanied by the symptom of dread of water, and is, therefore, called hydrophobia. At the beginning of this century, Dr. Parry, of Bath, wrote on hydrophobia, and, apparently arguing from analogy instead of observation, stated that dogs showed a dread of water, and thus the disease might be diagnosed from any other. Blaine, who was a contemporary, pointed out the error, but, unfortunately, some medical men and sportsmen in the west of England adopted Dr. Parry's mistake.

Among others, the Berkeley family clung to the fiction, and gave the weight of their names as practical sportsmen to the pure hypothesis of a scientific writer. No one did so much to spread the error far and wide as the late Hon. Granville F. Berkeley, who made the subject a hobby, and lost no opportunity of spreading the fiction by letters in the daily papers. That rabid dogs have no dread of water, but that they have an inability to swallow, is now so clearly established that to dwell longer upon it would be simply "hogging a dead horse." Paving the cheeks and lips is an important symptom, as its significance is often mistaken. If a dog gets anything lodged in his teeth, or even if he have a toothache, he paws his lips and cheeks, and the movement is so suggestive that our attention is at once directed to it, and we naturally look for the offending agent. Now, in rabies the saliva becomes altered in quality even more than quantity. It assumes a viscid,ropy form, and hangs from the mouth in long strings. These get fixed on the teeth, tongue, and lips, irritate the dog, and cause him to attempt their removal with his paws. Distrust a dog that paws his mouth if he has shown any other suspicious symptom, and be careful in handling such an animal until you have positive evidence that the movement is really due to a foreign body lodged in the teeth. Paralysis of the lower jaw may arise from a blow on the side of the head injuring the motor nerve. I have only seen one case of this kind, and certainly at first thought it was due to rabies. The dog was secured, gradually recovered, and was quite well in a few days.

In perhaps half the cases of rabies one sees, there is loss of power and drooping of the lower jaw at some stage of the disease. When it appears early the patient is always quiet, unless for a few hours before death. Nearly all such cases are unable to bite, but I have often noticed that excitement and provo-

cation will enable them for a moment to firmly close the jaw—so firmly as to damage a stick or enable them to tug at a chain. This symptom and the accompanying quietness of the animal have led to rabies being divided into two forms—raging and dumb-madness. I think the division is somewhat crude, and that the symptoms are so much mixed as not to warrant any multiplication of terms for what are certainly conditions due to the same poison, equally infective and accompanied by similar changes in the body. Space prevents me completing this section in one article.—*W. Hunting, F. R. C. V. S., in Land and Water.*

THE DEGENERATE AGE.—An old farmer in the "swamp district" of Missouri tells why the people there do not want immigration: "Look here, before the war we was a dang sight better off than we are now. There wasn't many of us, and we knew each other and got along right pleasant. We could go out any time and kill a bar if we wanted a little bar meat. We had 'coon dogs and we was happy. Well, stranger, along after the war there came in here a lot of long-legged Kentuckians. They brought their dogs over with 'em. They married into our families, and their dogs crossed our dogs. We've got a heap more people than we had, but they ain't no account, and, stranger, there ain't a 'coon dog in the county that's worth a kick. No sirc, we don't want no more immigration down here in Dunklin."

THE MANITOBA PET STOCK CLUB held the first of their proposed annual bench shows at Winnipeg last week, it being a complete success financially and otherwise. Over 200 dogs were exhibited, besides a large amount of poultry and other pets. Messrs. Ward and Naylor of Chicago were judges and the way in which they rendered their decisions must have been very gratifying, not only to the members of the club, but also the exhibitors as well, not a single fault being found with the awards, but on the contrary favorable comments from the press and public poured in on all hands.—*F. (Winnipeg, Manitoba).*

THE CROWN PRINCE LITER.—As showing the influence of the American dog world upon the English, we may say that the present discussion as to the paternity of the Crown Prince litter, and the open revelations and statements from Messrs. Dalziel, Evans, and Rideout, of what has hitherto been hinted at, is due primarily to the suggestion by an American breeder to the *Stock-keeper*, that so important a question should be taken up and disposed of openly and above board.

ESSEX COUNTY HUNT-FIXTURES.—Saturday, Nov. 8, 3 P. M., residence H. M. Banks, M. D., Englewood; Thursday, Nov. 15, 3:30 P. M., Springfield; Saturday, Nov. 15, 3:30 P. M., Stone Quarries, Bloomfield road, Newark; Wednesday, Nov. 19, 3:30 P. M., Livingston; Saturday, Nov. 22, 3:30 P. M., Rutherford Park; Thursday (Thanksgiving), Nov. 27, 11:30 A. M., Bloomfield; Saturday, Nov. 29, 3 P. M., Irvington.—*E. F. Hebaud, M. F. H.*

DOG LOST.—In our advertising column will be found an inquiry for a pointer dog lost Oct. 23. On that day the dog strayed away from New Brighton and it is thought that he may have been brought to New York for sale. The dog is peculiarly and handsomely marked. Any of our readers who may know about such a dog, is requested to communicate with the owner.

KENNEL NOTES.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Kenel notes are inserted in this column free of charge. To insure publication of notices, correspondents MUST GIVE the following particulars of each animal:

1. Color.
2. Breed.
3. Sex.
4. Age, or of death.
5. Date of birth, of breeding or of death.
6. Name and residence of owner, buyer or seller.
7. Sire, with his sire and dam.
8. Owner of sire.
9. Dam, with her sire and dam.
10. Owner of dam.

All names must be plainly written. Communication on one side of paper only, and signed with writer's name.

NAMES CLAIMED.

See instructions at head of this column.
Jo Jo. By the Sans Souci Kennel, Philadelphia, Pa., for black and tan collie dog, whelped April 1, 1884, by imported Sheep out of Spotter (A.K.R. 1570).

Rea Junior. By the Sans Souci Kennels, Philadelphia, Pa., for black and tan with white frill, collie dog, 6mos. old, by Garfield (A.K.R. 1571) out of imported Arvetta.

Miss Jennie Nettles. By the Sans Souci Kennels Philadelphia, Pa., for sable, with white on chest, collie bitch, whelped June, 1884, by champion Rex (A.K.R. 149) out of Jennie Nettles (Old Sweep—Lassie).

Jim and Ohio. By the Forest City Kennel, Portland, Me., for pugs, dog and bitch, whelped May 18, by Young Toby (A.K.R. 478) out of Jim (A.K.R. 400).

Rosa Lee. By Mr. T. A. Cassidy, Cincinnati, O., for black and white setter bitch, whelped July 11, 1884 (Chief Justice—Nancy Lee).

Queen. By Mr. Clinton B. Fisk, Seabright, N. J., for red Irish setter bitch, whelped Aug. 8, 1884 (Patsey—Crum).

Leila. By Mr. J. A. Doolittle, New Haven, Conn., for black, white and tan collie bitch, whelped April 20, 1884, by champion Lorne (A.K.R. 440) and champion Lassie (A.K.R. 435).

Countess Starlight. By Mr. H. W. Durgin, Bangor, Me., for black, white and tan English setter bitch, whelped Aug. 1, 1884 (Count Paris—Daisy Starlight).

Ben. By Mr. Jas. L. Spaulding, Shelter Island, N. Y., for black spaniel dog, whelped July 29, 1884, by Black Prince (Benedict—Madcap) out of Flora II. (Snipe—Flora).

Black Thorn. By Mr. A. E. Foster, New York, for black spaniel dog, whelped July 29, 1884, by Black Prince (Benedict—Madcap) out of Flora II. (Snipe—Flora).

Black Joe. By Mr. A. E. Foster, New York, for black, with white star on breast, spaniel dog, whelped July 29, 1884, by Black Prince (Benedict—Madcap) out of Flora II. (Snipe—Flora).

Sans Souci Kennels. By Dr. J. E. Berry, 3501 Hamilton street, Philadelphia, Pa., for his kennel of collies.

Susquehanna Kennels. By Mr. J. R. Housel, Watonsontown, Pa., for his kennel of English and Irish setters.

BRED.

See instructions at head of this column.
Ona—Casar. By Mr. C. F. Wilson's (Palmyra, O.) mastiff bitch Oma (A.K.R. 201) to his Casar (A.K.R. 19), date not given.

Bellona—Boz. By Mr. S. R. W. Livingston's (New York) bull-bitch Bellona (Warwick—Rose) to their champion Boz (A.K.R. 443), Oct. 9.

Pansy—Harry Montague. By Mr. Samuel J. Buras (Pawtucket, R. I.) pug bitch Pansy to Mr. F. E. Crawford's Harry Montague (Echo—Victoria), Oct. 5.

Dolly—Harry Montague. By Mr. E. W. Bucklin's (Pawtucket, R. I.) pug bitch Dolly to Mr. F. E. Crawford's Harry Montague (Echo—Victoria), Oct. 10.

Sybil—Casar. The Forest City Kennel's (Portland, Me.) rough-coated St. Bernard bitch Sybil (A.K.R.) to their champion Casar (A.K.R. 22), Sept. 24.

Suwanee—Black Prince. By Mr. A. C. Wilmerding's (New York) black spaniel bitch Suwanee (Abraham—Lady Bath) to his Black Prince (Benedict—Oat), Oct. 23.

Hilda V.—Duke of Kent. The Riverview Kennel's (Clinton, Mass.) mastiff bitch Hilda V. (A.K.R. 1433) to Duke of Kent (A.K.R. 1507), Sept. 10.

Antea—Duke of Kent. The Riverview Kennel's (Clinton, Mass.) mastiff bitch Antea (A.K.R. 200) to Duke of Kent (A.K.R. 1507), Oct. 8.

Pride—Agrippa. The Riverview Kennel's (Clinton, Mass.) mastiff bitch Pride (A.K.R. 1516) to Agrippa (A.K.B. 440), Sept. 10.

Duchess—Duke of Kent. The Riverview Kennel's (Clinton, Mass.) mastiff bitch Duchess (A.K.R. 260) to Duke of Kent (A.K.R. 1507), Aug. 31.

WHELPS.

See instructions at head of this column.
Daisy. By Mr. Samuel H. Crawford's (Pawtucket, R. I.) English set ter bitch Daisy, five (four dogs), by Mr. C. Fred Crawford's Mark 3.

Judy. The Forest City Kennel's (Portland, Me.) pug bitch Judy

(Don—Daisey), Aug. 20, eight (three dogs), by Young Toby (A.K.R. 473).

Darbie. Mr. Patrick Cullin's cooker spaniel bitch Darbie (A.K.R. 250), Oct. 4, eight (two dogs), by champion Obo II. (A.K.R. 48).

Julie. The Knickerbocker Kennel Club's pointer bitch Julie (A.K.R. 1042), Oct. 15, eight (four dogs), by Jimmie (A.K.R. 1689).

Megg. Mr. J. E. I. Grainger's (New York) wire-haired fox-terrier bitch Megg (Hemp—Nellie II.), Oct. 12, seven (four dogs), by his Tyke (The Side Lad—Foster's Vic).

Lady Bernardine. Mr. A. E. Godeffroy's imported pointer bitch Lady Bernardine, Oct. 14, nine (three dogs and three bitches living), by his Croxteth.

Lady Bub. Mr. H. F. Schellhass's (Brooklyn, N. Y.) black spaniel bitch Lady Bub (Bub—Jennie), eleven (eight dogs), by Benedict's Boy (A.K.R. 180); two liver dogs, the rest black.

Duchess. The Riverview Kennel's (Clinton, Mass.) mastiff bitch Duchess (A.K.R. 1423), Oct. 3, three (two dogs), by Duke of Kent (A.K.R. 1507).

SALES.

See instructions at head of this column.

Bravler and Busy. Indigo blue and ticked Byron foxhounds, age not given (Epps—Bet), by Mr. Thos. Goode Tucker, South Gaston, N. C., to Mr. C. G. Williams, Tibboeox, La.

Lead and Lively. Blue and ticked Byron foxhounds, age not given (Speck—Lucy), by Mr. Thos. Goode Tucker, South Gaston, N. C., to Mr. C. G. Williams, Tibboeox, La.

Clo. Pug bitch, whelped May 18, 1884 (Young Toby, A.K.R. 473—June, A.K.R. 400), by the Forest City Kennel, Portland, Me., to Mr. Geo. E. Numsen, Baltimore, Md.

Jim. Pug dog, whelped May 13, 1884 (Young Toby, A.K.R. 473—June, A.K.R. 400), by the Forest City Kennel, Portland, Me., to Mr. E. R. Beam, Vassal, N. Y.

Duke of Hudson. King Charles spaniel dog, whelped April 27, 1884 (Duke of York—Jumbo), by Mr. H. H. Malleson, Hudson, N. Y., to Mr. F. B. Lucy, Boston, Mass.

Dinks—Flirtwhelps. Gordon setters, age not given, by Mr. G. Ayers, Providence, R. I., a bitch, Nellie B., to Mr. W. Bennett, New York; a bitch, May B., to Mr. W. Barrett, New York; a dog, Blip, to Mr. J. B. White, New York; one, Jeff, to Miss Kate Pratt, Hartford, Conn.

One, Dan, to Mr. J. McGee, Worcester, Mass.; one, Frank, to Mr. F. Monroe, Providence, R. I.; one to Mr. J. H. Hartwell, Providence, R. I., and one to Mr. F. Welch, Holyoke, Mass.

Dandy. Sable and white collie dog, 5mos. (Rex, A.K.R. 149—Jeanie Nettles, A.K.R. 1225), by Mr. James Lindsay, Jersey City, N. J., to Mr. W. J. Constock, Providence, R. I.

Blot. Black and white cocker spaniel dog, whelped July 16, 1884 (Bub—Nellie M.), by Messrs. Fleu Bros., Minneapolis, Minn., to Mr. S. Dullard, same place.

Duchess. Black and white cocker spaniel bitch, whelped July 16, 1884 (Bub—Nellie M.), by Messrs. Fleu Bros., Minneapolis, Minn., to Dr. A. very, same place.

Leila. Black, white and tan collie bitch, whelped April 20, 1884 (Lorne, Lassie), by Mr. Fred W. Rothera, Simcoe, Ont., to Mr. J. A. Doolittle, New Haven, Conn.

Count Paris—Daisy Starlight whelps. Black, white and tan English setter dogs, whelped Aug. 1, 1884, by Mr. H. W. Durgin, Bangor, Me., one to Mr. J. S. Baily and one to Mr. Newton, Boston, Mass.

Jeff. Red Irish setter dog, 2yrs. old, by the Strawberry Hill Kennels, Leicester, Mass., to Mr. E. L. Stowe, Middlebury, Vt.

Laura, Grace, Mink and Frincess Alice. Dachshund puppies (William—Nellie), by Mr. W. Loether, Preston, Minn., Laura, black and tan, to Mr. L. Sengland, Cascade, Wis.; Grace, chestnut and tan, to Mr. J. E. Joos, Alleghany City, Pa.; Mink, red, to Mr. C. Klocke, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Princess Alice (Waldman—Greichen), red, to Mr. J. Glich, New Haven, Conn.

Else, Slick and Clara. Red Irish setter bitches (Don—Kismet), by Mr. W. Loether, Preston, Minn., Else to Mr. D. D. Cox, Canal Dover, O.; Slick to Mr. C. Walter, Preston, Minn., and Clara to Mr. C. Butler, same place.

Black Thorn. Black spaniel dog, whelped July 29, 1884 (Black Prince—Flora II.), by Mr. A. C. Wilmerding, New York, to Mr. A. E. Foster, same place.

Black Joe. Black spaniel dog, whelped July 29, 1884 (Black Prince—Flora II.), by Mr. C. M. Wray, Shelter Island, N. Y., to Mr. A. E. Foster, New York.

Ben. Black spaniel dog, whelped July 29, 1884 (Black Prince—Flora II.), by Mr. C. M. Wray, Shelter Island, N. Y., to Mr. James L. Spaulding, same place.

Sweet Briar. Brindle bull-bitch, 4yrs. old (A.K.R. 444), by Messrs. R. & W. Livingston, New York, to Mr. Wm. H. Russell, same place.

Hor. Rough-coated St. Bernard dog (A.K.R. 1448), by Mr. R. J. Sawyer, Menominee, Mich., to Mr. Arthur Orr, Chicago, Ill.

Mab. Rough-coated St. Bernard bitch (A.K.R. 1450), by Mr. R. J. Sawyer, Menominee, Mich., to Mr. Chas. Adnet, Chicago, Ill.

Dinah II. Mastiff bitch (A.K.R. 18), by Mr. W. Wade, Pittsburgh, Pa., to the Ashmont Kennel, Boston, Mass.

Europa. Mastiff bitch (A.K.R. 14), by Mr. W. Wade, Pittsburgh, Pa., to the Ashmont Kennel, Boston, Mass.

Druid. Fawn mastiff dog (A.K.R. 1508), by the Riverview Kennel, Clinton, Mass., to Mr. John Clay & Sons, Westfield, Mass.

Ruby E. Irish setter bitch (Rexford—Silv), by Mr. W. R. Roeloff, Jersey City, N. J., to Mr. John V. D. Ten Eyck, Somerville, N. J.

PRESENTATIONS.

See instructions at head of this column.

Speck—Lucy whelps. A pair of blue and ticked Byron foxhounds, age not given, by Mr. Thos. Goode Tucker, South Gaston, N. C., to Mr. N. C. Graff, Kensington, O.

Sidda. Rough-coated St. Bernard bitch (A.K.R. 1440), by Mr. R. J. Sawyer, Menominee, Mich., to Mr. F. M. Sawyer, Burnett, Wis.

Queen. Red Irish setter bitch, whelped Aug. 8, 1884 (Patsey—Queen), by Mr. J. R. McKinley, New York, to Mr. Clinton B. Fisk, Seabright, N. J.

DEATHS.

See instructions at head of this column.

Lady Worcester. Mastiff bitch (A.K.R. 760), owned by Mr. J. F. Knight, Worcester, Mass., Oct. 13 from dysentery.

Helen. White bull-bitch (A.K.R. 1216), owned by Messrs. R. & W. Livingston, New York, July 9, in parturition.

Pitts. Beagle bitch, owned by Dr. L. H. Twaddell, Philadelphia, Pa.; deliberately shot by a boy in pure wantonness.

Worms in Dogs.—"Stonehenge," in his celebrated work on the dog, writes: "Worms are a terrible source of disease in the dog, destroying every year more puppies than distemper itself." While the Field says concerning distemper: "All treatment to be successful must be preceded by the expulsion of worms." *Naldire's Powders* remove these pests within an hour, at the same time giving tone to the stomach and producing first-rate condition in dogs. *Naldire's Worm Powders*, the great British remedy, are sold by McKesson & Robbins, 146 N. 3rd street, New York; and Price, 51, Manufacturers' Wright & Holdsworth, 3 Spur street, London, Eng.—*Adv.*

BOOKS RECEIVED.

THE FIELD OF HONOR.—A complete and comprehensive history of duelling in all countries, including the judicial combat of Europe, the private duel of the civilized world, and a pe-cific descriptions of all the noted hostile meetings in Europe and America. By Ben C. Truman, author of "The South after the War," "Semi-Tropical California," etc. 12mo. Beveled boards, \$2. New York: Fords, Howard & Hulbert, 1884.

PERSEVERANCE ISLAND, or the Robinson Crusoe of the Nineteenth Century. By "Wing," a French, and author of "Practical Boat Sailing." Boston: Lee & Shepard, 1884. An ingenious story, and a good book to put into the hand and head of a boy.

ON A MARGIN.—A novel of Wall street and Washington. A picture of life, love, speculation, politics, and the rush of modern society. Cloth, \$1.25. New York: Fords, Howard & Hulbert.

CHATS.—By G. Hamlen. Boston: Lee & Shepard, 1884. A series of well put talks on morals and manners for the young folks. Deserves a wide reading.

COUNTRY COUSINS.—Short studies in the natural history of the United States. By Ernest Ingersoll. New York: Harper & Bros. 1884.

FORESTRY IN EASTERN RUSSIA.—Compiled by John Crumie Brown, L. L. D. Edinburgh: Oliver & Boyd. Cloth, 5s. 1884.

THE COMIC ANGLER.—E. A. Bartlett, Kalamazoo, Mich. Paper, pp. 82. Price, 25 cents.

"I AM WELL AND STRONG, and don't need to insure." Queer logic! When you are sick or broken down you can't get insured. Now is the time to insure—*at the Travelers', of Hartford, Conn., best and cheapest of sound companies.*—*Adv.*

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

ALBANY, N. Y., Oct. 22.—The records of the rifle-men at Rensselaerwyck range in the fall meeting of the third division rifle association was concluded to day. The several events resulted:

Short Range, Military Match, 200yds.
J I Miles, R. M. 38 B R Soiman, Jr., R. M. 30
Chas H Gaus, R. M. 32 Wm E Fitch, Jr., R. M. 29
Wm T Miles, R. M. 30 Chas F Robbins, R. M. 29
Andrew Donner, R. M. 30

Short Range, Continuous, 20yds.
Chas H Gaus, Bal S. 48 A. Donner, R. M. 41
Wm E Fitch, Bal S. 45 S Schreiber, Jr., R. M. 39
Jas G Newbury, Bal S. 45 C F Robbins, R. M. 39
Leonard Geiger, R. S. 45 W H Potter, Jr., R. M. 39
B R Spelman, Jr., Bal S. 45 W C Buell, R. M. 39
Jas I Miles, Bal S. 45 I P Handy, R. M. 37
Wm T Taylor, Bal S. 44 S S Schweitzer, Jr., R. M. 35
Chas Keller, R. M. 42 W H Stillman, Jr., R. M. 30
E C Gale, R. M. 42

Third Range, Military, 500yds.
Wm T Miles. 49 Andrew Donner. 45
Chas F Robbins. 48 War H Stillman. 43
Chas H Gaus. 48 R R Spelman, Jr. 42
Jas I Miles. 48 G D Boughton. 43
C P Tolley. 42 S Schweitzer, Jr. 41
Chas Keller. 42 E C Gale. 41
Howard Batchelder. 46 R M Townsend. 40

Tenth Battalion Range, 200 and 500yds.
Ord Sergt J I Miles. 46 Lieut Chas H Gaus. 44
C Sergt B R Spelman, Jr. 46

Third Division Match, 200 and 500yds.
H Batchelder. 45 J Zimmerman. 43
B Spelman. 42 W H Stillman. 37
C H Gaus. 41 E C Gale. 30
Wm T Miles. 40 R Townsend, Jr. 29
Wm E Fitch. 40 Wm C Buell. 29
J I Miles. 39-247 W H Potter, Jr. 27-194

Mid-range, Open to All Comers, 600yds.
J I Miles. 67 J O H Gaus. 65
W E Fitch. 69 O Dexter. 58

Qualification Match.
Gen C F Robbins. 47 Priv W M Hunter. 44
Priv Chas Keller. 44 Priv G Boughton. 43

CLUB SCORES.—Correspondents who favor us with scores are requested to send them in as soon as possible after the matches described. We go to press Wednesday; and it is necessary that matter for publication should be in hand by Monday, or Tuesday at the latest.

SAN FRANCISCO.—The *Alta* of Oct. 20, speaking of the Carr match says: On Saturday, at Shell Mound, there was made the greatest score ever put on record, the mere details of which prove it the most wonderful performance ever done with a military rifle. The occasion was a 100-shot match at the 20yd. target, between Howard Carr and Col. Sam Beaver for a prize of \$100. Carr, a military rifleman, six pounds pull on trigger, off-hand, open sights. Mr. Carr used a Sharp-Burchard rifle, 66 grains of powder and 465-grain bullet. Col. Beaver fired his new Hotchkiss. H. C. Smith, himself one of the most noted riflemen in the country, was scorer, and Captain Ludwig Siebe, proprietor of the range, acted as marker. These details are given to show that it was a match for a record, and a record it is; the boss of all. Here it is:

Howard Carr. Colonel Sam Beaver.
String 1. 45545 5455-47 String 1. 45445 4444-43
2. 55455 5555-49 2. 44455 4544-43
3. 55555 5545-47 3. 54555 4445-45
4. 44555 5555-47 4. 45544 4445-43
5. 55545 5555-49 5. 47555 4445-46
6. 55445 5545-45 6. 45445 4445-46
7. 55545 5555-48 7. 44444 4445-44
8. 54545 5444-45 8. 54544 4444-42
9. 55545 5555-48 9. 45444 4444-42
10. 44555 4554-46-47 10. 45455 4444-43-435

Colonel Beaver's score, made as it was with a new gun, is excellent, and anywhere else than alongside of Mr. Carr's phenomenal row of bullseyes would look big.

These 100 shots are a peculiarity belonging to California marksmen alone, the sharpshooters of other places never undertaking them. The first one with a high score was shot by Sergeant N. E. Williams of the Fifth Battalion, in September, 1880, when he made 443 out of a possible 500 points, putting him at the head of the heap. This position Mr. Williams kept until February, 1881, when Howard Carr made 456. This was the champion score for nearly two years, when Lieutenant Fred Kuhle, of Company C, Fifth Battalion, made 457. This 457 was the best score until beaten by Lieutenant Kuhle himself in the "endurance match" at Shell Mound in July last, where he won the medal with 460.

Before Mr. Carr began the match he fired ten sighters and made nine bullseyes and a four—49, and as will be seen by the score, he made three 48s during the shoot. The remarkable part of this score is the fact that all the shots were so near together. One of the bullseyes touched the white, the others being well in the black, and not one of the "centers" (or fours) was more than 39ins. from the bullseye. Every shot was inside of one square foot; or, to put it so the unprofessional reader may understand it, there was not a shot that would not hit a man's head. The target is to be photographed.

The performance of Mr. Carr was the talk of the day on the range, and was universally regarded as the best performance ever made anywhere, or by any military sharpshooter.

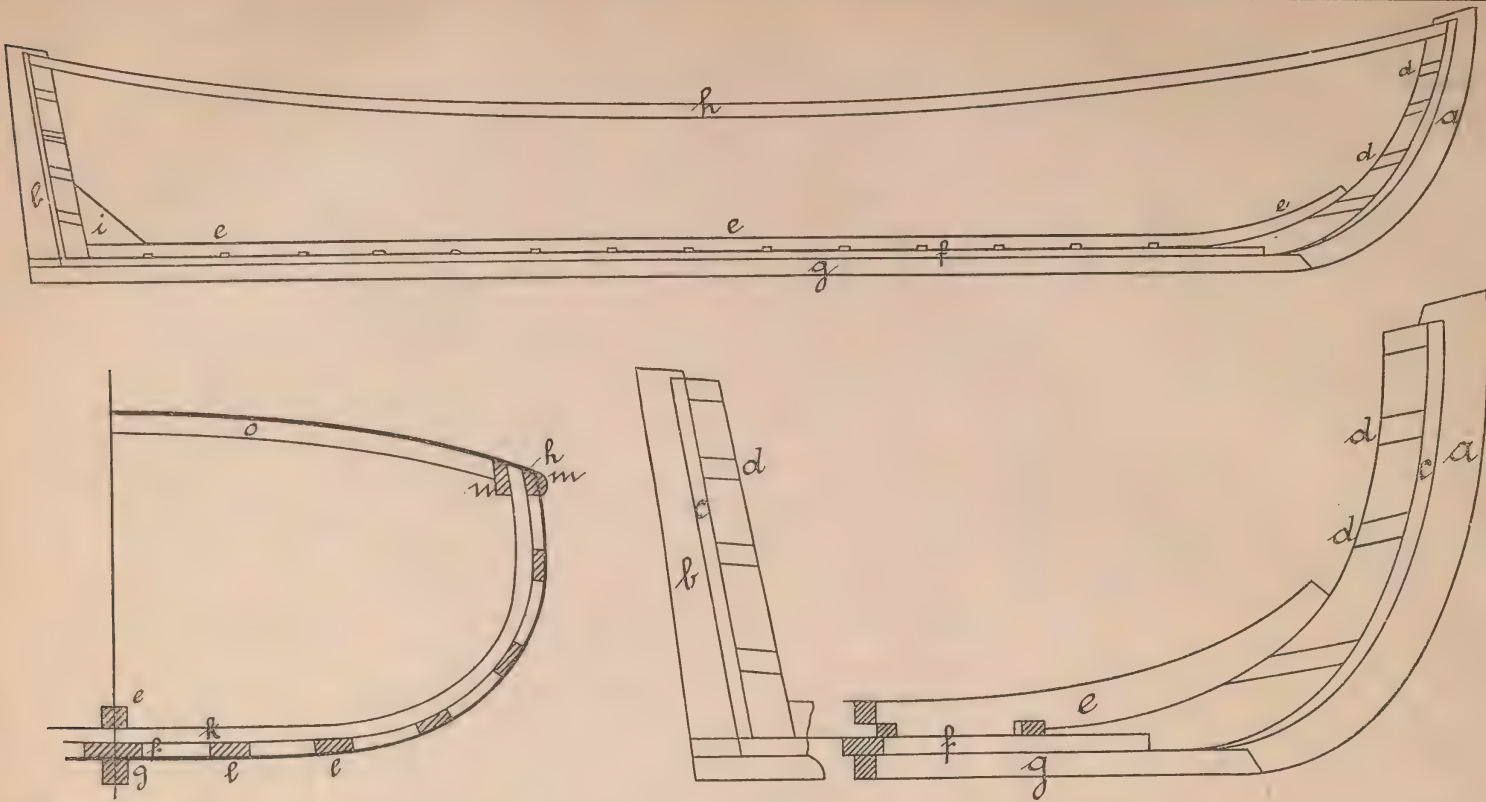
BOSTON, Nov. 1.—The range at Walnut Hill to-day was not crowded with shooters, but those that were present were rewarded with as fine a day as could be desired. The wind was from 7 o'clock, but there was so little of it that it made no perceptible difference. The military match was opened, but there was only one shooter in it, he securing a bronze badge. There has been considerable inquiry as to what the conditions of this match are, and in order that all militiamen may be conversant with them, they are hereby stated: Any member of the State militia may shoot with the State rifle for the badge at fifty cents per score of five shots. Any shooter making three 20's will be entitled to a bronze badge, three 23's a silver medal, and three 24's a gold medal. If a bronze medal is won, the shooter may then continue to shoot in the match, and if possible, win a medal of higher grade; but if he once accepts a badge of any description from the association, he cannot shoot again. The scores:

Creedmoor Practice Match.
C E Berry. 45545 4555-45 H A Lewis (mil). 45535 4444-42
J Storer. 45544 4443-43 J Payson (mil). 44334 4442-42
J Halsey. 44444 4445-45 C Weston (mil). 44235 4334-39
S French. 44444 4445-42

Creedmoor Prize Match.
C E Berry. 55545 5555-48 Re-entry. 55455 4555-47
W Charles. 55555 5544-48 C B Hatch. 55555 5535-47

Military Match.
J Payson. 45555-28 45444-31 45534-21

ARMY RIFLE PRACTICE.—Capt. Stanhope E. Blunt, chief ordnance officer of the Department of Dakota, has been ordered to Washington to take a responsible position in connection with target practice. The report of Gen. G. B. Smith, chief of ordnance, speaks of recent work of Capt. Blunt and says: "A new work on target firing, which will embody the experiences of the Army in target practice during the past five years, is being prepared, under authority, by Captain S. E. Blunt, ordnance department, and chief ordnance officer, Department of Dakota. Its completion is promised at an early day, when it will be submitted for consideration and approval. His wide experience in charge of target practice in that military department, and his excellent



WELLINGTON, Nov. 1.—The members of the Malden Gun Club were out in full numbers to-day to indulge in a score or more of events, as well as to witness the trial of skill between Messrs. Dickey and Spofford in breaking 50 birds for the Ligowsky badge in State badge match. Dickey scored 43 to his opponent's 41, and won. The other events were:

- 1. Five pigeons—Eager and Wilbur first, Clark and Mitchell second, Dickey third.
- 2. Three pairs—Wilbur first, Eager second, Dickey third.
- 3. Seven pigeons—Eager first, Clark second, Dickey third.
- 4. Five pigeons—Eager and Spofford first, Dickey second, Clark third.
- 5. Five pigeons—Eager first, Clark second, Dickey third.
- 6. Five pigeons—Dickey and Eager first, Wilbur second, Law and Clark third.
- 7. Five pigeons—Dickey first, Adams second, Wilbur third.
- 8. Miss and out—Taken by Eager.
- 9. Miss and out—Taken by Eager.
- 10. Miss and out—Taken by Wilbur.
- 11. Miss and out—Taken by Dickey.
- 12. Five pigeons—Eager and Dickey first, Williams second, Farrington and Law third.
- 13. Five glass balls—Wilbur and Adams first, Farrington second, Lowen third.
- 14. Five glass balls—Schaefer and Lowen first, Eager and Snow second, Brackett third.
- 15. Five blackbirds—Dickey first, Adams and Schaefer second, Law third.
- 16. Five blackbirds—Brackett and Schaefer first, Farrington second, Adams third.
- 17. Three pairs—Wilbur first, Schaefer second, Dickey and Eager third.
- 18. Five glass balls—Snow and Farrington first, Spofford and Wilbur second, Brackett and Nichols third.
- 19. Five pigeons, five traps—Dickey and Wilbur first, Snow and Williams second, Farrington third.
- 20. Five pigeons, 21yds.—Eager first, Dickey and Spofford second, Wilbur third.
- 21. Five pigeons, five traps—Dickey and Eager first, Williams and Wilbur second, Law and Nichols third.
- 22. Miss and out—Divided by Law and Eager.

CLUB SCORES.—Correspondents who favor us with scores are requested to send them in as soon as possible after the matches described. We go to press Wednesdays, and it is necessary that matter for publication should be in hand by Monday, or Tuesday at the latest.

THE NEW ENGLAND TRAP SHOOT.—The coming tournament of the New England Trap Shooters' Association promises to be a success from every point of view, and nothing will be left undone that can contribute to the pleasure and comfort of the sportsmen. The sport will begin at the grounds of the Boston Gun Club at Wellington to-morrow, on Friday, Nov. 7, at 9 o'clock, and from that time until Saturday night at dark powder will be burned and birds broken. The programme includes ten events, all of which are open to members of the association, and additional "sweeps" of fifty cents and one dollar will be shot, open to all comers. The Ligowsky Clay Pigeon Company has contributed \$100 toward the success of the shoot, and this money has been used—fifty dollars in the purchase of challenge medals, one for individuals and one for teams of the association. The other fifty dollars to be divided into thirty and twenty dollar purses, to go to the winners of the team and individual badges respectively. Teams from the Exeter Club, the winners of the world's champion match at Chicago, and from the Willard Club of Portland, the Malden Club, the Boston Club, the Spencer Gun Club of Windsor, Ct., the Massachusetts Rifle Association, the Brockton, Riverside of Topsham, Me., the Lewiston Club, the Lynn Central, the Narragansett Gun Club of Providence, the Worcester, and many others are expected. Any club desiring information should address Charles H. Orr, secretary, 238 Washington street, Boston.

CLUB SCORES.—Correspondents who favor us with scores are requested to send them in as soon as possible after the matches described. We go to press Wednesdays, and it is necessary that matter for publication should be in hand by Monday, or Tuesday at the latest.

PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT.

THROW PHYSIC TO THE DOGS, THE MILD POWER CURES.—A strange insight had Shakespeare into the common affairs of men. His touch was the touch of genius, his words an inspiration. And so clearly and tersely did he put the truth that all men acknowledge its force even if they do not yield obedience. He saw men everywhere ruining themselves with drugs in the vain attempt to recover health. His practical mind divined the truth when he said, "I throw physic to the dogs." Your chances are better with nothing than with this abuse of nature. But how much better would he have talked had he known also that the mild power cures, and that through the invocation of Humphreys' Specifics you have the mild power that cures, and how easy the cure becomes under the influence of this mild power. No poisoning, no drugging, only the single tasteless pill specific, which, like rain to the parched ground, or water to the thirsty soul, cures and renews and rejuvenates without a trace of poisoning or the evil effects of drugs. No wonder that these harmless specifics are so sought after and so appreciated by all classes of the community. Well did Shakespeare say, "I throw physic to the dogs," and he might well have added, "Take Humphreys' Homeopathic Specifics."—Port Jervis Union.

"Rod and Gun in California," by T. S. Van Dyke, is the best thing on the game of that country. For sale at this office. Price \$1.50.—Adv.

Canoeing.

CANOEISTS are invited to send us notes and full reports of cruises club meets, information about canoeable waters, and other communications of interest.

Secretaries of canoe clubs are requested to send to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with name, membership, signals, etc., of their clubs, and also notices in advance of meetings and races, and reports of the same. Canoeists and all interested in canoeing are requested to forward to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with logs of cruises, traps, and information concerning their local waters, drawings or descriptions of boats and fittings, and all items relating to the sport.

AMATEUR CANOE BUILDING.

Eighteenth Paper.

CANVAS CANOES.

LONG before the era of boats constructed of boards, and following closely after the primitive attempt at navigation astride a log, and the second step in the form of several logs lashed together, came the intermediate step, by which the form and proportion of a boat was obtained out of comparatively raw material, and without tools. The coracle, as this craft was called, was simply an open frame of basket work, woven from branches and saplings gathered by the riverside, over which the hide of a bullock, or some similar covering, was stretched and sewn; the implements required in constructing such a craft being few and of the simplest form, so that it, in all probability, antedates considerably the canoe fashioned from a hollow log.

This style of boat is still in use, though of course in a greatly improved form, and it still possesses three great advantages, it requires less skill, fewer tools, and less expense of labor and material than any boat of similar excellence. The canvas canoe is inferior both in weight, strength and appearance to its wooden rival, but is still a very good boat for all the purposes of the canoeist. The canvas skin is quite heavy when so prepared as to be watertight, and adds nothing to the strength of the boat, which requires, consequently, a stronger frame than a cedar canoe, in which decks and planking add greatly to the strength. If the canoe is of the smaller variety, for paddling only, or carrying but a small sail, it may be built as light or even lighter than a cedar boat of equal stiffness, but if of such a size as 14x30, with 50 to 90ft. of sail, the entire frame must be very strongly braced, and the boat will weigh more than one of cedar.

The first steps of the building are similar to those previously described for a lapstreak canoe. The moulds are cut out in the same manner, the stem and stern are prepared, a rabbet $\frac{1}{2}$ in. deep being cut to take the edge of the canvas. The inner keel, f , is $\frac{3}{4}$ in. thick, $2\frac{1}{2}$ to 3 in. wide at middle, and tapers to $\frac{1}{2}$ at the ends. It is planed up, without a rabbet, and to it the stem a and stern b are screwed. The outer keel is $\frac{3}{4}$ in. wide, and as deep as may be desired, not less than $\frac{1}{2}$ in. It is planed up, the grain pointing aft, as described for a cedar canoe, and is fitted to the scarf of stem, and screwed temporarily to stem, keel and stern, as it must be removed when the canvas is put on.

The frame is now set up on the stocks, the moulds shoved in place and all adjusted, then the gunwales h , of oak or ash, $1\frac{1}{2}$ x $\frac{3}{4}$ in. are tacked on and jogs or notches are cut in the stem and stern to receive them, leaving their outer surface flush with the surface of the stem and stern. These notches should not be cut across the rabbets. Strips of oak or spruce $1\frac{1}{2}$ x $\frac{3}{4}$ in., are now nailed lightly to the moulds, five or six being used on each side, and the jogs d d marked and cut in stem and stern to receive their ends, which, like the gunwales, are secured with screws or rivets to the deadwoods.

The ribs k will be of oak or elm, $\frac{3}{4}$ x $\frac{3}{4}$ in. They are planed up, steamed or soaked in boiling water until quite pliable, and then are taken one by one, bent over the knee, and while still hot the middle is nailed down to the keel, and then each ribband in turn, from keel to gunwale, is nailed temporarily to the rib with one nail only. Care is necessary to keep the ribbands fair, without hollows or lumps. After all the ribs are in they must be looked over and faired up, the nails being drawn out, if necessary, after which a copper nail is driven through each rib and ribband where they cross, and riveted, making a very strong and elastic frame.

An inwale, n , $1\frac{1}{2}$ x $\frac{3}{4}$ in., is now put inside of each gunwale, h , being joggled to fit over the heads of the ribs, all three being well riveted together. When this is in, the deck beams o may be fitted. They are cut out of oak or hackmatack, $1\frac{1}{2}$ x $\frac{3}{4}$ in., and are placed as directed for a wooden canoe, the deck frame and coamings being put in in the same manner. The frame is now taken from the stocks, and all corners that might cut the canvas are smoothed and rounded off, then it is painted all over.

The canvas should be hard and closely woven, wide enough to reach from gunwale to gunwale. The frame is first turned upside down, the outer keel removed, and the middle of the canvas fastened along the keel, with a few tacks, then it is turned over, and the canvas drawn tightly over the gunwales. To do this effectively, the two edges of the canvas are laced together, using a sail needle and strong twine, with stitches about 6 in. apart along each edge. This lacing is now tightened until the canvas lies flat over the entire frame. At the ends it must be cut neatly, the edge turned in, and tacked tightly in the rabbet, which is first well painted with thick paint. When the ends are finished the lacing is again tightened up, and a row of tacks driven along the gunwale, after which the lacing is removed and the canvas trimmed down, leaving enough to turn in and tack to the inside of the inwale.

The moulds are now removed, and a keelson, e , is put in to strengthen the bottom, being of oak, $\frac{1}{2}$ in. deep and 1 in. wide. It is slipped in, one or two of the deck beams being removed, if necessary, and the position of each rib marked, then it is removed, and jogs cut to fit down over the ribs, after which it is replaced and screwed down, running far enough forward on the stem to lap well over the scarfs and strengthen it. The deck frame and coaming is next finished, the mast tubes set, and all preparations for decking made as for a wooden canoe. A deck is sometimes laid of $\frac{1}{2}$ in. pine or cedar, over which the canvas is stretched. The canvas for the deck may be about 60z. weight, and is stretched tightly down and tacked along the gunwales and around the well. After it is on, half round strips m , are screwed around the edge of the deck, and an outside keel piece of oak $\frac{1}{2}$ in. thick, is fitted to the bottom, the screws passing through into keelson e , making all very stiff.

The canvas should now be wetted, and painted with two coats of boiled oil, with a little turpentine and japan dryer mixed in, after which a coat or two of paint of any desired color will finish it off. The paint must be renewed on any spots where it may rub off in use, but the canoe should not be painted oftener than necessary, as its weight is much increased thereby.

THE LOG BOOK.

THE DELAWARE RIVER.

III.—FROM PORT JERVIS TO BELVIDERE.

THE stage of the water on the Delaware determines the question as to the character of the experiences to be encountered by canoeists. In early spring, when the river is very high, it is full of fast rifts. In summer, however, the many shoals make the navigation difficult even in canoes. Our party had been fortunate in making the run at a medium stage of water, and had found, as a rule, sufficient depth, and in addition difficult and exciting rapids at points where at high water were simply fast and rough rifts. When, therefore, they were informed at the hotel that there were no more rapids between Port Jervis and Belvidere, they did not place much reliance in the statement.

After consuming a noble dinner, prefaced by a very civilized cocktail indeed, and repairing and refurnishing O's photographic outfit, they wended their way to the boats, greatly admired by the gamins of the town. From Port Jervis the river flows quietly through a fertile valley, and as they floated serenely down the tranquil stream, it was difficult to realize that it was the same turbulent torrent that had done its best to duck them that morning. It was a lazy loaf that afternoon, with nothing but an unexpected tussle with a large fish-boat to disturb the serenity of their souls. Several were carried almost to the opening before the danger was realized, and were obliged to turn short and jump the dam as best they could, with many a bump and scratch.

Early in the afternoon, the high, green bluffs that marked the site of Milford came in view, and it was voted that the supper should be a civilized one for once, and that M. Fanchere, of Milford, should furnish it. Now this Fanchere was celebrated far and wide for his delicious table, he being an ex-cook of Delmonico's and deeply versed in the gastronomic art. To pull the canoes up the soft sandbank was the work of a moment, but to climb the steep winding path, embowered in trees, was the work of several, and the party were well blown by the time they reached the top and found themselves on a plateau richly cultivated; the small town of Milford before them, almost hidden in groves of fruit trees. They tramped up the picturesque and shady main street to the abode of M. Fanchere and

ordered the best trout supper he could provide, not to mention several bottles of claret of rare and fine vintage. The town was somewhat of a watering place, a peaceful and lovely spot, thirty miles from any railway, quaint and clean in the extreme. After an hour spent in "dressing" the claret and the trout, the waiter, who had a perfectly unexampled light, they returned to the hotel to find the jolly and smiling host prepared to welcome them to his best. A better supper rarely falls to the lot of man, and as the crisp, sweet trout disappeared and the old claret began to do its work, the tongues and hearts of our travelers were loosened as well as their belts.

F. was found making eyes at the pretty granddaughter, who seemed a good deal of a baby, a girl of about sixteen, the evident horror of the elderly maiden bores, as she presented an odd sight in his dirty gray shirt and knickerbockers, with a gray skull cap on the back of his head. G. and C. were found wrestling with the French language, making themselves agreeable to grandma Fancher, and altogether the party seemed quite demoralized. Should they stay there all night or push on? Sober counsels at last prevailed, and as the moon was full it was decided to paddle the four canoes, and to go into camp late. The river was like a mirror, broad and quiet, and our canoeists floated lazily along in the dusky twilight, singing and laughing as happy as a parcel of boys. It was well toward midnight before they could bring themselves to abandon the lovely moonlit stream and take to their beds. At last they camped near a farm house, preparing for breakfast by purchasing a shad of the farmer, whom they found drawing his net at that late hour.

On the morning of the 2d, a new and a very agreeable morning, after the feast at Fancher's, and there seemed to be more or less headache and bad temper about—the legacy of the claret. All were too lazy to cook the shad except G. and F. F. was making an attempt, but while squatting by his wretched little fire that somehow or other would not burn, he lost his balance and sat down violently on a chestnut butt. In his contortions he managed to sit on another, and so forth, until he had broken the chestnut butt, and the result of his unfeeling companions. The addition of insult to injury so disgusted him that he flung the fish away in anger and vowed he would not eat at all. This restored the general good humor for a wonder, and all hands turned to, packed up, and were quickly afloat.

It was a lovely morning. The river was full of beautiful islands densely wooded, and the hills on either bank sloping gradually to the river edge, the fields of grain and the small villages made an ideal country. The paddling was quiet and easy, every moment until nearly noon, and then put ashore for a short rest and to try to find out about where they were; but no town was in sight, so they pushed on, hoping to reach a place called Dingman's Ferry for dinner. Meanwhile a strong head wind sprang up, and as no sign of the place appeared and paddling was heavy work, a halt was decided on for men and a nap. This was their first attempt at a dinner, and they were not very successful.

For two hours afterward all dozed, waiting with the serene indifference of every well-seasoned canoeist for a calm. It came by 3 and they started again, with the intention of reaching Bushkill for supper. They paddled on and on, past Dingman's Ferry, past point after point, but no Bushkill appeared. The long stretches of slow water began to grow monotonous and seemed interminable, and the lovely scenery that had been so agreeable, began to grow tiresome, and, by direction of a party met crossing the river, they landed at a low wooded point, although Bushkill was still invisible, for it was a mile inland and hidden by the trees, and on the north bank of Bushkill Creek. Alas, they had landed south of the creek unwittingly. Making the boats secure and shouldering their paddles, they started to tramp to the village. After ploughing their way over a freshly mowed field, and through a barbed wire fence, they found the village close in sight being on the opposite bank. They wandered up and down, hot, cross and tired, seeking in vain for a bridge.

Finally F. decided to go one way and the others another to find a crossing. The main body finally reached a lane leading over a bridge to the town; but meanwhile F. had disappeared in an opposite direction. They whistled, shouted and hallooed, but to no purpose, and after the time had passed, decided to go back and look up the stray sheep. He found him still tramping about the fields, hot, cross and tired, and mutually tired and disgusted they hastened on to join the party. Meanwhile it was fast becoming dark, and the problem of supper was still unsolved. Their troubles were soon over, however, for the first dwelling on entering the little village proved to be a boarding house, and soon the wearied and hungry travelers sat down to a most delicious dinner, and the vexatious and tiresome day came to a cheerful and happy end.

The boats were regained about dark, and it was then that, rendered valiant by the good supper and tempted by the loveliness of the night, they committed the folly of running two rapids in the dark, to the great disgust of F., who rebelled at the recklessness of the undertaking. It was royal sport, however, and fortunately accomplished with no serious result. The boats were again in the water, and apparently more difficult rift brought the party to a halt. The flood came up the boats on a rocky shallow shore, the crews tumbled into bed and were soon sound asleep, the newly risen full moon looking down and reproaching them for not waiting for her to guide them on their reckless trip.

A short paddle next day brought them to the railroad bridge at the Gap. Passing through the woods, they found the river in quite a rapid, and had no small work to get out of it in order to reach the landing near the station. The Gap is too well-known to require much description. The river forces its way between two great mountains, making one of the most picturesque scenes on the river. To the left Mount Mammy exhibits vast masses of naked rock, almost defying ascent. To the right is Mount Minsi, densely wooded with a thicket of green maple, and the river flows between the two mountains, nearly two hundred feet above the sea level, and on one of these, the stream that issues beneath it falls in a cascade into the river.

Further up, on the crest of the mountain, is the great Delaware Gap Hotel, and to this our canoeists decided to climb. A steep mountain path through the woods led to it. The heat was intense, and by the time the plateau was reached, all were but too thankful to sit down under the great green maples and drink a cold one. "Appollinaris water!" For again they had found that abomination—a bottle of Apollinaris water! The wonderful view was a consolation, however, not to mention a most satisfactory dinner in the great half empty barn-like dining-room. The season was early and the house had just been opened, but there were quite enough guests to stare and smile superciliously at the group of dirty-looking tramps who sat smoking their after dinner pipes on the great piazza, and looking at the river. They began to feel uncomfortable and out of place in the much frequented room, and they got off to their beloved floating homes. They scrambled down in short order, and were soon happily afloat, taking their *otium cum dignitate*, free from the impertinent speculations of the civilized animal.

Drawing up under the shadow of a great rock, O. went ashore and took some excellent pictures while the others smoked and dozed in the great green maples. As the day advanced, the river began to have no rapids between Port Jervis and Selvidere, but the low stage of the water had put a different face on the matter. The canoeists ran more than ten very fair rapids before reaching the Gap, and before they had drifted down a mile that afternoon they entered a long heavy rift at the point where the river finally leaves the mountains for the plains below. The current was very swift, the channel narrow, and the banks so high and steep, that much dodging, some bumping and a little water aboard the boats got O., who managed to get quite wet, was decidedly cross and out of humor. His temper was by no means improved by an experience later on in the day, for he nearly came to grief altogether in a rapid below the railroad bridge near Delaware.

He had both masts up and colors flying, supposing that all the rapids were passed. Being far in the lead he found himself almost without warning rushing down the deep channel of a rift close in shore and overhung with drooping branches. As the canoe shot under the trees close to the bank her mainsail caught in a bough, and for a second brought everything up standing, nearly pitching the crew out, then careening she was about to upset when by good fortune the mast slipped by and the Marion went on her way rejoicing in the immense relief of her crew.

The course of the river from this point was through a broad, lovely valley, beautifully wooded and carefully cultivated, the perfection of quiet, pastoral scenery; but somehow or other camping places with a low beach to draw up on were scarce, and they paddled on from one shore to another seeking rest and finding none. Finally they reached a mud bank at the foot of a very steep shore, overhung with trees, but close to a promising looking farmhouse; so they hauled up, and placing the boats in row on the narrow beach, they went ashore at night. O. made an expedition to the farmhouse and returned laden with bread, butter, milk and raw onions, which latter he and F. consumed for supper with good relish, but to the manifest disapprobation of their comrades.

Belvidere was but a few miles away, and this was to be the last camp. An attack of rain was made to be jolly, but a driving rain which had begun to fall put a damper on their spirits and extinguished the fires. Too tired and lazy to battle with the elements, they crawled into bed after a very frugal supper of bread and milk. The first rainy night in camp on the white cruise proved rather a pleasure than otherwise, for they were lulled to sleep by the drip, drip on the roofs of their little tents, which kept them dry and comfortable till morning.

There was a slight drizzle and some fog early next day, but by the time the boats were packed, old "Sol" appeared and gave them a brilliant run to Belvidere. The dear old Delaware provided them with a farewell rapid above the town, which was quite long and difficult, but they escaped from its clutches in safety, and pulled upsafe a sad sound at an old sawmill near the town by 10 o'clock. In an hour

or two the canoes were packed away on a car and our cruisers ready for the train which was to take them to Hamburg for the Walkkill trip. They went out on the platform to take a last look at the charming river, which had led them to love so well on the many moonlit nights. The cars came lumbering up, and in a few moments the Delaware cruise was but a delightful memory.

NOVEL ACCIDENT TO A FOLDING BOAT.—Crested Butte, Oct. 16.—*Editor Forest and Stream.*—Some three weeks ago I telegraphed to N. A. Osgood, Battle Creek, Mich., to send me by express, C. O. D., one of his 12ft. patent folding boats, and in due time the boat arrived. I took it up to a lake near my house, put it together, and was very much pleased with its action. I thoroughly understood the boat, having used one in the Adirondack lakes. Next day I ran the boat down Slate River, a very rapid and shallow stream, and it really behaved quite well. The next morning being a most charming day, I invited Mrs. — to take a row on the lake, or rather a paddle, as I did not use the gunwale or oars. I put the boat together very carefully, only using the bottom board. Be it here remarked that Mrs. — is not at all a heavy weight, in fact, only 110 pounds, and your humble scribe weighs 128; so the boat was certainly not overloaded. I paddled the circuit of the lake, Mrs. — being seated in the bow and myself in the stern. I noticed the lake was full of rot, and as they were jumping prepared to catch some, I had just prepared my rod and lighted my pipe, and both of us were sitting perfectly quiet, when, without a moment's notice, the rod connecting the bottom board together snapped in two, and in less time than it takes to tell we were up to our necks in ice-cold water, and the boat having "folded"—one of its great virtues (?—of course gave us no support. It was certainly very fortunate that the water was no deeper, for I might have had a most serious accident. The accident, however, happened by brought out an old scow to our relief, and we were towed to land, shivering and deplorable-looking wrecks. I also lost a \$35 revolver by the accident. Now, Mr. Editor, I feel it my duty to make this known to the public. I have had to do with boats since my boyhood, and have made cruises in the crankiest of canoes and have had no accident to amount to anything ere this.—C. H. DOUGLAS.

OBITUARY.—SOB.—He was not a very pretty dog, nor specially remarkable for any of his numerous breed, the "valley pup," but he was a very good fellow, and a very good friend. I met him over the country who remember him in camp last summer; his jolly little face looking out of the small tent appropriated to him; a cold nose that woke up the late sleepers, a sharp bark when the last man came in at night, and all, next year, will miss this little playfellow. The reputation of the Mohican C. C. as inventors and experimenters is known throughout all canoeing, and it was in an effort to sustain it, that poor little SOB ventured into the world, a quality of a mixture of the two elements, prepared originally for polishing purposes, with the fatal result above chronicled.

A. C. A.—To Members of the A. C. A.: As I am going South for the winter, my address will be, until June 1, 1885, "Dr. Chas. A. Neidé, Secretary and Treasurer A. C. A., New Orleans, La."

Yachting.

Cruise of the Kara.

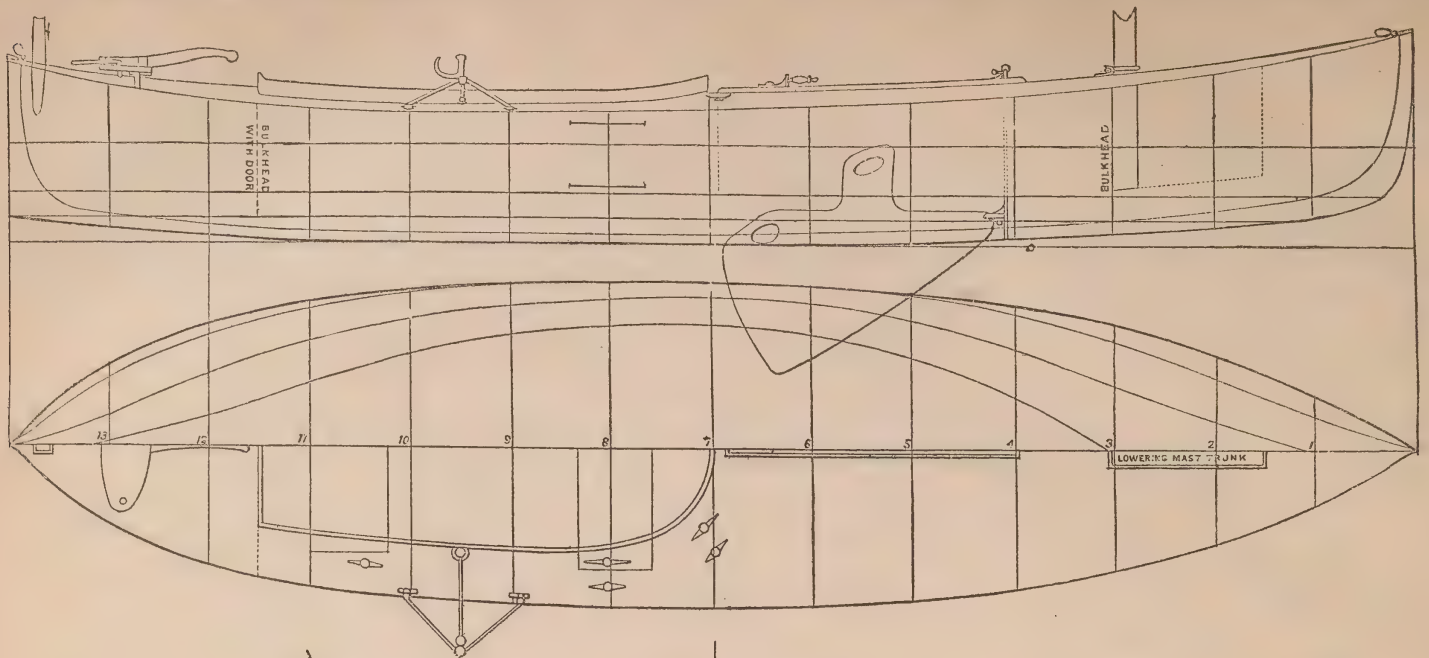
THE Arctic yacht Kara (45 tons register and about 78 tons Thames measurement), belonging to Sir Henry Gore-Booth, Bart., arrived at Wivenhoe on Sunday last, Sept. 14, after having been away for five months on a sporting and whaling expedition, for which she underwent an extensive outfit at Wilkins' yard during the early spring. Since she was built in 1881-82 she has sailed more than 13,000 miles, and never once had her trial set, which says something for the hard-weather qualities of the boat.

She was built at Newcastle on Tyne, and was in 1882 to assist in the search for Mr. Leigh Smith (for which purpose Sir Henry really had her built), and was fortunate in being in the Matchless Straits when Mr. Leigh Smith landed there with the Eira crew. Afterwards, when Mr. Leigh Smith had left in the Hope, the Kara sailed north and reached Berg Island, on the coast of Novaya Zemlya, where she was driven ashore by the ice, lost one of her boats, one anchor, and 25 fathoms of cable, besides a cedar and warp and part of her starboard bulwarks stove in at the same time. She was got off by taking all stores out of her, viz., twelve months' provisions for twelve hands, etc., leaving only her ballast in a matter of 18 tons, and floated off with empty paraffin barrels. She had a very rough time of it, but owing to her rigid construction, specially designed by Mr. Wilkins to withstand the ice pressure, suffered nothing beyond the ordinary wear and tear.

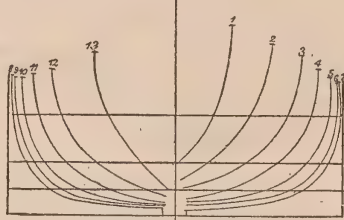
We have looked through the owner's log book, and made the following extracts:

April 7.—Left Wivenhoe 10 A. M.; 9 to 26, detained by foul winds at Harwich; 26, left Harwich at 9 A. M. with a light breeze; 27, sighted Dudgeon Light at noon; 28, hove to until evening; 30, made Shetland 5:30 P. M., anchored at Lerwick 11:45 P. M.

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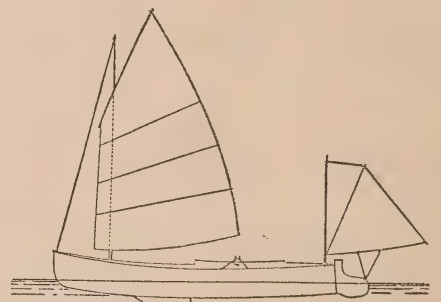


RACING.
1/8 in to 1 ft.

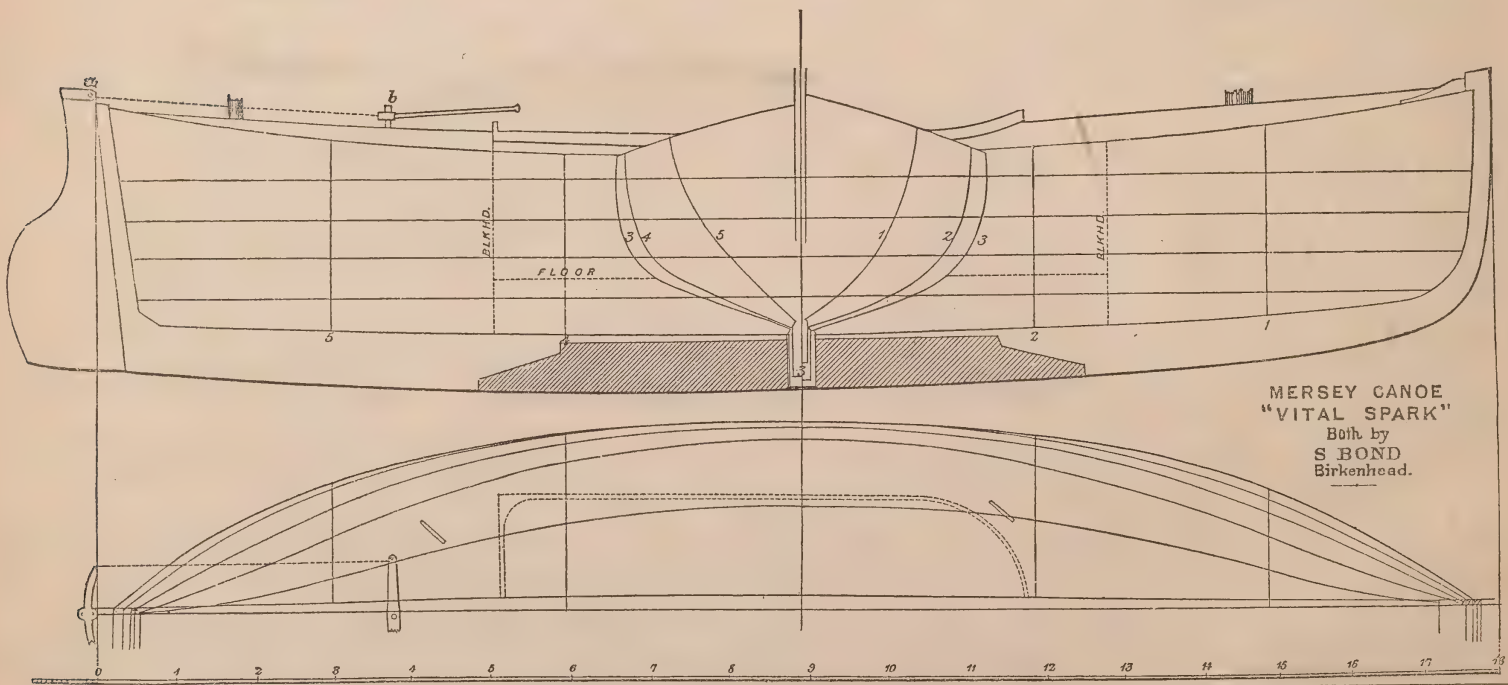


Scale 5/8 in. to 1 ft.

CANOE YAWL "CASSY,"
Humber Yawl Club.



CRUISING.
1/8 in to 1 ft.



MERSEY CANOE
"VITAL SPARK"
Bolt. by
S BOND
Birkenhead.

SMALL CRUISING BOATS.

[Continued.]

We give this week the lines of two cruising craft, one but little larger than a canoe, and one large enough for two or three to cruise in. The former is a canoe yawl, the *Cassy*, used on the Humber River, and was designed for cruising and racing, in both of which she has proved a success. She is fitted with the tabernacle and centerboard devised by Mr. Tredwen, the latter of 70 lbs. being all the ballast used with cruising rig, but sandbags are carried in racing, about 100 lbs. being used. The forward thwart can be placed 2 in. below the gunwale for rowing, or about 6 in. above the bottom for sailing. The rig includes two balance lugs as in a canoe, with a deck tiller.

Length	14ft.
Beam	3ft. 4in.
Depth midships	1ft. 4in.
Sheer, bow	11 1/2 in.
Sheer, stern	5in.
Bow to after side of tabernacle	3ft.
Bow to fore end of trunk	4ft.
Bow to after end of trunk	7ft.
Bow to after end of well	11ft. 6in.
Bow to rowlocks	9ft. 6in.
Area, mainsail—cruising	120 sq. ft.
Area, mizzen	60-70 sq. ft.
Length of tabernacle	18in.
Length of oars	8ft.
Width of rudder	1ft. 6in.

The larger boat, *Vital Spark*, is a Mersey canoe, 18x5ft. She is smooth built, of 3/4 in. plank, with oak timbers 3/4 in. square and spaced 6 in., and topstreak and deck of teak, the latter 3/4 in. thick. The coaming is of 1/2 in. elm, with bulkheads of teak, 5ft. from either end.

The stem and stern are sided 1 1/2 in., keel-sided 3 1/2 in., with 4 1/2 wt. of lead under it. 4 1/2 cwt. being also cast to fit inside. The draft is 2 ft. 2 in. The yawl rig has two standing lugs and a jib, making 178 sq. ft.

THE SEASON COILED AWAY.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

My mind has been made up for some time that cutters could take care of their own case readily enough; hence I have refrained from addressing you concerning the splendid average of their performance this season, and would not now break in upon my resolution but for the astonishing and joyful news which has only just reached me here in this ancient Spanish pueblo. True sailor instinct had long ago driven me to regard our shoal centerboard vessels with that technical contempt which every mechanic feels for a tool improperly constructed and unsuitable to the ends in view. But, much as I despised our sloops, and little credit as I gave them for redeeming traits, I confess the broad farce, the wholesale slaughter, the crushing blow dealt their off and loudly proclaimed pretensions in the fine sailing breeze and moderate sea met in the last fall match of the Seawanhaka Corinthians, was more, far more than even I had hoped to see accomplished in such thorough style, and that so soon. The news was hard to believe. Truth is stranger than fiction, else would it have been too good to have been true. To those acquainted with the laws of chance, the windup of the season must appear miraculous indeed.

That in four different classes, ranging from the big and stately cruiser down to the spry little five-ton bang about, a cutter should have won in each and every class and two in the fourth—that in each and every class all the sloops should have been driven to shelter, tail between legs—that this should have happened in nothing worse than a double reef breeze and fine sailing weather, and above all, that while the little model ships *Yolande* and *Daisy* got around in good shape and jolly fashion against a sea quite heavy for their modest dimensions, the big sloops *Athlon*, *Annie* and *Penguin*, twice the length of the little cutters and eight times their size, could not face the mod-

erate sea to any advantage, and failed for want of stamina and stay in boat and crew to equal the performance of the tiny cutters—all this is nothing short of the miraculous, and such an exhibit of the cutter's vast superiority as an efficient tool for sailing purposes, that the so-called fight between the two types has verily degenerated into the wildest kind of one-sided farce, in which the sloop plays the part of the clown and richly earns the derisive laughter bestowed upon this her latest and flattest collapse.

The odds against such a uniform triumph for the cutters, the odds against such a complete failure on the part of the sloops which outnumbered the cutters two to one, were at least a thousand against one. These odds the cutters shouldered, and weighted with what was almost impossible to accomplish, they nevertheless came out of the fray victorious along the whole line without an exception, and succeeded in wiping the sloops off the sea, driving them home wrecked for shelter, after thrashing them soundly in the item of speed! "Skunked" is not an over elegant word, but "skunked" is the appropriate expression to apply to this the most conspicuous fizzle in the "Sloop vs. Cutter" which the annals of yachting have yet laid bare.

A string of unequalled triumphs for the cutters, in light and heavy breeze, in smooth and rough water, now sees the year fast drawing to a close. With grand Bedouin's record this summer unmatched by any of her sisters, with her memorable defeat of big Montauk, twenty odd feet longer, in the close-haul dash from Brenton's to the Vineyard in a smoking scupper blow; with the triple victory outside Point Judith, when the same noble Bedouin, the keen Ileen and graceful Wenonah led to finish the whole crowd of big and little sloops and schooners; best, indifferent and decidedly bad; with the terrible tanning inflicted upon her class by the elegant clipper *Orwa* of most exquisite "tail," and the fashion in which she screwed out to weather of big *Gracie* in a jump of a sea during the spring matches; with the prominent Eastern meets likewise scored to the cutters; with the performance of the two *Verves* and *Aileen* on the fresh-water lakes, and the many informal brushes in which the cutters have figured to advantage in point of speed and adaptability to the objects of cruising;

with all this still fresh in mind, I say, will any man open to conviction dispute the proven fact that the cutters have come out ahead, and that by a brilliant display under drawbacks too well known to need mention? Can any one able to weigh the logic of events, without prejudice to either side, refuse to see the well-defined trend of the future, the ultimate prevalence of the honest yacht and the rapid decay and fall from public grace of that rattlerap sham, that nursery toy, the light draft centerboard of great beam, born only of primitive floundering in the dark, and sustained this long by the perversion of man's nature, the flattering deception of untruths circulated in behalf of vested interests, and the bombast of selfish conceit con-founded by the vulgar mind with "patriotism"?
SANTA FE, N. M., Oct. 28. C. P. KUNHARDT.

SAN FRANCISCO.—The San Francisco Y. C. enjoyed their last sail on Oct. 18 and 19, leaving Sausalito on the afternoon of the 18th, at 4:30. Whitewing, Chispa, Emerald, Frolic and Rambler composed the fleet, which sailed, in a light wind, to Vallejo, arriving about 10:30 P. M. On the following day the fleet started down, being joined by Fleur de Lis, and a number of squadron evolution were made, ending in a scrub race home, which concluded the season.

A TALE OF THE SEA.—The sea has lost half its romance in these days of floating palaces and fast steaming. It has few terrors for the modern voyager. A trip across the northern ocean is but a holiday excursion. Angry billows and howling storms, dangers and sudden death are not now often associated with ocean life. Even the stranding of an emigrant steamer upon a rocky and desolate coast fails to impress upon our minds the great tragedies inseparable from a sea life. We read Marryat and Clark Russell, but we laugh at the perils so well depicted. Yet oftener than is supposed, such tragedies as the Mignonette case make prominent the fact that deep has lost none of its dangers. To-day brings another story of the hardships and tragedies of a sailor's life, that cannot but impress by its very strangeness. The German bark Friedrich Scalla sailed from Stettin on July 11, under command of Captain Hoffschild, for Charleston, S. C. A hurricane was encountered on Sept. 12, in latitude 29 N., longitude 54 W., during which all the spars were lost and the vessel sprung a leak. By keeping the pumps constantly at the pumps the vessel was kept afloat until the 21st. On that date the brig F. L. Merryman, from Baltimore, W. C. A., for Boston, was fallen in with. Captain Hoffschild got out his boats and boarded the brig. He found that her captain (Nickerson), both the mates, and some of the crew had died after a long voyage. The brig was in charge of the steward and two men, and had been without a navigator on board for eleven days, and was short of provisions and water. Captain Hoffschild, finding it impossible to save his own vessel, placed his crew on board the Merryman, took charge of her and arrived with his new command at New York yesterday. Here is a tragedy of the sea, strange, sadder than any told in fiction and yet it is but one of many that can be gleaned from a year's history of sea-faring life.—New York Maritime Register.

Answers to Correspondents.

No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.

MAJOR LOVEJOY, Bethel, Maine.—The photographs were received. RAMBLER, Waynesburgh, Pa.—Write to Dr. Jarvis, Claremont, N. H. He can no doubt furnish what you require.

NEMROD, New York.—Can you give me the address of a breeder of the deerhound? Ans. Cloverhook Kennels, 135 Fifth avenue, New York.

J. W. M.—1. The pattern is satisfactory. 2. The usual test is at a circle 80 in. in diameter, 40 yds. distant. 3. There are 375 pellets in an ounce of No. 8 shot.

F. P. K.—Send your gun to any one of the firms whose names you will find in our columns.

M. M. N., Elizabethtown.—Will you please inform me where I could buy goldfish for stocking a pond? Ans. Write to E. G. Blackford, Fulton Market, New York.

J. A., Columbia City, Ind.—For Newfoundlanders, apply to James Mortimer, 3 Morris street, New York. For St. Bernards, to Chequasset Kennels, Lancaster, Worcester county, Mass.

F. E. Q.—You do not say what sort of game you want. By reading our Game Bag and Gun columns you will see frequent references to different localities. Some are mentioned in this issue.

W. W. C., St. John, N. B.—For geese use Nos. 1, 2 or 3, according to season; for duck, 4 or 6, according as the birds are sea fowl or fresh-water ducks; for plover, 8; for ruffed grouse, 8 or 10, and for snipe 10.

X. Y. Z.—1. The gun is a good arm, but it cannot be called the strongest made, as that is a big claim. 2. The Sunday shooting can be stopped if you will give information about them to the proper officers of the law.

G. R. S., Lemont, Ill.—You will find deer, bears and turkeys in the less thickly settled parts of Arkansas. It is not permitted to hunt in Washington Territory. Large game, deer and bear, may be found in all the Southern States.

A. J. S.—Whether or not the use of a gun will be beneficial to you can best be decided by your physician. Rifle practice would tend to steady your nerves. The shotgun will probably not have any deleterious effect, but quite the reverse.

J. H. H., Troy, N. Y.—1. What was the color of the pointer bitch that won the cup at the bench show in New York, May, 1877? 2. Was she a pedigreed dog? 3. Is there a black pointer in New York, and who has such? Ans. 1. White and lemon. 2. Yes. 3. We know of none.

C. G. McK., Hudson, N. Y.—1. When should cocker puppies' tails be docked? 2. How? 3. How much is it best to take off? Ans. 1. When they are in the nest and about two weeks old. 2. Take off two-thirds; they must be made to look short at first, but will come all right.

W. R. U., Peabody.—I have a Siberian bloodhound pup about four months old, which seems to be weak in hind legs. One better wags than the other. I attribute the trouble to the fact that he has not had much exercise, for I know of no other cause for it. Ans. Exercise will probably help him.

G. C. R., Baltimore.—Please inform me through correspondent's column, if there is a setter by the name of Hero registered and what kind is he. I think he is owned by Mr. Jenkins, of Baltimore, Md., and is there one by the name of Mack out of imported Pig. Empress, by Hero? Ans. No such dogs registered so far as we know.

F. A. D., Washingtonville, South Boston, Mass.—Make an ointment of lard and flour of sulphur, and grease the bare spots liberally with it. If after two weeks' treatment you notice no improvement, give daily for five days in the food five drops Fowler's solution of arsenic, then double the dose, and continue for four days, then for four days give fifteen drops, then reduce to ten drops again for four days and stop.

SANGWILLIAM, Horse Cove, N. C.—What can I use to destroy lice on puppies? I have a litter of setters, four weeks old, and in spite of anything I can do they are annoyed by little white lice, with dark spots on them. I've tried carbolic soap, quassia, lard and sulphur, kerosene, combing and soap water, but without effect. The kennel is kept clean and whitewashed every week. Is there any sure remedy you can recommend? Ans. Apply the quassia every three days. It will do the work.

T. J. Y., Salem, New Jersey.—1. The book "Frank Forester's Fugitive Sporting Sketches," is a collection of several essays by William Henry Herbert. The volume is prefaced by a remarkably gushing

and highfalutin memoir of "Our Frank," by the compiler, and the chapters are on the quail, the woodcock, among the mountains, a blaze at Barnegat, the American bittern, the death of the stag, the red fox, a trip to Chateaufort, Richer, spring snipe, and domestication of game birds. 2. Other particulars will be given sub-sequently.

K. E. M., Waitsburg, W. T.—A letter addressed to George Poyneer Dayton, Iowa, should reach him. It is quite impossible and against our rules to purchase dogs for any one. There are a number of reliable dealers to whom you can apply. Mr. John Davidson, of Monroe, Mich., has setters, and can be thoroughly relied on.

A. C. O., Toledo, O.—I have a small black spaniel dog or ly two months old; his hair has fallen all off of his legs, stomach and head, and yet he seems to be quite lively and well. I have been greasing him with lard and sulphur, and gave him one or two doses of castor oil, but that don't seem to do him any good, and he is getting worse. Ans. Try giving him Fowler's solution of arsenic as follows: Two drops in his food daily for four days, then six drops for four days, then eight drops for four days. Reduce the dose now to six drops and continue for four days, then to six drops, and so on until you are back to two drops, when stop.

HARD CASH.—1. The longer paper shells are so made that they may be crimped. 2. The rim turned in by the proper tool to hold the charge securely in its place. Go in a gun store or consult some shooter and you will learn just how it is done. 3. The gun with the longer barrel will burn a little more powder than the other, and a heavier charge may be used, but for all practical purposes the 30 in. barrel will prove fully satisfactory. 4. The bulging of the choke-bore will probably not cause the shot to scatter in the way you mention. The bulge can be remedied by a gunsmith. 5. The gun will shoot buckshot. The shot should be chambered on a wad in the choke to determine proper number to put in a layer. 6. The term "beam," when applied to a boat, means the breadth at the widest point.

H. B., Glasco, N. Y.—1. Will you please inform me where I can get dust shot cartridges of .22-caliber? 2. Which is the larger, the hairy or the downy woodpecker? Please give me some point by which I can make a distinction between the two. Ans. 1. We presume that you require the cartridges for a Flobert rifle, though you do not say so. If this is the case, you should be able to get them at almost any gun store. Write to H. C. Squires, 178 Broadway, New York, or to J. Dannefelser, of 9 Chambers street, New York. They will procure them for you. 2. Size is a distinguishing character in these two species. The hairy woodpecker (*Picus villosus*) is 9 to 10 inches long, the downy (*P. pubescens*) 6 to 7 inches. The two outer pairs of tail feathers of the former are white, those of the latter barred black and white.

L. C. S., Brooklyn, N. Y.—While mining on the western slope of the Rocky Mountains, in the South Colorado, I was told by many old hunters that the grizzly bear was not to be found in the Rockies, in fact, not east of the Sierra Nevada. Also, what is a "silver tip" bear? Have seen their pelts, but never heard of the animal before coming to Colorado. Ans. 1. The grizzly bear is found in Colorado, though the Rocky Mountain hunters for the most part deny this, calling their form of grizzly bear by a dozen names, of which "silver tip" is one of the most common. Only two species of bear are known to inhabit temperate North America. One of these, characterized by having the claws on the fore feet much longer than those on the hind, is the grizzly (*Ursus horribilis*). The other, which has the claws about the same size on fore and hind feet is the black bear (*Ursus americanus*).

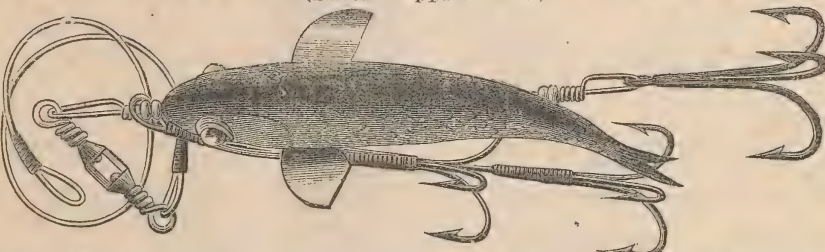
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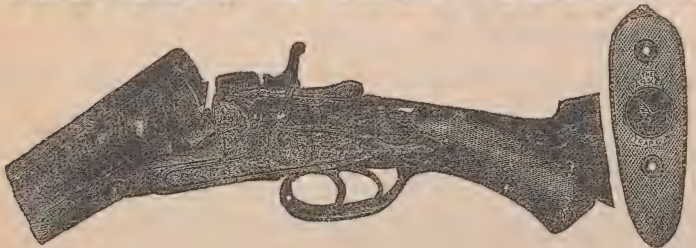
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A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

TERMS, \$4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY. }
SIX MONTHS, \$2. }

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 13, 1884.

VOL. XXIII.—No. 16.
{ Nos. 39 & 40 PARK ROW, NEW YORK.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. Communications upon the subjects to which its pages are devoted are respectfully invited. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. No name will be published except with writer's consent. The Editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

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May begin at any time. Subscription price, \$4 per year; \$2 for six months; to a club of three annual subscribers, three copies for \$10; five copies for \$16. Remit by registered letter, money-order, or draft, payable to the Forest and Stream Publishing Company. The paper may be obtained of newsdealers throughout the United States, Canada and Great Britain. General subscription agents for Great Britain, Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston, Searles and Rivington, 188 Fleet street, London, England.

Address all communications,
Forest and Stream Publishing Co.
Nos. 39 and 40 PARK ROW. NEW YORK CITY.

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THE MAINE DEER LAW.

IN another column will be found an interesting letter on this subject from a well-known correspondent. It was to be expected that Mr. Wells would make out a strong case for any side which he might espouse. He does so now, yet, perhaps, there is a word or two to be said on the other side.

The whole question as to the desirability of a change in the Maine law, hinges on the date at which the fawns are born. Can the doe be killed in September without destroying the fawns which depend on her? Setting aside this question, the arguments brought forward by our correspondent would apply as well to opening any month of the summer for deer shooting as well as September. No doubt more visiting sportsmen would come to Maine if the deer law were to be taken off in August or July, and since the cover in those months is thick and noisy, and for other reasons given by Mr. Wells, but few deer would be killed. Yet we should be sorry to see the summer months thrown open to the deer hunter.

That the woods of Maine fairly swarm with deer and caribou is due to the excellent methods of the Maine Fish and Game Commissioners, but seems no reason at all for extending the open season. The woods of Maine have before swarmed with these animals, but they became less and less numerous, until within a few years they were very scarce. Is it worth while to enter upon a course of action which, while it may possibly have no bad effect, may be only the first step toward rendering nugatory all the money and time and careful thought that has been expended upon this subject?

It is not a question of to-day only. The number of visitors to the Maine forests is larger now than ever before, and is not likely to grow less in the years to come. To furnish the game to attract this throng of visitors, the supply of animals must be increased proportionally. They have increased and are still increasing. But because game protection has worked well for a few years and now has the support of the people, is it worth while to take risks which may cost Maine

and the people of Maine dear in the future? We think not. Is there not room here for a little conservatism?

The average date at which the does bring forth their young is by no means positively established. We think that the weight of evidence goes to show that the majority of fawns are born, in the latitude of Maine, late in May and early in June. That there is a considerable difference in the time at which individual females wean their young is a well known fact which we should be the last to question, but we are not prepared to yield our assent to Mr. Wells's proposition that fawns are usually able to take care of themselves by September 1. The question is one which can only be determined by observation, and with all possible respect for the experience of others, we still believe that, as a rule, the deer usually suckle nearly up to October 1.

It is well established that the period during which the young are dependent for nourishment upon the mother is not less than four months. As Mr. Wells states, Judge Caton makes this assertion, and Dr. Merriam, in his "Mammals of the Adirondack Region," confirms it, both agreeing that the spotted coat is worn for at least this length of time. There is no doubt that the fawns suck as long as they wear the ornamental coat. Now Dr. Merriam's observations in the Adirondacks, a region which agrees pretty well with the Maine woods in climate and general conditions, go to show that a few fawns are born in April, the majority in May, and a few late ones in June. Our own observations made in the same latitude as Maine, lead us to believe that it is in late May and early June that most of the fawns are brought forth. Suppose we take May 15 as the average, then the fawns will continue to draw sustenance from their dams up to the 15th of September. But we believe that there are a good many fawns which suck later than this, for we have, we regret to say, been obliged many times to see does killed late in September and even in the first days of October, whose udders were still distended with milk. And it is not a pleasant thing to see this, killing of a lean old doe whose young you are pretty sure must starve.

From a practical point of view, that is so far as the preservation of the deer supply is concerned, we do not regard the question of this change of dates as of vital importance. Jacking is not, according to our way of thinking a very deadly way of hunting, and so far as the deer are concerned, September is the best month in which to practice it. Looked at from an ethical standpoint, however, this mode of deer killing has but little to recommend it. We consider it a cruel method of hunting, because of the weapon used and uncertainty of killing the object shot at, owing to the dim light, the unsteady resting place and the cramped position. It is generally acknowledged, we believe, that a large proportion of the animals hit are never recovered, but make their way into the forest, there to die a slow and painful death. Of course if meat is the only object, and the "hunter" kills his deer as he would butcher a sheep in a pen, jacking is excusable, but if a man is anxious to kill a deer for the sport of it, we should think that he would not care to do it by the aid of a jack.

We are much of the opinion of Dr. Merriam who, after describing this method of taking deer, says: "But after all, when the novelty has worn off, one cannot help realizing that it is like carrying a lantern any dark night through a frontier pasture, and shooting the first unlucky cow that chances to stand in the path."

Mr. Wells regards the question of this change of dates from a coldly practical standpoint, and he rather hints that we have sentimental views about it.

But little more than a year ago we were traveling with a companion through a deer country. One day, as we were moving from one camp to another, an object was descried which looked either like an old weather-beaten gray log or a deer. It was at length made out to be the latter, and as we passed for a moment behind a bit of cover, one man dropped down out of sight while the other kept on his way still watched by the deer, from which he was now walking. The man who was hidden by the cover crept slowly up within range of the victim, and fired a deadly shot. The deer disappeared, and in its place bounced up two little fawns still in the red spotted coat. They ran a little way and watched us curiously as we walked toward them. When we came to the spot there lay, the old doe. She was in the blue already, for it was Oct. 1; but her udder was full, and her dugs drawn down by the eager pulling of the tiny mouths that would never close on them again. Poor she was, her bones showing through the skin—as a nursing doe's almost always do—scarcely worth the cartridge that had killed her. For very shame's sake we took her along, and while we were cutting her up, the little fawns, unsuspecting of danger,

walked about within a stone's throw and gazed at us, and wondered where the mother was, but felt sure that she would call them when those queer two-legged animals went away. We had not the heart to do them the kindness to kill them. The crime already committed was enough, and the sight of those innocents on the hillside that bright October day caused a tugging at the heart strings that we hope never to feel again. The sermon then preached will not soon be forgotten by those to whom it was addressed. One of the listeners—a man whose appearance would not lead one to think him over tenderhearted—said, as we moved away, "By —, I feel as if I had killed a baby."

Perhaps we are sentimentalists. But, while holding very decided views on this question, we are not bigots, nor do we desire, as our correspondent suggests, to "have the last word." We are glad to see the subject discussed by so able a writer as Mr. Wells and hope to hear from others.

COVERED RANGES.

IT is becoming every year more and more difficult for the managers and officers of the various English volunteer regiments to secure eligible out-door ranges within easy distance of the centers of population. The volunteer force in Great Britain has its thousands of members, and each large city has many flourishing corps. The fact that shooting is an important part of a soldier's duty, whether that soldier be a civilian or a professional man of arms, is abundantly recognized, and as far as possible, everything is done to encourage ball practice before the targets. There are scores and scores of ranges scattered here and there through the country, but one by one they are ordered closed by the local authorities on account of the danger from flying bullets, or else the use of the land for building crowds the range out of existence. To-day it is difficult to find a ground for even the mid-ranges, while a long-range plot is dreamed of more often than attempted.

The Wormwood Scrubs ranges, so accessible to such a large number of the volunteers in London, has during the year past been almost totally closed, and a commission of officers was appointed to find another site near the metropolis for the establishment of a range. The search was made but proved futile, and now, as a last resort, the old Wormwood Scrubs ranges are to be so arranged that stray bullets may be caught on interposing screens, and so up to 300 yards at least, there will be something after the fashion of the continental ranges and our own Schuetzenfest parks.

This brings up the question of establishing working ranges near large cities very prominently, and each year it is becoming a more pressing one for our English friends. Near Manchester it is proposed to have a covered range of 500 yards, and while there are many well-founded objections to such an alley for shooting in, yet it is a vast improvement over the alternative evil of having no shooting at all.

The question comes right home to us here in New York, where we have no really get-at-able range. Creedmoor, though almost within sight of the metropolis, is as inconveniently located as it could well be, and this alone has had much to do with the lack of interest which seems to exist here respecting matters of marksmanship. We firmly believe that a good range of from 200 to 600 yards would be sure of a good patronage if it could be so located as to be readily reached from the center of the city. If necessary, for the safety of the residents of the neighborhood—a first consideration in all cases—that the range be covered in, then let it be a covered one, with such bulwarks and screens as shall make it physically impossible for the most careless and stupid marksman to send a bullet astray. A range with great fences cutting off the cross winds, destroying all opportunity for distance judging by the man at the firing point is very inferior compared with a range in the open, but it is vastly better than nothing at all.

In this city such a range could and ought to be established by the militia authorities as a sort of central school of marksmanship for all the members of all the regiments hereabout. Day and evening practice might be had, and with a regular resident teacher, or by a system of rotation by which each militiaman would be put through a course of lessons by his own officers, great and valuable results would be reached. Civilians might be permitted to use the range and would soon flock to it in liberal numbers. The experiment is worth the trying, for it is certain that the superiority will always lie with the country commands so long as the city soldier can only use his rifle as a toy, in a room and for going through the manual of arms, while the countryman by a walk of ten minutes or less, finds a convenient stretch of meadow or water over which he can fire without let or hindrance.

The Sportsman Tourist.

A TRIP TO IDAHO.

THE charming weather of October was too great a temptation to continue my inland cruising to be resisted, and I found a partial excuse in a little business "out West" to make an excursion toward the setting sun. An old mining friend, who had prospected over nearly every inch of California, Idaho and Montana, dropped into my office daily to smoke a pipe, and enthused for hours over the scenery and the shooting and fishing of Idaho, and especially of the Saw Tooth Range and Wood River country. The yarns he told of the trout streams, salmon fishing, grouse, deer and wild goat shooting were worthy of a genuine sportsman; not that I insinuate that sportsmen are given to tough stories; we all know they are veritable Geo. Washingtons and are as truthful as political newspapers.

My old friend is not much of a sportsman, even though he may have some of their leading habits, and I accordingly made due allowances, but by degrees I found myself giving much thought to the marvellous stories he told, and my night's rest was much disturbed with dreams of large trout that obstinately refused to be landed, droves of deer that got in my way, and grouse getting up with a whirl under my nose. I suspected that my old friend had sinister designs on me. I knew he had a mine to sell and wanted me to go out and look at it. He had discovered my weak point and began insidiously to undermine my earthworks. He did not talk mine much, but talked fish and game a good deal. At last good resolutions to stay at home gave way, and one fine morning last month found my old friend and myself comfortably stowed away in a West Shore coach westward bound.

By way of evincing my disbelief in his stories of shooting, I declined to take a gun, relying on his promise to supply me with as fine a breechloader as I ever put to my shoulder; but I did take my well-tryed fly-rod, well knowing that it would be possible to pick up a gun, but not a split-bamboo. I will pass over the details of the trip to Salt Lake, and thence by the Utah Northern Railroad to Pocatello, where we took the Oregon Short Line to Mountain Home, the terminus of our journey by rail, merely stopping to remark that the narrow gauge road from Ogden to Pocatello is not an agreeable ride, crowded as the cars were with Mormon families—Mormon babies, and more of them to the square foot than I ever met with in all my varied experiences—very dirty and sour-smelling babies. There were twenty-seven in our car, and they squalled in concert all night long. It was not cold, but the brakemen fired up until the two stoves were red hot—ventilators all closed—the atmosphere something fearful.

From Pocatello the trains were "mixed," that is, composed of a long train of freight cars and one passenger coach which, fortunately, was not crowded, but the rate of speed was slow, dreadfully so; about fifteen miles the hour. For a hundred miles the course was across a dead flat plain of lava and sagebrush, and a more worthless expanse of country I have never seen. The monotony was varied by occasional streams that my old friend asserted were full of trout, but there were no settlements where a fisherman could tie up. At the crossing of the Snake River at the falls, which were grand, and below the falls it looked very tempting to the angler. The conductor told me what splendid fishing it was, what carloads of salmon and river trout were caught there, but my old friend said, "Wait until we get to Mountain Home, and I will show you fishing until you can't rest; we will take it all in on our way back."

In due time we reached Mountain Home, and found quite a comfortable hotel for that country. This was the end of our railroading, and at 4 o'clock the next morning we were routed out to take the stage, so called, which proved to be a "dead ax" farm wagon with a pair of very sober-minded horses. The air was crisp and sharp, and the road was calculated to knock spots out of dyspepsia. At sunrise we had made the breakfast station. The meal was soon ready for us, and we were ready for it. There were venison steak and good bread and butter, the coffee was a little dubious, but with our appetites everything went. Soon after leaving the breakfast station we struck a better country, the foothills of the mountain ranges. The first game we saw was several large gray wolves, then a couple of antelope, a little later three deer, and in descending a sharp hill, we came upon a flock of grouse close alongside of the road. We got out and threw stones at them; a plump old cock sat on a limb scarce twenty feet away, and stood a fusillade of stones for five minutes, evidently enjoying our want of skill. Then I wanted that gun that I wouldn't bring, and all day, as we rode over hill and dale, and saw deer, grouse, antelope and wolves, I wanted it. I could have loaded the wagon with grouse, and as I objurgated my stupidity in not bringing it, I sailed into my old friend who had said "No use in bothering about a gun. Can get you all the guns you want." I wanted one then, but he could not fulfill his promise until we got where the guns were, and that would be at the end of our journey.

After spending a few days climbing over the mountains on a mule, looking at mines and enjoying the scenery, we turned our steps homeward. Arriving at Mountain Home I claimed a day's fishing, according to agreement. So it was arranged that the next morning we should try our skill on a stream called Snake Creek. There was not much sleep that night on account of the wolves and coyotes that came around the house, seeking what they hoped to find, a fat chicken or two each, but the dogs kept them at a respectful distance; and what between the barking of the dogs and the howling of the midnight prowlers in defiance, there was little sleep. The wolves were afraid to come too close and the dogs were afraid to venture far out after them, and so they kept up the infernal racket until daylight.

After an early breakfast we got into a wagon, putting a substantial lunch under the seat, and drove up the creek about five miles to the cañon and prepared for the sport. On our way up we saw eight wolves, all within fifty yards; they knew we had no gun and stood calmly contemplating us, and I was mad again.

When I got out my light tackle and flies there was a guffaw. "What are you going to do with those things? Idaho trout are not educated up to that sort of thing; they don't know anything about flies. Catch a few grasshoppers if you want any fish." I had heard such talk before, and continued my note of preparation. When we came in to launch, according to arrangement, there was not so much laughing and poking fun at bamboo rods and flies. Idaho trout were educated up to the dodge, and the grasshopper party were powhere. Beat 'em? Well, I should smile, I had five to

their one. It was rough fishing though; the cañon and the brush was too thick to admit of satisfactory fly work, but whenever a hole could be got at, it was lively work. Suffice it to say it was a highly satisfactory day. The fish were not large, but they were all of good size and as gamy as Eastern trout. We did not count our fish, but we had a backload—more than we knew what to do with. Plate after plate disappeared at the supper table. Our performance was prodigious, with the sharp appetite consequent upon the exercise and bracing air. The weather was superb. The air is exhilarating, and the amount of fatigue one could endure in that atmosphere is marvelous.

It would have been a red-letter day in one's life to have been properly prepared and to have cruised around the country shooting and fishing in the many streams to be found within easy distance of the settlements; but time was up; we were due in Gotham on the 25th, so turned our faces homeward, well pleased with the excursion—which was merely a prospecting trip—marking out the ground for a cruise the coming season. And you can hazard your Wellingtons that I will be there and I will have my tent, my blankets and my gun the next time, and fully prepared to enjoy all that Idaho affords. Moral, take your gun and don't depend upon promises of guns everywhere. There is not a decent gun in the country, and I am mad enough to kick myself in being humbugged by my old red-nosed friend into leaving mine at home. It was unsportsmanlike and I am ashamed of myself. However, we will see what next summer will bring forth. I will stand the Mormon babies and the anti-dyspeptic stage wagons willingly to get the chance to try it over again. Old nose was right; there is good fishing and shooting in Idaho sure—as well as good mines—and hang me if that designing old miner didn't get me on the mining proposition. I think I was induced to go in for an excuse to make future periplegations to that paradise of the sportsman.

It may seem rather unsportsmanlike to fish for trout in October, but the seasons in Idaho are quite different. The summer does not fairly set in before the last of July, and neither the people nor the fish pay much regard to rules or law if they have any. It is a question of convenience. The fish are not particular. They are ready any time you are, and the way they take the fly would seem to indicate that they are anxious to emancipate themselves from the benighted grasshopper state and adopt the habits and customs of their more civilized Eastern relations.

In the vicinity of Mountain Home, Rocky Bar, Atalanta, Haley, etc., there are numerous streams, large and small, including Wood, Snake, Boise and Middle Boise rivers, all affording splendid fishing. Deer and grouse are plentiful, a few antelope, and not unfrequently a bear. There is a white-faced bear to be met with occasionally that is not a desirable acquaintance. He resembles the grizzly, is equally powerful, and much more belligerent. It is just a question of how he feels whether he will walk off and leave you or remain and argue the point. As for running, he won't do it; see you what's his name first. If he goes away it is seemingly rather against his inclination, and he stops and looks around at you with an expression as much as to say, "What am I walking off for? I ought to stay and chew that fellow up; teach him what kind of bears they raise in Idaho." The hunters give them a wide berth.

Taking it all around, a sportsman can have a pretty good time in Northwestern Idaho in the proper season, say September and October. The country is sufficiently settled to enable him to supply his wants easily, and he can "excure" from any of the towns in various directions, step off from stage or rail and be picked up again at his option. The fishing tackle should be strong and substantial, for the fish are large in the rivers. He wants strong, substantial clothing, for the bushes in the cañons are terrible on habiliments. If he is afraid of snakes, better carry his own remedy, for although the whisky in Idaho is enough to kill all the snakes in the country if a drop could be got inside of them, it is concentrated Greek fire, it is.

PODGERS.

CROFTERS AND SCOTCH LANDLORDS.

IT was a worthy, if impracticable, law existing in that Utopian island of Sir Thomas Moore's imagination, which decreed that the lands of the republic should not belong to any members of the commonwealth in particular, but should be held by all in trust for the general benefit. Other countries, less free of the burden of land disputes, may well hold that of them also pity 'tis that 'tis not true. Perhaps, however, a tenet such as this, in which simplicity of code claimed place with liberty, equality and brotherhood, might, if welded to modern notions, lead to unlooked-for and disastrous side issues, and prove a fruitful source of new trouble. Yet ever and anon there flickers up in the self-esteemed Utopias of Europe a smouldering discontent against the great landed proprietors; a clamor of the many for the enacting of some such law against the few. As the world grows more republican and the masses find means to make themselves heard, the war of opinions waxes stronger against the unimpaired possession of those huge pleasure estates, which granted to court favorites in feudal days for trivial services, have drifted down in hereditary succession, absorbing their surrounding satellites and playing cuckoo in a nest of hungry farmers. Nowhere is this state of things more prominent than in the three portions of Great Britain. In England a growing spirit of communism germinates in the many trade unions and banded opposition against the monopolies of wealth. He that runs may read it lurking between the lines of franchise bills, in radical innovations, and in the oft recurring disputes twixt Lords and Commons, the wordy smoke of which hardly needs an adage to vouch for its cause. In Ireland a chronic enmity against the landlords is constantly breaking forth in its own ugly form of malcontent, like the throes of some intermittent fever. While in Scotland—and it is of that country that I would especially treat here—a bitter feeling of ill will is shown now and again from the crofters, herdsmen and petty farmers who covet the grazings of the mountain lands, toward the owners of those huge Scotch estates which are so rigorously preserved and guarded from any encroachments on the part of men or cattle to make a brief-lived Saxon holiday.

Were the total acreage owned by these Scotch lords and lairds summed up, it would be found that they constitute the major portion of the Highlands, and of this total by far the largest part is strictly preserved. Yet few of these landlords spend more than the fashionable two months of August and September on their estates, waging the annual warfare against the deer, grouse and black game, which a paternal government protects under its legislative shield until then. During the rest of the year the moorlands are again left un-

molested, and only gillies and gamekeepers wander over their lonely wastes, guarding them against the depredations of poachers and would-be utilizers. Many of these estates are of vast extent, comprising thousands and thousands of acres, great tracts of which are, as I have said, set apart solely for the preservation of game. Such proprietors as the Dukes of Sutherland, Bute and Montrose, and Lairds like Farquhson and Johnson, divide whole counties among them, and maintain grouse moors and deer forests of size that seems fabulous when their purposes are weighed in the scales of political economy.

Not long ago I was in Sutherlandshire, that wild, broken county, which stretches its marge of mountain and lake across the north of Scotland. I was fishing in Lock Shin and its tributary waters, and in my various excursions naturally had considerable intercourse with the Magnuses and Donalds of the neighborhood. Since then I have traveled in other portions of this and the adjoining counties, but everywhere I found the same story; to every question I met the same answer, "his Grace wad na wish it the whiles," or "a weel may be his Grace kens t'wad be gud." Nothing seemed possible to be said, or done, or thought, or dreamed of in this northern fastness unless "his Grace" should first approve. To his Grace the Duke of Sutherland belongeth the land, and the people, and the doings thereof. The diminutive railway, which is the main artery of his possessions, was built by his orders and with his money, and is as much a chattel of his as the knocker on his front door. The hotels, the roads, the villages of all this enormous county are his, and through his agents he reigns in this petty kingdom in an autocracy tempered only by the prestige of external republicanism. Some twelve months since there was a good deal of talk in England about certain entire villages in this dukedom having been somewhat summarily moved on to make room for grouse and deer. *Mais qu'y faire*; their sheep and cattle had long since been forbidden on the hills because forsooth deer were too fastidious to range over the same ground as their domesticated brethren, wherefore the herdsmen soon followed. Nevertheless strangely enough some crofter mutterings echoed among those deserted hills, and a murmur of discontent found its way into the English papers—useless, however, save to fan a smouldering fire, for the fiat having gone forth, his Grace's will was done.

But as with all questions so with the grievances of crofters, the subject wears two faces. A generalization will defeat any argument, and it is not to be maintained that the highlands of Scotland are fitted for the support of a large population, or capable of grazing any very extensive herds. The wildness of the country and its poverty preclude the possibility of this. Countless storms, and rains, and torrents, have swept the soil from the mountains to the valleys, where farming alone can be done; while the mountains, hiding their naked crags among the mists, or clad in such apology for verdure as the knotted heather or rank grasses of the morass can give, have little to offer even to the most enterprising of sheep or cattle. In some places, of course, the mountains are exceptionally fertile, and pasture might be found in abundance enough to feed the combined flocks of Nathan and Jacob. But such rich moorlands are not too plentiful. I have lately been staying in a typical highland valley, as barren as beautiful, and where immemorial freedom wonders vaguely at the rumors of crofter claims elsewhere. It was situated at the western end of Lock Katrine, that gem of the Highlands, and the house of the Laird which formed the center of quite a little gathering of dependent gillie cottages, had been the stronghold of the famous Rob Roy, to a descendant of whom it now belongs. Avoiding the gaze of the world, it nestled among a thick belt of trees that, sweeping down a gorge of Ben Dhu, dipped their shadows into the calm waters of the lake. Behind the house climbed the great moorlands of Perthshire, tumbling in confusion one upon another, and in front more mountains reared their gaunt barriers between the solitudes of the glen and the outer world. In their distant arms they held the waters of Lock Lomond and countless smaller lakes and taras, while, joining forces with their opposite neighbors, they jumbled and mingled their masses in the blue depths of the far glen, where was cradled the small but noisy Gyle stream which gives the pass its name. And a wild lonely place it was; wild with the desertion of its fastness by men for a century, and lonely with the overwhelming sense of loneliness which only mountains give. Except near the lake where the Laird's house stood, habitations there were none, but far up in the gloomy mazes of the hills showed here and there the crumbling ruins of ancient villages which tradition tells were destroyed by Rob Roy because the occupiers failed on one occasion to help him in his fights against "the hiring slaves of the king." These were perhaps the rude forefathers of the crofters, but in those days there were no London papers to moan over their arbitrary expulsion. The stones which once formed the homes of these disbanded Celts now lie strewn among the moorland grasses, and seek to hide their stormy past under a screen of peat moss. The wanderer may, perchance, disturb from the silent hamlet a wood duck, curlew, or mountain hare, but the place is a Golgatha, tenanted only by ghosts, and the elves and goblins of the glen. On the mountain sides are several such memorials of days gone by, the dumb records of unwritten history, lonely and deserted, "imploing the passing tribute of a sigh." Few are the feet which ever climb to their scattered stones, and fewer the eyes which can distinguish them among the jutting bones of nature. Some wandering sportsman, led onward by that mythical nymph of the mists who bewilders the steps of the mountain ramble, may chance upon them; or a shepherd searching for some strayed sheep—for sheep and the ragged highland cattle roam free o'er these "bonnie braes o' Balquidder"—mayhap to stumble over the broken hearth of an ancestor; but the sleep of these village graves is long and quiet, and the wind and the rivulet are the only faithful mourners. Where are those who should rebuild, if the surrounding ground be worth tilling? Is the place bedevilled since that wild night when the red-haired Macgregor swooped down with his fierce clansmen on the sleeping hamlet, and fluttered its dovescots to sudden wakefulness? In truth it seems so, and the legend says well that tells how the troubled murmur of the Gyle stream, fretfully foaming over its broken bed near by, is the wailing of Macgregor mothers for homes destroyed, and sons upon whose graves now grows the heather and the moorland grass.

But in spite of factions and the changes of time, it is curious to note how strong is the clanish feeling prevalent in most localities, and how deeply ingrained in the Scotch tenantry is the desire for a chieftain, who shall be the head and leader of all the many minor offshoots of the family.

In most Highland valleys there is the laird *par excellence*, of whom all the gillies for miles around speak with respect, and whose doings are hardly looked upon in the light of a tyrannical dog in the manger, who cherishes the silence of his moors during ten months of the year in order that for the remaining two he may awake their deepest echoes in a *fusillade de jeu*. The same old clannish spirit, only of more peaceable type, resides in the Douglals and Macnabs of to-day as in the "good old times," when the difference of a red or green stripe in the tartans of chance-meeters was sufficient warrant of mutual enmity to send the hands of the wearers to toy with the hilts of their claymores. Of course not a few of these lairds owe their position to the recent acquirement of wealth, when the respect that is meted out to them is merely a serving of mammon and unstable, but in the majority of cases they represent through long past ages the countless traditions of the clan. With lairds who trace their ancestors back into the days when chieftains were demi-gods and heroes in the eyes of their followers, small wonder is it that the peasantry have not wholly lost their ancient instincts. And such sansculottic brethren as would tumble down all these mile stones of history, mayhap will find here, before putting into practice their cry of the land for the people, a stone in the machinery which shall prove hard to extract. Yet grievances the crofters undoubtedly have, and mightily offensive ones too. While deer refuse to fraternize with sheep, and the rich land owners insist upon making Scotland one vast Chevy Chase, the sheep must go. Then comes the counter claim of the many but poorer classes to have liberty of grazing their cattle on these zealously protected pleasure grounds. And so far wealth and power have conquered, but the oil on the troubled waters is thin, and a little storm will break it. It is one of the political riddles of modern times rather than a Scotch joke which may require a surgical operation to solve.

For a weary long seven years the kine of the crofters have been lean; but it is in no dream that these same crofters ask if the time has not come when the kine shall stand in full pastures and be fat.

J. B. A.

DURTON, Glengyle, Scotland, Aug. 9.

FLORIDA AGAIN.—VI.

TO the fresh-water sailor and fisherman who can enjoy the capture of large-mouthed bass, the St. John's River offers an extensive field for adventure. The creeks emptying into the river are stocked with bass, which will take a spoon fly or live bait. The river can be easily ascended in a sail-boat to Lake George, but above that point a tow behind a steamboat had better be secured to Lake Monroe. Above the latter point a boat can be rowed or sailed to the head waters of the river. If the cruisers are disposed to enjoy a long sail and explore the interior of the State, they can transport their boat by rail from Sanford to Kissimmee. Launching their craft, they can cross Lake Tahopekaliga, descend the Kissimmee River, and skirt the western shore of Lake Okechobee until the Diston drainage canal is sighted. Passing through the canal, the Calloosahatchee River will be reached at Fort Thompson. By descending this river the fisherman will arrive at Punta Rassa.

To the east and south of Waldo (on the Transit Railroad), within a radius of fifteen miles, more than a dozen beautiful lakes will be found, where the canoeist can enjoy sailing, fishing and shooting. The lakes vary from one to seven miles in length, and as the majority of them are but a short distance apart, a canoe is easily transported from one to the other. The land between the lakes is high and rolling, and quail will be found in plenty. The lakes are well stocked with bass and bream, and many of them are the winter resort of ducks. In the lowlands about some of the lakes snipe abound. To reach these lakes a canoe or boat should be transported by rail to Waldo. A canal has been excavated from this place to Lake Alto, and from it to Lake Santa Fe the former is one, and the latter seven miles long. From Santa Fe a good road leads to Five Mile Lake, two miles distant. By short portages at least one dozen lakes can be reached, and as a finish, the Etowah Creek can be descended to the St. John's River. This lake region offers a fine field for the canoeist and taxidermist.

Owing to the adventurous spirit of my friend, George W. Haines, Esq., of Savannah, Ga., a new field has been opened up to the hunter and fisherman. I refer to the Okefinokee Swamp of Georgia, near the Florida line. Mr. H. has made three trips, and has thoroughly explored the region. He has ascertained that the headwaters of the Suwanee River can be reached within a short distance of the Savannah, Florida & Western Railway. During the winter ducks and snipe are numerous in the streams and marshes. The streams, lagoons and ponds teem with bass and bream. In the region are several large islands on which deer and bear are plentiful. From information obtained I have reason to believe that rattlesnakes are somewhat numerous on the islands, but if the weather is cool they will not prove troublesome. If the sportsman should visit these islands it might be well for him to patronize No. 3 cotton duck leggings or a pair of long-legged india rubber boots. By using a canoe or a light flat-bottomed boat the Suwanee River can be descended to the Gulf. From Ellaville to within twelve miles of the ocean the fishing will prove very poor. Boats can be transported by rail from Savannah or Jacksonville to point of transshipment. Persons desirous of visiting the Okefinokee Swamp should communicate with George W. Haines, office S., F. & W. Railway, Savannah, Ga., and ascertain charges for freight on boat and the point where boat must be removed from train. Mr. H. has prepared a map of the region based on surveys and explorations, and we feel assured that he would supply sportsmen with copies at the mere cost of making same. Of what we know of Okefinokee we are assured that sportsmen would find it worthy of their notice.

Lake Ware, on the line of the Florida Southern Railway, is worthy of attention. It is a beautiful sheet of pure water, surrounded by high banks except at its westerly end. At this point there are islands, grassy flats and extensive patches of lily-pads; and as a consequence ducks and black bass are plentiful. On the south shore, distant about one mile from the railroad depot, is the South Lake Ware Hotel, where the sportsman can find good accommodations at two dollars and a half per day. I tried the cuisine last winter and can speak in its favor. In the woods quail are plenty and in the hamaks squirrels will be found.

Leaving Jacksonville in the evening a pleasant ride can be enjoyed in a sleeping car to Cedar Keys. At this point that practical joker, Willard, runs the Suwanee Hotel. As far as host he will be found affable and obliging, and ever ready to aid strangers. At the railroad tunnel north of the town,

sheepsheading can be enjoyed. On the young flood, at the easterly end of the railroad dock, sea trout can be captured with live minnows or cut mullet bait. About one hundred feet from the end of the dock is a pile of stone ballast where the sea-trout fisher should anchor. In fishing at this point I always use a float. At Cardigan's reefs, three miles from the town, fair fishing will be found for sheepshead, sea trout, channel bass and blackfish. At this point boats with competent captains can be chartered for a cruise to the southward. But it must be remembered that snake antidote is in demand on the Gulf coast, and that sportsmen must govern themselves accordingly.

Leaving Cedar Keys and proceeding twenty miles in a S. E. direction, the mouth of the Withlacoochee River will be sighted; but as fish are few and far between at this point it is unworthy of notice. Ten miles further the large oaks at the mouth of Chrysal River will be noticed. A few miles from its mouth large sheepshead will be found. Salt River is a creek running through the marsh to the Homosassa River, and if advantage is taken of the flood tide a boat of light draft can be navigated through it. Leaving the mouth of the Chrysal River, the mainland will be left to port, and St. Martin's Keys to starboard. A large rock will be noticed in the bay, and this should be kept close aboard on the port hand; and about one mile beyond will be seen a shell bank covered with trees, and here will be found the Homosassa River. Soon after entering the river, it takes a sharp turn to the right, and the oyster bank in the center of the stream must be avoided. Proceeding five miles up the stream the remains of Jones's house will be noticed on a shell mound on the right bank. No more will "Mother Jones" dispense the hospitalities of my favorite Homosassa—a place where rosters did congregate, and where "Mother Jones" fed them on luscious oysters, venison and sheepshead. In this stream fishing is excellent, but to be successful a resident of the locality should be hired to point out the "drops." At this point the fly-fisher can revel in his favorite pursuit, and land cavalli, ionefish, sea trout, black bass, brim, brown snappers and channel bass. In the upper portion of the river the noble tarpon will be found during the winter months. At the ship rock, about a mile from the mouth of the river, large channel bass can be captured on the young flood. At this point the water is shallow and a float should be used. The next streams met with are the Pithlachestacootie, Chesiouskii and the Wickawatchie, but as fishing points they are unworthy of notice.

Sixty miles south of Cedar Keys the Anclote Keys will be sighted, and must be left to starboard. Passing the Keys, Anclote River will be noticed. Following this stream for a short distance Tarpon Run will be seen to the right, and it can be followed to the spring. The basin of the spring is large and deep, and is much frequented by the Silver King—the tarpon. I have not visited Lake Butler, but have been informed that it teems with large bass (trout). My impressions of the Anclote River as a place for piscatorial sports are not favorable. I may have been ignorant of the drops, and in consequence unsuccessful. The rocky bottom in the Gulf outside of the Keys is a great resort for professional fishermen, and by anchoring near some of the fishing vessels the lover of salt-water fishing will be rewarded. By the time travel opens a staunch and new steamboat will be placed on the route between Cedar Keys and Tarpon Springs, and she will make three trips per week. This point can also be reached by steamboat to Sandford, railroad from Sandford to Tampa, and stage from Tampa to Tarpon Springs. At Tarpon Springs a large new hotel has been erected. But the great attraction of the place is the "Old reliable Mother Jones." Alfred and "Mother Jones," of Homosassa fame, have leased the hotel, and this alone will fill it. Ten years since, when cruising on the Gulf coast, I found Homosassa and made the acquaintance of "Mother Jones." In the columns of the FOREST AND STREAM I directed the attention of anglers to the locality and the accommodations furnished at my favorite Homosassa, and I painted no fancy picture, as hundreds who followed in my wake will testify. As to the clean beds and the character of the table at Tarpon Springs Hotel, I need but say that "Mother Jones" will boss the job.

South of the Anclote is the beautiful Clear Water Harbor, with its high bluff, studded with luxuriant orange groves. According to my experience, the fishing in this locality is poor, and not worthy of the notice of the expert. Proceeding southward, noble Tampa Bay will be reached. Near Egmont Key good fishing can be found, and "drops" will be pointed out by the lighthouse keeper. At the Cool Rocks, near the mouth of old Tampa Bay, grouper and cavalli will reward the fisherman. At the oyster bars off Gadsden's Point, fair sheepsheading will reward the angler. At the young flood, at the mouth of the Hillsboro River, sea trout, cavalli, and channel bass will take the hook. On one occasion I tested the fishing at this point, and captured nothing. I have not fished the river above Tampa, but last winter, the Rev. Mr. Prime tried the fly two or three miles above the city, and hooked sea trout, cavalli, bass, and the fighting ravallia. And what is more strange, he hooked two large tarpon; but as a matter of course, lost them. In his published letters he went into ecstasies over the noble fight made by the ravallia. He discovered that an eight-ounce split bamboo rod was too light an implement, and advocated the use of a heavier one.

Leaving Tampa Bay, Sarasota Bay is entered, and Long Boat Inlet will furnish a fine field for the rooster or hand liner. Billy Bow Legs' Creek is a tributary of this bay, and a few years since my friend Dr. Forbes fished a pool near its mouth, and found it swarming with ravallia and cavalli. At each cast he would hook one or two of the former, and would land them unless a large-sized cavalli interfered and appropriated a ravallia. At the southerly end of Big Sarasota is Little Sarasota Bay, where superior oysters can be indulged in. In the winter of '80-'81, a friend was weather-bound in Little Sarasota Bay, and on his return he assured me that it "swarmed with Spanish mackerel," and in a few minutes' trolling he could supply the larder. At the southerly end of this bay is Casey's Pass. At this point the fishing is very good, and that delicious fish, the grouper, can be captured.

From Casey's Pass, an outside trip of fourteen miles will bring the tourist to Kettle Harbor. At this point the fishing will be found to be fair. Sawfish visit this bay in great numbers and the athletic fisherman can indulge in muscular fishing. From Kettle Harbor, an inside passage leads to Charlotte Harbor. I am averse to grounding on mud flats, and disturbing the peaceful slumbers of bivalves, and never attempted the inside passage. Those who have traveled over this Florida Jordan have assured me that the trip can be made at or near high tide with a light draft boat.

Entering Charlotte Harbor at Little Gasparilla Pass, a

sandbank must be avoided on the starboard hand. The northerly end of Little Gasparilla Island is a good camping ground. A fresh-water pond will be found in the center of the island where good drinking water can be obtained. The neighboring mud flats and oyster bars will be found well supplied with beach birds. Fishing in the channel at the end of the island, on the flood tide, with minnows or cut bait, cavalli, bonefish, sea trout and channel bass can be captured until arms ache. On one occasion I was encamped at this point, and noticed large bass driving the minnows ashore, and with feet and crab net we secured hundreds, using minnows for bait we hauled in bass until we tired of the sport. In this connection, I may remark, that I am not a pot-hunter but merely tested the fishing for the benefit of others, and returned the fish to their native element. The wilful destruction of fish in Florida is a disgrace. In days gone by, so-called fishermen visited Homosassa, and on their return to Jones's house they would bring back dozens and hundreds of fish to illustrate their success. They would place the dead fish on the dock where they would lay until thrown overboard by Jones's employees. In this way the grand fishing of the well stocked Homosassa suffered.

In the shoal water in the Gulf, near the entrance at Gasparilla Pass, large sheepshead will be seen lazily swimming about, and if the fisherman will present them with crab bait they can be captured *ad libitum*. A sand spit extends (or did extend) some distance from the point of the island into the Gulf. The water was shallow and clear, and I noticed large bass cruising in search of food. I would cast in front of them and instantly the bait would be seized. In an eddy inside the point countless numbers of bonefish from three to six pounds have congregated, and the instant a bait touched the water it would be seized and jumping and rushing commence. On the bay side of the island, near the point, the bank is steep and composed of broken sea shells. The water is from four to six feet deep, and sheepshead from one to three pounds can be seen nosing among the shells in search of food. With crab or fiddler bait they can be captured as rapidly as hooks can be baited. For a week's sojourn this point would prove satisfactory. At Boca Grande entrance excellent trolling for channel bass can be enjoyed, and this locality will be found a resort of very large sharks. The channel is bounded by sandbanks, which extend over two miles into the Gulf. These banks are a noted resort and feeding ground of large channel bass. Before leaving home the fisherman should provide a Government chart of Boca Grande entrance, as it will be a guide to find the channel's deep holes and points of hard bottom on or near the bars. At the Gulf end of the channel kingfish and Spanish mackerel can be taken with the trolling line. At any of the passes, by rowing a boat near the shore and fishing with hand line or rod and reel, with a large, strong spinner, large numbers of channel bass can be captured.

At the dock at Punta Rassa, sheepshead exist in great numbers. It was at this point where the Hon. Matthew Quay, of Philadelphia, captured fifty-six sheepshead in sixty minutes. By ascending the Calloosahatchie River to a point above the islands, the great resort of the tarpon and large cavalli will be reached. A fisherman resides on the island opposite the telegraph station, and visitors might find it advisable to secure his services for a few days, and thereby acquire a knowledge of the best fishing localities. The visitor cruising by steamer can secure accommodations at Schultz's, at telegraph station, or at Jake Summerlin's.

On Sanibal and Pine Islands, deer will be found; but none of the roaring "American Lions," so prominently referred to by a writer who owns a yacht, and who is open for a charter. In some of the lagoons at Sanibal and at Matlacha, the largest and finest oysters can be obtained in quantity. On the beaches, mud flats, and oyster bars, beach birds exist in great numbers. On the mainland north-east of the harbor there are no inhabitants, and deer are plentiful.

Punta Rassa can be reached each week from Tampa by steamer Dictator, and we feel assured that Capt. McKay will extend every attention and courtesy to sportsmen. At this point the sportsman can enjoy the privileges of a regular mail and the telegraph. If we take into consideration the accessibility of Charlotte Harbor, its mail and telegraphic facilities, the climatic conditions, and its sporting resources, it is well worthy of the notice of sportsmen. At an early day Charlotte Harbor is destined to become the sanitarium of the United States, and a popular resort for fishermen and gunnists. Owing to the water protection and the warm water flowing in with the tide from the Gulf, west and northwest winds are robbed of their chilling influence. The bleak northeast winds occasionally exert an unhappy influence upon invalids, but before they can reach Charlotte Harbor they must cross the peninsula, and are robbed of their harshness. All that is required to make Charlotte Harbor a place of resort is for some enterprising person to erect a hotel. To reach this point the sportsman should take the Transit Railroad to Cedar Keys, steamer Cochrane to Tampa, and steamer Dictator from Tampa to Punta Rassa. Or eat dinner in Jacksonville, take steamer to Sandford, breakfast there, take South Florida Railroad and dine at 3 P. M. in Tampa, twenty-four and a half hours after leaving Jacksonville. From Tampa to Punta Rassa by the stanch and excellent sea boat the Dictator. The camper-out can have a supply of provisions sent him from Tampa by the Dictator, or they can be obtained at Fort Myers, twenty miles above Punta Rassa.

YANKEETOWN, Ind., Nov. 8.—Quail wintered well. Sol. Vannoda fed about twenty until pairing time, but there were few young ones seen in the spring. We had a storm of wind, rain and hail, that I think killed them. You claim that the blue-tailed hawk does not destroy many quail; I beg to differ with you. We had two or three gaugs of quail in the corn (about fifty acres), and a hawk of this species was a "constant quantity." The hawk is still on hand, but the quail are not there. I know they were not shot. Ducks and geese are in the river in small bunches. Our best ducking is in the spring. Ruffed grouse have disappeared; I do not know what has become of them. I have lived here twelve years, and have not learned of but one being shot in that time. Five years ago there were many to be found in the thickets of Cypress Creek. I have not heard of any wild turkeys as yet, although they are fairly plentiful in the flats every winter. Squirrels have been more plentiful than for several years. 'Cooms and opossums plenty. Woodcock were plenty in the spring and hatched well. I am not a wing shot and do not hunt them, but think a good shot and good dog could find some yet. Would like to have some good fellow to hunt with for a week or two this winter, not a dude, but one that could eat corn bread and sow belly and not snore of nights.—J. H. P.

Natural History.

NOTES OF THE WOODS AND WATERS.

CLUB MOSS, GROUND PINE (*Lycopodium dendroidum*).

OF all the fairy tales of science, I think none are so delightful as those that the botanist can recite, and of all the different provinces and domains into which the wonderland of nature is divided, not one, I think, is so rich in beauty as that of which the botanist possesses the key. It lies spread out beneath the feet of every sportsman. The nearest hedgerow, the wayside pool, the ferny hollow, the abandoned fields and the woodland shade—yes, this wonderland of nature is ever present, and none who have eyes to see, need dread to enter its borders, for Nature, a priestess, pure and simple, "in pastoral array," waits beneath the trees for you to take you by the hand and lead you over mossy rocks, by sparkling streams and dewy recesses, where smile her fairest children.

At first the different common names that a plant may have will prove as confusing as the many common or local names that many of our birds and fishes have. What can be worse than the case of that much named fish the menhaden, which is also called pogey, poghead, mossbunker, bonker, panhaden, panhagen, hardhead, bonyfish, skipping, whitefish, fatback, yellowtail and bugfish. The trouble is that the world in general will not fix upon any one popular or common name, and so science comes in to straighten things out, to make things exact. But even this admission does not quite reconcile the beginner to words of six syllables in an unknown tongue as *Lycopodium dendroidum* and *Apocynum roseum*, but if his love is an ardent love, he will soon overcome and master these early trials and tribulations.

Lycopodium dendroidum.—Of all our native club mosses the *Lycopodium dendroidum* is the most beautiful, showy and useful. It is an evergreen perennial, having something of the habit of the true mosses. The club mosses are to be met with in all parts of the world, some varieties in the highest Arctic latitudes; but the most beautiful varieties are in the tropics. *Lycopodium dendroidum* is tree-like in form and habit, and attains a height of from six to nine inches, the root stock is creeping and subterranean in habit. The branches are fanlike and spreading, reminding one of a miniature coniferous tree. It delights in moist and shady woods, and in Southern New Jersey, where it is very abundant, it is gathered several weeks before Christmas, and is stored in dry and cool cellars preparatory to making it into Christmas roving; or else it is packed in barrels and sent to New York city, where it brings from five to six dollars per barrel.

This modest evergreen, when collected by the children, has often been the means of helping considerably to pay off the mortgage, which bore heavily on the owner of many a small fruit farm. It is mostly gathered by the women and children, and right merry times they have of it as each one empties her bag on the family pile, after which it is carefully gone over and sorted into two grades before packing in barrels. With dealers and gatherers it is known by the name of ground pine. From New York it is distributed to all parts of the Union. I have often seen this beautiful evergreen after it had been packed in barrels for several weeks and looked so faded and dried up as to appear absolutely useless, restored to its rich, dark green color, by dipping it in water a few times.

During the winter months the florists use immense quantities of this *Lycopodium* for bouquet packing, and with them it is known as "bouquet greens." The name club moss is given to this interesting plant on account of its club-shaped seed vessel, of which the method of germination is not as yet well determined, though it is thought to be through the agency of a prothallus as in ferns.

Nearly all the club mosses are valuable on account of their spores, which are known in commerce and pharmacy as lycopodium. When collecting this curious material, the plants are first gathered and carefully dried, care being taken to rid them of earthy material; after drying, the spores are easily separated by shaking and sifting. In the mass they constitute a very mobile powder, which, when rubbed on the hands, has a remarkably smooth feeling. When this powder is thrown on water it floats on the surface, spreading out in a thin film or layer; the hands and arms can be immersed in the water and when withdrawn will be found to be entirely dry, not a drop of the water having come in contact with the flesh. The spores of the lycopodium as sold by druggists consist of extremely small, pale yellow particles (sporules)—hence the name of sulphur powder—which is employed for dusting on the excoriated parts of infants' bodies; and is called by old-fashioned nurses "baby-powder." It is also used for enveloping pills to prevent their adhesion.

In Russia, Hungary and France it has been administered in cases of hydrophobia, and in the Tyrol for killing vermin on animals, but its chief consumption is for the production of artificial lightning for theatrical representation and by the manufacturers of fireworks. When lycopodium is diffused it is highly inflammable, and a cloud of it shaken in the air against a flame burns with a rapid flash. When using it to represent lightning a large syringe is charged with the powder which is shot across the stage in a zigzag continuous stream, which, the instant it comes in contact with a wing-light, flashes across the stage with a zigzag, lightning-like flash of bright flame.

The showers of golden sparks seen in various kinds of fireworks are due to the liberal use of this powder by the manufacturers of fireworks. In Germany, the country from which most of the lycopodium comes, it is known by the name of witches' powder (Hexenpulver). Why we should have to depend on Germany for a supply of this article, when we have such large quantities and many varieties of the lycopodiums growing in our woods, is a fact that I can't understand, as it seems to me that we could easily gather all that we require for home consumption.

The season for gathering it is during the months of July, August and September. Its market value is from thirty-five to forty cents a pound.

Small doses of this powder are said to produce violent vomiting, and in larger doses it acts as a narcotic poison. Zinger having taken a dose of it to study its effects, was taken sick in four minutes and fell into a state of syncope, from which he was relieved by having vinegar poured down his throat, but did not recover his memory for some time. It also enjoyed a great reputation among the Druids, who expressed the juice for various maladies. When woolen cloths are boiled with lycopodium they become blue, when passed through a bath of Brazil wood.

Of late years a curious looking, dried up and curled up

plant has been selling on Broadway and Fourteenth street under the name of the "Resurrection plant from the Holy Land." This truly wonderful plant (*Selaginella lepidophylla*) is a related genus to the lycopodiums, and is a native of Southern California, where it is found growing in the crevices of rocks. The stems during the dry season curl up, and the form of the plant becomes very suggestive of a bird's nest; but when the rainy season comes, the dry, dead-looking and uninteresting stems uncurl and flatten out, presenting the appearance of a beautiful rosette of intense brilliant green. Even after this plant is dead the branches still retain this property of unfolding and expanding when placed in a saucer of water. The lepidodendrons and sigillarians of the coal formation were giant forms of lycopodiums.

A. W. ROBERTS.

BLACK BRANT.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have just finished reading the excellent article of your correspondent, A. B. Pearson, in the FOREST AND STREAM of Oct. 16, entitled "California Duck Shooting."

In this article there are some statements that I desire to take issue with for the better information of your readers. Mr. Pearson will, I trust, pardon me for correcting some of the statements made in his article, as being a sportsman he will doubtless welcome information upon any subject pertaining to his favorite sport. Speaking of the black brant or Arctic goose (*Bernicla nigripennis*), he says: "He is found from about October to May solely in San Diego Bay on the coast of California." Again, speaking of the comments of Mr. E. W. Nelson, of Alaska, upon the migration of these birds, he says: "The writer might have added that the birds make no stop until they reach San Diego Bay in Southern California." In both of these statements Mr. Pearson is in error. The first authentic description of the black brant ever given in print was written by Mr. W. A. Perry, of this city. This description was written by Mr. Perry from personal observations of these birds and their habits, made on Puget Sound and in Alaska, and I think I am correct in saying that it is the first authentic and full description of these birds which ever appeared in print. If I am mistaken I shall be glad to be corrected. Mr. Perry has kindly furnished me with notes, from which I give the following description of the habits of the birds: The black brant or Arctic goose is but little larger than the mallard duck, and in flight resembles the teal. Their food consists of eel grass, a sedgy marine grass that grows in two or three fathoms of water. They avoid the land, never alighting upon the beaches, but are sometimes seen walking on the flats, closely following the receding tide. When on the wing they will not fly over the land, but follow the shore line around it. They reach the Sound about the 1st of October and remain until March. During the season Padilla Bay, the Samish flats and Smith's Island (in Puget Sound) are the favored resorts of these birds. In these places the surface of the water will be covered with immense "rafts" of them. They fly into the shallows of the bays morning and evening to feed on the eel grass and procure sand, which seems to be necessary for the proper assimilation of the grass, as their crops are filled with it. The hunter, standing in a blind on a projecting sand spit, often makes huge bags. There are authentic instances of as high as 125 falling to one gun in an afternoon. The Indians sometimes approach them in a canoe covered with cedar boughs, and by a raking shot will kill a large number. I have known as high as twenty to be killed at one shot from a musket in the hands of a "noble red man."

It will be seen from the above that these birds arrive here at about the same time that they reach San Diego Bay, i. e., Oct. 1, leaving, however, a little earlier in the spring; that they exist on Puget Sound in very large numbers, in fact are more numerous than any other species of goose known to us, there being probably twenty of them on the Sound for every one in San Diego Bay, and by a reference to Mr. Perry's description of them, it will be seen that there is no doubt as to their being the same bird spoken of by Mr. Pearson. Mr. Perry's description will also be found in Dr. Coues's "Key to North American Birds," edition of 1884.

We consider Washington Territory and especially that portion of it surrounding Puget Sound, the game country of the United States, and are not disposed to let California monopolize one of our best game birds.

While upon the subject of geese, a brief description of (in other countries) a very rare species of the goose known as the little snow goose (*Oenanthe hyperborea albatrus*), may not be uninteresting. This goose is still smaller than the black brant, weighing about three and one half pounds. In color it is snowy white, except the tips of the wings, which are black. When in flight it is the most beautiful of the goose family. It, however, is not a good table bird, while the black brant is one of our best in that respect. In habits and migration it closely resembles the black brant. It is found on the Sound in countless numbers, at the mouths of the Stillaguamish and Skagit rivers, giving the flats at times the appearance of vast snow banks. They are hardly as numerous, however, as the black brant.

Puget Sound, situated as it is, in the direct line of migration between Alaska and the South, has probably more varieties of water fowl than any other country in the world. During the fall migration water fowl of all kinds come south in vast multitudes from their breeding grounds on the mighty rivers and lakes of Alaska, and passing over Puget Sound find in its mild climate and plentiful supply of food a congenial resting place for the winter. Here the greater portion of them rest content during the winter and when spring comes return to the frozen north. Here they find all the essentials for a winter residence. The climate is very mild. The lakes and the banks of the Columbia River abound in wild celery, and the shores of the Sound in eel and other edible grasses and shellfish. Water fowl of many varieties winter here in vast multitudes, and the life of the hunter during the winter season is a happy one.

ALKI.

SEATTLE, W. T., Oct. 29, 1884.

[There appears to be an opinion quite general among sportsmen that the black brant is a recently discovered species. This is by no means the fact. It has been known since the year 1846, Mr. Geo. N. Lawrence having that year described it in a paper read before the New York Lyceum of Natural History and at the same time published a plate of it. Since then a great deal has been published about it. Men like Cooper, Luckly, Barneister, Dall, Kennicott, and others have written very fully about it, chiefly during the years from 1860-70. The black brant is found as an accidental straggler on the Atlantic coast. Does not "Alki" refer to *Chen rossii* instead of to the lesser snow goose?]

Deer hunters should read Judge J. D. Caton's "Antelope and Deer of America." For sale at this office. Price \$3.50.—Adv.

ARMADILLO IN TEXAS.—G. H. Ragsdale, of Gainesville, Texas, informs me that an armadillo was recently killed in northern Denton county, Texas, which is the only animal of the kind ever taken in that part of the country. The armadillo is said to have been common on the Rio Grande River twenty years ago, but has long since been considered extinct in the United States.—A. HALL (E. Rockfort, Ohio).

RECENT ARRIVALS AT THE PHILADELPHIA ZOOLOGICAL GARDEN.—Received by purchase—One ocelot (*F. pardalis*), six pig-tailed macaques (*M. nemestrinus*), ten common macaques (*M. cynomolgus*), six flamboyant baboons (*C. hamadryas*), three green monkeys (*C. callicebus*), one Mozambique monkey (*C. rufo-iridis*), one white-throated monkey (*C. albogularis*), one viscachia (*L. trichodactylus*), one brush-tailed porcupine (*A. africana*), two brown bears (*F. arctos*), two American flamingoes (*P. ruber*), two chaffinches (*F. caelebs*), two green finches (*L. chloris*), two gold finches (*C. elegans*), one European bluejay (*G. glaudarius*), four rose-colored pastors (*P. roseus*), and one sun biter (*E. helius*). Received by presentation.—One red fox (*F. fulvus*), one woodchuck (*A. monax*), one white-nosed coati (*N. nasica*), two great-horned owls (*B. virginianus*), one blue and yellow macaw (*B. ararum*), one red and blue macaw (*A. macas*), one screech owl (*S. asio*), two Carolina parakeets (*C. carolinensis*), one canary bird (*S. canarius*), one menopoma (*M. alleghensis*), four alligators (*A. mississippiensis*), one spotted salamander (*S. maculosa*), one black snake (*B. constrictor*), one banded rattlesnake (*C. horridus*), and one horned toad (*P. cornuta*).

Game Bag and Gun.

THE CHOICE OF WEAPONS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have read with much delight and instruction "Nessmuk's" excellent little book on "Woodcraft," and although I have had considerable experience in the American bush, and have traveled in Indian jungles for years, there were many things in the book quite new to me, especially the remarks upon canoes. When in North America, twenty years ago, I used a birch-bark twelve feet long, and thought it the lightest practicable canoe in existence. It was, therefore, gratifying to find from "Nessmuk's" description, that canoes can be obtained quite safe and strong at twenty-two pounds weight.

I look forward with great longing to the time when I shall be able to retire from the British service and again wander among the glorious forests and lakes of America. They are my heaven, just as Paris is said to be the heaven of good Americans.

It is pleasing to see that "Nessmuk" repudiates the prevalent ideas about the necessity for rough clothes and heavy foot gear. I found the most useful form of dress to be a Norfolk frock of fine tweed with trousers loose to the knee but fitting closely below, and buttoning above the ankle, so as to slip easily into short boots. The Norfolk frock is the best pattern of coat, because the weight of ammunition and other things in the pockets rests upon the hips, leaving the chest and shoulders perfectly free. A piece of sheepskin sewn on each shoulder causes the rifle to be carried with entire comfort and saves the cloth being worn into holes.

After reading through "Woodcraft" carefully, and many parts twice or three times over, there seemed to me to be one defect in it, viz: the absence of a chapter containing "Nessmuk's" opinion as to the best guns and ammunition for use in the bush. After his very extended experience of wild life, his ideas upon those subjects would have been most valuable to forest wanderers. My own comfort and success would have been greatly increased had I known as much twenty years ago as I now do about firearms and their projectiles. "Nessmuk" has made up for his omission in some degree by the interesting letter in your paper of Sept. 25, but he does not discuss the subject with sufficient fullness.

When starting for America in 1861, a friend who had been in Canada told me that the best weapon to take was a plain double shotgun, because the bush was so thick that deer could not be seen until within smooth-bore range. I accordingly bought a 14-bore, 30-inch barrels, muzzleloader, made of 8½ pound weight in order to carry bullets well. It was good with small shot, and with bullets of fifteen to the pound and a greased linen patch it would throw as regularly as a rifle into a space about the size of my hand at 60 yards, but could not be depended upon for greater distances. Even at 80 yards the bullets dropped nine or ten inches, and struck about a foot apart. I killed two deer and failed to hit others that were beyond the accurate range of the gun, so I bought a rifle for the next shooting season. In succeeding years when out in the bush and wanting to shoot something for food, if I happened to be carrying the rifle I frequently came across ruffed grouse or ducks which would not sit still or come close enough to have their heads cut off with a bullet. I often thought that a combined gun and rifle would be an excellent weapon for such work, but never had one made until six years ago. It differs from that which "Nessmuk" describes in being a breechloader, and having its barrels side by side instead of under and over. The latter position is not necessary, because the rifle is large enough in the gauge to balance well with the shot barrel.

I believe a weapon of this kind to be the best all-round gun for bush life that has yet been made, and I find mine to be quite as handy for winged game as a double shotgun of the same weight, viz.: 8 pound 12 ounces.

With regard to the bore of the rifle barrel I would not for a moment put my own opinion against that of a man with "Nessmuk's" experience, yet I cannot help thinking that the gauge mentioned by him is too small. His gun carried round bullets of 80 to the pound and conicals of 40. That is about .38-gauge, and although large enough to generally kill a deer quickly when a shot can be put through the heart or front part of the lungs, I doubt if the bullet has weight enough to go through a large animal lengthwise. Having frequently bagged deer or antelope galloping straight away among bushes, the bullet striking between the haunches and going out through the chest, I would not like to use a rifle unless it was sufficiently powerful to rake animals from stem to stern, and doubt if this can be done with certainty from anything smaller than a .40-gauge with bullets of quite 240 grains and 60 or 80 grains of powder. My American friends often used to tell me that their small bullets were large enough when put into the right place. That was perfectly true, but it was often impossible to see the right place when deer were standing among bushes, or to hit it when they were galloping and plunging over fallen trees, and a small bullet only a few inches too far back in the lungs does not drop the game so quickly as a large one in the same spot. It is evident that the larger the striking surface the more blood vessels and nerves must be cut through in its course, therefore the greater the shock and the more quick the bleeding. During five years' use of .45 express rifles, with 270 grain bullets, and 110 to 125 grains of powder, I

can remember losing only two wounded animals, and one of those was a bear which was knocked on to his back by the force of the bullet, but jumped up and escaped along the mountain side among dense masses of nettles six or eight feet high. I was then a novice in the use of express rifles, and did not know that the hollow in the bullet should be much narrower than usually made in order to get sufficient penetration.

I do not believe in bullets so large as to spoil the shooting by the recoil, but certainly like the heaviest that can be used, provided the kick does not affect the accuracy when enough powder is employed to give a long flat trajectory. General Marcy, of the United States army, in his book, "Thirty Years' Life on the Border," written in muzzleloading days, recommended round bullets of half an ounce weight, and that was then a favorite size among the Rocky Mountain trappers.

The conical ball of the .40-gauge is rather heavier, and if made with a small hole in the front and driven by seventy or eighty grains of powder, will expand to as great a diameter as the half an ounce round bullet and still have good penetration.

Some sportsmen employ for wild shooting a gun with a pair of shot barrels and a pair of rifled barrels fitting the same stock. This is by no means a good system when looking for food, because there is frequently no time to change one set of barrels for the other before the game is out of range.

While advocating the combined gun and rifle as the best weapon yet made, I believe that a double smoothbore might be constructed that would be still more efficient. A 16 or 20-gauge, 7, 8 or 8½ pound weight, ought to carry bullets steadily, if one barrel were bored a perfect cylinder, and the gun was provided with a sight at the breech. (When the breech sight is taken off even a rifle, its accuracy is very materially lessened.) The other barrel might be choked for long shots at ducks, and the scattering properties of the cylinder would be of decided advantage for quick shots at rabbits and ruffed grouse.

Many think a 16 or 20 bore too small for winged game, and certainly if a man goes into camp merely to make the largest possible bags of ducks for the market, he had better take a heavy 10-gauge; but for one who shoots only to obtain food while enjoying life in the woods a 16 or 20 bore is amply large, and has the advantage of carrying bullets with greater accuracy than the larger bores when the gun is of reasonable weight. A No. 16 of 8 pounds is 136 times heavier than its bullet, and it is often forgotten that a No. 12 must be of 10½ pounds to have the same proportionate weight. That small bores are sufficient may be shown by many facts from the experience of travelers. Dr. Rose, of the Hudson's Bay Company, during his long journey to the shores of the Arctic Sea and back, used a gun of only 25-gauge, and spoke in the highest terms of its killing powers, even for such large birds as geese.

Every sportsman knows the advantage of a flat trajectory. By many experiments at targets I have found that a 12-gauge smoothbore, of not more than 8 pounds, kicks quite enough for comfort when fired with bullets and 3 drams of powder. If properly bored, its bullets will hit a 6-inch ring at 40 yards and usually at 50, but they drop rapidly beyond the latter distance. A 14-bore of about 8 pounds, with 3 drams of powder, is more accurate than the 12, and carries to 60 yards without a perceptible drop. A 16-bore is still more accurate, and with only 2½ drams has a flat trajectory up to fully 80 yards.

The most accurate smoothbore I ever possessed was a 42-gauge of 5½ pounds, with barrels thick at the muzzle like a rifle. I had a breech sight fitted on the central rib, and loaded with 1½ drams of powder, and bullets of 43 to the pound, with a greased linen patch. When shooting off-hand, I have put 3 bullets successively into a page of the smallest-sized note paper at 100 measured yards, and from a sitting position could hit a bullseye of that size as regularly as with a rifle. With small shot the best charges were ½ ounce to 1½ drams of powder. I penetrated the same number of sheets of paper as a central fire 12-bore with 1½ ounces and 3 drams, but unfortunately did not make a better pattern at 30 yards than the No. 12 at 40, so was not of much use for winged game. Judging, however, from the way in which it carried bullets, I believe that a 16 or 20 bore of 8 pounds might be made to hit with one barrel a 6-inch square regularly at 100 yards. If so, I would prefer it to a combined gun or rifle.

For obtaining the best shooting from smoothbores, the barrels should be sloped evenly from breech to muzzle, without the part between being made thin in the ordinary manner. This form diminishes the vibration so prejudicial to bullet shooting.

Of breech actions I know none so firm, durable, and little likely to get out of order, as the plain double grip with back action locks, and a properly made doll's head extension of the central rib.

Antiquated as the notion may appear in the present day, if going on a long excursion without ample means of carriage, I would prefer a muzzleloader, on account of its requiring fewer wads and about ¼ dram less powder in each charge, besides saving the trouble of taking care of the empty shells.

Of course, tastes differ, but to me, when away from civilization, every article that can be well dispensed with is a nuisance, because of the extra care necessary to prevent its being lost.

In the summer of 1869 I went with a friend into the Himalaya Mountains up to the line of perpetual snow, and stayed there for several days. We were away about six weeks and, except when within two days' march of the station from which we started, lived all the time upon the produce of our guns and rifles, with the help of such things as tea, flour and rice. Large game was so scarce along the route that we killed only ten deer of various kinds, and the native attendants helped greatly to eat them, but almost every day we bagged pheasants, black partridges and fruit-eating green pigeons, which kept our own table well supplied. Our small shot barely lasted for the whole journey, and if our guns had been breechloaders we would either have run short of food or have had to employ one or two extra men to carry cartridges, and this again would have increased the difficulty of supplying flour and rice for our gang when in the altitudes above the villages. My gun was a 16-bore, by one of the best London firms of that day, and with 1 ounce of shot and 2½ drams of powder was about the hardest hitter I ever had, not even excepting No. 12 chokebores with ¾ drams and 1½ ounces. Once when it was loaded with BB shot and 2½ drams of powder, I came unexpectedly upon a large buck gazelle, about 60 pounds weight, and hit him in the heart at 35 yards distance by a snap shot. He fell on the spot without a kick, as dead as if a bullet had gone through his brain. There was no time for bleeding, so how will those who dis-

believe in the shock theory account for the suddenness of the animal's death?

As a controversy upon the use of buckshot has been going on in your paper for some weeks, I will give my experience of it. I first tried it in 1863 with the heavy 14-bore mentioned in the first part of this letter, loading with three drams of powder and twelve shot in layers of four. While watching a runway on the Bonnehé River, in Canada, a large doe galloped past within sixteen yards. The first barrel hit in the center of the shoulder, the shot being in a cluster six inches wide, and the whole twelve went out in the opposite side of the chest. The doe still galloped on, and the second barrel hit her when forty yards distant, when she fell dead, but evidently from the effects of the first shot. The second charge spread so much that one pellet struck the flank and another her ear, but none of those in the body had gone through. This shows how rapidly the pellets lost their momentum.

Not long afterward I had a standing shot at a deer fifty or sixty yards distant, and never saw him again, though in very open bush. The following season I had a rifle, but in the winter foolishly tried the gun with buckshot again on a runway. I hit a deer in the shoulder galloping past at not more than thirty yards. The animal stopped for a moment at fifty yards, and I took steady aim at the back of his head with the other barrel and fired, when he ran away. Along with the hunter with whom I was staying, we followed all that day, but had no chance of shooting, although the tracks in the snow showed that the right shoulder was crippled and the deer running only upon three legs. The following morning we started again, the gun loaded with a bullet in one barrel, and saw the deer for an instant, when he was galloping behind a fallen tree eighty yards distant. The bullet only cut some hair from the ridge of his back, and by the evening we had to give up the pursuit. Some weeks after my return home the hunter wrote that he had killed a deer with his rifle which proved to be the same. He found two of my buckshot in the chest, but the wounds had almost healed. That is the last time I have ever gone after large game with anything but bullets.

I have had years of shooting in India, and find that when a gun fits the shoulder and the sportsman keeps cool, it is quite as easy to hit with bullet as with shot when within 30 yards, and beyond that distance the bullet has greatly the advantage. I have tried numerous experiments at targets with buckshot, from muzzleloaders and breechloaders, cylinder and choked, of 16, 14 and 12 gauge, and never found a gun throw closely enough to insure three pellets in the front part of a deer's chest beyond 35 yards, provided sufficient powder be used to give good penetration. Anything less than three pellets through the breast or thick part of the lungs will be unlikely to stop a deer, unless by chance a large blood vessel should be cut open. Buckshot of such a size that three will exactly chamber on a wad pushed ½ inch within the muzzle have always, in my guns, gone into a narrower space than pellets of a smaller size. I now have a 16-gauge, 7-pound gun, that carries as closely as any that I have tried. The barrel is choked on the jug principle, and with 9 pellets in layers of three, and 3 or ¾ drams of Curtis & Harvey's No. 6 grain powder, the whole charge at 30 yards goes into a foot or sometimes 9 inches square, yet at 40 yards it spreads to a width of two feet or more.

While fully admitting that a deer may occasionally be killed at 60 yards, I am sure that for one bagged quite three get away wounded, and if hit at those long distances by one or more shot in the bowels, as is very probable, they are likely to linger in torture for two or more days and die from inflamed bowels. Personally I would far sooner let them go untouched than be guilty of such cruelty. Many sportsmen greatly overestimate the distances at which they kill game. If they paced these, and also tried the patterns of their guns upon targets at measured ranges, their eyes would be considerably opened, and both large and small game would benefit by it.

J. J. M.

LONDON, Eng., Oct. 22.

GOOSE SHOOTING ON THE PLATTE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

A party of five of us have just returned from a goose hunt on the River Platte, about 125 miles west of here. The result was very unsatisfactory, our score being only eighty geese in seven days' shooting. Two years ago, the same party in five days bagged 313 geese. The hunters have so increased in the last three years, that the weary goose coming down from the north or in from the fields to rest and stake its thirst, can hardly find a place out of range of some one's gun. Blinds line the bars in the stream for 100 miles so thickly as to preclude all chance of a fair bag. A flock of geese coming into the river can rarely strike it at any point without a volley being fired at it, and as the terror-stricken fowl move on up stream hunting a place of safety, their progress can be marked by the booming of the guns as they pass the gauntlet of blinds along their course. We first tried the river at Newark, but after slight scores and having our blinds robbed one night of nearly all of our decoys and game, we pulled up and drove twenty miles down the river along the bank in quest of some unoccupied spot. But none were to be found. Hunters were quartered at farmhouses or camping in tents on both sides of the river at short intervals. And as we went down we met parties going up in the hope that had actuated us. The result of all this is to break up the habit of the geese in loitering on the Platte in their flight southward, and to hurry them on their journey where they can at least rest one day in peace. The chances are that if this wholesale hunting of them is continued for another year or two they will seek other lines in their migrations, and that we will never again see geese on the Platte in great numbers. At the station where we took the train coming home, we met a couple of gentlemen who have been in the habit of going out on the Platte annually after geese. This year they had occupied blinds just above us. They told us that one day neither one of them got a shot. We owed even our poor score largely to the fact that we hired two young native hunters who are famous honkers, to honk for us, and call a fresh flock in for us now and then.

Just across the river from Foote's, eight miles north of Kenesaw, a gentleman by the name of D. H. Talbot has a camp of five big tents, two or three teams, and nine men in his employ, four of them practical taxidermists. Just below where I located, one of his men occupied a blind surrounded by as fine a display of decoys as I ever saw, composed of geese, white brant, ducks, pelicans, plover, etc. One afternoon I went down to interview him. Mr. Talbot was himself out in the fields, and his employee did not seem to know much concerning the object of this outfit. The party had been there three weeks and expected to remain till Nov. 15.

They were killing everything that came along, but seemed to desire especially white brant and cranes. There they were paying 25 cents for dead geese, 50 cents for white brant and \$1 each for cranes. As the fowls and birds were killed or purchased, they were skinned and their carcasses thrown away. I have learned since coming home that Mr. Talbot has advertisements in all the papers up that way offering the prices I have named for all the game that may be taken to him. I was sorry that I did not meet Mr. Talbot. I should have been glad to have learned from himself what his object was in this attempt at wholesale slaughter and the wasting of the carcasses of the dead fowls. Some of us thought possibly that he was in the employ of the Smithsonian Institution, but could scarcely think that that institution would want the skins of so many ducks and geese.

There was one feature of the outfit that made a strong impression upon us, and that was that, after such elaborate preparations and such a magnificent display of decoys, a young man totally inexperienced as a hunter and such a poor shot, as claimed by himself and of which all of us had ocular demonstration, should have been left alone for days in the blind. We estimated the expense of the entire outfit to be near a thousand dollars per month, and I think the highest score made at this blind any day during the three days we were there was three geese and two ducks, though many flocks came in and were shot at, but went away intact as they came. Of course it is all the better for the poor birds that this is so, but it did seem strange, and still seems strange, that a good hunter and a good shot was not put in the blind, that the result might more nearly be commensurate with the outlay. Such hunters are numerous on the Platte and their services could be secured for a moderate compensation.

BURR H. POLK.

LINCOLN, Neb., Nov. 3.

THE MAINE GAME LAW.

Editor Forest and Stream:

He who listens to the dictates of common sense will perhaps never enter a discussion in which his opponent must, from the nature of the case, have the last word. Surely, if this contingency ever can arise, it presents itself when to express dissent from any statement or conclusion of an editor is the end in view, more especially if his own sheet must be the arena of debate.

During a considerable portion of ten seasons I have ramed the woods of Northwestern Maine, not loafing about a camp, but pack on back, traversing the inmost recesses of the wilderness, where few even of the guides ever have occasion to go.

The happiest hours of my life have been spent there, and no one can have its interests more at heart than I.

Your issue of Oct. 30 contained an editorial on "The Maine Deer Law," in which the possibility of legislation changing the beginning of the open season from Oct. 1 to Sept. 1, is discussed and condemned.

Two sides of the question are presented, some reasons being given for the change, and others against it.

The latter seem to me, however, to pivot on a mistake of fact. However it may be elsewhere, in the game region of Maine, at least, the fawns on the 1st of September are no longer dependent on the doe for their sustenance. They are there born in April or May, the guides say, and in four months thereafter are fully weaned. ("Antelope and Deer of America," Caton, p. 308.) The males will winter in her company and remain until a new generation appears, while the females may stay by her for still another season. But that they are not fully able to take care of themselves by the 1st of September in the game region of Maine, however it may be elsewhere, personal observation, confirmed by the opinion of those who live among them the year round, convinces me is a mistake.

Some think that when the coat of the fawn assumes the color of the adult, it is no longer dependent on its mother for food. I have never seen a fawn in those woods with a spotted coat after August 20, while I have seen quite a number before September 1, in which the change indicated was complete.

Now, without personally advocating either side of this question, has it not a third side? In fact, is not this third side the only side at which the legislators of Maine, as the trustees of their constituents, have any moral right to look?

That the general sense of the country at large grows daily more favorable to game protection, is not more certain than that without the support of a favorable public opinion, no amount of legislation will accomplish the end in view. Violations of game laws, from the nature of the case, take place in secret. With a neutral public opinion where the infraction takes place, detection and punishment become difficult, while in the face of a hostile population this is quite impossible.

To secure this essential, should not the friends of protection discard all sentimentalism and confine themselves to such measures as will bear the closest scrutiny of cold common sense? As it seems to me, the following is about as far as it is prudent to go, at least, for the present. To such an extent as the necessities of the case require, prohibit slaughter until the stock is well replenished; but when this result has been obtained, then remove all restrictions whatever, except such as may be required to assure that the natural increase shall at least keep pace, if it does not somewhat exceed the annual destruction.

So far almost any one will follow; but excite a suspicion that this reform rests on the spirit which would break a man's neck to save the life of a chippy bird, and the diminished number of the advocates of protection will soon stand alone and powerless before the community.

Now it seems to me that neither the wishes nor the interests of visiting sportsmen, nor the welfare of the game itself (except as these may be incidentally involved), should weigh with the legislators of Maine one iota.

Is it not their plain duty to ask, what is for the greatest good of the greatest number of their constituents who depend upon the game region for a livelihood, and to govern themselves accordingly?

It must not be forgotten that this section is not, and never can be, an agricultural country. It is a sea of mountains, covered with forest, and interspersed with morass and water. Its latitude is high, and its altitude above the sea level great; and it groans under the burden of a climate, not inaptly described as nine months of winter and three months of very late in the fall. Except in a few exceptionally favored localities, the most careful farming will produce only the bare necessities of life. On lumbering in the winter, and on the money left by visiting sportsmen at other times, the very existence of those humble dwellings which dot the margin of the wilderness depend, and on the latter far more than the former.

If these views are correct, then may not the question be divided, and fairly presented in this shape:

First—What legislation will scatter the most dollars among the population of that region, for every head of game killed?

Second—How far can the open season (the only season during which the dollars will scatter) be extended, without "killing the goose which lays the golden egg?"

Now it is mathematically certain that if one resident kills a deer dressing, say one hundred and fifty pounds, and nets fifteen cents a pound for it, that head of game has benefited the region twenty-two and a half dollars and no more. Now let us see what would have been the result had a visiting sportsman killed the animal. In the first place he pays to cart himself and baggage from the railroad to the ground and back (five dollars each way is a very moderate allowance, I know by experience) ten dollars. A week will be far below the average time required to get in and out of the woods and accomplish any result, but let us allow that time. Then wages of one guide at two dollars and a half a day—seventeen dollars and a half. Board for self two dollars, and guide one dollar a day—twenty-one dollars. Boat three dollars and a half. Staying over night at hotel, where guide meets him—in and out—and incidentals, five dollars additional. Thus one deer nets the community fifty-six and a half dollars. But during the month of September, the woods are so dense, and traveling so difficult and noisy, that still-hunting affords no possibility of success. Hounding is prohibited both by the law and by a strong public sentiment. So but two chances are left, that of an accidental encounter with an animal during the brief period when it is crossing some stream and jack-hunting. That the hunter and his game, each moved by their own volition, should both meet at one single point on a long water course at one and the same time is a contingency so infrequent that jack-hunting is practically the only resource.

Now we all know that game comes down to the water to feed but little during the month of September anyway, and not at all if the weather be wet or cold; while if wind prevail, however direct its course may be above the hills, along the streams and ponds it will eddy from every direction, thus tainting the air so as to give timely notice of the hunter's approach.

Then, again, where there is one feeding ground in that country which may be approached in a boat, there are a thousand which cannot be. So taking the chances of the weather into consideration, not one man out of three who makes the effort will get within hearing distance of game during a week in that month. Then out of those who do hear an animal, will one in five get a shot? I think not. Let those who have tried it in a country where every natural advantage is on the side of the game judge. I have no fear but that such will bear witness that the number of times the game is heard behind a screen of bushes and there remains, or that no shot can be obtained from other causes, far exceeds the proportion I have given.

But what shall we take as the ratio between the successful shots, or even the hitting shots and the misses? It is the greenhorns who are the most persistent in jack-hunting. He who has shot deer will put himself to no great inconvenience for this purpose, unless the meat is actually required for food. Now take any man who is really a good shot at a bird or mark and confine him hour after hour in a constrained position in a boat, and then place before him a brown object, its outline melting in the background so that one can scarcely be separated from the other when his rifle is in his lap, and he has both eyes to look with, much less when he endeavors to take aim; consider the unaccustomed position from which he must shoot, the prevalent error of firing too soon, or of firing at a part of the animal, the location of which is guessed at instead of that which is actually visible; couple all these with the seemingly interminable length of time which intervenes between the moment that the presence of the animal is first detected and the time to fire, as well as the constantly increasing tension of the hunter's nerves, and throw over all the dim uncertain light of a jack. Take the probable result of such conditions and compare it with the experience of all who are familiar with the usual course of events in jack-hunting, and is not one hit out of ten clear misses below the reality?

Thus, for every deer killed by a visiting sportsman during that month over one thousand cash dollars will be scattered among the residents of the game region; and I believe those figures are far below, rather than above, the real mark.

What other product of the face of the earth is proportionally so profitable, costing absolutely nothing in toil or money to plant, cultivate, or harvest, yet commanding such an enormous price in so certain a market?

Clearly, then, the greatest good of the greatest number of those dependent on the game region for their daily bread would be best subserved by forbidding the slaughter of a single head of game by any but visiting sportsmen, if restriction in any such direction were absolutely necessary. At all events, are not these people justified in demanding, and would their Legislature be justified in refusing, all possible legislation to encourage so profitable a trade in a locality where ready money would otherwise be so very scarce? Bear in mind that this is not one of many sources of income, but is virtually, if not altogether, the little all of many of these very hard-working and in every way worthy people. Whether the families who dot the margin of that wilderness with their humble homes shall live in comparative comfort, or whether the most earnest struggle for life shall have but the bare necessities as its fruit, depend on the advent or absence of these strangers.

Viewing the question from this standpoint, the greatest good of the greatest number of those most deserving of consideration in the premises, can it be questioned that the open season should be extended, unless greater injury than benefit will inure to these people from such a course?

In other words, would adding one month to the beginning of the season so deplete the horned game of the Maine wilderness that ultimately sportsmen would no longer visit the country at all, or only in diminished numbers? It cannot be questioned that the change under discussion would largely increase the number of visiting sportsmen, and thus, for the time being at least, greatly benefit those people.

Now what would be its effect in the future? For years deer and caribou have steadily increased throughout that wilderness until now they swarm. And why should they not? They have absolutely no natural enemies except the lynx and man. The first grow scarcer every year before the skilled trappers who roam its woods, and as for the latter, every feature of the country is in favor of the game and against the hunter. All those actually familiar with this tract agree to this. As to whether moose have increased or not is more debatable ground. Till within the past few seasons

I thought I could notice a diminution of their numbers; but I am now thoroughly convinced I was mistaken, and they as well have grown more plenty.

Stop hounding, stop crust-hunting, but above all things stop market-hunting (all of which are now forbidden and are practically at an end), and the woods of Maine will furnish abundant game for generations; nor will the addition of the month of September, or even August for that matter, to the open season appreciably affect their number.

You have spoken highly of the game laws of Maine, and justly, for they are worthy of all praise; but the source from which they sprung, and the reason of their practical efficiency, should not be lost to sight. The shrewd inhabitants of that State recognize fully the ambition of the city sportsman for the trophies of the woods, the plethora of his pocket-book, and the liberality of his disbursements if thus even a possibility of gratifying his ambition may be had, and finally how harmless his efforts generally are. That the cash of these visitors is the life-blood of the border settlements they well know, and that to hold their trade, the game and fish (the objects which bring them there) must be preserved. Game protection is therefore more thoroughly understood, and more universally popular there than anywhere else in the country, as it seems to me. So important does this interest appear that, in obedience to public opinion and at its request, and without legislation to that effect, no railroad in the State of Maine will transport dead large game at any season of the year, open or close, and this purposely to kill market-hunting, and save the game for those who will disburse so freely for it.

Among the guides of the Maine wilderness I have an extensive acquaintance, and not a few of them I am proud to call my friends. Not in the office of the FOREST AND STREAM can sounder ideas on game protection, nor more consistent practice in the face of all forms of temptation, be found; and this not from sentiment alone, though that is not wanting, but from a thorough appreciation of the fact that upon an undiminished supply of fish and game their future welfare depends.

They and the entire population of the border settlements are a unit in desiring at least a temporary extension of the close season. They know that the present rate of destruction falls far short of the present rate of increase, and that this has been the case for years, until the woods are now thoroughly stocked. They know that adding the month of September to the open season will leave the balance still largely in favor of the game. By the 1st of October they see with regret the visiting sportsmen abandon the woods. They see all the game that is killed fall before local hunters, without benefit to any one, except as furnishing so much additional and palatable food to his family. They think that since in this production of their soil all have a common interest, it should be disposed of in such a manner as to realize the greatest benefit to the community—that is to be sold in the highest market, and in the way that the price will be most widely and equitably distributed. They know that the proposed change will not practically affect the game supply, while it will greatly benefit them; and they naturally think their wishes, since they are the chief parties in interest, should govern.

It would be unjust to suppose that I am not in sympathy with the spirit of your editorial. This case is but another example of the old adage "circumstances alter cases;" and the local circumstances of so remote and inaccessible a region, can of course be known only to those who habitually visit it.

The same reasoning applies to your suggestion to close the trouting season on Sept. 1 instead of Oct. 1. This change would work an injury to the human residents of that region, out of all proportion to the slight reduction in the number of trout which the proposed change would save—a saving by no means necessary as yet, at least, since the supply is still superabundant.

HENRY P. WELLS.

NEW YORK, Nov. 3, 1884.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The quantity of game being received by Boston market men is not more than one-fifth part as great as last fall. Partridges are in very limited supply. In fact only now and then a box comes to light. The dealers "do not understand it." They have understood that the birds were fairly plenty in the woods but they do not come to hand. When they speak all their thoughts, however, they declare that the non-transportation game law in Maine is the trouble. Now and then a box of partridges gets on to Massachusetts soil, marked "starch," from Aroostook county, or under some other blind, but the Maine wardens are vigilant and the game shipper runs too many risks to suit him.

Quail not half grown—in point of weight at least—have been quite numerous in the market here. Prominent game observers are inclined to think that second broods—or at least very late broods—were brought out from some source or other. It is really a shame to shoot such young birds, even in open season, and even the market men don't like the idea. One of them remarked the other day, as he held up a half-grown quail: "Look at that! Hardly got his feathers out. But then a quail is a quail to us fellows." He smiled significantly as he turned away.

It is not pleasant to be obliged to say that even under the very strong non-transportation law of Maine, deer carcasses and even moose antlers do get out of that State and are seen here. A fine pair of moose horns came through the other day by some express or other, and were forwarded by a local express to the home of the owner at Boston Highlands. The horns weighed over thirty pounds and were really very large. The gentleman killed the moose Oct. 2 on the Upper Kennebec waters. He says the animal was called—a big bull—by imitating the bellow of a cow moose with a birch-bark horn. When asked by a joking friend if he could bellow like a cow moose, the gentleman replied, "No; but I had a guide who could." This is the second or third moose the same gentleman has killed in Maine during the past three years. His guide shot one still larger on their trip this fall.

But the above paragraph was started to show that game does wrongfully get into the Boston market from Maine, while really the forwarding of a pair of moose antlers is not so bad, and would hardly be objected to by the best friends of game protection, where the moose was killed fairly in open season, though the non-transportation law says no, you must not forward the horns even. A fine pair of deer antlers came through the other day, and worse yet, five carcasses of venison came through last week. The name of the express company is known which forwarded them, and the Maine Commissioners have been notified. These are about the only deer which have reached here from Maine this season. They were probably killed on the light fall of snow in that State a week ago. Legitimate hunting is being well rewarded there this fall. Ex-Governor Seldon Connor and party shot

three deer in the Machias region. The Governor is a renowned deer hunter, as well as a true-hearted gentleman, though he carries some of the severest scars received in fighting for freedom of any living man, and is about as near a cripple as a man can be and move at all, even with the help of crutches. But he still goes "into the brush" every fall and brings out his deer.

A few pieces of venison have reached this market from the Provinces this fall. At least they came by water from that direction, but the suggestion will come up that they may have been killed upon Maine borders. A better public sentiment is what is needed in favor of the protection of game and the overthrow of market-hunting. The borders of Maine are hundreds of miles in length and her forests cover tens of thousands of acres, and those disposed to break her game laws can do so and escape detection many, many times. But when guides and backwoodsmen learn that there are hundreds of 'York' and Boston sportsmen who would gladly pay them \$10—even twice that sum—for the chance of a shot at the deer for which they can get perhaps not more than \$3 if sent to Boston or New York markets, they are going to drop market-hunting, with all its hardships and dangers of the game being confiscated—they are going to drop it as a bad job and turn the strongest friends of game preservation in the universe. Leave the intelligence of Maine backwoodsmen alone for that. How would it do for sportsmen and game protectors to form societies among the guides, pledged to protect the game around them according to law? Reading matter might be forwarded to them—the FOREST AND STREAM would do a great work. It is only a question of time bringing them to see on which side their own interest lies.

SPECIAL.

HAWK, PRAIRIE DOG, PICCARY, WOLF.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The account of the dining of the Ichthyophagoi in a late FOREST AND STREAM, reminded me that I have eaten several things which are not usually accounted good to eat, but which I found to be very good indeed. For instance, while ducking about a year ago, a few miles from Colorado, Mitchell county, Tex., I had my attention diverted from the ducks by two large hawks, which seemed to be uncommonly saucy. They seemed to care not a row of pins for me or my gun. They repeatedly flew right over me, deliberately and slowly, as if curious to know what sort of a thing that was that I carried in my hands, and which occasionally belched forth such a fuss and smoke and fire. I thought I would accommodate them with a knowledge as to how that thing could make a hawk feel when "turned loose" at him, I therefore "turned loose" two barrels, and two hawks tumbled to the ground, one stone dead and the other with a broken wing.

I had my eight-year-old boy with me, and he insisted on taking the hawks to my car, to be cooked and eaten. When picked and dressed I noticed that they were exceedingly fat and that their flesh looked like chicken meat. They were nicely broiled, mopped a little with pepper and vinegar, and when placed on my table I observed that the smell of them was exceedingly comforting and appetizing. When we came to dispatch them, my boy thought they were far better than the baked ducks, and I thought so too. They were rather rich, being very oily, but they were tender, of a gamy, very good flavor, peculiar so itself, and entirely distinct from that of any other bird I ever ate. I was so pleased with my hawks that I invited Drs. Tolan and Pearson of Colorado to come and partake of the unfinished feast. Both pronounced the hawks a most excellent victual, and they are gentlemen of highly cultivated gastronomic taste. Previous to that time I had never let a hawk escape me if I could kill him, on the ground that he is a general villain deserving of death, but I had usually left their bodies where they fell. I now kill them for the pleasure and profit of eating their meat.

However, since then I have undertaken to eat some hawks which were not good. These were thin in order, as if they had been doing penance by a long fast. Neither is a thin ox nor a thin hog good to eat. The chief food of the hawks I ate at Colorado had evidently been prairie dogs, which swarm all over that country, and which, during the fall months, are so fat they can hardly toddle.

It naturally occurred to me that if the prairie dogs were such fine food for hawks, they would probably prove good food for man. I therefore shot two of these creatures and had them dressed and cooked under my own eyes. They were fat as butter-balls. They were roasted on spits over a mass of live coals in a small trench, and often mopped with a combination of salt, pepper, vinegar and drawn butter, to which was added the melted fat of the animals themselves. They were brought to my table beautifully barbecued, and you may judge that I liked the food when I tell you that I ate the bulk of these two dogs at one sitting. My boy held off for some time, being prejudiced against the name of dog, but he finally fell to it and consumed all that was left. He then sopped all the gravy in the dish. From that day I marked the prairie dog with the hawk as admirable food for man, which will be appreciated when men grow wiser, and I hope that I may have the pleasure some day of attending a feast of the Ichthyophagoi with a large store of these goodly viands on hand. It seems to me that the scope of the Ichthyophagoi is entirely too limited. Besides the things that live in water and mud, it seems to me that they should also take in all manner of beasts of the field and fowls of the air.

But I have undertaken to eat some things that were detestable. Shortly after experimenting with the hawks and prairie dogs, I encountered a herd of peccaries in the Sand Hills on the Staked Plains. I shot two and took their hams to my car, also the ribs of one. I had these cooked in various styles, but they were not good in any style. They had a strong flavor of musk and urine, which was very disagreeable in the mouth, and at the same time affected the nose unfavorably. After several trials we threw the whole cargo of peccary out of the window. It is right, however, that I should add that both of these animals were boars, and it would hardly be just to condemn the peccaries as food by my experiment with them. It is well known among farmers that a boar hog makes a vile diet, and a bull is unfit to eat except when converted into bologna sausages. Had my peccaries been sows, I might be able to make an entirely different report. I have been told by several who have eaten them often that they are almost as good as the pig. The peccary lives on acorns and roots, and is a much more cleanly animal than the hog. But the male carries on his back a bulb or swelling which discharges a villainous smell when he is provoked.

I have also undertaken to eat a wolf, but found the meat so extremely bad that I did not venture beyond the first mouthful. It tasted precisely as a dirty wet dog smells, and was gummy and otherwise offensive. But I did not under-

take the eating of this wolf in the service of nor for the expansion of human knowledge. It was forced upon me as a necessity. I was then with a squad of Texas rangers, who, in their eager pursuit of a gang of murderous Indians, had ventured into a vast salt and alkali desert where there was no game. Our provisions having long since given out, we were reduced to wretched extremities. We were in this condition when the wolf was found and killed. We had him skinned and roasted in a very short time, but there was not a man of us who could stomach more than the first taste of him, and I presume there were some as tough stomachs in that crowd as ever the Almighty created. The next game that was killed were a couple of very large, beautiful swans. We succeeded in eating them, but they were not a great deal better than the wolf.

N. A. T.

PALESTINE, Texas, Nov. 3, 1884.

IN DAKOTA SLOUGHS.

SIX hundred miles is a good way to go for ducks and geese, but then when one can go but once a year, distance is but of little account when the object is not so much the amount of game to be bagged as a complete change of scene and air, and consequent rest and recuperation. A Catholic friend of mine, a noted Chicago physician, who was obliged to make a trip to Southern Dakota in the dead of winter and became snowbound in Iowa, told me upon his return that Dakota "was heaven, but you had to go through purgatory to get there." But a trip through Wisconsin and Minnesota in October is quite another matter. The weird Devil's Lake and the "dalles" of the Wisconsin River are some of the objects of interest en route, but they have often been described by abler pens than mine, and no doubt are familiar to most of the readers of this journal.

This year I had with me my young friend Frank G., who enjoyed the scenery along the route as much as I did myself the first time I went over the road. We left Chicago at 9 A. M., Oct. 23, by C. & N. W. Railway, in a Wagner sleeper, which we had more or less to ourselves during the day, as the travel over this route is very light at this season, the new settlers nearly all going West in the spring. Arrived at Winona after dark, where we heard the geese passing over the city and apparently somewhat disturbed in their minds by the electric lights.

At Tracy where we breakfasted and dropped the sleeper, we encountered the first hunting party we had met, and while in the Territory we became impressed with the fact that its reputation as a "sportsman's paradise" had been pretty extensively advertised, for we met or heard of hunting parties almost every day. "The woods were full of them"—only there are no woods—and some were gentlemen and true sportsmen, and some were otherwise.

One man hailing from Illinois boasted that he had killed over 700 prairie chickens since July. As he was not a market hunter, and the law forbids the shipment of any species of grouse out of the Territory, such slaughter would seem to be without excuse. No doubt market and pot-hunters are entitled to a share of the blame for the rapid thinning out of game; but here was a man of 55 years of age, evidently brought up to the use of firearms, with two dogs that knew their business, and a first-class equipment throughout, who goes to a new country where the chickens have only been in four years, and boasts that he has killed over 700. While I don't want to exonerate any one, yet it is to such gentry that we are indebted for the rapid extinction of grouse in Illinois, Wisconsin and Iowa, much more than to the market and pot-hunters. I don't say that I am blameless myself, but that was way back in '55 and I was then but a boy, and not a gray-haired man like the example I have cited. We arrived at Preston on time, and found one of our friends at the depot awaiting our arrival. Loading our traps into the wagon, in about an hour we were at our destination, a farmhouse five miles from the village and about one from Lake Henry, and perhaps two from Lake Thompson. That afternoon we could do little more than put things in trim for the morrow's campaign, visit our friends, look over the farm and note the improvements made since my visit of two years ago.

Great changes take place in a new country in two years and Dakota is no exception. Good houses and barns have given place to frame structures, and the erection of graneries show that the farmers are getting out of debt and are not forced to market their grain as fast as threshed in order to pay their bills, but can hold back a portion for better prices later on in the season. The increased amount of stubble, however, we found to work to our disadvantage in goose shooting, the birds being more scattered than two years ago.

Saturday morning found us among the sloughs bagging ducks of any and all kinds, and in the afternoon behind the weeds on the edge of a stubble field pounding away at the mallards. It is wonderful how hard it is to find good cover on these prairies, although as a general thing they are not burnt over until spring and the grass is two to three feet high, yet any position but a prone one, either face down or up, seems to be an impossibility, and then the chances are that the flying ducks will discover the shooter before they come in range of his gun. Frank tried a sort of a compromise between a sit down and a lie down, but it ended in skinned nose and a bumped head. "Great Scott," he said, "how that gun does kick!" In the wild rice along the lakes and some of the sloughs the shooter can stand erect or kneel down, but this shooting from the buffalo grass gets the best of us. But then what did it matter if we did have to shoot about five times to every duck, bagged ducks were plenty and so were shells, for we brought out a good supply and meant to use them up before our return.

The rain drove us in about 4 o'clock, and after a short rest we put on our rubber coats, hid in the grass on the margin of a slough quite near the house, and had some splendid shooting, until it got so dark we could see no longer either to shoot or recover our birds. Sunday was clear and cold, and the forenoon we spent about the stove, attending services in the schoolhouse near by both afternoon and evening. Monday morning, our host being busy, Frank and myself went on an exploring expedition on our own hook. We found good shooting in a slough, and having about all we wanted to take, came in to dinner, and spent a little time among the geese on the stubble in the afternoon. Tuesday was a repetition of Monday's programme, except that we had our host with us, and that the afternoon was given over to the ducks. We found a piece of buckwheat that had been sown as a scavenger crop and left unharvested, and this was bordered by a tree claim. The trees were willow, and about four to five feet high, affording a pretty fair blind, and no amount of pounding on our part was sufficient to keep the birds from coming in. We shot until we had enough for our own eating, some for the neighbors, and a goodly number to send home, and upon looking over our birds were sur-

prised to find them all mallards, and a majority of them drakes. They made about as fine a show as one would care to see. Wednesday our host drove us to Lake Thompson. This is a fine sheet of water some eight to ten miles in length, and perhaps three to four in width. All the trees for miles about are on the ridge between lakes Henry and Thompson, and consist mostly of willow and cottonwood, with an undergrowth of wild plum and fox grape. Some four years ago there was one large cottonwood that served as a landmark, and that could be seen from fifteen to twenty miles around, but some one got short of fuel and the tree was cut down. This timber is not at all thick, but it is all there is about there, and consequently becomes the haunt of the wolves for miles about in the winter time and is not a very safe place after nightfall. We were shown an Indian trail that had been used for many years, and although the Indians have been removed for a number of years, the trail is still plainly marked. There are many indications to show that this little strip of timber was a favorite camping ground of the red men, and from the number of buffalo bones scattered about would seem as though the skin hunters had had a big "surround" between these lakes at no very remote period. The water in both of them is perfectly clear and there seems to be no reason why they should not be full of fish, but none have been caught and none seen except minnows, although lakes a few miles off are so full of pickerel that the farmers catch and feed them to their hogs. The geese and brant flew into the lakes all day, but our guns soon drove them far beyond range and all the shooting we could get was at incoming birds as they pitched into the lake. We could have loaded up the buggy with ducks, but they were not the game we were after. Returning home we put in an hour or so at a point on the inlet to Lake Henry known as the Upper Sangamon River and bagged a number of ducks.

Thursday we also spent along this river, but the day was bright with a strong south wind, and the birds were not flying much. However we got enough to fill a cheap trunk which we purchased and took home with us as baggage the next day, having enjoyed ourselves most hugely the whole week. Frank felt a little cut up to think the boys would not introduce him to the schoolmarm, but then young fellows are plenty and pretty girls scarce and in demand in Dakota. It is no country for "Nessmuk," for there are no rattlesnakes, but a good place for the average sportsman, who can be content to sleep in-doors and forego the attractions of a browse bed and camp-fire. Nor is Kingsbury county the only place where game abounds, although there is a hotel at Preston and two at De Smet, the county seat, nine miles west, and Lake Preston is but a half mile from the station, and there are good sloughs less than a mile from De Smet; but we went there by invitation of old-time friends, once residents of the Highland Park. No better shooting can be had than on a slough east of Nordland, and the obliging conductor will stop and let one off although it is between stations. Indeed there are many places, both on the North-western and St. Paul roads, where good shooting can be had. A party going out should take decoys and a portable boat as part of their outfit, as they are hard to obtain at fair prices in the Territory.

HARRY HUNTER.

HIGHLAND PARK, Ill., Nov. 6.

THE QUESTION OF NUMBERS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your correspondent from Western New York speaks rather strongly against one gun scoring 300 grouse in a single season, saying that five should satisfy any one who is not a pot-hunter. While not caring to reopen the question as to what constitutes a pot-hunter (the subject has been pretty well discussed already), I wish to say, that for the past two years I have been one of the game wardens of this town, and I do not think that any one in this State observes the game laws in a stricter sense than I do.

The number of grouse your correspondent mentions as being enough is certainly small, and a man cannot be much of a shot, or else shoots over a section of country where grouse are few and far between, not to be able to bag that number in one or two days' shooting. While I do not claim to be one of those dead shots who say they can kill four out of five grouse, taking all chances, I think I can bag more birds out of a given number of shots than the average shooter, and also that the only means by which I obtain them are by the help of a pretty good setter and a 12-gauge Scott gun. It may not be considered strictly sportsmanlike to shoot ruffed grouse from the trees, but I occasionally do so, killing about one bird in ten out of those, I bag from thick pines or hemlocks, and think the majority of sportsmen will do likewise when the opportunity offers.

It is also said that probably grouse are plenty in this region. They are here in pretty fair numbers, and as far as exhausting the supply and seeing them grow scarcer each year, I will say that for the last ten years I have hunted over the same grounds, covering a section of perhaps four or five miles in the immediate vicinity of my home, and every season I get the best bags and the majority of my birds on these grounds. Occasionally I have made trips of three or four days to parts of the State which I know are not hunted, for instance to the town of Stoddard, where you can drive eight or nine miles without passing an inhabited house, I hunted the above country as well as I knew how, and although there was plenty of the right sort of cover for grouse they were very scarce, and I could not find one bird where I can find five on my old ground.

Regarding the number of days I spend in the cover, I think taking September, October and November, three days in each week will cover the time devoted to the birds. I could if I wished put in a greater number of days, and by owning a couple of dogs to work on alternate days, I could bag 600 grouse, instead of from 250 to 300, as I usually do. A few years ago a friend of mine, one of New England's best shots, spent three days with me, and we killed on the same grounds I had hunted over for a number of years, fifty-three grouse and five woodcock. I suppose this will rouse up Western New York again. And my friend said that I did not half hunt this region, and that I ought to kill at least five hundred grouse every season.

Now, Mr. Editor, if I wished to shoot solely to see how much game I could bag, I should own two or three setters (instead of one old and nearly blind dog), and by following up the birds five days in each week all through the season I could make a pretty large bag; but as it now stands, I always stop on grouse as soon as the snow comes, whether we get it by the middle of November or later. Time and time again, when hunting foxes on the snow, I have had grouse get up all around me, affording chances to bag a number, but have stood and let them go without a shot. The same with rab-

bits; I see a great many each winter. And, furthermore, I never sell any of my birds, all which are not used at home being given away to friends. This season I have so disposed of about seventy grouse, some of them going as far as your city.

C. M. S.

DUNBARTON, N. H., Nov. 10, 1884.

LONG ISLAND SHOOTING.

Editor Forest and Stream:

There are at present a great many wildfowl in our bay. They were a long time getting here this season, but it's better late than never. The broadbill, sheldrake, coot, gray and black ducks, are most numerous, and occasionally mallards, redheads, and canvas-backs are killed; but very few of the latter. The geese and brant have also been backward in coming along this season, although several geese were killed last month. There are good feeding grounds in this part of the Great South Bay for wildfowl, and when they once get here they are loth to leave. I have often known the geese, brant, gray and black ducks, if the weather is not too severe, to stay in the bay over winter, rather than risk their chances elsewhere. If it were not for the sportsmen, it would be a paradise for birds, but as it is, it is a paradise for sportsmen. There are quite a number of guides here with boats and decoys, who thoroughly understand their business and are good shots. They occasionally bag over a hundred ducks a day, but as a general rule, from ten to twenty-five ducks is considered a good day's sport. The continued warm weather this season had kept back the birds, but the last few days being cold, it brought them in the bay in great numbers, and the prospects are very favorable for the rest of the season.

The upland shooting is quite good, and quail more numerous than they have been for three years past. One party bagged thirteen quail in the forenoon yesterday. Rabbits are plenty, and there are miles of good hunting grounds in the vicinity where they can be found, and guides to be had, with dogs to hunt them. Rabbit shooting will be better after we have a heavy frost to take the leaves from the trees and shrubbery, that the sportsman can get a better sight at them as they skip before the hounds through the underbrush.

Sportsmen can find good accommodations near the South Oyster Bay depot convenient for the bay and upland shooting.

O. C.

SOUTH OYSTER BAY, Long Island, Nov. 6.

THE BEAR THAT I DID NOT GET.

SOME years ago, when Texas was not as well supplied with railroads as she is now; there was a mail line running from Jacksboro south, through Fort Belknap, Griffin, and Phantom Hill to Fort Concho. It was carried on buckboards drawn by mules, and about every thirty miles there was a relay station where the mules were changed. These stations were generally occupied by only one man, who had very little to do except look after two or three mules, and keep a lookout for Indians. They used to call on him once in a while and sometimes relieved him of his mules, and his scalp also, if he did not succeed in standing them off. I was stopping at one of these stations in July and August 1869. It was at the lower end of Mountain Pass, half way between Phantom Hill and old Fort Chadbourne; I had nothing to do and put in most of my time hunting. While traveling around through the mountains, I came across bear tracks more than once, but had not yet seen the bear. The station-keeper's name was Gillis, he was a Kentuckian, and claimed to be an old bear hunter. He was a pretty good shot. I told him about finding these bear signs, and he made me promise to hunt for the bear until I found him, and then let him know and he would kill him for me. With a mental reservation to try and do the killing myself, I kept looking for him for several days but without success. Finally one evening about an hour before sunset I saw him. He was up at the head of a steep ravine about two miles away from the station. I called Gillis and we both started for him. Each of us had a Spencer carbine. The ravine was about half a mile long and very steep, and the bear was up at the head of it pretty well up the hill. He remained in one spot all the time. When we got to within about 200 yards of him Gillis called a halt. "Now," said he, "that bear is going to give us trouble." "Do you think he will fight?" I asked him. "Fight!" says he; "Just wait until one of us hits him and you will get all the fight you want." The bear was all this time busy turning over loose stones in search of bugs or something. He had his back to us and had not yet seen us. Finally I proposed that I should take the right hand side of the ravine and Gillis the left, and get as close on him as possible. I told Gillis to take the first shot and we started. My side of the ravine was covered with small dead cedars, and I was some time getting up opposite the bear. When I got to within fifty yards of him he heard me and turned his head. I dropped and kept still. Just then Gillis fired and missed him; the ball flew over my head so close I could hear it sing. The bear heard it also and started down the hill, and I after him. I fired two shots at him, and after I had fired the second time he dropped and turned around. Now comes the fight, I thought. I dropped on one knee and fired again, taking aim at his head; he shook it and started to run again. I could not keep up with him any longer. Just then Gillis came up. His gun was disabled. In springing the lever after the first shot a cartridge had got fast, and so his gun was of no use at present. Meanwhile the bear was making good time down the ravine. At the foot of it he commenced to climb the ridge, and we did the same higher up. I wanted to head him off. I was pretty well satisfied that he did not belong to a fighting family of bears, and I hoped to get in front of him again and give him another shot or two; but it was of no use, he kept out of our reach, and after running over two more ridges he ran into a little cave on the side of the mountain.

It was now getting dark, we could do no more that night. I wanted to stay there and watch for him but Gillis said he would not come out again that night. Next morning I was up at his cave before sunrise. I climbed up on the mountain side above it and sat down to wait for him; in about half an hour he crawled out and started off down hill. I sprung the lever of my gun to load it and in my hurry did not half cock it first, so, as a matter of course, the load came out of the muzzle and the report notified the bear that I was after him again. My feet slipped at the same time and I commenced to slide down the mountain, I began to wonder what would happen when I overtook that bear if I could not stop myself before then. I got myself stopped, however, and got one shot at him just as he reached the foot. He ran into a little thicket of plum bushes and I stopped at the edge of it to try

and locate him before I went in; I did not want to go in too much of a hurry and maybe step on him. I could not see anything more of him, so after going clear around the patch I started to go back to the station and get the station keeper out after him again. As I crossed below the lower end of the plum patch I saw his tracks again in the sand, they led down toward the station and I kept on, he crossed the flat some distance above our station and was making for a water hole I thought. I took a short cut and went to the water hole, he had been ahead of me and had left again, so I concluded to go home and get breakfast and then take up his trail again.

After breakfast I went back to the waterhole and started on his trail. His tracks were very plain for some time. He had went through a bottom covered with tall grass, and made a lane through it; then he took to the chapparal, and the ground being hard, he left no tracks, so I had to follow by guess work. After going through the mesquit bushes for five miles or more and seeing nothing more of him, I concluded to give him up for the present, and wait until he showed up in our neighborhood again, so I started for a small creek about two miles away to look for wild plums. When I got there I want'd water worse than plums, so lay down on the bank of the creek to drink. Just then I heard a noise in the bushes below, and looked up in time to see the same old bear leaving as fast as his legs could carry him. I sent a couple of shots after him to hurry him up, but was too tired to follow him, and I never saw him afterward. I did not get back to the station until after dark that night, and the bear never came back while I remained there.

FORT LOWELL, Arizona, November, 1884.

J. A. B.

SOME REMARKABLE SHOTS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have in my mind some curious shots that I have made, and give them to you, hoping others having similar experience will do the same. I once attempted to stalk some pigeons that had alighted in a ravine in a wheat stubble. A beech tree stood on the bank and I attempted to get up behind it for a shot. When a few feet from the tree, the pigeons all rose from the ground in a cloud, and so disconcerted me that my thumb slipped off the hammer and the charge went into the air. To my intense surprise down came two pigeons plump in front of my face. Now, where did they come from? Perhaps some were still in the tree and the charge went that way, but I never knew; I did know that I didn't shoot toward the flock from the ravine, and how I got those two always must remain a mystery.

At another time I fired at a ruffed grouse flying toward a thicket in a clearing, and on going to pick him up, I heard something flip in the bushes a few yards ahead. Going to look, I discovered another grouse shot through the head. The bird had apparently been standing in the line of fire and got caught. I hunted that clearing thoroughly and not another bird could I put up.

At another time I fired at a grouse going across a little valley in the woods, I being on the bank above, and missed him clean, but killed another sitting at the foot of a small beech down in the hollow. I thought they must be plenty down there, so I tried to find them, but the dead one was all there was. If that was not "bullhead luck," what would you call it? I did the same trick on snipe afterward, only the charge struck the side of a small knoll and killed one sitting there. I fired at a squirrel nearly over my head which was looking down from a big hole in the top of a rotten stub; down he came with a lot of dust and pieces of wood, and struck just in front of me. When I cleared my eyes from dirt and looked down, there was another lying close to my feet. Next!

CHIPPEWA.

SEVILLE, O.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I send you a peculiar incident that happened with me while going around the shore of a pond in search of crippled ducks. The morning's flight being over, I fired at a duck in the bushes, and upon wading out to get it, I noticed considerable commotion among the rushes just beyond the duck, and supposed, of course, that I had killed another duck. You can imagine my astonishment when, instead of a duck, I found that a two-pound black bass with a No. 4 shot in its head was making the disturbance. I have seen a squirrel and a pigeon killed with the same charge, but when you get fish and fowl at the same time it simply beats the record.

NEB.

KALAMAZOO, Mich.

PHILADELPHIA NOTES.

THE West Jersey Game Protective Society made a wholesale arrest last Sunday for the violation of the law which relates to shooting on the Sabbath. Quite a number of duckers were "taken in" at the Pennsylvania shore and their guns, skiffs and decoys confiscated or held as security for the payment of the fine. It is claimed by those that were arrested that they were not gunning on Sunday, but only on their way home from trips entered upon the day before, and that the tide delayed them. Be that as it may, they were found with all the appurtenances necessary for ducking with them, and the officers having heard considerable shooting during the day on the Pennsylvania shore, consider their side of the question quite as strong as that of those arrested.

Requests have been made for all sportsmen who have shot rail this season on the Delaware, with a view of competing for the prize cups offered, to send in their scores, names of their pushers, and satisfactory verification of the number of birds killed. We fear there will be considerable squabbling about this.

The duck shooting season at Havre de Grace opened on the first Monday in November, with many redheads present. Every Monday, Wednesday and Friday until Jan. 1, when Saturday is added to the list, a fusillade will be carried on. The fowl are in excellent order, and this year there is a good crop of celery. Bushwacking seems to have increased this season, and many with this less expensive outfit are on the grounds.

Among those who will participate in this season's duck shooting, and who own sloops and sink-boxes at Havre de Grace, are Judge Gildersleeve of the Widgcon, Col. Sanford, Major Sudman, Receiver Osbourne, Mr. H. D. Polhemus, and Broker J. H. De Motte. The shooting from the points has not yet been very good, but will be later in the season, when the continual piping of the fowl will have separated the large flocks and kept them moving or "trading" from one ground to another.

Quail shooting in both Maryland and Delaware has been

good the past week; but few sportsmen started, however, owing to the intense excitement attendant upon the elections.

One party who made the country about Harrington, Del., their stamping grounds for quail stumbled upon a flight of woodcock just arrived, and found them so numerous that the greater part of their time was occupied with them.

Wild turkeys are numerous in the mountains around McConnellsville, Pa., and the local hunters are killing them in fair numbers. The westerly winds of the past week made duck shooting poor at Barnegat and Tuckerton bays. There seems to be plenty of fowl at those grounds, but we know there are numerous local gunners who monopolize the best points, going to them as early as 3 o'clock in the morning (long before it is necessary) in order to claim the ground for that day. At Havre de Grace the law prohibits the putting out of decoys before 5 A. M., and it should be so on the New Jersey coast.

HOMO.

NEBRASKA NOTES.

CHICKEN shooting in Eastern Nebraska, except in some of the extreme northern counties, is a thing of the past. The land is all cultivated or burned over, which leaves them no place to nest. There is of course now and then a covey raised, but if some poacher from town don't exterminate them the farmers' boys do, long before the law is off. If one is bound to have a mess of chickens raised here he must go after them the last of July, and then the proper implement to hunt them with is some bug hunters' butterfly net. I have not shot a chicken for the last three years, except during the fall flight, after they have packed north of us, and are on their way south. I have shot a few this fall, and yesterday morning my son brought in five beauties.

Quail are fairly plentiful and but little hunted, for when it is lawful to shoot quail we have ducks and geese, and most of our hunters would rather shoot them than quail, I suppose because they are larger. The law on quail, I am happy to say, is pretty well obeyed.

Ducks are in force, teal have come and gone, mallards plenty. A party came in yesterday with seventy ducks, and I saw among them mallards, redheads, widgeon, canvasbacks, bluebills, broadbills, gray ducks, and one green-winged teal. Wilson's snipe are plenty and not much hunted.

We have a few deer along the Missouri bottoms. The law is very well obeyed in regard to them. As we cannot bound them they are not hunted until we have a tracking snow. The gun we use here for them is (speak it low) a heavy 10-bore choke, loaded with about five drams and nine buckshot, and it is very seldom that a wounded deer is lost. In this vicinity we have but very few 12-bore guns, 10-bores are used mostly, weighing from 9 to 10½ pounds. Many of them are trash—cheap English guns that are made, like the man's razors, to sell. The American makers are well represented.

Through the kindness of Mr. D. W. Cross, of Cleveland, Ohio, a few of us procured a half pound of the seed pods of the wild celery, which we planted in one of our lakes, and we hope that the experiment will be successful.

HEMATITE.

BLAIR, Neb., Oct. 30.

MARYLAND DUCKING.—Charlestown, Md., Nov. 10.—The ducking season began here Nov. 3, and from all that one can glean the outlook is indicative of a good one. The gunning days are Monday, Wednesday and Friday of each week. The ducks are increasing in numbers each day. H. Ripley, of your city, a grandson of Sydney Dillon, Esq., had J. B. Graham's handsome ducking paraphernalia the first day and succeeded in bagging 60 ducks on the famous Sasquehanna flats. Dr. Karsner and William Greenwood, of Philadelphia, killed 139 same day. A. L. Humbolt, the well-known druggist of Philadelphia, and Dr. Karsner of same city killed 40 the second day. This party also had Graham's "rig." Friday was the "boss" day, there being killed by several parties from 100 to 150 each, and one killed 225. This is one of the best places for ducking in the State. It is easy of access. Board can be had of the best kind very low, and every inducement offered that tends to make one enjoy a trip of this kind. Will write you a few notes again next week.—G. S. M.

MAINE GAME.—Lynn, Mass., Nov. 1.—A short time ago Mr. A. O. Carter, of the firm of Miles & Carter, of the Kirtland House, in company with three friends, went on a gunning trip to Maine, going several miles into the State. Arriving at the west branch of the Penobscot, it was found necessary to canoe it for forty miles. Arriving at lakes Pemadomecock, Millenosket and North Trim, game was found in abundance, and Mr. Carter, brother, and his friend had the satisfaction of killing several deer, five caribous, minks, ducks, and a host of other small game. Pickeral fishing was the finest they had ever seen, and good specimens were taken from this water. Mr. Carter on his return home brought four skins and two sets of antlers, and reports that it was one of the most successful gunning expeditions that he ever took part in.

MONTANA.—Cecil, Lewis and Clarke Co., Mon., Oct. 22.—In this part of the country this fall, prairie chickens and mountain grouse are very plentiful. Wild geese began flying south Oct. 19. None have stopped in this locality; ducks are scarce as yet. Black and cinnamon bears are out in force, about half a dozen having been killed near here this summer. Indians and prospectors report elk as being plentiful in the mountains. But few deer have ventured down yet, and after the tremendous slaughter last fall and winter I imagine that they will be comparatively scarce this year. Beaver are numerous along the streams. Have seen but one band of antelope this summer, and have not heard of a single buffalo being killed in the Territory since last year. Trout of course were plentiful during the summer.—H. M. P.

SULLIVAN COUNTY.—Eldred, Sullivan County, N. Y., Nov. 8.—The shooting in this neighborhood has been unusually good this season for woodcock and partridge. Some gentlemen have had fifty shots per day. A market-hunter sent to New York city 380 partridges of his own killing in the month of October. Deer are as plenty as usual, but they don't follow the old runways, and but few have been killed. They don't stop for buckshot, even at thirty and twenty-four yards from shooter. I have good rabbit hounds, deerhounds, coon dogs and a fine pointer. My dogs treed six coons, and we killed them before 10 o'clock, one evening last week.—I. M. BRADLEY.

"Rod and Gun in California," by T. S. Van Dyke, is the best thing on the game of that country. For sale at this office. Price \$1.50.—Adv.

DR GERRISH'S GUN.—Exeter, N. H., Nov. 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Some six weeks since I had the misfortune to lose a valuable gun, a description of which appeared in FOREST AND STREAM. Since that time I have heard nothing from the stolen gun, but on Friday of last week, the opening day of our first New England tournament, an elegant gun, built by Messrs. Schaefer & Son, of Boston, "duplicate of my lost gun," was presented to me by Mr. I. N. Frye on behalf of my friends in Exeter and the sportsmen throughout New England. At that time I was unable to say much of anything, but I would like now to thank my good friends for this token of their brotherly kindness and good will, and hope never to forfeit their confidence and respect.—C. H. GERRISH.

A CAPITAL RETRIEVER.—An English paper reports: Mr. Wm. Levitt, of Parkhill, was out duck shooting, and had only got one solitary duck, but was consoling himself with the idea that he was better off than many other Parkhill sportsmen who had come home without any. Just as he was about to start for home, along came a farmer with a dog, which he said was a splendid retriever. He said to Mr. Levitt: "Now, just you throw that duck you have in your hand into the Seebee, and see how quick my dog will bring it out." Mr. Levitt tossed in the duck, and after it went the dog, but when the dog had captured the duck he took it to the opposite side of the Seebee and ate it in full view of Mr. Levitt and the farmer.

GEORGIA.—Brunswick, Nov. 4.—Grand prospects for game here this season. Ducks are coming in with every cold spell, and we hope to have good woodcock and snipe shooting. Quail plentiful.—A. J. C.

MANITOBA.—Winnipeg, Oct. 31.—Grouse and prairie chickens are very plentiful here, and afford splendid sport.—R.

QUAILING ON LONG ISLAND.—Three men, three guns, three dogs, eight hours' hard work—one robin.—P.

Sea and River Fishing.

FISH IN SEASON IN NOVEMBER.

Black bass (<i>Micropterus</i>), two species.	Pike perch (<i>Stizostethion</i>).
Striped bass or rockfish (<i>Roccus lineatus</i>).	Yellow perch (<i>Perca flavescens</i>).
Weakfish or salt-water trout (<i>Cynoscion</i>).	Sheepshead (<i>Archosargus</i>).
Bluefish or taylor (<i>Pomatomus saltatrix</i>).	Kingfish or barb (<i>Menticirrhus</i>).
Tomcod or frost fish (<i>Microgadus tomcodus</i>).	Rock bass or red eye (<i>Ambloplites</i>).
Pike (<i>Esox lucius</i>).	War mouth (<i>Chenobryttus</i>).
Pickeral (<i>Esox reticulatus</i>).	Crappie (<i>Pomoxys nigromaculatus</i>).
Masacouche (<i>Esox nobilior</i>).	Bachelor (<i>Pomoxys annularis</i>).
	Tautog or blackfish (<i>Tautoga onitis</i>).
	Channel bass, spet, or red fish (<i>Sciaenops ocellatus</i>).

VITALITY OF BLACK BASS.

A WRITER in the Washington (D. C.) *Republic*, Nov. 8, gives the following instance of the vitality of the black bass. As his article contains his views on bait-fishing for this fish we give it entire:

"Black bass fishing on the Potomac is now in order, though the prospect of satisfactory success will be greater a little later, when the weather is colder. All sportsmen use the rod and reel, and many the artificial fly in season. The minnow is the almost universal bait used. It is a question if it be best to use a sinker on the bottom and allow the minnow to swim at the end of a leader, or use a float and light sinker, allowing the minnow to go where he can. I incline to the former method, as the minnow will live longer and be much more lively, having no weight of line and sinker to 'tug.' The more delicate tackle the greater pleasure. It should be so delicate as to render the landing-net a necessity. All fishermen know the best places to take the gamy beauties. Seneca Lake is a favorite resort, though almost any other place from Little Falls, away up the river, may be as good, or better. Fish are like people—they wander—and the best place to catch them is where you find them. The vitality—the staying quality—of the bass is remarkable, though, from personal experience, I much prefer trout fishing. I have known a black bass to be rolled up in a bundle with others, wrapped around with a copy of the FOREST AND STREAM, at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, transported ten miles by buggy and twenty by rail to the city, upon being unrolled at 10 o'clock, found with the print of the letters on its sides and alive. Upon being placed in a pail of Potomac water, in ten minutes it was trying to jump the pail. It was then placed in a tub of water out in the night air, and in an hour was a very lively rooster. In the morning, probably owing to the strong light, it was found keeled over on its side, but on being gently reminded where it was, afforded a three-year-old boy much amusement."

Passing by all questions of table excellence between fishes that are killed instantly and those that perish slowly, and all considerations of inhumanity in allowing an animal to die by suffocation in a medium which it cannot breathe, we note the fact that while mankind will eat fish which die of asphyxia, birds that are strangled in snares, and fowls whose necks have been wrung and are filled with congested blood, there is a prejudice against eating domestic mammals which have not passed under the butcher's knife in the regulation mode. We have seen an instance where three large fat hogs were drowned under a bridge and taken out within an hour and consigned to the soap kettle; no one would think of eating them, yet the same persons would eat a fish which is drowned in air. Once, too, we saw a bullock that had been struck by a railway train, and although not mangled, was sent to a distant market, because people who knew how it met its death would not eat it. Yet, no doubt, many of them had eaten a snared rabbit.

We began with the intention of saying something on the vitality of this particular black bass which remained six hours out of water, rolled up in paper, and afterward swam in a pail of water and had vigor enough left to try to jump out of it. At first we thought that the paper might have been wet and so have retained sufficient damp air to prevent the drying of the gills, but we do not find it so stated. The writer expressly says that the paper was FOREST AND STREAM, and here lies the solution of the case. The pages next the fish undoubtedly were those devoted to sea and river, and the ripple of the stream that permeates them caused the fish to believe that it was still in its native water,

while the spirit of the pages infused vigor to the bass as it does to its readers. Proof of this may be found in the statement that there was a "print of letters on its sides." This then was a case of vitality transmitted by endosmosis, the latest term for absorption. A careful dissection would have shown one of "Kingfisher's" sketches imprinted on the air bladder, while other choice angling literature lined the whole abdominal cavity. The time may come when physicians will prescribe blankets made from pages of *FOREST AND STREAM* for invalids too feeble to go to the woods and waters in search of health, and the usefulness of the paper,

"With its curling smoke of wigwags,
With the damp and dew of forests,
And the rushing of great rivers,"

will be increased.

The item from the *Republic* contains food for much thought, and no doubt the statement of the transformation of the bass to a "lively rooster" may be doubted by the ultra-skeptical, but what statements are there in these times which do not have to pass through the crucible of doubt?

A QUAIN FISHING RECORD.

OUR correspondent "Kelpie" writes us from Central Lake, Mich., under date of Oct. 9, as follows: "I send you the accompanying quaint MSS. and illustrations. It will be recognized by many of your readers, if they should chance to see it, as one which used to be in Smith's Hotel—where it was a hotel—in Central Lake. I thought it a pity that it should be lost. The hotel is now the house of a clergyman, the present hotel being in another building. I observe that some of the old indorsements have been obliterated by vandal hands."

The large sheet sent has the outlines of a black bass which is twenty-one and one-half inches long including caudal fin, and seven and one-quarter inches deep. On its cheek is written: "This fish was entrapped by the hook as shown in this diagram, Peter Simpkins." On its body: "For the benefit of disappointed fishermen. This is the outline of a black bass caught at Central Lake, July 28, 1880, by Prof. Lawrence Rust, Kenyon College, Ohio; weight, 6 pounds 9½ ounces; girth, 17½ inches; length, 23 inches; time, one and a half hours. Witnesses: R. C. Kerr, F. H. Thurston, R. Leavitt, W. W. Smith." Also: "A Fact! This is to certify that I caught a fish at 6 P. M. 184—[?] in the river here which weighed ½ pound; length, 9 inches; girth, 3 inches. These are actual measurements and weight, Mrs. M. F. Parker. Witnesses: M. F. Parker, Rev. W. P. Wilcox."

Around the border are these legends: "Maskalonge captured by J. Bell Ferran, of Louisville, Ky., July 26, 1881, taken on an 8-ounce split bamboo rod and spoon hook, weighed 12½ pounds. No gaff nor landing net, and had to tow him in half a mile to the dock. Witnesses: W. O. Dodd, of Louisville; boatman, Arthur Davis."

"Herbert Jenney, Cincinnati, O., Aug. 9, 1881, black bass, 6 pounds 9 ounces, 5 hours after being caught. Witnesses: C. G. Gove, J. M. Barbour, Henry Smith, John Archibald."

"Friday, July 28, 1881, maschalonge caught by J. M. Hickman, Cincinnati, O., alias James Mackerel O'Hickman, the lone fisherman. The following dimensions: 4 feet 4 inches long, 20 inches girth at pectoral fin, weight 34½ pounds. Caught on a 7½-ounce rod on Beaver Lake, 'Kingfisher Club.' Witnesses: B. K. Brant, J. F. Roach, Dan T. Sloan, J. F. French, W. H. Windeler."

"Maskalonge captured July 26, 1881, by Mrs. E. A. Bagby, of Midway, Woodford county, Ky. Taken on a troll, weighed 17½ pounds, length 42 inches, girth 17½ inches. Witnesses: Mrs. W. P. Clancy, of Louisville, Ky., W. W. Smith, boatman."

"Black bass captured by Dan T. Sloan, Decatur, Ill., Aug. 8, 1881. Weight 7 pounds, length 24½ inches, girth 18 inches. Witnesses: J. M. Hickman, J. T. Gough."

"If any lone fisherman desires to know how to catch pickerel of all sizes on short notice, address W. O. Dodd, Louisville, Ky. (Inclose stamps.)"

"Read this! On the two days above mentioned, June 24 and 25, 1883, Gen. Green Clay Smith, of Kentucky, caught and landed without assistance of any kind, three fully-developed 'goggle-eyes,' weighing in the aggregate 7½ ounces. In making this catch only five rods and one oarsman were employed. The General came out of the contest somewhat fatigued, but recovered in twenty-four hours sufficiently to eat pie as fast as two waiters could land it on the table."

"Maskalonge captured June 20, 1881, by Howard M. Griswold, Louisville, Ky., on a light-jointed rod, with No. 1 grass line, 5-0 Carlisle hook on single gut, and live minnows. Length, 37 inches; girth, 16½ inches; weight, 12 pounds. Time, one hour and fifty minutes. Henry Smith, boatman."

"Expert fishermen cannot be disappointed. Sept. 3, 1880. Black bass caught by C. M. Steele, weight 6 pounds 3 ounces two hours after being caught; time 20 minutes. Chas. M. Steele. Witness: Chas. Drach, Peter —."

July 21, 1881—Black bass caught by Walter G. Goodrich, of Chicago, in company with crowd from Jerseyville, Ill. Weight 6 pounds, length 21 inches, time 5 minutes, with a ten cent pole, frog bait. J. M. Page 4 pound bass. E. Cockrell 4 pound bass. W. H. Edgar 4 pound bass. W. E. Carlin 3½ pound black bass. S. H. Bowman 3½ pound bass. Total catch in two hours by the above rule, 60 pounds 10 ounces. Among the catch were 3 pickerel averaging 11 pounds each, remainder black bass and green bass. Witness: W. E. Carlin, S. H. Bowman, Henry Smith, John Hunter, Arthur Davis. Central Lake, July 21, 1881."

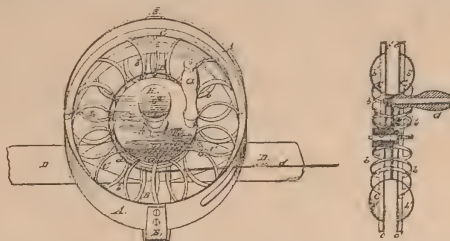
A PARMACHENESE-CUPSUPIC CARRY RECORD.—New York, Oct. 14.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: The carry from Parmachenee Lake to the Cupsupic River in the Rangeley Lake country, Maine, is six of the longest miles on earth; over rocks and roots of trees, and either up or down hill all the way. Our party made the following time over it on Oct. 3, 1884: Mr. Herbert Priestley, Philadelphia (David Haines, guide, Greenville, Me.), in one hour and fifty minutes. Mr. Geo. Jarvis Geer, Jr., Summit, N. J. (Stephen Taylor, guide, Byron, Me.), in two hours and two minutes. Guides' packs weighed about forty pounds each, together with rifles, shotguns, etc. The fastest time of making the carry up to that date had been two hours and ten minutes, on the authority of Capt. Fred Barker, Camp Bemis, Rangeley Lakes, Me. No party have been able before to reduce the record. The carry had been made by a guide in one hour and forty five minutes, but he was alone and had very little to pack.—SPORTSMAN.

FISHING-ROD REELS.

THE fishing-reel devised by Anson Hatch is similar in general appearance to that of Mr. Billingshurst, May 9, 1859, described in a former number of the *FOREST AND STREAM*.

Fig. 1 shows a perspective view, and Fig. 2 a sectional view of the Hatch device. The improvement consists in making the skeleton spool or reel proper for the line of two pieces of sheet metal, by pressing them into the desired form and then by striking them up or swaging, raise the small connecting bars or pieces to a shape suited to form the skeleton spool into which the line is to be wound.

The outside rim A is made of sheet metal and strengthened by a crossbar B, which holds the device firm and steady



for use. At the outer end of the semi-circular rings b is attached a web or rim, G, of sufficient width to give the reel strength and steadiness, and the extreme periphery is turned over to form a right-angled flange, Fig. 2, to prevent the periphery of the rims from springing out of shape when in use. A stud is attached to the bar B, one end of which is shown at e, Fig. 1, on which the reel revolves. The reel is then formed by uniting the two series of semi-circular rings b with their central solid parts E together. A hollow or sleeve screw, g, secures the parts E together. The stud e passes through this hollow sleeve and is secured by a nut, h. To prevent the disks E moving on each other, to change their relative positions, the crank-pin G is screwed through the disks. The milled nut H working on the stud e may be used as a brake when needed.

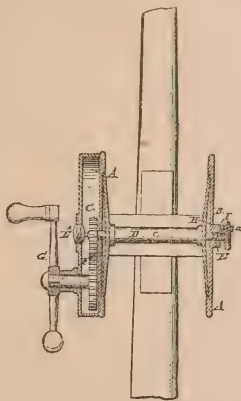
Hatch says the advantages of his improvement over Billingshurst's are that the latter makes his skeleton spool of wire, which requires many pieces to be soldered together, while Hatch makes his of sheet metal, using but two pieces. He claims that his reel is lighter in proportion to its size and less expensive than that of Billingshurst.

The period of protection of the Hatch reel expired June 10, 1883.

The Hartill reel consists in the novel manner of hanging the spool of the reel to its frame, and also in the novel and simple manner of producing the "drag," so called, upon the spool to prevent the fish from running away with the line.

The device is clearly illustrated in the cut, which is the central section of the reel.

The frame, A, of the reel may be of any of the ordinary constructions. A spool, D, is hung between the head plates, B and G, upon steel-hardened center pins, E E, one to each end. One of these steel centers is fixed in one of the head



plates, G, of the frame, in which head or box a train of gears, F, is arranged, having suitably secured to them a handle, G, for operating them. The other steel center, E, is formed at the end of a small screw spindle, H, that is screwed into the socket, I, of one end of the reel in position for the hanging of the spool upon it. This spindle, H, is provided with a milled head, J, upon its outer end in which is a set screw, a, that, abutting against the fixed knob, b, of the socket, I, prevents the turning of the screw spindle to such a degree out of the socket as to relieve its steel point from the spool, while at the same time it can be turned sufficiently in the opposite direction to cause the spool to be tightly bound and held between its two points of suspension, and thus produce a drag thereon when desired to prevent the fish from running away with the line. By suspending the reel spool upon steel centers its wear and durability is much increased. This patent expired Aug. 7, 1883.

"THE SECOND PRESBYTERIAN FISHING CLUB."—We have just received the report of the fourteenth annual cruise of this Philadelphia club, illustrated in their usual humorous style. The trip was made in the schooner A. H. Quimby, from Philadelphia down through Delaware Bay and down the coast to Cobb's Island, thence returning by way of Atlantic City. The present report is not up to the standard of former ones in point of interest to outsiders, but it indicates that the trip was a jolly one. It comprises 109 pages, 12mo., with an appendix containing alleged letters of regret from all the late Presidential candidates at their inability to be present. Mr. C. P. Allen is still the secretary of the club.

A BOOK ON ANGLING APPLIANCES.—Mr. Henry P. Wells, who is known to our readers as a practical writer on rods and other implements of the angler's sport, has prepared a book on fly-rods, flies and kindred subjects. It will soon be published, and we are perfectly safe in predicting for it a warm welcome.

A timely book is Henshall's "Camping and Cruising in Florida." For sale at this office. Price \$1.50.—Adv.

ENFORCING THE NEW JERSEY BASS LAW.—Paterson, N. J., Nov. 7.—Thomas Storms and John Finnegan were arraigned on an indictment which charged them in the first count with having black bass in their possession in West Milford before the season for black bass had opened, and in the second count with having caught these black bass. Storms pleaded guilty to having the bass in his possession and Finnegan pleaded not guilty. A Mr. Sandford, a young lawyer from Warwick, appeared in behalf of the accused and asked the clemency of the court, arguing that Storms did not know that it was unlawful to have the bass in his possession. The counsel then asked leave to consult with Finnegan, which was granted. The result of the consultation was that Finnegan also pleaded guilty to having the black bass in his possession. Both claimed that there was only one bass. The prosecutor was called on for a statement of the law under which the prisoners had been indicted, and as he did not have it ready the imposing of sentences was postponed until this afternoon. The indictment was found under the Revised Statutes of this State which provide a fine of \$25 or three months imprisonment; this law was subsequently changed, and the law of 1881 provides that every violation of it shall be punished by a fine of \$25 or less. The arrest and indictment of Storms and Finnegan were procured by the Passaic County Fish and Game Protective Association, and are part of the result of the raid made on the illegal fishers in Greenwood Lake during the latter part of last May. Other persons complained of at the time took flight and left the State and have not returned since. One of them was indicted, but it is hardly thought that he will be arrested, he having left the State and its fish in company with others who were to have been arrested. This afternoon Storms and Finnegan, the two Greenwood Lake fishermen, were fined \$5 and the costs each. Costs amounted to about \$65. They expressed their gratification at getting off so easily. The Court in pronouncing sentence said that the sentence in this case was only to teach them that they must not catch or peddle fish out of season.—S. MINER.

TAKING CARP WITH A HOOK.—Mr. Paul Quattlebaum, of Leesville, S. C., writes to Mr. Charles W. Smiley the following letter, which we reproduce from the Bulletin of the U. S. Fish Commission: "I use a beardless hook for two reasons. It can be taken from the mouth of a fish with greater ease and does less injury. I often catch carp for visitors to examine, and then return them to their native element. They may also be removed to other ponds in good condition. For catching small fry I use no cork; for large fish I prefer one, with lead enough on the line to sink the hook a few inches in the water, but they will take it at any depth. Late in the afternoon or early in the morning is the best time of warm weather. When the sun is shining brightly, and its rays strike deep down into the waters, the carp retires from his feeding grounds and remains at rest until the shade of the evening lures him from his quiet retreat. On warm cloudy days, when trained to artificial feeding, the carp may be caught at any hour, but less readily about noon. It is a waste of time to angle for them in cold weather. It is well known that the carp declines all food in freezing weather, and that the appetite varies with the temperature of the water to a certain degree. In my ponds, near Leesville, I can catch either kind of carp as above stated from April to December. I train them to come to the surface of the water for food so as to enjoy the pleasure of seeing them scramble for it. The cheapest of light bread, made of midlings or shorts, expressly for the fish, is what I use. The same answers for baiting the hook, but a piece of waffle, cut the right size for the fish you desire to catch, is better, being tougher and not so easily taken from the hook by the fish. I first collect the fish together by throwing in a handful of small bits of bread—say one-half inch square—then I drop in my hook, attached to a strong line at the end of a suitable cane, and in less than a minute I am almost sure to bring a carp to grass. More time is generally consumed in putting the bait on the hook and taking the fish off of it than in luring him to take the bait. The young fish hatched early last May are now five or six inches long."

Fishculture.

THE AMERICAN FISHCULTURAL ASSOCIATION.

THE RIVER EXCURSION.—(CONTINUED).

MR. MATHER: It has been suggested that, in order to put ourselves on an equality with similar bodies in other countries, and carry on an exchange of publications, this Society should have, in addition to its regular members and honorary members, one or two of the leading men connected with the fisheries and fishculture in each foreign land as corresponding members, to whom our reports shall be sent. It was complained to Professor Goode, while in Europe last summer, that our publications were not to be had. Several people wanted to know what we were doing, and we want to know what they are doing. Therefore, at the suggestion of Professor Goode, I make a motion that this Society add to its list of members and honorary members certain corresponding members to be elected from among men who are prominent abroad in connection with fisheries and fishculture.

THE PRESIDENT: Is that motion seconded?

MR. ROOSEVELT: I second it, but would put it in a different form—that the Executive Committee be empowered to select correspondents abroad in connection with foreign societies.

MR. MATHER: I withdraw my motion.

COL. McDONALD: Before the motion is put I beg to say that the object to be attained in the election of corresponding members is that the Association may be promptly informed of the progress of fishculture abroad, and be kept in close relations and correspondence with societies whose aims are similar to ours.

An election as corresponding member is, moreover, a compliment to the distinguished gentleman who may be selected, inasmuch as it is a recognition of eminent services rendered to fishculture, or important investigations germane to it.

The compliment of election will in my opinion be more distinguishing if made by a vote of the Society rather than by designation of the executive committee, and I propose therefore to amend this resolution of the honorable commissioner from New York by requiring the election of corresponding members to be by vote in open meeting.

Neither resolution or amendment, however, are in order until we, by resolution, provide for a class of corresponding members.

Under our present organization, only two classes of members are specified, viz: honorary members and ordinary members.

I beg therefore to submit the following resolution, viz: Resolved, That persons in foreign countries who have made themselves conspicuous by services to fishculture or by investigation of questions relating to fishculture and the fisheries, may, upon nomination duly made, be elected corresponding

members of the American Fisheries Society, with all the privileges of members, but without liability for initiation fee or annual dues.

PROF. GOODE: I second the proposition.

THE PRESIDENT: If there is no objection to Colonel McDonald's motion we will proceed to vote on it.

This was taken and carried. The list of names proposed was published in *FOREST AND STREAM*, May 23, 1884.

THE PRESIDENT: You have heard the names which have just been read. We will now vote on them.

This was taken and carried.

THE PRESIDENT: The Committee on the Oyster Resolution will please report.

The committee has the honor to report:

Whereas, The oyster industry of the United States exceeds all other fisheries in the number of its employees, capital invested, and value of its products, which are not articles of luxury, but a veritable food supply; and it having been shown that this important industry is danger of extinction; and it being the opinion of this Association and of all competent persons that the preservation of the industry and the increase of the supply of oysters is dependent upon artificial extension of the present oyster area, which extension can only be achieved through private ownership and cultivation of oyster ground, therefore be it

Resolved, That this Association most earnestly recommends the adoption of the principle of individual ownership of oyster grounds, that the oyster culturist may possess the surety of gathering the results of his labors. And it is likewise the opinion of this Association that an investigation of all the conditions affecting the life of the oyster is eminently desirable and should be immediately undertaken. And furthermore be it

Resolved, That a copy of this preamble and the resolution be forwarded to the Governors and legislative assemblies of the oyster producing States, and that copies also be transmitted to the President and Senate and the House of Representatives of the United States.

LIEUT. WINSLOW added: I am also instructed to move the immediate adoption of the preamble and resolution.

MR. ROOSEVELT: I question the propriety of the resolution that has just been read. I beg that it may be read again.

Whereas, The oyster industry of the United States exceeds all other fisheries in the number of its employees, capital invested, and value of its products, which are not articles of luxury but a veritable food supply, and it having been shown that this important industry is in danger of extinction; and it being the opinion of this Association and of all competent persons that the preservation of the industry and the increase of the supply of oysters is dependent upon artificial extension of the present oyster area, which extension can only be achieved through private ownership and cultivation of oyster ground, therefore be it resolved, etc.

LIEUT. WINSLOW reads preamble, and adds: The demand for oysters has far outgrown the supply. No remedy is likely to be of any practical value which does not have in view an increase of the supply, and upon that principle the preamble is drawn. It sets forth that an extension of the oyster area is necessary, and it has been proved by the experience of every oyster community and country in the world, that an extension of the area and increase of the industry has resulted only when private individuals have taken it into their hands. The only government that ever attempted it was the French Government, and if you look at the translations on this subject by the Fish Commission, you will see that one of the most eminent of authorities says that the failure of Coste's efforts was due to the fact that the government attempted to go into the oyster business, and that oyster culture was made a success only when private individuals undertook it. A private oyster area is certain of a most conservative treatment, for it can be handed down to the descendants of the owner. Ownership begets that most powerful influence, self-interest, upon which success depends. If money is needed for its cultivation, money can be raised on it by mortgage. I am not alone in this opinion. It is supported by the experience of all other fisheries, and by gentlemen who have had greater experience in the elaboration of details than I. That being, then, the essential principle upon which depends the extension of the oyster areas, the committee thought it more advisable to deal with that alone, and leave the details to be decided by the Legislatures of the different States. I do not think that this Society wishes to commit itself in this matter, other than to advise the adoption of a principle, as I have already explained.

MR. WILLCOX: I favor the resolution; but if I were participating in the legislation concerning the subject, I should provide that the owners should only have the exclusive use of the areas for the cultivation of oysters; and only as long as they use them for that purpose. I shall vote for the resolution.

MR. EARLL: It is not my purpose, in calling out a discussion of this resolution, to oppose any legislation that may prove beneficial to our oyster interests as a whole. It should, however, be remembered that this Society is national in its scope, and that any resolutions tending to affect legislation without limit as to locality, should not receive its sanction until it is clearly proven that such resolutions are for the best interests of the industry when taken as a whole. Several gentlemen familiar with the oyster interests of the New England and Middle States are present, and as I understand, heartily approve of the adoption of the resolution for these regions.

But the oyster interests vary greatly with the locality, and laws of unquestionable benefit for one portion of the coast might work disastrously in another.

As one who has given considerable attention to the oyster interests of our South Atlantic and Gulf States, I cannot believe that the adoption of the resolutions proposed would be a benefit to that region. On the contrary, I am strongly of the opinion that they would have an injurious effect.

Our entire coast between Cape Henry and Mexico, including the thousands of miles of coast line along the numerous sounds, bays and tide creeks are literally alive with oysters, and yet, in all this region, the oyster interests are absolutely undeveloped. There are not half a dozen places along this entire coast that have a shipping trade in oysters of any importance, and yet the oysters are so abundant that men can wade about in the shoal waters and pick up boat loads of them in a few hours, often finding them in bunches larger than they can lift. In North Carolina, for example, oysters are so abundant that some of the fishermen find profitable employment in securing vessel loads of them, and carrying them to the river landings in the agricultural regions and selling them for fertilizing at three to four cents a bushel. I feel safe in the statement that there is not one city between North Carolina and Mexico where, with proper attention, the oyster interests could not be increased fifty-fold without endangering the natural supply.

What we most need in this region is more encouragement of the oyster interests, rather than legislation having a contrary effect.

LIEUT. WINSLOW: Please explain how a resolution which is an incentive to individual cultivation of oyster area or propagation of oysters, and to an increase of the oyster supply of the market, is likely to result disastrously.

MR. EARLL: The resolution urges the principle of private ownership of oyster beds, and does not exclude the natural beds from such control. The natural beds in the South are capable of furnishing many more oysters than are now taken. If the principle of private ownership were adopted here, the best beds would naturally come under the control of individuals, who could neither utilize them nor allow their less fortunate neighbors to do so without charge. Many of the poorer fishermen would be thus shut out from the best localities, and would be put to inconvenience in being obliged to go further from home to obtain a supply. In addition, many of the farmers living five to twenty miles from the shore, who now make occasional visits to the coast to gather a supply of oysters for

distribution among their neighbors, would meet with opposition from the oyster monopolists, and a large quantity of food would thus be lost to the country.

I believe that, as a rule, it is not best to introduce the principle of private ownership until the national supply of oysters is endangered; and even then it would seem unwise to give a man control over more ground than he is willing to keep up to its full limit of production, and work regularly.

MR. PIKE: I heartily concur in both the preamble and the resolution. I do this not alone theoretically, but from practical experience.

As I understand the resolution, it is not designed to exclude those who get their living from the natural beds, but simply to encourage private enterprise and systematic effort to develop the growth of oysters where they are obviously disappearing. This can be done without interfering with the natural beds to any serious extent. There is room enough for both classes of oystermen to work, and work profitably. The States of Maryland, Delaware and Virginia are suffering from a rapid depletion of their oyster beds. Something must be done to stay the waste, and this Society believes that this resolution embodies a method which will meet the difficulty. The poor man will continue his wasteful ways of gathering oysters from the natural beds; while those who wish to pursue the better ways of private cultivation will have an opportunity to do so, and will be protected by the law in the product of their labor. We have adopted this plan in Connecticut, and we find that both classes of oystermen get along together harmoniously and prosperously. Indeed the poor oysterman finds his best customers in the cultivators. The result is that the oyster industry of Connecticut has grown beyond all anticipation, and we have ten-fold more oyster cultivators today than we had ten years ago. This is the direct result of the system set forth in the resolution. Why, our Connecticut growers are now shipping thousands of bushels of oysters every week to Baltimore. This may be exceptional. We do not expect to compete with the Southern growers, but we can see that our system is greatly improving our industry, and giving us unusual advantages in the market. This Society can safely recommend such a system to the States named. I advocate this on theoretical and on practical grounds. I hope the resolution will be adopted. The poor men are not to be driven off the natural beds. They can gather the products of the natural beds as heretofore. The resolution simply proposes to encourage another class of oystermen who will cultivate private tracts. They will occupy but a very small part of the oyster grounds of these States—so small a part, indeed, that there can be no interference with the poor men, and there is not the slightest danger that they will be excluded from the natural beds.

MR. ROOSEVELT: A year ago I sailed from Charleston, S. C., through the inland waters to Florida, and was astonished at the oyster resources of that part of the country. For a thousand miles I sailed between masses of natural oyster beds that at low tide were six feet high. In our localities at the North we have to bear in mind that in establishing oyster beds it is necessary to supply them with seed, which can only be obtained from public beds, or by importation. Shut up the public beds or make them private, and you shut them out of competition. So I suggest these words as an amendment to the resolution: "That in approving private ownership in oyster beds, we do not recommend that the natural beds should be so appropriated."

LIEUT. WINSLOW: I object to the amendment. I think it would be unwise to embarrass the enunciation of the general principle with any particular applications of it. That is a province which perhaps we have no right to enter. I should, therefore, speaking for the committee, prefer to see the resolution adopted as it stands, thinking it would better accomplish our end—that is an extension of the oyster area and an increase of the supply of oysters.

MR. EARLL: I second Mr. Roosevelt's amendment.

LIEUT. WINSLOW: I move to strike out the amendment made by Mr. Roosevelt. This preamble and resolution have been very carefully drawn, and are simply the enunciation of a general principle. As I explained, we want the supply of oysters increased, and that can only be done by an extension of the area. The extension can only be accomplished through the efforts of private individuals, which efforts will be exerted only when those individuals have a proprietary interest in the beds. We should not in the same resolution enunciate a principle and recommend only its partial application. Let others decide that.

The motion to strike out Mr. Roosevelt's amendment was put, resulting in a tie.

THE PRESIDENT: I move to strike it out.

The amendment was therefore cancelled.

MR. PIKE: I beg to offer this amendment. [This amendment was never delivered to the recording secretary, and a letter to Mr. Pike asking for a copy of it has never been replied to.]

LIEUT. WINSLOW: I object to this amendment on the general principle already stated.

MR. EARLL: I think that the resolution will tend toward the monopolizing of individual beds.

PROF. GILL: I think it is unnecessary to add anything whatever to, or make any change in the resolution.

THE PRESIDENT: We will now vote on Mr. Pike's amendment.

This was taken and lost.

THE PRESIDENT: We will now vote on the original question.

This was taken and carried.

The meeting then adjourned.

THE COD GILLNET FISHERIES.—U. S. Fish Commission, Washington, D. C.—In reply to a recent declaration that the nets are ruining the cod fisheries, I have already stated that the facts are exactly the opposite, and now add in further proof the report of the U. S. Fish Commission agent at Gloucester, Mass., for the week ending Nov. 1. He says: "The amount of fish caught in gillnets and landed here during the past week is as follows: 915,000 pounds of pollock and 67,000 pounds of large cod. Considering the number of boats, nets and men engaged in fishing, the catch yesterday exceeds anything on record. Thirteen small vessels, fishing with cod gillnets, landed last night and this morning 250,000 pounds of pollock and 20,000 pounds of large cod. These fish were caught in 76 nets, 50 fathoms long and 2½ fathoms deep, and were fished by 95 men. Some of the boats left some of the nets, not being able to take all the fish that were in them. When the schooner Hector came to its nets three of them were found on the top of the water, the buoyancy of the pollock being so great as to part the anchor lines and cause the nets to come to the surface. There were 8,000 pounds of fish taken out of three small nets, while one small boat with six nets landed 12,000 pounds."—CHARLES W. SMILEY.

FISHCULTURE IN MAINE.—The *Augusta Journal* says: "The culture of salmon in Maine is a success. Parties are now on the lakes, and it is expected that 100,000,000 eggs will be taken for propagation. The introduction of carp has been an immense success." Mr. Henry O. Stanley, of the State Fisheries Commission, has offered Mr. F. S. Weeks, of Cold Spring Harbor, N. Y., 100,000 eggs of the Rangeley brook trout, which will be hatched at the station of the N. Y. F. C. on Long Island. Some of these eggs may be sent to the Bisby Club in the Adirondacks, part of the fry will go in the ponds of Mr. Weeks, and the remainder will be at the disposal of the New York Commission.

But of all books be sure to read "Woodcraft." See advertisement elsewhere. —Adv.

PROFESSOR EWART.—We have had a call from Professor Cossar Ewart, Regius Professor of Natural History in the University of Edinburgh, and Convener of the Scientific Investigation Committee of the Fishery Board for Scotland, who comes to inspect our fisheries and methods of fishculture. He has already visited Canada, where he seems to have found conflicting opinions as to the methods of increasing the supply of fish, or at least much discontent with the present management. He has spent some time at Washington where, although somewhat familiar with the scope and character of the work of the Fish Commission from its publications, he found much that was new and interesting, and was impressed by the thorough methods of scientific investigation and its blending with practical work in propagation under Prof. Baird. He had just returned from an inspection of the hatching station of the New York Fish Commission at Cold Spring Harbor, of which he said that it left an impression of being prepared to do a great deal of work in time, at a comparatively small expense, and the station was advantageously placed to combine both fresh and salt water work. Prof. Ewart was on his way to Wood's Hall to inspect the work there, and afterward to go to Gloucester, Mass., and then to Maine to visit the works of that State, and of the United States at Orland and Grand Lake Stream. We will look for the official report of his visit to America.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

Dec. 16, 17, 18 and 19.—Third Bench Show of the Southern Massachusetts Poultry Association, Taunton, Mass. Wm. C. Davenport, Assistant Secretary.

Dec. 30, 31 and Jan. 1, 2, 1885.—Bench Show of the Meriden Poultry Association, Meriden, Conn. Joshua Shute, Secretary.

Feb. 1 to 11, 1885.—New York Fanciers' Club, Third Annual Exhibition of non-sporting dogs, poultry and pigeons at Madison Square Garden, Feb. 1 to 11, 1885. Chas. Harker, Secretary, 62 Corlandt street.

Jan. 10 to 14, 1885.—World's Exposition Bench Show, New Orleans, La. Chas. Lincoln, Superintendent.

Jan. 27, 28, 29 and 30.—Annual Bench Show of the New Brunswick Poultry and Pet Stock Association. Mr. H. W. Wisson, Secretary, St. Johns, N. B.

March 3, 4, 5 and 6, 1885.—Second Annual Bench Show of the Cincinnati Sportsman's Club, Cincinnati, O. Charles Lincoln, Superintendent.

April 7 to 10, 1885.—First Annual Bench Show N. E. Kennel Club, Music Hall, Boston. J. A. Nickerson, Secretary, 159A Tremont street, Chas. Lincoln, Superintendent.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. —.—Third Annual Trials of the Robins Island Club, Robins Island, L. I. Open to members only. Mr. A. T. Plummer, Secretary.

Nov. 17.—Sixth Annual Trials of the Eastern Field Trials Club, at High Point, N. C. W. A. Coster, Secretary, Flatbush, L. I.

Nov. 17.—First Annual Trials of the Fisher's Island Club, Fisher's Island, N. Y. Open to members only. Mr. Max Wenzel, Secretary, Hoboken, N. J.

Dec. 2.—Second Annual Trials of the Pacific Coast Field Trials Club at Wailtown Timber, Cal. N. E. White, Secretary, Sacramento Cal.

Dec. 8.—Sixth Annual Trials of the National American Kennel Club at Canton, Miss. J. D. Bryson, Secretary, Memphis, Tenn.

Dec. 15.—Southern Sportsmen's Association Trials, Canton, Miss. Mr. T. K. Renaud, Secretary, New Orleans, La.

A. K. R.

THE AMERICAN KENNEL REGISTER, for the registration of pedigrees, etc. (with price lists of all shows and trials), is published every month. Entries close on the 1st. Should be in early. Entry blanks sent on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope. Registration fee (25 cents) must accompany each entry. No entries inserted unless paid in advance. Yearly subscription \$1. Address "American Kennel Register," P. O. Box 2832, New York. Number of entries already printed 1707. Volume I, bound in cloth, sent postpaid, \$1.50.

MOTHER DEMDIKE.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

In your last issue, in giving your opinion of the greyhounds at the last New York show, you state that Mother Demdike did not fulfill your expectations.

If she, a bitch who in England has won over the peerless Bonny Lass and such well-known greyhounds as Memon, County Member, Sister Mary, Lancashire Witch, Heather Belle, Acalia, Destructive, and others; and who has been considered by such judges as Messrs. Lort, Langdale, Charles, Graham and Hedley (judge of the Waterloo meeting) as one of the best, if not the best, greyhound in England. If such a greyhound does not fulfill your expectations, I think that your expectations of what a greyhound should be would be gladly received by greyhound breeders in general. H. W. SMITH.

WORCESTER, MASS.

[The criticism to which Mr. Smith takes exception is as follows: "In the bitch class the recently imported Mother Demdike had a clear win, and although she is a good bitch, and is unquestionably the best of her breed in the country, we must confess that she does not fulfill our expectations. She has a splendid head, which could only be improved below the eyes, and there but a trifle. Her eyes might, to advantage, be smaller and darker. She has a long, well shaped and well shaped neck, but we would like to see it a bit cleaner. In chest, loins and feet she is very good, and she shows considerable muscular development behind; her tail, too, is first-class, and her gait is perfection, and unless she can go out of slips at a rattling pace, her looks belie her. Her worst fault is a deficiency of bone in the forearms, and she is a bit flat in the back." This indicates what we consider Mother Demdike's worst faults. We should also like to see her not quite so straight in shoulders and a trifle more bent in stifle. An extended examination of the records of the English shows would be interesting in this connection, though the fact that Mother Demdike had won over the excellent dogs mentioned by our correspondent has no especial bearing on her faults. Taking, however, the last few shows within the year at which this bitch was exhibited, let us see where she was placed with regard to some of the dogs mentioned by Mr. Smith.

At the Hanley show, October, 1883, Mr. Lort judge, the greyhounds stood: First, County Member; second, Memon; third, Demoiselle; viceroy, Mother Demdike, and these awards the London *Field* pronounced legally indorses.

At the Dundee show, November, 1883, Messrs. Eden, Taylor and Morrison judges; County Member received viceroy. In other words, there were in the class a number of dogs better than he.

At the Dorchester dog show in July, 1884, Mr. H. C. Miller, the owner of the celebrated Misterton, and a well-known coursing man, was judge. Lancashire Witch was first, Heather Belle second and Mother Demdike third. This award seems especially important in view of the experience and hence probable competence of the judge.

At the Stanley dog show, July, 1884, Mr. Geo. Helliwell judge, Acalia was first and Mother Demdike second.

Referring now to Bonny Lass, let us see what the London *Field* recently said of her at the last Crystal Palace show: "In bitches there were more competitors, and we scarcely coincided with the judges here, for Bonny Lass, who won, a great favorite once, could scarcely move her hindquarters, and Mr. Hedley evidently suspected this." Bonny being spoken of in the past tense, the inference is that although only seven years old, she has passed her prime. As for Sister Mary, she is eleven years old, if still alive, and years ago had lost all

her teeth and was no longer fit to appear in the judging ring. All this is not said to show that Mother Demdike is anything but good, but to let our correspondent see that the bitch did not invariably win over all the dogs he has mentioned.

We still insist that Mother Demdike "is a good bitch, and is unquestionably the best of her breed in the country." We should like to see her with a cleaner neck, more bone in the forearm, not quite so flat in the back, with shoulders not quite so straight, and stifles a little more bent. Her eyes are a little too large.

Mr. Smith must remember that we are seeking for a perfect dog, and while Mother Demdike is a vast improvement on any greyhound which we have hitherto had in America, she is not without faults.]

NOTES FROM HIGH POINT.

IT is very dry at High Point, and unless there is rain soon the trials may be expected to be somewhat prolonged, for under existing conditions the dogs cannot be expected to do themselves justice or to satisfy their owners and handlers. Birds are very plenty, and the weather, though warm, is delightful.

Many of the trainers are now, and have for some time, been working their dogs not far from the field trial grounds. Of course a number of them have winners, and some are even so fortunate as to have two or three winners which are sure to carry all before them. We shall know a little more about all this two or three weeks hence.

The Members' Stakes will probably bring out ten or twelve starters, all good, and the contest will be an interesting one of dogs and men. The Pittsburgh Firearms Company have donated a gun to be given as second prize in the Members' Stakes. This contest is to take place on the grounds where it began last year, and not on the regular club grounds. H.

HIGH POINT, N. C., Nov. 10.

AN EXPERIENCE IN TRAINING.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Last spring I concluded to buy a puppy and train him *à la* Hammond, and accordingly began consulting the advertising pages of FOREST AND STREAM. Among others, I wrote to Dr. J. K. Housel, of Watstown, Pa. As his answer came first, and stated that he could give me a choice of a lemon and white or a black and white Llewellyn setter puppy of grand stock, I immediately, by return mail, bought (at my wife's request) a black and white one; and had him, when about ten weeks old, sent to me by express. He came through all right, being in the cars about twenty-four hours. I took him from the express office and reached home at about 9 o'clock P. M. After a general examination by all hands, I put the puppy in his box and we all retired to our respective rooms. It is needless to say I expected music, and equally needless to say I got it without interlude. I stood it from 10 P. M. until about 2 A. M., and then got up and went out to him. I told my wife I might as well sit up as try to sleep. Immediately upon my entering the room his song ceased, and by all the actions at his command he tried to tell me he was lonesome. I sat down beside him, and he immediately curled up and went to sleep. I very quietly got up and went back into my room again; but I had no sooner closed the door than he opened his battery again. I came out again and the previous performance was repeated. This gave me a point, and I took dog, box and all and deposited him beside my bed, and lying down myself and putting one hand down beside him, he curled up and never a whimper did he utter until morning. I did this for a few nights and then planted him in the kitchen, and had no further trouble.

After I had had him about a week, I told the folks his education must commence, and according to instruction, began as Mr. Hammond's book directs, with "Toho." I was quietly informed that "I could never make him do that by placing something to eat in front of him." I, in turn, told them that in less than one week I would have him so that he would point at the word. This was on Thursday night, and on Sunday night, upon calling him and placing a small piece of meat in front of him and commanding him to "Toho," the little rascal never stirred a peg. In less than two weeks I had him so that he would advance by steps and "Toho" at command; and since he was a natural retriever, I soon taught him to bring it to me. I substituted a soft ball in some cases, and soon had him so that he would not only bring, but carry, to any one whom I pointed.

I soon found he was troubled with worms, and after some hesitation gave him a dose of arca but, and followed it with a dose of castor oil. It removed several large man-worms, and in one week I repeated the dose. I never gave him any other medicine of any kind. It might be well to state that at this time he weighed ten pounds, and I gave him twenty grains of arca but—just two grains to every pound weight of the dog, which, according to "Stonehenge," is the exact dose. I fed him milk and scraps from the table, and never had any fears of his health. I have always found that a pup fed in this way never was very unhealthy, and I have never yet had a pup that had the distemper, although I have raised several. I consider salt a great preventive against distemper, and think that table scraps contain sufficient saline qualities to at least help keep it away, rather than to bring it on. He has never been chained an hour in his life, has always had full range of the farm, and has been allowed to go with me in all my wanderings in the field. As a result he stands to-day as fluently developed a pup as one would wish to look at, and at the present age (9 months) is able to go the rounds on an all-day tramp equal to old dog.

One day last week when he was just nine months old, I took him out for his first private lesson in the field. Going but a short distance from the house where I knew a few quail were wont to frequent, I started him out and let him have his own way. He soon began to smell around, and in short time his tail—the expressive organ in the dog—began to wag in a way that meant business. To say that he was pleased but faintly expresses it; he was delighted. He went over the ground in a style that would have been no discredit to a field trial winner, slowly of course, but nevertheless surely. He would occasionally stop and look up at me with a light in his eyes that was not to be mistaken, and immediately go on with his business. The field was divided into two patches, and after my following him around over nearly all of the first patch and convincing myself that there were no birds there, I called him away and went into the second patch. He had gone but a short distance in the second patch when he again began roading in grand shape; and as I stood looking at him I heard a noise on my right, saw a covey of birds cross a bare spot and disappear in the weeds. I slowly walked around that way and let the little fellow come across the scent. He immediately started after them and I for the first time cautioned him, then let him go on. He soon came up with them on the edge of the field where corn had been planted and the remainder of the field left in grass. When about a dozen yards from the edge, his tail, which had by this time begun to slacken some of its violent swishing, suddenly ceased to wave and only a slight quiver was visible at the point. He stopped, and with one foot raised he just moved his head to one side, and as I stood looking at him I saw his eyes turn or rather one eye and look at me just for a second, as much as to say "Are you ready?" I moved up a few feet and very quietly said "go on." He moved a few steps and a stone dog never could have outdone him in rigidity. There was no quivering in his tail, then the only motion visible was a slight raising and lowering of the lower jaw. I quietly said "Toho," but there was no need of caution. He was there for all day. After looking at him as long as I dared, I again cautioned him and walked up and flushed the birds, and singling out a right quarterer, I had the satisfaction of seeing my bird drop. But "all is not gold

that glitters." At the same instant I had the dissatisfaction of seeing my paragon making several emphatic jumps in the direction of those retreating quail. I quietly, but I am afraid not calmly, said "Toho," but he didn't "Toho," he just lit out for those quail for all he was worth. Remembering the instructions of my tutor to "never," under any circumstances, speak in anything but an ordinary tone of voice," all the admonition about letting your voice be "strained or unnatural" passed through my mind, and yet there was that dog going for those quail at a lightning speed. I thought, "Shall I let him go or give him a genuine old-fashioned yell?" I chose the latter, and gave him a "Toho" that would have done credit to a Comanche warrior. He stopped. All this happened in less than one-tenth the time it takes to read it. If he hadn't stopped I don't know that I should ever have told of it. I suppose I did wrong to yell, but I have tried to live as near as possible to the correct thing as laid down in "Training vs. Breaking," but I don't think the offense unpardonable; and as I said, that dog stopped. But it wasn't a very satisfactory stop, for he seemed inclined to start again; but before he could put the inclination in force, I called him back to me and placed him as near as possible to the place where he last pointed. Then I gave him a lecture that at least had the effect of quieting him down.

I sat down and waited a minute, and then went on in the direction of the dead quail. When within a few feet he scented the bird, and, advancing with a foot, stopped and again pointed. I clucked him on in order that he might learn the difference between dead and live birds, and he instantly, without any command, picked up the bird and brought it to me and dropped it at my feet. I had not intended to let him fetch it, but inasmuch as he did it of his own accord, I praised and petted him for it. I have always made it a point not to let a puppy retrieve at first, as he will soon begin to want to do it if he has any retrieve in him when he sees older dogs do it, and I have known dogs that could not be induced to bring anything alone, rush in and get a bird rather than let another dog get it.

So much for "Training vs. Breaking." It cannot be too strongly recommended, and every one who wants to own a dog that is a pleasure to handle should try the same method. In this part of the country where game is scarce we must get all the sport we can in the capture of it. It is not quantity we want. Who would not rather shoot three quail over a good dog than pot a whole covey under a cedar in a snow storm? One of the first points of Hammond's system is that you get a benefit from your dog much earlier and in a time when you most enjoy it. Who is there that does not look back to the first point of first season that he saw over some lost favorite? "Training vs. Breaking" makes a dog out of the pupil while he is yet a pup. As a man said to me a few days ago on looking at my pup, "He will soon be big enough to break." I said "Yes."

GLENVILLE, CONN.

ARMONK.

THE COLLIE CLASSES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The following is an editorial expression in your issue of the 23d ult. from the report on collies at the Breeders' and Exhibitors' Show: "The peculiar decisions in these classes during the past few years have threatened to seriously damage the appearance of a most useful dog, such as the collie unquestionably is. A man to be a judge of collies must have owned and bred them, or how can he judge them? Notwithstanding this, men presume to judge them who have never so much as seen a first-class specimen, the result of which is that soft-coated, woolly dogs are awarded the highest honors. It is as unfair to the dogs as it is to the breeders that they should be handled in such a fashion, and we intend to protect the dogs, at least." Inasmuch as I am to a great extent responsible for the "decisions in these classes during the past few years," it might be considered questionable for me to attempt to show that the awards have been in all cases, so far as I am concerned, absolutely correct. It is not my purpose to attempt this; upon the bare fact as to the correctness of my awards or those of my fellow judges I have not one word to say, but I do most emphatically assert that if the decisions in the collie classes have been "peculiarly" wrong, the FOREST AND STREAM has been more remarkably so, not only in omitting to lay its objections before its readers, but in actually indorsing those decisions which it now finds are "peculiar."

In general terms, no judge can always be correct, nor is any newspaper critic infallible; but the public have a right to demand that the actions of both shall be consistent with their convictions.

For my own part, I do not object to criticism of an honest, intelligent character. I realize the fact that the public who patronize the press expect that the representations of the press shall point out the judge's errors; but when a paper in sober earnestness indorses the awards in certain classes for years, and then, intoxicated with some petty grievance, condemns with one fell swoop their own indorsement and the judges they indorsed, I appeal to the public from "Philip drunk to Philip sober." I am quite in sympathy with the sentiments your paper expresses when it asserts: "We intend to protect the dog at least," but I submit that in abusing these privileges and stultifying itself by abusing those whose opinions it has so freely indorsed, it is not likely to afford the poor dog the protection it professes he needs, unless it is by opening the eyes of the public to the fact that its expressions are confessedly unreliable. Judges have a pretty hard time of it at the best; they have to submit to a great deal of unnecessary abuse from disappointed exhibitors, and are often the subject of severe and personal criticism from men thoroughly unqualified to speak; but from the press, I think, we have the right to expect equity. No sensible judge asks the press to indorse his decisions, but all have the right to demand that an objection shall be couched in gentlemanly language, and shall be backed up by argument showing wherein the error in judgment exists. A wholesale charge of incompetency has no force, and the public are not satisfied with such criticism; but when a sweeping charge of error is made, and to this is added the statement that decisions have been "peculiar," the implication at least is that more than ignorance is meant to be charged. The English language is indeed a rich one, and ambiguity on the question of ignorance or dishonesty is a very easy matter to avoid, and the use of "peculiar" terms are altogether uncalled for.

If the judges of collies have made "peculiar decisions during the past few years" in this country, the fact cannot be proved by the paper which says so, and I commend you, Mr. Editor, to an examination of the collie reports "during the past few years." Any one who will look over these reports will be struck by the remarkable fact that in a very large majority of instances the awards have been indorsed in an unmistakable manner; in a majority of the rest there have been no special editorial expression, and among the remaining few those awards which are not approved are not seriously objected to and yet we are told they have been "peculiar."

Why, I would ask, were these "peculiar decisions" not pointed out when they were made, and why, in making such a broad charge, does the paper not specify the particular decisions which are "peculiar?" Again I quote from your issue of the 30th ult. "One of the most important objects of the dog show is the education of the public as to the points and characteristics peculiar to each breed." It is to be expected that the public can be instructed by the contradictory reports which have appeared in FOREST AND STREAM within the last few months? I will mention a few extracts for example:

Westminster Kennel Club's Annual Dog Show, May 1884.—"Duke of Leeds, a grand dog, even better than Bonivard." Westminster Kennel Club's non-sporting dog show, October, 1884.—"The champion rough-coated St. Bernard class brought

out the three cracks, Duke of Leeds, Bonivard and Hermit; Bonivard the best of the lot."

May, 1884.—"Rhona has one of the best heads we ever saw; were she a little higher at the shoulder she would be a very hard bitch to beat." October, 1884.—"Rhona won again, a decision we cannot indorse. She is underfoot, short in head and heavy in ear."

May, 1884.—"Brockenhurst Joe, the winner, carries his age like a two-year old. He has a beautifully shaped head, small ears, well carried, good neck and shoulders and tip-top coat, his fire and terrier quality made him an easy winner." October, 1884.—"Brockenhurst Joe in loin and hindquarters has gone all to pieces, his mouth is finished; his faulty feet and lack of bone have been intensified with age, and he should be withdrawn."

May, 1884.—"Belgrave Primrose, the winner, has the best set of legs and feet we ever saw. His coat is perhaps a bit soft." October, 1884.—"Belgrave Primrose has a long open coat, and plain expressionless face; his badly carried ears and tail should always keep him back in good company."

May, 1884.—"Raby Tyrant, given third, we were disappointed in. He is wide in chest and not as good on his legs and feet as he might be." October, 1884.—"Raby Tyrant should have won with consummate ease. He is worth more than all the other dogs in the class put together."

May, 1884.—"Dance is very good in coat, body, legs and feet. A very good one." October, 1884.—"Dance we do not like, she is prick-eared, plain in head, and slack in the back."

May, 1884.—"Bessie, black and tan terrier, is a very good one, especially in head, her markings might be a trifle better, but she is a well-shaped bitch and hard to beat." October, 1884.—"Bessie is no crack, being faintly in muzzle, cheeky, wide in front, and her face markings are not distinct."

New Haven Show, March, 1884.—"Jaunty, a very moderate specimen, was given second, first prize being withheld." October, 1884.—"Jaunty, one of the best in the class, was unnoticed."

The above are only a few of many of a similar nature. Are the public you are so desirous of educating to understand that Duke of Leeds has so deteriorated and Bonivard improved to such an extent as to transpose their relative positions of last May? Has Rhona, who in May had one of the best heads your reporter ever saw, become underfoot, short in head and heavy in ear? Has old Brockenhurst Joe entirely lost the fire and terrier quality, the beautifully shaped head, etc., etc., that characterized him a few short months ago, and his faults so intensified with age that he should be withdrawn? Has Belgrave Primrose become the expressionless brute he is now pictured?

Has Raby Tyrant so much improved on his form of last May that your reporter has quite recovered from the disappointment he then expressed?

Has Dance, who was then "a very good one," lost all her good qualities and gone prick-eared, plain in head and slack in the back? Or Jaunty, who could only get second in a very poor class, suddenly bloomed out into "one of the best" in a really good one?

Are the public to believe these inconsistencies, or are they not even more remarkably peculiar than the "peculiar" decisions on the collie judging?

I would like to ask, Mr. Editor, upon what foundation does the broad charge of FOREST AND STREAM rest? It would be interesting to the public at large to know, very interesting to collie owners and exhibitors, and "peculiarly" interesting to the judges.

JAS. MORTIMER.

NEW YORK, Nov. 5, 1884.

[It is not necessary to say to Mr. Mortimer that he has strained beyond all reason the meaning of the word "peculiar" in our report, if he means to construe it into an imputation of "dishonesty;" he ought to know that it means no such thing; we may therefore pass it without further comment, as also his highly facetious suggestion of intoxication with a petty grievance. It is also quite unnecessary for us to explain to a gentleman of Mr. Mortimer's knowledge of dogs and experience of dog shows that—owing to the differences of merit in similar classes at different shows, and differences in condition of the same dog at different shows—what he has sought to magnify into important inconsistencies in the reports of our reporters at the two shows named are in reality not such. The reporters' descriptions are relative, just as the judges' awards are bound to be. Some of the apparent contradictions are minor ones, or not contradictions at all, the seeming disagreement being due to the different way in which a dog is (each time truthfully) described, i. e., in one case his good points are named, in the other his bad points. Moreover the sentences quoted by Mr. Mortimer can be rightly interpreted only when read in connection with the context; again in several instances Mr. Mortimer has (doubtless inadvertently) unfairly and insufficiently quoted us; and for the sake of making the apparent contradictions appear greater, when both good and bad points were mentioned, he has quoted only the good or the bad as suited his purpose. We in turn "appeal" from Mr. Mortimer's quotations of the reports, to the reports themselves. As to the other instances named by Mr. Mortimer, and not included in the above, it may be explained that with better facilities for observation and arriving at the facts, and upon the more deliberate and careful examination thus made possible, an honest newspaper sometimes finds it necessary to modify and perhaps alter entirely its previous statements on a given subject; and no journal which thus has reason to believe that it may have been mistaken, and which has a proper conception of its duties to the public, will for a single second hesitate to declare its maturer convictions, even at the risk of incurring the bugaboo charge of "inconsistency."]

NATIONAL FIELD TRIALS.

THE entries for All-Aged Stake, National American Kennel Club, 1884, are as follows:

GLADSTONE BOY.—Dr. G. G. Ware's (Stanton, Tenn.) black, white and tan English setter dog Gladstone Boy (Gladstone—Sue).

CLAY.—W. T. Edwards's (Vanner, Ark.) red and white native setter dog Clay (Joe, Jr.—Fannie).

GUS CAMPBELL.—J. L. Valentine's (Nashville, Tenn.) lemon and white native setter dog Gus Campbell (Joe, Jr.—Fannie).

CLIPPER.—J. S. Clark's (Atlanta, Ga.) black and white English setter dog Clipper (Gladstone—Frost).

QUEEN BESS.—B. F. Price's (Memphis, Tenn.) black, white and tan English setter bitch Queen Bess (Gladstone—Donna J.).

BESSIE A.—J. M. Aven's (Hickory Valley, Tenn.) lemon and white English setter bitch Bessie A. (Dashing Lion—Armad).

VANITY.—J. W. Munson's (St. Louis) liver and white pointer bitch Vanity (Bang—Pride).

METEOR.—W. E. Hughes's (St. Louis) liver and white pointer dog Meteor (Garret—Jilt).

ST. ELMO IV.—Dr. S. Fleet Speir's (Brooklyn, N. Y.) black, white and tan English setter dog St. Elmo IV. (St. Elmo—Clio).

LADY C.—B. M. Stephenson's (La Grange, Tenn.) black, white and tan English setter bitch Lady C. (Coleman's London—Belle of Hatch).

RICHMOND.—J. E. Gill's (Lancaster, Pa.) lemon and white pointer dog Richmond (Don—Beulah).

COUNT RAPIER.—W. B. Gates's (Memphis) black and white English setter dog Count Rapier (Druid—Magnolia).

PAUL GLADSTONE.—W. B. Gates's (Memphis) black, white and tan English setter dog (Paul Gladstone (Gladstone—Lavalette).

MEDORA.—W. B. Gates's (Memphis) black, white and tan English setter bitch Medora (Gladstone—Carrie J.).

V. B. M., Raleigh, N. C.—There appeared on the back of my setter dog, about four months ago, a sore, I suppose mange. By the use of carbolic soap a cure was effected. A sore similar in appearance has appeared again in about the same place. I am now using carbolic soap, and hope it will soon disappear. Can you tell me how to cure it permanently? Ans. Your treatment should effect a cure, but from your statement it seems probable that the dog's blood is out of

Tenth event—2 man team match, 7 birds.
Perry.....000010-1 Sampson.....101110-8
Eager.....011110-5-6 Holden.....101111-6-11
Davis.....111111-7 Gerrish.....111101-6
Webber.....111101-5-12 Stark.....111111-7-13
Smith.....011111-6 Law.....101010-5
Gilman.....111000-4-10 Dodd.....101010-4-8
Schaefer.....011111-5 Wilber.....111111-7
Decker.....111011-6-12 Tidsbury.....011100-4-11
Gerrish and Stark first, Davis and Webber and Schaefer and Dickey divided second, Sampson and Holden and Wilber and Tidsbury third. One of the pleasant features of the day was the presentation of a fine gun to the president of the association by his friends to replace a fine piece by Schaefer which the gentleman had lost some six weeks before.

CLUB SCORES.—Correspondents who favor us with scores are requested to send them in as soon as possible after the matches described. We go to press Wednesdays; and it is necessary that matter for publication should be in hand by Monday, or Tuesday at the latest.

COLLEGE SHOOTING.—The first fall meeting of the Harvard Shooting Club was held last week on the grounds of the Middlesex Sportsman Club at Watertown, Mass. During the shoot the wind was high and gusty, and made the conditions for shooting in the highest degree unfavorable. Five matches were shot as follows:

1. (Five clay birds)—First, W. L. Allen, '86, Clyde, '88, Kennard, '88, Slocum, '86; second, Ayer, '88, Neal, '87.
2. (Seven birds, open to all)—First, Allen; second, Austin, '86; third, Folsom, '88.
3. (Five glass balls)—First, Allen, Mead; second, Austin; third, Clyde, Kennard and Slocum.
4. (Seven balls, former prize winners barred)—First, Folsom; second, Austin, Ayer, Clyde and Mead; third, Kenney and Love '88.
5. (Seven birds)—First, Allen; second, Austin; third, Clyde.

The club begin a series of classified matches to-day, in which the first prize will be cups, and the second prizes silver medals. One match will be open to freshmen only.

WELLINGTON, Mass., Nov. 8.—The Malden Gun Club held its regular shoot to-day. The events resulted as follows:

1. Ten pigeons—Field first, Lewis and Adams second, Brackett third.
2. Three pair—Pratt first, Scott second.
3. Miss and out—Taken by Lanergan and Adams.
4. Five pigeons—Goud and Adams first, Scott second.
5. Miss and out—Taken by Scott.
6. Five pigeons—This event was an interesting and exciting one, each participant scoring the same total, and on the shooting off the tie the whole purse was taken by Scott.
7. Five pigeons—Goud first, Lanergan second.
8. Five pigeons—Adams first, Goud second, Lanergan third.
9. Five blackbirds—Adams first, Lanergan second, Scott third.

Then followed a series of miss and outs, which were taken by Messrs. Scott, Adams and Lewis, each taking some three purses.

CLUB SCORES.—Correspondents who favor us with scores are requested to send them in as soon as possible after the matches described. We go to press Wednesdays; and it is necessary that matter for publication should be in hand by Monday, or Tuesday at the latest.

MACON, Ga., Oct. 28.—The team match for the state championship and Liguorsky gold medal was the interesting feature of the State fair to-day. It consisted of teams of five men, 10 clay pigeons, 18 yds. rise, 5 doubles, 15 yds. rise. The Chatham Gun Club, of Savannah, and the Macon Gun Club were the contestants, the former being the challenging party. The match was closely contested and every shot was put to the mark. The following is the score:

Macon Team.		Singles.		Doubles.	
Ayres.....	111110101-8	11	11	10	10-7
Butts.....	031110101-6	11	11	11	01-9
Parker.....	110111010-7	10	00	10	01-5
Williams.....	0101010001-4	10	10	10	00-3
Shinholster.....	1000010000-2-27	10	10	11	11-8-32-59

Chatham Team.		Singles.		Doubles.	
Read.....	010001111-5	11	10	01	10-7
McAlpine.....	010011100-5	01	10	10	01-5
Palmer.....	011000101-5	01	00	10	10-4
Nichols.....	111011101-8	10	11	01	00-11-6
Hirshback.....	011101111-8-31	01	10	11	01-11-29-60

The match attracted a large crowd. The battery was erected in the center of the mile track. The shooting was steady until the end reared. The trophy was in the hands of the Macon Club and all depended on Hirshback, of the Chathams, to wrest it from them. The fate of the day was in his hands. He had one more shot, and the score was within two of a victory. If he missed one it was tie; if he hit both his club would win. He shouted "ready," up went the pigeons sailing away. Coolly he plucked the first one; the score was a tie. The second that elapsed between his first and second shot was seemingly a month to his companions. He raised the barrels quickly and fired. The shot told; the club won by the score of one. The scene was a lively one after that shot. The more shot, and the more shot, represented by three teams of three men each from Macon and Chatham clubs. The Macon team consisting of Wilbur, Parker and Taylor, won first money, score 41; Macon team, Ayres, Shinholster and Butts, second money, score 40; Savannah team, composed of Pead, Nichols and Hirshback, third money, score 37.

CLUB SCORES.—Correspondents who favor us with scores are requested to send them in as soon as possible after the matches described. We go to press Wednesdays; and it is necessary that matter for publication should be in hand by Monday, or Tuesday at the latest.

LONG ISLAND SPORTSMEN.—The annual tournament of the Long Island Sportsmen's Association was held on Oct. 29, at Dexter's Park, on the Jamaica Plank Road. The beautiful autumnal weather and the special inducements offered in the way of prizes brought out a large representation of members of the several clubs composing the association: The Glenmore, Washington, Fountain, Prospect, Forest, Coney Island, Garden City and Long Island Shooting. Many distinguished sportsmen were interested spectators of the tournament, and the fine, bracing air, made it agreeable for both onlookers and participants to stand in the open field all day. The rules governing the tournament provided the contest to be at 12 birds, entrance fee \$2.50, prize of birds, 10 yds. boundary to be 15 yds. from traps as staked, entries to shoot to close at 2 P. M. Members of the lower class may at the time of entry elect to shoot in a higher class, but members in a higher class cannot shoot in a lower class. Class A, 5 prizes valued at \$75. Class B, 5 prizes, value \$80. Class C, 5 prizes, value \$80. The birds were shot from spring traps, distance 21 yds., and the score of the first squad of men was as follows:

D. Duryea.....	011111101-1	J Bohling.....	1111001011-9
Joseph Ochis.....	100111101-8	H Knoebel.....	1001111011-9
L Eppig.....	00000100010-2	H Winans.....	1111100011-9
J Cotter.....	0111111011-10	A C Degraw.....	1110111010-9
A Rockfelder.....	01111110001-8	E Rockfelder.....	1101111111-11

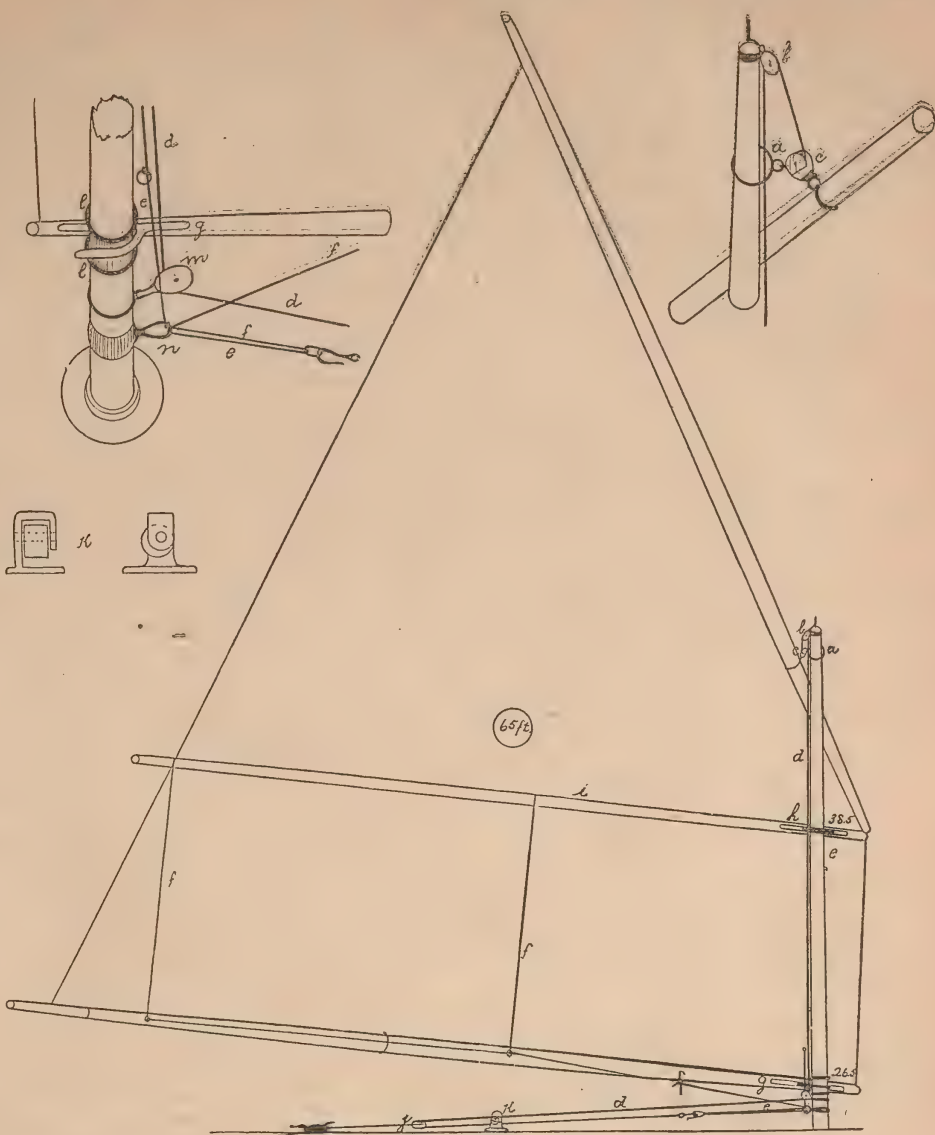
Second Squad.		Third Squad.	
Dr. Wynn.....	1111111010-10	W Cameron.....	1111011111-11
W S Newman.....	1100110110-8	A Eddy.....	1101111111-11
C H Smith.....	1010011111-9	H P Donnelly.....	1111111011-11
C Jones.....	11101110101-9	W R Selover.....	0101101011-8
C W Wingert.....	1011101111-10	T T Edgarton.....	0011101111-9

Peter Sutter.....	0111111011-10	G F Gildersleeve.....	01011101011-8
F Adams.....	001000-3	J K Powell.....	1010111111-10
F E Morgan.....	011011111-8	H Thorpe.....	1111110010-11
G Forbell.....	1111111011-10	J Schlemmer.....	1010010110-7
W Kampfmater.....	0111111011-9	E Schellein.....	01000001010-3
H Altenbrand.....	1111110100-8	W Gleaver.....	00000000000-0

This finished the shooting in squads. The shooting off ties was commenced, and the real contest for prizes in the classes of A, B and C. There were five prizes in each class, and when the men began the contest the rain was falling. The fall was not heavy enough, however, to interfere with the tournament. Each man was only allowed three birds. The prizes in the three classes were as follows: Class A, first prize, Dr. Wynn; the second prize was divided between Mr. Duryea and Charles Wingert; third prize, Henry Knoebel; fourth prize, Mr. Selover; and fifth prize, Mr. Schlemmer. Class B, first prize, Mr. Rockfelder; second prize, Capt. Crammer; third prize, C. Morgan; fourth prize, Mr. Schellein; and fifth prize, Mr. Donnelly. Class C, first prize was divided between Cameron and Donnelly; second prize, Mr. Smith; third prize, Mr. Henry Sharpe; fourth prize, Mr. Rockfelder; and fifth prize, Mr. Eppig. The referees for the day were F. E. Morgan for the first and second squad and Harry Miller for the third squad. G. Gildersleeve acted as referee for the contest. The men were classified in their proper shooting order by Mr. Harry Thorpe, whose work during the day was very laborious but diligently performed.

CLUB SCORES.—Correspondents who favor us with scores are requested to send them in as soon as possible after the matches described. We go to press Wednesdays; and it is necessary that matter for publication should be in hand by Monday, or Tuesday at the latest.

THE NEW ORLEANS CLAY-PIGEON TOURNAMENT.—Substitute for Match No. 3, first day the following: Match No. 3—Th



THE MOHICAN SETTEE SAIL.

Marino Elastic Felt Gun Wad Match. Conditions: All shells in this match shall be loaded with the merino elastic felt gun wad. One shell of each shooter shall be challenged by a judge, the shooter to be ruled out if the shell is found to contain any other wad; shooters using "wood powder" to be allowed the use of a thin cardboard wad next to the powders. Individual sweepstake, entrance \$5; five single clay-pigeons and two doubles. To the best score, in addition to first money, a gold medal donated by the Merino Elastic Gun Wad Co., of Baltimore, Md.

Thanks to the exertions of Messrs. A. Cardona, Jr., and Capt. A. M. Ancoin, of New Orleans, La., arrangements have been made to secure several thousand live bats for the New Orleans tournament, which will probably be held at the New Orleans Base Ball Park. The former writes: "The sportsmen here have become somewhat enthusiastic over the idea of the shoot, and the general impression is it will be quite a success. I feel sure that when you meet our fraternity here that you will be pleased and satisfied, and I know they will do all that can be done to make this a grand affair."

Canoeing.

CANOISTS are invited to send us notes and full reports of cruises club meets, information about canoeable waters, and other communications of interest.

Secretaries of canoe clubs are requested to send to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with name, membership, signals, etc. of their clubs, and also notices in advance of meetings and races, and reports of the same. Canoeists and all interested in canoeing are requested to forward to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with logs of cruises, maps, and information concerning their local waters, drawings or descriptions of boats and fittings, and all items relating to the sport.

THE MOHICAN SETTEE.

THE members of the Mohican C. C., of Albany, have found the balance lugsail unsuited to their work, river sailing and cruising, and have labored for some time to find something better, the result being the sail now described, devised by Com. Oliver. This sail resembles somewhat the sail of the Alantais, as made and used by Mr. S. E. Stoddard, but it was devised by Com. Oliver without any knowledge of the Stoddard sail, from which, however, the idea of the reefing gear was afterward taken.

In shape the sail is an ordinary balance lug, cut off at the first reef, leaving a short luff, and one batten above the boom. The sail is hoisted by a halliard *d*, which is practically continuous with the downhaul *e*. The halliard is made fast to a brass ring *a* on the mast, thence it leads through a snatch block *c* on the yard, through a block *b* on masthead, thence through a block *m* at deck, and returns through a block *j*, ending in a brass hook. The downhaul *e* is fast to the batten *i*, pins down through rings on the sail to brass ring *n*, lashed to the mast. The two reef lines *f f* are double, one on each side of the sail, running through block on the boom, and uniting in a single line, which is also part of *e*, so that the three lines from batten to boom at middle, fore and after ends really run through *n*, as a single line, the small ring in the bight, into which the halliard hooks, only serving to equalize the pull.

The boom is held to the mast by a brass jaw *g*, above and below which are leather collars, *C C*, which prevent the boom rising or falling, and render a tack unnecessary. A parrel may be used on the batten, or a jaw *h*. The tension on the halliard and reef lines is obtained by the line on block *j*, by which all is hauled taut.

To set the sail the jaws are placed around the mast (*g* being between the collars *C C*), the bight of the halliard, next the ring is slipped into the snatch block *c*, the downhaul and reef lines, *e f*, are passed through ring *n*, and the end of the halliard hooked into the ring. Now the block *j* is drawn aft and its line belayed, putting a tension on the halliard and downhaul. The sail is now ready to hoist. It will be seen that the halliard, with block *m*, always remains on the mast; in stowing the latter the block *j* is cast off, leaving the halliard free. To take in a reef, that part of the halliard to which *e* and *f* are attached is hauled aft, thus slackening away the other part, and at

the same time taking in the reef neatly, with no ends to coil away or belay. It is found to practice that the halliard will slip a little, letting the sail down. To prevent this a little brass cam clutch, *h*, is screwed to the deck, the halliard, *d*, being slipped into it. The roller will jam the cord as it pulls forward, but a pull aft will instantly release it.

THE LOG OF THE GEMINI.

WE started on a cold Tuesday this month for a quiet and lazy week's cruise on the Potomac. "We" are the two twin canoes of the Washington C. C., named the Seneca and the Tonic, and their captains. For this log the names of the canoes will do for those of their skippers, whose names aren't of any real consequence to the narrative, as all the glory of the cruise belongs to the canoes anyhow. The Gemini shone with all the splendor of fresh varnish and new brass fittings as we hoisted sails at the club house, floated soon after daylight Tuesday morning. They were both brand new, and this was their trial trip, but their largest spread of canvas was bent on to take advantage of the northwest wind.

"If we are going to upset at all," said the skipper of the Tonic, "let's upset near home, where there's a sure base of supplies."

As we passed Easy's wharf the sails filled and the little red and white triangular burgees of the club snapped and fluttered from the mainsail peaks in the stiff breeze. Long Brice was overhauled in twenty minutes, and the wind increased to half a gale before Alexandria was reached.

"Hain't we better tie in a reef?" shouted the skipper of the Seneca. "No, no," was the reply from the Tonic, "let's pass Alexandria under full sail at any risk."

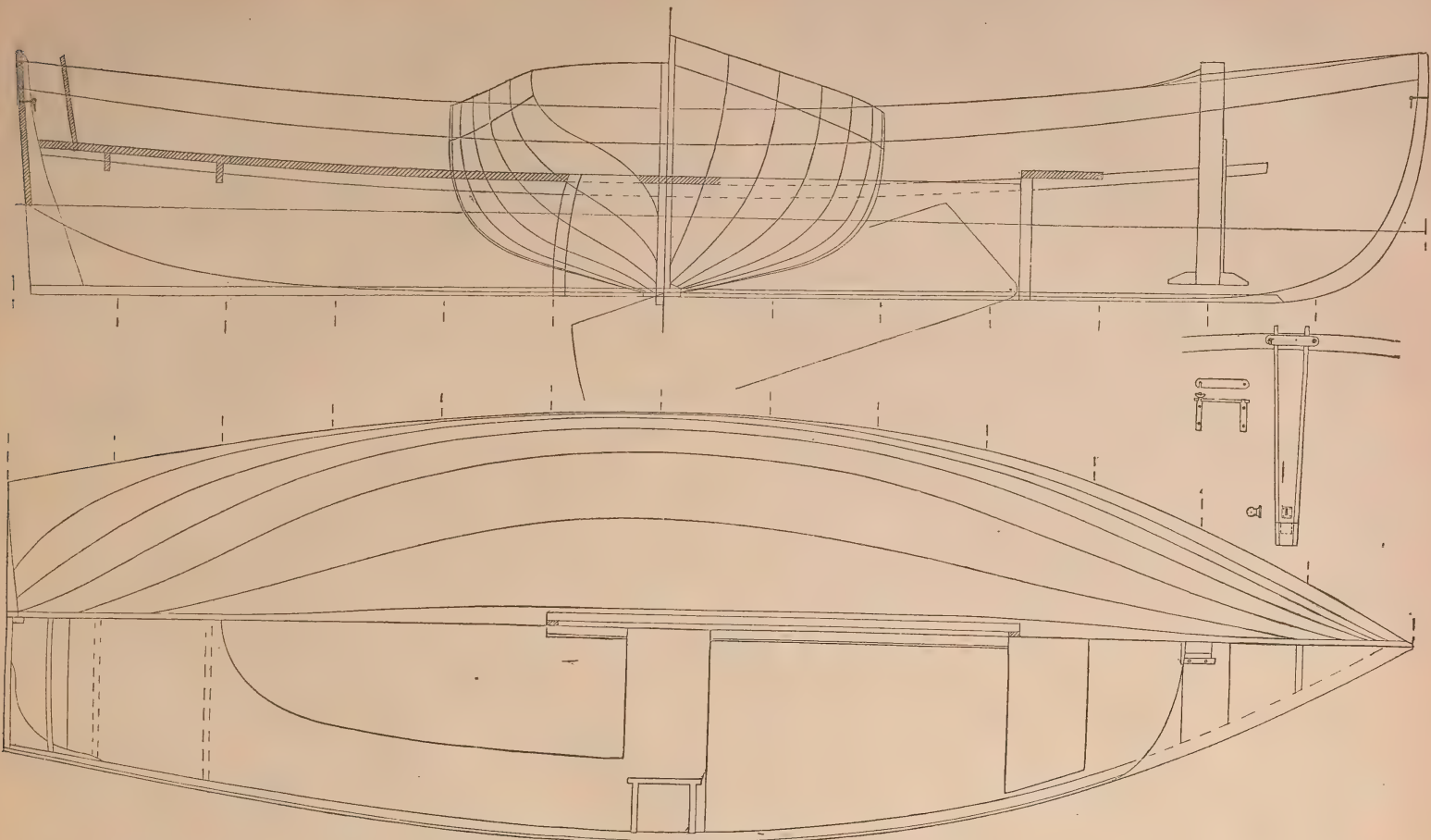
Just here an Alexandria ferryboat and a Norfolk steamer passed in opposite directions, and the rollers from their paddle wheels tossed the Gemini about like cockle shells, requiring the nicest seamanship or canoeismanship of the skippers to keep them on the course and prevent the mainbooms from "jibbing," which would have resulted in a certain upset. The northwester now blew a regular gale, and schoonerers beating up the river were compelled to reef, so as the Gemini reached the pier at Fort Foote, they rounded to, ran up on the gravelly beach, and while one skipper tied the reef lines, the other, with the mainsails, the other lighted a fire of driftwood with a huge tree trunk for a back log, and brewed a cup of coffee. The coffee, with cold boiled sausage, bread and butter and cakes, formed a palatable lunch, and after carefully extinguishing the remaining embers of the fire and washing the tin dishes, the voyage was resumed under reefed mainsails. The Seneca barely escaped an upset at the start, owing to the sheer jamming in a cleat, which probably might have occurred, as she ran into a sheltered cove about a mile below and lowered the mainsail and lashed it to the deck and proceeded under the little dandy sail only, hoisted on the mainmast. The Tonic also donned the same scant rig, but her skipper was careful to explain that it was done so that she would not leave the Seneca behind, and not through inability to carry the larger spread of canvas.

If the northwester blew a gale before, it now deserved the name of a cyclone. The waves ran higher than the mainmasts of the Gemini, and the wind blew the spray from the crest of each wave against the canoeists' backs, soaking them with the cold water. Sometimes the canoes would be carried forward at racing speed on the top of a huge roller, and the next moment would lie in the trough between two monster walls of water towering on either side. To steer was almost impossible, as the rudder with the whole stern would be entirely out of water on occasions. The calm waters of Piscataway Creek looked tempting to the voyagers as they passed, and they determined to seek a quiet haven, ascertain and repair damages to the craft and cargo, and camp for the night.

A rousing fire dried the wet clothing and cooked the dinner of coffee, bacon and sweet potatoes. Nothing of a perishable nature was found dampened by the spray, the eatables and wearables being carried in water-tight compartments or water-proof bags. The afternoon was spent in rigging a smaller set of sails for rough water from extra canvas brought along, and in pitching the tent and preparing the camp for the night. The thickest blankets were needed to keep out the cold, but the voyagers slept sound under the little marquee.

The following log delineates the incidents of the remainder of the cruise: Wednesday—Tonic woke up an hour before daylight and insisted upon rousing the rest of the camp to keep him company. Wind blowing hard from northwest and so cold that two flannel shirts, a vest,

The writer of it is no doubt deemed it extremely improbable that the North Sea vessels and our own fishing schooners would meet as they did at Iceland this year, under conditions to try their relative merits. The vessel was built by the English Government, and was carrying only about two-thirds as much canvas as the Gloucester vessels, cannot, of course, be expected to be so fast as the latter are in light winds. But I was told by Captain Pendleton, of the schooner *Alice M. Williams*, that he had never before sailed around the world, and that it was entirely unnecessary for him to hoist to under a double reefed foresail. Soon after he went to be he was passed by an English smack, going along comfortably under a single reefed mainsail and a whole stayforesail and making an estimated mile speed of eight knots. He knew that "the other fellow's crew were on deck without any oil clothes on," Com-



BOAT FOR ROWING AND SAILING.

ment is unnecessary. On one hand we have one of the finest vessels of our fishing fleet lying to and drifting, while the other is just putting in her best work and demonstrating what she might do if occasion called for a greater exhibition of her power.

It is fortunate, however, that through the intelligent action of a few individuals, who have been willing to accept the logic of events, we are now in a fair way to have the gem of a fleet of deeper vessels in New England, and the settlement of the merits of this question need no longer depend on occasional or uncertain meetings of our fishing schooners with the English smacks. The success that attended the advent of the *Roulette* in the mackerel fleet, and the splendid reputation she acquired, led Capt. Sylvester Whalen, of Boston, to have a schooner built on an improved model. This vessel has recently been launched, and is named the *Julia A. Whalen*. She was also designed by Mr. Lawlor, though built in Essex, and differs from the *Roulette* in being not quite so wide, slightly deeper, and also in having nearly straight instead of curved water lines at the bow, and somewhat less hollow to the floor. The *Whalen* is 1 ft. wider at the fore rigging, 1 ft. wider aft, and 3 in. deeper on the bilge than the other. The following are her principal dimensions: Length over all, 93 ft.; on load water line, 82 ft.; beam, 23 ft.; depth of hold, 10 ft. 6 in. For a heavy weather vessel one would naturally expect the *Whalen* to give the best results, and the marked interest that was shown in her performance will be watched by our fishermen.

But, although Lawlor's name, as a designer and builder, for the past thirty years or more, has been associated with most advanced ideas for fishing vessels, pilot boats and yachts, we nevertheless believe that he has recently made great strides in the perfection of his art—for art it deserves to be called. The pilot boat *Hesper*, designed by Lawlor, and recently launched at Chelsea, is unquestionably one of the finest specimens of naval architecture in the United States, and it may fairly be doubted if the qualities of speed, handiness and safety are so well united in any other small vessel on the Atlantic coast. She is 104 ft. long over all, 91 ft. 6 in. on water line, 22 ft. beam, is 12 ft. deep in the hold, and will draw 13 ft. 6 in. of water aft. Her relative proportions are practically the same as those of the *Brixham* (England) fishing cutters, which she closely resembles in her underwater section. While it might not, perhaps, be wise to advocate so deep a vessel as the *Hesper* for our fishing purposes, it may, nevertheless, be rather interesting for some of our able schooners to “hook on” to her for a race, if they catch her out in Massachusetts Bay in a gale, and they will then be able to settle pretty definitely the merits of the two classes of vessels—at least to their own satisfaction, since this matter is the majority of yachtsmen. While feeling assured that we are just entering on an era of deeper vessels, and that safety and comfort to our fishermen, it seems a matter of regret that Gloucester should not take the lead in this as in other matters where the welfare of the fisheries are involved. Let us hope, however, that in the future, science and skill may lead in the construction of our fishing vessels, and that the old “rule-of-thumb” method may be abandoned.

J. W. COLLINS.

A BOAT FOR ROWING AND SAILING.

THERE are many localities where a boat can only be kept afloat at considerable expense; she must be baled out after rain, the sails kept dry, and many small matters attended to, besides which there is always a possibility of her going adrift or being damaged in some way in storms; so that it is often desirable in every way to have a boat light enough to be easily housed. The boat shown in the drawings was designed for sailing in a small bay, where it frequently happens that after sailing some distance the wind falls and it is necessary to row home, and it was desired to keep her in a boathouse in order that she might be always dry and ready for use when required.

Her length over all is 13 ft. 6 in., beam 4 ft., draft when loaded 10 in., freeboard 1 ft., at bow 1 ft. 8 in., at stern 1 ft. 4 in. Owing to her depth, the centerboard, which is rather long, is entirely under the two thwart, and as much out of the way as it can well be. It is of oak bolted through with $\frac{1}{4}$ -inch iron, and is fitted with a lifting rod of $\frac{3}{4}$ -inch brass, with a handle at the top. This rod is so hinged as to turn down on top of the trunk when the board is up, being held by a button. The mast is stepped in a tabernacle so as to be easily removed for rowing. This tabernacle is made of two pieces of oak $3 \times \frac{1}{2}$ in. at deck, above which they project 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. At the bottom they are secured to an oak mast step, in which is a mortise for the heel of the mast, and at deck they are let into a piece of board 5 in. wide, screwed firmly to each gunwale. From the mast to the bow a deck of $\frac{1}{4}$ in. mahogany is laid, which, with its framing holds the tabernacle firmly, and prevents any straining of the boat. The forward side of the tabernacle is closed from the step up to within 8 in. of the deck, so that the mast will not slip forward when being stepped. The heel is slipped into the tabernacle, the mast raised up, falling into the step, and a brass catch, pivoted at one end, is thrown across the after side at deck and fastened with a turn of the thumb nut shown. The sail is a balance up, fitted with one battens. Foot, 13 ft.; head, 9 ft. 6 in.; luff, 8 ft.; leach, 14 ft. 6 in.; tack to peak, 15 ft.; clew to throat, 13 ft. 3 in.; battens above boom—2 ft. 9 in. on luff, 3 ft. on leach; mast at deck, 5 in.; at head, 13 in.; mast, heel to truck, 18 ft. 8 in.

The mast is square in the tabernacle, above which it is round. The head of the sail is cut with a round of 9 in., the yard being bent to fit

it. The sail is hoisted by a haliard running through a strap on the yard just aft the mast, and hooking into a similar strap forward of the mast. Below it is led through a brass snatch block on the heel of the mast, and aft to a cleat on the trunk, within reach of the helmsman. The tack is spliced to the boom just forward of mast, leads through a bulseye lashed to boom abaft the mast, and down to a cleat on the after side of the mast. The sail may be easily taken from the mast and stowed, for rowing, which cannot be done with a boom and gaff sail. The stem, stern and keel are of white oak, the former two sided 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ in., the latter sided 4 in. outside and moulded 1 in. The planking is of white cedar, lapstreak, 5-16 in. thick, the upper streak being of $\frac{3}{4}$ in. mahogany. The ribs are $\frac{5}{8} \times \frac{3}{4}$ in., spaced 9 in., being jogged down to the plank and copper riveted, the throats are of $\frac{3}{4}$ in. mahogany; rudder 15 in. wide, of 1 in. mahogany, fitted with tiller and yoke. The gunwales, of oak, are 1 \times 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. at midships and 1 \times 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. at ends. The sides of the trunk, which is covered on top, are of dry white pine, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. at bottom and $\frac{3}{4}$ in. at top. They are set flat on the keel, a strip of canton flannel well painted being laid between, and fastened with $\frac{3}{4}$ in. brass screws from outside of keel. The ballast is of gravel, in 50-pound canvas bags.

Half Breadths.		Depths.		STATIONS.	
No. 1 W.L.	No. 2 W.L.	At Deck.	Load Water Line.		
19 1/2	17 1/2	19 1/2	17 1/2	0	1
19 1/2	17 1/2	19 1/2	17 1/2	1	2
19 1/2	17 1/2	19 1/2	17 1/2	2	3
19 1/2	17 1/2	19 1/2	17 1/2	3	4
19 1/2	17 1/2	19 1/2	17 1/2	4	5
19 1/2	17 1/2	19 1/2	17 1/2	5	6
19 1/2	17 1/2	19 1/2	17 1/2	6	7
19 1/2	17 1/2	19 1/2	17 1/2	7	8
19 1/2	17 1/2	19 1/2	17 1/2	8	9
19 1/2	17 1/2	19 1/2	17 1/2	9	10
19 1/2	17 1/2	19 1/2	17 1/2	10	11
19 1/2	17 1/2	19 1/2	17 1/2	11	12
19 1/2	17 1/2	19 1/2	17 1/2	12	13
19 1/2	17 1/2	19 1/2	17 1/2	13	14
19 1/2	17 1/2	19 1/2	17 1/2	14	15
19 1/2	17 1/2	19 1/2	17 1/2	15	16
19 1/2	17 1/2	19 1/2	17 1/2	16	17
19 1/2	17 1/2	19 1/2	17 1/2	17	18
19 1/2	17 1/2	19 1/2	17 1/2	18	19
19 1/2	17 1/2	19 1/2	17 1/2	19	20
19 1/2	17 1/2	19 1/2	17 1/2	20	21
19 1/2	17 1/2	19 1/2	17 1/2	21	22
19 1/2	17 1/2	19 1/2	17 1/2	22	23
19 1/2	17 1/2	19 1/2	17 1/2	23	24
19 1/2	17 1/2	19 1/2	17 1/2	24	25
19 1/2	17 1/2	19 1/2	17 1/2	25	26
19 1/2	17 1/2	19 1/2	17 1/2	26	27
19 1/2	17 1/2	19 1/2	17 1/2	27	28
19 1/2	17 1/2	19 1/2	17 1/2	28	29
19 1/2	17 1/2	19 1/2	17 1/2	29	30
19 1/2	17 1/2	19 1/2	17 1/2	30	31
19 1/2	17 1/2	19 1/2	17 1/2	31	32
19 1/2	17 1/2	19 1/2	17 1/2	32	33
19 1/2	17 1/2	19 1/2	17 1/2	33	34
19 1/2	17 1/2	19 1/2	17 1/2	34	35
19 1/2	17 1/2	19 1/2	17 1/2	35	36
19 1/2	17 1/2	19 1/2	17 1/2	36	37
19 1/2	17 1/2	19 1/2	17 1/2	37	38
19 1/2	17 1/2	19 1/2	17 1/2	38	39
19 1/2	17 1/2	19 1/2	17 1/2	39	40
19 1/2	17 1/2	19 1/2	17 1/2	40	41
19 1/2	17 1/2	19 1/2	17 1/2	41	42
19 1/2	17 1/2	19 1/2	17 1/2	42	43
19 1/2	17 1/2	19 1/2	17 1/2	43	44
19 1/2	17 1/2	19 1/2	17 1/2	44	45
19 1/2	17 1/2	19 1/2	17 1/2	45	46
19 1/2	17 1/2	19 1/2	17 1/2	46	47
19 1/2	17 1/2	19 1/2	17 1/2	47	48
19 1/2	17 1/2	19 1/2	17 1/2	48	49
19 1/2	17 1/2	19 1/2	17 1/2	49	50
19 1/2	17 1/2	19 1/2	17 1/2	50	51
19 1/2	17 1/2	19 1/2	17 1/2	51	52
19 1/2	17 1/2	19 1/2	17 1/2	52	53
19 1/2	17 1/2	19 1/2	17 1/2	53	54
19 1/2	17 1/2	19 1/2	17 1/2	54	55
19 1/2	17 1/2	19 1/2	17 1/2	55	56
19 1/2	17 1/2	19 1/2	17 1/2	56	57
19 1/2	17 1/2	19 1/2	17 1/2	57	58
19 1/2	17 1/2	19 1/2	17 1/2	58	59
19 1/2	17 1/2	19 1/2	17 1/2	59	60
19 1/2	17 1/2	19 1/2	17 1/2	60	61
19 1/2	17 1/2	19 1/2	17 1/2	61	62
19 1/2	17 1/2	19 1/2	17 1/2	62	63
19 1/2	17 1/2	19 1/2	17 1/2	63	64
19 1/2	17 1/2	19 1/2	17 1/2	64	65
19 1/2	17 1/2	19 1/2	17 1/2	65	66
19 1/2	17 1/2	19 1/2	17 1/2	66	67
19 1/2	17 1/2	19 1/2	17 1/2	67	68
19 1/2	17 1/2	19 1/2	17 1/2	68	69
19 1/2	17 1/2	19 1/2	17 1/2	69	70
19 1/2	17 1/2	19 1/2	17 1/2	70	71
19 1/2	17 1/2	19 1/2	17 1/2	71	72
19 1/2	17 1/2	19 1/2	17 1/2	72	73
19 1/2	17 1/2	19 1/2	17 1/2	73	74
19 1/2	17 1/2	19 1/2	17 1/2	74	75
19 1/2	17 1/2	19 1/2	17 1/2	75	76
19 1/2	17 1/2	19 1/2	17 1/2	76	77
19 1/2	17 1/2	19 1/2	17 1/2	77	78
19 1/2	17 1/2	19 1/2	17 1/2	78	79
19 1/2	17 1/2	19 1/2	17 1/2	79	80
19 1/2	17 1/2	19 1/2	17 1/2	80	81
19 1/2	17 1/2	19 1/2	17 1/2	81	82
19 1/2	17 1/2	19 1/2	17 1/2	82	83
19 1/2	17 1/2	19 1/2	17 1/2	83	84
19 1/2	17 1/2	19 1/2	17 1/2	84	85
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19 1/2	17 1/2	19 1/2	17 1/2	88	89
19 1/2	17 1/2	19 1/2	17 1/2	89	90
19 1/2	17 1/2	19 1/2	17 1/2	90	91
19 1/2	17 1/2	19 1/2	17 1/2	91	92
19 1/2	17 1/2	19 1/2	17 1/2	92	93
19 1/2	17 1/2	19 1/2	17 1/2	93	94
19 1/2	17 1/2	19 1/2	17 1/2	94	95
19 1/2	17 1/2	19 1/2	17 1/2	95	96
19 1/2	17 1/2	19 1/2	17 1/2	96	97
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OIL ON TROUBLED WATERS.

THE district inspectors of lifeboats, by direction of the governing body of the Royal National Lifeboat Institution, have been carrying out a series of experiments to test the use of oil in calming troubled waters. On Sept. 30, Capt. Henry W. Chetwynd, R.N., chief inspector of lifeboats, issued a report on the subject, which has since been made public. The primary object of the experiments was, of course, to enable the governing body to form an opinion as to whether oil could, with advantage, be carried on board lifeboats. On this account the oil was used almost entirely near the shore, the result not being altogether satisfactory; for among breakers, such as would be dangerous to a lifeboat, it had little or no effect. In a moderate sea the “break” was almost entirely prevented, leaving only the undulations or roll of a harmless swell; but “on more than one occasion, in a moderate surf which the oil was entirely ‘killing,’ if a larger breaker than the surrounding ones rose, the oil was powerless to check it, and the sea broke through it, covering boat, gear, etc., with oil.” It seemed also to fall in a very marked and curious way on breakers caused by a very heavy ground swell, and not by wind, on the coast of Cornwall. It is obvious that, to be of any service to a vessel, the oil must be so placed as to intercept the seas which are coming toward her. Thus it can only be used, so far as we know at present, when the vessel is either lying to, at anchor, or running dead before the sea. Capt. Chetwynd, believing that lifeboats are but rarely thus circumstanced, and taking into account the failure of the oil in dangerous near-shore breakers, is of the opinion that “no practical advantage can arise from the use of oil in the boats of the institution,” and does not therefore recommend it being supplied to them.

But the report does not stop here. Capt. Chetwynd has felt it his duty to consider the question in its relation to vessels other than lifeboats, and with regard to these, his remarks are more satisfactory. “With respect to its use as a protection to ordinary open boats in (to them) dangerous surf or breakers, the experiments appear to demonstrate most clearly that, although it cannot be considered a ‘specific’ certain to insure immunity from danger in all cases, yet that in many cases it would prove a very material protection, and go far to insure the boats passing safely through what would otherwise prove very dangerous, and possibly fatal seas; and on that account alone, its adoption cannot be too strongly urged for boats having, or likely to have, to encounter these dangers.” After this very strong statement in favor of oil, some yacht owners may carry it as a part of their safety gear. Hardly any class of seafarers—snack owners, perhaps, excepted—would benefit more by its use, and many a dangerous journey in a little dinghy through the breakers would be rendered comparatively safe by merely having a small perforated bag of oil hung over the bows.

No experiments with the oil was carried out by the inspectors at sea, but Capt. Chetwynd appears to have collected much valuable and reliable information from persons who have so used it. The reports show that its effects is most marked and beneficial, and at the same time, less capricious than in surf or breakers. “In every case (to use Capt. Chetwynd’s words) its effect has been so remarkable, it seems incredible its use is not general and an everyday occurrence, more particularly in small vessels, where it could not but add to their comfort as well as safety.” The means of applying it should be as much a part of the equipment of every ship’s boat as oars or a rudder. This part of the report strongly points to the value of oil to yachts—especially small ones. In lowering boats in a heavy sea, it would be simply invaluable.

The method of applying the oil is very simple. Various ingenious contrivances have been invented for the purpose, but none seem better than a canvas bag perforated with holes, to allow the oil to escape. A very small quantity has been found sufficient, as the thin oily film quickly spreads over a large surface of water. If a vessel is running dead before the sea a couple of oil bags should be hung, one over each bow, which would give the oil time to spread before reaching far astern. When a vessel is hove-to or one more bags can be hung over the weather side, or, better still, be put overboard to windward, attached to light lines. Not drifting so fast as the ship, they will be left to windward, and intercept the waves which come leaping toward her. One of those two methods should be followed when boats are lowered in a heavy sea. An open boat unable to run before the sea will always endeavor to put out some form of sea anchor, to this a bag of oil should be attached. If no sea anchor should be available, the boat’s mast or a sail loosed would be found very effective, and to this the bag of oil should be fastened. When a vessel or boat is at anchor the oil bag should be attached by a light line to the anchor, as a buoy.

Capt. Chetwynd, in addition to the foregoing valuable advice, suggests that two oil bags, holding about a gallon of oil each, with a sufficient quantity of line, might be kept full and packed in a small cylinder—similar to a paint or preserved meat tin—and would form neither an expensive nor cumbersome article of equipment in a boat. It should be noticed that, though a vessel sailing with the wind on her beam cannot use the oil, yet, should the weather become very dirty, she can be hove-to, and an oil bag or two put out to windward. Another plan in a severe gale would be to put out a sea anchor with oil bag attached. With regard to the kind of oil to be used, one seems as good as another. Colza, linseed, fish or seal oil, and even paraffin, were all tried with equally good results. Should no canvas bag be at hand, the oil may be poured slowly into the water,

aim so true, that they brought it to the ground with a broken shoulder. Another charge of shot entered the deer's vitals, and the boys carried home the prize. Three sportsmen from New Jersey spent three days in the Mast Hope Woods, in Pike county, last week. They report the killing of two deer and two hundred and fifty pheasants. Mat. McDonnell, a local hunter of wide reputation, shot two large bucks in the Blooming Grove Woods last Monday. Innis Smith killed a buck, a doe and a big she-bear in Green township region last week. The killing of several deer and a number of bear is reported from the vicinity of Porter's Lake, in Pike county. Melancthon Brown, of Fremont, Sullivan county, went out coon hunting a few nights ago. His dogs barked one up a tree. Brown climbed the tree to capture it. When he crawled out on a branch where the animal was crouching, it arose and came forward to meet him. He then discovered that it was a wildcat of very large size. Brown made haste down the tree and the wildcat followed him. At the bottom of the tree the dog seized the animal. The wildcat tore the dog to pieces and escaped to the woods before Brown could get a shot at it. Hunters have been seeking that cat ever since.

The only men who have real cause to complain of laws affecting fish and game are men who have fallen out with hard work and taken to the rod and gun for an avocation instead of a pastime. There are a dozen or so of these rascals who catch brook trout in March and shoot pheasants on the ground before they are able to fly, in order that they may have an easy living without work. But the men who love sport for sport's sake must realize that upon severe measures depends the perpetuation of our fine field sports, and the farmers must also be aware of the fact that a wholesome dread of prosecution is what alone deters these pot-hunters and pan-fishers from trampling down growing crops in the early spring and un-

harvested grain in July. Oregon has great cause to be proud of her fine game birds, especially her spruce and willow grouse, which are almost unknown in California; and she has equal cause to be proud of the just and equitable legislation that tends toward their preservation in future years. Now suppose there were no such laws in force, what would be the consequence? Simply this, that the poachers would kill off all the young birds in July and August; and by the time the farmer got his crops to market and was able to take a day's leisure in his own fields, there would be nothing for him to shoot.—Portland Sunday Oregonian.

"Yes, sir," said a recently returned pilgrim from Nepigon, "I was never more weighed down by a sense of the grandness, the solitude and sublimity of nature than when at Nepigon. That is the land of lingering twilight and the rainbow-hued trout, of the silver salmon and weird wildness of nature. The first and overpowering idea as one enters the lake from the south is one of considerable dreariness, and as the rocky islands close in behind one, of almost enforced isolation from the world. The leaden, desolate aspect of the towering rock-ribbed cliffs where nature seems to have played her most fantastic tricks, the islands of porphyry and conglomerate, surmounted here and there with a sentinel pine or two, and perhaps a solitary gull flying across its lonely glassy surface seem the very abomination of desolation. But when one paddles up the lake in his little birch bark canoe and comes in sight of the tumble-down, weatherbeaten and deserted shanties of the English Indian Mission, where Renison, the missionary, has converted a handful of half-breeds, the sense of desolation grows still greater. "I find Nepigon Bay, river and lake the paradise of the fisherman, but I tell you this, if you want fishing there you must get it within the next four years. The day of mammoth brook trout is going fast, and with what fishermen with permits catch, and Indians net against the

law, they won't last long. I saw at this mission a man feeding his dogs with fresh salmon! Actually!" and he started off with a sorrowing remembrance in his "good-bye."—Duluth News.

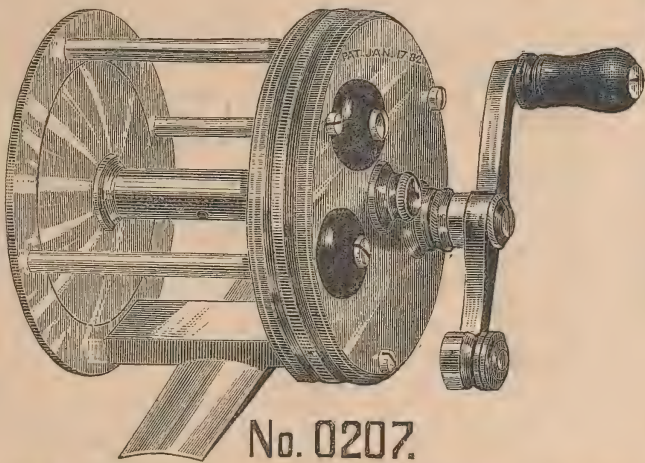
Four gentlemen from Toronto at present spending a few days in Port Arthur, on Tuesday thought to make a trip down the bay to one of the famous trout streams for a day's sport, and with that object in view sought the captain of one of the tugs on the evening of the day in question and made a verbal contract with him to take them to the objective point for the sum of \$20. The hour arranged for starting was half past eight o'clock yesterday morning, but the tug was not in readiness for more than an hour later. When the fishermen had their hamper and all other necessary articles for the trip on board, and visions of four-pound trout hovering around them the captain of the tug came to them and made known the fact that he had been offered \$28 to fetch a tow into harbor, and that unless the party gave him the same amount he would not take them down the bay. To this the Toronto gentlemen very properly objected, and finding the tugman obdurate, they removed their luggage and sought other fishing grounds. Seeing that the captain of the tug unconditionally agreed to take the party to the point desired for a certain sum, it is to be regretted that his greedy nature prevented him from carrying out his contract, the more especially as the gentlemen, who occupy prominent positions in the city of Toronto, stayed over here purposely to visit the famous fishing stream referred to. We have no desire to secure an outside reputation such as the hackmen have made for Niagara, and it is to be hoped that all who are treated in the same way will resent the imposition.—Thunder Bay Sentinel.

"Training vs. Breaking," by S. T. Hammond, kennel editor of this journal, is creating a revolution in the practice of dog training in this country.—Adv.

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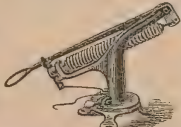
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VOL. XXIII.—No. 17.
Nos. 39 & 40 PARK ROW, NEW YORK.

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FEES FOR CARRYING DOGS.

A NUMBER of complaints have reached us recently from individuals who have been overcharged by the baggage-masters in whose care they were obliged to leave their dogs when travelling on the cars.

This is a matter about which there should be no more question than about the fare of a passenger, and the baggage-master should have no discretion whatever in the matter of fixing the fee. It is perfectly right and proper that, under the present railroad system in America, a charge should be made for transporting dogs. These animals are often in the way in a baggage car, and frequently cause the baggage-master no little trouble. Moreover, there is a good deal of responsibility attaching to their care; they must be moved from place to place, and must be watched that they may not be injured by heavy pieces of baggage falling on them. All this care and trouble should be paid for, and there are few men who would be unwilling to pay a fair price for the trouble which they make the train hands. But when the fee demanded for this service is disproportionately large, or is demanded in a rough and bullying way, it is natural that the owner of the dog should feel aggrieved.

The fee for transporting a dog should be fixed by the managers of the road, and it should be unnecessary to ask the baggage-master how much it is. This fee should bear a relation to the distance the animal is to be carried, just as the price of a ticket is graded by the number of miles between the stations from and to which the passenger is traveling. Many railroads have such a schedule for dog fares, and all should have it, as well for the protection of the traveling public as their own. For a railroad company does not wish to be held responsible for the demands, sometimes extortionate, of its employees. We have no doubt that if this matter

is brought to the notice of the proper officers of the Delaware & Hudson Canal Company, it will be remedied.

We would suggest, moreover, to those who travel with dogs that the surliness so often complained of in baggage-masters may very likely be due, in part, to the carelessness of the very men who make these complaints. Railroad men are, as a rule, rather jovial and good-natured than sour and ill-conditioned; but they are hard-worked and usually busy, and do not always have the time for those courtesies of life which so help to lessen the friction of every-day intercourse between man and man. Probably the average baggage-master does not enjoy seeing a dog brought into his car. A few pleasant, cheery words will, however, often smooth away this feeling of dissatisfaction, and if he has time to chat with the dog-owner, each will often find the other a very good fellow.

We are all of us too much accustomed to think that we ourselves and our own affairs are the only important things in this world, and are apt to give very little thought to the feelings of others. As a matter of fact, however, a little thought and consideration for those with whom we are brought in contact will yield us a good return.

A QUESTION OF INSTINCT.

THAT a young terrier who has never before seen a rat will shake one on the first opportunity, or that a young pointer or setter will often stand at fowls in the yard is so well known as to excite no surprise. It is simply the result of inherited instinct coming through many generations which have been trained to hunt certain other forms of animal life, and has become part of the nature of the animals so trained. In the case of dogs this is attributed mainly to their superior intelligence, and we are surprised when we find analogous instances in what we usually term the lower animals. Perhaps we might readily accept such a development in birds, but as we rank the reptiles next below them in intelligence, and the fishes still further down, it is with surprise that we learn that a fish may carry with it the instincts peculiar to its progenitors inhabiting a certain stream only, even when it was removed from that stream while yet in the egg.

It is well known that the shad of the Connecticut River take both the fly and the bait, while on no other river in America has there been more than an occasional, and perhaps an accidental, capture of a shad with hook and line. The fact that the shad of the Connecticut River do this is well proven, and we have seen hundreds of them taken with the fly below the bridge at Holyoke. Anglers on other shad rivers have tried to capture shad in this way and have failed, and become skeptical about it, and our columns have contained many articles on this subject in past years.

Now comes Dr. Cary, Superintendent of Fisheries of Georgia, who says that no shad had ever been taken with the hook on Southern rivers until this year, and that three years ago he planted a large lot of fry from the Connecticut in a Georgia river, and that the progeny show the instincts of their ancestors by taking both fly and bait. The statement of Dr. Cary will be found in another column, and we can only say that we know him personally, and he is a careful and reliable man. The extract from his report will furnish a chapter for some future Darwin, and is a most singular case.

AN IMPORTANT CONSIDERATION.—It is quite common to smile at the whim of the old settler who wanted to move on because some one else had come to settle within a dozen miles of him, and so would drive all the game out of the country; and the notion that any one to-day should be governed in his choice of a new home by the scarcity or abundance of the game and fish to be found in the country may appear preposterous. Nevertheless it is quite true that this very consideration is often taken into account; and if it does not actually determine the choice of location, it is at least reckoned among the advantages to be gained, or the disadvantages to be endured. Three instances of this have just come to our notice; one of a gentleman who has gone to Mexico, and will make his home somewhere in that country, provided the game is plenty enough; another of a city man who has taken an Arkansas homestead in a country, chief among the advantages of which he reckons the game and fish, and a third of a Kentucky physician, who wants to be congratulated because his new home will be in the best quail region of the blue grass country. Such cases as these should not be confounded with those of the folks who are constantly writing to the FOREST AND STREAM to know where they can find a country in which they can make their living by shooting for the market.

"HUNTING" AND "SHOOTING."—The columns of the FOREST AND STREAM are broad, and it is quite proper that all persons who have opinions to express should be afforded the opportunity. Some may regard as a captious critic the correspondent who, in another column, takes exception to the word "hunting" as used in this country to signify the pursuit of game. His opinion, we take it, is founded on a misapprehension of the origin of the term, and of the way in which it has come to be so used. It is not derived from nor a corruption of the English term "hunting," meaning the pursuit of foxes with horses and hounds, but it is the good old word "hunting," used by the American pioneers. They were not "huntsmen," and did not ride to hounds in the hunting field for sport. They were "hunters" who pursued game for food, and the savage beast, that they might rid the land of it. They never talked about going out "shooting," they went hunting. Nowadays, when we make our fathers' work our recreation, it is perfectly proper that we should preserve the good old term, and talk of "going hunting." The expression has a creditable and honorable record; and it is much more fitting to maintain it, and to continue to use it, than to attempt to supplant it by other terms, even those which may be more acceptable to our fastidious cousins across the water. As a matter of fact, it is quite common, in this country, to speak of the pursuit of birds as "shooting," and of the pursuit of large game as "hunting," but this distinction is not universally recognized. After all, so long as the game is bagged, it matters little whether the gunner calls his sport "shooting" or "hunting," and the choice of terms is of still less consequence to the unfortunate individual who "hunts" all day for the birds and "shoots" only the fence rail, as he homeward plods his weary way.

REMARKABLE SHOTS.—Some of our correspondents are telling of their remarkable shots, where chance has come in to supplement their skill. The theme is an interesting one. Curious things of this sort have happened to almost every person who has had much experience with shooting game. We know of one man who has a tremendous reputation as a crack shot, and he won his fame wholly by a succession of three purely chance shots, one at a quail, which he did not see, one at a deer at which he did not knowingly aim, and a third at a target, which he hit in the bullseye and did not venture to shoot at again. As one writer suggests the whole merit in the relations of luck or unlucky shots lies in the truthfulness of the narrator. No one wants to read the invented stories of such occurrences. It is a very poor sort of wit that can manufacture silly stories about alleged wonderful shots that were actually never made. There are enough true accounts to be given, if only those who have had a wide experience in the field could be induced to relate some of the queer happenings.

WESTERN BIG GAME.—The testimony of a writer, in our Game Bag and Gun column, to the diminution of Western large game during even so brief a period as one year, is of a piece with the testimony of every other intelligent observer who has opportunity to see with what rapidity the wild life of the plains and mountains is disappearing. The suggestion that the does of elk and antelope should be specially protected by a law forbidding their killing, is a capital one; but it is to be feared that, as with the other laws already enacted, its enforcement would prove difficult.

ANOTHER TIMELY HINT.—The Thanksgiving proclamations have been issued. It is time to set about the circumvention of that big wild turkey gobbler whose wish-bone you have registered a solemn vow to pull one week from to-day. To delay is dangerous, for it is just barely possible that some one else has his campaign planned against the same bird.

THE KEELY GUN.—We regret to observe that matter of fact, practical and prosaic engineers are manifesting a desire to look too closely into the new Keely gun, and are going even so far as to insist that the wonderful etheric vapor may be after all a delusion and a snare—nothing more nor less than compressed air.

OUR READERS will confer a favor by sending us the names of such of their friends as are not now among the subscribers of the FOREST AND STREAM, but who would presumably be interested in the paper.

"NESSMUK" will paddle his canoe in Florida waters this winter.

The Sportsman Tourist.

IN EL MAHDI'S LAND.

SPORT AMONG THE PALM GROVES OF KOROSKO.

IN the effusions of the telegram fiend, who trumps of war's alarms, and tells us by a contradictory method peculiarly his own, of the slow movements of the British expedition for the relief of General Gordon, frequent mention is made of the Nubian town of Korosko, which lies at the northern elbow of the great Atmoor bend of the Nile, half way between the first and second cataracts. But as it is not the cowl that makes the monk, so Korosko, in its proudest moments, cannot claim in its own right the fame so newly thrust upon it, nor justify its inhabitants to imagine a vain thing. When it wakes from its sleepy baskings in its desert gorge, gratified as well as astonished must it be to find that distant events, and the unbidden hand of external politics, have chosen to write its name in capitals on the map of Egypt. "A poor thing, but mine own," as Touchstone said of Audrey. Korosko is essentially a Nubian town. In aspect it is two fold, being divided into two clumps or batches of mud huts, situated in a wide arena of dust and sand, some four or five miles in diameter, and flanked on the southern side by a maze of hills which shut out from the river and its green prosperity the Atmoor Desert. This outer waste extends in barren crag and plain away to the Red Sea coast and Abyssinia, and through it wind those caravan roads which link the trade of Central Africa with Egypt.

The traffic thus brought to Korosko appears its only *raison d'être*. The entire place seems indeed created by the caravans that are constantly coming or going, and its grimy hovels and inhabited dust heaps owe what animation they have to the many caravan drivers, whose tents are pitched among the bales of gum, skins, ivory and merchandise which their ragged-looking camels have brought across the desert from the Soudan. These tents are the queerest-looking tenements imaginable, and are of all sizes, colors and shapes, according to the materials possessed by the builders thereof. The generality are formed of palm matting and hides, supported by poles, arranged after the Bedaween fashion, and with one side partially or entirely left open to give ingress to persons and light. The main idea of the tent-makers appears to be elongation, for, although few are over five feet in height, many reach to fifteen feet and more in length. The materials of their construction are oddly varied, consisting oft-times of the most unlooked-for things. I remember an instance where the occupier of a more than usually rambling domicile had somehow become possessed of a set of iron railings, of the sort that appear round the small gardens of city suburbs. These he had carefully worked into the erection of his temporary abode, like some magpie with a treasure trove, placing them with evident pride in the most conspicuous positions; and such iron-mongery must have had strange adventures before it was used to ornament the matting and the skin-decked home of a caravan merchant. But these tents contrast happily with the mud and palm log huts among which they are scattered, and lend a wild picturesqueness to the Nubian town, lying baking in its natural oven of dust and sand, in the midst of an amphitheater of naked, glowing hills, and fronted by the palm groves and fields of the river.

One April morning, sometime before El Mahdi had quitted his fakir's cave to become a Soudanese leader, I left my moorings by Korosko's bank, and hoisting the cumbersome sails of my dahabeeah, started southward, amid a wail of "backsheesh" from the collected crowd of natives and the workers of a sakir whose drowsy creaking had sung a melancholy lullaby throughout the dreamy night. Beyond the town the stream takes so many devious twists and turns that an ascending dahabeeah has as much labor to get up them as an ant would have in climbing a corkscrew, and most grievous and sore were our labors to reach a locality where the god Nilus retakes on himself a behavior more staid and befitting his dignity. As I had, however, no wish to submit to the ennui that comes of watching a dahabeeah slowly working up against the current under the inducements of tracking, warping, punting and all the ills that these primitive crafts are heirs to, I resolved to take a ramble ashore and see what game could be found in the thick palm groves which border these tortuous but beautiful reaches of the Nile. Taking with me my favorite sailor, a Syrian, named Rachidi, whose giant stature had earned for him among his comrades the soubriquet of "the buffalo," I landed on the eastern bank and commenced my wanderings in these groves which, thicker and denser than any in Egypt or Northern Nubia, extend in an unbroken line of foliage from Korosko to beyond the town of Derr. Marshalled in grove after grove, with breaks so rare that the entering sunlight served only to make the green shadows more intense, a lovely sight was this deep and seemingly endless forest of palms, skirting the eastern shore in welcome contrast to the monotonous sandhills of the opposite Lybian desert. Along the river's edge played incessantly the many sakirs, the sound of whose ungreased and moaning wheels gladden the Nubian's heart as they turn from the revolving pitchers a constant stream of water into the channels of the small and precious fields. The plaintive expostulations of these sakirs were the only disturbing sounds of the shadow-land roofed by the feathered leaves of countless palms and peopled by a bewildering maze of fitful lights and shades which danced among the bending stems. In some places the trees were so thickly planted that to find a straight path among their tangled glades was impossible, and whenever the foot broke some twig or disturbed some stone, the palm doves perched in the spreading leaves above would flutter off at the sound with sudden rustle, like spirits of the dim past whose rest had been broken in the gloom of their leaf-arched home. These birds are very plentiful in all the palm groves of Egypt, and to the sportsman weary of quail or river shooting, or he who cherishes his gun's company when on a ramble, afford excellent marks in their quick flight among the palms for preventing the right hand from forgetting its cunning. They are fawn-colored, with wondrous glossy necks, and to the voyageur tired of his dragoon's bill of fare are as quail after manna. Perhaps the ideal and the practical are in rather close adjunct in that sentence, but did not Buffon, in his delightfully nonchalant way, remark that "the nightingale is a most marvelous songster and also excellent on buttered toast." The principal difficulty to overcome, however, before cooking these aerial hares is to catch or rather descry them. So exactly do they resemble the palm stems to which they cling, and which natural shelter they are by instinct adverse to leave, that a pair of Mr. Sam Weller's double magnifying eyes which

could see up two flights of stairs, round a corner and through a door are needed for their successful finding. As a rule I found it expedient to purchase the services of a native lad for this especial purpose, their talents at this kind of work being extraordinary, and their powers of distinguishing dove from palm-stem only equaled by that of mercury in assimilating gold from crushed ore. On this occasion I soon had a goodly company of brown toddling babies, wearing naught but smiles, although an infinitude of that light material, and ardent was their devotion to discovering and dislodging the inhabitants of the thick and shadowy palm-tops. A most bright and active leash of retrievers they proved themselves, albeit a little wild and inclined to "range."

With their aid and that of the mighty Rachidi—a host of vigilance in himself—these self-appointed gillies were soon laden with a supply of these innocent, but delectable birds. Passing on through many glades, we next reached some open ground, where free space and light had given encouragement to the growth of a few palms which towered above their confined and denser neighbors like arboreal giants crowned with panopies of green. Surrounding and interspersed among these palms were fields of doura checkered into innumerable squares by shadow channels, whose rills soaking through the thirsty soil turned it from gray to a rich red that contrasted well with the green of the young crop, and the shadows of the tall breemee. Here and there were clustered together groups of palms bending their graceful trunks in various curves to reach the coveted light, or standing in twos and threes, gossiping among themselves as the breeze, blowing over the waving fields, shook their leaves into language. Birds of all kinds and plumage twittered on the palm-tops, and filled the sky with life, while the merops or bee-eater, with its quick flight seeming to leave a trail of sparkles in the sunshine, fluttered in flashes of green and bronze over its sunlit play ground. As I picked my way along these sakir and shadow rills, quail, singly and in flights, rose every now and then from their miniature forests of doura, too often paying dearly for their lack of discretion. Whenever a victim fell my ever ready Nubian babies retrieved it with shouts of joy that not only set the wild echoes flying, but likewise other quail whose nerves were, with reason, disorganized by the clamor. So plentiful were these birds that, hardly heeding my straying steps, I sought them further and further afield until at last I found myself on the brink of the desert, whose envious sands lapped up in a clear defined line against the borders of the fertile land like the tide's ripple on the shore. Nothing was there here for me. Even such feeble folk as the conies who make their dwellings among the rocks, make them not in such desolate places, and the few vultures—those emblems of sultriness—that were about, sat lazily on the rocks that peeped from out their enveloping ocean of sand, like miniature islands, staring dazed and vacantly at the lifeless glow around, or "winging the midway air" in sullen, purposeless flight. I had some desire to possess the wing feathers of one of these giant "Pharaoh's chickens," and so as one of these birds of evil omen with heavy movement quitted the boulder whereon he doubtless had been dreaming of a goodly line of sun-bleached bones whitening in some desert gorge telling the route of Arab caravans, and came sailing on ragged pinions within range, I fired, and down came the ungainly sanitary commissioner of the East. But I repented me of the unnecessary breaking of Buddha's law a moment after, for on approaching my victim he smelt so atrociously that it was impossible to take or even touch him—as Hamlet said of Alexander's skull: "Think you he smelt so, pah, my gorge rose at it."

So fervid was the air of the desert lying parched and glaring under the fierce noonday sun, I was glad to strike back into my palm-grove glades, and after wandering among their shades a while, to follow the creaking of a distant sakir, which sent its suggestive echoes through the trees. By its guidance I finally found myself once more on the river's bank, where a patient toiling buffalo was droning its useful life away at the stiff and groaning wheel, and being driven by a little naked baby, who at my approach sprang from its seat on the turning bar to lip the familiar and ever-ready demand: "Back-seesh-ya-Howaga." These sakirs are often of great size and very picturesque, as the circle of dripping earthenware pots revolving on the partially sunk wheel lift to the surface of the field the precious water which the channels take and redistribute. The circle of jars is worked by two or three cogged wheels, generally under the rude covering of a shed made of mud walls, roofed with palm leaves, which afford shelter to the dejected, lean kine that forever turns the cumbersome contrivance, and to the little driving boy who sits in a net slung to the horizontal bar which the buffalo drags round in the narrow space between wall and wheel. Once I entered incautiously one of these sakir sheds, and a moment afterward the animal had passed the doorway and was coming slowly upon me, without leaving the option of my getting by him on either side or round to the place I had entered by in time to escape the imminent peril of being squeezed or trampled on. Fortune, however, was good enough to provide a third course, and as he came up to me I put one hand on his neck and a foot on the horizontal bar and jumped to his back, whereon I rode triumphantly until we reached the doorway, through which I promptly jumped, but alas with more haste than discretion, for I settled most unhappily in the thorny arms of an acacia bush.

Leaving my lisping claimant of the sakir to his infantile meditations fancy free, an adventurous duck rising from a mud gully went next to swell my bag, and soon afterward a lizard hawk, which I coveted as a specimen, flew over my path and thereupon *ritam sub nube reliquit*, falling into some standing doura. Thence it was retrieved by the strangest clad individual I think I ever saw. He was a Nubian, so black that he might have been carved out of ebony, and his dress consisted of a very ancient fez, from which the glory of its original crimson had long since departed, and only the mere ghost of its tassel remained, a thick walking stick, and a gorgeous green waistcoat which he had thought unnecessary to fasten, perhaps that he might the better display its brass buttons and grandeur to an envious world. From what strange source he could have become possessed of this latter item of his wardrobe is a riddle not to be found and made a note of even in the pages of a Sartor Resartus. Needless to say he demanded backsheesh, and I never paid the tribute more willingly to any of Egypt's many askers than to the light-hearted owner of this grotesque costume.

As I was now nearing the town of Derr, and the sun was seeking fresh lands to roast behind the yellow Lybian hills, I deemed it well to return to my dahabeeah, which lay moored to the opposite shore under the shelter of a group of sown trees. Accordingly, I asked this gaily-attired gentleman to assist Rachidi and the full chorus of accompanying

urchins in hailing the felucca to take me back. The result was alarmingly powerful and energetic, but even the Sultan of Turkey, who, report says, is partial to the tuning up of a fiddle, could not call it melodious. However, it was successful, and while the boat was coming for me in answer to this wild Nubian co-yell, I became the center of quite a little market improvised upon the banks of the Derr, whereat I was appointed to the dignity of buyer and general butt for a score of generous, if undesirable offers. One young savage brought me a chameleon, which, probably at the insult of being made a subject of barter and sale, changed its color from a bilious yellow to a sort of æsthetic green, and back again as rapidly; but, as they are difficult to feed (sunlight is the diet prescribed by poets and flies by materialists—both difficult to catch) and seldom live long in captivity, I declined becoming a purchaser of the cold, writhing, claw and tail grasping reptile. Another Derrite, seeing his friend's mercantile venture a failure, asked me in a winning manner if I wanted a scorpion, a specimen of which he had caught and now cautiously held by two fingers while the angry creature jerked viciously its venomous tail. I resisted this temptation also, giving the boy some backsheesh, but begging myself off from coming to any further bargain on the matter.

Yet another was desirous of disposing to me of a chicken—a revived mummied one, to judge by its appearance—which he carried upside down by one leg, and a group of juvenile savages brought me a couple of small birds which they carried by a yet more novel method, namely, swinging them round their heads at the ends of palm-fiber string. Not understanding the flutterings of the victims, which at first I supposed to be either dead or tamed, I asked to see their tiny prisoners. These they handed me with a delightful air of pride and innocence, when I found that the little wretches had threaded a thin reed through their nostrils, and, attaching to it a piece of fiber string, thus made sport of their misery by swinging the poor things about, which, unable to escape, were forced to use their wings to alleviate the pain. Purchasing the unhappy creatures, I released them from their cruel fastenings, and, giving them their liberty, they were soon lost among the foliage of the distant trees. Hapless, indeed, would they be if again they fell into the clutches of their Nubian tormentors. I inquired of the boys why they indulged in such wantonly brutal play, but only received the startling retort, "Why does the Howaga shoot them, then?" I tried to explain, somewhat lamely I was conscious, that, although I certainly had shot the birds Rachidi was carrying, there was considerable difference between inflicting instantaneous death for a proper purpose and prolonged and useless pain. But I am afraid that my reasoning was not particularly effective. The small Nubians "would have their will," and saw no practical difference between shooting and maiming unfortunate little birds, the former of which they considered, if anything, rather the worse.

My argument seemed so very illogical, not only to all my gathered assembly but to myself, that I was not sorry to take advantage of my arrived felucca and seek the confusion of my opponents in flight. So amid a mighty wail of "backsheesh ya Howaga," I took the tiller in hand and started the boatman to a song—without which incentive to an even stroke Nubians row in a soul-anguishing manner. Whether it was this most untuneful ditty, or the chorus of clamoring natives, or the discord of both I know not, but as we shot out from the bank a great splash on the water some way further down called my attention to the disappearing form of a large saurian whose lazy evening siesta had been disturbed by our too near approach. Of course the rowers promptly dubbed it a crocodile, but, though it plunged into the river so quickly that I had barely time to glean more than a vague impression that its color was a bright green and its head and body as ungraceful and uncanny as well might be, it was clearly not even a youthful crocodile. Arab jokers are frequently trying to palm off on the too-eager traveler a distant floating log or sand bar as one of these much-talked-of creatures; but the modern tourist in Egypt will be very fortunate if he sees a single specimen north of the first cataracts. There is a legend connected with the tomb of a saint at Minich in Middle Egypt to the effect that the kindly spirit of the departed Muslim, besides guarding his adopted town and devotees, keeps ward against any crocodile passing his revered tomb. Should one, however, dare adventure and try to steal down, the idea is that he inevitably comes to grief and floats a corpse on the river to the sea. Apart from this sheyhh's duty it is more than probable that were any crocodile so idiotic as to come within a hundred miles of the place it would stand but a poor chance for its life. Rare is it, though still occurring, that the "timsah" is seen in Middle Egypt, having of late been converted into traveling bags and cigar cases much too rapidly for the liking of any modest saurian despising the empty benefits of fame. Fashions, rifles, and patent cartridges yearly drive them further and further south, and the once classical crocodile, whose death in happier times invoked religious pageantries and rites of sumptuous embalming, now seeks to hide from the gaze of a sacrilegious world that has forgotten to worship "Sanah," the god of darkness of the ancient Egyptians, other than as "an allegory of the Nile." J. B. A.

DURTECH, Scotland.

FLORIDA AGAIN.—VII.

LEAVING Punta Rassa and following the coast line for three miles, Matanzas Pass will be entered and Estero Bay opened up. This extensive body of water is well supplied with fish of various kinds and of large size. A friend who spent two winters in this locality was loud in its praise. In one of his letters published in a Northern paper, he stated "that he had read of a lake in Michigan that would contain one more fish; but there was not room for another in Estero Bay." In this bay, sawfish, shark and tarpon feed on the toothsome mullet, and with this bait they can be captured. The general character of the fishing and shooting is similar to that of Charlotte Harbor. The sportsman will be amply repaid for ascending Corkscrew River, a tributary of this bay. In this stream the rodster will find cavallini, ravalina and tarpon in great numbers. Leaving the stream the gunner will find deer and turkey. (There lives (or did live) a settler on Mound Key, and as he is perfectly familiar with the best fishing points, he might be hired, and would be found useful to point out the resorts of particular species of fish.

Leaving Estero Bay at its most southerly pass, an outside sail of eleven miles will bring the sportsman in sight of Gordon's Pass. Keeping to the left side of the channel and following it for half a mile it will be found to enter a long lagoon. When I last visited this region, deer and bear were plentiful, but I have been informed that several parties have

settled at the head of the pass, and if this is the case, sportsmen will be compelled to proceed north or south a few miles to find large game. My friend, Dr. Ferber, visited this locality two years since, and on his return he informed me that the ground was tracked over with deer as though a flock of sheep had been feeding. The pass is narrow and shallow, and sharks seem to avoid it. Sheepshead, sea trout, cavallii, and medium-sized channel bass, exist in great numbers. If the fisherman is desirous of ascertaining how plentiful sheepshead are at certain points in Florida, let him wait for low tide and stroll along the beach to the northward of the pass. Inside of a sand bar which extends along the beach, he will see them in endless numbers. Three miles north of the pass an ancient canal will be found, and the leisuretime of the sportsman can be devoted to theorizing as to the object of the excavation—when and by whom made. The canal evidently ante-dates the arrival of the Spaniards, and as the Indians were too lazy to remove such a mass of earth, the question arises, who made the excavation? To account for this canal would puzzle an antiquary. At the northerly head of the lagoon a supply of excellent water will be found. A short distance inside of the pass will be noticed a narrow channel leading into a bay about 100 yards in width, which will be found a secure harbor.

From Gordon's Pass an inside passage exists, which can be navigated to Big Marco Pass. I speak from hearsay, for I would sooner fight a heavy sea than ground on mud flats, sand banks and oyster bars. South of Tampa Bay nearly all my cruising has been done outside. Following Big Marco channel and entering the first opening to starboard, a landing will be sighted on the port hand, and from it a well-beaten track leads to the comfortable residence of Mr. Collier. In his fields delicious bananas and excellent vegetables will be found growing. Mr. Collier will enlighten visitors with regard to the best point for shooting and fishing. From Collier's house the ship channel can be followed to Gullivan's Bay.

At the easterly portion of Gullivan's Bay will be found the settlement of Chuckaluskee, consisting of over forty families engaged in truck raising and growing tropical fruits. Very recently my friend Col. Hopkins surveyed for the government a body of highland northeast of Chuckaluskee, and from his description of it the hunter will find it a sportsman's paradise. It has not been visited by the Indians, and the residents of the coast have been too busy cultivating garden truck in the winter to indulge in field sports. Sportsmen could leave their boat at "old man Allen's," hire a guide, and reach the "promised land." If gentlemen should favor Mr. Allen with a visit they will receive a favorable reception. In the marshes and tributaries of Gullivan's Bay duck and beach-bird shooting can be indulged in, and the fishing will be found all the enthusiastic angler can desire.

Leaving Chuckaluskee with its hospitable inhabitants, Pavilion Key will be sighted, and it must be left on the port hand. When I last passed over the grassy flats south of Pavilion Key, with the use of a grains I could have filled my boat in a short time with small green turtles. About eight miles south of Pavilion Key the mouth of Yostman's River will be sighted. At its mouth the river is tortuous and shallow, but after passing the oyster bars a deep and wide river will be entered. This stream is the principal entrance to the Thousand Islands, where marooners will find a fine field for exploration and sport. I was informed by knowing ones in Key West that if I entered the labyrinth of islands, passes and lagoons I "would lose myself and turn up missing." But these wisecracks forgot an important fact—that wherever the flood tide enters, the ebb flows in the opposite direction. By following the course of the flood tide the Everglades will be reached, and the ebb tide will take the cruisers to the Gulf. None but fools need be lost in exploring the Thousand Islands. Among them the marooners will find good hunting, rare birds and plenty of fish.

Proceeding to the southward and entering the bight of Chatham Bay, Harney's River will be observed. This stream can be ascended for some distance into the Everglades. In the Glade, islands exist covered with luxuriant trees and grass, and at these points deer will be found in great numbers. In descending this stream in 1883 a friend dropped a spinner astern and almost immediately it was seized by six lineal feet of tarpon. The line tightened, the fish appeared in the air, and that was the end of the spinner and line as far as my friend was concerned. I am of the opinion that these noble fish can be captured with spoon baits, but it will require some experience and experiment to ascertain the most attractive form for their capture.

South of Chatham Bay is White Water Bay, a large body of water bounded on one side by the Glade and on the other by a line of islands. This bay can be entered by a pass leading from the northeast portion of Chatham Bay. In the bay fishing is excellent; plumage birds are plentiful, and deer are numerous on the islands. Along the edge of the islands the portulacca grows in abundance, and I noticed that it was tumbled as close as the grass on a recently mown lawn. I did not try the experiment, but I have reason to believe that with the use of a jack-lamp the larder could be readily supplied with venison. In Shark River, the southerly outlet of the bay, shark exist in countless numbers, and on their capture the muscular fisherman can indulge in athletic sports. I have circumnavigated the globe and visited most of its oceans, but as far as my observation extends this river excels all creation for the number of sharks. If piscatorial amusement is the order of the day, it can be indulged in until the hands suffer from the friction of the line.

A few miles south of Shark River, Cape Sable Creek will be observed. It will be found to end in a lagoon where ducks are plentiful. From Cape Sable to Key West the distance is about sixty miles; but owing to the difficulties of the navigation through the keys, strangers should not attempt the passage, but wait for some passing boat or engage a pilot. It is probable that parties will be found cutting wood at Middle Cape Sable for the Key West market, and the services of a pilot can be engaged at a moderate charge. From Cape Sable, Key Lurge and Miami can be easily reached in a sailboat or canoe, and the fishing en route will be enjoyed.

To the fisherman and sportsman who can enjoy a boating trip, we unhesitatingly recommend the Gulf coast. During the winter the climate is delightful; health unquestionable, rain infrequent, and sunshine the rule; storms few and far between, but a daily breeze of sufficient strength to render sailing a luxury. In a northeaster the boatist has the advantage of a lee shore, and in a norther or northwester he can sail inside of reefs or through bays and lagoons. The coast is shallow, the ten-fathom line being about forty miles from shore, and, as a consequence, if heavy seas exist in deep water they do not approach the shore. Owing to the heavy growth of grass and marine algae on the bottom, undertow

and surf do not exist. The fishing is unequalled, if we take into consideration the great number of points where it can be enjoyed, as well as the great variety and number of the scaly tribe. One great recommendation of the southwest coast of Florida is its accessibility. The sportsman can dine in Jacksonville, leave on steamboat at 2:30 P. M., breakfast in Sandford, dine at Tampa, leave after dinner on the staunch and able steamship Dictator, and arrive at Punta Rassa early the next morning—about forty hours from Jacksonville. If the party is encumbered with a boat, the unloading and loading of it may detain them a day or two longer. At many points on the Gulf coast there are no settlements, and as the game has not been disturbed by Indians, it is comparatively tame and can be easily approached. On the southwest coast boatists are not confined to a particular river or lagoon, but can enter the numberless creeks, lagoons, rivers, passes and bays, and each day find something new. If desirous of enjoying a long trip, they can extend it from Cedar Keys to Bay Bisayne, a distance not far from 500 miles.

Interested parties residing on the east coast have censured me for telling the truth about the southwest coast, and I am gratified to find that after two visits to the eastern coast and a trip along the southwest coast to Cedar Keys, that noted fisherman and impartial judge, Dr. Henshall, writes as follows (in his recent work "Camping and Cruising in Florida," published in Cincinnati, 1884): "The Gulf coast of Florida is, perhaps, the finest cruising ground for small yachts in the world. The water is shallow and seldom rough, for it takes a gale of wind to kick up much of a sea, and harbors lie plentiful all along the coast. A harbor for small boats can be found at any time behind the numerous keys and islands. My pen is inadequate to describe the pleasures to be enjoyed, and the beauties and wonders of nature to be observed during a winter spent on the southern coast of Florida. The wealth and glory of the vegetable kingdom, the varied and curious forms of animated nature, and the balmy atmosphere and the sunny skies of the southern seas must be realized by the appreciative senses to do them justice. To the invalid afflicted with such diseases as are only or best cured by an out-door life and nature's potent and pleasant remedies, air, sunshine, exercise, nutritious food and good water—as pulmonary consumption, chronic bronchitis, dyspepsia, neuralgia, nervous exhaustion, etc., I can confidently and conscientiously recommend the southeast or southwest coast, and the keys of Southern Florida."

In saying good bye to the readers of the FOREST AND STREAM, I will conclude by remarking that I have attempted to briefly state facts, and to describe things as I found them, and to direct attention to points most worthy of a visit. I hope at an early day, before old time has engraved many more crow-foot wrinkles in my brow, to again visit my favorite southwest coast, enjoy its glorious climate, and participate in piscatorial sports.

In the United States there are thousands who enjoy the pleasure of fishing with the fly, and as Florida affords a field which cannot be equalled, it is to be hoped that fly-fishermen who visit the State will publish their experience for the benefit of the craft. Fly-fishing is still in its infancy in Florida, and as fish that take the fly are large and gamy, and in greater number and variety than in any other portion of the world, each lover of the angle should contribute his mite to the stock of knowledge and thereby benefit others.

Annually persons visit the east as well as the southeast coast, make failures and condemn the sporting attractions of the State; but such persons are dudes and will fail anywhere. In some cases persons carry too much "snake poison." They leave home for the purpose of enjoying a sporting trip, but actually to debase themselves by indulging in a jolly good old-fashioned drunk. I have known persons, who are respectable at home and occupy prominent positions, to come to Florida for a sporting trip, and fail to draw a sober breath from the time of their arrival to their departure. On my trips I have carried a bottle of brandy, one of gin and one of whiskey, under the supposition that like any other poison it might prove useful. On one occasion I found use for whiskey. I was anchored under the lee of Bay Hound Key, and to kill time commenced fishing for catfish. Through my carelessness I allowed one of the spines to pierce my forefinger. I suffered excruciating pain, and the hand and arm commenced swelling. Looking round for some substance to apply to the hand, I remembered that I had purchased a plug of navy tobacco in Key West for my man Friday. I saturated a portion of the plug with whiskey and applied it as a poultice. This was the first and last time I found any necessity for the use of spirituous liquors in any of my cruises. My advice to marooners is leave poisons alone, unless used for medicinal purposes. AL FRESCO.

BUT IT IS DIFFERENT HERE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Though not a contributor to your very interesting paper, I often have numbers sent to me by a friend, and have again and again had it in my mind to send you a few lines for it, being an enthusiastic angler and having in my younger days been a great shot.

Allow me, first, to correct your readers in a few points. In Great Britain no gentleman ever speaks of going a-hunting when he is going to shoot. Those who have a license to kill game, go out shooting, not hunting. Hunting, in the country I have referred to, is simply riding after the foxhounds, and coursing is catching hares with greyhounds. If a man said he had been out hunting, when he had been merely carrying a gun in pursuit of partridges, hares, pheasants or rabbits, he would be reckoned by gentlemen a vulgarian. They would have said he had been out shooting.

I have been many years in this country, but never yet have seen in it a partridge. What Americans call partridges are grouse. Neither have I ever in America seen a pheasant alive. Yet I hear Americans talking of their having seen pheasants on their rambles. What they call pheasants I know not; but this I do know, that all the pheasants I have seen in America were either in the windows of restaurants or hanging in the markets. I caught my first trout in 1829 in a Scotch stream called the Cocklemill burn, and it must have been a half-pounder. The trout of this country are not either so yellow or so lively as those of the old country.

For many years I have never used worms for bait. I have a great liking for the lines that read somewhat thus:

"No tortured worm around my hook shall twine.
Nor blood of living insect stain my line:
Be mine the blissful task to cast the feathered hook
Across the rippling stream or down the flowing brook."

Unnecessary cruelty is sin and will be punished by and by. The man who will cut a piece out of a living pike for bait, or that will hook a live animal to catch a fish, is in my opinion

nearly allied to a monster, and he cannot plead necessity as an excuse, for the white of a belly of a mackerel cut to suit will catch, if not quite so many, far better trout than worms, and there is no bait like salmon roe to lure a trout. Indeed this last is such a killing bait, the use of it is prescribed in some countries.

In trolling for pike a piece of mackerel about an inch and a half long and a quarter of an inch broad and cut so as to taper toward the lower end is what I catch my pike with (having put my hook as near the extremity of the broad end as possible), unless I use a spoon. Of course if one has a thoroughly dead fish he can cut it, and if fresh perhaps succeed better. But one should determine to kill nothing but the fish he is in quest of, and he need have no qualms of conscience in killing it, as if spared it would kill more flies, worms or other fish in a day than he is likely to kill of fish on any of the occasions of his angling.

Another thing I wish your readers to know is, that in Britain it is considered murder to shoot at any animal, whether partridges, pheasants, hare or rabbit, sitting. No real gentleman ever thinks of such a thing. Such a man would loathe to see a poor squirrel first treed and then shot, and this reminds me that your readers should know that so far as I remember, only partridges, deer, pheasants, grouse, woodcock, ptarmigan, black cock, land rails, curlews, hares, and perhaps rabbits (of which last there are none in this country), are considered game. The idea of three or four men, tricked out to the full with shooting dress, guns, game bags, shot belts, etc., walking on the high road, and all lifting their guns to fire at a robin or other small bird crossing their path, is ludicrous and disgusting. Let the little birds live, or drop the name of sportsmen altogether. Squirrels are not eaten so far as I know in Great Britain, nor do I recollect of ever hearing of their being shot. Such a nimble, sprightly and beautiful creature is rather protected than destroyed. Of course, however, if they are too abundant let them be shot, but only when they are running and have a chance of life.

Fly-fishing is the true kind. Any blind man can take trout with a worm. In my opinion there is but one fly worth speaking of, and it is the Professor. If two must be carried let the second be a green or blue fly, with long, thin body, and long, black wings. If the yellow Professor won't take, use a red one. Other flies, no doubt, catch also; but I would back the man that uses the Professor alone against any other using various flies.

ALIGUIS.

Natural History.

THE CRANBERRY BEAR.

LET us reciprocate. Let those who do know tell those who don't know, that we may all know. No one man knows it all; life is not long enough to learn it. I am in fine humor to cavil and criticise. This, the 10th of November, is perfect hunting weather. It is, moreover, the anniversary of the day on which I shot the finest black bear I have ever killed or seen—short-legged, fat, glossy as black satin, and weighing 500 pounds. And now I am lounge-ridden, and my canoes hang idly in their slings, while my guns are rusting, and Jeff, my hound, is eating himself into the shape of a seed cucumber, out in the country. About the only thing left me is to go through FOREST AND STREAM from cover to cover, if peradventure I may find something to pick a quarrel about. Truth to say, I find very little.

Dr. Ellzey's article on "Snake Bites" seems to me as sound as anything I have lately seen on that subject; only, is it a fact that the water moccasin is the only "really deadly" snake we have in the United States? Doubtful I should say. Rather give the palm to the diamond rattlesnake of Florida and other Southern States. He is a fellow that grows to the length of eight feet or more, and can bite like a raccoon; and is a most venomous chap, whose bite has been known to prove fatal in twenty minutes. But the water moccasin, all things being equal, may be as bad; I don't know. I never saw a water moccasin. I have seen a large diamond rattlesnake, and I made up my mind that if such a fellow should bite me deeply on a hot day, it would hardly be worth while to prolong the misery by any known remedies. Better creep into the shade and tune up the death song; or put in a heavy cross shot from the top of one ear to the top of the other, and get out of torment at a flash. (I know of one man who did that.)

I dearly like snake, bear, panther, elk and moose stories when told by truthful old hunters. And I do not secretly call a man a liar because he has seen and known something that I have not. If you can get four genuine woodsmen together, each with more than forty seasons' experience on his head, you will find that each one will relate some strange incidents and observations new to the others. It does not follow that any one of them tells lies. There is no need. They have facts enough to draw on. It does not follow that because Sam Dunakin, Ed Arnold and many other experienced guides and hunters have never heard a panther scream that the panther has no cry, no voice. Hundreds of living witnesses have seen and heard him (or her) in the very act.

I never saw a battle royal between a bear and a panther, but old Eph Steele, who knew not how to lie, once did. He followed up the running, or walking, fight for a mile, and finally got the panther. The bear got away. I believe it just the same as though I saw it myself.

I never saw a brown-nosed, long-legged bear hug a short-legged black bear to death; but four sturdy farmer hunters of this county did see it, and brought the dead bear home. They shot the brown-nose through the body and he lay down inside of a mile. But it was getting dark, and they went into camp on the track, with the snow eighteen inches deep, on the very correct theory that the next time he lay down he would, if not disturbed, die in his bed. All that night the snow fell thick and fast, making it useless to hunt a wounded animal by track. It was man-killing work to get out anyhow with their loads. Naturally they came home. I believe the story as undoubtedly as though I had been there.

Brethren of the nail-driving muzzleloader, we are not the liars that the doubting Thomases would put us up for. It is only the tyro who must needs draw on his imagination for his facts.

And speaking of bears, I note in FOREST AND STREAM for Nov. 6, page 297, the following: "Only two species of bears are known to inhabit temperate North America; one of these * * * is the grizzly, etc. The other * * * is the black bear." It rather fogs my natural history. Is the cinnamon bear only a variety of the grizzly? To the eye of a hunter they are quite as distinct as a mule deer and an army mule. And is the short-legged, glossy black bear the

same as the dingy, long-legged brown nose? To my eye they are more different than the long-legged, all-day-running hare and the common gray rabbit.

But, admitting that the classification is correct as regards the grizzly and the common black bear, what about the "marsh bear" or "cranberry bear?" (I have heard him called "red grizzly," and the name seems appropriate.) He may be described as bearing, at 100 yards distance, a close resemblance to a light red calf with a thick sprinkling of coarse, curly white hairs, giving him something the appearance of a light red roan. High up on legs, like a fawn. Always slab-sided and lean, weighing, so far as I have seen, from 100 to 150 pounds as he stands (or falls), unfit to eat. Jaws, teeth and claws, very powerful for his weight. Exceedingly rare. Only found in remote and extensive marshy grounds. Lives largely on cranberries, when he can get them. That is about how I should describe him from the scant knowledge I have of him and his habits; for I have seen him seldom.

The last specimen I saw was in the village of New Lisbon, Wisconsin, on the Lemonweir River, in the autumn of 1866. He was shot in the dreary marshes, twelve miles north of the village, and brought in on a cranberry wagon. I suppose he was seen and examined by more than one hundred men during the day, only one of whom—besides myself—claimed any knowledge of such an animal. Years afterward I sent a brief description of this bear to *FOREST AND STREAM*, and asked for information. I was referred to the leading authorities on natural history, but got no sort of satisfaction therefrom. Two points on this subject are certain. First, he does exist and is not a *hocus naturae*. He is less like a black bear than a red squirrel is like a black one. Second, he is a distinct species—making a third, anyhow. There are certainly many people in New Lisbon, Wis., who remember the incident as mentioned above. Some of them may have seen other specimens. Let the hunters of Northern Michigan, Minnesota and Wisconsin, tell us what they know of the red grizzly, or cranberry bear. Perhaps, in my ignorance of scientific natural history, I am "giving myself away," to use a little slang.

But, if these rough notes should happen to draw a discussion regarding *Ursus americanus*, I will try and get in line time enough for the benediction. NESSMUK.

[The red bear mentioned by "Nessmuk" is alluded to by authors, but usually in a manner so vague as to be very unsatisfactory. It seems probable that it is only an unusually pale or faded individual of the cinnamon, of which we have occasionally seen specimens which were almost yellow. The long-legged and short-legged, brown and black-nosed, dingy and lustrous black-coated black bears all belong to the same species. As already stated, naturalists know but two bears in the United States. We should be glad to hear more about these animals from our correspondents.]

NOTES OF THE WOODS AND WATERS.

II.

THE CAT-TAILS.

AT an early age I began taking long tramps in the woods and trips on the waters, becoming in this way fairly familiar with the ever-changing, evergrowing world of nature within my reach. The more I learned of nature's wondrous ways and mysteries the more passionately I worshipped at her shrine. In trouble I went to her for consolation, in sickness for health, when weary of business life for rest. To her I am indebted for much knowledge, some wisdom, and unlimited good example. With such a love for nature one need not dread growing old, for he can mount when he will one of his favorite hobbies, be it of fish, beast, bird or flowers, and ride pleasantly down the hill of life.

The first strange and startling object, the first bunch of "wild flowers" that my "big brother" brought to me from that mysterious and unknown world the woods, was a piece of "touch wood" (decaying wood showing phosphorescent light), and a bunch of "cat-tails" within which was built a marsh wren's nest. I also remember that I slept with my smaller brother on what I was told was a flock or cat-tail bed, and that father and brother gathered the cat-tails some where outside of the city near the woods (in and about where now stands the Tombs). As I grew older my brother taught me how to sun-dry the young cat-tail to be used as lighters for firecrackers when the 4th of July came. Is it to be wondered at that a deep and lasting impression was made on my childish mind, and that there and then botany was the first hobby I mounted? So far through life what a pleasant ride it has been, for wherever I roam, either on land or water, I am sure of meeting old and loved floral friends or becoming acquainted with new ones, whose life-history and habits are to be studied. This being the case, I look upon the cat-tail as the oldest and dearest friend I have. Let us see how he behaves, what he does and has done for us and others in this world.

We have two varieties of cat-tail flags, the largest, or the one having the largest cat-tail and leaves, is known as *Typha latifolia*, or broad-leaved, and the other as *Typha angustifolia* or narrow-leaved cat-tail. The cat-tail flags are to be found growing on the margins of rivers, lakes, ponds and creeks of brackish water near the coast. They have perennial creeping root stocks, with flat, nerved, and linear sessile leaves. The male and female flowers are borne on a single spike or stalk, and are usually separated by an interval; in height they vary from six to ten feet, according to locality, and in range they extend over the world. In England they are called bullrushes (though they are not at all related to the rush family) and reed-mace. Large quantities are imported every year from Holland and Belgium, more than 500 tons being used yearly. They are used for weaving mats and for chair bottoms; and are also employed by coopers, who place sections of the dried leaves between the staves of casks that are to hold liquids. The pithy structure of the flag-leaves swell when moistened, thereby closing any openings between the staves of the casks.

Some three weeks ago, when botanizing along the Northern New Jersey Railroad, I came across a number of Irishmen who were stripping the cat-tails of their flock and carefully placing it in bags. Upon my asking one of them what he was going to do with that stuff, he answered me: "Begorra, to make a beautiful Yankee feather bed for meself and the old woman and the childer sure." They had evidently learned the trick from an old German, who has lived on the Hackensack meadows, and has gathered this material for a number of years, thereby gaining a competency to support him in his old and malaria-shaken age. When filling ticking with flock, unless it is very heavy and the seams closely sewn together, the flock will work through and greatly annoy the occupant of the bed. To avoid this the

ticking is waxed on the inside. Beds composed of this material are still called "flock beds" by very old-fashioned people, though they are no longer sold by upholsterers, except a few in Hoboken and inhabitants along the banks of the Hackensack River. From the cat-tail flock is now manufactured a non-conducting covering for steam pipes and boilers. Under favorable conditions the quantity of foliage produced by the cat-tail flag is immense, and several attempts have been made to utilize the fiber of the leaves for paper stock, but so far without any positive success. Along the Hackensack meadows for several weeks before the 4th of July hundreds of boys may be seen gathering young cat-tails; these they dry and sell to the dealers in fireworks, who sell them for lighters, they taking the place of the Chinese imported punk. Taxidermists also use the cat-tails when mounting aquatic birds. There are very few plants that have been so generally employed in modern art and ornamentation as this common cat-tail of our ponds and ditches. The Greeks used it as a symbol of endurance under adversity.

The cat-tail is also the home of the marsh wren, *Telmato-dytes palustris*, which, according to Wilson, "arrives in Pennsylvania about the middle of May, or as soon as the reeds (cat-tails) and a species of nymphæa, usually called splatter docks, which grow in great luxuriance along the tide-waters of our rivers, are sufficiently high to shelter it. To such places it almost wholly limits its excursions, seldom venturing far from the river. Its food consists of flying insects and their larvae, and a species of green grasshoppers that inhabit the reeds.

"As to its notes, it would be mere burlesque to call them by the name of song. Standing on the reedy borders of the Schuylkill or Delaware, in the month of June, you hear a low crackling sound, something similar to that produced by air bubbles forcing their way through mud or boggy ground when trod upon; this is the song of the marsh wren. But as among the human race it is not given to one man to excel in everything, and yet each perhaps has something peculiarly his own, so among birds we find a like distribution of talents and peculiarities. The little bird now before us, if deficient and contemptible in singing, excels in the art of design, and constructs a nest, which in durability, warmth and convenience, is scarcely inferior to one and far superior to many of its more musical brethren. This is formed outwardly of wet rushes mixed with mud, well intertwisted and fashioned into the form of a cocoon. A small hole is left two-thirds up for the entrance, the upper edge of which projects like a pent-house over the lower to prevent the admission of rain. The inside is lined with fine soft grass and sometimes feathers; and the outside when hardened by the sun resists every kind of weather. This nest is generally suspended among the reeds, above the reach of the highest tides, and tied so fast in every part to the surrounding reeds, as to bid defiance to the winds and waves. The eggs are usually six, of a dark fawn color and very small. The young leave the nest about the 20th of June, and generally have a second brood in the same season."

The root of the cat-tail flag possesses no medicinal qualities, though it contains considerable starchy material, which fact is taken advantage of by the muskrats when hard pressed for food during very severe winters. Were it not for the large quantities of foliage that this plant produces every year, the muskrats would have a hard time of it to collect sufficient material with which to construct their houses.

A WATER BEETLE.

Just think of a very common small black beetle having such names as whirl-a-gig and merry-go-round in England, and in this country apple-smeller and mellow bug, and with scientists *Gyrinus*, belonging to the order *Gyrinidae*, yet there never was a man or boy that cast a line for trout with out seeing hundreds, yes, even thousands of them; for 'tis hard to find a lake, river, pond or brook that is without its band, be it large or small, of merry-go-round mellow bugs.

The *Gyrinus natata* is, without doubt, one of the most interesting of all our fresh-water beetles; when full grown, it is about half an inch in length—there is also a small variety somewhat over an eighth of an inch. In outline the *Gyrinus* is boat-shaped, the head and wing cases are hard, and of a lustrous metallic color, suggestive of being polished with plumbago. Having to spend their time on the surface of the water, nature has been kind to them by providing them with eyes with which they can see both into the water and upward into the air at the same time, thus enabling them to see their prey and avoid their enemies. To simplify this double sight, their compound eyes are divided horizontally along the water line when they swim, so that they have, as it were, four eyes out of which they can see at one time.

I came to the conclusion years ago that they were, without a doubt, the happiest and most contented of beetles. One has only to watch a band of them on a quiet sunny day as they gyrate about in concentric circles on the surface of the water to come to this same conclusion. They never seem to lose their tempers, no matter how often they are bumped against by their relations; but let a bird approach them, then how they will scatter or disappear beneath the surface, only to appear again in some other part of the pond.

The American varieties are ahead of the English, from the fact of their giving off when handled a very pleasant perfume which is strongly suggestive of the odor of a mellow apple, hence the name apple-smeller and mellow bug, though it is not a bug at all, but a true beetle, having wings with hard wing cases. The source of this perfume arises from a milky fluid which is exuded by the *Gyrinus* when in danger.

When running fresh-water aquaria at home, I always have one tank devoted to these and other aquatic beetles, for the purpose of studying their habits and also for the entertainment they provide when watching their methods of capturing their prey.

To test the effect of the odorous fluid which they exude when attacked by a hungry fish, I have often placed a fish that had been deprived of food for some time in a tank containing some thirty or forty of these beetles. At first he would rush at them and seizing one in his mouth would instantly reject it, nor would he again attempt to seize another; which fact goes to clearly prove that either the odor of the fluid exuded, or its pungent taste, or more likely both, is a sure protection from attacks by all kinds of fish. Some years ago I had several fresh-water aquaria on the top floor of No. 245 Broadway. Early one morning when crossing the City Hall Park, I noticed an unusual crowd of men and boys gathered about the then new marble fountain, intently watching some objects in the water. Upon drawing near, I was much surprised to see a large band of apple-smellers moving about rapidly on the surface of the water, or at times diving beneath. I was greatly puzzled as to why these merry creatures had so suddenly put in their appearance in the park, and had selected the waters of the beauti-

ful new fountain situated in the noisiest and hottest part of the city for an abiding place. On reaching my aquaria the mystery was solved, for, during the night some thirsty rat had cut a hole through the netting covers for the purpose of obtaining a drink, or perhaps a bath, in the limpid waters contained in the aquaria, and out of this hole my cherished and ever amusing apple-smellers had taken their departure, passed through the open window, and had settled down for life, as they imagined, in the placid waters of the fountain. But most unhappy beetles; what a time they had of it the first day, with the street arabs, newsboys and newsgirls constantly pelting them with cigar stumps, stones and tomato cans, till at last when night came, they were only too glad to seek a new and quieter abiding place. And weren't the park policemen glad to find that they had taken their flight. Had they remained a few days longer I believe the fountain would have been filled with rubbish.

BOG MOSS.

Sphagnum is a semi-aquatic moss, found growing on the shores of ponds and in swamps, and in dried up ponds, which it covers with a dense and spongy carpeting of a very singularly light green color, often bordering on red or dirty white. This interesting and valuable moss absorbs moisture both from the atmosphere and from rains. In habit it is rootless, and floats in an upright position in the water when unattached. Its branches grow in bundles or bunches, and are disposed around the stem in spirals. The seed vessel is half concealed among the leaves, and bursts in the center, the lid flying off when the seed is ripe with a slight report. Often when gathering *Sphagnum* it is found loaded with water, but by pressing or drying it can be freed, to any extent, of its moisture. Being of a spongy and elastic nature, it is the only material used by florists for packing about the roots of living plants that are to travel a distance, and also when making up floral pieces this moss is used as a wet packing into which the stems of the cut flowers are inserted, and from which they obtain moisture. When growing orchids and other plants that are natives of swamps and bogs, this moss is used as a bedding material. There are a few varieties that retain their elasticity after being dried. These are used for stuffing bedding. The end of the stem of the *Sphagnum* constantly decays, and the debris of this and other decaying plants becoming carbonized in course of time, forms peat. The peat bogs of Ireland and Scotland occupy a tenth part of the whole surface, and furnish the Irish and the Scotch Highlanders with almost all of their fuel. A. W. ROBERTS.

AN ALBINO RACCOON.—Among the captures of L. S. Melvin and Henry Armitage, two Constantine, Mich., hunters, was a pure white raccoon, which they brought home alive. The animal is about the size and same shape as the ordinary raccoon, and the fur and hair are of the same texture, but entirely white. The eyes are pink. It was caught in the township of Constantine, on the farm of Henry Linn.

Game Bag and Gun.

GROUSE SHOOTING ON THE UPPER MISSISSIPPI.—I

BY T. S. VAN DYKE.

FOR hundreds of miles below St. Paul the Mississippi flows between bluffs nearly five hundred feet high and from three to five miles apart. The top of these bluffs was once the general level of the country, and on the Minnesota side still is so. And it is plain, from the projecting, stratified rocks upon each side, that the Mississippi has in long gone days cut this great opening through what was once an almost level prairie. In summer these bluffs are deeply clad with grass, ferns and flowers, until they look as if robed in green velvet. In places they are timbered along the sides and thinly covered with timber upon their tops. Near the river they are broken by *coulées*, large valleys and small ravines. But, except where thus broken, they are upon the Minnesota side comparatively level upon top, with all the general characteristics of the open prairie a few miles further west.

There are other places where pinnated grouse have been as abundant as here; perhaps more abundant than here. But the world can show no place that, for abundance of game, combined with all the comforts of breeze and shade and delightful air, with ease of travel and a constant change of soft and beautiful scenery, can equal these bluffs on the Minnesota side as they were twenty years ago. I had hunted pinnated grouse before, and supposed I knew about all the pleasure there was in hunting them. But my introduction to those grounds was an event in my field life which reversed all the judgments that I had previously passed upon "chicken shooting." And during many years of residence there I never had occasion to reconsider the judgment thus amended.

I drove out from Wabasha, just below the foot of Lake Pepin, with a party of ladies and gentlemen, and after winding nearly a mile up a *coulée*, whose sides were bright with every shade of green, we entered a broad park of scattered black oak timber containing hundreds of acres of the deep, rich prairie soil, heavily covered with ferns and prairie grass. It was one of those bright, cool days, such as Minnesota alone can show in August, and a charming breeze played through the timber. Against this breeze we drove with the wagons spread out some thirty yards apart, with two dogs cantering gaily across a hundred yards or more in front. One was Old Prince, the veteran chicken dog of the country, belonging to Squire C., the prominent lawyer of Wabasha. Prince was a dog of marvelous nose and perfect steadiness until a bird fell. Then he sometimes betrayed a weakness or two. The other dog, an English setter named Frank, had lately come from New York, but had been thoroughly broken upon quail and woodcock, and worked perfectly upon chickens at the first trial.

On we went through groves that formed almost continuous shade; then over little openings, where the bright leaves of the birch were trembling on its white shaft; now into some little hollow, where we could see little but the yellow flower of the tall rosin weed, the purple of the lupine, or the golden bloom of some lady slipper yet lingering in some shady place; then up a slope where the grass and ferns were spangled with the pink, white and sky blue of a dozen autumn flowers. Then we were upon some long swell from which we could see the bluffs of Wisconsin miles away, lying softly green in the clear air, with harvest fields creeping up their sides from the bottom lands, or shining in golden strips among the green timbers that fringed their tops. Then

quickly again we entered the timber, and most of the time were riding in the shade.

There were in the party two strangers, and just about the time one of them began to "wonder where all these chickens are that they talk so much about," and the other, who was from Illinois, informed him that "these fellows don't know nothing about chicken huntin', there's no use of lookin' fur 'em in timber," Prince suddenly began to act as if tired. His rolling gallop settled to a walk and he moved listlessly about as though he had understood the remark of the gentleman from Illinois, and become discouraged. In a minute more his legs became decidedly draggy, but animation sparkled in his aged eye, and there was a visible twitching in the shiny skin of his dark nose as he bore it upraised against the wind. His tail sympathized strongly with his legs and its motion became slower and slower as he moved up a gentle slope. Reaching its top he stood for a moment with every muscle of his body quiet, and with but a faint motion of his head as he raised his nose a little and snuffed the incoming breeze.

Thump, bump, plump came the sound of boots on ground as half a dozen men with as many varieties of guns, jumped, tumbled and scrambled out of the wagons, accompanied by the dull rip of decayed broadcloth as several pounds of shot in the pockets of an ancient black coat, whose occupant had executed a lofty spring over the wagon wheel struck the ground at about the same time his boots reached it. But Prince without deigning a glance at the anxious party behind moved on down the other side of the slope. Some fifty yards down the slope he came to a standstill and remained so long and with tail so rigid that the Squire ordered the two strangers up to the center to take first shot. Frank on a slope nearly two hundred yards away was standing like a sculptured dog, smelling nothing himself, but indorsing Prince with a point that rivaled the firmness even of his.

But suddenly Prince's tail began to waver and he moved slowly ahead. On he went some twenty yards, crawling with head up and stern down, more like an alligator than a dog. Frank, whose confidence was beginning to relax at this, moved up somewhat faster, but before he had advanced fifty yards he stopped as suddenly as if he had struck a stone wall; for Prince had suddenly stopped and crouched still lower than before with head turned a little to one side. There was evidently game within a few yards of him. Yet all was still as death in the grass at which he was so wildly staring. The call of Bob White rang from the fallen treetop on the next slope, the jingling note of the bluejay and the bark of the squirrel came from distant trees. The bright plumage of the red-headed woodpecker flashed overhead, wild pigeons and doves shot through the openings of the grove; and on a rosin weed ahead was the little prairie sparrow that so often deceives good dogs. Behind the dog the two strangers were craning and twisting their necks trying to see something in the grass where the dog was looking; and it was evident enough that neither had ever before hunted chickens, although the Illinois gentleman had aired his experience in that line quite liberally on the way out from town. Being told to walk in ahead of the dog, they moved cautiously ahead of him, keeping a sharp eye upon the grass. When they got about ten paces ahead of him one of the gentlemen, who was clutching his gun with trembling hands and looking some twenty yards further ahead, was startled by the sudden burst from almost beneath his feet of a huge brown and gray bird with a heavy *b-b-b-b-b-b-b-b* of wing. It seemed to him nearly as big as an open umbrella as he pointed his gun, as he thought, fairly at the middle of its back and fired before it was six feet from the ground. His amazement as the bird went on with unruffled feathers was equalled only by that of his companion, who, in a spirit of delightful confidence, undertook, a second afterward, to show him how to hit it. His fire streamed harmlessly beside the bird, followed by the second barrel of No. 1 which tunneled the smoke of the other, and bang went the second barrel of No. 2, to the serious detriment of a caterpillar's nest on a scrub oak that the bird had just passed. Chickens were in those days so plentiful that we rarely fired at the old hen—generally the first that rises—but took only the more tender young ones. But he of the ancient broadcloth could not resist the temptation to show the strangers how to shoot, and as the old hen whizzed by him, now under full headway, he wheeled and fired. But his equilibrium being disturbed by the necessity of now carrying both powder and shot in one coat tail, he shot too far behind and only cut a few feathers from the bird's tail.

All this happened in about three seconds, and even before it was quite completed, two birds a little smaller and grayer and of slower wing than the first one, but still very large, and both making with their wings plenty of noise, started from the grass with a *kuk, kuk, kuk, kuk*, followed by three more before the two had got under full headway. The first two sank at the reports of a gun from each side, and two of the other three wilted like wet rags as the fire streamed from two more. The other went on for a yard or two, with another gun barking vainly in its rear, then turned a somersault in air as two more barrels rang out almost together. Just then three more birds rose one after the other, followed by two more and these by three more, all in quick succession, while the whole party (who were then using muzzleloading guns) stood vainly trying to load in time for a shot at the last one.

The birds that escaped lit in some prairie grass about two hundred yards away. When we got there the action of the dogs changed at once. Instead of the racing gallop they had before taken when hunting a covey, each now took a slow trot to and fro, with nose high above the grass and eagerly scenting the breeze. Frank suddenly stopped and wheeling half around in his tracks, settled down to the stiffness of an icicle, with head low down and tail upraised, and eyes wildly staring at a bunch of ferns. Prince saw him from a distance, and instead of indorsing from where he stood Frank's draft upon the confidence of the party (in those days there was not a dog in Wabasha trained to "back" another at sight), came down to investigate for himself. But before he got half way to where Frank was he stopped as suddenly as Frank had done before, and with nose turned a little one side stood as firm as the other dog.

Each of the strangers was now assigned to a dog, with the request to "take first shot and be sure and hit something." This injunction almost destroyed their last chance of success. Trying to fan into a blaze the embers of hope, each advanced smiling to a dog. As the first one took the third step ahead of Frank a bird burst from the grass scarcely a yard from his feet. He forgot the resolution he had just made to be cool and take deliberate aim, and before he knew what he was about his gun belched fierce thunder over the bird's head before it was a yard from where it started. As it turned over in the air at the report of the Squire's gun, he shot his second barrel high above it as it was falling, and

with empty gun in hand saw another rise from a few feet further on and go whirling down at the sound of the Squire's second barrel.

Stranger No. 2 stepped ahead of Prince, but nothing moved except Prince, who moved up a step as the man went ahead of him. No. 2 walked around several feet ahead of Prince and kicked in the grass, but still nothing moved but Prince, who came up another step or two and looked almost downward into a bunch of ferns and grass. The stranger walked up and pushed the ferns aside with his hand, when *b-b-b-b-b-b* came a bird out under his very nose. Prince could not resist the temptation, and, with a jump, pulled some feathers from its tail; but on it went all the more easily apparently for their loss. His assistant tried with his first barrel to extract the rest, but failed, and with the second poured to one side of it a stream of fire, a stray shot from which broke the tip of its wing, and it settled fluttering into the grass. He and Prince both made a rush for it, with Prince ahead, and in a moment the crackling of its rump was heard beneath the veteran's teeth. The Squire ran in and kicked him off, declaring, like every other man who ever owned a dog having a bad trick, that it was the first time in his life he had ever known him to do such a thing. The uproar started two more birds from the grass, one of which, at the pop of some cheap gun in the rear, went down in a disorderly array of legs, neck and flying feathers, while the other one got away from some gun that roared so close to my ear that I forgot to shoot at it.

In this way bird after bird was pointed by the dogs, ran the gauntlet of the strangers' guns and came down before the reserve of natives who were keeping vigilant watch over the interests of the larder, until the last one of this covey was secured. Two of the party then went with the ladies to prepare the dinner, while the rest of us continued to hunt. When we returned we found the cloth spread beneath some trees upon a high point that jutted out into the Zumbro valley, and laden with such delicacies as Western ladies know right well how to prepare for such occasions, and the chickens were broiling upon split sticks leaning over a bed of hot oaken coals. Nearly five hundred feet below us and over a mile wide the valley of the Zumbro wound from the distant prairie to the Mississippi, through hills almost blue with softness and intensity of color. The golden haze poured into them by the strong sunlight, cast over the whole valley such a dreamy air that the dark green thickets that grew far below along the water seemed as though they must be the lotus. Here and there a huge crag stood like an ancient castle upon some high projecting point; but such were rare, and a deep carpet of grass ferns and flowers overlay both hill and dale. Down the center of the valley swept the dark waters of the swift Zumbro, now through deep green meadows, now through great groves of stately timber. Here and there along the borders lay the farm of some new settler, but nearly all was as wild as when the Dakotahs ruled the land. Into it from the right came the meandering valley of Trout Brook, with the silvery thread of the stream shining in serpentine mazes, as it wound through groves of wild plums, crab-apple and thickets of hazel, or between deep grassy banks and arcades of willow and alder. Even so far away its waters looked so clear and cold that fancy could almost see the flash of the trout and feel upon the rod the power of its rush. Into these larger valleys broke from the prairie a hundred smaller ones, all robbed from top to bottom in grass ferns and flowers with scattered birch, maple and oak; in some the trees forming little groves in the lowest part; in others forming them at the top where they wound out into the high rolling plain above. Far away in the west we caught glimpses of yellow stubbles, and on the breeze was borne the clatter of the reaper and the hum of the thrasher. Away into the south flowed the Mississippi, bright in the noonday sun as a stream of quicksilver, for miles down the long lines of green bluffs still gleaming when the lofty bluffs were hazy with distance. There were its timbered islands all green with an almost tropical luxuriance; its great sand bars lying bare to the sun; its huge rafts of lumber covering acres of space; the puffing steamer trailing its long sooty banner against the sky, and glimmering amid the great green forests of its bottom lands were the quiet lakes where in autumn the rush of wildfowls' wings almost dethrones one's judgment.

The dinner and the cigars disposed of, we started out to hunt some stubbles that we had passed in the morning, because it was then too late to find grouse on them; but now it was nearly time for them to run out from the grass for their evening meal. Right well Prince knew what now was wanted of him. At the first stubble, an eighty-acre field half a mile long and one-fourth wide, he ran directly to the leeward side and took a sidling trot up the edge close to the prairie grass, with head high up and nose turned toward the center of the stubble. He seemed to think he could hunt the whole stubble in that way; and had it been an hour or two later, with a little damper breeze, he could have done so. As it was, he overestimated his abilities, and passed a covey just coming out of the grass on the opposite side, and scarcely a hundred yards above where our wagons entered the middle of the stubble.

But Frank, who was cavoring about up the center line of the stubble, suddenly caught their scent, and with a sudden half wheel pointed long enough to empty the wagons of every man who had a gun. Then he started toward the grass on a half trot, which quickly settled to a walk, that to a crawl, and the crawl to a firm point. Ten, twenty, fifty, nearly one hundred yards, we walked ahead of him, but there he stood, refusing to budge an inch; and just as some one intimated that he was fibbing, an old hen burst with a roar almost from beneath my feet. Two full-grown young ones followed on the right; then two more on the left; then two or three more in front; then four or five more here, there and all around. There was then no such thing as first shot for any one. Courtesy went to the winds, and the guns spouted fire across companions' noses, over their heads, and by their ears. After the first shot I dropped flat on the ground so as to give my friends a chance, not liking to stand in the way of their pleasure. In about five seconds twelve barrels were emptied and seven chickens lay in a semi-circle around us, while five or six more flew off unharmed and vanished over a rise of ground two hundred yards away; and Frank came trotting up, wagging his tail, and looking the most satisfied of all the party.

Scarcely had the rattle of our guns died away when Prince was discovered nearly four hundred yards away, backed up against the edge of the prairie grass, immovable as the Sphinx and gazing as calmly out upon the desert of stubble. He did not even turn his head to see what we were doing, but stood there the very incarnation of dignity until we had picked up the fallen birds, loaded our guns, and come up to him. Then he moved slowly ahead, stopping every twenty

feet and sniffing daintily at the breeze. It was evidently a long point, much longer than Frank had made. Step by step he took us more than half way across the stubble, and there refused to go further. Nearly forty yards ahead of him we went, when a full-grown grouse bustled out of the stubble and went away unshot at.

"An old cock," said some one, as nothing more rose. But Prince still kept his point with that marvelous instinct by which a dog knows whether all the birds have risen or not, and as we began to stir about to look for more, two young chickens rose from very near the center of the party, and in front of one of the strangers who was looking directly down upon the place where they were. He singled the tail feathers of one with his first barrel, and my ear still rings from the roar of his second, as he nearly blew my head off, as the bird passed me. At the reports more birds rose all around, some even behind us, upon which some one must have nearly trodden, and again confusion reigned supreme.

We drove over three more stubbles and found in all eight coveys upon them. We followed none of them up into the grass, but took only what fell upon the stubble. And when in the cool of the evening we started down the *coulée* to town, we had a string of birds such as it now requires money, time and patience to get anywhere, and in a few years will be unattainable at any price.

A HAWK AND ITS QUARRY.

ON the first day of the open season last summer a party of us saw a curious sight, while out for woodcock, in Berkshire county, Mass. We had had varying but ample success since our start at sunrise, and therefore felt no chagrin when a fine woodcock, which was started wild by the dogs in some alders by the roadside, flew off over the bushes without even drawing one shot from any of our eight barrels. The bird was marked down closely, we placed ourselves about his cover and sent in the dogs. As before he rose wild, but swung around in long range of all of us, drawing three shots. Each of us hit him, yet he held up and flew heavily across the road, over a pasture and far up the mountain side, where he plunged through the tops of some neglected and untrimmed apple trees toward the ground. We followed him up the rocky hill, which was especially rough and ragged, where, in some period of the early prosperity of the county, marble had been taken out, and the debris of mining and blasting had been left and strewn about. Two of us pushed through the briars toward the place where our woodcock had fallen, and on the edge of a deep cut in the rock were startled by the commotion and flutter of a rising bird. The gleam of flying feathers drew a shot from our best marksman. "Was that our woodcock?" said those behind, in amazement, for we expected to find a dead bird only. "No, I fired at a hawk," said he. "Well, did you hit him?" said one of us indifferently. "I suppose so," he continued, "for I saw something drop." "No, you didn't kill him, I think," said the one who had pushed through the briars with him, "for I saw the hawk fly out afterward." "Well, let him go," said he, and we continued our search for the woodcock. But we were unable to find him, and finally went on.

During the day we made a fine bag of eleven, and had besides two partridges, which, having been wing-broken by shooters out of season, were pointed a long time by the dogs before we guessed what was the matter, and were finally by us put out of misery. At dinner, while reviewing the day, our minds went back to the lost woodcock. We all thought it strange that neither we nor the dogs could find him. "And then that hawk, too," said our best shot, "I'm sure I hit him, and I saw something fall when I fired." "Well," assented the one who had seen the hawk last, "I saw something fall, but I supposed that what I saw was a bunch of feathers from the hawk. Could it be possible that what we saw drop was our woodcock?" It was thought worth while to look the matter up, and we went out of our way and again up the mountain to determine whether it could be so. We did not find the mangled body of our woodcock, but we can say that we found under the place where the hawk was shot the feathers of both lying about; and who shall dispute our belief that the hawk was in the act of carrying off the little game bird when that shot was fired? None of our party will so dispute it, for we think still that had the hawk been killed we should have bagged both hawk and woodcock.

T. D. P.

PHILADELPHIA NOTES.

PRESIDENT WM. EISENBROW, of the West Jersey Game Protective Society, says that his organization did not make the arrests of the gunners who were "taken in" last week for violating the Sunday law at the Pea Shore, N. J. The West Jersey Game Protective Society has no agents on duty on Sunday, and the persons who have been preventing Sunday shooting did so by reason of a law passed in 1884 empowering fish wardens to enforce game or gunning laws on the Sabbath.

Some brant have arrived on Barnegat and Tuckerton Bays, but not many; those that have come have many young ones among the flocks; few have been killed. I have never found Barnegat Bay as good as Tuckerton Bay for brant shooting. At Tuckerton the shooting places lie more directly on the line of flight of the fowl, and the best duck shooting points are at some distance from the first mentioned points, where both geese and brant are mostly killed, whereas at Barnegat there are no points at which a display of duck decoys will not at favorable times attract.

Capt. Bond, who, in my mind, is as practical a brant shooter as follows heavy-fowl gunning on the New Jersey coast, has often told me this, and my experience at Tuckerton, N. J., verifies his statement. The Bunches and Goose Bar in Tuckerton Bay are without doubt the best brant shooting points on the New Jersey coast, wherever this species of the *Anser* tribe is present, and does not migrate further south. At Barnegat the duck shooting is generally better, especially early in the season, but heavens, the number of gunners there are legion.

The weather has not been cold enough to bring very many canvas-back ducks to the flats at Havre de Grace. Red-heads are in great majority there. I am inclined to think the change of weather which is now brewing will bring with it a flight of the former.

Quail shooting is not as good as it was expected to be in Maryland and Delaware, owing to the dry and warm weather. There are coveys enough, but they keep indoors, *z. e.*, in the swamps, and have hardly begun to use the stubbles to feed.

Quail are selling in Philadelphia at \$2 and \$3 per dozen, and are termed at these rates birds that are much shot and

birds not much shot. In a word, the not much shot birds are snared or trapped ones. There are no Western quail in the market here.

Fairmount Park is thronged with rabbits, and several coveys of quail have selected these grounds as a resort. They are safe, as no shooting will be allowed there even on the outskirts. Homo.

NOVEMBER 16.

HOW SOME PEOPLE DO IT.

PREPARATIONS.

NOVEMBER is upon us. The gorgeous garniture of autumn purples, scarlets and chrome yellows is passing away. The maples are doffing their cardinal hats to the chilly north winds, leaving pates as bald as those of Franciscan monks. The tranquil pools which so short a time ago reflected their inverted beauties are now only dimpled with the sombre plumage of the wildfowl. The woods are becoming sere and leafless. The quail daintily pick their way through the copper-colored buckwheat stubbles. The woodcock sucks his julep by the oozing spring, and the grouse drum corps awakens the echoes of the mountain fastness.

It is the glorious anticipation of sport so woven in the nature of the Anglo-Saxon race, the healthful recreation of shooting; the charming fellowship which exists betwixt kindred spirits, and their companionship with their silky-coated friends, the setters, that frames in jewel settings famous pictures of sport in the minds of three New York sportsmen who meet, discuss the game season and in imagination return laden with trophies of the field and dell.

By appointment the trio assemble at the house of the short man of the party, to dine and make preparations for a trip. The host has thrown out a hint to his friends to say nothing of the subject at dinner, "for fear of alarming his wife, who is so dreadfully afraid of firearms." He neglects to mention that he is sure to be boned for a new dress by way of compromise, should the cat get out of the bag. As dinner progresses the jolly stout man is continually checking himself from exclaiming in a hearty way, "Well, old boy, we'll make trouble for the birds next week, won't we?" The result is the forced restraint makes him relapse into gloomy silence, and madam wonders how her mate "can see anything in such a stupid creature."

The tall man, on the other hand, at the third glass of sherry becomes mysterious in his allusions, and later on drops into a mischievous mood, which makes madame prick her ears, and causes her husband to shake in his boots.

Dinner is over at last, and the sportsmen are by themselves. The short man now produces a new blank book, for he has appointed himself purveyor and treasurer for the trip, and it is necessary to make out a list of what they shall take. He opens his book, and for a time the friends are buried in thought. At last the stout man says:

"Well, I suppose we'll have to take some whisky?"

"Certainly," replies the short man, "let me see, we will be gone two days. We always run short; what with giving it all to farmers and people on the cars, what do you say to five gallons; five can be put up in a box?" And five gallons are voted for.

"What next?" asks the stout man, "cigars of course?" and cigars are also put down.

"How about Scotch whisky for a punch, to stop colds if we get wet?" says the tall man, "we forgot that." And two gallons of Scotch whisky, with lemons and sugar, are added.

"Smoking tobacco is a good thing," chimes in the stout man; "it's so pleasant to smoke a quiet pipe by a cosy fire after a good, hard day's shooting." And tobacco of several brands is dotted down.

"By thunder!" exclaimed the tall man, with a horrified look, "biters have escaped us all. It's blessed lucky I thought of 'em. The morning, you know—early breakfasts." A bottle is hastily entered on the list.

"Anything to make sandwiches out of?" interposes the stout man; "for my part, but don't let me influence you, I rather think some potted stuff or other, or imported sausage is the thing. They beat the beastly ham one gets at a hotel." And these things, too, are added.

"I suppose we don't want any old Tom and Polly water for a gentle fizz?" remarks the purveyor, scratching his nose with his pencil, "but you must remember that you can't get anything fit to drink at these country places." But as his friends deem these natural life-saving blenders are absolutely indispensable, they are also entered.

"Now, how about ammunition?" asks the tall man. "We'll want lots of No. 8s for quail, No. 9s for woodcock, No. 7s for partridge and some coarse shot for ducks." The shot is recorded. Powder, shells, wads and all the rest are discussed and listed, and at length the summary of wants is found to be complete.

For the next three nights the rattle of shot in the soup tureen, the scraping of the powder measures in the sauce boat, the hammering of wads and the squeaking of the crimper keep the stout man's three olive branches from a wink of beauty sleep.

The day of departure has arrived. The tall man's tall coachman stands waiting in the railway station, while a "busting fat pointer," a slab-sided red setter and a shaggy Gordon revolve about him and plait three dog chains into an insoluble twist. With rhythmical accuracy they wind in and out of the coachman's legs in a way to remind one of the Morrice dancers of old revolving about a May pole. Then the three sportsmen arrive with three trunks and three gun cases, and the ammunition, both solid and liquid, packed in dog-kennel shaped boxes. They have tarried by the way and are smoking cigars, and just manage to catch the train.

AT THE HOTEL.

"Air there any quail around here?" reiterates the country landlord as the three sportsmen are seated at the supper table at the hotel. "Well I should smile. Quail? why they are knee deep around here. Down in St Bogenshin's farm there is a drove, but he don't let no one shoot. He's down on down city folks he sez. But I can git you gents some guides that know where all the quail, and pheasants and hares are, and where people don't care about 'em. I don't know where the game is, but the guides does. But you'll have to take a team and then you'll git heaps on 'em." During the rest of the evening countrymen in the bar-room divide their time between hinting where great quantities of game lay hidden and ringing in for drinks. The arrangements are made for an early start, and the trio stowed away in a triple-bedded room.

At 9:15 P. M. the hostler suddenly breaks into their room to say the "pinter" had dug his way out of the barn, but had been captured by him. Drink number one for hostler. He returns at 9:30 P. M. to say that the red setter had got

tangled in his chain and hung himself, but had of course been rescued by him. Drink number two for hostler.

At 9:45 P. M. he again comes back to say the Gordon wouldn't stop howling. Drink number three for hostler, who agrees to sit up and pat the dog all night. Drink number four for hostler, who shows signs of rapid dissolution, and is seen no more after promising to call the party at 6 o'clock. 10 P. M. asleep.

At midnight the three sportsmen begin to play peek-a-boo, which consists of dodging in and out of bed to consult the time. This continues two hours, and sleep has just fallen upon them when the stentorian voice of the stout man is heard to exclaim:

"Goodness gracious, hurry up boys and get up, it's quarter past six, we'll be late." When the trio have hurried on their clothes it is discovered that the stout man has looked at his watch from the wrong side of the table, and it is exactly 3 o'clock. It is considered madness to go to bed again after having become so thoroughly awake, besides, the short man remarks "he likes early rising in the country," and the short one says, "yes, it gives one time to take a quiet milk punch," and the tall one adds, "yes, and to map out the route for the day."

But the time drags heavily. At last, however, people are heard groping their way about, and a slatternly, sleepy-looking servant completely metamorphosed from the pretty bright-complexioned girl of the night before, serves an indigestible breakfast. Result—gin fizzles all around as a bracer.

The three guides usher in the sun; the tinkling of cow bells is heard in the pasture lot; the bobbing lights in the stable fade away; the rattling of the teams coming to the door disturb the blissful quiet. Dogs bark, there is a great deal of hallooing and running about, and then the start is effected. Five miles away there is a halt. The wagons are unloaded of men and their accompaniments. For the first and only time during the day's hunt, a guide removes the top rail of the fence, he "lets 'em climb arther that."

The autumn sun which lifts behind the distant woodland brings cheery visions of sport and fun. The sparkling hoar frost is dispelled beneath its warmth. A robin chirps on a neighboring fence. The Gordon, who has been sold to his master, the tall man, as "the best dog in Connecticut," spots the feathered songster. There is a wild rush and the robin is ahead. The B. D. I. C. gains on going down the hillside, and disappears from sight. The tall man bellows like a fog horn, and executes a *pas de demon*. There is some slight conversation and a smell of sulphur pervades the air. For the rest of the day the tall man and his guide drive the horses off their legs in looking for the Gordon, but in vain. They once or twice think they have found the robin, and one is slain.

Returning to the field of sport it is found that as the ready-made canvas hunting suits of their masters are precisely alike, their dogs become somewhat mixed as to who is who. At last the stout man and the "busting pinter" are found methodically encircling the field. The stout man kicks at the briar patches and pokes them with his gun. The "pinter," in a stately way, follows at his heels. In the meantime the short man and the red setter are worth observing. They are conversing; the setter barks and jumps about. The short man trails his gun and in an insinuating voice says: "Find 'em, Fide; toho to heel; for the love of all that's good don't flush 'em, boy; he on; 'ware small bird; careful now. c-a-r-e-f-u-l." The red setter stares wildly, hurts his leg in crawling through a fence, and yells with pain.

The stout man is observed going on tiptoe toward a thicket. Suddenly he stops and beckons in an excited way. He creeps on carefully, gesticulating wildly. His knees knock together. He reminds one of Humpty Dumpty going to steal a sausage. "The pinter is on a pint," whispers the guide, and urges the short man "to hurry up." He runs across two fields and then approaches the pointer with the indecision of a man about to sign the pledge. He believes only in his own dog's pointing. There is a moment of terrible excitement. Guns tremble in the air. A male cat at length walks slowly out from behind a log, arches its back and spits. All hands collapse.

The air is perfumed with choice old rye, and the party, like amateur Excelsiors, climb an endless hill. A partridge soars up a hundred yards away and sails off toward the moon. Another gets up a quarter of a mile away, and both friends fire this time. The dogs scamper off to retrieve the game, but in an hour return with their tongues showing disappointment. Then some quail are flushed, and a fusillade ensues. The birds are swift of wing and save their bacon. Then a guide is peppered in the leg by the short man and it takes \$5 to extract the limp. The day is waning. A merry squirrel drops a nut on the stout man's head. He surrounds the tree, while his gun sticks up from his shoulder like a liberty pole. In attempting to shoot, he topples over backward and breaks his gun. The short man then gets in a scientific cross shot at a rabbit, but Fide is such a close second that only a piece of his tail is docked. The day is spent. Night closes in and the party prematurely return to town.

The account book is inspected on the cars. It makes the following showing:

Whisky, bitters, etc.	\$55 00
Cigars and tobacco.	41 00
Ammunition.	23 00
One Gordon setter (owner's price).	300 00
One dog collar.	2 50
Traveling expenses, cabs, dogs, etc.	18 25
Damage to gun.	100 00
Damage to guide's leg.	5 00
Hotel expenses, including guides' board.	27 20
Two teams and one fourwheeled horse.	85 00
Three guides, at \$5 each.	15 00
Docking setter's tail, including loss of prizes at future dog shows.	175 00
Sundries.	7 13
Total.	\$1,067 08
Market value of robin.	04
Balance charged to sport.	\$1,067 04

LOADING BUCKSHOT.—Seville, O., Nov. 10.—Seeing inquiries as to how to load buckshot, I give the best way I have ever found. When the proper number to chamber in the choke has been ascertained, put them in the shell and see that they are distributed evenly on the wad. Then fill the spaces between the shot with No. 10 small shot. Repeat the process until the requisite number for the load is in, press the wad down firmly, and there is the best loaded shell for pattern and penetration that I have ever tried. It beats putting a wad between each layer. Try it.—CHIPPWA.

Deer hunters should read Judge J. D. Caton's "Antelope and Deer of America." For sale at this office. Price \$2.50.—Adv.

REMARKABLE SHOTS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have read with interest the notes under heading "Remarkable Shots," and think you have struck a good vein. I hope many readers will contribute their experiences, with this proviso, that their relations be strictly true. I send you the following (which fulfills the conditions aforesaid) as my share:

I was sailing for "coots," bore down upon two that were swimming some six or eight feet apart. As we came within range I put up my gun, hoping they would draw together, when the rear one rising, I "let go" at him at once. It so happened that at that fraction of a second he was directly over the one still sitting, say two feet or more above him. At the report both birds dived; nothing in sight, and it looked as though I was left. Fully a minute passed, when one came to the surface dead, and soon after the other in about the same condition. A chance pellet falling below the burden of the charge had caught the sitting one in the head.

F. C. BROWNE.

FRAMINGHAM, Mass., Nov. 15.

MOOSE MEASUREMENTS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have not time at present to give you an extended account of my moose hunt in September, but I send you the dimensions of four old bulls that were killed by Capt. A. A. Clay and I, each killing two. The captain killed Nos. 1 and 3, I Nos. 2 and 4.

	No. 1. Ft. In.	No. 2. Ft. In.	No. 3. Ft. In.	No. 4. Ft. In.
Height at shoulder.	6 10	6 8½	6 6	6 1
Nose to line between horns.	30	29½	27½	27
Base of horns to tail end.	7 7¼	7 3¾	7 6	7 4¼
Spread of horns.	4 9¼	4 1¼	3 9	3 9
Width of track.	5½	5	4½	5
Length of track.	4	3½	3½	3½
Length of hoof (top).	5¼	5	5	5¼
Across the nostrils.	7	6¾	6½	6½

I took these measurements carefully so as to compare them. In measuring the head I measured from between the horns down over the nose to the under side where the hair ends and the lip proper actually begins. The height was measured by simply straightening the fore leg, not pulling it, and starting from the middle of the head with the foot bent up to a natural position. It is not proper to pull the leg out and measure from the point of the hoof. I think the four made as handsome a lot to have been killed successively in one short hunt, as two cripples like us usually get.

CRCIL CLAY.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

WESTERN BIG GAME.

FROM private letters we are permitted to make the subjoined extracts. The writer is Mr. Edward H. Litchfield, who, it will be remembered, last winter contributed to these columns a very entertaining account of his experience in hunting the grizzlies in the Rocky Mountains. Mr. Litchfield writes:

I have just returned from another hunt among the Laramie mountains. I was surprised to see the diminution in the amount of game since last year. Elk were nothing like so abundant and were much more wild. Bear were practically exterminated in some regions, principally by the use of strychnine, with which it has become the habit to poison carcasses throughout the cattle ranges. The trapping that has been done could not have wiped them out so completely. A trap can, after all, take but one bear a night, while a whole family can be exterminated by the poison during the same time. Elk, deer and antelope are being slaughtered in quantities for market, as the U. P. R. R. will now transport venison and skins. At the present rate of destruction the other large game of the West will soon be as scarce as the buffalo.

I inclose a slip cut from FOREST AND STREAM of Oct. 30, from some correspondent who speaks of experiments he has tried in the poisoning line, and asks for advice to assist him in further prosecuting them. The fact is that poisoned bait kills a larger number of wild animals than the poisoner dreams of. Almost all wild animals, excepting those of the deer family, will eat dead meat, and I should not be surprised if even mountain grouse will do so. A bottle of strychnine is now very commonly part of the outfit of a cowboy, and wherever the ranchers reach a corresponding diminution follows in the number of game, a diminution that can not be wholly accounted for by the shooting for market or home use, or for the skins. There is no urgent necessity now for the use of strychnine in most of the cattle ranges, as in them the large or timber wolf is very scarce, if not practically extinct, and the coyotes, or prairie wolves, very few in number. I doubt if bears ever trouble the herds very much, if at all, and panthers are excessively scarce anywhere. Furthermore, it is doubtful if panther will touch a dead bait.

I understand that a large number of elk were killed for their skins alone last fall and winter in the Laramie Mountains. This fall they are being rapidly cleaned out of that country by market-hunters, and wagon loads of meat are taken to the railroad and sent to Omaha and elsewhere. It is impossible not to notice the great diminution in their number. Of course each market-hunter feels that as everybody is doing it, he is excusable, and perhaps he is. If it were possible to prohibit and actually put a stop to the shooting of the females and young of elk, deer and antelope, if only for a term of years, I think the problem would be solved, and that we would soon see an abundance of this game again. In the Adirondacks, where the woods are so thick, it would be very difficult to distinguish the sex of a jumping deer, and in night shooting almost impossible. But out West it is very different; and in my own hunting out there I never shoot, nor allow my men to shoot, cow-elk, doe-deer or antelope, nor their young, except when absolutely necessary for food. In the case of gentlemen sportsmen this necessity rarely occurs. Even with antelope a good hunter can almost invariably tell the buck from the doe long before he arrives within proper range, unless, indeed, as is too often the case, he opens fire on a band at 500 yards or more, and keeps up this fire from his Winchester as long as they are in range, trusting to luck to hit one. But this is not true sportsmanship, and is really cruel, as many more antelope are wounded and lost than are ever killed and taken with such shooting.

As to the method of enforcing such a law as I have suggested, I do not care to say anything at present, but it may be well for our Western friends to try such an experiment before it is too late, and they are placed in the absurd position of endeavoring to protect, by the strong arm of the law,

an animal that is extinct. We sportsmen of New York State know what this is, as for years we have had a law on our statute book preserving that noble animal, the moose, when the last survivor in our woods was shot over twenty years ago.

EDWARD H. LITCHFIELD.

TENNESSEE GAME NOTES.

GAME in abundance is now coming into market. From Reelfoot Lake ducks by the hundreds are brought every day, and due to the unprecedentedly fine fall weather. They are as fat as butter. Quail are rather high in price, but this comes from the fact that the unusual drought and mild weather prevents hunters from bagging as many as they otherwise would.

Van L. Kirkman, Esq., of Nashville, leaves to-morrow with a party of guests, including Mr. Edgar Murphy, of New York; Mr. Bishop, of Louisville, Ky.; Mr. McDowell, of Lexington, Ky., and Mr. Price, of Ohio, for his beautiful shooting box on the shore of the famous lake. As Mr. Murphy is considered the crack amateur shot of New York, and the other gentlemen ranking well up with him in the science, there will be some marvellous shooting to record later on.

Mr. Kirkman's box is a model of neatness and comfort, and as he has a corps of accomplished servants in charge of it, those honored with the owner's hospitality have an opportunity of enjoying the grandest shooting to be had on this continent under the most favorable condition.

Squirrels are unusually abundant this winter, and the 'possum crop far exceeds any ever known here. My old servant, Bill Hobs, captured one a few days since which he is fattening for my Christmas dinner. Bill says that he is already as big as a shoat, and by killing-time he will be a monster.

Gen. W. H. Jackson and his brother, the Senator, have two superb packs of highly bred hounds with which they hunt the country around Bella Meade, alternately for foxes and deer. Of the latter, there are 450 in the park on the farm, so that material for a chase is always at hand. They have these meets each week (for the deer pack), to which everybody is invited. The runs have been exciting so far this season, and as soon as the farmers and city folks become educated to cross country riding the scenes at the meets will rival those in the old mother country England.

It is the general regret among the sportsmen of Middle Tennessee that the delicate health of W. H. Johnson prevents him taking the field this winter. He owns the grandest pack of hounds in the State, and is himself the most enthusiastic fox hunter to be met with in the South.

J. D. H.

NASHVILLE, Nov. 14, 1884.

OHIO GAME NOTES.—Seville, O., Nov. 10.—Ruffed grouse are plentier than for four or five years past. Nearly every small patch of woodland that contains underbrush has at least one representative in it, and I have seen a few nice bunches containing from ten to fifteen birds each. The leaves are still too thick for one to make much headway in bringing them to bag. Quail are also very plenty, judging from reports. I have seen quite a respectable number. Woodcock are scarce and snipe infrequently found, probably on account of the long drought the past summer, which has made their grounds very dry. The squirrel crop is also slim. There are a few red ones, and occasionally a fox, but gray and black fewer than I ever remember; caused by lack of water during the summer and scarcity of food this autumn. Ducks are few and scattering, wood duck and teal have left and the large ducks have not arrived in any numbers as yet. Saw three mallards and a dozen or two redheads at Chippewa Lake last week, but most of the ducks were buffle-heads and "brownies," a local term for what I think is the ruddy duck (*Erimaturus rubida*), a small duck, with a broad, black bill and the tail feathers sharp at the end like a woodpecker's. The trouble with our duck hunting is the number of shootists as compared to the number of ducks. Perhaps bad, stormy weather may bring a remedy, for the cold has a depressing effect on the average duck hunter as found in this section. We live in hopes. This was a great game section only a few years since, but the greed of the landholder has taken away our timber and drained our marshes, and the necessities of commerce have run ribbons of steel up and down our valleys until I sometimes wonder how long it will be before all our birds worthy the name of game shall have gone the way of the wild pigeon, that martyr to game protection associations. But one thing we have here that is going to stay by us, that is the gray rabbit. He seems to be holding his own in spite of all comers, and flourishes in the midst of various devices for his destruction, and although not strictly a game varmint, he beats nothing all to pieces. The farmers do not like his style of polishing up young fruit trees; but they won't let us shoot on their lands, so we won't let the rabbits be persecuted by ferrets, and, as there are plenty of holes, it will be some time before bunny gets very scarce.—CHIPP-EWA.

ORANGE COUNTY GAME.—Madison, N. Y.—I have just returned from a ten days' hunt among the hills of Orange county, N. Y. Quail were very plentiful, but the very dry weather we have had for so long a time made hunting rather unprofitable to the shooter and discouraging to one's dog. I managed to kill enough to make it interesting. Partridges I found few and far between now, where once they were found in abundance. A night hunt with a cur dog after 'coons gave us two fat fellows of eighteen pounds apiece, and I was thankful they did not weigh more, as my shoulder was lame enough before I got to the bottom of the mountain with them. A wildcat (weighing fifty-two pounds with the hide off) was killed within half a mile of where I boarded. Game notes around Madison, N. J., are hardly worth writing up since game birds are so scarce, and the principal cause of this is the cutting of timber which, of course, dries up the land. Snipe shooting has been poor, owing to the very dry condition of our meadows. Very few woodcock have been killed so far. A party of two gunners with two hounds bagged thirty-two rabbits on Election Day. I assure you such a bag is not made every day, nor once a year.—16-BORR.

MICHIGAN BEARS.—Central Lake, Mich., Nov. 12.—A bear came into a pigsty on the border of this village, a night or two ago, and seriously injured a hog. Why the animal did not complete his work is unknown. No similar occurrence has taken place here for many years. The bears seem unusually numerous this season, several having been seen within a few days not far from this point. I have heard of only one or two deaths among them. One charged upon the hunter after the first shot, fired at about 100 yards, but he had, fortunately, a breechloading gun, and the next shot, fired at a few yards' distance, was effectual.—KELPTE.

TWO FOXES.—Editor *Forest and Stream*: Last Wednesday, while hunting grouse, I made a double shot on foxes. It happened as follows: I came out of some pines into a small open space where the woods had been cut off, and while looking over the ground saw a fox near a pile of brush. I hunted through my pockets for some cartridges loaded with No. 2 shot, to take the place of the No. 8 in the gun, but could only find one shell so loaded. The fox had in the meanwhile stepped behind the pile of brush, and when he next showed himself he was about thirty-five yards away. I at once doubled him up with the No. 2 shot. At the report of the gun a second fox jumped from behind the same pile of brush and ran past me, and I killed him at twenty-five yards with my second barrel, loaded with 3½ drams wood powder and 1½ ounces No. 8 shot. The chance to kill two foxes right and left seldom offers. I have seen two at the same time frequently, but never had an opportunity to get both before.—C. M. S.

BLACK BRANT.—Whatcom, Washington Territory, Nov. 4.—In your issue of Oct. 16, I see an account of the black brant, in which the writer states that these birds, after leaving the coast of Alaska, make no stop until they reach San Diego Bay in Southern California. The black brant stops in the Gulf of Georgey and also in Bellingham Bay, from about the first of November until the 15th of April, when they leave for the north. Their sonorous clank, when once heard by the lover of wildfowl shooting, will never be forgotten. Looking out into the Gulf of Georgey on some morning in November, as far as the eye can reach, a man can see thousands of brant and geese. The most noted places for duck hunting in this vicinity are the Frazier River Frats, the Sumas Prairie, the Samish and Skagit River Flats, which at some future time I shall say something about.—M. D.

MISSISSIPPI.—Corinth, Nov. 10.—Our open season began Oct. 1. Parties who have been out report the shooting poor. The birds do not seem to have had their usual success in rearing their broods, which may, perhaps, be accounted for by the wet weather of June and July. On Thursday last a deer was reported as having been seen within less than two miles of the corporation lines. On Friday a party was organized for its capture, but failed to start it, as it had been chased the day before by curs. A party left here on Saturday for Reelfoot Lake. As it has turned warm, it is probable that their sport may be slim.—WILL.

COLORADO.—Grand County, Nov. 4.—Fishing commenced very late this year, but when it opened was very good for a short time. As a season it has been the poorest I have known for years. Small game is more plentiful than I expected early in season. The broods of grouse, both dusky and pintail and sage hens, fair. Rabbits numerous. The weather very fine, a real "Indian summer," which makes the hunting of large game a little slow.—RIPON.

QUÉBEC GAME.—Sherbrooke, Quebec, Nov. 15.—A fine bull moose, which dressed over 400 pounds, has been shot by S. D. Ball, at Spider Lake. The antlers were very large and in splendid condition. Deer and caribou are plentiful between Spider and the head of Moose River. Female moose are under the protection of the law so far as it goes, but in the cities—where the law abudgeth most—the moose doesn't seek protection.—D. THOMAS.

HE THINKS IT POOR.—Eldred, Sullivan County, N. Y., Nov. 17.—Editor *Forest and Stream*: A party of eight men from Jersey City and from Hancock, N. Y., four from each place, had fourteen shots at deer in four days last week, none over four yards. All shot buckshot, and none bagged their deer. I call that mighty poor shooting.—I. M. BRADLEY.

MAINE GAME.—Enstis, Me., Nov. 11.—Big game is very plentiful at and near Tim Pond; four caribou and one deer were shot last week, and lots more left. I can furnish camps and outfit and good guides to show the game to all parties who may come to shoot before Jan. 1.—KENNEDY SMITH.

PENNSYLVANIA.—Fallsington, Berks County.—Saw over fifty quail in one covey last Sunday, as I was out taking a walk. Could get within a couple of yards of them. They have not been shot at this season. Squirrels and rabbits plentiful. Several woodcock have been shot also.—SUB.

QUAIL AT SOUTH OYSTER BAY, L. I.—November 15.—Myself and guide, two guns, one dog, between eight and nine hours' tramp; result, sixteen quail, one dove, one rabbit. We had to work for every bird, however, as they are wild.—A.

THE QUAIL IDIOT AGAIN.—A Los Angeles (Cal.) citizen agreed to eat four quail a day for thirty days or forfeit \$1,000, if the election in New York resulted contrary to his expectations.

MICHIGAN.—Central Lake, Nov. 8.—A few deer have been killed, one with a pistol. They are not so numerous as to obstruct travel.—KELPTE.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

FAIR DIANA.—By "Wanderer." New York: Scribner & Welford. 1884. An English sporting novel.

THE AMERICAN SPORTSMAN.—Containing hints to sportsmen, notes on shooting, and the habits of the game birds and wildfowl of America. By Elisha J. Lewis, M.D. New edition, revised. J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1885 [sic].

Sportsmen tell of a wonderfully big trout, which inhabits the North Fork of the Poudre, near its confluence with the main stream. Old fishermen estimate that he will weigh, at the least calculation, ten pounds. He has been seen every trouting season for the past four years. Anglers have tried in vain to capture this finny monster, and many are the instances of having been hooked, but he always proved too much for the delicate hooks and lines commonly used, snapping them, when hooked, as if they were pin hooks attached to cotton thread. He has been hooked by William Calloway, L. A. Chase, and last week by Captain Coon, well known in Fort Collins. Some of the lovers of the rod are talking of organizing a party having for its special purpose the capture of this wonderful fish.—*Fort Collins Courier*.

IN DAYS OF HEALTH prepare for sickness; in youth prepare for old age; which means insure in the *Travelers*, of Hartford, while you are healthy and can get insurance, and while you are young and can get it cheap.—*Advt.*

Sea and River Fishing.

FISH IN SEASON IN NOVEMBER.

Black bass (<i>Micropterus</i>), two species.	Pike perch (<i>Stizostedion</i>).
Striped bass or rockfish (<i>Roccus lineatus</i>).	Yellow perch (<i>Perca flavescens</i>).
Weakfish or salt-water trout (<i>Cynoscion</i>).	Sheepshead (<i>Acanthurus</i>).
Bluefish or taylor (<i>Pomatomus saltatrix</i>).	Kingfish or barb (<i>Menticorpus</i>).
Tomcod or frost fish (<i>Microgadus tomcodus</i>).	Rock bass or red eye (<i>Ambloplites</i>).
Pike (<i>Esox lucius</i>).	War-mouth (<i>Chenobryttus</i>).
Pickrel (<i>Esox reticulatus</i>).	Crappie (<i>Pomoxys nigromaculatus</i>).
Masaconge (<i>Esox nobilior</i>).	Bachelor (<i>Pomoxys annularis</i>).
	Tautog or blackfish (<i>Tautoga onitis</i>).
	Channel bass, spot, or red fish (<i>Sciaenops ocellatus</i>).

EXPERIENCE AND HOPES.

TOLD BY A WOMAN.

THERE are times when tired humanity longs for a radical change, when the daily round of a woman's life becomes irksome, the daily cooking, sweeping, the hum and buzz of a sewing machine is a trial and a burden; the many wants of even a small household keep the nerves tense and overstrung, so we dragged along during the sultry summer weather, hoping, waiting, for an opportunity to go fishing and boating; rather, I may say, to enjoy a month's rest in camp beside one of the beautiful lakes contiguous to the Grand Rapids & Indiana R. R. But what an amount of worry and bustle; the tent, the cooking stove, the bedding (the tent must be cosy as a summer cottage to please my husband), everything is prepared with all the care and forethought of an old camper. A fine assortment of fishing tackle that must have cost my husband and boy nearly \$100; but I am proud to say my own tackle forms an important feature in the outfit—we don't go off half prepared for fishing, for we have everything to make life happy while in camp—the pleasure of preparation is as enjoyable as the fishing itself.

The afternoon train bears at least one family northward. The city of Grand Rapids is reached near midnight, and we change trains for the beautiful Michigan woods. The kind forethought of Mr. C. L. Lockwood arms us with authority to stop the train at a small station in the woods right in the midst of trout streams and lovely lakes. The morning sun dispels a heavy mist, and reveals the dear old woods that in years by-gone we have ridden through after "Waiting for the wagon." All the "calamities" are loaded up and I am perched up on top of them, the seat of honor they tell me, up hills, down dales, hour after hour, until the afternoon is going and the shadows lengthen; then hurry and bustle until the tents are up and the stove going, while husband and boy strengthen the cords and drive home the tent pins preparing for a coming storm. A few minutes' preparation, and my little hot blast stove has a supper cooking that we enjoy, because we are at home in camp life. Then preparations for rest, and the beds are put up; no sleeping on the ground for us, my husband is too fond of exercising his inventive genius to allow me to sleep on the earth. A neat, compact cot is a part of our camp outfit. In a few minutes after night sets in, we spend a short time in contemplation of the goodness of the great Creator who spreads above us the starry glories of the firmament; verily they can be imagined to be holes in the floor of heaven to let the glory shine through.

The morning greeting from the Wind King was a rough one; puff, blow, bang and tear went our tents and ropes, but they stand well, and we drop off to sleep again, trying to recuperate from the fatigue by sleeping the clock round, but it is cold! and the splash dash of the waves as they come rolling up the beach within a few feet of our tent tell us to sleep again.

The sun was hours high when we turned out to get breakfast. The little kerosene stove is a jewel, though cold outside our tent was made comfortable, breakfast was a leisurely affair, plenty of FOREST and STREAMS were found among our camp equipage. These and other books were read aloud and breakfast was a far more enjoyable one than in the hot dusty city we came from, where breakfast was rushed through, and business, business was all the cry. The only trouble in camp I find is to cook enough to eat, the fresh air makes us all so hungry. While the gale lasts we cannot go boating, so I spend the day fixing up the tent, making it attractive, and picking abundance of wild raspberries. My husband is off up the creek trying to get a few trout and I indulge in some experiments and make fruit cracker puddings. So when supper is served, the trout enjoyed, and the events of the day being discussed, both husband and boy open their eyes and declare this a camp luxury and beg for a repetition as often as circumstances will permit.

The days pass quickly in camp. I have often longed to row a boat myself, but my other half has always been too worn out and fatigued to teach me, but I am thankful to say my boy took both the patience and pains to teach me to row well, and now "I can paddle my own canoe" and enjoy the recreation—more than this, I can row the head of our family while he sits in the stern making long casts on either side for the bronze-backer Dr. Henshall so ably defends, but a fish that I fear, because he uses his spines spitefully, and has no respect of persons—he will stab a lady just as readily as the veriest poacher and pot-hunter that ever set a net.

Saturday evening finds us prepared to enjoy the Sabbath of rest. In all our camping experience, no line has ever been wetted, no boat ever gone for a fishing trip.

The villagers are preparing to meet in their humble school house, we join them in worship and remain to Sunday school; in the evening they come to our camp with their friends to the number of one hundred, to hear the word of the Kingdom expounded by one who has cast a line upon many waters, and whose name often finds a place in the columns of FOREST and STREAM. Thus the Sabbath passes without a sigh, without a longing of regret, peacefully closing, feeling that the lines have been cast in pleasant places with us, and a covenant-keeping God has led us beside still waters.

The time passes, oh! so quickly, until we scarce can realize that a week has passed. Boating, fishing, picnicing, sometimes to Torch River, sometimes to Clam Lake, getting a good supply of fish, while the husband is off up through the dense woods, where we cannot turn around, after trout, and comes home with enough in his creel to satisfy our wants. We sometimes attempt to go trouting, but somehow the fish see us or we tumble in and get a thorough wetting; the fantastic grouping of fallen trees, moss-covered and storm-beaten, repay us for the scratching and tumbling. The mossy undergrowth, the purling, singing brook all fascinate and attract us, and around the big camp-fire in the evening, the pictures seen during the day are portrayed in glowing

colors. Such are the pleasures of camp life; our recreation brings us health and strength, while we are enjoying the blessing of him who makes all things beautiful.

We removed to the far north near the boundary line, hoping to be able to enjoy some fishing when the time came, but the care of a large hotel, the worry incident to a business that demanded constant thought and broken rest at night, made me think the happy camping days were the dreams of a past, gone never to return, but a change of residence, the coming to Duluth, the sight of beautiful but grand old Lake Superior has revived all the old longings.

The boy and I often discuss the kind of boat we shall have, and count the number of streams known to contain trout within fifty miles of Duluth. The easy means of access to them all make us hope that the future is bright with promise and that another summer will find us in camp under the lofty pines along shore where the ceaseless beat of Superior will calm the busy brain and give rest to the hand almost constantly driving a pen across page after page. When we learn that within a radius of fifty miles twenty streams known to have trout in them are found, can one wonder how longingly the dream to camp near them will form one of the hopes when wintry storms beat and the thermometer fails to record the cold of this region.

LUCY J. T.

DULUTH, MINN.

ECHOES FROM THE TOURNAMENT.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I think the time chosen for the tournaments is too early in the season. Many members are not back from the woods and summer resorts before November, and at present writing, Nov. 15, the weather is all that could be desired. A month earlier we usually look for storms, and good weather is the exception. By the middle of November the fishing season is over, except for black bass, and but few fish for them as late as that date. In the spring, before the fishing season opens, would not be a good time, nor would it be desirable to hold the tournaments in mid-summer, but during the good days that occur in November, after the first storms and frosts have passed, seems to be the best time. Of course it is impossible to choose a time which will suit all persons, but it seems as if the middle of November might be satisfactory to more members than any other time. This year the weather happened to be favorable on the days chosen, although a rain began at its close which might have set in a few hours earlier, and so spoiled the contests. Last year the rain did interfere with the casting, or rather with the spectators who gathered to witness it. Let us hope to see the date of the next contest fixed for later in the season. H.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The experience of three years seems to show that the middle or latter part of October is a time that continued storms are liable to set in and spoil the tournaments. The date is entirely too late. If they could be held during the first week in September there would be a better chance of suitable weather. By that time the trout season is over, and people are coming back from the country and good weather is apt to be the rule.

WATERPROOF.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Could not a second line be run parallel with the measuring line, and at a proper distance, for the purpose of keeping the judges' boat where it ought to be? Rings might be placed on that second line, with small, short ropes attached, which, by means of snaps (such as are used on halters), might be fastened to rings or ropes on the boats. The boats could then be run along by hand. When I was in the boat last year we had a wind toward the line giving distances (or from it?), which the same made no little bother.

ONE OF THE JUDGES.

DOWN THE SUSQUEHANNA.

THE "Log of the Bucktail" has been a very interesting series of sketches of pleasant trips in Pennsylvania waters, written in "Nessmuk's" cheery style, full of kindness to all things in nature, save the fish-hog and the pot-hunter. I have enjoyed every one of the papers, and I did every line in his breezy old woodsman-like "Woodcraft," a little volume every lover of nature and every "outer" in camp and on stream should not fail to secure and treasure in his library, for it will bring back tender, pleasant recollections of the "old woods loafer" long after he has joined the great majority.

His experience on the headwaters of the west branch of the Susquehanna is very like my own on the east branch of the same stream, upon a trip I made a few weeks since. And alas, his experience and irritation and vexation accord exactly with my own during the hundred-mile trip I made down this beautiful and romantic river, for the fish-hog and the wiers and dams were almost in sight of each other every day of the eight days in which I was floating, paddling and camping amid

Hills and bold mountains, hemlock-crowned,
Past islands, through valleys, the river wound;
Now pebbles and rocks, and sand and crystal,
Swift waters, then calm, now shallows and rife;
Chestnut and oak, or hemlock and pines,
Willows and birch, and elms clad in vines."

The camper, the canoeist, in fact the sportsman and outer, who loves beautiful scenery, clear waters and pure air need not go further from home for it. He may go a long way and fare much the worse. The fishing, too, is remarkably good, considering the innumerable devices that are openly laid to rob the stream of game fish, and the butchery that is constantly going on.

During a good many seasons' experience over a large part of the waters of this country I have never seen finer water for black bass anywhere. Particularly so is it just above Wyalusing and just below Meshoppen, but there is hardly any part of the river from the New York line to Wilkes-barre that is not excellent ground for bass, and if the illegal fishing was only stopped the river would be alive with gamy beauties, eager to take any tempting lure that crossed their paths. We put in just above the mouth of the Chemung, a few miles from the New York State line, and had a most enjoyable time camping and fishing during the eight days it took us to run the hundred miles to Pittsburg.

We had all the fish we wanted to eat every day, pitching tent and camping every night, and did not try for more, as we were not fishing for count or market. But the fish dams and rivers are what I most wanted to enter my protest against. If we only had more "Nessmuk's" we would have laws and have them enforced, too. I don't believe there is a single five miles on the whole distance we covered where

there is not an immense V-shaped or in some instances a great W pile of rocks, stakes and stones extending clear across the whole stream so that we could with difficulty find a place to get through. How we did wish for a hundred or two good-sized dynamite cartridges, just to lay them along under the sides of some of those dams and see things "scatter" when they exploded.

Some of these dams must have cost a great deal of time and labor to construct. Just above Towanda, not over two miles above the town, they were just putting the finishing touches on one, a half dozen teams and a dozen men were hard at work up to their knees in water piling up rocks and hauling in straw, brush and gravel. As we found a narrow shallow opening at one shore, and slipped through, one big fellow hailed us with, "Well, ketch any?" "No," I sung out, "and there will be less to catch when you get that slaughter house done." Instantly they knew we were sportsmen, for several shouted their imprecations.

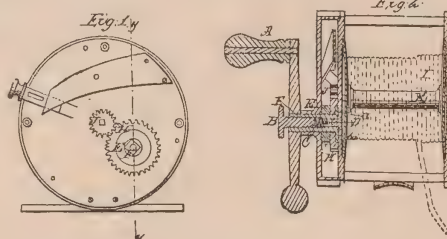
At Towanda we stopped for some stores and reported what was going on to some gentlemen, but they were quite indifferent to the matter. I hope the Fish Commissioners of Pennsylvania will see this article and you are at liberty to give my name and address at any time and I will furnish the name of the gentleman with me, and what is more we will both go one to two hundred miles at our own expense any time that we can aid in having these fish pirates punished and their murderous business stopped.

DORSAL FIN.

OCTOBER.

EXPIRED REEL PATENTS.

THE fishing-line reel devised by Wm. H. Van Gieson, which is exhibited in Figs. 1, 2 and 3, is arranged to clamp the cogwheel which works the shaft about which the line is wound. When clamped the cogwheel and shaft revolve by friction, avoiding the danger of breaking the apparatus and losing the line and fish by any sudden jerk or strain which the fish may give to the line.



To carry out this construction, a coiled spring is employed which is held down and the pressure it exerts is regulated by a thumb screw in the center of the crank shaft. The other end of the coil-spring rests upon a pin which passes through a hole in the friction wheel or collar, E, and through a slot in the crank shaft, F.



By turning down the thumb screw the coiled spring forces the pin along the slot in the crank shaft and holds the friction wheel, E, against the cogwheel, H, so that it is carried round by the crank shaft. The cogwheel, H, works into and revolves the cogwheel, J, attached to the shaft, K, about which the line is wound or reeled.

Van Gieson asserts that this construction preserves the apparatus from being broken by sudden strains on the line, caused by the fish running or turning suddenly. The force necessary to break the line or the reel is always less than that required to overcome the friction of the cog gear; so that the only effect of such a jerk or strain will be to run out the line. The angler may continue constantly reeling in his line from the time the fish is hooked, for when the fish pulls hard enough to overcome the friction the line will run out, and when the fish slacks up or turns, or runs back or pulls less than the friction of the wheel, the gear will immediately act and reel in the line.

F. B. BROCK.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

PICKEREL FISHING THROUGH ICE.

THE time approacheth when the rural angler taketh down the old cigar box from the kitchen mantel, where it has lain since last February, and looketh over his hooks, and examineth his lines with a critical eye for tender places. On a beam in the woodshed are the "tip-ups," of more or less ingenious make, and these are also taken down and surveyed. The cool nights give promise of ice on the ponds, and as soon as it will bear is the time when the labor of cutting holes will be the least and this is an important item to consider. Many a hole have I cut, when a boy, and many a long-snouted snake-eater have I flopped on the ice when the weather was so "Siberian" that it was a question which would freeze first, the fish or I. There is no doubt about its being fun, for we looked forward to it each year, and even dignified it by the name of sport.

Years brought experience in a higher class of angling, and winter fishing was voted dull and stupid. What a pity that the freshness of youth should pass and the enthusiasm be lost! How we did enjoy many things which have lost their savor, as we, in process of evolution, are changed from keen youths, whose very existence is one complete joy only marred by the hours spent in the school-room, to blasé men of the world who, like Sir Charles Coldstream, have seen all that earth affords and declare "there is nothing in it." We occasionally have symptoms of our boyish enthusiasm, and try hard to enjoy things as we remember we did, a sort of reverting to the ancient type, for the boy is said to be the father of the man, but the pulse has taken a steady gait and declines to spurt as in youth.

Now it so happened that a friend who was quite wealthy, as I wish all my friends were, and owned a little shooting-box up in the wilds of Pike county, Pa., asked, one January morning about six years ago, if I had ever fished for pickerel through the ice. He was assured that it had often occurred in the dim past, but the desire for it had long been outgrown, and that pickerel fishing in winter around a warm stove in a country grocery was now a more enjoyable form,

as it was not only more comfortable, but larger fish could be taken.

He had a little lake, it had not been fished in years, no matter if the ice was too thick in January his game keeper would cut the holes; he would send up a good supply of all that makes life worth living, and he prevailed. We found the lake solid with twenty-one inches of ice and the wind howling. The old game keeper cut twenty holes and the snow drifted in them and froze almost as fast as he cut. The tip-ups would not work on account of the ice, and so we could run around about every half hour and test the lines to see if a fish was on. An evergreen shelter on the shore afforded a screen for men and fire and the live minnows were in a bait pail in a spring. We had three days solid sport which culminated on the last one by the capture of a yellow perch of about half a pound. This was cooked over the fire together with a rabbit that had been stopped by a bullet from my pistol, and we ate, smoked, and—told stories, while the wind howled. My friend asked me as we were leaving how I liked it. He was answered: "It may be cold and my fingers and toes may ache, my mustache may be frozen to my chin, and an icicle hang from my nose, and there may be no pickerel in the lake, but I like it, O, I like it!"

This was as far as this story was intended to go, but memory harks back to a boyish trip from Albany down to Kinderhook Lake, somewhere near forty years ago, more or less, and right here some fellows might quote Mazzeppa, and say:

I was a goodly stripling then;

At seventy years I so may say,

That there were few, or boys or men,

Who in my dawning time of day,

Of vassal or of knight's degree,

Could vie in vanities with me;

For I had strength, youth, gaiety,

A port, not like to this ye see,

But as smooth as all is rugged now;

For time, and care, and war, have ploughed

My very soul from out my brow;

And thus I should be disavowed

By all my kind and kin, could they

Compare my day and yesterday.

They might quote that, but I won't mention it because it does not fit in all places. However this may be, the facts are that early in December of this year long past, from boys ranging in years from ten to fifteen, footed it down to the lake mentioned, some ten miles or more, if memory serves, and cut holes in the thin ice, and with home-made tip-ups which hoisted a flag when a pickerel was on, took out thirty-nine pickerel, whose united weight was eighty-six pounds. The leader knew the grounds for he had been there before in older company, and at night we sold our fish to a carousing party from Troy, who had only three fish, for five dollars, and the holes for five more, a big pile for us, and we wended our way home rejoicing. A few years afterward I wrote this up in a friend's fishing album with the following parody which he had published in the Albany *Kuickerbocker*. The parody ran:

The fishers came down like wolves on the fold,
Their toes were all frosted, their noses all cold,
Their weather-peeled "bugles" soon shone through the town;
They called for hot whisky, and gulped it down,
Then emptied their boots and wrung out a stocking;
Showed a few little perch, and swore very shocking;
Bought the pickerel we had, then lit out of here,
With "a mighty good catch," and their skins full of beer.

FRED MATHER.

COLD SPRING HARBOR, N. Y.

WESTERN LANDLOCKED SALMON.

MR. W. A. BALLIE-GROHMAN writes as follows to the *London Field*:

Last year I spent six or seven months in the Kootenay district, that hitherto almost entirely unknown, most easterly portion of British Columbia, close to the Rocky Mountains, which form the boundary line between that province and the northwest. I here became acquainted with the following details, which perhaps, from an ichthyological point of view, are of some interest: Kootenay Lake, a beautiful mountain tarn, surrounded by high, snow-peaked ranges, some eighty miles long and of great depth, is full of salmon, which to supply the pot of a hungry camp, we caught one night almost, say by the hundredweight, the largest that tested our lines being fish of between 20 pounds and 25 pounds, the average weight about half that. Strange to say, these fish, as perfect salmon as you could find anywhere, were perfect landlocked ichthyological curiosities. To make myself understood, the following geographical facts must be remembered. The Kootenay River has its source in the main chain of the Rockies, and after a course of 400 miles it flows into the Kootenay Lake. This lake, while leaving numerous feeders in the shape of mountain torrents, has but one outlet, up which, however, salmon cannot get, for this outlet is a stream, or rather mountain torrent, with high falls in it, the highest being quite 40 feet in sheer altitude. It empties into the Columbia River. The Columbia, where annually (at its mouth) from 15,000,000 pounds to 35,000,000 pounds of salmon are caught, is for its whole length (1100 or 1200 miles) free of falls insurmountable by salmon, the highest, the world-famed Kettle Falls, being 24 feet in their height, and I believe the highest falls on record that are known to be leapt by these fish. Salmon, therefore, ascend the entire Columbia, and fill, when the high water recedes, the tiny Upper Columbia Lake, the only source of this great river, with masses of dead fish, a great attraction for all the bear in the surrounding country. This brings them, however, no nearer to Kootenay Lake, where their existence is so extremely puzzling, and which was a standing matter of discussion in our party, among whom there were two fishermen of great experience; one an English officer, who has plied his rod over some of the most famous salmon waters.

The one explanation we could offer at the time, that the outlet of Kootenay Lake was once without insurmountable falls, is far less tenable than the other one, across which I stumbled in about the last place in the world—the reading room of the British Museum. The Kootenay River, after flowing about a hundred miles through great cañons and deep gorges, overshadowed by those as yet unascended giants of the northern Rockies—Mount Murchison, Richardson, and Lefroy (about 14,000 feet reported altitude)—approaches at one point the Upper Columbia Lake to within one and a half miles, the intervening strip of land being an apparently level stretch of sparsely timbered meadow land. I say apparently level, for in reality there is, as we found, a difference of more than twenty feet between the surface of

the little lake and the higher Kootenay River, which, after approaching to within this short distance, turns off sharply, again to pursue its first southerly, then again northerly, then again southerly course to Kootenay Lake, and down the outlet, to join, after an apparently perfectly needless journey of some four or five hundred miles, the waters of the Columbia, which it had approached to within almost rifleshoot distance. Strange to say this one mile and a half strip of land between the two waters—one having unbroken communication with the Pacific Ocean, the other not—is the key to this mystery, in so far as it shows how salmon got into Kootenay Lake. At present this strip is high and dry, and shows but little signs that water ever flowed over it—a fact of which it is difficult to find any record, for the country about this spot was, up to last year, entirely uninhabited by white men, and the Kootenay Indians, lords of this most lovely of spots, did not know, or would not know, of any such overflow.

To make it worse, travelers have strangely neglected this spot; and the few who have crossed the Rocky Mountains into British Columbia did so by the old Hudson Bay trail, two hundred and fifty miles to the north of this spot. Not even that most painstaking and intrepid of explorers, David Douglass, who was twice sent out to the Columbia River by the Royal Horticultural Society, reached the source of the mighty Columbia.

Were it not for the meritorious missionary father, De Smet, one of the boldest explorers we have had, who, in 1841, left France to found the Oregon missions among the Indians of the Pacific coast, the above problem would probably remain unsolved. De Smet, who died only a few years ago, left three little volumes of letters behind him, one of them giving a detailed description of the upper Kootenay country, which he describes, and not without some right, as a paradise-like region. He mentions the fact that the Upper Columbia Lake receives a portion of the Kootenay (or as it was then called, Ares-a-plats) River water during the great spring freshets which occur in June and July, when salmon are swarming up the Columbia in millions, and hence at some time or other, probably not so long ago, some salmon, more adventurous than the rest, stemming the current flowing over this one and a half-mile strip of ground during a particularly big freshet, managed to get into the Kootenay River, and thence down into the Kootenay Lake, where they have increased, and have retained all the characteristics that make a salmon a salmon, except their wonted annual return to their briny element. The fish whose delicious flaky cuts furnished us daily "grub" for months were descendants of salmon who traveled "overland" in a manner reminding one of Munchausen's tales, could the facts here mentioned be not so easily substantiated.

Toward the end of September and beginning of October, we found that all the salmon of this species we caught showed signs of emaciation, while their sides and backs become discolored and stained. They also would not bite so freely, and as we were to a great extent dependent upon our rifles and rods for the larder, we devoted ourselves in October more to salmon trout and trout. The former, I may incidentally mention, grow in Kootenay Lake to about the same size as the salmon, *i. e.*, 25 pounds, while the latter, averaging about two pounds, inhabit the creeks and the outlet of the lake, and give wonderfully good sport, a small and gaudy salmon fly proving the deadliest among untutored fish. The Kootenay salmon appear to have retained their anadromous instinct, though there are but two creeks emptying in Kootenay Lake sufficiently free of high falls to allow salmon to ascend them. One, the largest of all the tributary creeks, called the Lardo, flowing into the lake at the most northerly point, is said to be a favorite spawning ground, Indians reporting this stream to be almost a solid mass of fish in August. The fact that they scoop them out with short-handled and most primitive landing nets—each family I was told taking in one day their whole winter's provision—would seem to bear out the reported abundance.

The Kootenay River, down which at some time or other the progenitors of these salmon must have come, and which is more than 700 miles long, does not seem to be liked by them—at least we did not catch a single salmon in it. In the lake they seem to prey on small salmon trout and trout, more than half the fish we caught having other small ones in them, some as much as 10 ounces and 12 ounces in weight.

The Kootenay salmon are, so far as I could judge, identically the same as the species which, among five or six other varieties, chiefly frequents the Columbia River. It is popularly known as the spring silver salmon.

It is to be hoped that the Dominion Government, under whose supervision the fisheries also in British Columbia are placed, will take prompt measures to prevent a possible extermination of these fine fish in Kootenay Lake, for impossible as it seems, I have no doubt, were similar vandalism to be perpetrated in this lake as has almost annihilated the fish in Lake Pend d'Oreille, in Idaho Territory, about a hundred miles to the south of it, even Kootenay Lake would suffer materially, though, being much deeper than the latter lake, the work of destruction would take somewhat longer. I am referring here to the general use of giant powder (dynamite) which worked much ruin on Pend d'Oreille, covering acres of surface with fine salmon trout, which but three years ago were there in untold numbers.

For two and a half years—*i. e.*, during the construction of the Northern Pacific Railroad, which runs along the shores of Pend d'Oreille Lake for thirty or forty miles—some four or five thousand navvies were employed on its banks, giant powder being a commodity not only much used by the contractors, but also much stolen by the hands. A barbaric warfare was soon inaugurated by whites, Indians and Chinamen, who were largely employed on this railway work, and soon made the most adept "giant powderers," finding that they could make very much better wages going out into the middle of the lake and sinking a dynamite cartridge and selling wagonloadful of their victims at the rate of ten cents (fivepence) for a 10-pound or 15-pound salmon trout, than shovelling earth.

On stormy days the shores of this lake, but a few months before buried in the densest and most solitary forest region in the United States, would be simply heaped for miles with carcasses of these fish that had not been secured by the slaughterers, and drifted ashore. The superintendent of the Pend d'Oreille division of this line informed me last summer that, in two and a half years, no fewer than nineteen of his navvies were either killed or lost limbs while giant-powdering salmon trout in this lake—a fact which shows to what excess it was used, and that by men who were conversant with the proper handling of this dangerous explosive. The hope, therefore, that Kootenay Lake may be preserved from a similar fate when the construction of the proposed railway

down the outlet of the lake will commence is, in view of what I have related, at least a legitimate one.

While writing, an American fishery commission report reaches me containing a not uninteresting account of the take of salmon during the last eighteen years by the boats employed by the salmon "canneries" (or packing houses) established on the Lower Columbia, near the mouth of the river. It shows not only how quick this industry has assumed almost gigantic proportions, illustrating the fiercely energetic Western man's aptitude for developing a new business, but also what vast quantities of salmon ascend the Columbia. In my last letter I stated that the annual take of salmon varied between 15,000,000 and 35,000,000 pounds, the figures of the report indicate that the canneries alone accounted last year for some 45,000,000 pounds (including the waste), leaving unrecorded the vast consumption by the thousands of Indians living along Columbia and its tributaries, and who are almost entirely dependent upon salmon for their food. Local evidence collected by me during my last year's visit to the Columbia shows another and a fatal feature, *i. e.*, that at the present rate there will, in a very few years, be not a salmon, so to speak, left in the Columbia. As usual, the frontiersman is discounting the future at a startling rate. What has happened with the forests and the buffalo is now being repeated with the salmon.

LONG ISLAND FISH 140 YEARS AGO.

IN the office of the United States District Attorney in St. Louis, Mo., is a quaint and rambling little document containing much of the history of Huntington, L. I., mixed in with observations on the plants, fauna and climate of that locality. It is the field book of a surveyor of Joshua Hartt, who wrote it about the year 1745. He plunges from agriculture to morals, from morals to statistics, thence to surveys and topographical descriptions so abruptly as to be very amusing, though withal he draws a picture of the old royal grant of Huntington which will be very interesting to more than the residents of Suffolk county.

The St. Louis *Republican* publishes a long extract from the book, and from that we take the following:

"I have tinged in most cases ye salt meadow with green. I have used a scail of forty chain to an inch and run from Fresh Pond to Clay Point, to Crab Meadow, to Crab Meadow Gut, to Soper's Cove Gut, to Elton's Neck Beach, to ye first or Little reef of rocks which run off into ye Sound more than half a mile and are very dangerous to shipping. Many vessels having been shipwrecked here. Here is good fishing ground in ye summer season, for rock fish, a most delicious kind of fish. Heare abouts it is expected a lighthouse will be built for ye advantage of ye seaman.

"Ye dandelion flowers in March, ye peach tree about ye middle of April, ye apple tree ye first week in May, ye dogwood about ye 12th, at which time ye swallows appear, and disappear about ye same time in September.

"Table—Libraries one, near or between Crab Meadow and Fresh Pond, Taverns 26; fish, black or rock fish, perch, bass, weakfish or blew fish or blew macarel, kingfish, brims, crabs, herring, trout, sturgeon and every kind of bony fish, clams, soft and hard, scollups, etc.

"Ye greatest curiosity hereabouts it I know of is ye shell banks both on ye north and south sides of ye island. Some of them have thousands of loads in them, both of the hard and soft shell kind. In taking them away (for they are good manure for heavy land) Indians' bones are found, ston axes, bucks' horns, points of arrows, pieces of pots, etc."

SOUTHERN SHAD TAKE BAIT.

IN his report to the Commissioner of Agriculture of the State of Georgia, Dr. H. H. Cary, superintendent of fisheries, makes a most remarkable statement concerning the taking of shad with bait in the Chattahoochee River. In order to state it correctly, we give it in his own words:

"In 1880, 1,000,000 shad fry were planted in the waters of Georgia, and in 1881, 1,800,000. This was the work of the United States Fish Commission. In three years after the planting they returned to find their spawning grounds. Of the planting of 1880, 400,000 were released in the Chattahoochee, at Iceville, near Atlanta. It was not expected that these fish could pass up further than Columbus till fishways were placed at the obstructions at that place. The fry constituting this plant were reported to me as being the Connecticut River shad. It is well-known that the Connecticut River shad will take the bait, and the sportsmen can find in the Northern markets tackle for shad fishing. The South Atlantic shad do not take the bait. True to their instincts, shad appeared in 1883 in the Chattahoochee River below Columbus, and were taken with the hook and bait. It is therefore reasonable to suppose that the fish thus taken were of the planting of Iceville in 1880. Of the 1,800,000 shad planted in 1881, 1,000,000 were released in the Ocmulgee at Macon. The fish, of course, were due on their return in the spring of the present year. I have recently visited Macon and made careful investigation in regard to the expected return of these fish, and I am pleased to say that I have not been disappointed. While there was no particular arrangement for catching shad, and hence the catch was light, still they must have appeared in large numbers, as a sporting gentlemen informed me full-grown shad were taken in considerable numbers, the fishermen standing on the bank of the stream and capturing them with the dip net. I mention these facts to show with what facility a barren river can be impressed by liberal plantings of the shad fry."

THE HERRING OF CENTRAL LAKE.—Central Lake, Mich., Nov. 8.—The herrings have made their appearance at our river. Henry Smith, a guide well-known to many of your readers, tells me he "heard them flapping" last night—Nov. 7. Among the many yarns current about these fishes is that which states that they come with the first snow and "bring winter." The first snows came and went some days ago. The weather is delightful, and the mercury at 2 P. M. stood at 46° on the north side of my house. Last year they came I think about ten days later than this. There is no apparent evidence in the movements of these fishes that they observe more regularity than other creatures of their kind in any respect whatever. The boys are out with mosquito-nets in hopes to capture a few.—KELPIE.

A HALIBUT IN STRANGE QUARTERS.—The village of Riverhead, Long Island, is situated near the eastern end, just in "the fork of the bootjack," being at the head of Little Peconic Bay, and the waters are shoal and not very salt near the village. Mr. N. W. Foster, a prominent citizen of the ace, writes to a friend that on Saturday, Nov. 15, a 65-pound halibut was caught by a fifteen-year-old boy with an

eel-spear in the river, near the dock at Riverhead. The river is entirely fresh water and tumbles over a mill dam almost into Little Peconic Bay, there being not over 300 feet from the dam to where the shores of the bay begin. Mr. Foster suggests that Riverhead may yet become famous for its fisheries.

Fishculture.

THE AMERICAN FISHCULTURAL ASSOCIATION.

CONSTITUTION, WITH ALL ITS AMENDMENTS AND CHANGES FROM ITS ORGANIZATION TO ITS LAST MEETING IN 1883.

COMPILED BY FRED MATHER.

ORIGINAL constitution, as adopted at the first annual meeting, New York, December 20, 1874. From the first report of proceedings, 1872; pp. 3, 4.

ARTICLE I.—NAME AND OBJECTS.—The name of this society shall be "The American Fish Culturists' Association." Its objects shall be to promote the cause of fishculture; to gather and diffuse information bearing upon its practical success; the interchange of friendly feeling and intercourse among the members of the Association; the uniting and encouraging of the interests of fishculturists.

ARTICLE II.—MEMBERS.—All fishculturists shall, upon a two-thirds vote of the society, and a payment of three dollars, be considered members of the Association, after signing the constitution. The Commissioners of the various States shall be honorary members of the Association *ex-officio*.

ARTICLE III.—OFFICERS.—The officers of the Association shall be a president, a secretary, and a treasurer, and shall be elected annually by a majority vote. Vacancies occurring during the year may be filled by the president.

ARTICLE IV.—MEETINGS.—The regular meetings of the Association shall be held once a year, the time and place being decided upon at the previous meeting.

ARTICLE V.—CHANGING THE CONSTITUTION.—The constitution of the society may be amended, altered, or repealed by a two-thirds vote of the members present at any regular meeting.

AMENDMENTS.

FIRST AMENDMENT.—(Meeting at Albany, February 7, 1872).—"On motion of Mr. Livingston Stone, the constitution was amended by striking out the word 'and' after the word 'secretary' in Article III, and inserting after the word 'treasurer' the words 'and an Executive Committee of three members.'" First Report, page 10.

SECOND AMENDMENT.—(Meeting at New York, February 10, 1874).—"On motion of Mr. F. Mather, the constitution was so amended that the list of officers should include a vice-president." Third Report, page 3.

THIRD AMENDMENT.—(Meeting at New York, February 10, 1874).—"On motion of Mr. Stoue, all those who had paid five dollars and signed the constitution, were made members of the Association without further action." Third Report, page 4.

FOURTH AMENDMENT.—(February 11, 1874).—"Mr. H. J. Reeder moved that the constitution be amended by striking out the last paragraph of Article II, relating to honorary members. Carried." Third Report, page 5.

FIFTH AMENDMENT.—"Mr. Page moved that the Executive Committee consist of five. Carried." Third Report, page 5.

SIXTH AMENDMENT.—(February 11, 1874).—"Mr. George S. Page moved to amend Article II, by striking out the words 'all fishculturists,' and inserting the words 'any person.' Carried." Third Report, page 5.

SEVENTH AMENDMENT.—(February 9, 1875).—"Mr. Page moved that Article II. be amended by making the annual dues three dollars. Carried." Fourth Report, page 4.

EIGHTH AMENDMENT.—(February 28, 1878).—"The secretary (Mr. B. Phillips) proposed the following amendments to the constitution: 'First, that the name of The American Fishculturists' Association be changed, and that of The American Fishcultural Association be adopted. Carried. Second: That the number of the Executive Committee be increased from three to seven members. Carried.'" Seventh Report, page 76.

[A foot note at the end of the proceedings says: "In changing the name of the Association from Fishculturists' to Fishcultural the secretary proposed that in the constitution after the final word 'Fishculturists' the following be added: 'and the treatment of all questions regarding fish, of a scientific and economic character.' This change and addition to the constitution was adopted." Report of seventh annual meeting, February 27, 28, 1878; page 118.]

NINTH AMENDMENT.—(February 26, 1879).—"Mr. Phillips moved for an amendment to Article III. of the constitution, so as to include a recording secretary." Carried. Eighth annual meeting, page 50.

RESOLUTION.—(March 30, 1880).—"Mr. Phillips offered the following: 'That in case members do not pay their fees, and are delinquent for two years, they shall be notified by the treasurer, and if the amount due is not paid within a month, that they be, without further notice, dropped from the roll of membership.' Carried. Ninth annual meeting, page 34.

TENTH AMENDMENT.—(March 30, 1881).—"Mr. Mather proposed to amend the constitution to permit honorary members to be elected by a two-thirds vote, the same to be added to the constitution as a part of Article II, relative to members, and to read as follows: 'Any person shall, upon a two-thirds vote of the society, be considered as an honorary member of the society.'" Tenth annual meeting, page 3.

ELEVENTH AMENDMENT.—(April 3, 1882).—"Mr. Evarts moved to amend the section relating to the election of officers by making those which are largely honorary, as the president and vice-president, vacant after one year, and those holding them ineligible for the same office until after an interval of one year. Adopted. Eleventh annual meeting, page 4.

CONSTITUTION.

AS AMENDED UP TO AND INCLUDING THE TWELFTH ANNUAL MEETING IN 1883.

ARTICLE I.—NAME AND OBJECTS.—The name of this society shall be "The American Fishcultural Association." Its objects shall be to promote the cause of fishculture; to gather and diffuse information bearing upon its practical success; the interchange of friendly feeling and intercourse among the members of the Association; the uniting and encouraging of the individual interests of fishculturists; and the treatment of all questions regarding fish, of a scientific and economic character.

ARTICLE II.—MEMBERS.—Any person shall, upon a two-thirds vote and a payment of three dollars, become a member of this Association. In case members do not pay their fees and are delinquent for two years, they shall be notified by the treasurer, and if the amount due is not paid within a month, they shall be, without further notice, dropped from the roll of membership. Any person may be made an honorary member upon a two-thirds vote of the members present at a regular meeting.

ARTICLE III.—OFFICERS.—The officers of the Association shall be a president and a vice-president, who shall be ineligible for election to the same offices until a year after the expiration of their terms, a corresponding secretary, a recording secretary, a treasurer, and an executive committee of seven, which, with the officers before named, shall decide upon the place of meeting and transact such other business as may be necessary when the Association is not in session.

ARTICLE IV.—MEETINGS.—The regular meetings of the Association shall be held once a year, the time and place being decided upon at the previous meeting.

ARTICLE V.—CHANGING THE CONSTITUTION.—The constitution of the society may be amended, altered, or repealed, by a two-thirds vote of the members present at any regular meeting.

[The revised constitution may be found in reports 1879, page 61, and 1880, page 66. All honorary members were abolished in the third report, page 3, and the constitution was amended to allow of the appointment of such members at the tenth annual meeting (page 3). The "Order of Business" adopted by the Association will be found in the reports for 1877, page 7; 1878, pages 3 and 116; 1879, page 51; 1882, page 4.]

*This is not the exact wording of the constitution, but it is the spirit of it. The original constitution does not mention an executive committee. One is provided for in an amendment in the first report, page 10, and is afterward increased from three to five (Third Report, page 5) and again to seven (Seventh Report, page 76). It has been the custom for the president, vice-president, secretaries and treasurer to be members, *ex officio*, of the executive committee, and such a law may have been passed. If so, I have missed it.

In the published reports there is no record of any date of meeting, so fixed. The first reference to such mode of appointing dates of meeting will be found at the close of the fifth annual meeting of the Association in New York, Feb. 8, 1876 (Fifth Report, page 7). The second reference to this clause will be found in the report of the special meeting of the Association in Philadelphia, Feb. 14 and 15, 1877, page 7. The third date of meeting appointed is left indefinite as to the days, but indicates February, 1879 (Report of seventh annual meeting, Feb. 27 and 28, 1879, page 118). In the proceedings of the eighth meeting, Feb. 25 and 26, 1879, it will be seen that (page 60) "the meeting adjourned to meet again in March or April, 1880, at the call of the executive committee." In the proceedings of the ninth annual meeting, page 65, these words occur: "The meeting then adjourned to next year, the date to be fixed at some future time by the executive committee." The report of the tenth annual meeting merely says: "The meeting adjourned." The eleventh report does not mention the adjournment, while the last one, June 7, 1883, page 75, says: "The meeting then adjourned." This appears to me to sanction the appointing of the time and place of meetings by the executive committee.

F. M.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

Dec. 16, 17, 18 and 19.—Third Bench Show of the Southern Massachusetts Poultry Association, Taunton, Mass. Wm. C. Davenport, Assistant Secretary.

Dec. 30, 31 and Jan. 1, 2, 1885.—Bench Show of the Meriden Poultry Association, Meriden, Conn. Joshua Shute, Secretary.

Feb. 1 to 11, 1885.—New York Fanciers' Club, Third Annual Exhibition of non-sporting dogs, poultry and pigeons at Madison Square Garden, Feb. 1 to 11, 1885. Chas. Harker, Secretary, 62 Cortlandt street.

Jan. 10 to 14, 1885.—World's Exposition Bench Show, New Orleans, La. Mr. Chas. Lincoln, Superintendent.

Jan. 27, 28, 29 and 30.—Annual Bench Show of the New Brunswick Poultry and Pet Stock Association. Mr. H. W. Wisson, Secretary, St. Johns, N. B.

March 3, 4, 5 and 6, 1885.—Second Annual Bench Show of the Cincinnati Sportsman's Club, Cincinnati, O. Charles Lincoln, Superintendent.

March 18, 19 and 20, 1885.—Second Annual Show of the New Haven Kennel Club. E. S. Porter, Secretary, New Haven, Conn.

April 7 to 10, 1885.—First Annual Bench Show N. E. Kennel Club, Music Hall, Boston. J. A. Nickerson, Secretary, 159A Tremont street, Chas. Lincoln, Superintendent.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 21.—Third Annual Trials of the Robins Island Club, Robins Island, L. I. Open to members only. Mr. A. T. Plummer, Secretary.

Dec. 2.—Second Annual Trials of the Pacific Coast Field Trials Club at Walktown Timber, Cal. N. E. White, Secretary, Sacramento Cal.

Dec. 8.—Sixth Annual Trials of the National American Kennel Club at Canton, Miss. D. Bryson, Secretary, Memphis, Tenn.

Dec. 15.—Southern Sportsmen's Association Trials, Canton, Miss. Mr. T. K. Renaud, Secretary, New Orleans, La.

A. K. R.

THE AMERICAN KENNEL REGISTER, for the registration of pedigrees, etc. (with prize lists of all shows and trials), is published every month. Entries close on the 1st. Should be in early. Entry blanks sent on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope. Registration fee (25 cents) must accompany each entry. No entries inserted unless paid in advance. Yearly subscription \$1. Address "American Kennel Register," P. O. Box 2832, New York. Number of entries already printed 1707. Volume I, bound in cloth, sent postpaid, \$1.50.

THE COLLIE CLASSES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I was very glad to read your report Oct. 23, and have studied Mr. Mortimer's letter in your issue of the 18th inst. with much interest.

Allow me to suggest that the whole secret of the "peculiar decisions" lies in the fact that the judges, as a rule, have only a theoretical knowledge of collies, picked up from various books. A good judge of a collie must have practical experience, like Mr. Stanley Thompson, of England, and others, and not move in one narrow groove, seeing only one strain of collies, as the most of the breeders in this country.

For instance, Mr. Watson, although painstaking, knowing the long rough-haired Highland collie, knows not the collie of the Cheviot Hills, Cumberland, etc., and Southern England, his knowledge being from books of "Stonehenge," so must only be superficial, and therefore his decisions must follow his picture books. Mr. Kirk, although a better judge than Mr. Watson from force of circumstances, is still too "booky." Mr. Mortimer, I can positively prove, does not know a collie when he sees one, and therefore cannot give correct judgments, however willing and anxious he may be to do so, and the only real and practical judge we have on this side of the Atlantic is Mr. John Davidson; that is, so far as experience tells. What Dr. Downey or Mr. Apgar know we have no means of knowing, but if they combine practical with theoretical knowledge we must all welcome them heartily.

The remedy is simply this. Get rid of theoretical judges who rely only upon their book-read knowledge, no matter how painstaking and well-meaning they may be, and in future employ only competent men.

GRENVILLE HARTSON,

TORONTO, Nov. 17.

THE ORIGIN OF THE DEERHOUND.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your issue of Oct. 3, "Scottish Lance" sees well to place his weapon against me for presuming to write an article on the deerhound. Now, I never intended to give a list of all the noted deerhound breeders, although I could easily have compiled it from the K. C. S. Books. Neither wished I to ignore any Irish or Scotch sportsman. At the same time, I never heard Mr. Morrison's name mentioned in connection with deerhounds, and all I know of him is through a Scotch friend who bought some dog bits at his shop, mentioning his name; and I believe I met the same person at the judges' dinner at the Birmingham dog show, where he was judging a breed of setters for which, I understood, he was rather noted. But if he or "Scottish Lance" have any information on the deerhound that they can throw into readable form, I, for one, should be delighted to read it.

"Scottish Lance" misread my article, but if he will re-peruse it he will see that I distinctly claimed for Ireland and Wales as much right to the rough greyhounds as that it belonged to Scotland, and owing to Howel the Welshman's protecting the great rough greyhound, every Welshman has a claim to be considered a countryman of this Celtic race, as it has ever been considered by the ablest writers and historians.

Again, I never mentioned the Earl of Mar as a breeder of the deerhound; all that I said was in reference to his Irish greyhounds mentioned in "Taylor's Pennine Pilgrimage," which "Scottish Lance" quotes in extenso to no purpose that I can see, except it is to drag in the fact of Lord Mar's having rigged Taylor up in Tartan plaids and the breeks and trowsers, and the whole of "Scottish Lance's" effusion reads to me as if his impartiality was a little warped in favor of his own countrymen, their dogs and togs.

He is plainly out of his depth when he writes about Solomon's mentioning the greyhound. If he turns to the marginal reference he will see the word rendered greyhound in our version, may as correctly be rendered a "horse," and more correctly than either "girt in the loins." The Rev. Phillott, in his commentary, says of this word greyhound: "Literally, as the margin points out, one girt about the loins; some understand the word to denote a horse, others a wrestler, but reference is probably made to a runner or courier, who girds up his loins tightly in order to run on a post journey." In the Chaldean paraphrase and Vulgate it is called a cock, by R. Levi a leopard, and others the zebra. With regard to the theory of the Phœnician importation of the greyhound, old classical writers regarded the rough greyhound of Britain as an indigenous Celtic race. However, I quite admit that from the Albanian or Siliot crossed with the Persian greyhound it would be possible to breed an animal very closely resembling the Irish wolfhound in type, but vastly inferior to it. While thanking "Scottish Lance" for his left-handed compliment to my powers of writing on the mastiff, I was only organ grinder, or secretary and treasurer, to the mastiff club, of which, from its commencement until its close last year, the Earl of Caledon, an Irishman, was the president.

ROTILEY, England, Oct. 18, 1884.

MALCOLM B. WYNN.

ENGLISH KENNEL NOTES.

XVIII.

WHICH do you enjoy most, Mr. Secretary of the National Breeders' dog show, anticipation, realization or retrospection? I can hear you reply across the Atlantic, "Retrospection, of course," so I should think, most badgered and baited one.

Nobody who has never tried it can paint in his imagination the faintest picture of the worry and work, the sneers and the slurs that loom big and fateful in the path of the promoter. To organize and carry through a dog show requires not only energy and ability, but an insensibility to envious attack that few men possess. From the time the first schedule is posted till the last receipt for prize money comes to hand, "there is a heap of trouble on the secretary's head."

If Mr. Watson has reached this last stage, I congratulate him and his supporters who have seen him through. The National Breeders' in breaking away from the foolish continental practice of having the judging done on the second or third or last day of the show have put themselves in accord with our exhibitors. I don't believe there is a show held in England where the judging does not take place on the first day, as soon as the public are admitted or before. At Birmingham the dogs are judged in private on Saturday and the public are admitted on Monday. The principle is the same, because visitors see the winners on the first day the show is open and to a majority of the public the winners are all they come to see.

I have walked through several shows on the Continent, and it aroused in me a feeling of vexation to see no prize cards up. I also observed that the delay bred speculations, often disappointments, and generally gave time for the birth of discontent. Waiting for the trial under any circumstances, or in any position, is an irksome suspense; everybody would prefer to be tried soon and have sentence passed, for then they know the worst—or best.

There is also another view which, however, is not likely to have troubled their owners—the dogs are sentenced to confinement anyhow, the knowledge to some of them that their owner had won a cup might be solacing, but I think their chief gain consists in the extra attention and unchary cuddle bestowed upon them by both sexes of the sightseers.

It is a play to the unobtrusive thinker to watch a lovely woman sitting in the straw by the side of a huge, successful mastiff, caressingly toying with the indifferent, unappreciative brute, who gives no sign of satisfaction when the fair, soft cheek is lovingly laid against his lowering mask.

But the interest lies in watching the watchers, generally two, a biped and a quadruped. The biped, in kid boots, enviously chews his cane, disgusted with such waste. The quadruped occupies the next bench and wistfully looks round his partition for just one kind word of consolation.

By limiting their show to three days, the National Breeders merit the approving thanks of those who love their faithful friends as well as the cups they win them; but with most of us it is *vanitas vanitatum*—all is vanity.

It varies very much in this country the number of days a show keeps open. It depends also upon many circumstances. I don't commend one-day shows, because with a large entry the judging usually extends far into the evening, and the visitors don't get a fair look at the dogs, many of which will be off their benches being judged. Two days are better than one, but that only leaves a clear morning, because the packing and cleaning off will commence in the afternoon of the second day. Three days I look upon as the solution favorable to man and beast. This gives the visitors the middle day all to themselves.

The Kennel Club exhibitions used to last from Friday to Tuesday, but this arrangement was in consideration of gate money only. In this manner the club secured the half holiday on Saturday, and they generally contrived to catch the Monday bank holiday. But public opinion got too strong for the club. Some objected on behalf of the "Sabbath" dogs complained that the blank day uselessly prolonged the dogs' confinement, so now we have made it from Tuesday to Friday.

I hold, then, that the promoters and supporters of the National Breeders' Show have deserved well of your dog-showing community for their enterprise and progress. And as there is no harm in learning, perhaps other shows will "please copy."

I have just read in your columns a letter from the secretary of that show, in which he feelingly goes over some of the rough ground he has had to travel on. But what in the name of novelty does he mean when he says that those who attend the show on the second day "have a treat in store," that "a well-known Philadelphia gentleman who never does things by halves, proposes to receive the visiting exhibitors, judges, and others," and then the writer concludes with, "on that score I need say no more." Why not? I don't agree with him! I want to know a lot more. It has puzzled me very much, I don't understand it. I am as bewildered as was Martin Chuzzlewit when Captain Kedgick told him of "the sort of lè-vee" he was to hold. Will it be one of that sort, fling by and shaking hands? If so, I am quite certain that its introduction over here would not be accepted with joyous satisfaction.

I don't think that it would be at all practicable for Mr. Shirley, the modest chairman of the Kennel Club, to "receive" in this manner. His thoughts would be worth more than the conventional penny when Mr. Wyndham Carter held out his hand, and blunt Hugh Dalziel gave him the grip cordial that started the tears to his eyes. To Dickens's list of "diversities of grasp, the tight, the loose, the short-lived, and the lingering" we would add "the savage."

It is an old tale but a good one of the naval captain "full of strange oaths" who, after receiving a hint to express his forcible command without swearing the next time he was infuriated with a sailor's clumsiness in the rigging, bawled to him, "Come down from that, God bless you," and then added,

"you know what I mean." I fancy some of the people who would shake Mr. Shirley's hand would feel inclined to mutter, "you know what I mean."

Wellingtonborough show was most satisfactory for a first venture. The point of interest appeared to be at the basket benches, where squatted with wise judicial air twenty-two of these solemn hounds. It was a wonderful entry for a local show and owing, I was told, to an energetic "kennel to kennel" whip. There was little to notice for quality or quantity in the other classes.

I was grievously disappointed at not being able to get a day in town to see the Fox-terrier Club's show. The entry (254) could not be called even an average one, I think the claims of so many other terrier breeds are weakening their lines. The fact is that it is easy enough to buy a "good 'un," but it is surprisingly hard to breed a "flyer." That wonderful lucky dog Result continues to career away with money, cups and medals, in fact I believe his record has passed the sensational Cracknell's. Briggs won again in wire-hairs. I wonder if his noble owner gets many stud fees for his dog since the law case about him.

Mr. Edwin Nicholls appears to have sold his champion bloodhound rather cheap at £150. If I had been asked to value the dog I should have put him down at £200, and that the lowest. Certainly there are not many bitches for the best bloodhound to serve; but, on the other hand, it is a breed that always commands a high stud fee.

I suppose they may be taken for what they are worth, but canards are on the wing, and they quack that Triumph's pedigree is not pure bloodhound, *mais que voulez-vous?*

The bad times complained of in trading reviews don't seem to affect doggy circles. Another collie has changed his abode "at a high figure." This time it is Young Cockie, the handsome youngster that swept the boards at the last Kennel Club show. He is a most upstanding dog and a grandson of the veteran celebrity, Charlemagne, though not a sable, like most of that illustrious strain.

With great glee I write it that the Mastiff Club have decided to try the case of Crown Prince's disputed paternity. I look forward to some sport. Unless they have a few strong men on the committee of inquiry it will end in smoke. They must call each person interested in the case, and examine and cross-examine freely. I expect several promising candidates for the Ananias stakes will make their appearance. I should like to be present when Corsinon is examined, and I can realize that some would be glad to be absent, for he has a most offensive habit of speaking the truth on the smallest provocation.

I am sincerely sorry to see that all Dr. Winslow's dogs are for sale. This will be another good man gone out of dogs.

The editor of the *Stock Keeper* has been obliged to put the extinguisher on the bulldog correspondence. The style and tone boiled over at the end. One of the writers, "Cyprus," calls a gentleman, whose opinions are not his, "a scurrilous and malicious libeller," and "an ill-conditioned and foul-mouthed fancier." His arguments, I must admit, are sound, but his language is "beastly."

In the *Shooting Times* appears a very knowing letter about me, or should I say, us. The writer chuckles with self-satisfaction on his discovery from "internal evidence" (rather a medical expression suggestive of chops and the channel) that "at least two men are concocting these letters." So I should think, "at least two." Did any of our readers ever suppose one small head could carry all I know? Still Mr. perspicacious "Setter," as you call yourself, I shall continue to sign for the writers "Lillibulero," simply from a personal grudge I bear the word "Co."

"Setter's" spiteful remarks about dog dealing and the "confederate" are untruthful besides being rude. Perhaps we have sold some dogs to America, but no confederates or accomplices were required. These columns afford me seductive opportunities of recommending "a friend who has a dog that I think would suit you," and I have several letters kindly forwarded by the editors. The authors of them know what indecent haste I have displayed to supply them with "leetle dogs."

"Setter" being "on the job," as the expressive if inelegant racing phraseology has it, must polish off Mr. Mason at the same time, so he says he "does not wonder at the Doctor sitting on him." It seems to me a strange liberty to take with a gentleman, but the medical man thinks it will soothe the seat of irritation. I may be wrong, but his letters have not inclined me to suppose there is much "softness" about Mr. Mason. "Setter" says "it is doubtful if Mr. Mason will ever recover from the blow." Probably not if, as "Setter" says, the Doctor was really sitting on him at the time.

However, I don't think "Setter" means much harm; there are no bones broken, though I should imagine that his countrymen would prefer when he again makes himself their unwelcome mouth-piece that he should lower another bucket into the "well of English undefiled" on the chance of getting something clearer than this sentence: "Now, we do not object to trade *per se* here, but we do object to any but occult trading." "Occult" is good, if you know what it means; but I won't analyze the sentence—its ambiguity is too complete. Let it stand with that other observation, the bearings of which "lay in the application on it." I am pleased for the opportunity of turning it up. "Whereby, why, not? If so, what odds? Can any man say otherwise? No. Awast then!" Jack Bunsby might have been jealous of "Setter."

"Setter" also had a shot at the identity of "Lillibulero," and mentioned two names, which the editor, however, with a discretion that does credit to his journalistic knowledge, declined to print. It is unlikely that "Setter" would have hit it "in once," and his random guesses would probably have caused unnecessary annoyance to the bearers of the two names.

There is a subject which I should gladly ignore but that to do so would be shirking my duty of keeping you informed on current doggy affairs. An article has appeared in one of our papers, the circulation of which is so small as to be almost a private one. The subject of the article is Mr. Stephen, the secretary of the Kennel Club, and the writer is Mr. Wyndham Carter, editor and proprietor of the paper.

The article has stirred up much excitement in kennel circles, and people are speculating upon what the result may be. The secretary is attacked with unparalleled asperity in his official and private capacities. The very gravest charges are made, and an inquiry of some sort must follow. Mr. Carter has prejudiced his case in my mind, by unreasonably coupling the chairman with the secretary. Nobody will believe what he says about Mr. Shirley, and they may thereby be led to discount his charges against Mr. Stephen.

I don't know how much truth there may be in the rumors that Mr. Carter gives currency to the pretended change in the secretaryship, the wish may be only father to the thought, there is much ill-blood between them. All men have their friends and enemies and Mr. Stephen is no exception. There are many men who dislike him and who would be puzzled to give their reason for it. This much, though I must, on evidence, admit that whatever good he may do inside the club by the manner in which he fulfills his office, outside the club he has raised much acrimony against the club and himself by his cavalier and overbearing mien. He has done more than is relished to ruffle people's feelings against the dictatorial tone of the Kennel Club. There are many good-mannered gentlemen in the club whom it would be unfair to suspect of such hecating intentions, but their very mildness keeps them out of sight. Mr. Carter's attack is deficient in consistency and public motive; he might have struck a sympathetic chord in some minds if, instead of heaping up promiscuous contumely on Mr. Stephen he had applied personally to him the reproach of Julius to Wilkes, "You talk of yourself with too much authority and importance. By assuming this false pomp and air of consequence you either give general disgust, or what is infinitely more dangerous, you expose yourself

to be laughed at." He might have carried the quotation further and told the Kennel Club: "The exhibitors are a fastidious people and will not submit to be talked to in so high a tone by a set of private gentlemen of whom they know nothing," or not much.

Nov. 1, 1884.

ROBIN'S ISLAND CLUB.

THE third annual field trials of the Robin's Island Club will be run Nov. 21. Following are the entries:

ALL-AGED STAKE.

MONTAGUE.—W. B. Kendall's black and tan setter dog Montague (Gypsum—Fan).

DON.—W. B. Dickerman's liver and white pointer dog Don (Carney's Van—Meridith's bitch).

MOKE.—A. T. Plummer's black and white setter dog Moke (St. Elmo—Prairie Rose).

DARE.—H. D. Polhemus's liver setter dog Dare.

ST. IVES.—L. Waterbury's liver and white setter dog St. Ives (St. Elmo—Maida).

BERKELEY II.—N. D. Putnam's red Irish setter dog Berkeley II. (Chief—Gussie).

BESSIE.—W. H. Force's liver and white pointer bitch Bessie (Sensation—Mincola).

PRINCE HAL.—John B. McCue's orange and white setter dog Prince Hal (St. Elmo—Maida).

MARQUIS DE CORREZE.—Dr. S. Fleet Speir's black, white and tan setter dog Marquis de Correz (Emperor Fred—Lizzie Lee).

ST. ELMO V.—Dr. S. Fleet Speir's black, white and tan setter dog St. Elmo V. (St. Elmo IV.—Countess Louise).

DAN T.—Dr. S. Fleet Speir's black, white and tan setter dog Dan T.

BLADE O' GRASS.—L. H. Bullard's orange and white setter dog Blade o' Grass (St. Elmo IV.—Countess Louise).

PHILO.—L. H. Bullard's red Irish setter dog Philo (Derg—Kathleen).

DOUGLAS.—F. E. Taylor's black, white and tan setter dog Douglas (Chancellor—Fan).

BELLE.—A. S. Swan's orange and white setter bitch Belle.

COUNT DAN.—A. S. Swan's black, white and tan setter dog Count Dan (Chancellor—Fan).

BRIGHTON.—S. B. Duryea's black and tan setter dog Brighton (Gypsum—Wrag).

DOCTOR.—W. H. Force's black setter dog Doctor (Gypsum—Fan).

BEAU SUFFOLK.—Dr. S. Fleet Speir's liver and white pointer dog Beau Suffolk.

RUBY.—H. D. Polhemus's liver and white pointer bitch Ruby.

PRIDE.—Chauncey Marshall's orange and white setter dog Pride.

PERCY.—Geo. R. Sheldon's orange and white setter dog Percy.

BRACE STAKE.

H. D. Polhemus's Dare and Ruby.

L. Waterbury's St. Ives and Prince Hal.

W. H. Force's Doctor and Bessie.

Dr. S. Fleet Speir's Romeo and St. Elmo V.

THE EASTERN FIELD TRIALS.

THE sixth annual field trials of the Eastern Field Trials Club commenced at High Point, N. C., last Thursday with the Members' Stake. There were twenty-one nominations, fifteen of which put in an appearance. Mr. Elliot Smith of New York, and Mr. C. Fred Crawford of Pawtucket, R. I., acted as judges, and performed their duties in a very acceptable manner.

The weather has been so warm and it is so very dry that much of the work has not been so good as is usually seen at the trials, although some of it was remarkably good. There has been no rain there for more than three months, and the ground is parched and as hard as flint, and most of the dogs were footsore. Nearly all of the small streams are entirely dry and most of the birds are found near the larger streams, where the cover is dense, making it impossible for the spectators to obtain a good view of the work, and causing the judges no end of trouble to see what was going on; indeed we have no doubt that in a number of instances their score books would have shown different figures had they been able to see all that transpired, but as they could only take cognizance of what they actually saw, they could not score a flush for birds that came from certain localities, even when circumstances were very suspicious as to the agency that set them going. Many of the flushes were of course excusable, especially when among the dry leaves, and only good noses and level heads could do good work even under the most favorable circumstances.

We were pleased to see so many entries for this stake, and hope, in time, to see it take its proper place as the most important event of the yearly meeting. The Pittsburgh Firearms Company and Mr. Bayard Thayer, of Boston, Mass., gave a very nice hammerless gun as an extra prize in this stake, and the club decided to allow the winner of first the choice between this and the cup, and the winner of second to take the remaining prize. Much enthusiasm was manifest among the members regarding this stake, and although there was an earnest rivalry, the best of feeling prevailed, and in every case the loser was the first to heartily congratulate his successful rival. Birds were abundant, but the lack of scent made it difficult and often impossible to find them, and the running consequently was somewhat prolonged, and at times tiresome.

The dogs were drawn to run as follows:

BUCKELLEW.—W. A. Coster, Flatbush, L. I., orange and white English setter dog, A.K.R. 30 (Druid—Ruby),

against

PRINCESS WARWICK.—John G. Heckscher, New York, black, white and tan English setter bitch (Warwick—Ollie).

VISION.—F. R. Hitchcock, New York, liver and white pointer bitch (Croxeth—Vimie),

against

BRIMSTONE.—W. A. Coster, Flatbush, L. I., lemon and white English setter bitch, A.K.R. 29 (Gladstone—Swaze).

LUCIA.—D. S. Gregory, Jr., 2d, New York, liver and white pointer bitch (Croxeth—Belle),

against

SLOCUM.—Bayard Thayer, Boston, Mass., Gordon setter dog (Thayer's Turk—Beauty).

RUE.—Bayard Thayer, Boston, Mass., lemon and white pointer bitch, A.K.R. 401 (Snapshot—Ruby),

against

PRINCESS HELEN.—J. Otto Donner, New York, orange and white English setter bitch (Thunder—Bessie).

KATY D.—B. F. Wilson, Pittsburgh, Pa., black, white and tan English setter bitch (Count Noble—Dashing Novice),

against

DIANA II.—Charles Heath, Newark, N. J., black and white English setter bitch (Dash II.—Diana).

GUS BONDHU.—J. W. Orth, Pittsburgh, Pa., black, white and tan English setter dog (Dashing Bondhu—Novel),

against

JACK W.—Col. Albert G. Sloo, Vincennes, Ind., orange and white English setter dog (Sargent—Eva).

CORINNE.—Geo. T. Leach, New York, red Irish setter bitch (Peter—Countess),

against

GERTRUDE.—J. W. Orth, Pittsburgh, Pa., black, white and tan English setter bitch (Gladstone—Nellie).

BROCK.—Geo. T. Leach, New York, red Irish setter dog (Bosco—My Duchess),

against

BELLE OF THE BALL.—Charles Heath, Newark, N. J., black, white and tan English setter bitch (Pontiac—Rhoda).

DASHING NOVICE.—B. F. Wilson, Pittsburgh, Pa., black, white and tan English setter bitch (Dash II.—Novel), a bye. Owing to the absence of Princess Warwick, Dashing Novice was ordered to run against Bucklelew, and as Jack W. was also absent, Gus Bondhu obtained the benefit of the bye.

BUCKELLEW AND DASHING NOVICE.

Thursday was a beautiful day, although the heat was rather oppressive for a tramp over the fields. There was a gentle breeze from the northwest that slightly tempered the warmth of the atmosphere and gave the dogs some little chance to scent the birds. Leaving the hotel at 12:55, we went a short distance north, and turning into a field of sedge, the dogs were cast off. Both dogs are well-known to the readers of FOREST AND STREAM, Bucklelew having acquitted himself with honor in the Members' Stake the past two years, and Novice being the winner of both the National and Pennsylvania Derby three years ago, and dividing second with Sue at the Chicken Trials the next year. Both started off at a fair gait, Buck having a little the best of it in this respect, Novice being too fat and soft to show at her best. We drew several fields blank, and had gone nearly a mile, when a bevy flushed wild while Novice was challenging in a thicket fifty yards to the right of them. They settled in some tall grass, but part of them again flushed before we came near them. Novice meantime swung for them over a knoll out of sight, and then worked around to the left and made a point to a part of the bevy, and as she was not seen a search was made for her, but she was not found until her birds flushed from some cause, we could not see what. When she showed herself, just after, Buck had nailed one in fine style on top of the hill, Mr. Coster flushing it to order. Novice then came up and dropped just as one rose in front of her. The judges then flushed two or three, and Buck swung round and made a nice point to a single. Novice was called to back, but catching scent of another as she came toward him, she dropped on point and held her bird, while Mr. Coster flushed the one in front of Buck, who then went on a few steps and backed Novice. Her bird was then put up by Mr. Wilson, who hit it hard, but it went on and was afterward found dead. This was very good work. We then worked down to the creek, where Novice pointed a single in the thicket, which was flushed to order. Meantime the spectators had put up a bevy which flew back. Working out of the thicket, Novice dropped on point where a hare had been, but she soon moved on. We then turned back to where the birds had been marked down, where Buck made a nice point to a single, which Mr. Coster flushed to order. Novice then dropped to point where some birds had been flushed, and as Buck could not see her he was ordered to drop. A little further on Novice made a beautiful point which Buck honored, but nothing was found. Buck then swung into some pines and made a capital point to a single bird, which Mr. Coster flushed to order and winged; Buck retrieving it nicely. They were then ordered up and the heat awarded to Bucklelew. Down one hour and nine minutes. This was a capital heat and a fitting opening. Buck has very singularly been the first dog drawn for this stake three years in succession. He is a very steady, reliable dog and has lots of hunting sense. Novice, although beaten, was not disgraced. She is one of the busiest workers that we ever saw, and had she been in condition she would have made a better race. She was also unfortunate in not getting credit for a good piece of work when she made her cast and found the birds, but was not seen.

VISION AND BRIMSTONE.

This brace were put down in the sedge at 2:34. Vision ran last year in the All-Aged Stake, beating her sire, Croxeth. She was all off in nose and could not smell them. Brimstone is a very sweet little bitch, with lots of go. She shows considerable style, and appears to have a good nose and gives promise of turning out a clinker if nothing befalls her. After a short spin in the open, Brimstone swung into some pines and made a stylish point, with her tail almost straight in the air. Vision backing her in equally good style. Three or four birds had been flushed from there a few minutes before, and as Mr. Coster did not readily put up the bird we thought it a false point, but she knew better, and held her point staunchly until the bird was flushed. We then worked over to a knoll where some birds had been marked down, and Brimstone again found and made a nice point, which Vision very gracefully honored. Mr. Coster flushed and killed the bird to order, and Brimstone made a few jumps, but stopped to order. She was then sent to retrieve, and ran into a bird which she appeared to be willing to go for, but at once stopped to order. She did not like the looks of the crowd and failed to find the bird, and Vision was sent after it. She found it with some help and retrieved it. Mr. Coster then threw it and Brimstone retrieved it. We then turned back through the sedge, where both dogs ranged well. Swinging round to an oak thicket, Brimstone made a nice point to a single, which was flushed to order, but not shot at, as it flew straight at the judges, evidently knowing where it would be the safest. Working on in some weeds Brimstone again pointed, but moved on a few steps and a single bird flushed, when the rest of the bevy, which were feeding, got up. Vision then swung up the hill and made a point, but moved on and put up the bird. She soon pointed again, but as Brimstone came up she moved on and the bevy flushed. They were then ordered up and the heat was awarded to Brimstone. Down one hour.

LUCIA AND SLOCUM.

This brace was at once called for and put down at 3:39 where the last brace were taken up. Both dogs started off fairly well, but getting among the birds Lucia scored two or three flushes and Slocum soon followed suit, when several more flushed wild. This was a bad send off as both should have pointed. We then swung round to where some birds had been marked down, but they were not found. Then on some stubble Slocum made a nice up-headed point to a bevy, and Lucia backed him nicely. Mr. Thayer, to order, put up the birds and cut loose at them, but nothing dropped. The birds went for some woods, and were joined by another bevy which got up fifty yards below them. Slocum was the first to find, pointing a single at the corner, Lucia backing him; Mr. Thayer was ordered to flush, and as he moved up Slocum was a trifle uneasy, he did not flush the bird, however, and it was put up by Mr. Thayer; a little further on Slocum again pointed, but moved on and the bird got up. Lucia then made a nice point to some birds that flushed as the judges came up. Meantime Slocum pointed in the thicket, and the birds got up as his handler went to him. The birds were wild, and kept getting up all around us and the dogs were taken out into a stubble field which was drawn blank. We then took a turn by the house on the Model farm to some likely looking stubble when Lucia located a bevy in good style. Slocum was called up to back, but before he got there the birds rose and Mr. Gregory killed one which Lucia retrieved after a little search. We then drew considerable good looking ground without a find, until we reached the lower end of a stubble field, when Lucia made a point but moved on and got too close to a bevy and scored a flush. They were then ordered up and the heat was awarded to Slocum. Down one hour and fourteen minutes.

RUE AND PRINCESS HELEN.

were cast off in a field of stubble at one minute past five. Rue was suffering from rheumatism and moved quite stiff. Helen moved better than she did last year. She has a very graceful,

easy way of going. Neither was very well acquainted with her handler, and so did not show at their best. Rue was inclined to go back to the wagon, but was finally prevailed upon to start. Helen started out well and worked nicely. She soon struck scent of a running bevy very nearly where Sue met defeat last year. She made a stylish point and held it a short time and then roared nicely, but evidently in the wrong direction, as she worked toward some bushes while the birds were on the stubble, and were flushed by Mr. Thayer and Rue as they came up. It was very nearly dark, and they were ordered up to go down again in the morning. Down seventeen minutes.

Friday brought us another beautiful day. Leaving town a little after eight they were again cast off at 8:17. Rue was quite stiff and disinclined to work, but catching a little scent she swung back and made a capital point to a large bevy, Helen backing her very nicely. Mr. Thayer put up the birds and had one been near the tree that he nearly cut in two it would probably have graced a slice of toast, but fate and the tree saved it. Following up the birds which settled in a dense thicket, Helen challenged, just as a bird rose near her, and soon after another got up and then several more flushed wild, and as it was so thick that the dogs could not be seen, they were taken out and sent back into the woods where several had been marked down, but the birds would not lie very well, and not much could be done with them. Finally Helen made a nice point and Rue was called for to back, but she had gone home and Mr. Donner was ordered to flush, but failed to find the bird which had probably run away. After a long wait for Rue Mr. Thayer returned and stated that she had deserted and the heat was awarded to Princess Helen. Down altogether one hour and five minutes.

KATY D. AND DIANA II.

Both of these dogs have appeared in public before, and their performances are familiar to our readers. Katy is a very nice moving animal, with quite a turn of speed. Diana did not start off as well as Katy, but improved and soon went very well. They were put down in a large open field, and worked over a large extent of good-looking country where birds were reported plenty, but nothing was found until we reached the lower end of the Model farm, where Mr. Donner flushed a bevy, which were followed. Diana was the first to find. She made a beautiful point, which Katy at once very prettily honored. Mr. Heath, to order, flushed and killed a single bird, and the rest of them got up shortly after. Following them up some very pretty work was done by both dogs. Katy led off with a nice point, which Diana backed in nice style. Mr. Wilson scoring a miss. Diana soon had one fast, Katy backing nicely. Mr. Heath, not to be outdone, also missed very nicely. It was now Katy's turn, and after some challenging and roading, she made an elegant point, which Diana at once honored. Mr. Wilson then got a good lead by again missing. We then worked to a stubble field, where Diana dropped on a very good point to a bevy, which Mr. Heath flushed, and from which he killed one, which she retrieved only fairly well, mousing it somewhat. Following up the birds, Katy was fast for a short time, and found flat to the ground close by a single bird, which Mr. Wilson flushed and would have killed had his gun been cocked. These last two points were very good indeed. We then turned back and Katy challenged near a brook, but was called by Mr. Wilson, which caused her to road too fast and she scored a flush. They were then ordered up and the heat was awarded to Diana II., just as she found a bevy which were flushed by Mr. Heath as he took her off. The work in this heat, after birds were found, was of a superior character, and made a very fine finish of a long and tiresome heat. Down two hours and two minutes.

CORINNE AND GERTRUDE.

This brace both ran in the Members' Stake last year. They were cast off in a stubble field at 11:12, and worked through to some woods, where Mr. Leach flushed a bird, which came to grief as soon as it showed itself, Corinne retrieving it in good form. We then worked through to the open field, where Gertrude ranged wide and well. Corinne was sick, and did not move so well. Working up a run Gertrude got too close to a bevy, which flushed and went into some pines, where she followed and made a nice point, Corinne backing nicely. The bird had run away, but Gerty roared it nicely, and again pointed, and Mr. Orth, to order, put up the bird but did not shoot. Gerty again pointed, and was handsomely backed by Corinne, but nothing was found. We then worked toward a large bevy that had been marked down, and Gerty made a stylish point right in the midst of them. Mr. Orth, to order, put them up, and missed them in good form. We then worked down a run and Gerty half pointed, but soon went on. Soon after Mr. Orth flushed a bird at the place. A little further on one flushed near Gertrude, and a little later several more got up near the handlers. It was now noon and the dogs were ordered up and we went to lunch, which was awaiting us at the barn of the Model farm. After lunch they were put down in stubble, and worked to some woods where a small bevy was flushed and marked down. Working toward them, Corinne pointed, but was ordered on and failed to locate the birds, which flushed near them as we came up. Corinne soon pointed again, and the bird flushed as the judges went to her. Gerty then pointed a single, which got up as Mr. Orth was going to her; he cut loose, but the bird still lives. We then went in some briars and weeds, where a bevy flushed near the handlers, and a little further on Gerty made a point to a single bird, which Mr. Orth flushed to order, but had no chance to miss, as it flew toward the spectators. They were then ordered up and the heat was awarded to Gertrude. Down altogether one hour and eight minutes.

BROCK AND BELL OF THE BALL.

This brace was then called. Brock has often been described in these columns. He was drawn finer than we remember to have seen him and got away at a much improved rate of speed. Belle of the Ball is said to be a clinker, but she was not well acquainted with her handler, and did not let out at all well, keeping at heel or hunting in a half-hearted way most of the time, she also appeared to be all off in nose. They were cast off in a stubble field and given a short spin and then worked into the woods, where some bird had been marked down. Brock slowed down a little in the cover, but this did not suit Col. Leach, who called him in and gave him a taste of the whip, when he went off like a rocket. The birds were not found, and we swung round into the open, and beat out a large extent of country without a find. Col. Leach had on a clean blue shirt and claimed that his dog did not recognize him readily, but he fell in a muddy ditch and when he got out Brock looked him over with an appreciative wag of his tail, and there was no further trouble on this score. After a weary tramp and fruitless search for birds, Mr. Orth with Gus Bondhu were turned loose and soon had a bevy in the air. We then swung round toward them, and when just below where they were found, Belle challenged and roared into another bevy that that she should have pointed. These birds settled in some thick woods near the previous bevy, and we worked toward them. Col. Leach called a point just as several rose near Brock. Two or three of them got up near Belle, but it was so thick that the work of neither dog could be well seen. Brock then got a nice point to a single bird, which Col. Leach to order flushed and killed at a long distance. The dogs were then worked in the direction that it fell and Belle found and retrieved it. Mr. Heath then took a shot at a bird that got up near him, but missed it. Belle then flushed a brace and Brock got in a good point on a single, which Col. Leach missed. Belle then flushed one and pointed where it got up. They were then ordered up and the heat awarded to Brock. Down two hours

and twenty-five minutes. This ended the first series, Gus Bondhu having a bye.

Following is a summary:

First Series.

Buckellew beat Dashing Novice.
Brimstone beat Vision.
Slocum beat Lucia.
Princess Helen beat Rue.
Diana II. beat Katy D.
Gertrude beat Corinne.
Brock beat Belle of the Ball.
Gus Bondhu a bye.

Second Series.

BUCKELLEW AND SLOCUM

were cast off in the stubble at 4:30. Slocum at once made a stylish point to a hare and was called off. We then swung down to some pines near a copper mine, where so many heats have been decided the past two years. Buck at once challenged and then pointed a bevy that was evidently running toward him from the stubble. Slocum swung round right into the midst of them and scored a flush. He then backed Buck, who had remained steady, except that just the end of his tail was vibrating. Buck then went off and challenged but the birds flushed close to handler before he located them. Slocum then pointed where they got up and Buck backed him. They were ordered on when Buck also made a point to the scent and was backed by Slocum. Buck then pointed at the foot of the gully, but no bird was found, although one was flushed near there a little later. Buck then turned up the run and got a nice point to a single, which flushed as the judges came up. Slocum then pointed near the upper end of the run, but soon went on and repeated the performance. Then in the woods where the last brace were taken up Slocum made a nice point, but spoiled it by moving on and flushing the bird. Meantime Buck got a good point to a single that Mr. Coster flushed to order. They were then ordered up and Buckellew was declared the winner of the heat. Slocum then, just to show what he could do, made several good points, and behaved very well. It was now 5 o'clock and this finished the work for the day.

BRIMSTONE AND PRINCESS HELEN.

There was no change in the weather on Saturday, except that, if possible, it was dryer than ever. Leaving town shortly after 8 o'clock, we rode nearly four miles east, and the dogs were cast off in a large sedge field and worked down toward a small branch. Helen was the first to find, but instead of remaining staunch, she went on and flushed a brace of birds, and then drew on and put up the rest of bevy. Following up the birds, one was flushed by one of the dogs in a thicket. We could not tell which was to blame, as they looked very much alike at a distance, but as it was Brimstone's turn, we scored it accordingly. Then in some woods Helen made a stylish point, but moved on and got too close and the bird got up. Mr. Donner missing it. We then worked over considerable ground without result. Both dogs went well, ranging wide at a good gait, Helen cutting out the work and going at a slashing gait. Finally Helen challenged once or twice near a fence, and then made a cast along the hedge and was joined by Brimstone, when both showed sign of game. Helen kept on, but the birds flushed wild ahead of her and settled in some thick bushes where Helen found them, but working too close, one got up and then the rest of them went, Mr. Donner scoring a miss. Following them up, one flushed in a thicket near the dogs, and as we turned back one was flushed by Judge Smith. Mr. Coster thinking that Brimstone had put up the bird, called her in and gave her a taste of the whip. This may have been the best possible thing to do, as it aroused the sympathy of the judge for Brim, who stood in need of something to count in her favor. We then took a long turn without a find. As we were working up a hill in some sedge, the judges flushed a hare which ran just in front of Helen, who was remarkably steady under the trying ordeal. We then crossed to a large stubble field, where Helen ran through a bevy which settled in some pines. After some very unsatisfactory work by both dogs, Brim sat down on point to a single bird, which Mr. Coster flushed to order. No sooner did the bird buzz than the judges awarded the heat to Brimstone, who seeing that she had the heat, and wanting something to show for it, started full tilt for the bird, but Mr. Coster, having a good string of birds at the house, called her back. We thought Helen entitled to full as much credit as Brimstone, as it was owing to her greater speed that she had found more birds and made more flushes. Down two hours and fifty-two minutes.

DIANA II. AND GERTRUDE

were cast off in a stubble field at 12 o'clock. Gertrude at first showed the most speed, but Diana soon warmed up to her work, and took the lead which she kept to the end. The stubble was drawn blank, and we swung round into a thicket of oak and pines, when Diana pointed a terrapin, and soon afterward made another point on the same scent. Gertrude, who had jumped into the creek, backed her nicely, standing with her hindquarters almost entirely under the water. Moving on down the creek we found nothing, and the dogs were taken up for lunch at 12:40 and put down again at 1:20. A good deal of rough ground was drawn blank when, after a short halt in the road, we moved on down the creek, and crossing over and up the creek into some sedge grass where Diana pointed false. Moving on Gertrude pointed a single bird, and was backed by Diana. The bird was shot at by Mr. Orth and missed, both dogs were steady to shot. Just then the rest of the bevy rose wild, and were marked down on the hillside. Moving on over the creek, both dogs pointed where birds had flown from, but moved on up the hill, when Diana pointed nicely, and was backed by Gertrude. The birds were flushed but not shot at. Diana again pointed, and the bird was flushed to order and killed and retrieved by Diana. They were then ordered up, and the heat was awarded to Diana at 2:45. Down two hours and forty-five minutes.

GUS BONDHU AND BROCK

were cast off at 2:50 on the hill where the last brace was taken up. Mr. Orth flushed a bird which he killed and it was nicely retrieved by Gus. Moving on around the hill, Gus scored a false point. A good space of ground was then run over, when in some pines and sedge Gus scored a false point. Going across a branch into some stubble, Gus pointed nicely and was backed by Brock, but Mr. Orth was unable to flush the birds. Both dogs moved on across the branch into an adjoining field when the birds which Gus had evidently scented were seen running on the ground. Both dogs were brought back and Gus flushed the bevy. Moving on into the pines, Gus pointed a single bird. We then went on up the branch into a piece of stubble, where Gus flushed three birds, but dropped to point on the rest of the bevy. They were then ordered up and the heat was awarded to Brock at 3:40. Down fifty minutes. This ended the second series with the following result:

Second Series.

Buckellew beat Slocum.
Brimstone beat Princess Helen.
Diana II. beat Gertrude.
Brock beat Gus Bondhu.

Third Series.

BUCKELLEW AND DIANA II.

This brace were cast off in the stubble at 3:50; we swung around into the pines where the birds had been marked down, where Buckellew pointed and was backed by Diana. The bird was flushed, but not shot at. Working on Buckellew again pointed and was backed by Diana. They on down the hill Buckellew pointed in a patch of high weeds, the bird was flushed to order and missed. Moving on Diana pointed and was

backed indifferently by Buckellew who seemed disposed to steal the point. The birds were flushed and one killed by Mr. Heath and retrieved indifferently by Diana. Both dogs then pointed single birds in a thicket; the birds were flushed and missed by Mr. Heath but Mr. Coster killed his and Buckellew retrieved it. We now moved on up the branch, where Diana was scored a false point, and then swung round and worked down the branch, where Diana again pointed false. They were then ordered up and the heat was awarded to Buckellew at 4:25. Down thirty-five minutes.

BROCK AND BRIMSTONE

were cast off at 4:35 in stubble which was drawn blank. Brimstone found and pointed a bevy in a piece of corn near a branch. Brock coming up, backed for a while and then moved on and flushed the bevy. We then worked over the branch and Brimstone pointed and was backed by Brock. The bird was flushed and Brimstone broke in and chased badly. Moving on down the hill, Brock flushed a single bird. Brimstone, at the foot of the hill, was seen to challenge, but moved on, flushing the bird. Brock coming up, pointed false where the bird had flown from. Then on up the hill Brimstone pointed false and was backed by Brock. Brimstone then flushed a single bird in the edge of a thicket, and soon afterward scored a false point. They were then ordered up and the heat was awarded to Brock at 4:55. Down twenty minutes. This ended the third series. Following is the summary:

Third Series.

Buckellew beat Diana II.
Brock beat Brimstone.

Fourth Series.

BUCKELLEW AND BROCK

This was the deciding heat for first place. They were cast off at 5:10 near the branch where the last brace were taken up. We worked on up the hill, Col. Leach working Brock in the open field of stubble, and Mr. Coster working Buckellew in the edge of the woods. On reaching the place were some birds had been scattered by the spectators, Buckellew pointed in the edge of the woods. The bird was flushed but not shot at. We then worked round the edge of the woods, and in a few minutes Buckellew had scored five beautiful points over single birds. Brock, in the meantime working in the open field, had only scored a false point. At 5:27 they were ordered up and Buckellew was declared the winner of the heat and the first prize in the Members' Stake. Down seventeen minutes. Following is the summary:

Final Tie For First Prize.

Buckellew beat Brock and wins first prize, Mr. Coster selecting the gun.

This left Dashing Novice, Slocum and Diana II. to compete for the honor of running against Brock for the second prize, but it was now dark and further work was postponed, and we returned to town.

Fifth Series.

DASHING NOVICE AND DIANA II.

The judges decided that Dashing Novice and Diana II. were the best, and only one heat was necessary. Leaving town on Monday at a few minutes past eight, we drove about five miles east, where birds were reported plenty. The All-Aged Pointer Stake was also commenced on the same ground on the opposite side of the road. The dogs were cast off in a stubble field. Both moved off heavily, Novice being much disposed to potter, and Diana being wild and unruly. The stubble was drawn blank. We then moved on down a drain, when Novice challenged but moved on. Then down the ditch Novice pointed nicely and was backed by Diana; the birds were running, and being held some time, both dogs moved on where they were flushed by Mr. Heath. Moving on over a branch to a sedge field, Diana flushed a part of the scattered bevy. Soon after Novice pointed, and Diana backed her. Moving on Diana flushed. We then passed on over the hill where Diana scored a false point and was backed by Novice. We now swung round into the woods, where both dogs did a good deal of roading, but failed to establish a point. A little later Diana flushed a single bird, and a little further on she pointed one, which was flushed to order and missed. He then worked over the hill, where Diana flushed and Novice soon after pointed and was backed by Diana, and no bird was found. Swinging round the woods, Novice scored a false point, and moving on across a branch to some sedge and pines, both dogs pointed and birds were flushed to order before both of them. Novice next made a nice point to a single bird in the branch. He was flushed by Mr. Wilson, and killed and retrieved by Novice. In some pines Novice scored a nice point, and Diana coming up in front of her flushed the bird. They were then ordered up and the heat awarded to Novice at 10. Down one hour and ten minutes.

BROCK AND DASHING NOVICE

were cast off at 10:07 on the scattered birds in the pines, and Novice scored a false point. Both dogs pointed a little later, and a large bevy was flushed to order. Moving on, Novice again scored a false point. Brock then flushed a single bird, and Novice was found pointing the same bird. Soon after Novice again scored a false point. We then worked on up the hill, when Novice scored another false point, and Brock in rapid succession scored three nice points, doing a piece of very creditable work. They were then ordered up and the heat and second prize was awarded to Brock at 10:20. Down thirteen minutes. This finished the Members' Stake. Following is a complete summary:

First Series.

Buckellew beat Dashing Novice.
Brimstone beat Vision.
Slocum beat Lucia.
Princess Helen beat Rue.
Diana II. beat Katy D.
Gertrude beat Corinne.
Brock beat Belle of the Ball.
Gus Bondhu a bye.

Second Series.

Buckellew beat Slocum.
Brimstone beat Princess Helen.
Diana II. beat Gertrude.
Brock beat Gus Bondhu.

Third Series.

Buckellew beat Diana II.
Brock beat Brimstone.

Final Heat for First Prize.

Buckellew beat Brock and wins first prize.

Fifth Series.

Dashing Novice beat Diana II.
Brock beat Dashing Novice and wins second prize.

THE ALL-AGED POINTER STAKE.

On Monday morning the All-Aged Pointer Stake commenced on grounds about five miles east of High Point. The dogs were drawn the evening before.

Sixteen of the twenty entries filed and were drawn to run as follows:

JIM.—James P. Swain, Jr., Bronxville, N. Y., lemon and white dog, A.K.R. 353 (Rush—Nan),
TAMMANY.—Frank R. Hitchcock, New York, liver and white dog (Tory—Moonstone).

DRAKE.—Neversink Lodge Kennel, Guymard, N. Y., liver and white dog (Croxeth—Lass),
LALLA ROOKH.—George J. Gould, New York, lemon and white bitch (Sensation's Son—Grace),

LUCIA.—D. S. Gregory, Jr., 2d, New York, liver and white bitch, A.K.R. 209 (Croxeth—Belle),

JOY.—R. J. Vandevort, Pittsburgh, Pa., liver and white bitch (Boon—Kena),

BANG BANG.—Westminster Kennel Club, New York, lemon and white dog, A.K.R. 394 (Bang—Princess Kate),

SCOUT.—D. G. Elliot, New Brighton, S. I., liver and white dog, A.K.R. 216 (Croxeth—Belle),

RUE.—Bayard Thayer, Lancaster, Mass., lemon and white bitch, A.K.R. 401 (Snapshot—Ruby),

LUCK'S BABY.—R. T. Vandevort, Pa., liver and white bitch (Don—Luck),

JILT.—Neversink Lodge Kennel, Guymard, N. Y., liver and white bitch (Croxeth—Lass),

MAINSRING.—J. T. Perkins, Brooklyn, N. Y., liver and white dog (Mike—Romp),

VISION.—F. R. Hitchcock, New York, liver and white bitch, A.K.R. 778 (Croxeth—Vinnie),

ICEICLE.—R. T. Vandevort, Pittsburgh, Pa., lemon and white dog, A.K.R. 82 (Jerry—Snowflake),

LADY ROMP II.—A. H. Moore, Philadelphia, Pa., liver and white bitch (Francis's Prince—Lady Romp),

DONALD II.—C. M. Munhall, Cleveland, O., liver and white dog (Donald—Devonshire Lass),

Two of the judges, Messrs. Adams and Bergundthal, were on the ground, but a telegram was received from Mr. Morford saying that it was impossible to be present. Mr. B. F. Wilson finally consented to serve after the finish of the Members' Stake, and Mr. J. O. Donner was appointed to act until Mr. Wilson had won or lost the cup. The grounds selected were much more pleasant to work over than any that have yet been used here, and birds appeared to be plenty. Leaving town at a few minutes past 8 o'clock, the dogs were cast off at 8:50 in a stubble field. The first brace, Jim and Tammany, did not do much, and at the end of half an hour Tammany was declared the winner.

Drake and Lalla Rookh were then put down. Drake did some very good work while Lalla Rookh did not appear to be herself. At the end of fifty minutes the heat was decided in favor of Drake.

Lucia and Joy were then put down and at the end of an hour were ordered up to go down again if there is a chance for them to win, neither having done any creditable work.

Bang Bang and Scout were then put down. Both have improved since last year, but Scout had the legs of his successful rival of last year, and after nearly an hour and a half was declared the winner.

We then went to lunch, and after it was over Rue and Luck's Baby were started in a stubble field. Rue was yet quite stiff, but after an hour's work she beat Baby, who had not done much. Rue was getting nearly all the points.

Jilt and Mainspring then ran a capital heat, getting in some good work. Jilt started off with three points, but Mainspring soon found, and after some beautiful work was declared the winner.

Vision and the famous Iceicle were then put down. Vision was not in good form, her nose being hot and dry, but after a good heat she laid out her antagonist, who also did some good work.

The last brace, Lady Romp II. and Donald II., ran rather an ordinary heat, which was won by Lady Romp. This finished a good day's work, having run out the first series of eight heats.

[Special to the Forest and Stream.]

HIGH POINT, N. C., Nov. 18. The Pointer Stake was finished to-night, and one heat in the Setter Stake was run. Tammany and Drake ran a good heat of nearly two hours, Drake winning. Scout and Rue also ran well; Scout won at the end of an hour and a half. Mainspring and Vision ran rather a poor heat, Mainspring winning. Lad Romp II. had a bye. In third series Drake beat Scout after a good heat, and Mainspring beat Lady Romp. Drake then beat Mainspring and won first prize. The judges selected Scout to run with Mainspring for second place, and they agreed to divide. This ended the Pointer Stake.

ALL-AGED SETTER STAKES.

Of the forty-seven entries for the All-Aged Setter Stakes there were twenty-three starters. They were drawn to run as follows:

JIM.—Horace S. Bloodgood, Providence, R. I., red Irish setter dog (Jim—Sniger),

BELLE OF THE BALL.—Charles Heath, Newark, N. J., black, white and tan English setter bitch (Pontiac—Rhoda),

REX.—Geo. R. Wright, Wilkesbarre, Pa., black, white and tan English setter dog (Druid—Bessie Lee),

SMUT II.—Bayard Thayer, Boston, Mass., black English setter bitch (Trim—Smut),

NELLIE II.—C. Fred Crawford, Pawtucket, R. I., blue belton bitch (Count Noble—Rosafind),

GLADSTONE'S BOY.—Dr. G. G. Ware, Staunton, Tenn., black, white and tan dog (Gladstone—Sue),

DOCTOR DUER.—Dr. W. Strother, Lynchburg, Va., black and white ticked dog (Gladstone—Frost),

REBEL WIND'EM.—John C. Higgins, Delaware City, Del., blue ticked dog (Count Wind'em—Norna),

DIANA II.—Charles Heath, Newark, N. J., black and white bitch (Dash III.—Diana),

BRIDGEPORT.—Fred. E. Lewis, Tarrytown, N. Y., black, white and tan dog (Dashing Monarch—Vannette),

DASHING ROVER.—T. F. Taylor, Richmond, Va., black, white and tan dog (Dash II.—Norna),

PAUL GLADSTONE.—W. B. Gates, Memphis, Tenn., black, white and tan dog (Gladstone—Lavalette),

FOREMAN.—C. Fred Crawford, Pawtucket, R. I., black, white and tan dog (Dashing Monarch—Fairy II.),

PIXIE.—John C. Higgins, Delaware City, Del., black and white bitch (Dashing Monarch—Primrose),

TILFORD.—G. F. Jordan, Philadelphia, Pa., blue belton dog (Darkie—Rosy Morn),

PLANTAGENET.—C. Fred Crawford, Pawtucket, R. I., lemon belton dog (Dashing Monarch—Petrel),

PRINCE ROYAL.—A. H. Moore, Philadelphia, Pa., blue belton dog (Darkie—Rosy Morn),

ST. ELMO IV.—Dr. S. Fleet Spair, Brooklyn, N. Y., black white and tan dog (St. Elmo—Olo),

C F Williams	11	11	9	8	10	11	11	7	0-97
P North	10	10	11	8	10	8	9	10	0-95
A Lemmon	7	11	9	8	10	10	0	11	0-98
Fred A Perkins	5	11	10	8	7	5	7	11	0-88

WORCESTER, Mass., Nov. 11.—An event of considerable interest was the match between teams selected from the Worcester City Guards, Company A, Second Regiment of the State Militia, and veterans of the war of the Rebellion, members of the George H. Ward Post, No. 10, G. A. R., Department of Massachusetts. The distance was 200 yds., with a possible thirty-five, seven rounds per man, the result was as follows:

City Guards.		Grand Army.	
Corp G E Olson.....	445854-29	L O Taylor.....	445834-28
Sergt J R Cleveland.....	445435-29	M D Gilmore.....	444934-27
Priv G W Toney.....	444453-28	H N Pepper.....	538434-26
Private James Earley.....	343444-25	J B Wilow.....	335434-26
Priv S M Bellows.....	345334-25	Maj B R Shunway.....	325334-23
Priv M R Morgan.....	423434-23	Wm E Howe.....	049233-15
Priv J M Johnson.....	405442-20	C L Macomber.....	353004-15

GARDNER, Mass., Nov. 12.—At the weekly meet at Hackmatack Range to-day, the Gardner Rifle Club had the Leominster Rifle Club, of Leominster, as guests. A match between the two was shot. All conditions were favorable. The American decimal target was used. There were two strings of 10 shots each; distance, 200 yds., shooting off-hand, with a possible score of 200. The result was as follows:

Gardner.		Leominster.	
G T Ellsworth.....	93 83-176	C E Foster.....	76 71-147
A Matthews.....	76 82-168	J W Elwell.....	63 70-133
I M Dodge.....	68 103-163	G V Foster.....	64 69-133
L Walker.....	72 103-142	W H Wood.....	72 88-140
Chester Hinds.....	69 72-141	J Symonds.....	65 60-125
W C Loveland.....	68 103-137	E N Pitts.....	65 60-125
G C Goodell.....	65 69-124	A J Rugg.....	56 63-124
S B Hildreth.....	59 71-130	R F Walker.....	62 58-120
Wm Austin.....	54 49-97	E Munson.....	46 62-108
Chas Engel.....	30 84-64-1381	F Austin.....	49 40-89-1243

ASHBURNHAM, Mass., Nov. 11.—A squad of the Rice Guards, Company E, Sixth Regiment of the State Militia, were at their range for a little practice. The score was as follows:

Lieut A S Fullford.....	4344-19	Private George Finan.....	4402-14
Sergt A E Willard.....	4434-18	Private J Enright.....	0342-10
Corp B E Hoar.....	3343-17	Private M Moore.....	2002-4

THE TRAP. BEST CLAY-PIGEON GUN.

Editor Forest and Stream:

May we ask the opinion of your readers (in answer to numerous inquiries received by us) as to the best gun (irrespective of name of maker) adapted to break the Ligowsky clay-pigeon? Al. Bandle, of Cincinnati, writes: "In my experience at clay-bird shooting I have come to the conclusion that a 10-gauge gun weighing from 9½ to 10 pounds, 30 to 32-inch barrel, full choke, is about the best gun to use. The weight and length is a matter of choice. I prefer a 30-inch as it is easier to handle, and is just as effective as a 32."

E. Miller, of Cincinnati, writes: "My experience at the trap has taught me that a 12-bore is not the size to use; a trap gun ought to be 10-bore, 32-inch barrels, both barrels full choke, weight of gun 9½ to 10 pounds. I do not think it necessary to have a gun weigh more than 10 pounds. I find that weight sufficiently heavy to stand the racket," as the saying is. One using a light gun is sure to shake it to pieces; again, a light 12-bore gun will not shoot up to the 10-bore as the trap; it has been tried and tried, but without success; but occasionally you will find a man who is satisfied that the 12-bore gun is plenty large enough for trap shooting."

A prominent A1 shot "Anonymous" writes: "For shooting at pigeons thrown from four to eight notches, I prefer a 10-gauge gun, full taper choke, with either 30, 31 or 32-inch barrels, both bored alike. Weight of gun should be from nine to ten and one-half pounds; would suit me; weight having little to do with the shooter provided the gun is not too heavy at muzzle, or does not strain or tire the arm in handling. The weight of the gun—in choosing for purchase—should be governed by the strength of the handler. Many advocates of the 12-gauge advance most excellent ideas relative to the hard hitting of their favorite caliber, and they are justly entitled to full credit for all they advance in favor of their favorite gun. But all other things being equal, such as quantity of shot, skill, etc., I think it only fair to let the bandler of the 12-bore go in hand, ahead of the 10-bore, and even then I believe the 10-bore has an advantage over the 12. Occasionally we meet with an exceptionally hard hitting 12 gun, but not as a rule, hence the many sticklers for the No. 10 gun. Many experienced shots prefer the barrels choked nearly alike—full choke for the 10-bore, and the 12-bore second is required to throw closer than the first, and I think the idea an excellent one."

Col. John M. Barbour, of Louisville, writes: "This is a difficult question to answer; but I will give you my opinion, formed from what I have witnessed at our tournament. For the average shooter I would say, at live birds, a 9½ to 10-pound gun, 10-gauge, modified choke, 30-inch barrel, is the best; but for the bird shot, still a good shot, while I think this the most effective gun. I would like to see adopted in America a rule limiting the gauge to 11-bore and 8½ pounds weight. This would put the small and weak men on a more equal footing with the giants, who can handle a 12-gauge gun as easily as the small man can handle an 8-pound, and with his 6 or 7 lbs. of powder give little show to the 8-pound gun with 4 lbs. I do hope we will next year get a national convention to adopt a set of rules that will be acceptable to the clubs generally; rules for live-bird shooting, also for all target and wing-shooting, and I would gladly give my aid to any move in that direction. Suppose you make the move? We expect to shoot the great American Field Championship cup next year if birds can be procured, just as last year's programme indicated."

LIGOWSKY CLAY-PIGEON COMPANY.

CINCINNATI, O., Nov. 15.

NEW ENGLAND ASSOCIATION.

ON the second day of the New England Trap-Shooters' Tournament, on the grounds of the Boston Gun Club, at Wellington, Mass., almost all of the first day's shooters remained to carry through the remaining part of the programme. The day was a splendid one, and the sport was had. This was merely the beginning, and it augurs well for the future of this organization, the general good will evinced, and the evident determination which manifested itself everywhere that all would do their best to have the first shoot a success.

First event, 5 single birds, 18 yds. rise.—Dickey first, Wilbur second, Sampson third.

Second event, 5 single birds.—Wilbur and Johnson first, Sampson second and Dickey third.

Third event, 5 single birds.—Johnson and Wilbur first, Dickey second, Webber third.

Fourth event, 3 pair doubles.—Webber first, Wilbur second, Dickey third.

Fifth event—7 single birds, 18 yds. rise.		Sixth event—7 birds, 1 trap.	
Perry.....	011111-6	Gerrish.....	011111-6
Folsom.....	001111-5	Pratt.....	001111-4
Sampson.....	001011-4	Nichols.....	100000-1
Wilbur.....	111111-6	Tidbury.....	111111-7
Stanton.....	101111-6	Francis.....	111111-5
Souther.....	001011-4	B Smith.....	010100-2
Schaefer.....	001000-1	Bartlett.....	000000-1
Dickey.....	111111-7	Goud.....	101110-5
Stark.....	110111-6	Tirrell.....	010011-2
Holden.....	101010-4	Lane.....	001100-3
Webber.....	000100-1	Johnson.....	111010-5
Davis.....	010111-5		

Wilbur and Tidbury first, Eager second, Perry third, and Allen fourth.

Seventh event—7 birds, 1 trap.		Eighth event—7 birds, 5 traps.	
Eager.....	010101-4	Stark.....	000111-4
Sampson.....	110111-6	Pratt.....	110110-5
Gerrish.....	110101-4	B Smith.....	111100-5
Tirrell.....	111111-7	Tidbury.....	111111-6
Davis.....	001110-4	Allen.....	110111-5
Stanton.....	111010-4	Wilbur.....	110011-4
Dickey.....	110111-6	Atwell.....	011010-3
Farrar.....	010011-4	Webber.....	011011-6
Francis.....	110111-6	Bartlett.....	010110-4
Rowell.....	110110-4		

Perry first, Tidbury second, B. Smith third, and Bartlett fourth.

Ninth event—3 pair doubles.		Tenth event—3 pair doubles, fixed traps.—Eager and Perry first.	
Eager.....	11 11 10-5	Wilbur.....	11 11 10-5
Francis.....	11 01 11-5	Snow.....	00 10 01-3
Stark.....	11 10 11-4	Stark.....	00 10 01-2
Pratt.....	10 00 10-3	Davis.....	10 00 11-3
Sampson.....	10 00 10-3	Stanton.....	10 01 01-3
Wilbur.....	01 10 11-4	Holden.....	10 01 01-3
Perry.....	01 00 10-2	Allen.....	01 11 10-4
Dickey.....	00 10 11-3	Atwell.....	11 00 01-3
Webber.....	11 11 11-6		

Webber and Nichols first, Eager and Francis second, Allen third, Dickey and Holden fourth.

Eleventh event—7 birds, 5 traps.		Twelfth event—3 pair doubles.	
Eager.....	110111-6	Wilbur.....	11 11 10-5
Perry.....	110101-5	Snow.....	00 10 01-3
Sampson.....	110100-4	Stark.....	00 10 01-2
Holden.....	010110-4	Davis.....	10 00 11-3
Dickey.....	111111-6	Stanton.....	10 01 01-3
Francis.....	111111-6	Gray.....	01 00 01-2
Stark.....	010110-4	Tidbury.....	11 11 11-6
Wilbur.....	011110-5	Gray.....	01 00 01-1
B Smith.....	110100-3	Tirrell.....	10 00 00-1
Bartlett.....	111111-6	Farrar.....	11 01 01-4
Holden.....	010111-6		

Thirteenth event—7 singles.		Fourteenth event—3 pair doubles.	
Eager.....	110110-5	Law.....	110110-4
Gerrish.....	101110-4	Sampson.....	101010-3
Perry.....	110110-4	Gray.....	100100-2
Gerrish.....	001011-4	Tidbury.....	110100-4
Rowell.....	110111-6	Webber.....	110100-4
Dickey.....	110111-6	Stanton.....	111010-5
Tirrell.....	110111-6	Gray.....	110101-5
Sampson.....	110110-4	Sheldon.....	000000-1
Stark.....	100100-2	Davis.....	111111-7
Pratt.....	100000-1	Carey.....	101110-4
Williams.....	010011-3	B Smith.....	010101-4
Dickey.....	001010-3	Johnson.....	001010-2
Francis.....	101111-6	C B Faine.....	001010-1

Fifteenth event—5-man team match, 10 birds per man.		Sixteenth event—3 pair doubles.	
Worcester Gun Club.....	11111111-10	Eager.....	10 10 10-3
Davis.....	10010101-6	Webber.....	01 10 00-3
Webber.....	00101011-6	Dickey.....	11 00 11-4
Holden.....	11011111-9	Gerrish.....	11 00 11-4
Perry.....	11011111-9	Francis.....	10 00 11-4
Narragansett Gun Club.....	11111111-9	Rowell.....	10 00 11-4
Carey.....	01010111-8	Law.....	11 10 10-4
Paine.....	10010101-5	Allen.....	10 10 10-4
Sheldon.....	01010111-6	Francis.....	01111111-8
Gray.....	00010000-2	Tirrell.....	11111111-8
Sampson.....	1101111100-25	Stanton.....	01011111-7
Gerrish.....	11111101-8	Kirkwood.....	10011101-6
Snow.....	01000010-3	Stark.....	11101101-8
Johnson.....	10100011-5		

Worcester Gun Club first, Massachusetts Rifle Association second, Boston Gun Club third.

The Worcesterers, in being first, secured the beautiful gold medal of the association, presented by the Ligowsky C. P. Company, and in addition to the 40 per cent. of entries, secured \$30, also presented by the Ligowsky C. P. Company.

Sixteenth event—3 pair doubles: Eager..... 10 10 10-3 Stark..... 11 10 01-4 Webber..... 01 10 00-3 Kirkwood..... 01 10 10-3 Dickey..... 11 00 11-4 Carey..... 11 11 10-5 Gerrish..... 11 00 11-4 Farrar..... 10 00 10-3 Francis..... 10 00 11-4 Snow..... 11 00 10-4 Rowell..... 10 00 11-3

Carey first, Francis and Stark second, Eager third. The money prizes presented by the Boston Gun Club were awarded as follows: For the first best average, H. W. Eager, Wilbur and Dickey second, Perry third, Holden, Sampson and Bartlett fourth, Gerrish fifth.

CONNECTICUT.—Windsor, Conn., Nov. 12.—Team State Championship Badge: Spencer Gun Club. M W Bull..... 01110001011000100000-12 J Carey..... 110011001111111010101-19 C M Spencer..... 1010101110011111110101-17 E A Folsom..... 01011111111111111111-64

New Haven Gun Club. C Bristol..... 0001101010001111101011-14 I T Beer..... 111101010001111101011-14 Geo W Miner..... 0001011100010101010100-12 N S Folsom..... 0110101001011001111110-16

Parker Gun Club. E A Birdseye..... 11111110111111111111-19 I L Baker..... 11110101011111111110-17 F B Brown..... 11010101011111111110-16 J F Ives..... 0101010111010101010001-15-67

Parker Gun Club, Meriden, Conn., winners. 25 clay-pigeons at 18 yds. rise, 3 traps. Individual State Championship Badge.

Folsom..... 010110111111111111111111-22-40 Spencer..... 010101011111111111111111-20-37 Enstok..... 000110101001111111111111-17 011011111111111111111111-20-37 Beers..... 1110110101001100010101-14 010101000100111111111111-14-28 Folsom..... 011010101001111111111111-16 0110100010100110100001-12-28 Birdseye..... 111010101010101111111111-15-34 J Baker..... 100010111111111111111111-15-32 Brown..... 110101010101111111111111-15-32 J Ives..... 111111111111111111111111-15-32 M Bull..... 011010101111111111111111-14-29 Vibberts..... 101110111111111111111111-13-32 Hayden..... 0000000010101010000100-6 0110100000100000001010-6-12

E. A. Folsom, Windsor, Conn., winner, 50 clay-pigeons, 18 yds. rise, 3 traps.

WORCESTER, Nov. 11.—There was a fair attendance at the meet to-day in the contest for the South End Gun Club Sweepstake. The result of the events was as follows:

1. Five glass balls.—W. L. Davis 1st, H. W. Webber 2d, L. R. Hudson 3d.
2. Five glass balls.—W. L. Davis and A. Bowditch divide 1st, W. L. Shepard 2d, B. Smith 3d.
3. Five clay-pigeons.—B. Smith 1st, W. L. Shepard 2d, W. L. Davis 3d.
4. Five clay-birds.—H. W. Webber 1st, W. L. Davis and A. Bowditch divide 2d, C. Doon 3d.
5. Five glass balls.—M. D. Gilman 1st, W. L. Davis 2d.

NORTSIDE GUN CLUB.—Regular shoot at live birds for club medal: 25 yds., except Franz, who shot at 27 yds.

Dr Franz..... 100100-3 Lyons..... 111110-6 Kroger..... 111111-7 Manning..... 111111-7 Eberhardt..... 110110-5 Helmen..... 110111-6 Krumbek..... 110111-6 Tapken..... 110111-6 Wahlen..... 110111-5

Tie at 27 yds.: Kroger, 001-1; Barlow, 111-3.

Sweepstake shoot, miss and out, was won by Kroger with 7 straight.

WELLINGTON, Mass., Nov. 15.—The weekly shoot of the Malden Gun Club to-day was largely attended. The gold medal taken by Brackett last week was returned by him, he being unable to be present, and in the contest for the same Adams was the victor. The other events were as follows:

1. Five birds.—Sanborn first, Field second.
2. Five birds.—Sanborn first, Scott second.
3. Three pair doubles.—Field first, Sanborn second.
4. Three pair doubles.—Adams first, Scott second.
5. Five blackbirds.—Field first, Adams second.
6. Five blackbirds.—Scott and Field first, Draper and Adams second.
7. Five blackbirds.—Scott first, Field and Stanton second, Pratt third.
8. Five birds.—Field, Scott and Pratt first, Adams and Stanton second, Souther third.
9. Three pair doubles.—Stanton first, Draper second, Morgan third.
10. Ten birds.—Field and Adams first, Scott and Stanton second, Souther third.
11. Five birds, 5 traps.—Souther and Field first, Hunter second, Draper third.
12. Five birds, 5 traps.—Field first, Morgan second, Adams third.
13. Five birds, 5 traps.—Field first, Adams second, Warren and Pratt third.
14. Miss and out—taken by Adams and Field.

CHICAGO, Ill., Nov. 14.—The third medal shoot of the gun club of Chicago, took place at Grand Crossing, Ill., Tuesday, Nov. 4. Tame pigeons were used, and the conditions were: 15 birds to each man from 5 ground traps, use of both barrels, English rules, guns handicapped according to gauge. Mr. Frank Floyd held the medal which he won at the second shoot of the club. Following is the score: White, Magin and Stone at 29 yds., Hough at 27 yds., the rest at 30 yds.: Frank Floyd..... 111110101111-13 Henry Miller..... 111110110110-11 E E Felton..... 011111111111-13 F J Magin..... 001111111111-11 J B Reems..... 111111111101-12 Ed Ferguson..... 111101101111-13 Percy Stone..... 110000111111-10 H E Lahee..... 111101111111-14 H Wheeler..... 111011111111-13 W C Hough..... 110111110111-12 O H Stone..... 111110100101-9 A J White..... 011110110111-10 W L Pierce..... 010001110010-6 C G German..... 10010011010100-7

Mr. E. H. Lahee won the medal.

HENRY MILLER, Secy.

Dachting.

LIST OF RACES SAILED 1884.

ABBREVIATIONS OF NAMES OF CLUBS.

A.—Atlantic.	N.Y.—New York.
B.—Beverly.	N.B.—New Bedford.
B.Q.—Bay of Quinte.	N.H.—New Haven.
B.O.—Boston.	N.J.—New Jersey.
B.H.—Bunker Hill.	N.W.—Newburyport.
C.—Carolina.	O.—Oceano.
C.—Columbia.	Os.—Oswego.
C.A.—Cape Ann.	P.—Portland.
Ch.—Chicago.	Penn.—Pennsylvania.
Clev.—Cleveland.	Prov.—Provincetown.
D.—Dorchester.	Q.—Quincy.
E.—East River.	Q.C.—Quebec City.
H.—Hull.	R.C.—Royal Canadian.
Hv.—Haverhill.	S.—Seawanhaka.
H.R.—Hudson River.	S.B.—South Boston.
J.—Jeffries.	S.Bay.—Salem Bay.
J.C.—Jersey City.	South.—Southwark.
K.—Kerbocker.	Tor.—Toronto.
King.—Kingston.	W.—Williamsburgh.
L.—Lynn.	W.L.—West Lynn.
Larch.—Larchmont.	W.W.—Washington Village.
Mon.—Montreal.	W.O.—Walk over.

May 23. Larchmont.—Car Y.C. 5 starters: An Revolt 1.

30. Lakeland.—First class, 3 starters: Katie H.Y.C. 2. Stella 1. Third class, Petrel w. o. Second class, 5 starters:

30. Port Morris.—K.Y.C. First class, 5 starters: Sara 1. Second class, 7 starters: Whimble 1. Third class, 9 starters: Gracie 1. Fourth class, 6 starters: Nettie 1. Fifth class, 3 starters: Nellie R. 1. Sixth class, 7 starters: Adele 1. Seventh class, 5 starters: Rex 1. Eighth class, 2 starters: Hattie 1. Pennant for best boat: Gracie's Hyslop prize for cabin yacht over 2 ft. Undine; Mott cup, Gracie.

30. South Boston.—S.B.Y.C. Open Regatta. First class centerboards, 5 starters: Magic, L.Y.C. 1; Shadow, B.Y.C. 2. Keels, 3 starters: Lillie S.B.Y.C. 1; Egir J.C. 2.

Second class centerboards, 5 starters: Lizzie Warner S.B.Y.C. 1; Gracie S.B.Y.C. 2. Keels, 10 starters: Katie H.Y.C. 1; Zulu S.B.Y.C. 2. Third class, 3 starters: Thibse S.B.Y.C. 1; Spray Y.C. 2; Pet Y.C. 3. Fourth class centerboards, 6 starters: Flora Lee S.B.Y.C. 1; Whiff S.B.Y.C. 2; Nancy W.V.C. 3. Keels, 5 starters: Vesper W.L.Y.C. 1; Delle J.C. 2.

30. Newark.—N.Y.C. First class, 3 starters: Grey Eagle 1. Second class, 3 starters: Rambler 1. Third class, 4 starters: Triton 1. Fourth class, 2 starters: Eddie 1.

30. Quincy.—Q.Y.C. First class, D. Crockett w. o. Second class, 6 starters: Pet 1, Niobe 2. Third class, 4 starters: Flora Lee 1; Elsie 2.

June 1. New York.—Echypse Y.C. 7 starters: Corinna K. 1.

2. New York.—A.Y.C. Ladies' Day. Schooners, first class, 4 starters: Graying w. o. Second class, 2 starters: Triton 1. Sloops, first class, 2 starters: Athlon 1. Second class, 3

- June 17. Nahant.—D.Y.C. Open Race. First class, 5 starters: Huron E.Y.C. 1. Second class, 7 starters: Shadow B.Y.C. 1, Nimbus Bo.Y.C. 2, Lapwing E.Y.C. 3, Magic L.Y.C. 4. Third class, 13 starters: Kiddle H.Y.C. 1, Transit H.Y.C. 2, Niobe D.Y.C. 3, Black Cloud C.A.Y.C. 4.
19. Hoboken.—N.Y.C. First class, 5 starters: Lily R. 1. Second class, 5 starters: Sophia Emma 1. Third class, 5 starters: Fanny 1.
21. Hull.—H.Y.C. Pennant Race. First class, no entries. Second class centerboards, no entries. Keels, 2 entries: Transit 1. Third class, 2 starters: Seabird 1. Fourth class, 2 starters: Joker 1. Fifth class, 7 starters: Imogen 1.
24. Montgomery.—I. of H.Y.C. First class, 2 starters: Claude 1. Second class, 4 starters: Jennie S. 1. Third class, 5 starters: Uncas 1.
24. Minnetonka Y.C. 5 starters: Lazy Jane 1, Helen 2.
24. New Haven.—N.H.Y.C. First class, 2 starters: Wild Pigeon 1. Second class, 9 starters: Flora 1. Third class, 5 starters: Stranger 1. Fourth class, Trio w. o.
25. New York.—C.Y.C. First class, 2 entries: Emilie 1. Second class, 4 starters: Zig Zag 1. Third class, 4 starters: Henry Gray 1. Fourth class, 4 starters: Henry Fisher 1.
26. New Orleans.—Southern Y.C. Schooners, 3 starters: Zoe 1. Sloops, 4 starters: Dora D. Cats, 3 starters: J. W. Elmer 1.
27. Marblehead.—E.Y.C. Annual Regatta. Schooners, first class: Fortuna w. o. Second class, 5 starters: Clio 1, Harbinger 2. Sloops and cutters, first class, 6 starters: Bedouin 1, Wenonah 2. Second class, 5 starters: Shadow 1, Hera 2.
28. Toronto.—Tor.Y.C. Race, 4 starters: Iris 1.
29. New York.—Match. Clara beats Peerless, both Americus Y.C.
29. New York.—Match. Pirate beats Nemo, both of New York.
30. Quincy.—Q.Y.C. First Championship. First class: Queen Mab w. o. Second class, 4 starters: Pet 1, Spray 2. Third class, 4 starters: Mirage 1, Rocket 2.
30. Port Morris.—K.C. Ladies' Day. Sloops, first class, 4 starters: Flash 1. Second class, 2 starters: Sea Robin 1. Third class, 4 starters: Nettie Thorp 1. Fourth class: Maggie w. o. Cats, first class, 3 starters: Lizzie R. 1. Second class, 4 starters: Mayotta 1. Third class, 6 starters: Nellie 1. Fourth class: Vaddie w. o.
- , Monument Beach.—Flirt-Iris Match for set of colors: Flirt 1.
- July 1. Trenton.—B.Q.Y.C. Second class, 4 starters: Iolanthe 1, Gray 2, Eud 3.
1. Kingston.—First class, starters: Garfield 1. Second class, starters: Laura 1. Third class, starters: Merlin 1.
2. Staten Island.—Sweepstakes, 4 starters: Whisk 1.
4. Larchmont.—Larch.Y.C. Sloops, first class, 3 starters: Fanita 1. Second class, 2 starters: Scherer 1. Third class, 5 starters: Amazon 1. Fourth class, 3 starters: Chemann 1. Fifth class, 4 starters: Fairie 1. Cats, 2 starters: Jewell 1.
4. Staten Island.—Match. Our Own, Newark Y.C., beats Falcon, P.A.Y.C.
4. Ipswich.—First class, 7 starters: Fatnizta, C.A.Y.C. 1, Venus C.A.Y.C. 2, Foam 3. Second class, 12 starters: Hestia C.A.Y.C. 1, Sassacus C.A.Y.C. 2.
4. Jersey City.—Oceanic Y.C. First class, 4 starters: Peter O'Brien 1. Second class, 2 starters: Yeaser 1. Third class, 2 starters: Tough 1.
4. Boston City Regatta.—First class, 2 starters: Maggie B.Y.C. 1. Second class centerboards, 4 starters: Shadow B.Y.C. 1, Magic L.Y.C. 2. Keels, 7 starters: Hera B.Y.C. 1, Lapwing E.Y.C. 2. Schooner class: Bessie B.Y.C. w. o., no prize awarded. Third class, centerboards, 14 starters: Black Cloud C.A.Y.C. 1, Queen Mab H.Y.C. 2, Thistle S.B.Y.C. 3, Seabird Bo.Y.C. 4. Keels, 18 starters: Banneret D.Y.C. 1, Transit H.Y.C. 2. Fourth class, centerboards, 22 starters: Joker H.Y.C. 1, Seraphine S.B.Y.C. 2, Flora Lee S.B.Y.C. 3, Niobe D.Y.C. 4, Imogen H.Y.C. 5. Keels, 12 starters: Meteor D.Y.C. 1, Charlotte S.B.Y.C. 2.
4. Lynn City Regatta.—First class, 9 starters: Viola L.Y.C. 1, D. Crockett H.Y.C. 2, Jennie L.Y.C. 3, Pearl L.Y.C. 4. Second class, centerboards, 6 starters: Rattlesnake L.Y.C. 1, Twilight W.L.Y.C. 2, Alice L.Y.C. 3, Raven W.L.Y.C. 4. Keels, 4 starters: Vesper W.L.Y.C. 1, Inez W.L.Y.C. 2, Iris L.Y.C. 3. Third class, 10 starters: Crescent W.L.Y.C. 1, Flirt S.B.Y.C. 2, Spray L.Y.C. 3, Elsie Q.Y.C. 4.
4. Milwaukee.—Chi.Y.C. 2 starters: Wasp 1.
4. Port Orange.—P.O.Y.C. First class, 2 starters: Gretchen 1. Second class, 3 starters: Annie 1. Third class, 2 starters: Comet 1.
4. Cleveland.—Clev.Y.A.S. First class, S. H. Ives 1, Louise 2. Second class, Fanchon 1, Lulu 2, Scud 3, Charoy 4, Rover 5. Third class, Lady Ida 1. First class cats, 4 starters: Mattie 1. Second class, 3 starters: Ruby 1, Tempest 2. Fourth class, 4 starters: J. Pierce, Jr. 1, Mamie H. 2.
9. Marblehead.—B.Y.C. 88th Race. Not made in time.
10. Marblehead.—B.Y.C. 88th Race. First Championship. First class, 3 starters: Thialfi 1 and pennant, Countess 2. Second class, 3 starters: Witch 1 and pennant, Peri 2. Third class, 2 starters: Mirage 1 and pennant.
11. Hull.—H.Y.C. First class, Nimbus w. o. Second class centerboards no entry. Keels, 4 starters: Transit 1, Banneret 2. Third class centerboards, 8 starters: Sea Bird 1, D. Crockett 2; keels no entry. Fourth class, 5 starters: Queen Mab 1, Amy 2, Niobe 3. Fifth class, 5 starters: Viva 1, Sheerwater 2, Spray 3. Sixth class, 5 starters: Mirage 1, Samara 2.
12. Chicago.—Chi.Y.C. First class, 2 starters: Cora 1. Second class, 4 starters: Verve 1. Third class 2 starters: Zephyr 1.
14. Philadelphia.—Q.Y.C. Challenge Cup, M. S. Thomas beats Nahna.
15. Dorchester.—D.Y.C. 81st Race. First class, 4 starters: Seabird 1, Amy 2. Second class, 4 starters: Scamp 1, Niobe 2. Third class, 6 starters: Mirage 1, Nonpareil 2.
16. Bridgeport Match.—Americus beats Alice.
16. Match Bridgeport.—J.C.Y.C. beats Willis H.R.Y.C.
19. East Boston.—C.Y.C. First Championship. First class, 2 starters: Una 1. Second class, 3 starters: Zetta 1, Hard Times 2.
19. Monument Beach.—B.Y.C. 87th Race, Second for Buzzard's Bay Championship. Sloops and second class cats, no starters. First class cats, 6 starters: Atalanta 1 and pennant, tiding Mattie, Whisper 2.
19. Newark.—Sloop, 4 starters: Maggie P. 1; cats, 4 starters: Triton 1.
19. Toronto.—Tor.Y.C. 3 starters: Iris 1.
20. Point Clear.—Southern and Mobile Y.C.'s Joint Race. Cabin sloops, 3 starters: Zoe Southern Y.C. 1, Jib and mainsail boats, 3 starters: Ruby Mobile Y.C. 1. Schooners, 3 starters: Virginia Mobile Y.C. 1. Cats, 2 starters: John Pearce, Jr. 1.
20. Oak Point.—Catboat Race, 9 starters: Jean 1.
21. Salem.—S.Bay Y.C. First Championship. First class, 2 starters: Nautilus 1. Second class: Cleopatra w. o. Third class keels: Mamie w. o. Third class centerboards: No entries. Fourth class: Tulip w. o.
26. New Bedford.—N.H.Y.C. 4 starters: Wild Pigeon 1.
30. East Boston.—C.Y.C. Second Championship. First class, 2 starters: Judith 1. Second class, 2 starters: Unknown 1.
30. Hull.—Oregon House Race. First class, 6 starters: Banneret 1, Transit 2. Second class, 7 starters: Queen Mab 1, Black Cloud 2. Third class, 5 starters: Joker 1, Niobe 2, Myrtle 3. Fourth class, 10 starters: Sheerwater 1, Rocket 2, Mirage 3.
30. Lynn.—L.Y.C. First class, 4 starters: Magic 1. Second class, 7 starters: Pearl 1, Viola 2, Jennie L. 3. Third class, 8 starters: Daisy D. 1, Crest 2, George 3.
26. Swampscott.—B.Y.C. 88th Race. Second Championship. First class, 5 starters: Atalanta 1, Countess 2 and pennant, tiding Thialfi. Second class, 4 starters: Rita 1 and pennant, tiding Witch, Spider 2. Third class, 2 starters: Bluebell 1 and pennant, tiding Mirage.
26. Whitestone.—Sweepstakes. Maud F. beats Orlando R. Phenes.
27. Oak Point.—Cats. Daisy beats Unknown.
29. New Bedford.—E.Y.C. Open Race for Commodore's Cups. Schooners, 8 starters: Halcyon E.Y.C. 1. Sloops and cutters, 8 starters: Bedouin E.Y.C. 1.
- July 28. Dorchester.—D.Y.C. 82d Race for Second and Third Classes. Second class, 9 starters: Joker 1, Amy 2. Third class, 5 starters: Mirage 1, Guenn 2.
29. Port Morris.—K.Y.C. First Pennant Race. Sloops, 2 starters: Cats, first class, 1 starter: Lizzie R. 1. Second class, 2 starters: Grace 1. Third class, 3 starters: Maggie 1. Fourth class: Jean w. o.
30. Quincy.—Q.Y.C. Second Championship. First and second classes: No race in time. Third class, 4 starters: Mirage 1, taking championship. Rocket 2.
30. New York.—S.Y.C. Fourth class, 2 starters: Cruiser 1. Canoes, 5 starters: Dot 1.
30. Oswego.—Os.Y.C. Open Race. First class, 4 starters: Aileen R.C.Y.C. 1; Verve R.C.Y.C. 2. Second class, 7 starters: Iolanthe B.Q.Y.C. 1, Katie Gray Os.Y.C. 2, Laura King, Y.C. 3.
31. Newport to New London.—E.Y.C. Schooners, first class, 6 starters: Fortuna 1. Second class, 4 starters: Harbinger 1. Cutters and sloops, 7 starters: Bedouin 1, Mirage 1.
- Aug. 2. East Boston.—C.Y.C. Third Championship. First class, 2 starters: Judith 1. Second class, 3 starters: Hard Times 1.
2. Hull.—H.Y.C. First championship. First class: 2 starters: Lillie 1. Other classes no race on time.
4. Salem.—S.Bay Y.C. Second Championship. First class, Cygnit w. o., tiding Nautilus. Second class, 2 starters: Nettie 1, tiding Cleopatra. Third class, centerboards, 2 starters: Peri 1, tiding Mona 1, tiding Mamie. Keels, fourth class, 2 starters: Comet 1. Centerboards, no starters.
6. Hull.—H.Y.C. First Championship. Second class, keels, Banneret w. o., centerboards, Rambler w. o. Third class: No entries. Fourth class, 5 starters: Queen Mab 1. Fifth class, 8 starters: Spray 1. Sixth class, 4 starters: Mirage 1.
6. Kingston.—B.Y.C. Open Race. First class, 4 starters: Norah B.Q.Y.C. 1, Garfield, King Y.C. 2; Aileen R.C.Y.C. 2, Aileen R.C.Y.C. 3. Second class, 5 starters: Iolanthe B.Q.Y.C. 1, Katie Gray Os.Y.C. 2, Laura, King, Y.C. 3. Third class, 9 starters: Mabel, Ganouque 1, Merlin King, Y.C. 2. Shadow, Ganouque 3.
7. Larchmont to New London.—Am.Y.C. First class, 2 starters: Atalanta 1. Second class, 3 starters: Sophia 1, actual time: Rival 1, with allowance.
8. Montgomery.—I. of H.Y.C. First class, 2 starters, neither made course. Second class, 3 starters: Zinga 1. Third class, 2 starters: Darling 1.
8. Belleville.—B.Q.Y.C. Open Race. First class, 4 starters: Norah B.Q.Y.C. 1, Verve R.C.Y.C. 2, Aileen R.C.Y.C. 3. Second class, 4 starters: Surprise B.Q.Y.C. 1, Iolanthe B.Q.Y.C. 2, Lillie King, Y.C. 3.
8. Newport.—N.Y.Y.C. Golet Cup Race. Schooners, 14 starters: Grayling 1. Cutters and sloops, 9 starters: Bedouin 1.
9. Newport to Oak Bluffs.—N.Y.Y.C. Commodore's Cup Race. Schooners, 19 starters: Montauk 1. Sloops and cutters, 12 starters: Bedouin 1.
9. West Lynn.—W.L.Y.C. Open Race, 6 starters: Daisy D. B.Y.C. 1, Alice Y.C. 2, Spray W.L.Y.C. 3.
9. East Boston.—C.Y.C. Fourth Championship. First class: Judith w. o. Second class, 2 starters: Hard Times 1.
9. Boston.—Bo.Y.C. Connor and Pfaff Cups. First class, 6 starters: Adrienne 1, Shadow 2, Lillie 3. Second class, 9 starters: Seabird 1, Eva 2, Kiddle 3.
10. Holmes's Hole to Newport.—N.Y.Y.C. Handicap Race. Schooners, 10 starters: Clio 1. Cutters and sloops, 7 starters: Athol 1.
12. Newport.—N.Y.Y.C. Commodore's Cups, 60-mile course. Schooners, first class, 3 starters: Montauk 1. Second class, 2 starters: Varuna 1. Cutters and sloops, first class, 4 starters: Bedouin 1. Second class, 4 starters: Best time on allowance Mischief.
13. Dorchester.—D.Y.C. Second class, cats, 3 starters: Niobe 1. Scamp, 2 starters: Bebe 2, Bessie Y.C. 3, w. o.
13. Larchmont.—Sweepstakes, 7 entries: Gold Dust 1, Jennie 2, Adele 3.
14. Quincy.—Q.Y.C. Second Championship. First class, 4 starters: Queen Mab 1, taking championship; Thistle 2. Second class, 7 starters: Joker 1, tiding Pet; Niobe 2.
14. Milwaukee.—Mil.Y.C. Four starters: Adele 1, Idun 2.
15. Milwaukee.—B.Y.C. 88th Race. Third for Buzzard's Bay Championship. Sloops, 2 starters: Curlew 1 and pennant. Third class cats, 5 starters: Eleanor 1 and pennant, Dolly 2. Eleanor takes championship.
16. Monument Beach.—B.Y.C. 90th Race. Fourth for Buzzard's Bay Pennants. Sloops, 2 starters: Curlew 1 and pennant, taking championship. First class cats, 2 starters: Violet 1 and pennant, tiding Mattie and Alice. Second class cats, 5 starters: Tautrum 1. Third class cats, 3 starters: Eleanor 1, Dolly 2. Eleanor takes championship.
16. Boston.—B.H.Y.C. First class, no entries. Second class, 4 starters: Lilian 1. Third class, 4 starters: Kit 1, Romp 2.
16. Hull.—H.Y.C. Open Regatta. First class, no entries. Second class centerboards, 3 starters: Magic L.Y.C. 1, Shadow B.Y.C. 2. Keels, 3 starters: Hera B.Y.C. 1, E. M. M. Bo.Y.C. 2. Third class centerboards, 4 starters: Seabird, Bo.Y.C. 1, Frolic, Bo.Y.C. 2. Keels, 3 starters: Transit, H.Y.C. 1; Raven, B.Y.C. 2. Fourth class centerboards, 14 starters: Black Cloud, C.A.Y.C. 1; Cruiser, Larch. & B.Y.C.'s 2; Queen Mab, H.Y.C. 3. Keels, 7 starters: Banneret, B.Y.C. 1; Kiddle, H.Y.C. 2; Saracen, Bo.Y.C. 3. Fifth class, 25 starters: Mabel, H.Y.C. 1; Vesper, S.B.Y.C. 2; Flora Lee, S.B.Y.C. 3. Schooners, 3 starters: Bessie Y.C. 2, w. o.
18. South Boston.—Match: Cruiser, Larch. & B.Y.C.'s beats Viva, S.B.Y.C.
18. South Boston.—Match: Cruiser, Larch. & B.Y.C.'s beats Thistle, S.B.Y.C.
20. Marblehead.—Match: Cruiser, Larch. & B.Y.C.'s beats Holden, B.Y.C.
20. Calais.—Croix Y.C. Bloodstone 1, Louis 2, Mischief 3.
20. Tompkinsville.—Match: Nokomis beats Nettie S.
21. Marblehead.—Match: Cruiser, Larch. & B.Y.C.'s beats Hornet, B.Y.C.
21. Marblehead.—Match: Cruiser, Larch. & B.Y.C.'s beats Queen Mab, H.Y.C.
22. Marblehead.—Cruiser Larch. and B.Y.C.'s beats Seabird Bo.Y.C.
22. Toledo.—To.Y.C. First class, no entries. Second class, 17 starters: Scud 1, Kate Graham 2, Lulu 3, Oberon 4, Charon 5. Third class, 5 starters: L.Her.B. 1, Petrel 2, No Name 3.
25. Nahant.—B.Y.C. Ninety-first Race. Third Championship. First class, 3 starters: Cricket 1 and pennant, tiding Thialfi, and Countess 2. Second class centerboards, 4 starters: Cruiser 1 and pennant, tiding Witch and Rita, Spider 2. Keels, 2 starters: Witch 1. Third class, Mirage w. o., taking championship.
23. Hull.—H.Y.C. Second Championship. First class, 3 starters: Shadow 1. Second class centerboards, no entry. Keels, 3 starters, race off, time lost by judges. Third class centerboards, Seabird w. o. Keels, 3 entries: Kiddle 1. Fourth class, 4 starters: Queen Mab 1, taking championship. Fifth class, 7 starters: Kismet 1, tiding Spray. Sixth class, 4 starters: Elsie 1, tiding Mirage.
23. E. Boston.—J. C. Fifth Championship. First class, 2 starters: Judith 1. Second class, Hard Times w. o., both take championship.
23. Mattapoisett.—Open Regatta. First class, no entries. Second class, 8 starters: Surprise B.Y.C. 1, Awilda Mon. Beach 2, Atalanta B.Y.C. 3. Third class, 2 starters: Dolly B.Y.C. 1, Zillah Marion 2. Fourth class, 10 starters: Inez 1, Gem 2, both of Mattapoisett.
23. Toronto.—Tor.Y.C. Third Championship. Iris wins and takes prize.
24. Philadelphia.—Q.C.Y.C. Commodore's Challenge Cup. M. S. Thomas beats Tillyer and holds the cup.
25. Oak Point.—S.Bay Y.C. Open Race. First class, 5 starters: Vixen 1, Emmie 2. Second class, 3 starters: Grace 1, Nettie Thorp 2. Third class, 5 starters: Just Woke Up 1, Daisy 2. Fourth class, 6 starters: Gold Dust 1, Adele 2. Fifth class, 6 starters: Bon Ton 1, Maggie 2. Sixth class, 5 starters: Little Dean 1, Jean 2. Special class, 2 starters: Jennie Willis 1, O. R. Phenes 2. Grace and Bon Ton take pennant for best and fastest.
26. New Haven.—N.H.Y.C. Challenge Cup, Stranger beats Ceres.
26. Salem.—S.Bay Y.C. Third Championship for Third and Fourth Classes. Third class centerboards, 3 starters: Comet 1, tiding Peri. Fourth class, Tulip w. o. taking championship.
26. Port Morris.—K.Y.C. Sloops, first class: Undine w. o. Third class, 2 starters: Thistle 1. Second and fourth classes, no entries. Cats, first class, 3 starters: Nellie R. 1. Sixth class, 2 starters: Truant 1. Seventh class: Maggie w. o. Eighth class, 3 starters: Vaddie 1.
28. Quincy.—Q.Y.C. Third Championship. First class: Erin w. o. Second class, 4 starters: Joker 1, taking championship. Wildfire 2. Third class, 2 starters: Flora Lee 1.
30. San Francisco.—S.F.Y.C. Open Race. First class, 3 starters: Nellie S.F.Y.C. 1. Second class, 2 starters: Ramo S.F.Y.C. 1. Third class, 2 starters: Restless 1. Fourth class, 2 starters: Lively 1.
- Aug. 30. Marblehead.—B.Y.C. Ninety-second Race, Second Open Sweepstakes. First class centerboards, 2 starters: Shadow B.Y.C. 1. Keels, 4 starters: Lillie S.B.Y.C. 1, Viking D.Y.C. 2, Adir 3. Second class, 3 starters: Bessie B.Y.C. 1. Second class centerboards, 3 starters: Erin Q.Y.C. 1, Folly Q.Y.C. 2. Keels, 8 starters: Thialfi B.Y.C. 1, Transit H.Y.C. 2, Gem B.Y.C. 3, Countess B.Y.C. 4. Third class centerboards, 10 starters: Queen Mab H.Y.C. 1, Seabird Bo.Y.C. 2, Black Cloud C.A.Y.C. 3, J. S. Poyen, Jr. New Y.C. 4. Keels, 10 starters: Kiddle H.Y.C. 1, Witch B.Y.C. 2, Saracen Bo.Y.C. 3, Ruth S.Bay Y.C. 4. Fourth class centerboards, 22 starters: Thistle S.B.Y.C. 1, Joker H.Y.C. 2, Pet Q.Y.C. 3, Comet S.Bay Y.C. 4, Cruiser B.Y.C. 5. Keels, 7 starters: Vesper W.L.Y.C. 1, Vera B.Y.C. 2, Carmita B.Y.C. 3, Fearless S.B.Y.C. 4, Caprice B.Y.C. 5. Fifth class, 11 starters: Sassacus C.A.Y.C. 1, Flora Lee S.B.Y.C. 2, Mirage B.Y.C. 3, Elsie Q.Y.C. 4, Pert New Y.C. 5.
30. Lake Geneva.—First class, 7 starters: Whisper 1, Nettie 2. Second class, 5 starters: Bonita 1, White Wing 2, Pirate 3.
31. Monument Beach.—Match. Tautrum B.Y.C. beats Surprise.
31. New York.—Match. Martha Mumm beats Henry Gray.
- Sept. 3. Tompkinsville.—Open Race. Sloops, first class, 2 starters: Vixen 1. Second class, 2 starters: Parole 1. Third class, 3 starters: Emma W. 1. Cats, fourth class, 2 starters: Shadow 1. Fifth class, 8 starters: Teaser 1; Teaser takes cup for best time in fleet.
- , Michigan Y.C. First class, 2 starters: Ives 1. Second class, 6 starters: Annie S. 1. Third class, 4 starters: Madeleine 1.
4. Shelter Island.—Open Race. First class, 5 starters: Set 1. Second class, 14 starters: Margaret 1.
5. Monument Beach.—B.Y.C. 93d Race. Sail Off for B. Bay Championship in First Class Cats. Atalanta beats Mattie and Violet.
6. Larchmont.—Larch.Y.C. Pennant Races. Sloops, 1 starter: Race not made. Cats, 4 starters: Cruiser 1, taking class pennant and commodore's cup.
6. Monument Beach.—B.Y.C. 94th Race. Open Regatta. Sloops, Curlew B.Y.C. w. o. Cats, 9 starters: Surprise B.Y.C. 1, Adir Beach 2, Myrtle Mon. Beach 3. Second class, 12 starters: Good Luck, Dighton 1, Fanus Mon. Beach 2. Third class, 8 starters: Dolly B.Y.C. 1, Alice Pocasset 2.
6. Marblehead.—B.Y.C. 95th Race, Sail Off for Second Class Championship. Witch 1, beating Rita.
6. Hull.—H.Y.C. Third Championship. First class, 3 starters: Shadow 1. Second class, 3 starters: Transit 1, tiding Banneret. Centerboards: Rambler w. o. Third class centerboards, 2 starters: Seabird 1. Keels: Kiddle w. o. Fifth class, 9 starters: Viva 1, tiding Spray and Kismet. Sixth class, 5 starters: Mirage 1. Shadow, Seabird, Kiddle, Rambler and Mirage take championships.
6. Montreal.—Mon.Y.C. 5 starters: Violet 1 in first class, Iris in second class. Third class, 5 starters: Surfer 1.
7. Marblehead.—Match. Witch, B.Y.C. beats Carmita, B.Y.C.
7. Marblehead.—Match: Carmita, B.Y.C. beats Witch, B.Y.C.
8. Marblehead.—E.Y.C. Sloop and Cutter Match for Commodore's Cups open to N.Y.Y.C. First class, 5 starters: Ileen 1. Second class, 2 starters: Maggie 1.
9. Lynn.—L.Y.C. First Championship. First class, no entries. Second class, 4 starters: Pearl 1. Third class, 3 starters: Daisy D. 1.
9. San Francisco.—Pac.Y.C. First class, 3 starters: Nellie 1 and club pennant; Fleur de Lis 2. Lurline won on actual time. Second class, 3 starters: Annie 1, Eva 2.
10. Cleveland.—Clev.Y.A. Six starters: Lulu 1, Daisy 2, Ida 3.
10. Toronto.—R.O.Y.C. and Tor.Y.C. sailed at same time. Second class, 3 starters: Iolanthe, R.O.Y.C. 1 in both clubs; Emma, Tor.Y.C. 2. Second class, 3 starters: Mirage B.Y.C. 1, Nonpareil D.Y.C. 2.
11. Toronto.—R.O.Y.C. and Tor.Y.C. races sailed at same time. First class, 6 starters: Aileen 1 in both clubs, also champion flags of both clubs, and the Murray, Anderson, and Prince of Wales challenge cups; Atalanta 2 in both clubs. Verve 3 in both clubs.
11. Quincy.—Q.Y.C. First class, 2 starters: Queen Mab 1. Second class, 3 starters: Wildfire 1. Third class, 3 starters: Mirage 1.
12. Collingwood.—First class, no race. Second class, 3 starters: Mary 1.
12. Dorchester.—D.Y.C. open to B.Y.C. First class, no entries. Second class centerboards, 2 starters: Queen Mab D.Y.C. 1. Keels, 4 starters: Banneret D.Y.C. 1, Gem B.Y.C. 2. Third class, 7 starters: Amy D.Y.C. 1, Elf D.Y.C. 2. Fourth class, 4 starters: Mirage B.Y.C. 1, Nonpareil D.Y.C. 2.
13. Boston.—Bo.Y.C. Connor and Pfaff cups. First class, 7 starters: Adrienne 1, winning second leg; Shadow 2, Undine 3. Second class, 8 starters: Edna 1, Eva 2, Kiddle 3.
13. Hull.—H.Y.C. Sail off for Championship. Second class keels, 2 starters: Transit 1. Fifth class, 3 starters: Viva 1.
13. Lake Geneva.—First class, 5 starters: Whisper 1, Nettie 2, Bianca w. o. Third class, 6 starters: Bonita 1, White Wing 2, Juno 3.
13. Hull.—Match: Hornet B.Y.C. beats Spider B.Y.C.
13. Lynn.—L.Y.C. Second Championship. First class, no entries. Second class, 3 starters: Jennie L. 1, tiding Pearl. Third class, 3 starters: Georgie W. 1, tiding Daisy D.
13. West Lynn.—W.L.Y.C. First Championship. First class, 2 starters: Crescent 1. Second class, 2 starters: Raven 1. Third class, 2 starters: Crescent 1.
13. Ipswich.—3 starters: Sassacus C.A.Y.C. 1.
16. Monument Beach.—Match: Surprise B.Y.C. beats Atalanta B.Y.C.
16. Monument Beach.—Match: Surprise B.Y.C. beats Mattie B.Y.C.
16. New York.—Catamaran sweepstakes, 4 starters: Hermes 1.
16. Chicago.—Y.C.—Foster cup, Norah B.Q.Y.C. wins by default from Atalanta.
19. Provincetown.—Prov.Y.C. First class, 6 starters: Aeolus 1. Second class, 3 starters: Sam Weller 1.
19. Mantee River Fla.—Sweepstakes, 4 starters: Maude 1.
20. Nahant.—B.Y.C. Fall Regatta Open to D.Y.C. and Sail-off for First Championship. First class, 5 starters: Queen Mab D.Y.C. 1, Bessie B.Y.C. 2. Second class, 6 starters: Elf D.Y.C. 1, Thistle D.Y.C. 2. Third class, 4 starters: Mirage B.Y.C. 1, Psyche B.Y.C. 2. Special class, 2 starters: Gem B.Y.C. 1. For pennant, 2 starters: Countess 1, taking championship.
20. Toronto.—I.C.Y.C. Third class, 5 starters: Mischief 1.
20. New London.—Match: Annie of Mystic beats Susie S. of New York.
21. Oak Point.—Match: Hoodoo J.C.Y.C. beats Daisy K.Y.C.
21. Salem.—S.Bay Y.C. Third Championship, 2 starters in each class. First class, Nautilus. Second class, Nettie. Third class keels, Mona, and centerboard Comet, win and take championship.
23. Lynn.—L.Y.C. Third Championship. First class, no entries. Second class, 6 starters: Muriel 1, tiding Pearl and Jennie L. Third class, 4 starters: Georgie W. 1, taking championships.
25. Philadelphia.—Q.C.Y.C. Fourth and Fifth Class Sweepstakes. Fourth class, 6 starters: Elwell 1. Fifth class, 2 starters: Richmond 1.
25. Lynn.—L.Y.C. Second class sail off, 3 starters: Muriel 1, taking championship.
25. Philadelphia.—Q.C.Y.C. Sweepstakes for Fourth and Fifth classed, 8 starters: Elwell 1.
25. New Haven.—N.H.Y.C. Class B: Ariadne w. o., no prize. Class C, 2 starters: Rajah 1. Class D, 6 starters: Stranger 1. Class E, 4 starters: Grace 1. Class F, Lillie w. o., no prize. Class G, 8 starters: Hornet 1.
26. West Lynn.—W.L.Y.C. Second Championship. First class, 2 starters: Phlox 1, Helen Y.C. 2. Second class, 2 starters: Crescent 1, no race. Blanche and Crescent take championships.
27. Martinez.—Pac.Y.C. 7 starters: Annie 1.
27. Toronto.—R.O.Y.C. Race for Cosgrove Cup, 4 starters: Mischief 1, also special prize.
29. Newark.—Newark Y.C. Class B, Pennant, 3 starters: Rambler 1.
- Oct. 2. Jersey City.—N.J.Y.C. Open Regatta. Catamarans, 4 starters: Jessie J.C.Y.C. 1. Class B, 7 starters: Dare Devil J.C.Y.C. 1. Class C, 7 starters: Only Son 1. Class D, 10 starters: Cruiser Larch. and B.Y.C.'s 1. Cutter class, 2 starters: Daisy 1.
4. Cooper's Point.—Rebecca Floyd 1.
7. Lynn.—L.Y.C. Catboat Race, 3 starters: Crest 1.
8. New York.—A.Y.C. Pennant Race in Class F, Romeyn beats Ida.
9. New York.—K.Y.C. First class, 8 starters: Surf 1. Second class, 4 starters: Sea Robin 1. Third class, 4 starters: Lizzie R. 1. Fourth class, 3 starters: Daisy 1. Fifth class, 2 starters: Nellie R. 1. Sixth class, 3 starters: Truant 1. Seventh class, 4 starters: Kitty B. 1. Eighth class, Jean w. o.
- *11. Cooper's Point.—2 starters: Emma Moore 1.
11. West Lynn.—W.L.Y.C. Third Championship. Second class, 4 starters: Vesper 1, tiding Raven.

Oct. 13. Whitestone.—Match. O. R. Phenex beats Maud F.
13. Oak Point.—Match. Thorn K.Y.C. beats Gracie K.Y.C.
14. Yonkers.—Vesper Y.R.A. First class: Tethys w. o.
Second class, 3 starters: Polly L. Third class, 4 starters:
Ray Howland 1. Fourth class, 5 starters: Daisy 1. Cata-
marans, 3 starters; Jessie 1.
15. Sandy Hook.—S.Y.C. Open Fall Races. First class, 3
starters: Bedouin S.Y.C. 1. Second class, no entries.
Third class, 2 starters: Happy Thought N.H.Y.C. 1.
18 New York.—S.Y.C. Open Fall Races. First class, 2 starters:
Bedouin S.Y.C. 1. Second class, 3 starters: Oriva S.Y.C.
1. Third class, 3 starters: Mona S.Y.C. 1. Fourth class,
6 starters: Daisy S.Y.C. 1.
18. Cooper's Point.—3 starters: Rebecca Floyd 1.
18. Atlantic City.—Linda—Maggie May match. Race stopped
by an accident.
20. Matinicock.—Sweepstakes. Gracie K.Y.C. beats Adele and
Nettie Thorn both K.Y.C.
25. Cooper's Point.—3 starters: Emma Moore 1.
Nov. 1. Cooper's Point.—4 starters: Edith L. Metz 1.

THE CUTTERS WILL BE THERE.
Editor Forest and Stream:
Regarding the statements in my letter to you in reference to per-
formance of sloop Penguin in the last regatta of S. C. Y. C. The fact is
that the Penguin tacked to avoid the Athlon (the Athlon having right of
way), before Athlon was overtaken by Oriva, as stated by crew of
Oriva in his statement, consequently had passed and winded the
Oriva also, gaining over one mile upon the Oriva in a distance of say five
miles. The reason Penguin did not maintain and increase the dis-
tance was that her mainsail split almost immediately after winding
Athlon, in consequence she had to be nursed into the Hook. As to
the statement by one of the crew of Oriva, "that the Penguin gained
this advantage by working the beach for smooth water closer than
Oriva dared to go." The fact that Penguin with board down requires
2it. more water than Oriva, disposes of that statement, since the
most ignorant would not imagine for a moment that the board was
raised on the Penguin to stand toward a beach within 200 yards of
which ocean steamers can and do go with safety. This race
demonstrated thoroughly a fact which has always been clear in my
opinion, that cutters do their best sailing in light weather, and can be
easily outsailed in heavy weather by a proper modeled and rigged
centerboard vessel, especially to windward. Contrast size of Penguin
and Oriva. Penguin, 48ft. 6in. waterline; 48ft. over all. Oriva, 50ft.
waterline; 62ft. over all. Let crew of Oriva and all cutter advocates
think well of this fact, and dream that at some future day shortly to
arrive, they may be unable to handicap a proper American vessel,
and must contend with one which approximates their size and length.
NEW YORK, Nov. 6, 1884. SUBSCRIBER.
[The figures 48 and 62, or even 43½ and 50, give a very unfair
idea of the relative sizes of Oriva and Penguin. Some still think that
4ft. more beam, coupled with 8ft. of draft in a comparatively flat
model, would go far to compensate for the extra length of the narrow
boat, as regards size. We can answer for the cutters that they will
be ready to meet the long heralded American sloop under any meas-
urement which gauges reasonably size and power.]

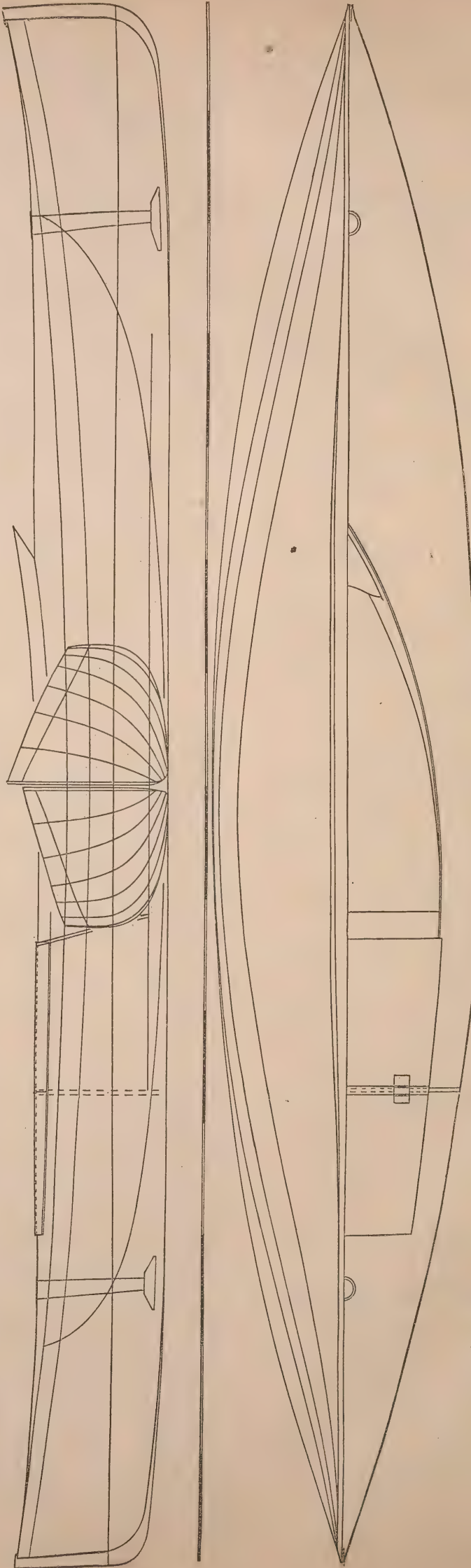
FROM MARBLEHEAD TO CHICAGO.
Editor Forest and Stream:
I wish to take this opportunity of thanking you for advice given me,
and also for information received through your paper. Acting on
both, I had Mr. Wm. Eddy, of Marblehead, Mass., build me a yacht
between a cutter and a sloop, or, as I call her, a cutter, 32.6ft. long,
10.3ft. beam, drawing 5ft. 6in. water aft, 32in. least freeboard. Her
lines are perfect, without a lump or bunch anywhere, and admitted,
when on the ways, to be the finest yacht built in Marblehead. She
has 3,320 pounds of iron in keel and about 5,200 lead and iron inside,
and is very stiff. I made the trip from Marblehead to Chicago in
four weeks, going up to Providence and staying over Sunday. My
route was across to Cape Cod, Vineyard Sound, Long Island Sound to
New York, Hudson River to Troy, Erie Canal to Buffalo, thence to
Chicago on the lakes. We encountered a heavy blow off Cornfield
Lightship which proved the Clara B. to be a perfect sea boat, dry and
comfortable. She would lay her bowsprit under about 2ft., but would
pick it up without putting any water aboard. We had twenty-seven
hours of it without any sleep, and put into New Haven the next
morning completely exhausted, lying there all day and night. And
I wish to say that the New Haven Y. C. were the only parties that
extended any courtesies to us on the route. We made the run from
New Haven to City Island the next day, having five hours' perfect
calm. We passed and left behind everything on the water that day,
so that speaks well for her sailing qualities. I also encountered a
storm on each of the lakes, making Chicago, Sept. 11, in a heavy
N.E. storm, which proved she was strongly constructed and upon the
right principles for a safe cruising yacht. I have four good bunks
and can sleep four more on the transoms, and if put to it, four more
on the floor by removing the table. I have 5ft. 7in. head room in
cabin, with storage space and wide standing room. Forward is a good-
sized room for cooking and stowage. It was the common expression
that she was larger inside than out. C. E. B.
CHICAGO, Ill.

YACHTING ON LAKE ONTARIO.
Editor Forest and Stream:
It seems strange that so little is heard of our Ontario yachtsmen
through the medium of FOREST AND STREAM, when we consider that
there are few finer bodies of water in the world on which to enjoy
boating, and that we have so many enthusiastic yachtsmen, not to
speak of several large fleets of boats, many of them comparing favor-
ably with the sea-going yachts of which we hear so much. Surely
a little stirring up is all that is required to call out accounts of dif-
ferent cruises, sketches of races, bad weather, quick runs, and many
interesting anecdotes of summer sailing in this part of the world. If
you will mention this matter in your next issue, Mr. Editor, I am
convinced that you will soon be flooded with manuscript on this sub-
ject, and if desired, I, for one, will give an article, although I cannot
lay claim to any literary ability. DEEP DRAUGHT.
[We desire logs of cruises from all who have leisure to prepare
them, and hope our correspondent will set the example. Little sail-
ing will be possible for the next six months, but yachtsmen can do
much to make the time pass pleasantly, by exchanging their adven-
tures and experiences through FOREST AND STREAM.]

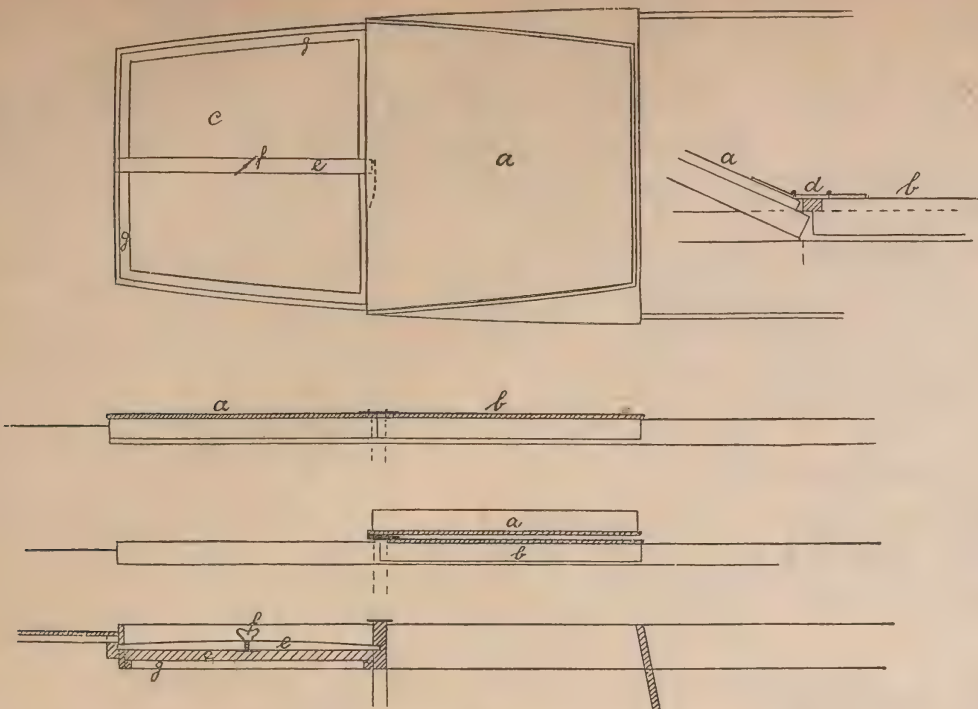
LLOYD'S YACHT REGISTER has now reached its seventh year,
and it may be interesting to put together the figures of classed yachts.
While the numbers as compared with the total number of yachts,
are still very small, it is to be remarked that the classed yachts are
mostly those of large tonnage, and we believe the number is steadily
increasing. Most of the new racers are classed, and a large propor-
tion of the vessels built within the past year, steam as well as sailing,
are also classed. By going to a respectable builder there is no doubt
that a good article can be obtained with or without Lloyd's class; but
it will certainly be found in years to come a great advantage in offer-
ing a vessel for sale, to say that she was built to class with Lloyd's,
and has had her class kept up; and this we mention because yachts
certainly change hands quite as often as do larger craft.—Nautical
Magazine.

Canoeing.
CANOEISTS are invited to send us notes and full reports of cruises
club meets, information about canoeable waters, and other commu-
nications of interest.
Secretaries of canoe clubs are requested to send to FOREST AND
STREAM their addresses, with name, membership, signals, etc., of
their clubs, and also notices in advance of meetings and races, and
reports of the same. Canoeists and all interested in canoeing are
requested to forward to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with
logs of cruises, maps, and information concerning their local waters,
drawings or descriptions of boats and fittings, and all items relating
to the sport.

CANOE FOR OPEN WATER CRUISING.
THE general interest in cruising canoes, added to the stimulus
given by the annual races, has resulted in a change of fashion
in canoes, many details which were once considered as essential, being
now condemned and new ones taking their places. The canoe here
described was designed by Mr. W. P. Stephens, of the New York C. C.,
for general cruising about New York, and also to sail with boats of
similar dimensions in the club and Association races.
The design differs in some details from the type heretofore common
in America, the stern being plumb to gain the length on waterline,
with as little over all length as possible; and for the same reason, as
well as to hang the rudder properly, the stern is vertical above the
waterline, while below it is rounded boldly away into a rocker of 2in.
in the keel, by which ease in turning is secured; there is no sharp
keel to dig in the mud when launching stern on, and there is no large
deadwood or scag outside to warp, as they always do. The midship
section has a little deadrise, as the boat is intended to carry ballast,
for which room is provided under the floor, the bilge has an easy turn



NEW CANOE FOR CRUISING AND RACING.



DETAILS OF AFTER HATCHES.

and the sides are straight with no tumble home. The waterlines of the boat are nearly straight, with very slight hollow, the bottom resembling more than is usual in our canoes, the open Canadian boats. The keel is wide and flat, for a centerboard either of plate iron or of the folding varieties, and projects only $\frac{1}{4}$ in. outside of the garboards. This canoe is a little deeper amidships than is usual, with less sheer, and a high crown to the deck.

The interior fittings may be arranged to suit the convenience of the crew, from the suggestions given in this and other plans in *FOREST AND STREAM*, but the combination of after locker and hatch will be new to canoeists, and may be worth a trial. The idea of an extension of the well aft of the water-tight bulkhead was suggested by a plan of Mr. Baden-Powell's, and the flat-hinged hatches are modeled on those of the Pearls at Grindstone Island this year, the designer only claiming credit for the combination of the two ideas and for the details, including the inner hatch.

The movable bulkhead is placed 8 ft. 3 in. from the bow, and is slanted aft, giving an easier position to the body than when vertical. The after bulkhead is placed 9 ft. 9 in. from the bow, and is fitted so as to be water-tight up to the top of the coaming, which runs aft 15 in. further, the bulkhead projecting 5-16 in., or the thickness of the hatches, above the coaming. On the top of this bulkhead is screwed a strip of flat brass (d), 3-32 in. thick, and wide enough to project $\frac{1}{8}$ in. on each side of the latter; thus, if the bulkhead is $\frac{1}{4}$ in. thick, the brass should be $\frac{1}{4}$ in. The cuddy hatch (b) is 5-16 in. thick, flat, with no crown, and extends from the fore side of the bulkhead to the shifting bulkhead, and may project a little over the latter. In width it extends $\frac{1}{8}$ in. over the coaming on each side, allowing side pieces $\frac{1}{4}$ in. thick to be nailed to it, the latter extending down to the deck. The grain should run athwartship, and the hatch may be strengthened by a batten screwed to the under side, running fore and aft. The after hatch (c) is made in a similar manner, but extends aft of the well $\frac{1}{8}$ in., with a piece across the end as well as on the sides. The side pieces of both hatches meet at the joint shown.

Both hatches turn on flat brass hinges with brass pins, which are riveted to the brass strip, and the hatches may be fastened with hooks and screweyes on deck, or with hasps and padlocks. The cuddy hatch is opened by turning it aft, while the after one turns forward, each when opening lying flat on top of the other. The side pieces, reaching to the deck, keep out any spray or waves, and the brass strip, if not perfectly water-tight, may be made so by a strip of rubber cloth 8 in. wide tacked to both hatches, covering the strip and its joints. Of course neither of these hatches will keep out all water when capsized, but they will be much dryer than the ordinary deck hatches, they cannot be lost or left behind, the cuddy hatch is quickly turned over out of the way, they are easily opened and shut and cannot drop off and allow the contents to fall out if capsized, while the after hatch can be made very strong and will not warp as all curved hatches do.

Now to make the after one water-tight. The coaming inside will be probably $\frac{3}{4}$ in. deep or a little more, and around its lower edge, as well as across the bulkhead, a beading made of four strips g, g, each $\frac{1}{4}$ in. square, is screwed strongly, and on this beading is laid a small tube or band of soft rubber. The inner hatch (c) is a board $\frac{1}{4}$ in. thick, with two battens on the under side to prevent warping, and is large enough to fit neatly inside the coaming, resting on the rubber tube or washer. To hold this hatch down, cross beam (e) is used, of oak 1 in. square at the middle, where a brass thumbscrew (f) passes through, and 1 in. wide by $\frac{1}{2}$ in. thick at the ends. It is 1 in. longer than the distance between the coaming to the bulkhead. This beam slips into two notches, one cut in the bulkhead, and one in the coaming, at either end, at such a height that it can be slipped in freely when the hatch (c) is in place, when a couple of turns of the thumbscrew (f) brings the hatch down firmly on the rubber. As this inner hatch is a flat board, and is completely protected from sun and water, it cannot warp as exposed hatches do, and it is so covered by the outer hatch, that no water can reach it unless the boat has her masts level with the water. As for simplicity, in spite of the long explanation it is quickly worked, the outer hatch is unhooked and turned over, making a flat table on which to lay articles in packing,

the thumbscrew is turned twice, the crossbeam and hatch lifted out, and all is open. The thumbscrew may run into a socket in the hatch, thus attaching the latter and the beam, and a lanyard made fast inside, but long enough to allow the hatch to be lifted off, will prevent either being lost, so that there will be no detached parts.

The inventor was impressed at first with the originality as well as the undoubted value of this invention, and having in mind disputes that have arisen over rudders, sails, etc., determined to patent it before making it known, but having concluded on mature reflection that two of the main features, as mentioned above, were hardly original with him, and as it occurs that the idea of the inner hatch, rudder band, beam and thumbscrew, were stolen in youthful days with other sweets from the preserve closet, no caveat has yet been filed and the invention is freely and generously bestowed on all canoeedums. The objection may be made that the flat hatch is less graceful than the curved one, but on the other hand it can be made much stronger, it will not warp, and will certainly be dryer, while folding flat on top, it takes little room when opened. If a filler is used, it will fit in a socket like the whiffletree fastening and not over a pin. The fore end of the cuddy hatch should have a small beading to prevent any water running into the well. The drawings show a view from above, with the outer after hatch opened, side views with the same opened and closed, and a vertical section through the center, with details of beam and thumbscrew and brass-covered joint.

With this division of the boat, the after end will be devoted to bedding, extra clothing and articles which must be kept dry, usually the lighter portion of the load, while forward will be stowed the mess chest, cooking traps, and heavier articles until a proper trim is obtained.

The masts are stepped according to the latest practice of canoeists and if it were not for the necessity of sometimes unstepping the mainmast while aloft, it would be better to place it 9 in. further forward, or 15 in. from the bow, and for racing it should be so placed. Both tubes are shown of the same size, 2 in. at deck and $1\frac{1}{2}$ at bottom, so that the mizzen may be used forward in high winds. The rudder may be of the new drop form, or if of wood, $\frac{3}{4}$ in. mahogany, will curve quickly aft from the waterline, so that it will not retain weeds or lines which may drift under it.

The forward bulkhead is not shown, as canoeists now differ so much in their ideas as to its proper place. It may be so placed as to leave 7 ft. between it and the after bulkhead, being made as tight as possible, or it may be omitted entirely, air tanks being used instead. The rig for cruising will be about 50 and 20 ft., and for racing, 70 ft. in the mainsail and about 25 in mizzen.

The following construction is recommended as the best, and if properly fastened will be strong and light: Stem and stern, hackmatack knees with proper grain, 1 in. thick (sided); keel of white oak $\frac{3}{4}$ in. thick $\frac{1}{4}$ in. outside, $\frac{1}{2}$ for rabbit, and $\frac{1}{4}$ inside; width at center, 2 in. outside and 9 in. inside. No keel batten will be needed, the entire rabbit being worked in the keel. The planking will be of clear white cedar, $\frac{1}{4}$ in. thick, laid with $\frac{1}{4}$ in. lap, the lands outside being rounded down at the ends. The upper streak, shown in the plans, will be of mahogany, $\frac{3}{4}$ in. thick, and should be of strong, tough wood. This streak will be rabbeted on its lower edge, lapping $\frac{1}{4}$ in. over the streak below. The ribs will be of white oak, stave timber, $\frac{1}{2}$ x $\frac{3}{4}$ in. spaced 5 in. apart, each running across from gunwale to gunwale, except at the extreme ends and abreast the centerboard trunk. They are fastened with copper nails cut off and rivetted over burrs, not copper tacks, except at the extreme ends. The weakest point of a canoe, especially those with flat keels, is the middle of the bottom, which in this boat is stiffened by the floor ledges. These, which are placed on each alternate rib, are of oak, or better, hackmatack, $\frac{3}{4}$ in. thick, and deep enough to raise the floor 2 or $2\frac{1}{2}$ in. They will of course be straight on top, where the floor lies, and will fit the rib on the lower side. They are fastened with long, slim copper nails, through the laps and ribs, rivetted on the upper side of the ledge. This construction is both stronger and lighter than the use of a thicker keel. The decks will be of mahogany, $\frac{1}{4}$ in. thick, and will be screwed to the upper edge of the gunwale, which takes the place of inner wale, and beading, making a strong, light top. The general arrangement of

deck frame and coaming has been fully described in the papers on canoe building.

In finishing the canoe the inside below decks is painted, inside of well, and entire outside is varnished, and a gold stripe $\frac{3}{4}$ in. wide is laid along the mahogany upper streak, $\frac{1}{4}$ in. from the lower edge. This gold stripe should be slightly below the surface of the streak, to protect it, a "cove" or groove being ploughed to receive it.

MOHICAN C. C.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

For want of a quorum—the cold probably deterring the Mohicans from visiting their club house—the regular monthly meeting was not held on the 5th inst., but on the 12th, at the rooms of the still cooped-up secretary.

At a previous meeting an amendment to the constitution had been proposed as follows:

Article VII. Membership.

Sec. 3. The officers of the A. C. A. shall, *ex officio*, be members of the Mohican C. C. without payment of initiation or dues.

All the Mohicans present in meeting considered themselves honored by having the officers of the A. C. A. as fellow Mohicans, and voted rapturously for the adoption of the amendment.

Captain Gibson offered a golden champion's badge, to take the place of this year's silver badge, and to be competed for by Class A and B canoes, without limits of time, ballast or rig; the championship pennant to go with the badge. The silver badge of championship, this year's sailing prize, has been converted into a challenge prize for racing in cruising rig, under the same conditions as heretofore.

Two badges and the Oliver Cup ought to enliven the racing season among the Mohicans next year.

The membership of the Mohicans has grown so large that they think of hiring a hall for the winter meetings and prospective camp-fires, if one can be found 18 ft. high, to rig sails, and near a—well, a place where the tiked-of canoeical doings can be moistened, resp. floated.

ALANY, Nov. 14.

PERSONAL.—Captain Louis F. Timmerman, one of the early members of the New York C. C. and for many years a captain in the Alexandria line, commanding the City of Washington and lately the Alexandria, died last week.

THE KIT-KATS.—"Big Foot," with Mr. Fidler and two other "kit-tens," is off on a canoeing and sketching trip down the Housatonic, in the Hiawatha and West Wind, both Rice Lake canoes.

CANOE PHOTOS.—Mr. E. W. Hitchcock, of Canton, N. Y., has ready thirty photos of the last meet. A reduced copy of all the pictures will be sent for 15 cents, from which canoeists can select such as they desire.

Answers to Correspondents.

No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.

SHARPSHOOTER.—Read S. T. Hammond's book "Training vs. Breaking."

C. S. W., N. Y.—See *FOREST AND STREAM* for Jan. 25 and Dec. 13, 1883.

F. C., Clyde, N. Y.—For a leg-of-mutton sail, make the mast 10 ft. long and the boom 7 ft.

L. A. VAN B.—See recent notes from Sullivan county, in our Game Bag and Gun columns.

FERGUSON.—See recent notes from Lincoln, Nebraska, published in our Game Bag and Gun columns.

W. M., Lynn, Mass.—For the map write to Colton Bros., map publishers, William street, New York.

S. D., Grand Menan, N. B.—We can furnish you with Donaldson's "Steam Machinery," treating of the management of engines and boilers. Price, \$2.

F. M. T., Brockville, Canada.—We will publish shortly a book on canoe building, giving lines and full instructions for building and fitting up canoes and boats.

H. R. H., Syracuse.—I have a Flobert rifle, 22-caliber; would I damage it for fine shooting by using shot cartridges? Ans. It is not advisable to use shot in a rifled barrel.

C. V. N., Kansas City, Mo.—Will you please tell me what "jerked" venison means, how it is prepared, and why it is so called. Ans. Jerked venison is the flesh of the deer cut into thin slices and dried usually without salt in the heat of the sun or over a fire.

S. T., Centerville.—1. Which is the most rapid firing arm, the Hotchkiss or the Winchester? 2. Which gives the best results at long range, a cartridge of .40-caliber, 70 grains, 330 lead, or the U. S. Government, .45-caliber, 70 grains, 405 lead? Ans. 1. The Winchester. 2. The heavier bullet would give steadier shooting.

A. J., Cambridge.—I have a setter dog who has lately formed a friendship with another dog living about half a mile away, and my dog, when loose, persists in spending all his time with his friend, not coming home until late in the evening. How can I break him of this habit? Ans. You will have to watch him while loose, and make him understand that he is not to run off. We have sometimes put a clog on a dog, but cannot recommend the practice.

DEW CLAWS, Philadelphia.—I have a very fine bred dog with double dew claws, which to me are not very pretty. If I cut one or both off would it detract from his points hereafter in case I exhibited him at a bench show? The reason I ask the question is because I believe dew claws are rated so many "points." Am I wrong? Ans. Double dew claws are regarded as a blemish on some breeds and as beauties on others. You do not mention the strain to which your animal belongs.

PARTHODGE, Deerling, Me.—1. Is asafetida good to attract foxes? 2. Where can you obtain it? 3. Where is the nearest trout hatchery, and what is the name of the owner? Ans. 1. It is said to be. 2. At any drug store. 3. The nearest hatcheries to you are those of the State and United States at Bucksport and Orland, both in Hancock county. Write to Mr. Chas. G. Atkins, Assistant to the U. S. Fish Commission, Bucksport, or to Mr. H. H. Buck, at the same place, or to Mr. Henry O. Stanley, Commissioner of Fisheries, Dixfield.

B. G., Galveston.—If from the following meagre description, it is possible to tell the name of the bird referred to, you would greatly oblige me by doing so. In size, form and flight it resembled the common sparrow hawk; in fact, the only difference I was able to observe was in the plumage; which was pure white with black-tipped wings. Ans. Impossible to tell. You do not say whether you saw the bird in Greenland, Africa or Texas. There is a Southern United States hawk larger than the sparrow hawk, which is pure white below with black wing tips. It is the white-tailed kite (*Elanus glaucus*). Perhaps this is your bird.

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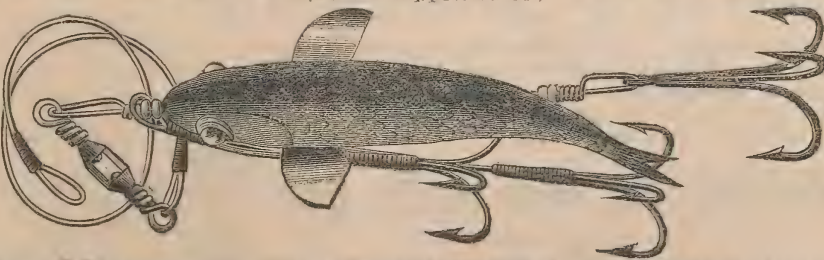
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(Patent Applied For.)



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NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 27, 1884.

VOL. XXIII.—No. 18.
Nos. 39 & 40 PARK ROW, NEW YORK.

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May begin at any time. Subscription price, \$4 per year; \$2 for six months; to a club of three annual subscribers, three copies for \$10; five copies for \$16. Remit by registered letter, money-order, or draft, payable to the Forest and Stream Publishing Company. The paper may be obtained of newsdealers throughout the United States, Canada and Great Britain. General subscription agents for Great Britain, Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston, Searles and Rivington, 188 Fleet street, London, England.

Address all communications,
Forest and Stream Publishing Co.
Nos. 39 AND 40 PARK ROW. NEW YORK CITY.

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With its compact type and in its permanently enlarged form of twenty-eight pages this journal furnishes each week a larger amount of first-class matter relating to angling, shooting, the kennel, yachting, canoeing, and kindred subjects, than is contained in all other American publications put together.

THE ARMY REPORTS.

THE period for the usual annual reports from the several chiefs in the regular army service has come around and already brief statements of progress made during the past twelve months have been coming in from division, department and post commanders. Much of these documents is taken up with special and technical matters which it is not within our province to discuss, but there is one feature of every report we have thus far seen to which we would call attention. Rifle shooting in the army is now a recognized branch of work, and each commander by his comment and suggestion shows that he has paid special attention to it and has watched the doings of the men and the drift of the present system with a desire to secure a better year of practice if it were possible.

Everywhere crops up this burden of red-tape which is laid so heavily upon the instructors and the men as well, that little beyond blank filling is done at many points. Comparisons are compelled where there are really none fairly possible. The army sets to work by the almanac upon its season of out-door practice. At one post down on the Mexican frontier, the men have had an abundance of preliminary fine weather in which to take practice if they had so desired, and they start in on the season of record making in the finest form, on the same day, according to the calendar, the soldier along the northern frontier begins his season's work, but it is the height of nonsense to suppose that he is not handicapped by the lingering winter which still keeps the snow piled about in great drifts, and the gusty winds rushing down from the adjoining mountain ranges. Still the records are made according to a very pretty system of blanks prepared by an office-soldier in Washington. The returns come in and the grand total figures of merit are made up, but without one word of comment upon the conditions which surrounded the men while the scores were making. The army is not so very large but that something approaching the exactitude of a general record of each man

might be made and then delinquency might be quickly noted and as promptly corrected.

The army has, however, outgrown the period of mere target practice at fixed objects over known distances. This is, after all mere schoolroom work for the real task of an army which is found in skirmish firing. Each man must be able to go across lots often at a pretty lively gait, fire as he goes, estimating the distance of the object fired at, and making the necessary allowances at each end of his rifle; if he cannot do this, then he has stopped short in his shooting course, and is not fairly entitled to the title marksman, or sharpshooter. This sort of practice is the next most urgent demand of the service in a shooting point of view. Notwithstanding all the hindrances of the system of perpetual blank filling, to which the real working arm officers has been subjected, he has carried forward the art of rifle shooting very far. The army, as a whole, has made wonderful advances, but a dry rot will soon settle over this part of the system if the work is not pushed on. Once have skirmish drill recognized as a part of the regular work, and there will be such a perpetual variety that the men will never tire of taking their rifles and tramping out for a day's official sport. It should be understood that practice at the known distances is only a preparation for the more difficult and more important skirmish drill, and that in this latter the full requirements of a soldier's duty are to be found.

Of course it will be more difficult to put down in pretty rows of figures what may be done in this line of work. This, no doubt, will be a fatal objection in the eyes of the desk soldier at Washington, but the army officer in the field knows when his men are in good working order, and an efficient system of inspection ought to determine whether there is any shirking of duty and where. Large garrisons and posts, toward which the policy of the army is now properly tending, will make it easier to have complete and thorough drill on those points, and in place of the petty rivalries which now exist between a number of picayune posts, there will be large gatherings of troops and the better marksman will soon shame the "duffers" into something like fair work.

There is talk about changes in the rifle, and one form of encouragement proposed is that the better shots shall have issued to them a finer shooting weapon than the ordinary army rifle. It is not long before a man who visits the ranges much becomes out of patience with the ordinary contract weapon. He detects its short comings and feels that much of his work is thrown away with such an unreliable bit of mechanism. One of the first results of an intelligent system of rifle firing will be an improvement of the service arm, and such sharp criticism of the ammunition that its improvement will quickly follow. So long as there was no real use of the rifle it mattered little whether the barrels were straight, the breech mechanism in order or the sights at all trustworthy. So long as ammunition was made only to be stored away in muster magazines, dirty, caking powder was as serviceable as clean bright charges.

All this is changing, and with twenty thousand or more critics in sharp observation, it will not be long before the factories will be told that the work turned out is not satisfactory. Already there is a demand for a manual of rifle practice better than those now in existence, and several very competent officers are busy on such a book. Yet after all, we are of opinion that a sharp system of inspection, which shall carry with it encouragement for those inclined to try, while it promptly compels work by those who would shirk, and then shall have the right to make suggestions which are to be carried out, would do more than any other agency in bringing our regular force up to the highest efficiency as a body of marksmen.

THE WOLF IN EUROPE AND AMERICA.

A CABLE from Vienna reports a tragic incident from Eastern Hungary, by which a whole family perished within an hour. A clergyman, with his wife and child, were driving in a sledge from Krasnisora to the neighboring village of Kis-Lonka. A pack of ravenous wolves pursued them. The mother was terror-stricken and let the child fall from her arms. At that the father leaped from the sledge to save the child. Father and child were at once fiercely attacked by the wolves. The father fought desperately and killed two of the wolves, but he was at last overcome and both he and his child were devoured. Meanwhile the horses had rushed onward with the sledge, still bearing the agonized mother who died of fright before the sledge reached Kis-Lonka. The story is a shocking one and reminds the reader of the nursery tales about these animals in the forests of Russia.

Assuming, as we must do, that such stories as these are true, the wolf of the old world is widely different from those of the new. The latter is notorious for his timidity, and under ordinary circumstances a child could put to flight the largest pack of them. There is no apparent radical difference between the wolf of Europe and the American large wolf, though naturalists do not regard them as the same species. Why are they so destructive in one hemisphere, and so mild and harmless in the other? There are narrated in the old histories of America and in some works on natural history, two or three cases handed down by tradition, in which wolves are said to have attacked men, but these reported cases are so rare that they are to be received with a very great deal of allowance.

There appears to be a good reason why wolves in America should not equal their European cousins in ferocity. In all cases where human beings are said to have been attacked by these brutes, hunger is the motive of the assault, but in the New World this motive seldom exists. Here the wolves themselves are exterminated before the ground-dwelling birds and the small mammals upon which they principally depend for sustenance are all destroyed, and so we find that the wolf retains his natural timidity to the end. In Europe on the other hand, the great uninhabited tracts frequented by the wolves are without wild animals in numbers sufficient to provide food for these carnivora, and hence they prey upon domestic animals, and even upon human beings.

That these animals are a real scourge in certain portions of Europe is undeniable. Statistics published some years since showed that during the year 1873, in forty-five provinces of Russia the wolves devoured 179,000 head of large domestic animals, and 662,900 sheep and pigs, a loss which represented in money 7,573,000 roubles, or \$5,700,000. Besides this an enormous amount of poultry and a great number of dogs were destroyed. To us who know the wolf only as a most timid beast, desiring only to be allowed to run away, these figures seem very curious, but still more strange is the fact that the wolves do not appear to diminish in numbers, and that no effective measures are taken to destroy them by the wholesale.

THE CHASE OF THE MENHADEN.—Usually by this time of the year the steamers employed in catching menhaden are hauled up for the winter. The fish are given a little rest from pursuit, and the oil works are stopped and cleaned out. This year it is not so. It is reported from Tiverton that two of the largest steamers have just left for menhaden fishing in Southern waters, and they intend to follow the fish wherever they may go. It is believed by the fishermen that at the approach of cold weather the fish move toward the Gulf Stream, and they evidently think that by keeping close to schools they can capture them all before spring. Fishermen are thus, it is seen, very like hunters. One class wants all the fish, the other all the game, and between the two, the indigenous fish, flesh and fowl have a rather hard time. It would be a waste of argument to endeavor to show the fishermen that they are killing their business by this wholesale destruction of fish. They would reply to any such attempts, "Well, if we don't get them, some one else will." And so the work of extermination goes on, and the public grumbles because birds and fish are scarce. Oh, stupid public, how long will it take you to learn that this matter is in your own hands? You are responsible for the slaughter, and you will be the sufferers after it shall have been completed. If you want to make fish and game plenty again, you must try to make your fellows realize that it is for the interest of all that certain times and seasons shall be observed, and that the laws of nature shall not be continually violated. In one State of our Union the public sentiment has been aroused on this point, but elsewhere there is a lamentable want of appreciation of the needs of the case.

THE TRIALS AT HIGH POINT.—Our report of the Eastern Field Trials Club meeting at High Point is concluded this week. Last week FOREST AND STREAM was the only paper to publish a full report of the running up to the day of publication, and the only news the public has had outside of our columns, is comprised in a few lines, giving the results in a few disconnected heats. One point, which will be noticed by every one who is familiar with the working of a dog, is that frequently the hunting sense of the dog, and the ideas of handlers and judges were in conflict, and further, that when such a difference arose, the dogs were usually in the right. There is a vast amount of instruction in our report of the trials, especially when it is read in the light of one's own experience.

AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHY.

A TONING BATH.

Editor Forest and Stream:

A few months ago you published an article on "Amateur Photography," and gave your readers therein a formula for a developer which I have tried and found to answer admirably. Will you please give us one for a toning bath with particulars as to manipulation, etc.?

H. R.

MONTREAL, NOV. 16, 1884.

To tone prints successfully the first essential point is to have the prints to be toned properly printed. They should be carried beyond the reddish color to a dark brown, and after printing should be kept free from the effect of light. To tone prints three trays and three baths are required. The preparations to be used are as follows: (1) Put 1 ounce of bicarbonate of soda and 8 ounces of water into a bottle and cork. Call this A. (2) Dissolve in a bottle $7\frac{1}{2}$ grains of chloride of gold in $7\frac{1}{2}$ ounce of water and cork. Call this B. (3) One bottle of French azotate. All of these can be bought prepared.

The first bath is made up of 6 ounces of water and $\frac{1}{2}$ ounce of A.

For the toning bath put into another tray six ounces of water, one ounce of French azotate and then add—always last—one ounce of chloride of gold solution from bottle B. Mix this by pouring into the graduated glass and back to tray two or three times.

The last or fixing bath is made by dissolving one ounce of hypo-sulphite of soda in eight ounces of water. All of these baths should be made with tepid water in winter.

Put the prints into the first bath face down, and be sure to have each one wet before putting in another. Continue this until from 20 to 25 or less are in the tray. Let them soak about ten minutes and then pour all the liquid off, and rinse the prints in one or two changes of water, or until the water loses its milky appearance. Then add more water to the tray so as to partly fill it. Lift the prints out one by one and put into the toning bath.

In this bath the prints will turn finally to a rich blue, and should be separated and turned over, so that the solution will come in contact with the whole face of the print. As fast as they become of the right color take them out and place in a basin of clean water and rinse. Now, fill the basin again with water and place them one by one in the last or fixing bath, where they will change first to a reddish brown, but keep them here until they return to the original or a trifle lighter color than when in the toning bath. After this they can be taken out and put into a basin of clean water, and there thoroughly washed. If the hypo is not all washed off, the prints will become yellow and fade out. The prints should now be hung up to dry slowly, but be sure that all the moisture is allowed to run off.

The Sportsman Tourist.

A PRAIRIE PICTURE.

ONE slim horn of the crescent moon showed its pale, silvery tip above the western horizon; in the east the olive of the over-arching sky was faintly mellowing to an ashy gray, and the hoar frost glimmered white on roof, and fence, and plank sidewalk, as a shaggy form gathered up the lines and climbed to a front seat, while two more fur-clad shapes occupied the rear, and over the soundless dirt of a prairie road we left Carleton behind, and were swallowed up in the vague darkness. Somewhere ahead of us in the marsh lands of the north or west the mallard and the teal awaited our coming, perhaps even Wawa, the wild goose, and Wenoekbish, the brant, might welcome us with vibrant clang of "halcyon vociferation." Forty pounds of dog meat wrapped up in a mangy hide, snoozed and blinked, gurgled and yelped at our feet; eight holes with iron around them, like so many round-eyed owls, gazed vacantly up to heaven, as if meditating the propriety of sending half a pound of chilled shot through the milky way, and three prophetic souls, projecting themselves into the future, were wondering how, on the morrow, they could transport homeward the immense crowd of lamellirostrate *natatores* which would insist upon accompanying them.

"At Buffalo, up leaped, of a sudden, the sun,
And against him the houses stood black, every one."

Like a whirlwind of wrath we descended upon the one friend we had in the place—patient, long-suffering, and full of kindness—and smote him with the besom of destruction. Magnanimously he yielded himself to the inevitable, and offered up, on the sacrificial altar of friendship, gum boots, thick clothing, cigars, candy, pocket compass, cheese, all he had and was, to hurry us on our way. Leaving him denuded and spoiled, we wheel northward, and soon leave behind us the thin line of iron that links the east to the west.

But the atmosphere is growing hazy, the blue sky is turning gray, a creosote odor replaces the tang of morning ozone, and a blur of smoke on the northern and western horizon tell us the prairies are on fire. Who cares? Are we not salamanders? Let us proceed! The road has long since dwindled to a gopher track and run down a hole, so bear off for that break in the line of smoke yonder, and we'll see if we can't win through. But on that ridge to the left see the fire flash over the top, and come down upon us with the speed of a racer. Out! and set back-fires if you don't want to be roasted before your time! Hurry, you've no time to lose! Up into the wagon again, turn your backs on the foe that is leaping toward you with ravening jaws, and follow closely the wall of flame that sweeps eastward in your rear. Lash your frightened horses into a run, it's a race for life or death! Never mind the smoke that blinds and chokes, keep your eyes and mouth shut, cover the cartridges, that a flying spark may not blow you skyward; turn up your coat collars and pull down your hats tightly over your head, so that the fierce heat may not bake your brain; keep the horses on the jump, and bar gopher holes, we'll beat the fire yet! And so

we do; and pulling up on the burnt, bareward, we watch the riotous flames go roaring past on either side, as though maddened at losing their expected prey. (As the grass was fully two inches high, the experienced plainsman will see at once how terrible was the fate we so narrowly escaped.) And now stand up in the wagon and look around. What do you see? 2,356 miles (be the same more or less) of burned and blackened prairie. Any chance for ducks in that waste of charred stubble and gray ashes? Drive on, coachel we came a-hunting and are not going to turn back merely because there's nothing to hunt.

Methinks I see, on the dim horizon bar, the square outline of human habitation. There will be rest, till to-morrow's sun lights us on our homeward way. Hullo! it's a school house! Drive up, and let's interview the school m'am. Hullo again, it's filled with wheat up to the level of the windows. Education and agriculture hand in hand. But from where, in this flat expanse of vacancy, can come the children which shall, or the wheat which doth, fill this temple of learning? Ah! here be wagon tracks, them let us follow, and mayhap the mystery shall be solved. And so, in good time, it is, for here at last, run to earth, is our solitary wheat and children raiser, with his 7x9 house, and his 70x90 barn and stable. "Settled here three years ago, organized a school district, twelve miles long by six wide (two families therein)—his and Dutch Charlie's—latter consisting of Charlie and dog), votes tax, issues bonds, builds a five hundred dollar school house, and, while his babies are growing up, utilizes it (thrifty man!) as a wheat granary." Such his simple story. But his hospitality is as large as his school district, and just now includes more hungry mouths within its bounds. Supper over, let us listen to his epic of Pluck and Poverty.

Four years ago he was standing on the railroad platform at Valley City, watching the train that had borne him thither fade away in the west. Assets, a fair stock of clothing and bedding, an axe, a wife, three babies, and fifteen dollars in cash. Hires out to work and wife takes in washing. During winter carries mail on horseback to Page, thirty miles away; up one day and back the next. Only freezes his nose, ears, fingers and feet once a week on an average. In spring takes up claim, nearest neighbor sixteen miles, builds shack, and on Nov. 15, after paying off debts, finds himself ready to face a Dakota winter with twenty pounds of flour, no meat, no sugar, no coffee, no fuel but dried sod. Spends his only five-dollar bill for steel traps; traps mink, traps badger, traps muskrat, shoots and traps geese and brant, carries them twenty miles to market, and in spring has over a hundred dollars in pocket. At present has comfortable house, good barn, four horses, ten head of cattle, twenty pigs, a hundred head of poultry, two farm wagons, two reapers, a thrasher, six hundred bushels of wheat, forty tons of hay, fuel and provision for winter, and owes no man anything.

This liad being sung, we spread our blankets on fresh-thrashed wheat straw, and fall asleep. Next day's "slow-descending sun" witnesses our re-entrance into Casselton.

"How many ducks did we kill?" What is that to thee, O inquisitive one? Ask Charlie or Fred; as for the writer, he scorns to degrade the record of a two-days' "outing" into the mercenary catalogue of a poultryer's bill.

H. P. UFFORD.

DOWN THE MUSQUAGUMAGUM.

TO this day the Northern Peninsula of Michigan is a wilderness. Settlements more or less extensive lie upon its borders, but their influence on the back country is unfelt. There it lies, a vast region, covered with pine forests and seamed with iron, dotted with lakes and netted with rivers. Camps of the lumbermen are beside some of the greater streams, and iron mines are in intermittent operation in the north and along that portion known as the "Menominee Range." But by far the greater part of the country is absolutely unsettled, and uninhabited save by a few of the Chippewa and Menominee Indians—

"Whom our gentle Uncle Samuel
Is improving very smartly,
In the face of all creation,
Off the face of all creation!"—

as Punch eloquently remarked years ago.

The Menominee River forms a part of its southwestern boundary. This river receives from the north two principal tributaries, the Michigamie and the Paint; beyond the mouth of the Paint the river changes its name and becomes the Brulé, and as such receives another tributary stream, the Iron River. All these rivers may be investigated with profit. The hunting and fishing thereabouts might be described as the Irishman described whisky: "To be sure," says Paddy, "some brands may be better than others, but there is no such thing as bad whisky." So of these rivers; they are all good. We, however, decided to explore the Paint, because nobody seemed to know anything about that stream, and whoever was questioned seemed to consider it not a privilege, but a duty, to lie most solemnly concerning the same. Thereby was our interest excited.

The Paint River, also called the Musquagumagum, is formed by the union of two streams, which meet at a point about thirteen miles N. N. W. of the town of Iron River, whence it flows in a general southeasterly direction, and meets the Menominee about two miles north of Florence. From the north the Paint receives the Hemlock and the Net rivers, which latter is upon some maps marked as the main stream, and from the south the Chicago River, the outlet of Chicago and Trout lakes. Other affluents there are, both north and south, but generally too shallow for even the lightest draft canoe.

There were four of us in the party, three hailing from Chicago, and one from Milwaukee, and we subsequently engaged a guide at Iron River, making, all told, five souls imperiled in the expedition. Our plan of action, which is hereby recommended to others, was to take the Chicago & Northwestern Railroad and go to the town of Iron River, and intrust our lives and fortunes to the care of Captain Boyington, who keeps the Boyington House at that place, and whose hospitality, courtesy, and good will toward all men, has deservedly made his place a rendezvous for sportsmen from the cities. Then, with the Captain's aid, to transport our boats and impedimenta by wagon to the nearest point on the Paint, descend the stream by easy stages to Crystal Falls, take the railroad there, and return to our several places of abode.

By section line, Crystal Falls is about sixteen miles east of Iron River, but the Paint is a sinuous stream, and we estimated that by the winding and bending thereof, our paddles would measure some fifty miles before we reached the

end of our voyage. The estimate proved substantially correct.

Accordingly on the 17th of July we left Iron River, two wagons carrying our boats (two clinker skiffs and a bark canoe) and the other "duffle," the amount of which would have struck terror to the heart of "Nessmuk." A fourteen mile march through a dense forest of pine, and in a rain of more than ordinary wetness brought us to the log buildings of Frazier's lumber camp, on the south branch of the Paint, about two miles above the forks of the river. Here we pitched our tent and slid our boats into the stream.

The rain continued, and we lay in camp the remainder of that and all of the following day, fishing the river as faithfully as the intermittent drizzle permitted and meeting with small success.

At this point the Paint is less than twenty-five yards in breadth, and is rather shallow. The water would hardly average more than a foot or eighteen inches in depth, sufficient indeed for canoe navigation, but vexatious because of the irregularity of the bed, which abounded in shoals and banks. They extended up the river, and across the river, sometimes a mere ridge, and again as flat as a table and twenty rods long, with perhaps a channel on one side, and perhaps not, but if so, invariably on the wrong side. Frequently these broad banks lay entirely out of water, their roomy beaches giving excellent standing room to gigantic cranes and myriads of snipe. The current of the river was swift and broken by frequent rapids which varied in dignity from mere riffles to cataracts. Most of these are easily run, at a few the water is too shoal to float a canoe, but only one compels a portage around it, and this one is the last of the Hemlock Rapids.

It was in coming down the river the next day that we partly learned its character. Not anticipating the mournful contingency of having to wade the stream and drag our boat over shoals, I and my companion, "Hobomok," had retained our usual leg gear. When, however, our boat grated gently on a gravelly beach completely bridging the stream, and we saw the water ahead still shallower by many inches, betokening that poling was a vain amusement, we sorrowfully bared our legs and went overboard. Ugh! but the water was cold, and, ouch! the stones were sharp. Such, omitting the more emphatic parts, were our remarks as we seized the painters and dragged the boat over into deeper water. The other boats being less heavily laden met with less difficulty, but our experience was repeated at frequent intervals in the course of the morning. The stones cut our feet and the sun burned and blistered our legs, all which was exceedingly grievous, and glad, indeed, were we to run our boat ashore at noon and nibble a few crackers. This was at the mouth of the North Branch, but we stayed not to investigate that stream, and therein was error, but paddled two miles further on to a log bridge, which leads the supply road from Iron River to a lumber camp on the north bank known as Armstrong's. A lumber camp in summer is a gruesome thing to behold. A skunk or two generally take up their abode in the deserted buildings, attracted, doubtless, by the similarity of odor, and the chances are greatly in favor of finding animals of a lower order and more parasitic nature on the ground. These considerations militate somewhat against the advantage of shelter which the log shanties possess, and incline the wanderer to seek other quarters. Still, it is profitable to camp near such places, as one can find boards, benches and other articles of use there, not to mention worn out shoe packs, and an extensive assortment of battered tinware and broken whisky bottles.

We pitched our tent near the end of the bridge and stayed there two days fishing and hunting, with a success that should have decided us to remain, but the prospect down the river tempted us sorely, *omnia ignota, pro mirifico*, and for aught we knew to the contrary the veritable happy hunting grounds were only a few miles further down. We believed so implicitly at the close of the second day, and on the following morning we were again embarked, and again our paddles were pushing back the swirling water.

I remember nothing more pleasant than those days on the river, despite the shoals and the wading occasioned thereby. The three boats were sometimes in company, but more frequently separated by some distance and hidden from each other by the bending of the stream. It was impossible to get an unobstructed view of half a mile in any direction, unless toward the zenith, and often the over-arching trees cut off that. The dense forest came down on either bank to the water's edge and stretched back unbroken for miles. No sound came out of its gloomy depths save the cry of a crow, or of that unknown entity the "gilligilee bird," nor was there any sign of habitation on either hand. It was a new world, and

"We were the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea."

The appreciation of which fact frequently induced me to drop my paddle and light my pipe. And Hobomok did likewise. Occasionally (that is once) we saw a deer drinking in mid-stream. Enormous cranes were continually starting up before our boats, generally flying in pairs, but we rarely got a shot at them; ducks, too, frequently flew up, and were less frequently bagged. This last remark, however, is not intended as an insinuation against myself.

In that morning's run we passed the mouth of the Net River. We had projected a camp at that point and a week's stay for exploring the stream and the country round about, but our guide (he afterward swore, may God forgive him, that we never apprised him of our wishes) kept on a mile ahead, and as he had all the provisions, we were fain to follow him in hope of arresting his flight. It was a hopeless chase. Before we caught up with that son of the forest, the Net was four miles behind and several rapids lay between. To return was out of the question and we therefore advanced, and at four o'clock landed and went into camp for the night. When morning came, however, there was manifest reluctance to proceed, it amounted to actual mutiny, infecting all hands, the guide and secretary of war. Hobomok swore that his feet were so lamed by dragging those boats (he specified the kind) that it would be sure death to go on, while the rest of the party with joint and several mendacity asserted that the writer hereof in his eagerness to be on the river, was hurrying them out of the woods. They were wrong, it was the mosquitoes and punkies that I sought to escape.

The day following we took to our boats. The water had become deeper as we had advanced, the river wider, and the rapids less frequent though larger. A run of two or three feet of water under our keels brought us to a log dam across the river, built by the lumbermen for their logging operations. This dam is not far below the mouth of the Hemlock River, which we had passed without observing it

or rather mistaking it for a slough. We ought to have made a camp there, for we afterward learned that the Hemlock and dam on the point is one of the best trout grounds in that region. Let future explorers profit by our blunders.

Carrying our boats over the high embankment of the dam, and taking lunch we started afresh, and after an hour's paddle came upon the first of the Hemlock rapids. We had heard of these famous rapids, and in many mysterious warnings had been apprised of the dangers thereof. But all our information was of the vaguest kind; nobody seemed to know exactly where they were, or exactly what were the perils attending them. Indeed, that whole country seemed a *terra incognita* to the few men whom we ran across.

We therefore nerved our hearts for war when we heard the water thundering ahead, and paddled with caution. Vain was our fear. A mass of black water was coiling like a corkscrew in our front, but plunged unbroken between the breakers on either side. The descent was sharp but short. We steered into the black water, and avoiding one or two rocks obstructing the entrance, our boat darted down the incline and shot out into the smooth water below without shipping a drop. Encouraged by this success, we advanced upon the second rapid, which lay three-quarters of a mile beyond. As we drew near I saw the birch canoe drawn up on the beach, and the guide walking along the shore reconnoitering the ground. Hobomok hailed him and interrogated him respecting his opinions in this wise:

"Portage, John?"

And he answering, replied: "Easier than 't'other."

Whereat we proceeded, the current caught us, and the trouble began.

And here, for the benefit of posterity, will I describe the character of that rapid. The river here is flowing approximately due south. An outcropping ridge of metamorphic rock runs across the country east and west, consequently at right angles to the river and consequently crossing it. Through this ridge the river has worn its channel, but in following the softest rock and seeking the most advantageous places for eroding the same, it describes a half circle to the westward before passing the barrier and resuming its southerly course. Between the rocky walls of this half circle lie the Hemlock Rapids—the first where the river strikes the ridge, the second at the middle point of the above-described arc, and the third and last at the end thereof, where the river makes its final jump and clears the ledge. Parallel ridges of the upturned rock extend across the stream, the edges of the layers facing the descending water, which, by wearing away the softer under part, has left a sharp serrated line above, and between the ridges large boulders brought down from above find anchorage, and so thickly strew the bed that to pick a channel among them is next to impossible. And, lastly, there is the whole water of the river breaking and plunging about these obstructions so fiercely as to defy any attempt at navigation.

Parenthetically, I remark that I have an abiding belief that in an unloaded boat I could shoot that rapid without particular risk; but in a boat loaded as ours was, the passage came under the head of extra hazardous.

The currents sucked us down on the boulders and though we avoided the first, the boat immediately bumped on another, hung there, swung around broadside to the stream and careened until the water began to rush in. But in the same instant we had leaped overboard, lifted the boat bodily off the rock and held her trembling and palpitating in the current. I left Hobomok there holding the boat which tugged at the painter like an unruly steer, and scrambled back to the first ledge of rock to warn the other boats. The roaring water drowned my voice but my gestures were sufficiently eloquent and convincing. The rest of the party landed, and ranging themselves along the bank jeered at our struggles and shouted advice and suggestions which we fortunately could not hear. I returned to the boat and with great difficulty we drew her through the maze of rocks to a smooth deep basin where the river took temporary breath preparatory to making another jump. Crossing the basin, we baled out the boat and started afresh, this time cautiously holding on at bow and stern. The water varied from ankle to arm pit and ran so fiercely that it was scarcely possible to keep a footing on the slippery stones. A few steps further on and the bottom dropped out altogether. Rocks ahead of us showed their ugly faces so thickly that it was vain to think of threading them, smooth perpendicular walls on either side forbade our landing.

We stood in the water holding our dancing boat, cogitating stupidly on the best mode of escape, but the water was too cold to indulge in any protracted discussion and we took the chance of total wreck by scrambling into the boat and going it blind. There was a big rock standing high out of water about a hundred feet below us and to this we steered, hoping to make a landing upon it, and let the boat down by her long painter to the first rock she would strike and there let her hang until we could reach her and carry her to the smooth, still water now close at hand. And this we succeeded in doing, but not without taking water, nearly ruining the cargo and getting a ducking ourselves.

We then turned our attention to the other boats and their cargoes, which we painfully packed along the shore. It was late in the day when we had completed the passage of the rapid, and we went into camp at once to recuperate, supposing that our portaging was done and that we were now clear of the dreaded Hemlocks. But the next day a still larger rapid was discovered only a quarter of a mile ahead of us. It was much like the one just above us, but longer and wider, and broken by an island in mid-stream, making two channels and less water. It was clearly impracticable for our boats, without taking an account of the further fact that a log jam was bridging the stream for several hundred feet. It was evident that here we would have to carry our boats through the woods. There ought to have been a well-defined and well-beaten trail, for doubtless that rapid has been portaged ever since the day when Astor and the Hudson's Bay Company sent their trappers and *courriers du bois* into that region for peltry. And a trail there was, but what a trail! Rocks incumbering it, underbrush concealing it, bogs breaking it, and windfalls across it. Show me the man who alleges there is any fun in making a portage, and I will shoot him—or at him, and trust to luck for the result.

After a day's fishing we broke camp and paddled down to the head of the rapid. We landed the baggage, carried our boats up the bank, and then unanimously settled upon divers seductive logs and took a solemn smoke. Which done we began work.

The baggage rolled up in formidable packs was strapped on our shoulders, and then each man, carrying some smaller articles in his hands, commenced the toilsome journey. It

was a quarter of a mile, no less, that we had to march over the rocks, windfalls and bogs aforesaid, but we made it eventually, and returned for the boats. These were rigged with poles projecting over bow and stern like bowsprits, which poles were then placed on the collar bones of two unhappy wretches (the writer being one) who with woe depicted on their countenances and profanity escaping from their lips, staggered off and fell into the first bog. Fortunately a berry patch was close at hand and the miserable men were soon revived and proceeded. But this is a painful theme, and I forbear. Suffice it that we made the portage.

There is a lumber camp at the head of that rapid and another couple of miles below it, and for the benefit of whoever may be inclined to visit that region, I would remark in passing, that he may pitch his tent to advantage at either place. After leaving the rapid we paddled to the lower camp. A party of hunters, however, were already in possession, and as a cursory inspection of their camp disclosed a package of alleged tobacco labelled "Miner's and Puddler's Best," we incontinently fled and went into camp some eighty rods to windward.

On the river bank overhanging the water at the spot where our boats were beached stood a blazed cedar, and in the blaze written with pencil were the words: "Section Line between Sections 25 and 26." As the Paint is a meandered stream we had frequently found such witness trees, but the inscription upon this one enabled us to locate our position with mathematical certainty, for reference to our map instantly showed that the only sections of those numbers on the Paint River were in township 44 north of range 34 west.

As to the fishing at that point I will not speak, for my rod remained untroubled in its case, and its owner divided his time equally between smoking and sleeping in the comfortable bend of that same overhanging cedar. To a Chicago man such glorious rest and indolence is far better fishing than is offered by the stream.

While in camp there a large pool was discovered a mile or so back in the woods, and two of the party one frosty morning formed an ambuscade for deer. They killed none, but brought back several ducks and a large quantity of raspberries. "We cannot shoot deer in the close season," says one, and truly, after I had witnessed several ineffectual attempts to do so, I began to think there was reason in him.

Eastward of our camp lay a lake which, for reasons obscure, is called Lost Lake, and near it is a store and semi-hotel belonging to a lumber company. We learned this from a wild Milesian who visited our camp on a prospecting tour for whisky. He was a man to whom every event of life was a new source of melancholy, but he was communicative withal, and having boned a handful of tobacco from Hobomok, he poured forth the full tale of his woes. We condoned with him and then turned his attention to the country round about. Of that he knew but little, but according to his hearsay testimony, the number of deer about Lost Lake was something wonderful. Somebody (a Crystal Falls man zealous for the enforcement of the game laws) had killed three deer there last Sunday, and why shouldn't we? Thus reasoned Paddy. But we were not after deer out of season. We had tried it and seen the folly of our ways. Had they not crossed the muzzles of our guns daily, and yet returned to their fawns unharmed? Truly, why should we tramp six miles to Lost Lake for deer. But we availed ourselves of Mickey's information to visit the Lake House, as the store is called, and get a supply of pitch for our boats.

Our next camp was some eight miles below the Hemlock Rapids, and opposite the mouth of the Chicago River. The water between the two points was deep and tranquil, with hardly a shoal or rapid breaking the smooth quiet reaches of the river, a fact which our late experience had taught us to appreciate profoundly.

The spot chosen by us had evidently been but lately abandoned by some other party, for we found there a bower of birch trees carefully set in a square about the place where their tent had been, and tent poles and pegs ready made to our hands. There, too, was a well-built fireplace, the sparks of a recent fire still living in the ashes. The place was evidently the favorite haunt of Indians, relics of their wigwam and the rubbish and debris appurtenant thereto being not a hundred yards from our tent. The buildings of a logging camp also stood at some distance down stream, and from them we unblushingly faked three stools and a long bench.

The day following our arrival was marked by alternate thunder storms and sunshine, the former predominating, much to the discomfort of the guide and the Milwaukee man, who had gone to Crystal Falls for supplies. The rest of us passed the day in awaiting their return, for the weather gave us no encouragement to explore the country. There are no trout in the Paint at that point, nothing in fact but pickerel, of which we caught an ample supply. Game there was none, except deer, which we did not molest, and ducks which we could not recover from their marshes.

The Chicago River is a splendid place for ducks. The stream is sluggish and half choked with lilies and marsh weeds, and wild rice and cat-tails line the swampy shores; but without a dog, the hunter has little chance of filling his bag from the flocks of birds that he will find there. At least such was our experience. The Indians are reputed to make this stream a regular highway between Chicago Lake and the Paint, but I question if it be navigable for anything but a muskrat.

On the third day we struck our tent and resumed our paddles. A small rapid and a little shoal water encountered at the outset, were the only breaks in the deep water of the river for three miles. We passed a log slide on the bank where men were working, and five minutes after came in sight of a log bridge and a logging camp which we knew to be but three miles above the fall. We hove to and consulted. It was not our desire to end our journey that day, so we made for shore and pitched our tent, and spent the next twenty-four hours in refreshing idleness.

A brief spell at the paddles the next day brought our boats as near Crystal Falls as the cataract from which the village takes its name would allow. Here ended our voyage. We shipped our baggage and the birch canoe to Chicago, and gave the other boats to the guide, who instantly converted them into coin of the realm, and—but I will not relate the subsequent performances of that thirsty soul. In the woods, no man could direct his course more truly; what matters it then if in town he had recourse to triangulation in getting about?

If I have made little or no reference in the above to our exploits with rod or rifle, the omission is not accident, it is design. Not that I would have it supposed that there is no game in the country, or that we lacked skill to procure it. It were grievous error to indulge in any such supposition. I purposely omitted such details for the reason that the river

and the nature thereof were the part I wished to make prominent, to the end that whoever may desire to follow our tracks may do so with better knowledge of the country than we had.

H. C. T.
CHICAGO, ILL., 1884.

UP THE CUPSUPTUC.

THE Parmachenee-Cupsuptuc (Cupsuptuc, I prefer to spell it, as it is on Dill's map) record, in *FOREST AND STREAM* of Nov. 13, is good. The carry is certainly six miles, many call it eight. I did it in August, 1882, and it took two hours and forty-five minutes. We were delayed, however, the last half of the way by a heavy shower. What rendered the carry hard then was not so much rocks and roots of trees as slipperiness, from the fact that the path was not much worn. But difficult or not, it is well worth the cost of walking, both from the interest and beauty of approach, and the delectableness of Lake Parmachenee and John Danforth's camp at the other end. To my mind, of all the boarding camps in the Rangeley region, John Danforth's at Parmachenee, and Capt. Barker's at Bemis, on Mooselucmegantic—called Camps Bemis because there are some ten or a dozen separate cabins—bear the palm. I know nothing of the kind more delightful than to arrive at Bemis by the captain's little steamer in the edge of evening, and be ushered into one of his cabins so deftly made of logs and birch bark, with a bright blazing fire in the open fire place, and a comfortable bed behind a partition, the whole cabin to yourself, or yourself and your companion, and all as neat as a pin; or to reach Camp Caribou, John Danforth's, after the toils and delights of the trip up the Cupsuptuc, over the carry and up the lake to the island on which the camp is situated, and be welcomed by Lewis Fickett and his wife to good fare and one of the most unique and delightfully situated camps in the world.

John Danforth is a genius in architecture as well as a first-class hunter and guide. His cottage, as it deserves to be called, is a triple building, in one part two stories, for the keeper and his wife, the others one story, one part a good-sitting room for his guests, warmed by a large, open stove, and one divided into sleeping rooms with comfortable beds, and all ingeniously put together by axe and auger and perhaps crosscut saw, from the lumber on the spot, and as neat and convenient as one would wish.

But the carry record reminded me of my trip over the same ground in August, 1882, and I sat down to write some of the recollections of it for the *FOREST AND STREAM*.

We were three, of whom Monatikot was the elder and the fisherman, and the other two, a young Unitarian minister, of Boston, and a Harvard student, his parishioner, were along for the health and pleasure of the jaunt. We came down from Kennebago to Haines's on the 16th, and by arrangement Capt. Barker's little yawl steamer, with Elmer Thomas in charge, was on hand the next morning at 8. As we were going light, and the two non-fishermen did not care for a man at Parmachenee, we took but one guide, Eugene Herrick, of Rangeley, it being agreed that Elmer should take the oars for us above the falls.

It was a delightful morning and our little craft, about the size of a large rowboat, steamed away from Haines's with the kindly farewells and God-speed-yous of mine host Richardson and his guests. With Eugene's hand on the helm, and Elmer's care at the engine and lookout, we headed northward, passed Pine Point, and between the mouth of the Rangeley stream on the east and Senator Frye's camp prettily perched on the rocks on the west, and entered Cupsuptuc Lake. And here our voyage came near an all too early and sorrowful end. Elmer, standing by the boiler, suddenly shut off steam and shouted to port helm, and, before the words were fairly out of his mouth or any of us had seen anything amiss, he was overboard, standing on a rock whose surface was just under water and throwing all his weight against the boat to prevent her striking. It was done as quick as thought, and showed Elmer to be a young man of presence of mind and prompt action. The boat struck, but happily not with sufficient force to stove a hole or start a leak, and, after picking up Elmer's cap which had set off in the fray on a voyage of its own, we moved onward again up the lake three miles or so and entered the Cupsuptuc River. The following hour's sail was charming beyond my ability to describe. Imagine our little craft puffing away and pushing a tiny wave before her up a winding opening in the dense woods on the perfectly smooth jet black water, in whose depths the trees on either bank with every limb, leaf, or cluster of hanging moss, and the pure blue of the sky above, were perfectly mirrored, and now and then a startled duck making a path straight away with clattering wings and spattering feet, or kingfisher keeping a little before us for a time, crossing from bank to bank and shrilly chattering his displeasure, and you have it as well as I can give. At the foot of the falls the steamer was moored and left, and we "carried" one-fourth of a mile—the same carry was as much as two miles three years before when I helped take a boat up to the top of the falls.

From this point up to the Parmachenee carry the stream in shallow, often rapid, and very winding, with once or twice a fallen tree across, and nothing but the lightest stream boats and patience can get one on at the rate of more than two miles an hour. One of the two boats we found there had bow-facing oars, and being the lightest, into it were put Harvard and the luggage with Eugene to row, while Clericus and Monatikot took the other with Elmer. Eugene was to have taken the lead, but bow-facing oars were not in his experience, and while he was whirling round, and backing, and filling, trying to get his craft's head up stream and keep it there, Elmer got ahead. It was mirth-provoking to all but poor Eugene. He, however, in time mastered the situation, and now and then, when Elmer was getting his boat's nose out of the bushes or off a sandbank, or was dragging her over a shallow, his boat's bow would heave in sight and we would exchange halloos and anxious inquiries. When, however, at 1:40, we reached the landing he was not far behind, and roundly asserted that after all, on such a stream as the Cupsuptuc above the falls, bow-facing oars are the thing, and they doubtless are. Of this part of the trip I must say that, notwithstanding novelty of experience and interest of sights and incidents, the last half gets to be slightly tedious. One wants to bend his limbs and change his method of locomotion—in a word, "to be there." One thinks a dozen times that the landing place must have been passed, but it hasn't. You are sure to know it when you come to it.

A good lunch, Elmer dispatched to his steamer, the first-named walk over the long carry in two hours and three-quarters, with hard rain the last half, boat on the Megalloway and the lake, and we were at Camp Caribou at 5:45 P. M.

MONATIKOT.

Natural History.

THE AMCEBA.

THERE is probably no one of the lower forms of life which presents as many points of interest as the *Amceba*. It is of especial interest to the naturalist, because, while it has the very simplest structure, it exhibits all the essential phenomena of life which are manifested by the higher animals. And it is hardly less interesting to the general reader as being one of the forms of life from which, according to the now generally accepted theory of evolution, all the higher forms have sprung.

The *Amceba* is a microscopic animal, but its structure is so exceedingly simple that one can get a very adequate notion of it from a description.

If some of the surface mud be collected from the bottom of a pool of still water in summer, and a little be spread out in water and placed under a glass magnifying about four hundred diameters, *Amcebae* are pretty sure to be found. One can get a very good idea of the animal by imagining how a bit of white of egg spread out flat and having a very irregularly rounded form would look. And a notion obtained in this way would be correct, not only as to the general appearance of the animal, but also as to its chemical composition. For the *Amceba* is simply a bit of albuminous matter, and albumen, as is well known, is the essential constituent of white of egg. One writer has defined it as "animated protoplasm," and certainly a much worse definition might easily be given. Protoplasm is another name for the same class of substances to which white of egg belongs.

Probably before one has looked at an *Amceba* half a minute a very curious change in appearance will occur. There will be a thrusting out from the sides of its body of one or more lobe-like prolongations. These prolongations are called *pseudopodia*, a word which means false feet. As soon as the pseudopodia have been pushed out the whole body of the animal moves by a kind of flowing motion toward them. We then see why they were called false feet, for it is in this way that the animal moves from place to place. There is no particular region of the body from which these feet are thrust out, but in whatever direction the animal may wish to go, on that side of its body it improvises a foot. Sometimes it will move in a particular direction for a considerable distance, constantly throwing out pseudopodia from what might be called for the moment the front side of its body, but in a little while it will change its direction and with the change, as we might say, assume a change of front. As the creature is moving about in this way it may by chance come in contact with some substance which it can use for food. And perhaps it is not altogether by chance that it meets with food; it may be that it has a means of knowing when food matter is near at hand and direct its movements toward it. At all events it seems to be fully conscious when in the course of its journeys it meets a particle of food, for it immediately proceeds to swallow it and in a manner that is very curious. We have already seen that it has the power of improvising a foot whenever it may need one and at whatever part of the body it may choose. It has a like power with reference to a mouth. When it has met a particle of food it immediately flows around it, makes an opening in the side of its body contiguous to the food and lodges it securely within itself. If the entire particle is not composed of digestible material, after having digested the nutritious part, it ejects the remainder in the same way that it received it into its body—by making an aperture in its body-walls and thrusting it out. The *Amceba* is therefore possessed of no organs of locomotion and has no mouth and is yet able to move about and to eat. And the same may be said of all the other physiological functions which it performs—they are not carried on by special organs as in the higher animals but all are performed by the general substance of the body. It lives, moves, eats, grows and has the power of reproducing its kind, and yet in its whole life is made up a simple and homogeneous mass of matter. As we have already indicated, it is for this reason that it is of the greatest interest to the biologist, since in its life the problems of physiology are reduced to their simplest form.

If an *Amceba* be examined with a little care it will be seen that its central part contains granular matter and perhaps three or four particles of a comparatively large size. These larger particles are bits of food which it has swallowed. The animal lives on both animal and vegetable food, but consumes more of the latter than the former. Diatoms are one of the kinds of plants most commonly found within it. The external part of the body looks a little clearer than the rest, and is a little thicker and more tough. This boundary is not what may be called a membrane, but is simply of somewhat denser consistency than the rest. It is like the external part of a drop of jelly that has partly cooled. Sometimes there can be seen in this outer layer of the body a small clear space. When first seen it may be just large enough to be discernible. If one watches it a little while it will be seen to increase in size until it appears, as one writer has said, "like a window." After a little time, perhaps half a minute, it quite suddenly disappears. In a little while it will reappear again, and always in the same place. This clear spot is called the "vacuole." It is not known just what its function is. Some have thought that it is a rudimentary heart, its office being to drive the nutritive fluid derived from digestion to the various parts of the body. Others have thought that it communicates with the exterior, and that its use is to pump water to and from the body.

There is also imbedded in the outer layer of the body a small rounded or oval mass called the cell-nucleus. Just what its function is is unknown, but it is probably connected with reproduction. The method by which new generations of *Amcebae* are produced is by what is called "fission." It is a very simple process indeed. The cell-nucleus divides into two parts; the parts separate a little from each other, and then the entire body of the animal divides, each part having one of the new nuclei. The young *Amcebae* thus formed grows until it has attained the size of its parent, and is then itself ready for division into two more beings. This method of reproduction is very common among the lower forms of life in both the animal and vegetable kingdoms.

Under certain conditions the *Amceba* rolls itself up into a ball and secretes a hard case called a *cyst*. It remains in this condition for varied lengths of time, but sooner or later breaks through its covering and takes on its former condition. It is thought that it does this as a precaution against being dried up.

We have thus far described one of the commonest but by no means the only form of *Amceba*. There is, in fact, a very great variety of forms. There is one form which has no cell-nucleus and no vacuole. This is, perhaps, the very

simplest of all living organisms. It is often called the *Proctameba*. There are some forms which instead of throwing out club-shaped pseudopodia, as the common *Amceba* does, shoots out long, delicate, hair-like pseudopodia. There is one kind found on the seaweed off the Canary Islands which surrounds itself with a network of pseudopodia. There is still another kind called the sun-animalcule, which sends off pseudopodia in the form of rays. But all these forms agree in the essential character of being made up of undifferentiated protoplasm, that is, protoplasm which is alike throughout the entire body, no portions of it having been set apart to do special work or having acquired special characteristics.

The *Amceba* is an animal and not a plant, not because it has the power of locomotion or of contractility, but because, in the first place, it lives on organic matter—its food is other animals and plants; and in the second place, because it is not surrounded by a covering containing cellulose. Plants on the other hand generally have a cellulose covering, and are able to obtain their food from air and water in the form of simple elementary substances.

But perhaps the most interesting point about the *Amceba* is that they are almost exactly like certain bodies found in the human system. We refer to the white blood corpuscles. Everybody is familiar with the fact that the blood consists of a liquid plasma in which float corpuscles of two kinds, the red and white. Now, these white corpuscles exhibit almost all the characters of the *Amceba*. Like them they are composed of protoplasmic matter and like them they undergo constant changes of form. They even possess the power of independent motion, for they are often found by the histologist wandering about alone in other tissues than the blood, strayed, as it were, from their natural habitat. But perhaps the most remarkable feature of the white corpuscles is that they will take finely divided matter into their interior the same way as true *Amcebae* would. The white corpuscles of cold-blooded animals, as frogs or newts, if placed in serum and properly protected from evaporation can be kept alive for many weeks. If finely divided coloring matter, as indigo, be given them they take it into their bodies in just the same way as *Amcebae* take their food. The white corpuscles have a nucleus but no vacuole.

The movements of these corpuscles are very dependent upon temperature. To be well seen they must be kept at the normal temperature of the body. This is best effected by the contrivance known as the hot stage. The activity of *Amcebae* is also somewhat dependent upon temperature, but their movements can be well seen at the temperature of an ordinary room.

JOHNS HOPKINS UNIVERSITY, NOV. 8, 1884.

BIRD IN A MOUSE TRAP.—A new feature in trapping has just developed itself on my back piazza. There are quite a number of chickadees, nuthatches, downy woodpeckers, white-throated sparrows, snowbirds and song sparrows that now feed around my house. The sparrows and snowbirds have their hayseed and bread crumbs, while the others enjoy their pieces of fat nailed up against the trees, and tied on the ends of their branches. But sometimes these "fat eaters" come in such numbers, that there is not a "piece a piece" for them all around, and consequently some have to wait. While this waiting is going on, they frequently fly up on the windowsills or under the eaves of the house or around the piazza in search of spiders. Yesterday a poor nuthatch came to grief in his searching. The servant had brought a Yankee mouse trap down from the garret, where it had been used for the past month, to put fresh bait on the wires. This she left on the top of a box that stood on the piazza just outside the door. Three holes were sprung, while two still remained set. Judge my surprise, when about to enter the house in the afternoon, and happening to glance toward the box, what should I see but a nuthatch with his head in the mouse trap. He was dead, and must have been for some hours. The poor little fellow had been searching, no doubt, around the box for food, when happening to spy the cheese on the wire in the mouse hole, he pecked at it, and was at once caught and choked to death. We have seen many birds caught in steel traps and rat traps, but never in a mouse trap before.—A. H. G. (Scarborough, N. Y.).

Game Bag and Gun.

GROUSE SHOOTING ON THE UPPER MISSISSIPPI-II.

BY T. S. VAN DYKE.

HOW many who think they know all the varied pleasures of the field and stream have ever found both pinnated and ruffed grouse upon the same kind of ground, and even had them so mingled that it was impossible, before the bird rose, to tell upon which kind the dog was pointing? Yet upon these bluffs of the upper Mississippi this thing has often happened, and even Bob White too has sometimes added his charming presence to increase the doubt and the pleasure. In many places the sides of these bluffs were well covered with maple, ash, oak and birch nearly to the top. At the bottom of the hill this growth broke into thickets of hazel, groves of wild plum, crab-apple and dwarf white oak. These hillsides were the favorite haunt of the ruffed grouse. Here he lived the long year round. Here one could nearly always hear his drum and roaring wing as he darted away at one's approach. In autumn the great majority of the grouse descended to the lower edge of the hills, and some even scattered over the brushy portions of the adjoining lowlands. But in summer they ascended the bluffs and reared their young, often within one hundred feet of the highest level. Especially was this the case in the heads of the little wooded ravines through which the larger ones gradually merged into the prairie. And if, as was often the case after settlement of the bluffs began, a wheat field ran near the edge of the hill, or around the head of one of these little ravines, the ruffed grouse would often come upon the stubble to feed in the morning or in the evening, just as did the pinnated. Until these ruffed grouse were full grown, and even afterward, the coveys remained entire; and until the time of breaking up and scattering they generally would lie to the dog almost as well, often quite as well, as the pinnated. Several times I have had my dog trail them out upon the stubble over a hundred yards from the grass, and had no idea until they rose that they were anything but prairie chickens. Instead of rising two or three at a time like young chickens, they nearly always rose all at once. A few of them perhaps would fly into trees, but the majority settled

in the grass and lay like chickens to the dog. I have in this way shot as high as nine from a single covey, all about as large as the old one.

But the more common way and the one that gave the best sport, was when we found both kinds nearly together down the hillside. About 10 o'clock on very warm days, the chickens, after feeding, often retired to the most shady slopes of the hills, and sometimes went half way down. Sometimes the dog would trail them down there, and often we descended because we could not find them above and thought they must be there. Then sometimes the dog would stop upon the very trail of the pinnated, and point a covey of the ruffed, and sometimes a covey of each was driven in the same direction along the hillside, and then, when the dog came to a point, it was often an even chance which kind would burst from the grass ahead of him. And as quail bred upon these bluffs and ran down the sides, we sometimes in September, when the young were large enough to shoot, had them mixed with the grouse.

Occasionally we had the same intermingling on the Wisconsin side of the Mississippi. Between the Chippewa River bottom and the bluffs between which it ran lay benches or tables of land, sometimes containing hundreds of acres. These were often covered with a thin growth of black oak, but the soil beneath retained the vegetation and general character of sandy prairie. In this scattered timber prairie chickens were often as abundant as on the open prairie, and delightful shooting could be had there, as it was nearly as cool and breezy as the bluffs of the Minnesota side, and down nearly every ravine sparkled a clear, cold brook, generally containing trout, and within much easier reach than the brooks across the Mississippi. These benches were from fifty to a hundred feet above the river bottom, rising generally by a steep slope covered with black-haw, red-haw, plum, crab apple and scrub oak, cut with little ravines filled with brush of the same nature, forming a favorite breeding place of the ruffed grouse. Where these tablelands broke into the high bluffs further back from the river were thickets of hazel, groves of maple, thorn apples and scrub oak, also a great haunt of the ruffed grouse, as well as the hillside higher up. Not only did the ruffed grouse often run out from each side quite a distance into this grass, but often crossed on foot the whole bench. I have caught them full in the middle of it, had them fly into the grass just like chickens, and there lie to the dog in the same manner.

This whole region was once a fine hunting ground for the ruffed grouse, and doubtless many are still found there. But there were few places outside of the "Big Woods" of Minnesota or Wisconsin where a special hunt for them was worth while, except late in the autumn. About the time the leaves were nearly off and Bob White was recovering from the little crazy spell he has in the West, when he gathers in large flocks, runs into town and flies against houses, then the ruffed grouse descended from the hills and became abundant in the river bottoms and on the adjacent slopes and benches covered with brush. The brush was then the best hunting ground for quails; and in years when they were abundant, as after two or three mild winters, fine shooting could be had there. And many a time the ruffed grouse soared upward from before the dog when you thought he was pointing upon quail. Sometimes, though rarely, the woodcock is found with them. The woodcock generally leaves the country earlier in the season. But twice I have seen the autumn so warm and late that the woodcock remained until the middle of October in all the fullness and fatness of perfection. On one occasion I found eight or ten woodcock and five or six ruffed grouse in a small patch of willows of about three acres into which I had driven a bevy of quail. Add now the fact that the open ground was marshy and the edges of the sloughs and ponds contained plenty of snipe, that there were ducks in all the ponds and sloughs, and that at any moment a huge pack of chickens, now traveling on the wing, might come whizzing past you, and you have some idea of those times. Two kinds of hares, the small cotton tails and the northern hare turning white in winter, were also found in the brush, though we rarely troubled them. Sad is the recollection of "the days that are no more"; yet I cannot but feel glad that my lot was cast in such days as those. One who has seen such can most truly say, "I have lived." He who has not has only existed.

He who has hunted prairie chickens only in Illinois or Indiana was often surprised upon these bluffs to see chickens rise before the dog which showed more white than gray or brown, and when a full grown one fell he found a much finer specimen of a game bird than the common grouse. It was, or at least seemed to be, somewhat larger and fuller breasted. The predominant colors of its back, wings and tail were a soft brown rather than gray, its breast was nearly white, with much smaller mottles than those of the common chicken, and also of different shape and differently arranged. The under side of its tail and body were covered with a heavy plumage of fluffy white, and its legs were feathered almost to its toes. This was the "sharp-tailed grouse," though generally called the "white grouse." In the early days of Minnesota this was the prevailing variety, the common gray "chicken" being almost unknown in places. With the settlement of the country the varieties changed, the common pinnated grouse increasing with the increase of stubble, and the other disappearing. It is impossible to imagine any reason for this remarkable fact.

This sharp-tailed grouse did not, in general, lie so well to the dog as the common variety. And the whole of a young covey was much more apt to rise at once, instead of two or three at a time, as is generally the case with the common chicken. They were also less shy about showing themselves, and could be sometimes seen walking on the stubble or even in the grass, which was very rarely the case with the others. They also seemed quicker on the wing and better eating than the others, though at this distance of time it is impossible to say how much of this was youthful fancy. In nearly all other respects their habits seemed identical with those of the other grouse, though there was no evidence of the varieties interbreeding. But there were times, when on certain kinds of ground, this sharp-tailed grouse would lie to the dog as well as the others, and the finest bit of concentrated shooting, as well as the finest work I ever saw done by a dog, was upon these birds. My friend, O. D. Ford, of Mazepa, Wabasha county, and myself, drove out one morning from Plainview, in that county, to hunt chickens. It was in September, when the coveys were beginning to unite in large packs, and when the best place to look for them is in the middle of the large wheat stubbles. A young setter of the Bismarck stock, that I had taken much pains in breaking, was suddenly missing, though but a minute before he was ranging the stubble ahead of us. While looking around for him we several grouse sitting upon a fence, some five hundred yards away, and in a moment more saw the top of the dog's head above the stubble some two hundred yards to the

leeward of them. He was lying down and looking alternately toward the birds and toward us, taking his ease while we came up. The birds rose from the fence too far to shoot, carrying with them about two dozen more that were in the stubble around them in a grand display of snowy underwear. They flew over half a mile and settled into a patch of prairie grass that lay in a corner between four stubbles, and left unbroken, because sometimes too wet. But it was now perfectly dry and covered with long grass. And it contained not an inch over one acre and a half.

Taking the dog in the wagon and giving him plenty of water to keep him fresh, we drove around to the leeward side of the prairie grass. A fair, cool breeze was blowing, and the dog began to point even in the wagon, as we drove across the breeze to tie the horses. That dog for over half an hour did nothing but crawl and lie down. Half the time in the grass when told to go on after we had done loading, he did nothing more than turn his head to one side or the other, without rising from where he had lain down at the report of the guns. Two or three times, I remember, he did not even turn his head, refusing even to get up; and another bird rose not a yard ahead of the place from which the last one had risen. Ten or eleven birds had fallen before we could pick up a dead one; then the dog would not go ahead, but could only be made to back out and swing around and pick up those that had fallen on the sides; and then he swung around to the leeward before entering the center again. Only one bird got away. We picked up twenty-eight, all full-grown birds. And every one of them rose from a spot scarcely fifty yards in diameter.

Such shooting as that was, however, entirely accidental. Sometimes one could hunt for a week over that country and see only the common prairie chicken, and even those I never saw so concentrated as in the case mentioned. But there was a tract of country over in Wisconsin that could always be depended on for fine sport with the sharptailed grouse. It lay some twenty-five or thirty miles up Beef River, a river coming into the Mississippi some five miles below Wabash, Minn. The ground was there a mixture of prairie and low bluffs or hills. Hundreds of acres of smooth ground with all the vegetation of prairie lay between low hills from fifty to nearly three hundred feet high, covered with brush, thin timber or prairie grass. And sometimes tracts of prairie swept up into a crested ridge or low rolling swell of thin brush and grass. When driven from the stubble the birds took refuge in this, where they lay quite well. Fully two-thirds of the grouse found here fifteen or twenty years ago were of the sharptailed or white variety. The shooting to be had along the stubbles that lay between the grassy slopes and hills was sometimes wonderful. The white grouse were wilder here than on the Minnesota side, and when about full grown would rise so far ahead of the dog that it often required both quick and accurate work to make sure of one, to say nothing of a double shot. Common grouse were also there, but we generally let them go. I have seen the others so abundant there that it was not necessary to follow a single covey into the grass, but merely to keep going the rounds of the stubbles. But fine shooting they made when followed up. They lay close enough for a dog to point, yet rose at a distance that made you feel you were doing something when you hit one. And they bustle out of the grass with a roar and a flourish of white that shook the tyro's nerves; and they struck the ground with a thump that gave him joy. They were in every sense a noble and stylish bird, and a trip up there was an event that we talked of long after our return. Through nearly every piece of low ground a clear, cold brook containing plenty of trout, wound between deep, grassy or alder-clad banks. Drinking water was always ready, the dog was always fresh, and when tired of hunting fine fishing was just at hand. Altogether it was a place over which memory long will linger. But it was too good to endure. Its fame went abroad. The railroad came within a few miles of it, and a few years saw the end of it.

Why is it that such days must form so small a point in the period of man's existence upon the globe? No sooner does he find out how to enjoy such times than they take wing forever. All this shooting is about ended. Many a time as I stood upon those points of the bluffs and looked over the great stretches of prairie and the hillsides that seemed as if they could never be ploughed up, I have said, "We shall have chickens here for dozens of years to come." Though scarcely past the zenith of life I have lived to see a pinnated grouse a curiosity upon those grounds. I have lived, too, to see the noble Mississippi that up here used to be as clear as crystal at its highest stage, a turbid stream at high water, and the once lovely Trout Brook back of Wabasha stripped of its last bright fin, and filthy and muddy with the drainage of barnyards and plowed fields. To those idiots who are eternally drivelling about making "the desert blossom as the rose" this country would look infinitely more pretty now with its white farmhouses, and fields of green and gold. But as I looked upon it this year, after ten years' absence and thought of what it once was, but one feeling and one thought possessed me, a feeling of infinite sadness and a hope that I might never see it again.

Few writers have done full justice to the pinnated grouse. Most people have seen him only upon such ground as that of Illinois, where, during the heat of the day, the coveys are hidden in the immense cornfields or long grass of the sloughs, and except on cool or cloudy days, can be found on the stubbles only early in the morning or late in the evening, and where the coveys, when flushed, too often fly into such heavy cover. Many others have hunted them only when the young ones are quite small, and have found them so easy to hit, and such wretched looking little things when picked up, that they have quickly become cloyed with the shooting. But late in August, when the young were about full grown, a hunt on the cool, shady hills of Minnesota, or in the breezy oak openings of Wisconsin, amid scenery the most unique that our land affords, was one of the most intense and substantial pleasures that the sportsman ever enjoys.

No bird has lent such a charm to the prairie as the pinnated grouse. He has been to it more than Bob White has been to the harvest field or the frosty stubble, or the woodcock to the tangled swamp. He has impressed his individuality upon it in so many ways that without him it seems no more a prairie but only a blank waste. No sound ever woke more tender feelings in the human breast than his weird, penetrating "boom, boom, boom, boom," rising and swelling in its far-reaching intensity from the distant knoll where he was strutting on the first warm mornings of the opening year. And many a one it has lulled into another nap to dream of spring-time and love. No bird has ever so thrilled the novice as the full grown grouse soaring out of the long grass almost at his feet, and none has ever caused him such infinite amazement when he so confidently pulled the trigger. None has ever so extracted the conceit from the blockhead who has made a

few lucky shots at robins or rabbits, and fancies that so big a bird and so straight a flyer will be easy for him to hit. And late in autumn when ducks have left the slough, when the honk of the goose is heard no more on high, and the sand-hill crane stands no more upon the prairie, then the grouse is about the only companion left us. And whether sweeping in large flocks across the plain, now with whiffling stroke of wing, now sailing, or on frosty or snowy mornings sitting quietly upon the fence or corn shocks, or in colder weather feeding upon the buds of the trees along the edge of the timber, he was always the brightest light in the great solitude of the prairie. Our children's children shall hear the whistle of the woodcock's wing as he whirls upward through the sapling grove, over the harvest field shall hear the mellow call of Bob White, and in the tangled brake shall see the ruffed grouse outspread his banded tail as he soars upward into the sunlight. But few of them shall see the pinnated grouse, except as rare specimens. For it is a bird that increases with the first stage of civilization, pauses at the second and departs forever with the third.

A LOUISIANA DEER DRIVE.

BY COL. GEO. D. ALEXANDER.

FRIDAY afternoon, the 7th of November, 1884, I left Minden to go out as far as the John Chaffe plantation on the Bossler and Webster line, in order to have a deer drive the next morning. The night was spent with a Mr. John Henry, a gentleman devoted to hunting, who entertained me at his bachelor residence most hospitably. Unfortunately for my expectations, the next day was the usual grinding day at Chaffe's grist mill. Mr. Henry was the superintendent, consequently he could not accompany me, but he did the next best thing he could do, which was to inform all the parties who had hounds to meet the next morning at his mill and give me a benefit of a good deer hunt.

His two or three nearest white neighbors had sundry excuses to make because they could not come, while a dozen freedmen responded to the invitation, and were promptly on hand with a motley group of dogs, some being the very best of black tan deer dogs.

It was as lovely a morning for a deer chase as I could have desired. A very heavy frost covered the ground and vegetation, which, when melted, left a deposit of moisture similar to a nice shower of rain. No wind was sighing through the pines that towered their great straight trunks to some hundred feet high. No breezes to waft the scent of a human being to the delicate nose of a wary deer, and turn it from the stand when one was certain of getting a shot. There was nothing to taint the air with human odor and make a hunter mutter with vexation low and deep because a fine buck that was almost near enough to shoot suddenly veered its course, turning back into the drive, or passing out of gunshot distance from the distrusted spot.

The buck in the love season follows the trail of the doe as unerringly as the fleet hound follows the cold scent of a fox—and I fully believe he can scent the hunter as far as the best deer hound. He is ever on the watch; his large ears are thrown forward on the slightest sound being heard, with his head thrown back he turns his cold nose to every point of the compass, sniffs the tainted air, and locates the point of danger with more certainty than if he saw the object. The slightest movement is detected by his piercing eyes. Yet he suffers himself to approach the hunter in pistol shot distance, when no wind stirs the air, and no movement is made by his arch enemy. Knowing this, the hunter never takes his stand behind a tree or some object to hide himself, but he stands in front motionless as a statue, until the wary animal is near enough to be shot. At any season of the year the nose of the deer is moist and feels cold. It has been a sign with me to distinguish a pointer or setter puppy that will possess a delicate sense of smell, to feel the tip of the nose, and ascertain the degree of coldness to the touch. One with a dry, warm nose will never make a dog of good powers of scent. Delicacy and accuracy of scent are, in my estimation, worth more than all the other qualities in the hound, pointer and setter. I have never yet seen any setter possessing that delicacy I required in a bird dog, nor do I believe any setter ever did or ever will possess the powers of scent, such as the noble black tan deer hound or the English foxhound exhibits. The pointer, that was seen many years ago, did possess such powers of scent, but the breeding of the present generation has produced a worthless race, that never smells as well as it should do; and has a coat of hair too fine and thin to do good work in thickets and briers. Nevertheless, they are infinitely superior to the present breed of setters, in respect of nose and ability to course over fields infested with cockleburrs and nettles, without having to stop to take them off.

But I am digressing. It was nearly 9 o'clock before I got the order of the day arranged. Of the two drivers Jack Thomas was the blackest negro ever saw, but an inveterate lover of the chase. He was represented to be one of the most successful drivers and shots in the neighborhood. Pete Willson was to assist him. Jones, a large, fine-looking mulatto, the manager of the Chaffe plantation, undertook to have the standers properly placed. He was well mounted, had a good gun, and was reputed to be a good shot. Then there were Harrison Thompson, a gruff negro, of pleasant countenance, polite as a colored barber, a hard rider and a good shot, who knew all the best stands, and could do good work in heading the dogs. Mayfield, almost white in color, young and athletic; Paul Turner, a yellow man of some fifty years old, mounted on a splendid mule, shouldered an old breechloader that I would not have taken up if found in the woods. Paul was a negro of good hard common sense; what one might appropriately term horse sense. He was an earnest advocate of education, and no colored man in the parish took more interest in schools and having his children taught by competent teachers. He was quite communicative, telling me as we rode along that he had not killed a deer in two years, but he never missed one, for he would not shoot unless he was certain of "getting meat." When I looked at the old gun, I doubted whether he ever got close enough to a deer to be that certain of killing it. One often makes slight or grand mistakes, as I did in this instance, as the sequel will prove.

The next stander was Applewhite. Porte Crayon, of *Harper's Magazine*, previous to the war, could have made his fortune by taking a perfect picture of Applewhite and his mule. I must confess that I never saw just such a sight. The trousers came to a standstill about ten inches above his ankles. One foot had on a rough brogan shoe—the left I believe, while the right was incased in a short top boot, garnished by a spur that would have taken the prize in a Mexican cow ranch for length, size and dullness of rowels. Applewhite was not less than six feet four inches high, was uniform in girth—like a barber's pole. His head was cov-

ered with a raccoon cap with many serious rents in it, while the remains of an old Federal uniform coat hung loose around his barber pole body, minus one of the tails, the shoulders in rags, worn out by the wear of the gun on them, and the sleeves came just below the elbows.

There was a fitting correspondence between himself and his Rosinante—a deer-colored mule—the like of which was never seen before. It was not less than sixteen hands high, with the longest legs and the sparest body that ever greeted the eyes of a horse trader. The tail stood on a horizontal line with the backbone; there was no downward movement or position to it; but at each bound of the legs it rose at an angle of 45°. A pin of some eight inches length, if pierced behind the shoulders, would have had the point to appear on the opposite side. It seemed as if a good square meal had never been given the poor animal, yet one must not suppose there was no life in it. The eyes were vicious as a hyena's, the hoofs were ready to shoot out in every direction, and had a handy way of showing the entire bottoms, when the bucking commenced. A fearful dragon bit garnished its mouth, and the blood was running down both sides, where the rank curb had cut the lips. It was a sight as good as a circus show to see Applewhite mount his mule. As he gathered the reins and caught hold of the horn of the saddle, the mule commenced bucking. With considerable difficulty he seated himself, and at once drove his right heel into the flank of his steed. The vicious animal bounded forward, with head nearly touching the ground, the heels flying high in the air, and the tail shooting out at an angle considerably elevated above a horizontal line. The old saddle was tightly girted, so there was not much probability of its slipping over the withers and ejecting Applewhite some twenty feet in advance, to make of him an ornamental column, having his head stuck two feet in the ground, with both legs gracefully poised and slightly arched to support anything—say the air. Finding it could not throw the rider, that mule struck straight across the field for some three hundred yards, at each bound the head going down and the heels flying up, with daylight appearing between the nether extremities of Applewhite's breeches and the saddle. With each bound the thump on the saddle was distinctly audible, while that made by digging his heel into the mule's side was like beating on the head of a split drum. It was evident to us, as we looked on, that one or the other would soon conquer. Bets were freely taken as to which would be victorious. Had I been a betting man I should have piled my money on the mule, but in this case the biped won. When he returned there was no more bucking, but the eye of that mule told as plain as written language that it was not conquered, but only submitted for the time. At a more convenient season he intended having another struggle. Applewhite said his mule did that way every time he mounted it if there were a good many present, but if he was alone it cut up no such antics. Jones whispered to me that Applewhite had taught his mule to make such performances; but he was a good hunter, a good shot, and a handy man to have along.

Our drivers had gone another road to make the drive, and Jones hurried all as rapidly as possible to their stands. A lope of a mile brought us to the first. Jones said "he would take that in order to head the dogs, should the deer either run back and cross the Chaffe fields, or get by the standers without being wounded. His fleet horse would enable him to beat the deer to the Ivey plantation, where it would cross the wire road, and if he did not kill it he could stop the dogs."

The next stand was one I selected, for I knew what a good one it was, but this time I calculated wrong. Harrison, who was directed to place the remaining standers, wanted me to go to what was known as the Wilherson stand, and had I taken his advice I should have had the pleasure of killing the large buck that was killed there. Paul was directed to take that stand, Mayfield the next, Applewhite the next, and the last was taken by Harrison. I had not been at my stand a minute before I heard the loud mouth of an old dog behind me, in another drive. He was opening very slowly, as if on a cold trail. Five minutes more and bang went one barrel from Paul's gun at the Wilherson stand; then was heard the report of another, higher up in the drive, when the mongrel pack broke into full cry. Several half curs took the lead; next came the genuine black and tans, and two young hound puppies of Jack Thomas brought up the tail end of the chase.

For half an hour I have not often heard a prettier chase. The deer doubled so often, at times coming almost in shooting distance of Jones, and then of myself, that I felt as if I would certainly get a shot. My splendid Greener hammerless gun was ready for the occasion, and I doubt not had it come in one hundred yards of me it would have been killed. I was extremely anxious to get a shot, not only to have had the pleasure of killing a deer, but also to test the shooting of my gun with buckshot. Alas! I was doomed to disappointment. The deer turned away from us, bore north, and then took a southeast course, until not a note of a dog could be heard. Soon after this the horns of Jones and both drivers could be heard blowing back their dogs. Three long blasts from Paul's horn called us to his stand. Mounting my pony I rode to where he was blowing, and saw a magnificent four-point buck stretched dead on the ground. He was as blue as deer generally get, and extremely fat for this season of the year. On questioning Paul as to how he killed it, he stated he was sitting in front of a large post-oak tree—pointing it out to me, when he heard a rattling in the leaves, and looking out discovered the buck coming direct to him. He let him get about fifty yards from him, when he whistled and the deer slackened his gait. As he was passing he gave him a broadside shot, and over he tumbled with a broken back.

"How far was he from you when you shot?" I asked Paul. "About forty yards, sir," he replied.

Discovering a buckshot in a large pine proved that the deer was between the pine and the oak. I stepped the distance and found Paul's forty yards to be only nineteen steps. This is always the case with the man that kills a deer; his distance, if measured, falls short at least one-half of the estimate.

Two more freedmen by this time came dashing up, a Dick Durden and a Joe Wilson, who were driving the same drive that we were in. Dick reported that it was his gun that we heard soon after Paul shot, and he had killed a nice fat young doe. By this time, Jack Thomas, Jones, and Pete made their appearance with all the dogs.

Jones was trying to pacify Jack, who wanted to "knock Pete in the head," who, he said, "was always getting in his way when he wanted to head a deer. He told Pete to go to one glade and he would go to another, but when he got there whom should he see but Pete ahead of him, and the fact was,

if Pete had obeyed orders, he could have killed one of the largest buck in the point." Jack was very angry, not getting into a good humor until later in the day, when he killed a very fine two-point buck.

As I had never shot my Greener gun with buckshot, I thought this was the best time for testing it. Seventy-five yards were stepped off from a blaze on a white oak, at which I fired. The shell was loaded with eleven small 0 shot. Nine shot struck the tree, clustering in three shot, near each other, with one cluster in the blaze. I was delighted, a better shot that distance I never saw made. Should a deer come within a hundred yards, I felt assured of being able to kill it.

I was glad that Dick Dunder had joined us, for Mr. Henry had spoken of him as not only the surest shot at deer in the neighborhood, but one of the best drivers he ever saw. He was a Jehu in riding, and could dash through the woods equal to a Texas cowboy on the prairie.

The standers were directed to go to another drive, which was a sure one, to get shots, and to start a great many deer. Dick told Harrison to put me at the stand where the big buck ran out on the last Saturday. All the freedmen were anxious for me to get a shot. We had not been at our stands but a short time before two heavy guns were heard on the extreme right, quickly followed by two more coming nearer to me. Then was heard the pack of dogs in full cry. They seemed to be coming direct to my stand. I was not in the least excited. With my back to a large pine I waited the coming of the dogs, without the least excitement, or the quivering of a nerve. I could see the birds flying from the deer and dogs. Just when I felt doubly sure of the shot, the leading dog turned on a parallel with me, about two hundred yards distant, bearing for the prairies. It was then I felt a little touch of the "buck ague," which caused my bad luck. While in this state Harrison and Dick came by me at full speed, heading for the prairies. In twenty minutes came back the report of two guns in quick succession, followed by a "whooping up" to the dogs and an increase of cry on their part.

Mounting my pony I rode to find them. When I joined them, I found they had a fat doe, that Harrison had wounded and which the dogs caught.

Another drive was made as soon as all had assembled. I was sent to the best stand, but as my ill luck would have it, I had barely tied my pony and taken my position, before a gun was fired on the extreme left, followed by three blasts of the horn. I knew the deer was killed. It was time to return home. Minden was distant fourteen miles, and the sun was not an hour high. The drivers and standers came together, and I learned a fine buck was killed by Jack Thomas. The hunt was ended, the deer skinned, cut up and divided.

As I returned home, I could not but reflect upon the eager desire of each freedman to have me get a shot; their repeated remarks, "that I had brought them the best luck they ever had on a drive," and their kind and earnest invitation for me to join them again. "Only let us know when you can come out," said Jones and Dick, "and we will get up all the dogs and hunters, and give you the best sport in our power."

It was true I had not an opportunity to try my new little Greener, yet I had enjoyed the hunt, by far the most successful of any I ever had in this part of the State, and I returned home resolved to go again to the same neighborhood in a week or two, with a hope of having better luck.

MINDEN, LA.

THAT QUESTION OF NUMBERS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I like the letter of your correspondent, "C. M. S." Dunbarton, N. H., because, to my mind, he talks common sense. Shooters throughout the country ought to be grateful to our friend in Western New York, because he has gone a step further than a host of others who have written upon the same subject, and has informed us of the number of grouse that ought to satisfy a true sportsman for a season's shooting. Now, if he would go through the list of game and fish, and give us the "proper number of the various kinds" that ought to satisfy for a season's sport, also the number that would be permitted for a single day, then we should know just what we could do without forfeiting our right to the title of sportsman. Hitherto when one of the fraternity has forwarded to the FOREST AND STREAM an account of a "big day" with the rod or gun, he has frequently been assailed by some one in the next number and branded as a "pot-hunter" or "trout hog." These accounts of brother sportsmen from different sections are to me very instructive, and I only wish there were more of them, but if they are to be thus branded they can hardly be expected to tell us of their exploits. "C. M. S." is a gentleman whom any true sportsman would be glad to meet. I have only a slight acquaintance with him, but many of my personal friends know him intimately. I honor him for the kindness and generosity that have enabled many of his friends to enjoy the luxury of a game dinner, and congratulate him on his success. I only wish I had his opportunities and skill that I might do likewise.

But what we want is more light on what constitutes a true sportsman. Must there of necessity be a property qualification? A few years ago I was shooting with a friend on a delightful autumn day about a dozen miles from Boston. We had excellent success. I cannot now give the number, but it was a fine bag of birds. There was another party in the same cover, and they did a great deal of shooting. About the middle of the afternoon we met and enjoyed a pleasant chat. They were gentlemen of wealth and culture, clad in shooting suits of "white flannel," with silver dog whistles attached to their coats with silver chains, and, in fact, their entire outfit was simply superb. They were shooting over a finely bred, high-priced dog. More agreeable gentlemen I have never met. They seemed to enjoy shooting keenly, and seemed entirely satisfied with their success, or rather lack of success. No doubt they had good appetites for a late dinner, and that was probably one thing they came out for; but they had not killed a bird. That these gentlemen were genuine sportsmen there is no question, and furthermore it is fair to presume that they might shoot the season through, and do their best, and not get beyond the limit laid down by the Western New York correspondent. There is another class whose members may have as good a claim to the same title. I have an acquaintance who is very fond of shooting, a steady, industrious man, who is dependent upon his day's work for a living. His occupation is not a healthful one, and a day in the open air is medicine to him. He owns a fine setter and medium priced gun; the present season he has been out of employment much of the time, and has improved his opportunity to shoot and has spent a good many days in the brush. Being a good shot he has killed nearly two hundred birds, mostly

grouse. Now comes the test. He shoots for the sport just as much as though he were a millionaire, but being a poor man he cannot afford to give these birds to his friends, and he has sold them. There never has been a whisper of suspicion that he ever killed a bird out of season. Now, the question is, has this man forfeited his claim to the title of sportsman? I say no, but I do not claim to be authority on the subject. There is an old saying that "It's a poor time to go home when the fish bite well," and I am inclined to think it will hold good awhile longer. I have never had a shooting companion—not even one of the "kid glove" kind—who suggested going home while the shells held out and we were starting plenty of birds.

E. SPRAGUE KNOWLES.
WORCESTER, MASS., NOV. 20, 1884.

BEARS, MOOSE AND CARIBOU.

NOW the bears begin to den or hibernate, young bears going in a little earlier than the old ones, and much depends on the season for nuts and berries—even more than on the storms of snow, about the time of going into winter quarters.

To successfully hunt the bear at this season, one should have a good dog—not a bulldog, but a cur with a mixture of hound—such a dog will often discover a den while traveling through the woods. Yet snow is essential to a successful hunt.

When following a bear, he will lead you through the raggedst pucker brush and fallen timber possible, and will go for weeks without food, and never den while followed. Don't think because he is ahead of you and a foot or more of snow on the ground that you are sure of him. The bear has the greatest staying qualities of any animal.

At this season of the year moose feed principally on the tender buds of the maple, birch and moose wood, only occasionally gnawing the bark from the same trees. They can now be followed up to their winter yarding by their feeding signs.

Only in June, when the bark will strip easily from the trees, do the moose eat bark in the summer; but in winter their chief diet is frozen bark of various kinds, which they gnaw high up the tree and nearly around it (seldom is a tree girdled entirely for then it would die), and by the side peeled you can tell the direction he is traveling.

A moose is more sensitive to smell than to sound, so in stalking or still-hunting the hunter must endeavor to keep to leeward of them. The sound of a gun even may not frighten them, but one sniff of a man may send them ten miles away.

It is almost useless to traverse the woods for caribou in Maine before snow falls. But as soon as the lakes and ponds are frozen over, they seem as anxious to try the ice as our boys do to skate. Go to some isolated pond in the deep forest, soon as it freezes, and you will no doubt have some fun. If you see a herd on the ice go boldly on toward them and when fairly away from the shore, lie down and stick your gun up, and wave it back and forth until some curious one among them discovers it, then look out, they will come fast toward you, and you will think they mean to run you down, but when near enough rise up gently and get in your shot; now is your time, after which the herd will probably leave the pond, and you have only to follow their trail quietly to succeed in securing a set of handsome antlers.

J. G. RICH.

BETHEL, ME., NOVEMBER, 1884.

Here are some extracts from the note-book of the Ogunsooc Club, Camp Kennebago, Rangeley, Maine:

"While fishing at the Jam, in Kennebago River, Sept. 12, a deer came out of the woods, swam the river, and entering the woods on the other side, left for the mountains. The great chub fisherman, J. E. Miller, who had a revolver, fired five shots at him, but the deer merely shook his head in token of alien and left.

"P. S.—The deer stood still and heard the shooting with equanimity, but on Miller's starting to make a speech fled in affright."

"Aug. 28, 1884.—While on Cupsuptuc Bay, at 5 P. M., saw a deer on Phillip's Island, which they drove off into the big lake and finally let go ashore at Pine Point.—H. Stadlmair and Adam Smith, New York."

"A large herd of deer came up the Kennebago River one night this fall, while we were on the bank, with a Ballard rifle in our hands, listening to the howling of a wolf not far down river. The deer made a hard run and a tremendous splashing, making the hair to loosen the hat on our head, and for a few moments creating a doubt whether we ought to stand there or step into the camp and shut the door."

THE CHOICE OF WEAPONS.

WHICH is the best hunting gun? The answer to this conundrum is, as every old woodsman knows, that no such weapon as "the best hunting gun" has ever been or ever can be made. The best gun for chipmunks and red squirrels might be a light, 22-caliber rifle, or a .40-caliber light shotgun. But if I had lost a grizzly, and was looking for him, I would prefer a heavy steel-barreled rifle of .16 caliber, carrying a long bullet weighing 2½ ounces, and nearly cylindrical, say ¾ of an inch narrower at peak than at the butt, and sharply dished at the peak. Such a bullet is simply murderous. The rifle should be as heavy as I could hold off-hand, and I would load as heavy with powder as I dared. But such a gun for the quiet camper-out and woodsman, would be ridiculous. As well take out a 4-pounder cannon. For the professional "duck-butcher," a far-killing Greener may be the "best gun." And for the skin-butcher (the back of my hand, the sole of my foot, and an old woodsman's bitterest curse, rest on the heads of the entire wolfish tribe) a business Sharps, or a heavy Winchester, or a Hotchkiss, will be found "the best." For a decent white man, a lover of nature, and a fair sportsman, the "mongrel gun," rifle and shot, will be quite satisfactory; the gun described in FOREST AND STREAM, Sept. 25. I am led up to these remarks by an article from the pen of "J. J. M.," in FOREST AND STREAM for Nov. 13, 1884.

The article is candid, sensible, and is evidently written by one who has no occasion to come to me for knowledge on woodcraft. It would be arrogance on my part to assume any superiority over the woodsman who has passed many seasons in the jungles of India, and has also had large experience in the woods and waters of North America.

"J. J. M." may depend on it, that what I have written about light canoes is sound to the core. A canoe twenty-two to twenty-four pounds weight is all sufficient for an ordinary canoeist. Has he ever read the cruise of the Sairy Gamp? She was a cedar canoe weighing just ten and a half pounds, when new. I cruised her from side to side of the Adiron-

dack wilderness, cruised her back, brought her home in a baggage car without protection, sent her back to her maker (Rushton), 300 miles, he sent her down to Forest and Stream office, where she was on exhibition for months, and now she has gone down to the New Orleans Exposition, to come back to Washington, and hang up permanently in the Department of Agriculture. When Rushton sent me the canoe he said, "I expect she will drown you. But, if you pull through, don't ask me to make anything lighter."

All the same, I have ordered something lighter, *i. e.*, he is to build me, this winter, a cedar canoe 9 feet in length, 6 inches rise at center, 22 inches beam, and to weigh, as nearly as may be, 9 pounds. I can cruise her across Lake Ontario. My finest canoe, the Bucktail, is large enough for any ordinary canoeist under 180 pounds, I advise nothing smaller.

The remarks of "J. J. M." concerning clothing, are sound. I have nothing to add. But, I will recommend, as I have always said, the finest, softest woolen clothes you can buy, for outing, and the lightest possible rig all around. Comfort, instead of discomfort. Rest versus fatigue.

"J. J. M." thinks eighty round balls to the pound rather too light, and gives reason therefor. Let me explain. Say the conical bullet is 40 to the pound. Let the top of the bullet be ¼ of an inch narrower than the butt. Now, hollow out the tip and bore into it with a bawdl, making it what is now called a "spatter ball." That is what I did, though I had never then heard of spatter or express balls. It was very effective, and threw blood freely from the start. I hunted in Eaton county, Mich., that fall. My pard was Adney Smith, the crack hunter of that region, a muscular Christian, who could carry me and my load. He handled a two-pound steel barrel, carrying forty round balls to the pound. On the day before Christmas I decided to quit. I had contracted that fiend of the West, ague. I had killed sixteen deer, he had killed fifteen. He begged of me to stay one more day in camp, and give him a chance to "get even." I did it. He came in just at dark dragging a doe and a fawn on the same beech hook and yelling like a Comanche. He seized me by the hair, gnawed me, bit me, turned me topsy turvey a dozen times, and nearly cured me of the ague.

What a glorious, muscular, humorous fellow he was, full of rough backwoods fun. He went with me all the way to Detroit to see me off. The next summer I got this in a letter: "Your old pard, Ad Smith, died yesterday. Spotted fever." * * * And sitting here, in my little attic, I ponder and muse. What business have I to be alive anyhow?

Forty odd years ago last summer, Dr. Mott, of New York, then the leading physician and surgeon of these United States, said to me: "Your physician is not an earthly one. Go home as you came. Your last chance is, diet and an outdoor life." * * * He would not take a cent for advice. I remember him. Dr. Mott has long been gathered to his fathers. And looking back through the "corridors of Time," I ask again, what business have I here?

What of the score of strong, able-bodied men with whom I have camped and hunted? Why should I outstay them? Musing alone this dull Sunday afternoon I go over the list of all my old hunting chums who have crossed the "Dark Divide." Only to mention the strongest and best, there are these: Sime McCullough, Mirch Davis, Enc Burroughs, Gurd Steele, Hank Barlow, Jake Johnson, Etheridge Nye; and there are more. * * * And I weigh 105 pounds in paddling rig, and I have been drowned thoroughly twice. Has any reader of the FOREST AND STREAM known of any man being drowned for the third time? All the same, it might be. I may stay longer than I care for. I am liable to date from Southwestern Florida, and just as likely to date from the Gulf of California. Wherever I go I should be pleased to take the hand of "J. J. M."

P. S.—If another edition of "Woodcraft" should be called for, I will add a couple of chapters thereto on guns, etc.

NESBITT.

LUCUS A NON LUCENDO.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have read with absorbingly thrilling interest the few articles on "Choice of Hunting Rifles," which have from time to time, during the past century, appeared in the FOREST AND STREAM, and although I have no use for a rifle, and perhaps never shall have, excepting to shoot rats, still, like the authors of many of the aforesaid articles, I can imagine what kind of a rifle I should want in the presence of a trumpeting elephant, charging grizzly, nimble deer, or zig-zagging snipe, and so as these articles appear to be "runnin' to emptions," before the polls close I should like to show you what kind of rifle I choose. Modesty and some ignorance have prevented me from appearing before, but now I suppress the former, and having the combined ideas of the said articles aforesaid, I can form some idea of my own as to what I want.

The perfect hunting rifle has not yet been produced. We have had attempts on paper and at different armories and gun works, but good as some of the weapons have been, there has arisen some objector or other who shows convincingly that the gun won't do, and so all that labor is lost. We don't seem to get any nearer perfection, and it is just possible as long as people differ, we never shall. Now, it would be supposed that a gun that will kill one deer will kill any other deer of the same kind if hit similarly, but we find it is not so. It is a curious and inexplicable fact, as witness the total disagreement of Western deer hunters as to the perfect deer gun. One wants a .45-125-360 double-detachable—reversible pin-fire repeater, and the next one must have a .40-226-341 multiplex-extractor, combined safety bolt and pinch-pin single fire—nothing else will do to kill a deer with. One man never went out with a repeater and got anything but tired out, and he has heard time and again how some other hunter in a critical moment, when an angry grizzly was rushing at him with open arms and mouth, had the carrier pin get foul of the breech-hammer, whereby the trajectory caught on the cannelleur and stuck in the collar. Of course the man got left. Then the other fellow tells how he pumped lead into buffalo and Utes all day until the gun had to be cooled off in water, and it worked all along as smooth as a piston rod. Which of these guns will best kill a deer? Either will probably, at times, put a ball into leg or paunch instead of the eye, so that neither can be called a perfect weapon. Then another hunter comes to the fore with a gun that might be styled indestructible. He was hunting on the side of a mountain in winter. Snow slide—hunter caught in a treetop—gun keeps on—found next spring—nothing left but the bore, but it slew that very day three deer and a grizzly. Next week a man came in from hunting and sat his repeater up in the corner. Servant came in to dust the room with feather duster—accidentally hit gun—chamber thereof twisted so badly had to be sent to factory,

Such experiences as these naturally cause a man to ask what he can depend on.

Now as to accuracy, it makes a vast difference in my estimation whether the point blank of a rifle is in inverse ratio to the drop of stock. A crescent-shaped butt with bottlenecked cartridge, 450 to the peck, will make a fearful hole in an animal if the stock is properly checked. The checking of the animal depends largely on this latter. But after all it is the shock that kills. Ask any man who has had a current from a Brush machine sent through him. The coming gun is the one having the greatest amount of shock in it. A sort of paralytic or apoplectic shock. We all know how this acts on humanity, why should it not act similarly on animals. True they (the animals) might run some after being hit, but it would be an erratic, short-lived flight.

In the center-fire cartridges the bearing surface of the ball when impinging on the twist naturally suffer an appreciable loss of motion caused by the fulminate being placed too far back of the magazine, consequently the upset is reached before the breech-block can escape. Such being the case it would seem highly important that the butt-plate which interferes with the prompt action of the "neck" should be narrowed to a point where the groove will barely miss the shoulder. Otherwise derangement of sight will ensue and the approximate curve of the bullet will be sufficiently variable to cause trouble. There is no necessity of defining this. "Bengal Sepoy's" pessimistic view of the disproportion existing between the cost of cartridges and weight of bullet will deceive no one. The fact is, the striking energy is to the muzzle velocity as the pull is to the trigger. At 335 yards I have rarely done better than 7 bullets into 6 long by 8 wide by 5 high, 104 bullets into 4 wide by 8 long by 9 high, and 9 bullets into 7½ round. This with elongated swedge, Skimmerhorn tube and loop hole, is a beautiful weapon because harmless in the hands of the didn't-know-it-was-loaded idiot.

A J. & W. Folly is hardly so good for chipmunks as the new U. S. Express, .11-154-21, which paralyzes without mutilating. The trajectory of this needs to be flattened a little, however, as this species of game rarely rises over 100 yards. For gray squirrels .32 is much too large, .22 too small, I should advise, say .23½, bullet irregular rhomboid with rapidly decreasing circumference. For fox squirrels we need a .4-41-26, four turns to the inch, modified drop. With due deference to "J. T.'s" knowledge and experience with Californian rodents, I affirm that Eastern squirrels need different ordnance. For deer, if I were in Florida, I should, by all means, use the regular .31-64-154, as deer are known to be smaller there than in Pennsylvania. In North Carolina the most effective weapon would be a .33-69-161, as deer there are considerably larger, having more to eat. In the Northern States east of the Rocky Mountains the well-known Blunt 8mo. .42-71-209 lightning express will kill cleaner than any other if the gun is clean. A mule deer, as the name implies, requires much heavier ordnance to fetch him to time. If permitted he will carry away a large amount of lead and expletives. The coming gun for this kind of game, elk and caribou, is the portable electrical Gatling, Siemens battery, and Brush dynamo. This would seem to be the gun par excellence for antelope, for they can usually be seen a great way and it is necessary to shoot as long as they can be seen. We frequently read of hunters emptying their Westchesters at them and then following the wounded game all day. This in itself is enough to condemn the gun. We want a gun the ball of which has an affinity for the particular game it is made for, and which it will search out and corral without needless waste of time and muscle. Some one wants to find such a gun quickly too, for before many days there will be no use for rifles except to show our children as weapons "we used to shoot deer with before they were extinct."

Such are my ideas on the "Choice of Hunting Rifles." If they help any one in his dilemma caused by so many conflicting views published in *FOREST AND STREAM*, I shall feel that they have accomplished wonders. S.

MONTANA GAME.

I SUPPOSED I was coming into a paradise of a game country, but what changes a few years bring about. Only as late as '80 the buffalo came within a mile of the post, and bleached skulls are scattered about here everywhere; but to-day you cannot hear of even one buffalo. In Big Horn Mountains, which used to swarm with elk, etc., are now also about barren of them, and deer seem to be remarkably scarce. I have been here now nearly two months, and have to see my first piece of venison yet. We have no game birds excepting the sharp-tailed grouse and sage chickens, with a few ducks passing through. The sharp-tails are plenty, and these are the only birds that are so. It is really a surprise to me to see how quick the large game has vanished from the face of this country, and I had no idea how nearly the buffalo was exterminated. If you want a robe now that is worth anything you have to send to St. Paul for it. Our Indian neighbors, the Crows, whose agency is twelve miles south of the post, have none to sell any longer; and I believe this season there will be scarcely any robes shipped from the trading posts north of here. The only game which seems to hold its own is the rattlesnake. These are as plenty as ever. One of the officers while out driving a few days ago ran into quite a colony of them and shot fourteen. He says that he saw at least 100. The next day he went to the same place again and killed fifteen more. There seems to be a perfect den of them in that locality, and I presume they collect there to occupy some of the vacant prairie dog burrows for winter quarters. I am going to investigate some of these burrows after the cold weather sets in and see what I can find.

Nov. 15.—I do not believe that I shall have to change my opinion about the game very much. Sharp-tail grouse are very plenty, sageowl moderately so in the immediate vicinity of the post. Of ducks there are none at present. Earlier in the season a good many pass through, but none stay very long, on account of scarcity of feed. In the Big Horn Mountains, sixty miles south of here, one can find a few elk yet and some deer, mountain sheep and bear; the latter, I understand, are not at all uncommon. The buffalo are gone. The southern slope of the mountains have not been hunted as much as the northern, and game is more plentiful there than on this side, which is constantly hunted by the Crow Indians, who have driven the game away since the agency has been moved over on the Little Horn River. The streams contain some catfish, sturgeon and other inferior kinds of food fishes, and in the mountains good trout fishing can be had, none, however, nearer than fifty miles that amounts to anything. One thing is certain—the days for plenty of large game in this region are over, and it is astonishing how rapidly it has almost been exterminated. But if the large game

is gone, you can have plenty of sport in killing rattlesnakes, which seem to be more abundant here than anywhere I have yet been in the West. I believe I told you what Dr. Price saw one day in this line, and that he killed fourteen one day (Oct. 14) and fifteen the next. Another party I learn has killed 128 in the same vicinity, having to pass in the neighborhood daily. The latter number have all been killed since Oct. 15. One was killed as late as Nov. 8. What she was doing out as late as that puzzles me. If I do not find it too much work I am going to investigate one of their dens this winter and see what it looks like. There is no question in my mind that this particular place is the gathering point of nearly all the rattlesnakes in the neighborhood to hibernate. Strange to say a species of ballsnake seems to live in the same holes with the rattlesnake, at least it would appear so, finding four right among them. I have two of these now in alcohol. CHAS. E. BENDIRE.

PORT CUSTER, Montana.

AN UNEXPECTED BEAR HUNT.

ONE morning, after a breakfast of venison broiled and fried, potatoes white and flaky, fried trout and crisp toast, with flapjacks and maple syrup as a "finisher," Will and I were discussing various plans for spending the day.

George, the guide, suggested going down to the lake and trying the trout at Brandy Brook. Will thought the fragrant bed of boughs and some cold lemonade more to his taste, while I proposed a trip to Baldface or Graves' Mountain and a climb to the summit, from which could be had a magnificent view. To this Will entered a most plaintive objection, as he said he had tumbles and bruises enough following trails, without endangering his bones and his two hundred pounds of flesh climbing any mountains; so we made a compromise. After an early dinner we were to go from our camp to John Pond and catch enough trout for supper, then carry up to Gull Pond, where I was to watch for a daylight shot at a deer, and if no deer were to be seen, to float there that night, for it was my first year in the woods and I was not above a jacklight and the murderous buckshot.

The next morning I was to make the ascent with George, for Gull Pond, lying as it does on the very side of the mountain, the climb would be from there a comparatively short one, while Will would watch for a morning shot during our absence.

After putting the camp in shape and hanging everything as high as possible in the way of boots, shoes, hunting cases and other delicacies the predatory hedge hog delights in, we started for John Pond, taking with us but one gun, Will's three-barrel Baker, for I had never shot at a deer with a rifle, and I felt with that gun if I missed with ball I would have the "scatter" to fall back on. Will carried no gun, as we took turns in hunting, and this was my day. Reaching the pond we paddled a raft out to a stake near the middle of the pond, the raft being formed of two logs with slabs nailed crosswise. The guide carried the boat up to Gull Pond, while we were fishing with very indifferent success, for it is very rare that the trout will rise to a fly there, except early in the season, and they are very capricious regarding bait also, and after some two hours we had but four trout to show for our labor, but as these would average near a pound each we felt very well satisfied, and made our way to the landing at the trail leading to the other pond.

We had to cross Gull Pond to reach the usual camping place, and when we found the camp, to perpetrate a bull, there was no camp there, it having been destroyed by some of the miscreants who are to be occasionally found in the woods as well as elsewhere, ready to destroy that which is of no longer use to them.

As it was late in August the bark would not peel, so we set to work to make a pole and brush shelter, and with the aid of a rubber blanket thought we could endure a very respectable rain storm should it be our fortune to have one, as the gathering clouds and distant rumbling of the thunder seemed to indicate. The guide's hound, Belle, was tied to a stake, and we had driven the crocheted poles and put up the cross pole that was to act as a support to the poles and brush, when we heard a crashing in the dead brush that skirted the pond and then a slight splashing in the water. Thinking it must be a deer I loaded the three barrels, and put four buckshot cartridges in my pocket. Will and George stood motionless while I cautiously advanced toward the noise, which was growing louder and nearer. With the utmost caution I advanced when the heavy gust of wind that often precedes a storm, struck our partly constructed shelter and with a crash it fell on the sleeping hound who emitted a most dismal howl of fear and pain. Instantly the noise in the bushes ceased, but after perhaps half a minute the breaking of twigs and brush began again, upon which George called out, "It's nothing but a dumb hedge hog, a deer would have lit out before this."

As a sworn enemy to the hedge hog I was resolved to make the quills fly, and without further caution walked rapidly toward the noise, Will and George being just behind when, to our surprise, out of the bushes on the keen jump came an old bear, followed by her cub. Before the gun could be raised, she cleared a log and was in the brush again, but as the cub struck the log I fired the rifle, and the cub, after a curious sort of a squeak, climbed a spruce with almost the quickness of a cat, the blood squirting out in jets from both sides.

Giving him a charge of buckshot and waiting only long enough to see him tumbling, I tore after the old bear, followed by the sound of a struggle, a yelp and a curse behind me, for although the rifle ball had gone through the lungs, and the charge of buckshot was well centered, the cub had broken the hound's shoulder, Will having cut the rope that held her as quickly as possible, and she had immediately attacked the cub, who raised himself on his haunches and gave one vicious stroke with his paw, then fell over backward, dead.

So much for the vitality of the black bear and only a cub at that. Catching a glimpse of the bear I raised the gun to shoot when George stepped out of the bushes almost in line with the bear, so fearing to fire I ran to George, and as the "witch-hopple" was higher than my head I handed the gun to him and he blazed away at her as she was disappearing over a log. She did not stop but turned down into a ravine, and as she was climbing the opposite side I gave her another shot, and a little later had another vanishing view and fired. She kept on but seemed to be circling back toward her cub, and presently we lost her entirely. Thinking she would return to her cub I followed the edge of the ravine back toward camp, while the guide kept up above me, armed with a big club he had picked up. Thinking a large rock jutting out over the ravine would give me an extended view, I put the gun on the rock and was scrambling up it on hands and

knees when a warning yell and a crash near me caused me to turn my eyes to the right, and there not thirty feet away was the bear charging for me with every hair on end, her jaws half open, while her eyes fairly glinted with rage. A log lay between us, and I had just time to grab the gun as she reached it, and as she raised herself to clear it I took a quick aim full in her breast and fired, the muzzle of the gun not over eight feet from her breast. With a convulsive spring she tumbled over the log and laid almost at my feet where I emptied my last shell in her side, and then gave a whoop of delight that convinced Will, who was still at the landing a most anxious listener to the pursuit, that I had received a fatal embrace.

George was at my side in a moment ready to defend me if need be with his club, but when he saw the successful end, we executed a war dance that would rival a Sioux pow-wow, while our yells set all the echoes ringing, and a voice floated up from below, "Are you all right?"

George descended the mountain and brought Will up to view our trophy. The next thing was to get the old lady down to the landing, and this we found a job of no small dimensions, but after removing his "inner half" we dragged and slid her for the greater part of the way, and then George got under her with his tremendous shoulders, and staggering along, made the landing, where he dropped his burden, exhausted.

By this time the shades of night were falling, and the rain which had been pattering on the leaves began with a regular down pour, and we made all speed to rig up some protection, but it was a poor apology that we offered as a guard against the torrents, for the rubber blanket was but six feet long by four and a half wide, and with two two hundred pounders and myself, there was not a superabundance of room, but a big fire warmed us, although from our knees down there was no protection from the pelting rain, but I was so filled with elation that I could have endured a couch in a snow-bank, for I lived that afternoon over fifty times that night, and a dozen times under pretext of keeping up the fire. I stole to the oak under which we had left our game, and there in the rain I stood and gloated with barbaric joy over the stiffening forms.

I felt as though I had grown a foot. On skinning the old bear we found that several buckshot had struck her in the fattest part of the ham, but whether the result of George's aim or my own we could not tell. It was owing to this wound, coupled with the loss of her cub, that probably made her so savage; for, eminent authorities to the contrary on the black bear's ferocity, she certainly had "fire in her eye," if she meant nothing by it; and when a bear is on the charge at a distance of ten feet it certainly looks as if it meant business. To say that I was a proud boy when showing the hide of the old bear and the cub entire to the admiring crowd at the hotel, but feebly expresses my feelings, and even now the sight of the cub mounting guard at the entrance to the hall, with a silver card receiver between his paws, and the skin of his mother, with open jaws and mounted head, stretching her length on the library floor, sends a thrill of pleasure and pleasant remembrance through me.

ONONDAGA.

THE MAINE DEER SEASON.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I am reading with much interest the articles upon game protection, especially when they relate to Maine, as they appear in *FOREST AND STREAM*. In the issue of Nov. 13, Mr. Wells has made out a strong case for the visiting sportsman and jack-hunter, but I cannot allow that all his assertions are correct, those relating to the natural habits of the deer in particular. As the question of open season for all kinds of game depends upon natural laws, it is important that we fully understand them, and not rush blindly to change a law that is doing so much to restock our forests as our present Maine fish and game laws. We all have our ideas, and it is not impossible that selfishness may warp them. Some men may desire an early vacation, and being law-abiding gentlemen, a law to suit their convenience, the Rangeley guides also may desire jacking to please their city friends. I think in winter of 1883-'8 jacking had a champion from that quarter.

For years I have spent my vacation in the woods of Maine, and my experience is this: I have repeatedly seen fawn in their spotted coats in October, and does in their blue. The largest and poorest doe I ever saw killed was shot Oct. 15, 1882, and she had not weaned her fawn. I shot two does the last week in October, and both had milk in their udders. Oct. 5, 1882, I started for the woods, and on the way, for camp use, a friend gave me a fawn still in his spotted coat. I saw tiny tracks while with ex-Gov. Connor's party the last week in October. Warden Hill heard several fawn bleating for their mothers, and Frank Foss saw one in his spotted coat too small to kill, last week. The does are just beginning to leave their retreats at this time, Nov. 18. I am certain that in Eastern Maine the greater number of fawn are born in June, a few in May, and a much greater in July, the young does bringing forth their young later, and the older ones earlier in the season. I know that does usually leave their hiding places the last of November and first of December, which shows that April and May are too early by two months for the completion of gestation. I have taken much interest in this question, for it has always seemed desirable to have the open season commence as soon as the safety of the young will admit. I think the open season for all kinds of game should open and close at the same time. Can we safely allow fifteen days in September? I fear not. I did at one time think we might add September, but after much careful investigation I am satisfied I was greatly mistaken. Jacking is perfectly out of the question, for when meat for camp use cannot be procured legitimately, it shows that the forests are not "teeming" with game and needs rest from hunting, not new devices for the last deer.

There is another and important reason why September would be a destructive month for deer: it is the annual droughts so common in Maine. When we have a dry September deer are driven by thirst and the pest of flies to the shores of streams and lakes, where they can be slaughtered in unlimited numbers with the greatest ease. At this season our wardens are worked to their utmost to prevent their slaughter by the senseless local poachers and the visiting sportsman with his hound and jack. Our experience with visiting sportsmen in the past is not such as we would desire, yet we are ready to give our neighbors an equal chance; but they must allow us to legislate for ourselves, and more, we understand the temper of our people as well as the natural habits of our game. We have seen our forests nearly depleted of large game by the poachers, and now, after years of hard labor, much abuse, and without thanks, to be told our forests are "teeming" with large game, that our poverty

demands that we legislate for the visiting sportsman regardless of natural laws, that we should feel a little ruffled is perfectly natural, I think.

We are proud of our Fish and Game Commissioners, and we have aided them in our feeble way and have the satisfaction of seeing our forests again being restocked, but they are not "teeming," nor are they one-fifth restocked to their full capacity. Maine has an army of sportsmen residing in her cities and large towns who are ready to pay for the privilege of spending their vacations in the woods with their friends residents of these favored regions, and more, pay taxes to protect the same. It is the residents who protect and see that the Commissioners are aided.

We understand perfectly the obstacles to protection—market-hunting, dogging, crust-hunting, jacking and summer poaching by visiting sportsmen and senseless guides.

We fully agree with Mr. Wells that the surplus of our game should not be killed by the market-hunters, but that the visiting sportsmen should have it—that the profit to the State would be much greater, but we do feel that they should not undertake to advocate for us illegitimate methods of hunting it. Jacking we cannot tolerate. Let us use caution in our legislation. OLD TUG.

MACHIAS, Me., Nov. 18.

Editor Forest and Stream:

No law that I am acquainted with, either in the United States or in Canada, according to my views of protective legislation, is sufficiently stringent in its provisions, even were its provisions enforced. A buck with velvet on his horns, a fawn with white spots, or a doe giving milk, and as poor as a crow, ought not to be killed in September, and in September such can generally be found. Fawns are scarcely independent of their mothers even on the first of October. Bucks are at their best then, although does which have reared fawns are still thin. My opinion of the correct legal season, would be from the 15th of October until the 15th of December, and much heavier penalties than exist in any law in the States or in Canada. The most deadly mode of legitimate deer hunting is that pursued by the still-hunter. I have known a single still-hunter with an old-fashioned rifle to kill a greater number of deer than were killed during the same season on the same river—the Madavaska—by several parties aggregating twenty men with forty hounds. Crust hunting is diabolical and contemptible, and what is called fire or jack-hunting, is simply atrocious. Both modes should be discontinued and frowned down. Jack-hunting is the primitive muzzle-loader, dug-out old system of fire-hunting. According to the principles of the scientific mode of hunting with a light, a deer can easily be approached close enough for the man seated in the bow of the canoe to touch the animal with his hand. In such a case, what chance would the unfortunate animal have to escape even from a charge of No. 10 shot? I abhor fire-hunting so thoroughly as a brutal mode of killing deer, that I shall not describe the most scientific and refined plan, of prosecuting a system so utterly barbarous.

What we want here, and with you on the other side of the St. Lawrence, is more stringent legislation, a shortening of the open season for deer hunting, and discriminative and heavier penalties against crust-hunters, skin-hunters, head-hunters and fire-hunters. I include the head-hunters because many so-called sportsmen kill such noble animals as the wapiti, the moose and the caribou, cut off their heads and leave the carcasses to the wolves and the foxes.

It is time also that the deer killing by Indians was brought more fully under the influence of conservative protective legislation. Their ignorance, improvidence and laziness should no longer protect them in their continued and destructive breaches of the game laws. I have it on the best and most reliable authority that during the month of March last two Indians, on the Gasineau River, within 120 miles of the city of Ottawa, in three days killed twenty-eight moose, half of the number no doubt having been cows with young, and merely carried off the skins and left the carcasses in the woods. I am credibly informed that a couple of pot-hunting Frenchmen killed seventeen Virginian deer in two days, within twenty miles of this city, on the coast, in the same month. Let us have solid, rational protection, and no side issues. ALGONQUIN.

OTTAWA, Can., Nov. 18, 1884.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I live in a district in which are some of the most extensive summer hotel interests in the interior of Maine, and I can see how their interests might be benefited for a brief period at least, if we could have two or four weeks of deer and caribou shooting at the same time that we can lawfully catch trout. But if this change would materially affect the supply of deer, they would not in the end be the gainers but would lose by the measure.

Many of the hunters and woodsmen here claim that the young deer are weaned and are away from the does by Sept. 7. I have repeatedly heard this theory advanced by men who ought to know, but yet their views might have been influenced by selfish motives.

There is also another feature of the present deer laws which is being criticised very much, and that is the fact that as they now are a person who lawfully kills a deer cannot transport it to his own home. I have never heard any remedy suggested except one that would again open the doors to market and pot-hunters. Any change of this kind would be vigorously opposed by all who have advanced ideas in relation to protection in our State.

I realize that we in Maine have overcome a great many obstacles within the past few years and are now increasing our game. Yet there are some very good sportsmen who are opposed to some features of the law. X.

GULF CITY GUN CLUB.—Mobile, Ala.—The annual side-hunt will take place on the 7th and 8th days of December, 1884, and the day's hunt will be from daylight until dark. The members may choose either day for their hunt, but must nominate the day at the time they give their name to the secretary. Any member may change his day of hunting by notifying the game receiver prior to 10 P. M. of Saturday night before the hunt. The count will be as follows: Bear 1,000 points, wildcat 150, deer 300, rabbit 12, squirrel 7, goose 100, turkey 300, chicken hawk 25, sparrow hawk 10, owl 25; foxes when caught in a sportsman-like manner 100; when killed in any other manner 25; woodcock 2, curlew 20, quail 15, wild pigeon 10, Wilson snipe 10, plover 10, dove 5, robin 2, lark 3, rail 2, Poulard 1, king rail 5, gallinule 5, canvasback 25, black mallard 25, mallard 20, gadwall 20, pintail 10, widgeon 10, redhead 10, Teal 7, all other ducks 5. The captain of teams are: L. O. Fry and F. S. Ward.—JOHN F. SUMMERBELL, Secretary.

MICHIGAN SPORTSMEN'S ASSOCIATION.—Grand Rapids, Mich., Nov. 10.—A meeting of the Michigan Sportsmen's Association will be held at Jackson, Dec. 9, for the transaction of very important business, not only in the interest of sportsmen, but of the people of the whole commonwealth. All who are interested in a wise conservation of the public property of Michigan represented in the wild, finned, furred and feathered animals of the State, are especially invited to be present at this meeting. Particular attention will be called to renewed efforts to secure the appointment of a State fish and game warden or wardens. Some more efficient means of securing obedience to our fish and game laws must be adopted, or the property of the people here referred to will disappear in a few years more. We want to get the benefit of the views of those who have given this subject attention from all parts of the State.—E. S. HOLMES (Pres. Mich. Sportsmen's Association).

"HOW SOME PEOPLE DO IT."—The Salida (Col.) News, Nov. 12, reports: "The German Gunning Club, of Denver, made a trip into the San Luis Valley this week and passed through this city last evening on their return. Dr. W. Wyl, editor and proprietor of the Denver Journal, made the News a pleasant visit. Dr. Wyl said the party was composed of thirty-three gentlemen. The Doctor reported a most magnificent time, the weather having been perfect and the game abundant. The party killed over 1,500 rabbits. They hunted from Villa Grove down the valley for a distance of eight or ten miles. They spoke in the highest terms of praise of the hospitality of the ranchmen in the valley, who extended every courtesy to the hunters. The party brought twenty kegs of lager and several cases of champagne. The party express themselves as having had a splendid time."

PENNSYLVANIA.—Centralia, Pa., Nov. 22.—I have been greatly disappointed in finding so few quail when there seemed early in the season a promise of good shooting this fall. I have found a number of coveys, but none of them numbering more than a dozen birds. Grouse are in fair numbers, and a good many turkeys on the mountains. While in the woods the other day I came across a number of woodcock, a rare bird with us. I have shot a good many of these birds, but never saw a finer lot. It seems to me they got far astray when they ventured up among these hills. Hunters report a good many deer on the North Mountain.—SPICEWOOD.

LOUISIANA.—Abbeville, La., Nov. 10.—The game in Vermilion Parish this fall has not been altogether plentiful. Deer and partridges (Bob White) have been good, however, and the flight of plover in August and September past was large. Prairie chickens are rather scarce, approaching extinction, I fear. Ducks and geese are beginning to arrive in numbers. Bob White is our stand-by, however, and always comes to time, but whether he stays or not depends on the gunner.—W. W. E.

LOCKWOOD, Tioga County, N. Y., Nov. 19.—Ruffed grouse are more plentiful here this season than before in ten years, and as the number of sportsmen have increased in that time it shows plainly their scarcity was due to disease. Rabbits are also very plenty. Hares are scarce. No foxes killed yet, and appear to be scarce.—J. H. A.

A LARGE OWL.—Boylston, Mass., Nov. 20.—Mr. George Brigham, a farmer, had the good luck to-day to shoot an owl that measured five feet from tip to tip and weighed six pounds. It was a Northern hooter, and said to be the largest ever killed in Worcester county.

WILD GESE were heard honking over Hartford, last week Wednesday, apparently flying around in a circle as if attracted by the electric lights.

Sea and River Fishing.

FISH IN SEASON IN NOVEMBER.

Black bass (*Micropterus*), two species.
Striped bass or rockfish (*Roccus lineatus*).
Weakfish or salt-water trout (*Cynoscion*).
Bluefish or taylor (*Pomatomus saltatrix*).
Tomcod or frost fish (*Microgadus tomcodus*).
Pike (*Esox lucius*).
Pickered (*Esox reticulatus*).
Mascalonge (*Esox nobilior*).

Pike perch (*Stizostethion*).
Yellow perch (*Perca fluviatilis*).
Sheepshead (*Archosargus*).
Kingfish or barb (*Menticorpus*).
Rock bass or red eye (*Ambloplites*).
War-mouth (*Chenobryttus*).
Crappie (*Pomoxys nigromaculatus*).
Bachelor (*Pomoxys annularis*).
Tautog or blackfish (*Tautoga*).
Channel bass, spot, or red fish (*Sciaenops ocellatus*).

ECHOES FROM THE TOURNAMENT.

THE London Fishing Gazette, after giving the distances of the winners in the late New York tournament, says:

"We have little patience with those anglers who affect to see no good in these tournaments, and say that they afford no test as to whether a man is a skillful angler or not. No one pretends that they do; for a man may be able to cast a splendid line, and yet not know how to catch fish. The way they do good—and very great good—is this: they bring amateurs, professionals, and tackle-makers together for the purpose of seeing the best results that can be attained with the best rods, reels and tackle in the market. This creates competition, and leads to improvements by which the whole angling community benefits, just as shooting matches benefit all who shoot from the improvement the rivalry they cause creates in the manufacture of guns. Apart from this, these tournaments bring anglers from different districts together to see practical demonstrations of methods of fishing which may prove, and do prove, invaluable."

It seems that there are a few persons both in England and America, who seem to be troubled with doubts about the desirability of holding their tournaments and trouble themselves to print their doubts. As they have failed to show that any evil results follow the tournaments it is not clear why they do not content themselves with remaining away from them and allow those who enjoy them to pursue their pleasure without carping at them. We agree with the *Fishing Gazette*, in the paragraph above quoted, and while we do not consider it worth while to go into a defense of angling tournaments, which commend themselves to such a large body of intelligent and enthusiastic anglers, we will say:

It is not expected that the art of angling can be learned at tournaments, any more than the art of deer hunting with the knowledge of woodcraft needed in still-hunting can be acquired at Creedmoor or Wimbledon, but the different

modes of handling the tools are seen, and the novice can pick up many points if he is observant. We think if this was well understood there would be none to object to tournaments except those who pretend to great excellence with the rod but do not care to risk a friendly contest in public. A man of this class naturally sneers at tournaments, but as he is not obliged to either attend them or contribute to their support he has no need to cry out against them.

One great good obtained by these exhibitions of skill is that it awakens an interest in fly-fishing among a class who come to see what it is all about, and who never saw a fly thrown before and whose idea of fishing has been to go down on a steamer to the "Fishing Banks" and with a clam for bait haul in porgies and toad-fish. The tournaments are so arranged that the amateur classes are encouraged beyond all others, and each year finds new men entering them. They are conducted so that the rivalry is a friendly one and does not excite jealousy or ill-feeling, each contestant does his best and the decision of the experts, who are selected as judges, is accepted as final, the defeated ones looking forward to a better record another year.

It was through the tournaments that the effective rolling cast was first publicly made known in America by Harry Prichard, whose cast of ninety-one feet, made in this manner, has not been exceeded. The use of this cast will yet become popular when it is known that a fly can be sent out a great distance and delicately dropped without danger of hooking trees in the rear. We say that often a long cast is of the greatest advantage in trout and salmon angling and that although the rolling cast makes a light disturbance in the water at the angler's feet it lifts the fly, already sixty feet away, and gracefully lays it out ten feet, or more, beyond. We are assured that Mr. Prichard is a most successful angler and that he uses this cast mainly. Several of our friends have acquired the sleight of the rolling cast, among them Mr. Ed. Eggert, who won in the amateur class B, this year, and they all speak highly of it.

In the contests there are points for distance, delicacy, and accuracy. The two latter are largely matters of opinion among the judges and being incapable of record other than the points given, cannot well be compared with the records of former years, and as the first question about a contestant is "how far did he cast?" we believe that in these contests, no matter what value it may have on the stream, that distance is of the greatest value.

The fact that the interest in the tournaments is increasing yearly shows that they are popular, and no angler can attend them without noting the differences in style of the contestants and drawing conclusions from them; in this sense they are educational as well as being gatherings of anglers from all parts who have opportunities to exchange greetings and to cement friendships, for the angler is not a solitary being who only loves the society of fish, no matter what Byron said of the "solitary vice."

"And angling, too, that solitary vice,

No matter what old Walton sings, or says:

That quaint old cruel coxcomb, in his gullet,

Should have a hook, and a small trout to pull it."

We do not accept Byron's view of anglers; and each year we look forward to meeting old friends and making new ones, to meeting men long known through correspondence only, and to grasping hands that have touched before on lake, in forest, and on stream.

VITALITY OF BLACK BASS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have just read in the FOREST AND STREAM of Nov. 13, the article on "The Vitality of the Black Bass." During the past summer I carried bass eight miles in a wagon, forty-five miles on the cars, and one mile in a street car. At the end of this journey several of the fish were alive. The fish were taken from a "live box" and packed in a basket with ice.

On another occasion I put several bass in a paper flour bag, rolled them up and tied the package with string; after the above journey, two of the fish were found to be alive.

I think it would be more humane to kill the fish by bleeding them. In the above instances I was in a hurry to catch the train.

I do not enter my fish to beat the record made by the fish spoken of in your issue of the 13th. That fish has the "record" for staying power and distance. My fish, however, were somewhat handicapped by not being wrapped in a copy of the FOREST AND STREAM. I believe that by making frequent applications of FOREST AND STREAM, a fish could be kept alive indefinitely.

As a life-preserving agent, the FOREST AND STREAM is all that is claimed for it. I have used it for years, and can recommend it to all who wish to lead a long and happy life. You may send me one more copy. E. F.

CHICAGO, Nov. 20.

Fishculture.

FISHCULTURE IN GEORGIA.

THE report of the Commissioner of Agriculture of the State of Georgia, embracing the years 1883-84, is at hand. It contains the report of Dr. H. H. Cary, Superintendent of Fisheries, from which we learn that the amount of the annual appropriation (\$500) is too small to justify the erection of hatcheries, or to more than pay the actual expenses of the Superintendent and the cost of distributing the quota of carp supplied by the United States Fish Commission.

After enumerating the rivers of the State, Dr. Cary says: "But most and perhaps all of these rivers have many obstructions to the passage of anadromous fishes to their spawning grounds. In this report I shall confine myself mainly, in treating of the migratory fishes, to the shad, as many years' experience has demonstrated the fact that the temperature of the water of the rivers of this State is well adapted to the wants of this fish. Further on I shall endeavor to show that the temperature of the rivers of Georgia does not suit some of the migratory fishes. And to show the absolute necessity of overcoming these obstructions, I will take this occasion also again to allude to the habits of the shad. A salt-water fish, like many species of its class, it seeks its spawning grounds in fresh water, passing up the long rivers to near their sources to seek such shoals as may be found."

"There are three varieties of fish eggs—the floating, the adhesive, and the sinking; to the last class belong the shad eggs. Shad eggs, when deposited in water, immediately subside to the bottom, where ordinarily soon covered with sediment, suffocation ensues, and very few hatch. The instinct of the shad leads her to seek shoals among the highlands, that the eggs may be deposited in the pools and kept in agitation by the action of the water. Thus, it will be seen, an absolute necessity exists for allowing the shad to have a free passage

from the ocean to the headwaters of the streams. Fortunately science has pointed out a way to keep such passages open without injury to the property invested in mills or manufactures. In the **FOREST AND STREAM**, Aug. 7, 1884—an exceedingly able paper published in the city of New York—is an editorial article so able and so completely covering the ground embraced in this subject, that I introduce part of it here.

After quoting from the article named, he says that Governor Colquitt appointed a committee to examine the canal dam below Augusta, and that this committee recommended a McDonald fishway to be built there.

Through aid from the United States Fish Commission, many shad have been planted, and a curious fact in regard to shad fry from the Connecticut River taking bait in Georgia, contrary to the custom of southern shad, will be found elsewhere in our columns. Carp have been widely distributed and have done well. Of brook trout Dr. Cary says: "I am satisfied that the brook trout can be successfully propagated in our mountainous counties, and it will be very desirable to do so when the means at our disposal will permit it to be done. I beg leave here to state that I have been under great obligations to Spencer F. Baird, of the United States Fish Commission, for continued courtesies, and to all the railroads of this and several of the adjoining States for their appreciative favors to the Fish Commission of Georgia."

ARTIFICIAL PROPAGATION.

UNDER the head of "The Influence of Artificial Propagation upon Production Illustrated by the Salmon Work of the Sacramento River, California," Mr. Charles W. Smiley writes in the Bulletin of the U. S. Fish Commission as follows:

It is understood that about four years are required for salmon to mature. I would therefore place the yield of 1877 opposite the planting of 1873, and so on. For four successive years the yield has been nearly double the yield of the years preceding the artificial propagation, which commenced in 1873. This appears to have resulted from annually planting about two million fry. The planting of 500,000 fry in 1873 and in 1874 appears to have increased the yield by about a million pounds each year. No record of the production in Sacramento River prior to 1875 is obtainable, but it is known to have been less than six million pounds.

YOUNG SALMON HATCHED FROM EGGS TAKEN BY THE U. S. FISH COMMISSION AND RELEASED IN THE M'CLOUD RIVER, CALIFORNIA.

Year.	Month.	Number.	Year.	Month.	Number.
1871	None.	1878	October	2,500,000
1873	None.	1879	October	2,000,000
1873	September	500,000	1880	October	2,000,000
1874	September	500,000	1881	October	2,250,000
1875	Sept.-Oct.	850,000	1882	Oct.-Nov.	4,037,000
1876	Sept.-Oct.	1,500,000			
1877	October	2,200,000			18,337,000

ANNUAL YIELD OF THE SACRAMENTO RIVER IN SALMON TO THE CANNERIES.

Year ending—	Pounds.	Year ending—	Pounds.
Aug. 1, 1875.....	5,098,751	Aug. 1, 1880.....	10,837,400
Aug. 1, 1876.....	5,311,423	Aug. 1, 1881.....	9,600,000
Aug. 1, 1877.....	6,493,563	Aug. 1, 1882.....	9,005,280
Aug. 1, 1878.....	6,520,768	Oct. 15, 1883.....	9,585,672
Aug. 1, 1879.....	*4,422,350		67,456,187

*The salmon were as numerous in the river this year as in any previous years, but the small number taken was due to a feud between the fishermen and the canners as to the price to be paid for the fish. For three weeks in the height of the season no fish were taken, except for daily consumption in San Francisco and other markets.

The average yield during the past three years was.....9,596,934 Pounds.
The average yield in 1875 and 1876, before any fruits of fishculture could have appeared, was.....5,205,102

Making a gain per annum due to fishculture of.....4,391,832
The fish are worth 50 cents apiece as they come from the water, their average weight being 7 pounds each.
Value of the 4,391,832 pounds due to fishculture.....\$813,706 00
Cost of hatching and planting 2,500,000 fry.....3,000 00

Annual net profit.....\$810,106 00
The expenditures by the United States Fish Commission on this work and the number of eggs obtained from 1877 to 1882 were as follows:

Fiscal year.	Amt. expended.	Eggs produced.
1877-'78.....	\$7,853 06	7,093,000
1878-'79.....	12,730 54	10,310,000
1879-'80.....	12,875 55	6,650,000
1880-'81.....	13,697 20	5,900,000
1881-'82.....	6,633 61	7,500,000
Total.....	\$53,790 76	37,293,000

Average cost per million eggs, \$1.440.
This expenditure was greater than would be necessary merely to increase the supply of fish in the river. Of the 37,293,000 eggs obtained during these five years but 11,000,000 were used to produce what young were returned to the river. The other 26,293,000 eggs were sent to the Eastern States and foreign countries. Additionally, the experience of the past will enable the Commissioners to exercise greater economy. One of the California Commissioners stated to a committee of the Legislature that a "million of salmon could be artificially hatched and placed in the river for less than \$800; and if it were desirable, and the Legislature made sufficient appropriation, the Commissioners could fill the river so full of salmon that it would be difficult for a steamboat to pass through them." Considering the fact that food does not have to be furnished, these fish, coming from their ocean feeding grounds to the rivers as they do, merely to spawn, his statement may be within the bounds of reason.

Writing under date of January 6, 1883, Mr. B. B. Redding, of San Francisco, Cal., said: "Since we commenced putting young salmon into the Sacramento, Pitt, and McCloud rivers the number of canneries with money invested has more than trebled, and more persons are investing money in new canneries. Requests are coming from other parts of the State to have salmon hatched. Fish-hatching, for the purpose of supplying food, has at length become popular."

U. S. F. C. WASHINGTON, D. C., April 15, 1884.

BLACK BASS HAVE SPAWNED IN GERMANY.—Herr Max von dem Borne, the celebrated German fishculturist, writes to Prof. Baird, as follows: "Berneuchen, June 15, 1884. You will recollect that you kindly sent me, in the fall of 1882, by Mr. George Eckerdt, 7 large-mouthed and 75 small-mouthed black bass. In consequence of the long passage the greater part of the lot died, so that I had this spring 3 large-mouthed old fish and 10 small-mouthed two-year-old bass. To-day I had the satisfaction of finding that the three large fish had spawned, and the pond actually swarms with fry. I have caught with a small net more than 2,000 and have put them into another pond which is free from other fish. I have no doubt that next spring the small-mouthed bass will spawn, and that the experiment will be successful."

ACCIDENTS WILL HAPPEN, whether you like to think so or not, and if you do not wish to run in debt while disabled, or have your family suffer if you die, insure in the Travelers of Hartford, Conn.—Adv.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

Dec. 16, 17, 18 and 19.—Third Bench Show of the Southern Massachusetts Poultry Association, Taunton, Mass. Wm. C. Davenport, Assistant Secretary.

Dec. 30, 31 and Jan. 1, 2, 1885.—Bench Show of the Meriden Poultry Association, Meriden, Conn. Joshua Shute, Secretary.

Feb. 1 to 11, 1885.—New York Fanciers' Club, Third Annual Exhibition of non-sporting dogs, poultry and pigeons at Madison Square Garden, Feb. 1 to 11, 1885. Chas. Harker, Secretary, 62 Cortlandt street.

Jan. 10 to 14, 1885.—World's Exposition Bench Show, New Orleans, La. Mr. Chas. Lincoln, Superintendent.

Jan. 27, 28, 29 and 30.—Annual Bench Show of the New Brunswick Poultry and Pet Stock Association. Mr. H. W. Wisson, Secretary. St. Johns, N. B.

March 2, 4, 5 and 6, 1885.—Second Annual Bench Show of the Cincinnati Sportsman's Club, Cincinnati, O. Charles Lincoln, Superintendent.

March 18, 19 and 20, 1885.—Second Annual Show of the New Haven Kennel Club. E. S. Porter, Secretary, New Haven, Conn.

April 7 to 10, 1885.—First Annual Show N. E. Kennel Club, Music Hall, Boston. J. A. Nickerson, Secretary, 150A Tremont street. Chas. Lincoln, Superintendent.

FIELD TRIALS.

Dec. 2.—Second Annual Trials of the Pacific Coast Field Trials Club at Walltown Timber, Cal. N. E. White, Secretary, Sacramento Cal.

Dec. 8.—Sixth Annual Trials of the National American Kennel Club at Canton, Miss. D. Bryson, Secretary, Memphis, Tenn.

Dec. 15.—Southern Sportsmen's Association Trials, Canton, Miss. Mr. T. K. Renaud, Secretary, New Orleans, La.

A. K. R.

THE AMERICAN KENNEL REGISTER, for the registration of pedigrees, etc. (with prize lists of all shows and trials), is published every month. Entries close on the 1st. Should be in early. Entry blanks sent on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope. Registration fee (25 cents) must accompany each entry. No entries inserted unless paid in advance. Yearly subscription \$1. Address "American Kennel Register," P. O. Box 2832, New York. Number of entries already printed 1707. Volume I, bound in cloth, sent postpaid, \$1.50.

PACIFIC COAST TRIALS.

THE second annual field trials of the Pacific Coast Field Trials Club will begin Tuesday, Dec. 1, at White Rock Station on the Sacramento and Placerville Railroad. With true California open-hearted generosity a house and a barn have been placed at the club's disposal by Mr. H. E. Barton; a caterer has been provided, and the visitors will be entertained in a manner that will do credit to the club. The judges selected are Hon. Joseph McKenna (Congressman elect), Hon. D. M. Pyle, of Santa Clara, and Henry C. Brown of Sacramento, all well-known sportsmen.

From the list of entries sent herewith, it will be seen that the sportsmen of the coast are becoming aroused to the importance of field trials, and have determined to help the club along to success. The president of the club, Thomas Bennett, of San Francisco, H. H. Briggs (chairman of the executive committee), Charles N. Post, of this city (to whose zeal and enterprise are due the organization of the club), Mr. N. E. White, editor of the Sacramento *Sunday Capital*, and the Bassford Brothers, of Solano county, have each and all taken great interest in the club and in promoting its welfare. They may well be pleased with their labors. The list of dogs entered for this year's trials embraces some that carry in their veins the blood of some of the best field dogs in the world; and we can see no reason why, in the coming years, California should not be able to boast of as well-trained and perfect working dogs as any State in the Union. The stock is here, and all that is required is for sportsmen to take an interest in the matter of breeding and handling their four-footed companions of the field.

Following is the list of entries complete, among which are several from Gilroy, showing that the sportsmen of that place are becoming interested in these trials.

DERBY ENTRIES.

CZARINA.—H. H. Briggs, San Francisco, black and white English setter bitch Czarina, bred by D. M. Pyle, Gilroy, born April 1, 1884, by Carl (Leicester—Dart) ex Daizette (Regent—Daisy).

HILDA.—H. H. Briggs, black and white flecked English setter bitch Hilda, litter sister to Czarina.

SYBIL III.—H. H. Briggs, white, black and tan English setter bitch Sybil III., bred by Thomas Bennett, San Francisco, born June 18, 1884, by Regent (Royal Duke—Gift) ex Sybil II. (Dan—Sybil).

ROSE B.—H. H. Briggs, solid red Irish setter bitch Rose B., bred by H. M. Briggs, San Jose, born Nov. 1, 1883, by Race, Jr. (Race—Ruby Jane) ex Fern (Don Zooler—Mollie Plunkett).

SURF.—H. H. Briggs and W. S. Kittle, white and lemon pointer bitch Surf, bred by Charles F. Hume, Galveston, Texas, born April 29, 1883, by champion Bow (champion Bang—Luna), ex King's Maid (King Phil—Sleaford's Maid).

CHICO.—John T. Baker, Chico, blue belton English setter dog Chico, bred by Thomas Hendricks, Chico, born June 28, 1883, by Duke (Belton II.—Belle), ex Fanny (Macgregor—Lulu Laverack).

YUBA B.—Geo. W. Bassford, Vacaville, white and lemon pointer dog Yuba B., bred by owner, born November, 1883, by Prince Ranger (Ranger Boy—Jessie), ex Josie Bow (King Bow—Josie).

LEMMIE B.—Jos. M. Bassford, Jr., Vacaville, white and lemon pointer dog Lemmie B., bred by Geo. W. Bassford, Vacaville, born November, 1883, litter brother to Yuba B.

SWEETHEART.—C. N. Post and G. W. Watson, Sacramento, white, black and tan English setter bitch Sweetheart, bred by D. C. Sanborn, Dowling, Mich., born Aug. 17, 1883, by Count Noble (Count Windem—Nora), ex Dashing Novice (Dash II.—Novel).

JANET.—C. N. Post and G. W. Watson, white, black and tan English setter bitch Janet, litter sister to Sweetheart.

TAFT.—W. W. Van Arsdale, Truckee, orange and white Gordon-English setter dog Taft, bred by F. A. Taft, born May 29, 1884, by Dorr (Don—Lady) ex Daisy.

PHENIX.—I. N. Aldrich, Marysville, white, black and tan English setter dog Phoenix, bred by owner, by Macgregor (Rob Roy—Queen Mab) ex Posha (Druid—Pocahontas).

GALE.—P. Chatterton, Sacramento, lemon belton English (Laverack) setter dog Gale, bred by John Gale, Oroville, born July 8, 1883, by Prince Laverack (Thunder—Peerses) ex Lulu Laverack (Carlowitz—Petrel).

TERRY.—George Crocker, San Francisco, solid red Irish setter dog Jerry, bred by H. M. Briggs, San Jose, born Nov. 1, 1883, by Race, Jr. (Race—Ruby Jane) ex Fern (Don Zooler—Mollie Plunkett).

TRIX.—Chris. L. Ecklon, Folsom, orange and white native setter dog Trix, bred by J. H. Corbin, Sacramento, born August, 1883, by Count (Rogue—Queen).

FLOSSY.—W. J. Golcher, San Francisco, black and white English setter bitch Flossy, bred by H. M. Pyle, Gilroy, born April 1, 1884, by Carl (Leister—Dart) ex Daizette (Regent—Daisy).

PET.—J. C. Nealon, San Francisco, white and lemon English setter bitch Pet, bred by owner, born April 18, 1883, by Dick (Dana Belton II.—Belle) bitch ex Belle (Belton I.—Belle).

JACK.—John Payne, Gilroy, black and white ticked English setter dog Jack, bred by H. D. Bartlett, Gilroy, born Oct. 25, 1883, by Rob Roy (Joe—Queen) ex Rose (Drake—Queen).

LOLA MONTEZ.—E. Leavesley, Gilroy, white and orange English setter bitch Lola Montez, bred by P. E. G. Anzar, born Sept. 24, 1883, by Rob Roy (Joe—Queen) ex Ola (Count Warwick—Leah II.).

DASHING MONEY.—John B. Martin, San Francisco, white and lemon English setter dog Dashing Money, bred by J. M. Avenet, Hickory Valley, Tenn., born May, 1883, by Dashing Monarch (Dash II. Countess Moll) ex Armida (Leicester—Pocahontas).

BEAUTIFUL SNOW.—Geo. W. Ellery, Sacramento, white and lemon English setter bitch Beautiful Snow, bred by E. L. Mayberry, Los Angeles, born April, 1883, by Dan (Prince—Dora) ex Sybil (Leicester—Doll).

DOTSY B.—Geo. W. Watson, Sacramento, liver and white pointer bitch Dotsy B., bred by Geo. W. Bassford, Vacaville, born November, 1883, by Prince Ranger (Ranger Boy—Jessie) ex Josie Bow (King Bow—Josie).

NAPA B.—Henry A. Bassford, Vacaville, liver and white pointer dog Napa B., bred by Geo. W. Bassford, Vacaville, litter brother to Dotsy B.

ALL-AGED STAKE ENTRIES.

BELLE.—E. M. Arthur, Portland, Oregon, solid red native setter bitch Belle (winner of second in All-Aged Stake, Gilroy, 1883, and third in All-Aged Stake, P. C. F. Trials, 1883), (Shorb's Dog—Nina).

DASH.—J. G. Edwards, San Francisco, white and liver English setter dog Dash (Belton II.—Belle).

SYBIL II.—Thomas Bennett, San Francisco, white and liver English setter bitch Sybil II. (Dan—Sybil).

LEMMIE B.—J. M. Bassford, Jr., Vacaville, white and lemon pointer dog Lemmie B. (Prince Ranger—Josie Bow).

BEAUTIFUL QUEEN.—J. M. Bassford, Jr., Vacaville, liver and white pointer bitch Beautiful Queen (winner of second, P. C. F. Trials, 1883) (Ranger—Queen).

DORR.—Fred A. Taft, Truckee, black and tan Gordon setter dog Dorr (winner of third, Nebraska Trials, 1881, and first, P. C. F. Trials, 1883) (Don—Lady).

QUEEN.—E. H. Farmer, Gilroy, white and black English setter bitch Queen (winner of first, Gilroy, 1883) (Belton II.—Belle).

BOW, JR.—G. B. Crosby, Sacramento, white and liver pointer dog Bow, Jr. (winner of third, Derby, P. C. F. Trials, 1883) (Ranger Boy—Josie Bow).

FANNY.—Chas. V. B. Kaeding, San Francisco, black, white and tan English setter bitch Fanny (winner of second, Derby, Gilroy, 1883) (Taylor's Fred—Locan's Gypsy).

DUKE.—Chas. V. B. Kaeding, San Francisco, solid red Irish setter dog Duke (Colgate's Pat—Howe's Gypsy).

OLA.—P. E. G. Anzar, San Juan, S., black, white and tan English setter bitch Ola (winner second, All-Aged Stake, Gilroy, 1883) (Count Warwick—Leah II.).

PEARL LAVERACK.—J. W. Orear, Downieville, black and white English (Laverack) setter bitch Pearl (Laverack Prince Laverack—Lulu Laverack).

MAUDE.—Jas. Mervyn Donahue, San Francisco, black and tan Gordon-English setter bitch Maude (Orear's Joe—Juno).

WILDFLOWER.—Crittenden Robinson, San Francisco, names John DeVuall's white and lemon English setter bitch Wildflower (Regent—Beauty).

GRACIE BOW.—Geo. W. Bassford, Vacaville, liver and white pointer bitch Gracie Bow (King Bow—Gracie).

BEATRICE.—H. C. Chipman, Sacramento, solid red Irish setter bitch Beatrice (Shokoe—Nellie).

BEAUTIFUL SNOW.—Geo. W. Ellery, Sacramento, white and lemon English setter bitch Beautiful Snow (Dan—Sybil).

BUTTE BOW.—Henry A. Bassford, Vacaville, liver ticked pointer dog Butte Bow (Ranger Boy—Josie Bow).

SWEETHEART.—C. N. Post and Geo. W. Watson, Sacramento, black, white and tan English setter bitch Sweetheart (Count Noble—Dashing Novice).

JANET.—C. N. Post and Geo. W. Watson, Sacramento, black, white and tan English setter bitch Janet, litter sister to Sweetheart.

SACRAMENTO, CAL., Nov. 13.

THE HULL DOG SHOW.

THE Hull and East Riding exhibiting of sporting and other dogs was held in the Artillery Barracks, Hull, on Nov. 4, 5 and 6, 1884. The weather on the first day was very unfavorable, but improved on the two following days. The attendance of fanciers was quite up to the average, while the public did not turn out in such force as the committee would have wished. However, everything passed off quietly, with little or no grumbling, but during the show the bloodhound Triumph had to be removed, having shown signs of a coming attack of yellows. We understand he is improving and is doing favorable, so that we may look forward to seeing him on many more occasions at the head of his class.

The black and tan toy, Sybil, we are sorry to say, was in a very critical condition upon the last day of the show, through having caught cold, and we fear we have seen her for the last time.

In bloodhounds, Mr. Nichols was second with Patti, a most typical bitch and well known.

In champion mastiffs, that grand bitch Crown Princess won first over Sibert, a well-made dog, with good body, legs and feet, but not as short in face as the majority of our present champions. First in open dog class was only a moderate one, while Goth, second prize, is long in head and weak in loins, and was shown very low in condition. Mastiff bitches, as a class, were poor.

In champion St. Bernards, Cadwallader, looking his best beat Glacier, a decision which we indorse. In the open classes the St. Bernards were not what we see, as a rule, at good shows, but no doubt the St. Bernard Club Show being held at same time accounted a good deal for the state of affairs. Storm King, well known, won first in dogs, while the equally well-known Khiva, looking well, won in bitches. In puppies, first and third prizes were withheld, which speaks for the quality of the lot.

Newfoundlands were one of the best collections we have seen, Courtier winning first in champion over Prince Sam. Courtier is a good typical dog, good in color and coat, and stands over the best of feet and legs. Lady Mayoress, from the same kennel, won in champion bitches. In open dogs, King Bruce, a very large, strong, powerful dog, won. He is rather large of ear and coarse in head when compared to others, but he is a larger dog, and one we consider will take a lot of beating. Cato Minor is smaller and shows quality. Leo V. is crooked in his legs. Mr. Mansfield again secured first in bitches with Sybil, who is full of quality, as were those behind her. The Landseer Newfoundland Charlemagne was entered not for competition, or no doubt he would have won. But as the first prize in this class was a cup presented by his owner, we quite agree with the policy of Mr. Moll.

The Messrs. Charles won first and second in greyhound dogs with Memnon and Cassels, two good ones. In the greyhound bitch class we could not agree with the awards. Had winner received vhc. instead of first, the other awards would have been more in accordance with our ideas. Lancashire Witch was in very bad condition and, under the circumstances, was out of the running.

Mr. Norrish once more scored a win with Graphic in champion pointers, the dog being, as usual, in the pink of condition. In the open class for pointers, Mr. Beck won first in each with two good liver and whites. The dog is a trifle coarse, while the bitch is one of the best small bitches we have in the country.

There were no entries in champion setters. In open dog class Rock, reported upon at Edinburgh, won. We preferred the second prize, Rockingham. Rhona II. won in the bitch class. She is a black, white and tan, short on the leg, of immense bone, and rather short and thick of skull.

The well-known Irish red setter bitch Nellie won in red set:

ters. She is well known, and although she might be better from eye to nose, she is otherwise a good bitch, and there were one or two other good, useful dogs behind her.

In curly retrievers, first, second and third were all good ones; third prize being as good a young bitch as we have seen for a long while.

In spaniels, the entries were in most classes small, while the quality was good. Only one Clumber, Tower, who is well-known, was shown. Sussex or liver-colored dogs were a poor lot. In bitches we preferred Brida II. to the winner. In black dogs, Solus was an easy winner. Beverly Beau is too leggy. In bitches Busy and Solus II. were placed equal first. It is after all only a matter of opinion, for they are both good ones. In the next class the winner, Mr. Easten's Bruce, is a good one, with plenty of bone, low on the leg and typical.

Fox-terriers, rough and smooth, were of average merit, all the winners being well known, and the majority of them have been reported upon by us several times.

Champion Rutland had an easy win in champion collies. In the open dog class, Scottish Hero, reported upon at Edinburgh, won first, Dr. James coming second with a good red and white, or rather yellow and white, dog which might be better in head and harder in coat. The winners in the bitch class were pretty even, and no doubt these positions may often be altered. However the awards seemed pretty well indorsed.

There were only three entries in bulldogs, and two in bull bitches, and they required very little judging. Rabagas is only an eleven months puppy, and so not finished enough to compete against aged dogs.

Bull-terriers, as a collection, were moderate, Cairo being a long way ahead of the rest. Mistress of the Robes was also much the best in bitches.

Airedale terriers were one of the best classes we have seen of that variety, as there are so many different opinions as to the proper size, we don't feel safe in criticising the awards.

Bedingtons were a small class, and we have often reported upon the majority of the winners.

Scottish terriers were a good lot, with the Edinburgh winner at the head of the class.

Irish terriers were, with the exception of the first and second prize dogs and first prize bitch, a bad collection.

Burke once more won in black and tan, Debonair again coming second, and we consider Sir Edward, vhc., much the best of the others. Florence was an easy first in bitches.

Bradford Ruby, looking well, won first in champion pugs. In open class, first went to the well-known Lovat. Sings, second, is full of character, but too heavy of ears, which are badly carried. Master Tragedy, third, is of good stamp and of the correct size.

Claret won in champion Skyes. The winner in the dropped-eared class was reported upon at Edinburgh, and there was nothing among the others which calls for special comment.

The Dandie Dinmonts were a pretty level lot, and the decisions were pretty well indorsed. They had a special judge for themselves.

In Yorkshire terriers, those two well-known champions, Bradford Hero and Conqueror, met the latter on this occasion winning the coveted card. They are certainly two grand specimens.

In toys, under 7 pounds, the Yorkshire, Lady Beattie, and the black and tan Sibyl, were placed equal, each is a good one of its own variety.

The cup for best brace of spaniels was won by Mr. Royle's Solus and Solus II., while the cup for the best team of sporting dogs, was awarded to Mr. Easten's three spaniels, and the cup for best team of non-sporting dogs went to six Irish terriers, the property of Mr. Wm. Graham.

The following is a list of the principal

AWARDS.

BLOODHOUNDS—1st, J. Royle (Triumph); 2d, E. Nichols (Patti); 3d, C. E. Bott (The Wolf).

MASTIFFS—CHAMPION—J. Royle (Crown Princess).—**OPEN**—Dogs: 1st, D. L. Blackburn (Sparticus); 2d, E. Nichols (Goth); 3d, H. C. Bass (Egbert). Bitches: 1st, J. W. Burton (The Lady Hulinia); 2d, withheld; 3d, T. Jackson (Lady Nell Gwyn).

ST. BERNARDS—CHAMPION—H. C. Joplin (champion Cadwalader).—**OPEN**—Dogs: 1st, W. J. Orvill (Storm King); 2d, J. Wilson (Lord Nelson); 3d, Rev. G. H. Shafto (Merlin). Bitches: 1st, J. K. Kay (Khiva); 2d, J. Farmer (Lady Athol); 3d, E. Hodgson (Beautiful Mona). Puppies: 1st and 3d, withheld; 2d, Rev. A. Nash (Rana).

NEWFOUNDLANDS—CHAMPION—Dogs: T. E. Mansfield (Courtier). Bitches: T. E. Mansfield (Lady Mayores).—**BLACK**—**OPEN**—Dogs: 1st, King (Prince); 2d, W. H. Astell (Cato Minor); 3d, T. Mansfield (Leo V.). Bitches: 1st, T. Mansfield (Sibyl); 2d, E. J. Bird (Isia); 3d, A. Nicholson (Lady Florence). **LANDSIEERS**—1st, J. G. Pickering (Young Bertha); 2d, C. H. Johnson (Gyp); 3d, T. E. Mansfield (Circe).

DEERHOUNDS—1st, H. C. Joplin (champion Chieftain); 2d and 3d, A. Maxwell & E. Cassel (Robin Gray and Mina).

GREYHOUNDS—Dogs: 1st and 2d, H. P. and P. J. Charles (champion Memon and Cassels); 3d, J. Hunt (Marquis II.). Bitches: 1st, R. E. Stringer (Swindle); 2d, W. Hallgarth (Ready Cash); 3d, H. P. and J. P. Charles (Acalia).

POINTERS—CHAMPION—E. C. Norrish (champion Graphic).—**OPEN**—Dogs: 1st, G. H. Bee (Erior); 2d, F. Waddington (Auckland Pilot); 3d, Rev. W. Wilson (Pike). Bitches: 1st, V. H. Beck (Nan); 2d, C. E. Norrish (Revel III.); 3d, J. L. Bullied (Devon Fan).

SETTERS—**OPEN**—Dogs: 1st, J. Shortness (Rock); 2d, G. Raper (Rockingham). Bitches: 1st, C. H. Beck (Rhona II.); 2d, W. Foster (Ripple Daisy); 3d, C. J. Todd (Nell). **BLACK AND TAN**—1st, J. Shortness (Don 1.); 2d, J. L. Bullied (Wiltshire Kate); 3d, withheld. **IRISH**—1st, H. M. Wilson (Nellie); 2d, W. McBryde; 3d, M. Kennedy (Lairdward Pat).

RETRIEVERS—**CURLY**—1st and 2d, S. Darbey (champion Wonder and champion Doctor); 3d, S. G. Tonkin (Jessica). **WAVEY**—1st, J. L. Bullied (Naney); 2d, J. S. Pilling (Falcon).

SPANIELS—**CLUMBER**—1st, H. H. Holmes (Tower). **SUSSEX OR LIVER**—Dogs: Prizes withheld. Bitches: 1st, W. R. Bryden (Easten's Bee); 2d, J. Partridge (Brida II.); 3d, withheld. **BLACK**—Dogs: 1st, J. Royle (Solus); 2d, W. R. Bryden (Beverley Beau); 3d, A. H. Easten (Easten Bracken). Bitches: Equal 1st, A. H. Easten (Easten Busy) and J. Royle (Salus II.); 2d, W. R. Bryden (Belle of Buxton). **ANY COLOR**—Vandyke—Dogs: 1st, A. H. Easten (Easten Brack); 2d, A. C. Cauty (Laverick); 3d, B. Hay (Pompey). Bitches: 1st, A. H. Easten (Easten Bride); 2d, J. S. Cowell (Clifton Ruby); 3d, A. Cauty (Venus).

FOX-TERRIERS—CHAMPION—Major R. M. Ireland (champion Climax). **SMOOTH**—**OPEN**—Dogs: 1st and 3d, J. T. Stott (Fulwood Spark and Boswell); 2d, G. Raper (Baby Mixture). Bitches: 1st, G. Raper (Richmond Myrtle); equal 2d, A. H. Clarke (Rosewood) and Major Ireland (Chloris); 3d, J. Sugden (Hilda). **PUPPIES**—Dogs: 1st, J. T. Stott (Fulwood Spark); 2d, C. W. Macell (Mr. Fufington); 3d, Major Ireland (Coup, into Corner IV.). Bitches: 1st, T. Marple (Milliner); 2d, H. Bright (Westbourne); 3d, H. Sugden (Hilda).

WIRE-HAIRED FOX-TERRIERS—CHAMPION—A. Maxwell & E. Cassel (Jack Frost). **OPEN**—Dogs: 1st and cup, P. C. Reid (Cavendish); 2d, J. Reed (Beverley Sam); 3d, J. V. Wilson (Tiger). Bitches: 1st, J. W. Corner & W. Marritt (Lady Bacon); 2d, A. Maxwell & E. Cassel (Tees Try); 3d, P. C. Reid (Grand Duchess). **PUPPIES**—1st, A. Maxwell & E. Cassel (Tees Drift); 2d, J. W. Corner & W. Marritt (Esdale Topper); 3d, A. W. Tomlinson (Kyedale Belle).

DACHSHUNDS—Dogs: 1st and 2d, A. H. Walker (champion Maxims and champion Ozon); 3d, W. A. Benson (Rebel). Bitches: 1st, H. A. Walker (champion Hagar); 2d, C. H. W. Woodroffe (champion Fudge); 3d, W. A. Benson (Rossa).

COLLIES—**ROUGH OR SMOOTH**—CHAMPION—1st, H. Megson (champion Rutland). **OPEN**—**ROUGH**—Dogs: 1st, J. G. R. Hompay (Scottish Hero); 2d, Dr. W. A. G. James (Clover); 3d, J. Osborne (Romulus). Bitches: 1st, F. Gaskell (Tippett); 2d, S. Boddington (Whin Blossom); 3d, A. H. Easten (Frill). **PUPPIES**—Dogs: 1st, S. Boddington (Cobden); 2d, Mrs. F. E. Bayne (Daisy V.); 3d, Dr. W. A. G. James (Sandiway). Bitches: 1st, J. G. R. Hompay (Light Sabot); 2d, S. Boddington (Truth); 3d, W. A. G. James (Aureola). **SHEEP**—1st, G. Raper (Hector); 2d, Dr. W. A. G. James (Gazelle); 3d, J. Young (Fernie Glew).

BULLDOGS—Dogs: 1st, J. Pearce (Nero); 2d, G. Raper (Rabagas); 3d, E. Copp (Hector II.). Bitches: 1st, J. Pearce (champion Redowa); 2d, M. Gretton (Daisy).

BULL-TERRIERS—Dogs: 1st, A. George (champion Cairo); 2d, F. Jagger (Marquis of Trenham); 3d, I. Battersby (Neville). Bitches: 1st, A. George (champion Mistress of the Robes); 2d and 3d, T. Wright (Kettering Maggie and Rose Marie).

AIREDALE TERRIERS—1st and 2d, A. Walker (Rover III. and Venus); G. F. B. Milner (Airedale Lass).

BEDLINGTON TERRIERS—Dogs: 1st, J. Cornforth (Sentinel); 2d, R. Ealand (Tye); 3d, G. F. B. Milner (Cinner). Bitches: 1st, E. Woodcock (Stonehouse Rose); 2d, L. St. C. Walldy (Wass).

SCOTCH TERRIERS—1st, J. Adamson (Skittles); 2d, J. Robinson (Max); 3d, Miss A. Master (Max).

IRISH TERRIERS—Dogs: 1st, W. Graham (Garryroan); 2d, C. H. Backhouse (Buster); 3d, H. M. Teesdale (Borris Boy). Bitches: 1st, W. Graham (Gaily); 2d, C. E. Brierly (Burr); 3d, E. R. Dodsworth (Grace).

BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS—Dogs: 1st, J. Royle (Burke); 2d, G. Lodge (Debonair); 3d, J. & R. R. Througar (Prince Leopold). Bitches: 1st, J. Royle (Florence III.); 2d, Holmes & Robertshaw (Lady Carmoyle); 3d, G. Lodge (Lustrum Lady).

PUGS—CHAMPION—Mrs. M. A. Foster (Bradford Ruby).—**OPEN**—Dogs: 1st, S. H. Howe (Lovat); 2d, W. Griffiths (Stingo); 3d, H. Haule (Master Tragedy). Bitches: 1st, J. H. Howe (Wild Mint); 2d, Mrs. C. S. Brittain (Little Princess); 3d, H. Maule (Lady Cloudy).

SKYE-TERRIERS—CHAMPION—J. K. Kaye (Claret).—**OPEN**—**DROPPED-EARED**—1st, M. Gretton (Kirkella); 2d, Mrs. Burton (Edie Ochiltree); 3d, M. Gretton (Lady Buriel). **ANY OTHER VARIETY**—1st, W. Nicol (Alyse); 2d, G. Sanderston (Bob); 3d, T. Bach (Santo).

DANDIE DINMOUNTS—Dogs: 1st, J. Finn (Borde King); 2d, J. Finchet (Charlie); 3d, J. Finn (Ferry). Bitches: 1st, W. E. Easter (champion Border Queen); 2d, A. Jackson (Lomond Queen); 3d, H. A. Mayston (Queen of the Borders). **PUPPIES**—1st, J. Finn (Rife); 2d, Dr. R. Hagyard (Physic); 3d, L. P. Tollemahe (Young Hopeful).

YORKSHIRE TERRIERS—1st, Mrs. M. A. Trougher (champion Conqueror); 2d and 3d, Mrs. M. A. Foster (Bradford Hero and Effie).

TOY TERRIERS—Equal 1st, Mrs. M. A. Foster (Lady Beattie) and J. H. Kaye (Sibyl); 2d, Mrs. M. A. Trougher (champion Conqueror).

ANY OTHER VARIETY—1st, J. K. Kaye (Scoff); 2d, T. Wilkinson (Royal); 3d, J. Peace (Bob).

PUPPIES—**SPORTING**—1st, A. H. Easten (Easten Beaver); 2d, J. Bullied (Devon Bob); 3d, W. R. Bryden (Belle of Buxton). **NON-SPORTING**—1st, G. R. Raper (Rabagas); 2d, J. and R. B. Trougher (Sir Ruby); 3d, Rev. A. Nash (Rana). **LITTER OF SPORTING**—1st, H. Richards (St. G. B. Askwith (Stein, Steller and Staupe); 3d, withheld. **LITTER OF NON-SPORTING**—1st, T. K. Bulmer; 2d, J. G. Pickering; 3d, J. W. Burton.

SELLING CLASS—1st, G. F. B. Milner (Zulu); 2d, T. Halmstead (Stepney Duster); 3d, T. B. Swinburne (Princess Maria).

TEAMS—**THREE OR MORE SPORTING**—1st, A. H. Easten (Easten Bracken, Busy and Bruce). Reserve, Messrs. Charles (champion Memon, champion Destructive, champion Lancaster Witch, Cassels and Acalia). **THREE OR MORE NON-SPORTING**—1st, W. Graham (Garryroan, Garryford, Gaily, Girl, Gifford and Brenda Lass).

BRACE OF SPANIELS—1st, J. Royle (Solus and Salus).

GREYHOUNDS IN THE WEST.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your report of the greyhound class of the non-sporting show, lately held in New York, you use language which I, as a breeder and exhibitor of greyhounds, have a right to object to. In speaking of Mother Demdike you say she is "unquestionably the best of her breed in the country." Now, after this broad assertion, you go on and give her faults. With the faults you mention, she is very far from being the best greyhound in this country. You may not be aware that California and Colorado have thousands of these noble dogs. The town of Denver contains more greyhounds in three wards than all the States east of the Mississippi River. Many Englishmen come to Colorado and bring numbers of the very best bred dogs in England with them to use in catching the jack rabbit, antelope, coyote, wolves and swifts on our prairie. We also have dogs brought from Australia. San Francisco has five prominent coursing clubs, several of them wealthy; and these often send to England and import fresh blood into their kennels. It is also a well-known fact that a dog bred or run in the altitude of Colorado develops more lung surface, and hence a larger chest than those from the sea level. I have no doubt that this State has between two and three thousand pure bred greyhounds in it.

The report of the FOREST AND STREAM on the last Chicago show stated that my dog Twilight was "good all over." Now if she is good all over (and I claim that she is), how can Mother Demdike be the best of the breed in this country, and still be full of faults? Twilight's eye is good and dark, her neck is long, well-shaped and clean; her ear is small and fine, rightly put on; her chest, forearm and feet are perfect; her back is not flat, but arched just enough; her shoulders and hocks have just the proper slope; her gait is perfection, and she is very fast after the jack rabbit on our prairies, and game enough to run through cactus without flinching. When I speak of the arch in her back, sloping shoulders and hocks, I have reference to that peculiar formation well known to all breeders of racing animals, called "speed lines" or racing formation. In my experience of ten years as a breeder and courser of greyhounds and deerhounds I have never yet seen a dog that was fast, and could stay the course or race out that did not have "speed lines" well developed. The good greyhound must also have that "do-or-die" appearance that you find in the game cock and the race horse. I sincerely hope that Messrs. Smith and Huntington will bring their greyhounds to Chicago next spring. By so doing I think they will find better competition than in the extreme East. There is another point in the make-up of all speed hounds which I have seen many judges overlook in their examinations in the ring—these dogs should stand up perfectly straight from the toe in the foreleg. Many American and English dogs hang backward at the ankle joint, which I consider a very serious defect.

DENVER, COLO.

DR. VAN HUMMELL.

THE MASTIFF PUPPIES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In Mr. Elliot Smith's letter which appeared in your issue of the 13th inst., he states that Mr. Stevenson's entries "were properly made in dog and bitch puppy classes, but through clerical error improperly entered in the catalogue." This is intended as a general reply to three distinct questions, each of which called for a separate answer. It is not a direct reply to any of them.

The statement is that the entries were "properly made," which expression may be construed in several ways according to the varied opinions of different persons as to what constitutes a proper entry, e. g., one man argues that the entries would have been properly made if the exhibitor paid five dollars and entered his litter in Class 5 with the intention of dividing it between Classes 5 and 6 when the time for judging should arrive. My idea is different, viz., that if a litter of pups is entered as such, it should only be allowed to compete against other litters; but if on the other hand it is intended that the pups should compete separately as against each other and against outside pups, each one should be separately entered in the manner provided by Rule 21 and a fee of \$3 paid for each and every pup so entered. May I now ask Mr. Smith for categorical answers to the following questions:

First—Was each of Mr. Stevenson's puppies separately entered in the manner prescribed by Rule 21?

Second—How many separate entries did Mr. Stevenson make, and what names or designations were used to distinguish the pups?

Third—Did Mr. Stevenson pay a fee of \$3 for each and every pup entered by him?

Fourth—Were the entries made and fees paid on or before Oct. 6 last?

Fifth—Was it Mr. Stevenson, or who was it, who made the "clerical error" alluded to by Mr. Smith?

I can quite understand how one entry might appear twice in a catalogue, but fail to see how four entries—two in one class and two in another—could, through any mere clerical error in the manager's office, be converted into one, especially with Mr. Charles Lincoln acting as superintendent.

Why was the matter not fully explained in the reply to my

protest, instead of giving an evasive answer? There is an air of mystery about the whole transaction from first to last. When Class 6 was called the exhibitors were kept waiting for about half an hour, the judge in the interim being sometimes in the ring and sometimes out of it. So unaccountable was the delay that a bystander called out to know the cause, and Mr. Stevenson replied that there was some mistake about the entry of his puppies, and added "they had gone to fix it," or something to that effect. The answer struck me as peculiar, for whether rightly or wrongly, I thought it referred to the judge and the gentleman who was assisting him. If so, I do not see why the judge should have been required to assist in correcting a "clerical error" which was certainly not made by him. The statement, however, and the fact of his being absent from the ring, supplied a foundation for unpleasant surmises as to the "fixing" of the matter then *sub judice*. On Mr. Mortimer's return we found that the entry had been fixed to some purpose, the process of multiplying by four having apparently been successfully accomplished.

I hope Mr. Smith will furnish a sufficiently explicit statement of facts to remove this matter from the region of doubt, for certainly the "fixing" of the entry, the judge's absence from the ring, the evasive answer to the protest, Mr. Smith's vague reply to my questions, and the peculiarity of the award of first and second prizes to pups that were small in stature, heavy in ears and domed in skull, have not done much to establish a feeling of confidence in the management.

J. A. S. GREGG.

P. S.—Since writing the foregoing, my attention has been called to Mr. Stevenson's letter in your issue of this day. His admission that his pup's head was unsnaphy at the time of the show goes to support the theory that even on the merits—apart from the question as to the legitimacy of its entry—the pup was not entitled to the prize awarded to it. I always supposed a prize was awarded to a dog in respect of existing qualifications, and not on the strength of a surmise as to what he might or might not be at some future time. J. A. S. G. FORDHAM, Nov. 20, 1884.

ROBINS ISLAND TRIALS.

THE time announced for the running of the Third Annual Trials of this club, was November 21 and 22. In accordance with the selected day, a jolly party of club members left Brooklyn for the island Wednesday evening. Among these were Messrs. Harry Polhemus, Dr. S. Fleet Speir and Geo. W. Wingate. Thursday brought a still larger representation, all enthusiastic and eager for a contest big with the fate of dogs and men. Among these were Messrs. N. D. Putnam, A. T. Plummer, Chauncey Marshall, L. Waterbury, W. B. Dickerman and C. Smith.

A little contretemps occurred to the first mentioned party, which at first promising unpleasant results, only tended at the end to give an exciting and changeful episode to what is usually a long and uneventful ride. The gentlemen spoken of met at the Flatbush avenue depot of the L. I. R. R. Nothing marred the start. Everything was correct. Engine, cars, dogs, guns and men. Arriving at Jamaica the polite conductor sang out, "Everybody change cars." With that docility of disposition which characterizes Americans, everybody got out. Hardly had the cars been emptied when a train came in on the main track. With no sign of placard or servant to the contrary, everybody naturally took the eastward bound train. Comfortably seated in the parlor car, and with many a jest at sportsmen and about sporting events time was rapidly passing, when the quick, sharp appeal of the conductor, "Tickets, please," broke up the conversation, and as well broke up the party. We were whirling on at the rate of thirty miles an hour on the South Side road and diverging from our destination at the same speed. Volumes are spoken. Energetic words, expressed in good, sound, emphatic Saxon, smote the ear and air. Fire and fury, however, gave place to the most commendable resignation when it was found the party could be left at Quogue, from which a twenty-five mile ride across country would bring it to New Suffolk, where boats were waiting to convey all to Robins Island.

Quogue was reached in the pelting of a beastly rain storm. At the station a stage, "hunting luck," was waiting to gobble some belated travelers. It found four. In a few moments the funeral was winding its way through pines, scrub oak and sand to Suffolk county's county seat, Riverhead. A bargain there was soon struck with jolly fat Ben Davis and a wild ride was had over, fortunately, the best of roads to the final destination. It was a weird journey, wet and grim, but soon over, for the whole quarter hundred of miles was done in two and three-quarter hours riding, including time of changing teams and baggage. Another member, solitary and alone, was found at New Suffolk awaiting with as much composure as was admissible, the arrival of the larger party. A good patient wait, too, five hours of it.

Thursday broke clear and warm, an expiring effort of Indian summer. This day was passed in exploring the island, now famous as the quail-shooter's paradise. A thorough inspection of the island revealed the fact that more birds exist to the square acre than on any other portion of this continent. Bevy after bevy was flushed, a little shooting was indulged in, and the promise of a most successful running of the trials was the topic of the day. After dinner and a following siesta, an informal meeting was called for eight o'clock, to be held in the huge sitting-room. Promptly it was called to order by Dr. S. Fleet Speir, the secretary, A. T. Plummer taking the chair. The prizes were arranged as follows:

All-aged Stakes, a massive solid silver tankard as first prize; a heavily silver mounted dog whip for second, with solid silver whistle for third. The entrance fee being quite large, it assured a handsome souvenir of the occasion for each winner.

In the Derby, which did not fill up as was expected, the prize selected was a solid silver dog collar.

The Brace Stake award was to be selected by the winner, as the whole amount of entrance was to be put in a single prize. Secretary Plummer then announced he was ready to receive entries, which were received as follows:

ALL-AGED STAKES.

BERKELEY II.—Setter (Chief—Gussie), N. D. Putnam. BLADE OF GRASS.—Setter (St. Elmo IV.—Countess Louise), L. H. Bullard.

BRIGHTON.—Setter (Gypsum—Wrag), L. B. Duryea. DOCTOR.—Setter (Sid—Fan), W. H. Force.

MOKE.—Setter (St. Elmo—Prairie Rose), A. T. Plummer. PRIDE OF ROBINS ISLAND.—Setter (grandson of Pride of the Border), C. Marshall.

PRINCE HAL.—Setter (St. Elmo—Maida), I. B. McCue. ST. ELMO V.—Setter (St. Elmo IV.—Countess Louise), S. Fleet Speir.

ST. IVES.—Setter (St. Elmo—Maida), L. Waterbury. GENERAL ARTHUR.—Setter (Emperor Fred—Wanda), S. Fleet Speir.

RUBY.—Pointer (pedigree not given), H. Polhemus. ION.—Pointer (Carney's Van—Meredith's bitch), W. B. Dickerman.

DERBY STAKES.

FORCE.—Pointer, L. Waterbury. DAVE.—Setter (pedigree not given), H. Polhemus. DAN T.—Setter, S. Fleet Speir.

BRACE STAKES.

DAVE AND RUBY.—Entered by H. Polhemus. ST. IVES AND DOCTOR.—Entered by L. Waterbury. GENERAL ARTHUR AND ST. ELMO V.—Entered by S. Fleet Speir.

BERKELEY II. AND PRIDE OF ROBINS ISLAND.—Entered by Chauncey Marshall.

ROMEO AND DON.—Entered by W. B. Dickerman.

The judges acting for the trials were Messrs. Gen. George Wingate, Jacob Pentz and S. F. Lewis. The preliminaries having thus been all settled, the balance of the evening till bed time was called, was as enjoyable as only a gathering of sportsmen can make such events. Pillows had seemed hardly dented when a gong aroused all to the duties of the coming day. A 7 o'clock breakfast found no laggards either in time or appetite, so that in half an hour, the trials of 1884 were "under way." No lovelier November morning was ever seen. A heavy white frost lay bright upon twig and blade, which quickly dissolved under the warm breath of a southwest wind and a shining sun. The Derby was first run and the first brace called was

DAVE AND DAN T.

were cast off to west of club house and ranging westward to the shore failed to strike birds. A turn was made to southward where, in the sedge which marks the dividing line between tide and land, Dan T. made a capital point. The bird flushed wild, starting as he whirled a large bevy which all made over the hill and for the cover of the well-known brier thicket at its foot. Rising the hill Dave false pointed stiffly, walked on, located again, roaded forward a yard or so, gave up scent and quartered away once more. Dan T. backed beautifully. Dan T. shortly after located another bird, when Dave, not taking kindly to his new owner, had almost withdrawn from the heat, so engaged was he in looking for a face he knew. After consultation the judges, under the rules, gave the heat to Dan T., as Dave hadn't the slightest chance to win. The next heat was between Force and Romeo. According to the rules of the club, there were no byes, the odd dog having to run against an outside dog, leaving no heat to be won by what a sailor would call "a fluke." At 8:50

ROMEO AND FORCE

were cast off in the open to compare style and speed and then worked into the oak woods at west side of kennels. Here Romeo soon found and located. Force, called up to back, failed to do so, failed also to "nose" the birds, which were then flushed to order. Mr. Waterbury withdrew Force, who, by the way, is scant seven months old, leaving the winner of the Derby of 1884, Dr. S. Fleet Speir's Dan T., a handsomely marked black, white and tan, with a lovely head and most intelligent face.

At 9:10 the first brace of the All-Aged Stakes was called and cast off in woods where the last brace was taken up. These were

RUBY AND BLADE OF GRASS.

Working eastwardly through woods to kennel lot, and across roadway to buckwheat stubble. Here Ruby did some first-rate roading, almost an eighth of a mile till coming to a patch of wire grass, the birds flushed away ahead of her. Blade, speedy as a ghost, of excessive action and capital style, was yet under no control and showed like a puppy, and had evidently not been handled for some time. It took but few moments to convince the judges of her incapacity to earn a place and the dogs were ordered up at 9:40. The next brace were close at hand and turned off promptly at 9:45. These,

GENERAL ARTHUR AND BRIGHTON,

worked eastward through scrub oak thicket to eastern shore, then through brier patches so well known to all who have visited the island to the little patch of good-sized oaks on North beach. Here birds were found, Arthur getting in some capital work and creeping away ahead of Brighton in scoring points of merit. A turn was made southward, and at upper end of buckwheat patch, adjoining woodland, the scent was struck, roaded into woods, located by both dogs, Arthur getting there first. Birds flushed, two killed, and a nice retrieve made by both dogs. But little consultation was had among the judges before the next brace was ordered up.

BERKELEY II. AND PRINCE HAL.

Turned off at 10:15, hunted southeastwardly and to the right of cart path that separates the island into east and west divisions. Berkeley was away off, and was evidently suffering from the effects of cold and fever. His eyes were running; coat was staring and gait contracted. Prince Hal was scoring a record quickly under such conditions, made a succession of points; was fairly backed and backed but fairly himself. Berkeley II. flushed a couple of birds, one soon after the other; and so the brace was ordered up at 10:45; and the next brace,

PRIDE OF ROBINS ISLAND AND DON,

called for and turned off at 10:50. Hunting eastwardly to open patch of some forty acres, a wide ravine surrounded by oak-covered hills and the open covered with a dense growth of wire grass and a patch of wheat stubble. Don was a goer of capital style, but under no command. A high-tempered dog, he took his well-merited whipping with outward sign of resentment, and once loosened, was soon away bent upon earning another installment of correction. On the west of the ravine he flushed quite a bevy of birds by perfect recklessness, and followed that by another flush of a single. Pride was hunted, till finding birds, pointed them staunchly, retrieved nicely when ordered, and both dogs taken up at 11:30. The next brace,

ST. ELMO V. AND ST. IVES,

were promptly turned off. Hunted through scrub thicket northwardly, it seemed impossible to find birds. A tedious hunt followed, until the most northerly wood land was reached. Here a bevy of birds flushed wild. Flying westwardly, they were marked down. Following them up, both dogs did some good work, roading, pointing and backing. Pace good, and style also. Ordered up at 12:15, and the next brace turned off immediately.

DOCTOR AND MOKE.

These were turned out in open, to view style, pace and quartering, then worked through scrub in a southeasterly direction without locating birds. The dividing wagon road reached, where Doctor made a bad false point, which was backed well by Moke. Moving on eastwardly, a long walk was had till Moke located scent, roaded up and made a good point. Dogs ordered up at 12:50; and so ended the running for the third annual All-Aged Stakes of the Robins Island Club.

SUMMARY—ALL-AGED STAKES.

NAME OF DOG.	Pointing.	Pace.	Backing.	Style.	Staunchness.	Ranging.	Quartering.	Obedience and disposition.	Retrieving.	Total merits.	False points, flushing.	Total.
	35	20	7	6	6	6	6	4	10	100	1-7	
Gen. Arthur.....	30	20	7	5	5	5	5	4	9	90	1	59
Pride of R'b's I'd.....	27	17	0	5	5	4	4	4	8	80	2	78
Prince Hal.....	25	15	3	5	5	4	4	3	10	74	2	72
St. Elmo V.....	25	15	4	4	5	4	4	4	8	73	4	69
St. Ives.....	25	15	5	4	5	4	4	4	7	73	4	69
Moke.....	23	20	4	4	5	5	5	0	0	65	0	65
Brighton.....	20	15	4	3	4	4	4	4	5	64	0	64
Doctor.....	20	15	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	67	0	64
Ruby.....	20	15	3	3	4	4	4	4	0	59	0	59
Berkeley II.....	17	15	5	4	3	4	4	3	0	64	5	59
Don.....	20	20	0	4	5	5	5	1	0	59	2	57
Blade of Grass.....	0	20	0	4	5	5	5	0	0	53	0	53

*No opportunity. Not necessary, as no chance to win.

DERBY STAKES.

NAME OF DOG.	Pointing.	Pace.	Backing.	Style.	Staunchness.	Ranging.	Quartering.	Obedience and disposition.	Retrieving.	Total merits.	False points, flushing.	Total.
Dan T.....	20	15	0	3	4	5	5	4	0	56	0	56
Dave.....	0	20	0	3	0	6	5	0	0	34	0	34
Force.....	No record given.											

An adjournment was had for lunch, the rest being much needed and thoroughly enjoyed when the club house was

reached. After luncheon but few moments were allowed for the repose of weary limbs, for the judges ordered up the first pair contesting for the prize of the Brace Stakes at 2:30.

ST. ELMO V. AND GENERAL ARTHUR.

Cast off on west side, the open fields were gone over, then the thick brier cover with little success. A turn was made eastwardly through woods, then back again northward where birds were found, but extremely wild. Good work was done by both dogs. That on a crippled bird by "Cing" backed elegantly by General Arthur, being especially commendable. Dogs taken up at 3:40.

PRIDE OF ROBINS ISLAND AND BERKELEY II.

were immediately cast off and worked in a southerly direction. A few birds were found in the salt sedge just below the bluff on the south side, and lying between the outlet of Black Duck Pond and the bay. A single bird was pointed superbly by Pride, backed up well by Berkeley. Bird put up, shot at, and retrieved by Pride. A bevy soon located and flushed, both dogs doing well, with Berkeley away better than earlier in the day. The flushed bevy marked down and followed, and some capital work was had on the scattered birds. Dogs taken up at 4:10. At 4:15 the next brace was cast off.

RUBY AND DAVE.

Hunting along the west side northerly, birds were soon found. Dave having the most speed pointed first, backed gallantly by the bitch. The birds rose wild, were shot at and missed. A single one marked down and followed. Ruby pointed, Dave roaded past her, getting scent himself. Quail flushed, shot at and killed. Ruby ordered "to fetch," made a mess of both bird and retrieving. Ordered up immediately.

DOCTOR AND ST. IVES.

Still on West Bluff hunting northwardly and through the worst cover for dogs and men on the whole island. Thick bayberry bushes, high blackberry canes with running vines and "bitter sweet" matting all together. Dogs cast off at 4:40 with evening shadows coming on apace. Hunting toward the edge of bluff, it was scant ten minutes before dogs were missed, first one then the other, and no amount of calling whether by whistle or voice brought them. Fifteen minutes grace was allowed when they not turning up, the next and last brace,

DON AND ROMEO.

were cast off at 4:45. The quality of each was well known, so that little was there to observe, save their running as a brace. This was more than fair, Don of the two being the faster. At the buckwheat stubble lying between the clay pits and the big thicket, Don nosed the scent. Roading quickly, he soon got on his birds, backed in the best style by old Romeo. Bird was flushed and dog ordered on. He soon got another point and was again most handsomely backed by the older dog. It was now so dark the dogs were ordered up and running finished.

SUMMARY—BRACE STAKES.

NAME OF DOG.	Pointing.	Pace.	Backing.	Style.	Staunchness.	Ranging.	Quartering.	Obedience and disposition.	Retrieving.	Total merits.	False points, flushing.	Total.
	35	20	7	6	6	6	6	4	10	100	1-7	
Gen. Arthur.....	25	18	6	5	5	5	5	4	8	81	2	79
St. Elmo V.....	20	15	5	4	4	4	4	4	7	67	0	67
Pride of R'b's I'd.....	20	15	5	4	4	4	4	4	7	67	0	67
Berkeley II.....	23	17	6	4	5	4	4	3	0	66	0	66
Romeo.....	23	17	6	4	5	4	4	3	0	66	0	66
Don.....	25	14	5	4	5	3	3	3	0	62	0	62
Ruby.....	25	14	5	4	5	3	3	3	0	62	0	62
Dave.....	No record.											
Doctor.....	No record.											
St. Ives.....	No record.											

*No opportunity.

Thus ended the Robins Island Trials of 1884. An unqualified success in everything. The only marred occurrence was the unfortunate getting away from command of Doctor and St. Ives. One of those annoying events for which there is no compensation. A chance lost which cannot be afterward recompensed. The owner had the hearty sympathy of all judges, members and spectators. As they are a good brace when working together, there is but little doubt that they would have worked well to the front before the finish.

THE EASTERN FIELD TRIALS.

THE sixth annual meeting of the Eastern Field Trials Club commenced at High Point, N. C., on Thursday, the 18th, with the Members' Stake, which was run before the advertised time of the regular meeting in order to expedite matters. We gave last week a full account of the running. On Monday, the 18th, the All-Aged Pointer Stake was commenced, with sixteen starters out of the twenty nominations. The Members' Stake had been run on the grounds preserved by the club, and birds were not found nearly so plenty as last year, except in a few localities. We cannot account for their scarcity, unless they were shot or trapped last winter, as birds are very abundant all around High Point, and capital shooting could be found in every direction. Good ground, that was well stocked with birds, was found five or six miles east of the town, and the owners kindly consenting that the club should use the grounds, the trials were commenced there. We found birds reasonably plenty, and the country much more favorable for running the trials than that formerly used.

Owing to the extremely hot and dry weather the running in the pointer stake was not equal to that of last year. After the finish of the pointer stake we were favored with a day's rain, and the work was of a better character. The judging all through was the most satisfactory that we have ever seen, and with one or two exceptions we heard none of the usual grumbling.

On the evening of the 17th Mr. W. T. Mitchell handed to the secretary of the club the following protest: "I hereby protest the entry of Bridgeport, as he was hunted south of the R. and D. Railroad, in violation of the club rules."

"(Signed) W. T. MITCHELL." The committee immediately convened and called upon Mr. Mitchell for his proofs. Being first interrogated as to whom he represented in offering the protest, he said that he did so in behalf of Messrs. J. C. Higgins, Chas. Heath and Chas. J. Osborne. Mr. Heath being present was asked as to whether he authorized the action of the trainer, and said he did. Testimony pro and con was then taken, and the committee unanimously agreed that Mr. Mitchell was mistaken in his charge and refused to entertain the protest.

ALL-AGED POINTER STAKES.

JIM AND TAMMANY.

This was the first brace in the Pointer Stake. Jim, owned by Mr. James P. Swain, and handled by Mr. Alonzo Kolb, of Yonkers, N. Y., is a medium-sized lemon and white dog, said to be a good fielder, but like many others, he did not know what to make of the crowd, and did not show up to advantage. He moves well, and occasionally went for a short distance at a fair rate of speed. Tammany is a nice up-headed dog, a little above the medium size. He has plenty of bone, and shows lots of quality. He is a little light behind, but may fill out when mature. He is owned by Mr. F. R. Hitchcock, and was handled by Mr. John White, of Bridgeport, Conn. He had but a trifle the best of Jim in speed, but was much more stylish. They were cast off in a large stubble field at 8:50

and worked through to the lower side, and then we turned up a hill, when one of the spectators walked into a bevy, and part of them rose and settled in a thicket. Both dogs challenged and roaded where the birds had been, and Jim flushed a brace that he should have pointed. Working out the thicket, Tammany half pointed, and Jim came up in front of him and put up the bird. After a turn through the thicket, Tammany made a beautiful point, and Jim was brought up to back; but he went on and stole the point instead, and then jumped in and put up the bird and broke shot when White fired, but at once dropped to order. They were then ordered up, and the heat was awarded to Tammany at 9:22. Down thirty-two minutes. This was a very unsatisfactory heat.

DRAKE AND LALLA ROOKH.

Both of these dogs ran last year. Drake has greatly improved in form, and went at a better rate of speed. He was drawn fine and we thought him a bit stale from overwork. He went well, however, and ran a good race. He was handled by Mr. Philip Thurtle. Lalla Rookh was looking well, and went at a clipping gait, ranging wide and well; but she was all off in nose and could not locate her birds nearly so well as Drake, whose nose appeared to be first-class. She was handled by Mr. Luke White. They were put down in the stubble and worked down to a branch, where Rookh, after a wide cast, swung back and challenged, and commenced working up the trail of a bevy. Drake caught the scent on the right, and roading too close flushed a bird, and the bevy then got up. He partly dropped to wing, and Rookh backed him nicely. We then followed the birds into some woods, where one flushed behind Rookh, and as she dropped to wing she caught scent of another and pointed. The bird flushed itself as we stood looking at her, and White missed it. Drake then half pointed, but moved on a step and one got up near her. Drake then made a point, and Rookh backed him very gracefully. He soon moved on, and then both challenged where some birds had been flushed from. Turning back, Drake made a nice point to a running bird, and Rookh backed him in good style. He then roaded very nicely and located his bird, which Thurtle flushed to order and killed, and Drake retrieved well. Meantime Rookh scored a flush. We then beat out a patch of sedge, where Drake got in a beautiful point, which Rookh at once honored. The bird flushed as the handlers came up, and Thurtle stopped it very neatly. One then got up near Rookh, and White cut loose and scored a miss. Rookh was then sent to retrieve the bird shot by Thurtle, but it had run away and was not found, although both dogs tried for it. Then at the edge of the woods Drake pointed and Rookh backed him. He then drew on and again pointed, but no bird was found. We then took quite a turn up to the head of a ravine, when a large bevy flushed wild ahead of us and settled in the ravine below us. The dogs were taken around to get the wind, and then worked toward them; but before they were found White walked them up, and they went into a pine thicket, where Drake made a point with his tail straight down, and Rookh backed him with her tail in the air. Thurtle flushed the bird to order, but did not shoot. They were then ordered up and the heat was awarded to Drake. Down fifty-two minutes. This was a good heat, Drake doing some excellent work.

LUCIA AND JOY.

These dogs ran a heat that was only remarkable for the inferior quality of the work performed. Lucia was handled by Mr. E. H. Haight, but he did not succeed in getting any better work out of her than she did in the Members' Stake, although she ranged wider. She has the reputation of doing good work but appeared to be all off in nose. Joy, handled by her owner, also is said to be a very fine performer, but the crowd was too much for her, and she did not let out. Lucia cut out all the work and flushed right and left. They were finally ordered up to go down again if, in the opinion of the judges, they stood a chance to win a place. Down one hour and two minutes.

BANG BANG AND SCOUT.

These dogs ran together last year when Bang Bang won after a close heat. He was handled by Mr. Luke White, and came out in better form than he showed last year. He has improved in speed and dash, and ran a good race. Scout has also greatly improved, and clearly had the best of his competitor except in style. He was handled by Mr. Haight. They were cast off in some sedge, both moving well, Bang Bang in an easy graceful way that is very taking; and Scout with a long, low stride, that took him over a lot of ground. Working into a thicket, Bang made a stylish point, and White went in to flush; but the bird had run, and Bang moved on, and as White followed he flushed and killed a bird which may have been the one that Bang had pointed, although it was a little to one side of the place. Bang retrieved it nicely. We then took quite a turn without result except that both dogs challenged and pointed two or three times, but soon went on. We then swung round to a likely-looking thicket, where Bang got in a capital point to a bevy, which White flushed to order and missed. Bang was a trifle unsteady, but at once dropped to order. Bang then pointed in some thick briars, but was not seen until White walked up the birds. Of course he got no credit for this, as the judges could not see him. We then went into some pines after a brace of birds, but White walked them up. Working up a run, Scout made a point, and the bird flushed behind him as his handler came up; he then went on and again pointed, just as he was steadied by Haight, who flushed and killed the bird, Scout retrieving it nicely. A little further on Scout struck scent and pointed. Bang intended to back him, but just as he straightened he caught scent and pointed instead. The birds were in some wicked looking briars, and as both dogs drew in they passed along the edge by the birds, but swung round and went into the briars, both pointing at nearly the same instant, with Scout a half length in front. Bang took a step and then Scout did the same, and as the handlers also moved, the bird got up and Scout was a trifle unsteady, but at once dropped to order. We then turned back and Scout made a point, but no bird was found. He then went on and struck the scent, but roaded too close and scored a flush and took a jump or two, but stopped to order. Then in the thicket Bang pointed, and two birds flushed as handlers and judges came up. Both dogs and their handlers then went into the thicket and shot by the dogs, but we could not see whether they were flushed by the dogs or handlers; both dogs were standing still when the judges came up. Scout then got in a good point, which Bang backed in a stylish manner, Haight flushing the bird to order. They were then ordered up and the heat was awarded to Scout at 12:56. Down one hour and twenty-three minutes. We then went to lunch.

RUE AND LUCK'S BABY

were the next brace, Rue being handled by T. M. Aldrich and Luck's Baby by R. T. Vandeventer. They were cast off in a sedge field at 1:45. Luck's Baby is a liver and white pointer, and this is her first experience in field trial work. She went off at a good pace and outsped Rue, but she lacks experience and did nothing in the heat. They were worked down a drain in some stubble, which was drawn blank. We then swung around the hill, when Rue pointed a bevy in some pines. The birds were flushed to order and Aldrich killed one, which was promptly retrieved by Rue. We then went on over the hill, where Baby pointed false. Moving on, both dogs challenged, but moved on. We then swung round the hill and Rue pointed a single bird. Going on down the branch Baby pointed and was backed by Rue, but discovering her error she moved on. Soon after Rue pointed in some thick bushes. We then swung round the hill to where some birds had been marked down, where Rue in a short time scored three flushes. We went on through the woods, where a large bevy was flushed by the spectators. The dogs were sent in

the brush, but failed to get a point, and were ordered up and the heat was awarded to Rue at 3. Down one hour and fifteen minutes.

JILT AND MAINSPRING

were the next brace. Mainspring, handled by Capt. McMurdo, and Jilt, handled by Philip Thurtle. They were cast off in a sedge field at 3:03. Both dogs went off well. Mainspring, a recent importation, is a liver and white dog of fine style and speed, and cut out his work well. Jilt, who ran in the Derby last year, is a good bitch. This heat was the best of the series so far, and was watched with a great deal of interest by every one present, both dogs did fine work and were handled well. They were worked up the hill when Mainspring pointed and was nicely backed by Jilt. The birds flushed wild, and one was killed by Thurtle and retrieved by Jilt. Moving on Mainspring scored a false point. Jilt then pointed a single bird in a bunch of plum bushes, and was nicely backed by Mainspring. The bird was flushed to order. Soon after both dogs pointed, the bird was flushed to order and killed by Thurtle and very handsomely retrieved by Mainspring. We then moved on to the edge of the woods, where Mainspring made a splendid point on a single bird in the brush. Next Jilt pointed a single bird, and was backed nicely by Mainspring. Thurtle to order put up a brace. We then moved out into the open field where Mainspring scored a false point. We now went down to a branch and across a hill of sedge and pines, when a large bevy was flushed by the handlers, and marked down in an adjoining field. We had crossed over the fence into the field when Mainspring challenged but moved on. Both dogs then pointed a bird each, the birds were flushed to order, and one killed by Capt. McMurdo. Moving on Jilt flushed a single bird and broke in, but stopped to order. After some roading and challenging by both dogs, they were ordered up, and the heat was awarded to Mainspring, at 4:10. Down one hour and ten minutes.

VISION AND ICICLE

were the next brace. Vision was handled by John White and Icicle by R. T. Vandevort. They were cast off in the pines at 4:12. Vision ran in the Derby of 1883, and has been heretofore described. Icicle is a large lemon and white pointer of good style and speed, and appeared in public for the first time. They were worked around through the pines, when both dogs flushed a few scattered birds, the rest of the pines being drawn blank. They were then worked over into a piece of woods, when Icicle made a grand point on a single bird in the leaves, and was backed by Vision. Passing over the hill into a field of rag weed, Vision pointed and a large bevy was flushed. Moving on, Vision pointed and was indifferently backed by Icicle. The bird was flushed and shot at and missed by White with both barrels. Moving on, Icicle pointed where the birds had just been put up. Both dogs then pointed a single bird each. The birds were flushed and one killed by Vandevort, and handsomely retrieved by Icicle, who brought the bird in, holding it by the head. Moving on, Icicle pointed a single bird. We then worked into a piece of pines, where Vision pointed in nice style. The bird was flushed and killed by White and retrieved by Vision, it being a winged bird and was still alive when delivered to the judge. They were then ordered up and the heat awarded to Vision at 4:50. Down thirty-eight minutes.

LADY ROMP II. AND DONALD II.

This was the last brace in the first series. Donald was handled by Wm. Tallman, and Lady Romp by E. S. Wannaker. They were cast off at 4:52. Lady Romp ran in 1883. Donald II. is a liver and white ticked dog of fine size and style. He made his appearance now for the first time, and will, when properly broken, make a fine fielder. It being very late a large tract of ground was drawn blank, when Donald caught the scent of a running bevy, and pointed, and was backed by Lady Romp. Ordered on they roaded up the hill, when the birds were flushed by the handler and marked down near by. A bird was killed by Wannaker and retrieved by Lady Romp. Moving on up the hill, Lady Romp pointed, and Donald coming up, took the point also, and the bird was flushed by Tallman and killed, and retrieved by Donald. Donald now flushed a single bird, then Lady Romp flushed. Both dogs soon challenged, but moved on. Donald then pointed a single bird which flushed at the moment he took the point. Next Lady Romp pointed a single bird, and Donald being brought up, refused to back, and going in flushed the bird. Soon afterward Donald pointed beautifully and was backed by Lady Romp. They were then ordered up and the heat was awarded to Lady Romp at 5:35. Down thirty minutes. This was the last heat of the first series, and also the last for the day. Birds were plenty, and notwithstanding the dry condition of the ground good progress was made, although the quality of the work was not nearly so good as we should probably have seen under better weather conditions. Following is the summary:

First Series.

Tammany beat Jim.
Drake beat Lalla Rookh.
Lucia and Joy ordered up.
Scout beat Bang Bang.
Rue beat Luck's Baby.
Mainspring beat Jilt.
Vision beat Icicle.
Lady Romp II. beat Donald II.

Second Series.

TAMMANY AND DRAKE

were the first brace of the second series. On Tuesday morning we left town about 8 o'clock and drove to the grounds that we had worked the previous day. The sky was partly overcast with hazy clouds and a heavy dew had fallen, making better weather conditions than we had yet been favored with. The dogs were cast off in a large stubble field, and worked to where we found birds the day before. Coming to the top of the hill, Drake made a cast along the fence and was followed by Tammany. Both went past a bevy, which was flushed by White, who walked into them. Following them down a gully, both dogs got in a nice point on separate birds, some thirty yards apart. Each handler flushed his bird to order, Thurtle missing, and White also missing his chance to shoot. The rest of the bevy flushed at the report of the gun, and the dogs were sent on. Tammany took the lead, and made a capital point, which Drake backed nicely. White, to order, put up a large bevy and made a double. One of them was retrieved by Tammany fairly well. Drake then half pointed but went on, and soon after dropped on point in some sedge, but nothing was found and he scored a false point. We then went on, Tammany going much better than in his first heat, he carried his head high, and went at a fair rate of speed. We now worked through some pines without result, except that two or three of the birds were walked up by the handlers and spectators. Beating up a run to the upper end, Drake pointed and commenced roading, Tammany came round behind him, and sniffing the trail, threw up his head and made a short cast down wind, and then turning back he made a beautiful point with his head as high as he could get it. Some thought that he was backing Drake who was carefully roading the back trail, but we were watching him very closely, and gave him credit for a very good piece of work. White, who had claimed a point the instant that his dog stopped, walked in and put up a large bevy to order. Drake meantime roaded out the back trail and left it. We then went into some pines where one flushed close by both dogs and they dropped to wing. Drake then made a nice point to a bird that flushed wild, but the judges did not see this. A little further on he pinned another, and was handsomely backed by Tammany. The bird flushed as

the judges came up, and Thurtle missed it. The judges then flushed once or twice and two got up suspiciously near Tammany, although he did not have the wind. We then turned back and beat out some likely looking places without result until one of the judges put up a bird from a scattered bevy that some one had flushed. The dogs were brought round and another one got up near Tammany and a minute later he flushed, but as he did not have the wind and the birds were lying close, we did not think him much to blame. Drake then flushed the first bird that had been marked down, but the ground was bare and we thought him excusable. After considerable more ground was gone over, Drake half pointed and drew on a short distance and then commenced roading. Tammany came round and made a cast, but instead of repeating his former good performance, he went right into the middle of the bevy and sent them flying in all directions. They were then ordered up and the heat was awarded to Drake at 10:30. Down one hour and forty-five minutes.

SCOUT AND RUE.

This brace were at once cast off in some stubble. Scout started at a rattling gait and was all over the field, taking wide gulleys and ditches like a steeple-chaser. Rue, although still quite stiff, ran a game race through briars and thickets, but she was in no condition to compete with a flyer like Scout. After a spin in the open they were worked into the woods, where the last bevy had been marked down. Scout went into a thicket, and a bird got up near him and he dropped to wing, but soon got up and straightened on point, but was ordered on, when two birds got up near both dogs. They were then worked toward a bird that settled a short distance ahead, but Scout got too close and the bird got up just as he pointed. We then took a turn through a narrow strip of woods, and beat out a stubble field without a find. As we turned back into the woods Scout got in a good point and Rue backed him. Haight was ordered to flush, but as there was a team coming along just beyond, he waited until it passed by, Scout remaining staunch. Rue had caught the scent and broke from her back and commenced roading carefully where they had been. After the team had got by, Haight went to his dog to put up the birds, but they had run, and Scout drew on and again located them very nicely. Haight then flushed them and killed one, which Scout retrieved in very good style. This was a capital piece of work. We then crossed the road into the woods, where Rue made a nice point and was backed by Scout. Aldrich flushed the bird to order, and scored a miss. A little further on Scout put up one, but it was down wind. Rue then made a point just a second before the birds got up. We then worked down into a ravine, where Scout challenged to the scent of a running bevy, which he roaded along the fence, jumping over and back several times. Once he stiffened in the air and struck the ground on a point. Rue then joined him and both challenged, and then backed each other. Scout was again sent over the fence into the woods and roaded them out very nicely, but the bevy flushed wild before he could locate them. Following them up Scout made a point, and Rue, who could not see him, ran across in front and made a point to the same birds which Aldrich, to order, flushed and missed. Then turning back, Scout pointed a hare and Rue backed him. We then worked over considerable ground without a find. Finally Mr. Godfrey rode into a bevy, which settled in some woods, and the dogs were turned back to them. Scout was the first to find and scored a nice point, which Rue refused to back, but worked in and dropped on a point just as her handler steadied her. Haight flushed the bird to order but did not shoot. They were then ordered up and the heat was awarded to Scout at 12 o'clock. Down one hour and twenty-eight minutes.

MAINSRING AND VISION.

This brace were at once put down and given a turn in the open and then worked through the patch of woods, but no more birds were found. We then crossed the creek and worked out a thicket where the judges rode into a bevy, which settled along a ditch with steep banks, that were grown up with briars, where Vision made a point, but soon went on. Mainspring then made an elegant point on top of the bank, but after some time, no bird being found, he was ordered on, and a minute or two later a bird was flushed within two feet of where he had pointed; but the bird was behind him, having probably struck on top of the bank and run down. A little further on he put up one in the ditch, and soon after he pointed false and Vision backed him. Vision then made a point, but soon went on. She again pointed in the stubble and was handsomely backed by Mainspring. She soon went on again, and roaded a short distance and lost it. Both dogs were careful and challenged and half-pointed several times, and Mainspring roaded false for some distance. We then worked up along the creek and Mainspring got in a stylish point, which Vision backed nicely. Capt. McMurdo was ordered to flush, but could find no birds in front of his dog and gave it up; but as the dogs went on the handlers flushed a bevy just behind the place, showing that he had the birds, but had worked the trail up wind and the wrong way. While trying to flush these birds a small owl flew out of the thicket, when a well-known sportsman exclaimed, "See that woodcock; it is the largest one I ever saw." It is perhaps unnecessary to say that this caused a smile, and that another was also indulged in when we reached the hotel. We then turned toward lunch, the dogs making several false points while on the way. After lunch they were again cast off at 1:45 in a stubble field to finish the heat. A bevy was very soon flushed by the spectators, and marked down. Following them up, Vision flushed a single bird, and soon after pointed; the bird was flushed to order and shot at and missed by White. We then worked on, when Mainspring pointed a bird under a log, which was flushed to order. We then swung round the hill, where Vision challenged and was backed by Mainspring, but discovered her error, and moved on. She soon afterward flushed a single bird in the rag weeds. We then worked on over the hill into a thicket of sedge grass and bushes, where, after a good deal of nice roading by both dogs, Mainspring pointed a large bevy. They were then ordered up, and the heat was awarded to Mainspring at 2:20. Down altogether one hour and twenty-nine minutes.

This ended the second series, with the following result:

Second Series.

Drake beat Tammany.
Scout beat Rue.
Mainspring beat Vision.
Lady Romp II. a bye.

Third Series.

DRAKE AND SCOUT.

This brace were cast off at 2:23 in the sedge where the last brace were taken up and worked around the hill and across a millpond to the point where the bevy had been marked down. Both dogs roaded around the thicket and Drake pointed nicely. The birds flushed wild, and were marked down in the woods near by, where Drake pointed a single bird and was backed by Scout. Moving on down the ravine, Drake pointed, and discovering his error moved on. We then worked over the fence, where Scout took the trail of a bevy and roaded them to a nice point. They were flushed, and one killed by Haight and retrieved by Scout, who brought it through the water, it having fallen across the creek. We then worked on up into the pines, where Drake pointed a single bird and was backed by Scout, who afterward broke shot, but dropped to order. The bird was flushed and killed by Thurtle. Drake, sent on to retrieve, drew to another point on a single bird, which was killed and retrieved by Drake. Soon afterward both dogs pointed, and the bird was flushed and killed by Thurtle. They

were then ordered up and the heat was awarded to Drake at 3:05. Down forty-two minutes.

MAINSRING AND LADY ROMP.

This brace was cast off in a field of high weeds at 3:08. The field was drawn blank both dogs roading and challenging where birds had been running. We then swung round into a piece of pines, where Mainspring pointed a large bevy. Lady Romp and her handler together working on in front of Mainspring, flushed the bevy. Moving on, Romp pointed a single bird. Mainspring then pointed in the edge of the pines, the bird was flushed to order and killed by Capt. McMurdo, and handsomely retrieved by Mainspring. Passing on around the hill Lady Romp flushed a single bird. After a lot of roading and challenging by both dogs, they were ordered up and the heat was awarded to Mainspring at 3:40. Down thirty-two minutes. Lady Romp was very fat and in no condition to run, moving slowly and without any style. This finished the third series, leaving only Drake and Mainspring in for first money. Following is the summary:

Drake beat Scout.

Mainspring beat Lady Romp II.

Final Tie for First Prize.

DRAKE AND MAINSPRING.

This brace were cast off at 3:45 in the pines, where the last brace were taken up. This being the final contest for first money, it was watched with great interest by a large number of spectators. The dogs moved off well, Mainspring having the legs of Drake, but he was badly handicapped by his continually stopping on false points. A good piece of ground was drawn blank, and we swung round over a cornfield into a large stubble field, where Mainspring pointed a bevy, and the birds were shot at and missed by Thurtle. Soon afterward a large bevy rose wild, and were marked down over the hill. We then worked on up into a sedge field, where the first birds had been seen to settle, but they were flushed by the spectators. We then worked back into the stubble over the hill to a branch, where the birds were supposed to have gone. Moving up the branch, Drake pointed a part of the bevy which were flushed, and being ordered on he pointed the rest of the bevy. Going over the fence Drake again pointed in the brush. We then moved on up the branch, when, after a nice piece of roading in tall swamp grass, Drake again pointed a single bird. They were then ordered up and the heat and first prize awarded to Drake at 4:55. Down one hour and ten minutes.

SCOUT AND MAINSPRING.

The judges selected Scout as the best dog beaten by Drake to run for second prize, and they were called, but the handlers announced that they had agreed to divide and it was so declared. Following is a complete summary:

First Series.

Tammany beat Jim.
Drake beat Lalla Rookh.
Lucia and Joy were ordered up.
Scout beat Bang Bang.
Rue beat Luck's Baby.
Mainspring beat Jilt.
Vision beat Icicle.
Lady Romp II. beat Donald II.

Second Series.

Drake beat Tammany.
Scout beat Rue.
Mainspring beat Vision.
Lady Romp II., a bye.

Third Series.

Drake beat Scout.
Mainspring beat Lady Romp II.

Final Tie for First Prize.

Drake beat Mainspring and won first prize.

Final Tie for Second Prize.

Scout and Mainspring divide second prize. This ended the Pointer Stake.

THE ALL-AGED SETTER STAKE.

We published last week the drawing for the All-Aged Setter Stake. Many of the entries in all of the stakes failed to put in an appearance. This was owing to the want of time in which to prepare them. The weather had been so hot and the ground so dry and hard that but little work could be done and it was the general complaint that the dogs were foot-sore and off in nose. The work done in the Members' and Pointers' Stake was not nearly so satisfactory as it would have been had the weather conditions been favorable. It was a good dog indeed that could point and hold his bird among the dry leaves, and many of the false points and flushes that were scored were unavoidable, as the birds could hear every step for a long distance and with heads up they took an early leave. This, too, tended to make the dogs over-cautious, and in estimating the quality of the work done, all of these untoward circumstances must be taken into consideration. After the rain the work was of a better character, although there were no brilliant performers like those of last year. The meeting financially and socially was the most successful of any yet held, and we have no doubt that next year we shall be called upon to chronicle a still greater success.

JIM AND BELLE OF THE BALL.

This was the first brace to run in the All-Aged Setter Stake. They were put down immediately after the finish of the pointer stake. Jim is a red and white setter and was handled by T. M. Aldrich, and Belle of the Ball, a black, white and tan setter bitch who ran in the Members' Stake, by W. T. Mitchell. Jim appeared for the first time in this trial. They were cast off in a stubble field at 4:30, and both moved off well, Belle of the Ball having more style, in speed they were about equal. Both dogs soon commenced making game, and roaded for some distance, when the judges, thinking the birds had gone, ordered the handlers to work the dogs into the next field. Aldrich then ordered his dog on and a large bevy was flushed, Aldrich and his dogs being in the midst of them. Ordered on Jim pointed in the edge of the brown sedge and then moved on and flushed a bird, which was shot at and missed. Jim soon again scored a flush. Belle of the Ball then pointed a single bird, which was flushed to order and killed by Mitchell and retrieved by Belle of the Ball. Following along the swamp Belle flushed a single bird. Jim then made an indifferent point at a bevy in some rag weed. They were flushed by Aldrich, who killed one which was retrieved by Jim. We then worked over a fence, through an orchard to a small patch of sedge and briars, where the birds had been seen to settle, when Belle of the Ball flushed. She then pointed a single bird which was flushed to order. Very soon Jim scored a flush. They were then ordered up and the heat was awarded to Belle of the Ball. Down twenty-five minutes. This finished the work for the day.

REX AND SMUT II.

It commenced raining Tuesday evening, and the hearts of all were made glad. On Wednesday it rained nearly all day, although at noon there were signs of a let up, and the horses were ordered out, but it soon commenced raining again, and they were sent back to the stable and no work was done on that day. It cleared during the night, and Thursday morning was bright and fair, with a gentle breeze from the northwest, giving promise of a glorious day. Leaving the hotel at 7:40 we went east about three miles to the farm of Mr. Holton, where, after a wait of fifteen minutes for Smut, they were put down on a field of sedge. Rex, a fairly well favored animal of great speed, but entirely unbroken, was handled by R. H. Haight, who had only received him a day or two previ-

ous, and knew almost nothing about him. Smut II., who ran last year, was handled by T. M. Aldrich. She is said to be a capital fielder, but in this heat Rex broke her heart by his conduct and she had no chance at the birds. Rex started off as fast as he could go, and had lots of fun. He did no hunting, but just ran wild, starting a hare, he went for him, but did not increase his speed, for the reason that he was already at his best pace. He ran by the hare, we thought; at all events, he told him, and then he sailed over the lots for whatever might turn up. He ran into a bevy of birds, but did not appear to know what they were, as he did not pay them much attention; but when he got in the woods, where they settled, he went for them with a will, and soon had them all in the air. Haight reported one point, and said that he appeared to have a good nose. Should this prove to be the case, and he receives proper handling, he would make it very interesting for some of the cracks, as he appears to have lots of endurance. Working over a hill toward a bevy that had been flushed and marked down, Rex put up several of them, and finally one rose in front of Smut and her handler, and they were ordered up, to go down again if in the opinion of the judges either had a chance to win. Down fifty-three minutes.

NELLIE II. AND GLADSTONE'S BOY.

Nellie is a good-looking blue belton, with a very nice, level way of going. She is also quite stylish on points. She was handled by Tallman. Gladstone's Boy, handled by Mr. Charles Tucker, of Stanton, Tenn., is a big dog, with lots of speed and style, and will undoubtedly make a clinker if nothing befalls him. They were cast off in a field of sedge at 9:35, and worked down toward a branch. Both dogs went at a good rate of speed. Nellie goes level, and has a way of looking over the likely places that shows that she has hunting sense. Gladstone's Boy also has lots of sense, and, except that he runs a bit heavy, is a capital moving dog. After a turn in the open, they were worked back to where the last brace were taken up. Two or three birds were flushed there, and we thought that Glad should have pointed one that flushed up wind but a short distance from him. We then beat out some likely looking ground without result, until we came to a knoll, where Glad ran into a bevy and flushed them. Following them up, Nellie made a nice point and was handsomely backed by Glad. Tallman, to order, put up the bird, but did not shoot. One then got up near Glad, and a little further on he made a point to a single, which flushed itself a moment later. He held his position, although he was not quite rigid, and Nellie was called up to back, which she did indifferently. They were then sent on, and one got up near Nellie, and a little further on she flushed one and dropped, and several more then got up in front of her. Then in some pines, she got a good point, Glad backing her in good style. Tallman flushed the bird to order, and as we went on, the rest of the bevy got up singly all around us. Each then pointed where birds had flown from. We then went on, both dogs occasionally challenging and pointing. Finally Nellie made a point in a thicket, but soon went on, and the bird got up at the edge below her. A little further on Nellie dropped on point to a bevy, and Glad backed her in good style. One bird flushed as Tallman came up, but Nellie held her point staunchly, and he, to order, put up the rest and missed. This was very good work. Following after them, Glad ran into a fresh bevy and flushed them, and as he went on, a single bird got up near him. Then on top of a hill Glad got in a capital point to a large bevy, Nellie backing him fairly well. Tucker, to order, flushed the birds, and killed one, which Glad retrieved in very good style. He then went back to where the birds had got up and took the trail of a bird that had run away, and roamed it out in capital style. Tucker flushed the bird, and scored another kill, and Nellie retrieved it in good form. This was a very good piece of work for Glad. We then worked down to a branch where each scored a flush. Nellie stopped to wing and at once dropped on point, Glad backing her. Tallman, to order, put up the bird. This was in tall grass and as we moved on one or two more got up. Glad then got in a long point to a part of the bevy, which Tucker, to order, put up. We now crossed the branch into some sedge, where Nellie flushed one, and soon after Glad pointed, and then roamed up the bird. Then at the edge Nellie challenged, but the bird rose before she located it. This ground was hunted too fast, and the dogs had no chance, as the birds had not lain long enough to give out much scent. The judges then compared notes and awarded the heat to Gladstone's Boy at 11:30. Down one hour and fifty-five minutes. This was a very good heat.

DR. DUER AND REBEL WIND'EM.

This brace were at once put down in a sedge field. Dr. Duer ran here last year. He has improved and ran a rattling good heat. He was handled by Captain McMurdo. Rebel Wind'em, handled by Mitchell, has rather an ordinary head, but otherwise he is well formed and has considerable style. He was worked all the morning to get the wire edge off, and in consequence was stale and did not show at his best. He is very fast and his handler thought he would do better if worked down. We conversed with gentlemen who shot over him the next day, and they pronounced him a wonderful performer. Both started off at a clipping gait, Rebel having a little the advantage in speed. Working across a branch, Rebel pointed at the edge of some woods, probably where a bird had flown from. We then beat up the branch to where some birds had been seen. Dr. Duer ran up to a plum thicket and flushed a single bird. He then pointed the rest of the bevy, which were flushed to order. Doc then turned along the thicket a few yards, and found another large bevy which he also pointed. Capt. McMurdo to order put up the birds, but did not shoot. There were lots of birds here. Indeed after the rain we found more birds than we did last year, and we are convinced that our estimate of the birds, which was made before the rain, was erroneous, and that all the birds necessary to run the trials were to be found. Following the last bevy into some pines, Rebel made a nice point, and second later Doc also pointed a single, that flushed as his handler came up. Mitchell to order then flushed the bird in front of Rebel and hit it, but it went on. Doc then scored a flush and Rebel followed suit, and a moment later he put up another one. Doc then made a gamy point to a single, that flushed as we came up. Rebel then pointed, but soon went on and again pointed, but nothing was found. Doc then made a point, and Rebel, a little behind him, also pointed the same bird, which Mitchell flushed and killed, and Rebel retrieved a winged bird very well, flushing one while in search of it. Doc then made a capital point, but went on a few steps and located his bird in grand style. Capt. McMurdo, to order, flushed the bird. Rebel then made a point, and a bird was heard to fly as we came up. The judges consulted and again sent them in. Doc soon made a nice point, and was handsomely backed by Rebel. As the judges came up, lots of birds got up all around us. Doc was steady, but Rebel was inclined to be a little shaky. They were then ordered up, and the heat was awarded to Dr. Duer at 12 o'clock. Down thirty-five minutes. This was a short heat, but birds were plenty and the work was of a high order. Dr. Duer appeared to be at home in the woods, while Rebel evidently was more accustomed to the open fields.

DIANA II. AND BRIDGEPORT

were the next brace. They were cast off in some sedge where Diana moved much better than when running in the Members' Stake. She was handled by Mitchell. Bridgeport, handled by Tallman, is a good-looking dog above the medium size. He moves well, and will with good handling make a good one. After a spin in the open they were taken into the pines, where Bridgeport ran up one, and soon after he made a very stylish point, which Di honored just as her handler steadied her. Tallman to order put up the bird which he missed. Di then nailed one in good style, and Bridgeport backed her nicely. Mitchell

to order flushed and scored a kill, but the bird fell across a ditch, and was not retrieved. Swinging round in the pines, Di scored a flush and Bridgeport soon followed suit, and at once pointed another, which flushed as the judges came up. We then crossed a branch to a knoll, where Bridgeport ran up one and Di soon followed suit and dropped to wing. Bridgeport went toward her, and backed or pointed, we could not tell which, as several more flushed as the handlers came up, and Tallman killed one that Bridgeport retrieved fairly well. After beating out the ground and flushing two or three birds, we crossed a brook after some that had been marked down. Mitchell flushed a bird, which he winged, and it fell just in front of Bridgeport, who broke in and retrieved it. The bird was then thrown and Di retrieved it well. We then went over the hill, but Bridgeport had become unsteady, and went back and ran up a bird near the edge of the woods, and Tallman had some trouble to get him steady. The judges were out of sight when this occurred, and it was not scored against him. Di then pointed one in a fallen treetop, and Bridgeport backed her nicely. Mitchell, to order, flushed the bird. We then recrossed the brook to a thicket, where Di got in another good point, which Bridgeport at once honored. The bird flushed as the judges came up, and they ordered up the dogs, and awarded the heat to Diana II. at 1:03. Down fifty-four minutes. We then went to lunch.

DASHING ROVER AND PAUL GLADSTONE

were the next brace. Both have run in public before. Dashing Rover ran at High Point two years ago and Paul Gladstone at Grand Junction last year. Rover was handled by Mitchell and Paul by Tucker. They were cast off in a stubble field at 1:35, and worked up a ravine. Both were fast and moved well. Paul is a very graceful, easy-moving dog, and quite stylish when on game. Rover also has style and speed. After beating out some likely looking places we turned back to a piece of stubble between some woods, where Paul took the right hand side and Rover the left, where he soon found a bevy which he pointed in good style. Mitchell, to order, put up the bevy, but had no shells in his gun. Part of them settled close by, and Rover soon had one fast. Paul took a few steps and also pointed. A bird then got up, and then they all rose, Mitchell missing three times in succession. Paul then pointed where one had flown from and Rover refused to back. A little further on one went from under the fence just as Paul made game; he then pointed and drew on. Rover then put up one and Paul followed suit, and then another one got up near Rover. Paul then made a nice point at the edge of some woods and Rover instantly stopped and backed him. Tucker, to order, flushed the bird and missed it. One then got up near Rover, and Mitchell cut loose at it but the bird went on, hard hit. Mitchell then flushed one which he killed, and Rover retrieved it nicely. We then turned back and Rover scored a false point, and soon after, in a cornfield, he flushed a bevy that settled in some sedge on top of a knoll, where Paul made a nice point to a bird which flushed as his handler came up. He soon had another one which Tucker, to order, killed, and Paul retrieved it very well. We then went down to the creek where several flushed wild, but Paul pinned one of them in fine style. It was flushed to order and they were ordered up and the heat was awarded to Paul Gladstone at 2:33. Down fifty-five minutes.

FOREMAN AND PIXIE.

Foreman is well-known to our readers; he was in good form and got in his work in short order. He was handled by Tallman. Pixie is a nice little bitch, with a fair amount of speed, and considerable style; she also moves light and easy. They were put down in a field of weeds, and worked down across a branch, where Foreman made a point to part of a bevy, which flushed wild as we came up, and then the rest got up. Following them into some woods, Pixie made a false point, and was backed by Foreman. A little further on Foreman made a nice point, which Pixie honored, but was not quite rigid. We then went on, and one got up near Pixie, and one or two near Foreman, and soon after another one. These birds were wild and would not lie. We then crossed to some woods, where Pixie made a nice point to a single, that Mitchell, to order, flushed and missed, and Pixie was a trifle unsteady. Meantime Foreman got in a nice point, and Tallman, to order, put up the bird, but did not shoot. A bird was then thrown, and Foreman retrieved it well after some little search. The judges then compared notes, and awarded the heat to Foreman at 2:57.

TILFORD AND PLANTAGENET

were the next brace. Tilford is a nice little dog, and makes quite a stylish point. He is not fast and has not had much experience. He was handled by Haight. Plantagenet ran at the trials on Robins Island three years ago, and is well known to our readers, he has lost some of his speed, but still retains his magnificent style and easy way of going. We beat out considerable ground without a find, but finally Plantagenet jumped into one of his beautiful points, and as Tallman came up he roamed a short distance in magnificent style, and again froze. Tallman went ahead but did not find the birds which had run down wind a few feet, and Tilford happened that way and getting the scent made a very pretty point to the bevy, which Haight flushed to order, killing one and crippling another. Tilford retrieved the dead bird nicely and Plantagenet captured the cripple and brought it in good form. We then crossed a fence and Tilford dropped very nicely to a single, which Haight flushed to order. We then turned back, and crossed the creek and went down to where the birds settled. Tilford half pointed on the bank, but moved on, and Plantagenet came up and pointed, but broke his point, and backing out, was going round the birds, which were just below the bank in some tall grass, but Tallman called him back and sent him on. He made a jump down the bank right among them, and they went in every direction, Tallman killing one. Both then pointed where the birds had been. We then crossed a road, where Tilford made a point, and Plantagenet backed him grandly for an instant and then went on and stole the point, but soon moved on and was a little unsteady, but dropped to order. The judges then consulted, and they were ordered up, and the heat was awarded to Tilford at 4:13. Down one hour and twelve minutes. Plantagenet has been in Tallman's hands but a short time, and was not under control. He does not appear to have been well handled.

BILLY FLINT AND ST. ELMO IV.

were the next brace. Both have run in the Eastern Trials before. We expected great things from St. Elmo after his grand performance last year, but he had no nose and could not smell them, and after a short heat of eighteen minutes, during which flushes were the rule, Billy, who had a couple of points to his credit, was declared the winner. Billy was handled by Mitchell and St. Elmo by Haight.

SAM DICK AND PRINCESS HELEN.

This was the last brace in the first series. Sam, handled by Mitchell, is a fair looking animal, and said to do good work, but Helen had the legs of him, and did not give him much chance. She ran in the Members' Stake, but not being accustomed to her handler, she did not then show at her best. She was handled by John E. Lewis. She was the first to find, and made a very stylish point to a bevy, which flushed as Lewis came up. Following them up Helen got in another up-headed point, and drew up to a single bird and established her point in beautiful style. Lewis, to order, flushed the bird and killed it, and Helen retrieved it nicely. Sam then flushed one, and soon after another one got up near him. We then crossed a branch to a knoll, where Helen made a gamy point to a single bird that flushed as Lewis came up. Sam backed her nicely, but was a little unsteady to wing. They were then ordered up, and the heat was awarded to

Princess Helen at 5:07. Down thirty minutes. This was the last heat in the first series, Flash having a bye. Following is a summary:

First Series.

Belle of the Ball beat Jim.
Rex and Smut II. ordered up.
Gladstone's Boy beat Nellie II.
Dr. Duer beat Rebel Wind'em.
Diana II. beat Bridgeport.
Paul Gladstone beat Dashing Rover.
Foreman beat Pixie.
Tilford beat Plantagenet.
Billy Flint beat St. Elmo IV.
Princess Helen beat Sam Dick.
Flash, a bye.

Second Series.

BELLE OF THE BALL AND GLADSTONE'S BOY

were put down in a field near town at 8:05. The field was drawn blank, and we worked into an adjoining piece of woods where Gladstone Boy pointed a bevy. Belle refused to back and flushed the birds, one of which was killed by Tucker and nicely retrieved by Glad. Moving into an adjoining field Glad pointed a bevy and was backed by Belle. Mitchell shot and killed a bird which Bell retrieved. Glad then pointed false and was backed by Belle. Working on into the woods Belle pointed a large bevy which were shot at and missed by Mitchell. Ordered on Belle again pointed and was backed by Glad, but they were not under judgment, and she was not credited with the point. Belle soon after scored a false point. We then swung round out of the woods into a field of sedge and pines where Glad pointed a large bevy. They were then ordered up and the heat was awarded to Gladstone's Boy at 9:10. Down one hour and five minutes.

DR. DUER AND DIANA II.

This brace were then called and cast off in a sedge field at 9:15, where Dr. Duer scored a false point. Working into the woods, Dr. Duer again false pointed and was backed by Diana. Ordered on, Dr. Duer pointed a bevy, which were flushed to order and one killed by Capt. McMurdo and retrieved by Dr. Duer. Then the Doctor scored two false points and Diana pointed a single. We then passed out into the open field, where Diana pointed a bevy, which were flushed to order and two killed by Mitchell. Diana then scored a false point. We next worked on across the field, down the hill into a sedge field, where Diana pointed. Dr. Duer, being some distance to the left, should have been worked around and scored a back, which he could have easily done. Capt. McMurdo, however, sent him on down wind, and he ran into the birds and he scored a bad flush. Moving down to the branch where the birds had been marked down, Diana soon pointed a bird and was backed by Dr. Duer. They were then ordered up at 10:15 and the heat was awarded to Diana II. Down one hour.

PAUL GLADSTONE AND FOREMAN

were next called, and cast off in a sedge field at 10:20. Both dogs went off at a rattling gate. Foreman soon came to a point and was backed by Paul, but no birds were found. Soon after Paul pointed and the birds were flushed behind him. We then went on over the fence, where Paul pointed and was backed by Foreman, and the birds were flushed to order. Further down the branch Paul false pointed and soon afterward Foreman scored a false point. A little further on Paul flushed a single bird, and soon after he scored a false point. We then worked over a good bit of ground, when Foreman pointed a bevy which were flushed to order, and one killed by Tallman and retrieved by Foreman. Moving into the woods, Paul pointed a single bird. Soon afterward he scored another point, and a little further on Foreman scored a nice point. We then worked over a large field without finding birds, and the dogs were ordered up and put down in another field. Down in a ravine, Foreman pointed a bevy in a thicket, but the birds flushed wild. Passing over a fence into a field of stubble, Paul pointed a bevy and was nicely backed by Foreman. The birds were flushed to order by Tucker and one killed, and it was retrieved by Paul. We now crossed a fence into the pines, where the birds had been marked down, when Paul was lost for some time, but was found on a point; but the bird had gone. In the meantime, Foreman worked on through the pines, and scored three nice points. Moving on, both dogs, after some nice roading, pointed a bevy, and then, after beating over considerable ground, they were ordered up for lunch at 12:35. They were cast off again at 1:15, a large bevy having been flushed by some of the spectators and marked down. The dogs were worked into pines, where both pointed. Paul then scored a false point, and soon afterward Foreman pointed a single bird, which was killed by Tallman. They were then ordered up, and the heat was awarded to Foreman at 1:30. Down two hours and thirty minutes.

TILFORD AND BILLY FLINT.

This brace was cast off in stubble at 1:35, and Tilford soon scored a false point, and was nicely backed by Billy. Very soon Tilford again scored a false point, and was backed by Billy. A little further on Tilford flushed a single bird. We now beat over considerable ground when Billy pointed on the side of a ditch in thick briars and alders. The birds were flushed on the opposite side of the ditch, and marked down. We then worked up into the pines, when Tilford flushed a bird and Billy scored a point. They were now ordered up, and the heat was awarded to Billy Flint at 2:40. Down one hour and five minutes.

PRINCESS HELEN AND FLASH

were cast off at 2:45, and worked over a hill into a stubble field, where Princess Helen, after a nice bit of roading, found and pointed a bevy and was backed by Flash. Going in up a branch Helen pointed for a moment, but her handler walked in front of her, when she broke her point and he put up the bird. We now swung round the hill, when, in a stubble field, Flash pointed a bevy and Helen backed to order. The birds were flushed, and Mitchell killed two, which were retrieved by Flash in handsome style. Moving on into the woods Helen scored a false point and was backed by Flash. Ordered on Flash scored two points in rapid succession. A bird was killed and Helen, to order, retrieved it. We then worked over into a piece of pine, where Flash soon scored two points. They were then ordered up and the heat was awarded to Flash at 3:40. Down fifty-five minutes. This finished the second series with the following result:

Second Series.

Gladstone's Boy beat Belle of the Ball.
Diana II. beat Dr. Duer.
Foreman beat Paul Gladstone.
Billy Flint beat Tilford.
Flash beat Princess Helen.

Third Series.

GLADSTONE'S BOY AND DIANA II.

were cast off in a stubble field at 3:45 and worked down into a ravine, where Gladstone's Boy pointed a bevy. The birds were flushed to order, and one killed by Treher and retrieved by Glad. Diana had dropped on a point some distance to the rear and right of Glad, in the trail of the same bevy. Moving on Glad flushed a single bird. A little later Diana, as she crossed the creek, pointed and was backed by Glad, both standing in the water. Diana moved on up the bank and road for some distance, but Mitchell, being in front of her, flushed the bird, and lost a good point. We then worked on up into the pines, where Glad pointed. Further on both dogs scored a point on a single bird. We then swung back over hill when a large bevy was flushed, and marked down in the branch, and we worked on down to them. Here Diana in rapid succession scored three points, backed each time by Glad. They were then

ordered up, and the heat awarded to Diana II. at 4:25. Down forty minutes.

FOREMAN AND FLASH

were then cast off on the branch in the pines and sedge at 4:26. Working through the pines, Foreman scored a false point, and was backed by Flash. Ordered on, Foreman pointed a single bird, which was flushed to order and killed by Tallman and retrieved by Foreman. Flash then flushed a bird and broke in, but dropped to order. Ordered on, he again flushed. They were then taken up, and the heat was awarded to Foreman at 4:43. Down seventeen minutes. This finished the third series. Following is the summary:

Third Series.

Diana II. beat Gladstone Boy.
Foreman beat Flash.
Billy Flint a bye.

Fourth Series.

FOREMAN AND BILLY FLINT

were cast off at 4:45 in the pines, where Foreman pointed a bird, which was flushed to order. Soon after, Billy Flint flushed a single bird. We then turned and crossed the creek, and beat over a stubble field to some pines; Billy scored a false point. Moving on up through the pines, Foreman pointed a large bevy on the edge of a pine thicket. They were then ordered up, and the heat was awarded to Foreman at 5:15. Down thirty minutes. There were now but two in for first place, and we returned to town.

Final Tie for First Prize.

FOREMAN AND DIANA II.

were put down at 8:35 the next morning. A large field was drawn blank, and near a fence Foreman pointed. Tallman ordered him on over the fence, when he cast off to the right, and before he got the scent again Tallman walked up the birds and shot and killed one. They were ordered on, when Diana pointed a nice bevy and was backed by Foreman. The birds were flushed to order and Mitchell killed two. Foreman next pointed and was backed by Diana. The bird was shot at and killed by Tallman. Foreman soon after this scored a false point. Moving on down the hill, Foreman pointed a nice bevy on the branch. We then went up in the woods where Diana flushed. Passing out into the open field Diana scored a false point, and soon after down the hill she scored another one. They were then ordered up and the heat was awarded to Foreman, and he was declared the winner of first prize, at 9:50. Down one hour and fifteen minutes.

Final Tie for Second Prize.

Paul Gladstone was then selected by the judges to run against Diana II. for second money, when it was announced that the handlers of the two dogs had agreed to divided honors and second money, which ended the free for all setter stake. Following is a complete summary:

First Series.

Belle of the Ball beat Jim.
Rex and Smut II. ordered up.
Gladstone Boy beat Nellie II.
Dr. Duer beat Rebel Wind'em.
Diana II. beat Bridgeport.
Paul Gladstone beat Dashing Rover.
Foreman beat Pixie.
Tilford beat Plantagenet.
Billy Flint beat St. Elmo IV.
Princess Helen beat Sam Dick.
Flash a bye.

Second Series.

Gladstone's Boy beat Belle of the Ball.
Diana II. beat Dr. Duer.
Foreman beat Paul Gladstone.
Billy Flint beat Tilford.
Flash beat Princess Helen.

Third Series.

Diana II. beat Gladstone's Boy.
Foreman beat Flash.
Billy Flint a bye.

Fourth Series.

Foreman beat Billy Flint.
Diana II., a bye.

Final Tie for First Prize.

Foreman beat Diana II. and won first prize.

Final Tie for Second Prize.

Diana II. and Paul Gladstone divided second prize.

THE DERBY.

The drawing for the Derby took place on Thursday evening. Only ten of the seventy-one nominations filled their entries. Of these five were setters and five pointers. They were drawn to run as follows:

CLIFFORD.—J. Otto Donner, New York, black, white and tan English setter dog, July 22, 1883 (Emperor Fred—Fairly Belle),

against

MADSTONE.—Westminster Kennel Club, Babylon, L. I., liver and white pointer bitch, Aug. 24, 1883 (Tory—Moonstone).

against

PENDRAGON.—T. S. Dumont, New York, black, white and tan English setter dog, June 11, 1883 (Count Noble—Floy),

against

POCAHONTAS.—Luke White, Bridgeport, Conn., lemon and white pointer bitch, Aug. 19, 1883 (Tramp—Grace).

against

DRAW.—A. R. Heyward, Rock Hill, S. C., lemon and white pointer bitch, March 31, 1883 (Dan—Arrow),

against

BLUE LILLY.—Chas. Heath, Newark, N. J., blue belton English setter bitch, June 24, 1883 (Blue Drake—Gypsy Queen).

against

GLADSTONE'S BOY.—Dr. G. G. Ware, Stanton, Tenn., black, white and tan English setter dog, Jan. 10, 1883 (Gladstone—Sue),

against

PRINCE HAMLET.—F. R. Hitchcock, New York, lemon and white pointer dog, Sept. 11, 1883 (Sensation—Lass).

against

BELLE OF PIEDMONT.—Edward Dexter, Boston, Mass., black, white and tan English setter bitch, age not stated (Dashing Rover—Raunee),

against

TAMMANY.—F. R. Hitchcock, New York, liver and white pointer dog, Aug. 24, 1883 (Tory—Moonstone).

Immediately after the finish of the All-Aged Setter Stake, the Derby was commenced, and the first brace was put down.

MADSTONE AND CLIFFORD.

Madstone is a liver and white pointer, and was handled by Luke White. Clifford, a black, white and tan setter dog of good form, was handled by John Lewis. They were cast off at 10 o'clock in some scattering pines, and moved off easily, but it was soon evident that Clifford had the advantage of his antagonist in speed and style. Clifford soon flushed a single bird in a few minutes, and dropped to a point on another,

which was flushed and killed by Lewis, and retrieved by Clifford. Ordered on, Clifford scored a false point. We then worked on over the hill, where Madstone flushed a large bevy. Very soon Clifford scored another point. The bird was flushed to order and killed by Lewis. They were then ordered up, and the heat awarded to Clifford at 10:20. Down twenty minutes.

PENDRAGON AND POCAHONTAS.

Pendragon, a black, white and tan setter dog, handled by Mr. Tallman, and Pocahontas, a lemon and white pointer bitch, handled by Luke White, were cast off in sedge field at 10:25. Pendragon is a stylish, easy-going dog and appeared in public for the first time. He will, when properly broken, make a good one. He was badly handicapped by not being a retriever. Pocahontas is a nice-going little bitch, but has had very little experience, this being her first appearance in public. She showed a good nose, but refused to point, and, after several flushes by Pocahontas, and one point and back by Pendragon, they were ordered up and the heat awarded to Pendragon at 11:20. Down fifty-five minutes.

DRAW AND BLUE LILLY.

Draw, a lemon and white pointer bitch, handled by Vandevort, and Blue Lilly, a blue belton setter, handled by W. T. Mitchell, were put down in a field of stubble at 11:25. Draw is a nice-going bitch, decidedly the best pointer in the Derby. She made her debut in these trials. In speed and style she was behind her antagonist, who is a fine, stylish mover and cuts out her work well. She now appeared in public for the first time. They were worked over to a piece of woods, where Draw flushed. Further on Blue Lilly pointed a single bird. Then both dogs pointed in some brush. We then swung around the field, when Draw began to warm up and got the legs on Blue Lilly. Some birds were seen to rise out of tall weeds, and upon coming up Draw was found on a point. Working down to where the birds were marked down, Blue Lilly pointed. Moving on she again scored a point, backed by Draw. A bird was now thrown into weeds and was neatly retrieved by Blue Lilly, and they were then ordered up and the heat awarded to Blue Lilly at 12:12. Down forty-seven minutes.

GLADSTONE'S BOY AND PRINCE HAMLET.

Gladstone's Boy, handled by Treher, and Prince Hamlet, handled by Mr. White, were cast off in open field at 12:15. Gladstone's Boy ran in the free for all. Prince Hamlet, a liver and white pointer dog, appeared in public for the first time, and soon showed by his gait that he was no match for Gladstone's Boy. We first worked down hill, where on the side of the hill, Gladstone's Boy drew to a nice point and was indifferently backed by Prince Hamlet. Moving on over the hill, Gladstone's Boy soon secured another point on a large bevy, which were flushed to order, and one killed by Treher and retrieved by Gladstone's Boy. They were then ordered up, and heat awarded to Gladstone's Boy at 12:37. Down twenty-two minutes.

TAMMANY AND BELLE OF PIEDMONT.

Tammany, who ran in the All-Aged Stake, handled by John White, and Belle of Piedmont, a black, white and tan setter bitch, who appears in public for the first time, handled by Capt. McMurdo, were cast off at 1:08 in stubble field. Belle of Piedmont is a nice, easy-going, racy-looking bitch, and went off well. Tammany was suffering from a large swelling on his lip, and was evidently not himself. They were worked on down a ravine in a stubble field, when Belle of Piedmont, going down wind, whirled on a nice point. She moved a little, and put up a bird before her handler reached her, but remained in a staunch point till the rest of the bevy got up. Capt. McMurdo shot and killed one, which she retrieved nicely. We then swung round over the hill to where birds had been marked down when both dogs, working in a ditch, flushed several birds. Moving on Belle of Piedmont flushed a single bird. Going on up the hill, Tammany pointed a single bird, which was shot at and missed. Ordered on, Belle of Piedmont scored a false point. We then moved over into the woods, where Belle of Piedmont flushed a bird in a patch of weeds and briars. She soon afterward dropped on a nice point near same place. Next Tammany flushed a single bird. Moving on Belle of Piedmont flushed a bird in the edge of the woods. Working on in the woods Tammany scored a point and Belle of Piedmont two. They were then ordered up and the heat awarded to Belle of Piedmont at 1:50. Down forty-two minutes. Following is the summary:

Clifford beat Madstone.
Pendragon beat Pocahontas.
Blue Lilly beat Draw.
Gladstone Boy beat Prince Hamlet.
Belle of Piedmont beat Tammany.

Second Series.

CLIFFORD AND PENDRAGON

were cast off at 1:53. Both worked indifferently, and we beat over a great deal of ground without finding game. At length in a field of stubble Clifford pointed, backed by Pendragon. The birds were flushed to order and two killed, one of which Clifford retrieved. We then worked on up the creek into a field of stubble when some birds were flushed by spectators, and were marked down in wood. Here Pendragon flushed a bird. Around into the pines, both dogs scored a false point. We next worked out into the stubble where Clifford pointed and while he was roading carefully in the trail Pendragon came up and flushed the bird. They were then ordered up and heat awarded to Clifford at 3:07. Down one hour and twelve minutes.

GLADSTONE'S BOY AND BLUE LILLY

were cast off, at 3:10, in an open stubble, where Gladstone's Boy pointed a large bevy at the edge of the pines. The birds flushed and were marked down. Going into the pines Gladstone's Boy flushed a single bird. He stopped to wing and was backed by Blue Lilly. Ordered on Lilly pointed, and Mitchell flushed to order and killed a bird, which was retrieved by Lilly. On her way to get the first bird she wheeled on a beautiful point. Soon after Gladstone's Boy pointed a single bird, which was flushed but not shot at, and a little later Gladstone's Boy scored a false point. Ordered on, Glad pointed, backed by Lilly. The bird was flushed to order and retrieved by Glad. They were then ordered up and heat awarded to Gladstone's Boy at 3:30. Down twenty minutes.

Summary as follows:
Clifford beat Pendragon.
Gladstone's Boy beat Blue Lilly.
Belle of Piedmont, a bye.

Third Series.

BELLE OF PIEDMONT AND CLIFFORD

were then called, and after waiting twenty minutes and Belle of Piedmont not making her appearance, Clifford was awarded the heat. Summary:

Clifford beat Belle of Piedmont.
Gladstone's Boy, a bye.

Fourth Series.

GLADSTONE'S BOY AND CLIFFORD

were then cast off at 3:50 on open plowed field, and worked across a branch into pines, down the brush for a short distance and back into the pines, where the last brace was taken up, when Clifford made game but moved on. Gladstone's Boy soon afterward scored a false point, and later, pointed. In a gully he again pointed, and was backed by Clifford. The bird was flushed to order and killed by Tucker, and retrieved by Gladstone's Boy. Going down the hill and across the creek, one of the handlers walked up a bevy, and further on in the pines Glad pointed a single bird. They were then ordered up

and the heat and first money was awarded to Gladstone's Boy at 4:30. Down one hour.

Fifth Series.

CLIFFORD AND BLUE LILLY.

Blue Lilly being selected to run with Clifford for second money, they were cast off at 4:40 in a stubble field, and worked over the hill, where a large bevy was flushed by the judges, and marked down. We then worked the dogs on down to the pines, where Lilly pointed a single. Further on she again pointed a single bird, which Mitchell killed. Moving on, Lilly again pointed. The bird was flushed to order, and killed by Mitchell. Ordered on down to the branch, Lilly wheeled and made a handsome point on a single bird, which was flushed, but not shot at. They were then ordered up, and the heat and second money awarded to Blue Lilly at 4:56. Down fifteen minutes. Summary:

Blue Lilly beat Clifford.

Sixth Series.

DRAW AND CLIFFORD.

Draw having been selected to run for third place against Clifford, the brace were called, when the owners of the two dogs announced that they had agreed to divide the honors and money between Clifford and Draw, and this ended the heat and the Eastern Field Trials for 1884.

SUMMARY.

First Series.

Clifford beat Madstone.
Pendragon beat Pocahontas.
Blue Lilly beat Draw.
Gladstone's Boy beat Prince Hamlet.
Belle of Piedmont beat Tammany.

Second Series.

Clifford beat Pendragon.
Gladstone's Boy beat Blue Lilly.
Belle of Piedmont a bye.

Third Series.

Clifford beat Belle of Piedmont.
Gladstone's Boy a bye.

Fourth Series.

Gladstone's Boy beat Clifford and won first money.

Second Money.

Blue Lilly beat Clifford and won second money.

Third Money.

Draw and Clifford divided.

THE CHAMPION STAKE.

The Champion Stake did not fill. Mr. Vandevort brought Don with the intention of starting him should there be enough entries to fill the stake; but a few days previous to the trials he sprained his shoulder, and of course could not run.

SWEEPSTAKE CHAMPION PRIZES.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The managers of the New Haven Bench Show would like very much to hear from the owners of champion dogs and exhibitors in regard to the sweepstake plan for champion classes. For instance, if an entry fee of five dollars was charged for champion dogs, the club would take from this the ordinary entry fee of two dollars and place the remaining three dollars in the stake and add the club's champion medal. In case there was only one entry in the class the three dollars would be refunded and the medal given, provided, of course, that the award was not withheld for want of merit. The amount of money won by the successful exhibitor would of necessity be small from the low entry fee, but it would at least help toward defraying the costs of transportation.—Ed. S. PORTER, Secretary N. H. K. C.

DISTEMPER.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* My Eclipse puppy Ben Nevis, that won first and two specials in open class of collies at the National Breeders' dog show, was taken sick with distemper soon after his return home. The remedy that was highly recommended to me, and which has carried my dog through safely, and left him none the worse for his sickness, is known as "Jester's relief." I gave a teaspoonful twice a day; it seemed to have an excellent effect upon the bowels and kidneys, thus carrying off the poison from the system. I also gave eight grains of quinine a day for several days, and during the second week a tablespoonful of cod liver oil daily. His appetite kept good. I fed him on bread soaked in beef soup, mush and milk, or any kind of soft food, with some lean chopped raw beef. He is now looking as well as ever.—J. D. SHOTWELL (Rahway, N. J.).

BULL-TERRIER IMPORTATION.—Mr. T. R. Varick, of Cambridge, has recently imported the bull-terrier dog Dutch, Jr., bred by Mr. Frederick Hinks, of Birmingham, England. Dutch, Jr., was whelped in August, 1883, and is by Dutch (Old Victor—champion Countess) out of Nell (Young Spring—Old Rose). Mr. Hinks, in writing of the dog, speaks of him in very high terms, and regards him as a most promising animal. He arrived Nov. 21 last by Inman line steamer City of Chester.

NEW ORLEANS DOG SHOW.—Arrangements have been made for excellent care of dogs at the New Orleans dog show, Jan. 10 to 18, 1885. The dogs may be exercised every day from 7 to 10 A. M. and from 4 to 6 P. M. The prize winners will be recorded in the archives of the exposition, and will receive diplomas. The judges already selected are Major J. M. Taylor and Mr. James Mortimer. The superintendent's address, Chas. Lincoln, New Orleans, La.

KENNEL MANAGEMENT.

No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.

A. C. J. Mechanville, N. Y.—A week ago I went ducking and my setter bitch got very wet and cold, owing to rough weather and rain. Since then she has been unwell. She acts as though she was very much afraid of me, crawling to my feet when I speak to her and whining. She can't stand the cold at all, lying by the fire constantly. She keeps her nose on her stomach and licks it all the time. She eats but little and it seems to pain her. She sometimes sweats so her hair will be all wet. Her nose is hot and burning. She is growing poorer every day. Ans. Your dog seems to be suffering from peritonitis, commonly called inflammation of the bowels. Get your druggist to make you six powders, each containing one grain of powdered opium and ten grains of subnitrate of bismuth. Give the dog one powder three times daily in water until relief is obtained. You may also apply steaming hot flannel cloths over the belly, you may add a few drops of oil of turpentine to the flannel each time you apply it. Keep the dog quiet in a room with fresh air, and let milk and broths be the only food at present. Three or four tablespoonfuls of brandy or whisky a day should be given if the dog is very weak.

WORMS IN DOGS, one dose a cure. "Cross Keys, Newport, Mon., April 1, 1878.—A very valuable retriever of mine has been losing his coat and looking very thin, and although treated by a veterinary and dog fancier, he did not in any way improve, so I gave him one-half of a Naldire's Powder, and in twenty-five minutes he evacuated 27 feet of a very broad tapeworm. My dog is now doing well on one-half of the food he had before, and I say with others that no one possessing dogs should be without Naldire's Powders. C. Lewis." *Naldire's Worm Powders*, the great British remedy, are sold by McKesson & Robbins, 91 Fulton street, New York. Price \$1. Manufacturers; Wright & Holdsworth, 8 Spur street, London, England.—Ad.

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

GARDNER, Mass., Nov. 20.—Last week the Leominster Rifle Club were at Hackmatack Range, in this town, the guests of the Gardner Rifle Club. To-day the Gardner Club went over to Leominster. The new American decimal target was used. The distance was 200 yards, shooting off-hand, with a possible 100 for each string of ten shots. Last week there were two strings, with a possible 200. The totals were Gardner, 1,321; Leominster, 1,354. The Gardner Club were again victorious. There were three strings of ten, with a possible 300. The individual scores were as follows:

A Mathews.....	85	84	84	253	E M Rockwell.....	87	78	61	226
I N Dodge.....	79	83	90	252	B M Potts.....	59	71	81	211
G F Ellsworth.....	83	80	88	251	G W Foster.....	52	70	64	216
W C Loveland.....	80	83	96	259	F A Whitney.....	65	78	69	212
C Walker.....	85	79	80	244	C O Foster.....	70	68	62	200
H A Nomo.....	78	77	81	236	W H Wood.....	70	73	67	210
Chester Hinds.....	79	82	79	230	J W Ellwell.....	60	65	63	188
C O Goodale.....	71	72	78	219	R F Walker.....	63	57	62	182
H O Knowlton.....	68	78	71	217	A G Rugg.....	42	52	53	147
G W H Heynor.....	38	59	77	174	J Symonde.....	43	47	55	145

WORCESTER, Mass., Nov. 30.—The fall meets at Pine Grove were continued to-day, with but few in attendance. On the Creedmoor target, 10 shots, with a possible 35, only the following were reported:

A T Rice.....	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	33
S Burton.....	5	4	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	31

With the American decimal rest target, 10 shots, with a possible 100, the following were reported:

B Smith.....	10	9	10	10	10	9	10	10	10	98
S Burton.....	9	10	10	9	9	10	10	10	10	97

CLUB SCORES.—Correspondents who favor us with scores are requested to send them in as soon as possible after the matches described. We go to press Wednesdays, and it is necessary that matter for publication should be in hand by Monday, or Tuesday at the latest.

BOSTON, Nov. 22.—It was grand for shooting at Walnut Hill to-day, and it is to be regretted that more gentlemen were not out to avail themselves of the almost perfect weather conditions that existed. The flags hung limp and motionless most of the day, and it was a pleasure to be out of doors. A new rest match was opened, which provides for prizes to be won on the aggregate of a competitor's five best scores. The prizes are silver and bronze victory medals, and gold, silver and bronze membership badges. Privates Charles Frost and George J. Boardman, of Company M, Eighth Infantry, came down from Lawrence, and each won a medal in the military match. The following are the best scores:

C E Berry.....	455445555-47	A Moody.....	544444544-43
Albert Miller.....	455445554-46	M Appleton.....	454445344-41
B E Clements.....	445554445-45	J Nichols.....	433544455-41
G J Boardman (Mil.)	454445555-44	C W Hodgkins.....	433443334-35
E C Best.....	444445554-41	E D Stickney.....	433443334-34
J E Stinson.....	433445544-43		

Creedmoor Prize Match.										
W Charles.....	5	5	5	5	4	5	4	5	5	48
Decimal Match.										
W Charles.....	8	10	10	10	9	9	5	9	10	84
C Adams.....	7	9	6	7	8	10	10	8	9	84
T Henry.....	9	6	7	8	9	7	8	6	10	72
E B Southwick.....	5	9	10	8	7	4	8	6	9	70
F Stark.....	7	4	8	5	6	7	8	8	6	67
S E Baker.....	2	5	8	10	5	8	2	7	9	66
A C Andrews.....	3	6	7	10	5	9	5	8	4	62
B Morse.....	4	6	4	6	9	9	7	6	5	61
Best Match.										
S Wilder.....	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	97
J Francis.....	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	90
F Jacques.....	9	10	10	10	9	8	10	10	10	91
W King.....	10	9	9	10	10	10	10	9	8	94
C P Chapman.....	8	10	8	10	10	9	9	8	10	90

MANCHESTER, N. H., Nov. 18.—There was a fair attendance at the rifle range this afternoon, the cold of the day being unheeded inside the building, where a cheerful fire was kept going. The first shooting under the new handicap for the Bixby medal was done, and the best work of the day is credited to Wadleigh and William. Two team matches were shot during the practice. The scores made were as follows:

Creedmoor Target—Match A; 3 cards, 7 shots each; Possible 105.																	
T C Williams.....	5	3	3	4	4	4	2	7	M Wadleigh.....	5	3	3	4	4	5	5	30
J Hodge.....2 5 4 3 4 5—29—84																	
Creedmoor Target, Match B—3 cards, 7 shots each, possible 105:																	
J Hodge.....	444444—23	J Lawrence.....	454434—28														
J Hodge.....	455444—30	544454—30															
455454—31—89																	
M Wadleigh.....	444454—29	T C Williams.....444454—30—88															
444454—30																	
Creedmoor Target, Match C—3 cards, 10 shots each, possible 150:																	
F J Drake.....	40	42	43	125	T C Williams.....	45	45										
Team Match.																	

Drake's Team.		William's Team.	
M Wadleigh.....	454445—30	J Lawrence.....	454344—28
J Hodge.....	454444—30	W Graham.....	445434—28
F J Drake.....	444444—29—89	T C William.....	445542—28—84
William's Team.		Drake's Team.	
J Lawrence.....	444454—30	F J Drake.....	444454—29
W Graham.....	453553—30	M Wadleigh.....	444454—29
T C William.....	534444—27—87	J Hodge.....	444444—28—86

RICHMOND, Ind., is to have a new rifle club. From present prospects there will be fifty men to start with. They propose to lease a piece of ground and put up an elegant club house. The plans will be perfected in a few days, Harry Schwarz, Will Moffat, E. W. Cartwright and several other railway employees are prime movers in the scheme. The members anticipate a series of lively competition, and as there is some excellent material in the club, good shooting will surely be recorded.

NEW BEDFORD, Mass., Nov. 18.—A team from the City Guards had a rifle shoot at the Riverside range this afternoon. Following are the scores at 200 yds., in a possible 105: Corporal Barnum, 83; Private Bradley, 82; Sergeant Howland, 82; Private Gibbs, 81; Private Jennings, 80; Private Jordan, 63; Private Nelson, 68.

NEW YORK RIFLE CLUB.—The following officers have been elected for the ensuing year: Wm. H. Dunlap, President; Ralph Trautman, Vice-President; A. J. Howlett, Captain; J. Duane, Adjutant; G. S. Blumpey, Financial Secretary; N. O'Donnell, Treasurer; M. Herrington, Secretary; L. V. Sone and J. B. Blydenburgh, Trustees; J. D.

CLUB SCORES.—Correspondents who favor us with scores are requested to send them in as soon as possible after the matches described. We go to press Wednesdays, and it is necessary that matter for publication should be in hand by Monday, or Tuesday at the latest.

NEW YORK GALLERY PRACTICE.—We have secured through Mr. Conlin, the veteran rifleman of the Record Gallery, 1,255 Broadway, a copy of the celebrated French target used by Mous, Gastone Ruybrouck, in the gallery in Paris; the distinguished pistolists of France and the continent contend annually for the grand O'Connell of honor. In this yearly contest the sons of kings and many of the knightly marksmen of the old world have been competitors for nearly a century. Mr. Conlin has just introduced this target, with rules in distances the same as used in Paris. From the interest already taken in this new mode, it is believed that we will soon be able to send to the fact that there are marksmen in other countries besides La Belle France. Below we give a few of the scores that have lately been made by some of our marksmen. The competitions between Mr. Schuyler and Mr. Blydenburgh have been very close. Mr. Davis, Mr. Chase, Dr. Marsh, Mr. Higgins, Mr. Jones and others, are taking great interest in this French mode. Rifle scores, possible 70: J. E. Blydenburgh, 68; R. T. Schuyler, 67; Geo. W. Hamilton, 64; J. C. Wheelock, 62; W. K. Griffin, 62; C. M. Donnelly, 62; J. T. Marshall, 62; F. R. Waite, 62; J. P. Lower, 60; Maynard Bixby, 60. Pistol scores, possible 84: D. A. Davis, 71; Chas. F. Jones, 70; Dr. E. T. Marshall, 69. Possible 70: W. M. Chase, 60; Eugene Higgins, 53, at the word; George Bird, 37, with revolver.

EAST BROOKFIELD, Mass., Nov. 11.—The Coon Club have held their annual supper; it was at W. J. Vizard's. The bill of fare included roast coon and coon cake. Among the invited guests were a Mr. Sherman of Providence, E. W. Twitchell of Brookfield, Dr. D. W. Hodgkins, Charles H. Sibley and E. B. Lucas. The gathering was a very enjoyable one.

THE TRAP.

Correspondents who favor us with club scores are particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only.

THE BEST BORE FOR "CLAYS."

Editor Forest and Stream:

In the remarks on the "Best Gun for Clay Pigeons," in the last number of FOREST AND STREAM, the majority are decidedly in favor of the 12-bore of nine and a half pounds and upwards. Probably, each advocate of the heavy gun has had the kind of clay and have come to the conclusion that nothing smaller will prove effective. It seems to me, if there were rules to limit the weight of the gun, and also the amount of powder, they would prove satisfactory. Some men are able to handle easily a gun of 12 pounds with 6 or 7 drams of powder, while many others cannot comfortably do so. As Col. Barbour says: "It would be a good plan to have all clubs adopt a rule regulating the weight of guns for trap shooting," and also one limiting the amount of powder. We should not then, as we do now, see men stand before the traps, with guns resembling small cannons loaded with 7 or 8 drams of powder.

Most of my trap-shooting has been done with 10-gauge guns, of about 9½ pounds weight. I now own the best gun I have ever used, a 10-gauge hammerless, 32in. barrels, of 9½ pounds weight. However, I have just ordered of an English maker a new one, to be a 12-bore, 30in. barrels, of 8 pounds or a trifle under in weight. This gun I want for clay-pigeon shooting, and it is to be made regardless of expense, and particular pains taken with its shooting qualities. Some of my friends say I am making a mistake in not getting a heavy 10-bore, but if the new gun shoots as well as I expect it will, I shall be willing to get beaten if I fail to make good scores.

I have had many much experience with the 12-bore as a trap gun, but think it should be the gun for the kind of shooting as I have seen as good shooting at the trap with light guns of 12-gauge, as I ever have with heavy ones, of course more high scores are made with 10-gauges as a greater number are used. At the N. Y. clay-pigeon tournament, the best average was made by a 7½ pound, No. 12 gun. This gun also has an extra good record on live birds at 30 yds. rise. Dr. Carver handles a 12-gauge pretty effectively, as most of his opponents have found out. A few years ago I saw a match shoot at live birds for quite a large stake. The winner shot a 12-gauge, under 7 pounds, with ¾ drams of powder, his opponent used a 10-pound 10-gauge gun, loaded with 7 drams of powder.

You, Mr. Editor, in a recent issue say that light guns of small caliber are coming in fashion again and that 16 and 20-bores are being used for game shooting. Such guns require closer holding, but the satisfaction of making a good bag would also be greater. If the only object was to get as many birds as possible, an 8 or 10-bore gun with very short cylinder barrels, loaded with two ounces or so of shot, would be very effective in cover on grouse or woodcock, for if the gun was open enough, the shooter could shut both eyes and blaze away after each bird flushed with good chances of bringing it to bag.

I may be wrong in my opinion of the 12-bore, but nothing short of a good trial will convince me. I do think, however, that the clubs with their heavy charges should be barred from the trap. Let the 10-bores still be used, but limit both weight of gun and amount of powder.

DUNBARTON, N. H., Nov. 22, 1884.

KNOXVILLE GUN CLUB.—Clay-pigeon match, Nov. 18:										
John M Ross.....	111111111111	15	J C Duncan.....	0011000001110	7					
T C Eldridge.....	111110111101	13	T N Hodge.....	1111100000000	6					
F Armstrong.....	111111010111	13	J W Slocum.....	1000101100100	7					
Wm Jenkins.....	111111111011	13	A Mead.....	1111000001000	6					
M O French.....	111100101111	11	C C Hebbard.....	1011010010000	6					
J Slocum.....	101101101111	11	C W Woodbury.....	0010101000000	5					
G M McClung.....	100110110111	11	J E Robb.....	0001010100000	5					
G Woods.....	010111110101	11	S R Newman.....	0000010000000	1					
D Deaderick.....	100101010011	8								

Champion Medal Match.—Nat'l Flying Target Co.'s blackbirds:										
Wm Jenkins.....	1111111110011	13	M O French.....	000110110110	9					
G Woods.....	111011110111	12	Dr Deaderick.....	0101010100100	7					
F Armstrong.....	111101110101	12	Al Hebbard.....	1001111000100	7					
G M McClung.....	1111111100001	11	F N Hodge.....	0010110001000	6					
J Slocum.....	1000111101101	10	E Ross.....	0101000000000	5					
J M Ross.....	1010110110110	10	C C Hebbard.....	1001001010000	5					
J C Duncan.....	111101110100	10	A Mead.....	0010100010000	4					
T C Eldridge.....	0111101101001	10	C M Woodbury.....	0010100010000	3					
J Jacques.....	1111010010001	9	C M Woodbury, Sec.							

CLUB SCORES.—Correspondents who favor us with scores are requested to send them in as soon as possible after the matches described. We go to press Wednesdays, and it is necessary that matter for publication should be in hand by Monday, or Tuesday at the latest.

NEW YORK, Nov. 24.—A live pigeon match between the Washington Heights and Algonquin Gun Clubs took place last Thursday, on the grounds of the latter club. Ten birds were shot at by each man, from 3 ground trap, at 21 yds. rise, both barrels used, and at count half a bird. Seven members from each club competed, and at the end of a close contest the score stood 57 for the Algonquins and 54 for the W. H. Gun Club. This was the first of a series to be shot by the above clubs, and a handsome gold badge will become the property of any member of either club who wins it twice during the contest. R. C. Cassebeer, of the Algonquins, made the highest score, 39, and won the badge the first time. Sweepstakes used, and followed after the match, both teams being hungry and thirsty. The Algonquin Gun Club filed articles of incorporation last month, and have forty-five active members on its roll book.—J. E. M. L.

CLUB SCORES.—Correspondents who favor us with scores are requested to send them in as soon as possible after the matches described. We go to press Wednesdays, and it is necessary that matter for publication should be in hand by Monday, or Tuesday at the latest.

TORONTO, Nov. 20.—To-day some dozen and a half members of the Toronto Gun Club assembled at Outcote's Hotel, Eglinton, for a pigeon shooting tournament. The shooters were divided into three classes, to shoot at seven birds each, twenty-one yards rise. The following are the results:

First Class.			
C Pickering.....	1110111—6	R Harris.....	1101111—6
D Blea.....	0110110—4	H Townsend.....	001101—4
J Bell.....	010010—3	J Douglass.....	001011—4
J Townsend.....	010111—5	Geo Pearsall.....	1101111—5

In shooting off the two ties at 21 yds., R. Harris won first, Pearsall second, and Pickering third.

Second Class.			
J Worden.....	1110101—5	W J Bell.....	0010110—3
C Rogers.....	100111—5	Wm McDowell.....	1000000—1
P Wakefield.....	010101—4	W Smith.....	110101—4

In shooting off the ties at 21 yds., Worden won first, Mallett second, and Rogers third.

Third Class.										
T Barrie.....	1100—2	H Newman.....	0000—0							

CLEVELAND, O., Nov. 21, 1884.

Editor Forest and Stream:

THESE are the remarks of one of your correspondents, writing me from the West, "that portable boats were not to be had, and that I said that I have for years been building that kind of boat, and that many that are good only for transportation, mine combine strength, convenience and shapeliness in a marked degree. Many of my customers are pleased to term them the "best boat in the world." I am now engaged in filling orders for Florida and other States and Central America. The testimonials, of which the two following are fair samples, are numbered by the hundred.

PAPILLION, Neb., Oct. 12, 1884.

DEAR SIR—I have used the boat on the Platte River, one of the worst rivers to use a boat on in the country, and it gives first-class satisfaction. Yours truly, J. E. CAMPBELL.

MONTESANO SPRINGS, KIMMSWICK P. O., Mo., Nov. 10, 1884.

DEAR SIR—Eight years ago this fall I purchased one of your small boats, and have used it continually ever since. I suppose I have carried it at least 1,500 miles or more in Texas, Arkansas and now in Missouri. Have hauled it many a mile from lake to lake by my horse's tail. I am sixty-four years old and a pretty good boatman, and would rather have one of your boats than all the boats I ever saw for my own use in fishing and hunting. H. P. WILLIAMS.—Adv.

"Training vs. Breaking." by S. T. Hammond, kennel editor of this journal, is creating a revolution in the practice of dog training in this country.—Adv.

Canoeing.

CANOEISTS are invited to send us notes and full reports of cruises and meetings, information about canoeable waters, and other communications of interest.

Secretaries of canoe clubs are requested to send to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with name, membership, signals, etc., of their clubs, and also notices in advance of meetings and races, and reports of the same. Canoeists and all interested in canoeing, are requested to forward to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with logs of cruises, maps, and information concerning their local waters, drawings or descriptions of boats and fittings, and all items relating to the sport.

A STEAM CANOE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I desire to call your attention to Mr. Thos. Clapham's description of the steam sharpie in last issue, in which he says "engine with cylinder 2x3ft." This must be a mistake as he gives the length of the boat to be but 10ft., also the weight of engine to be but 50lbs. The appended description of the steam sharpie in use during the past summer on the upper part of the Passaic River may interest your readers.

Length 13ft., beam 22in., depth, gunwale to keel 8in. Boiler made of copper 3x12in. secured to a large double-burner oil store, and placed securely in forward part of well. Steam taken through a dry-pipe fastened along gunwale on starboard side to engine, which is of the vertical type

by the million, which rushed into the flames and fell around the campfire like snowflakes. Our coffee, potatoes, peaches and hard tack were soon covered from view by them, while we made a retreat to a respectable distance and watched the novel scene which gradually unfolded. The crew was not to be cheated out of their meal, and accordingly prepared fresh coffee, and finished in ship shape style.

A heavy crash of thunder, somewhere near morning, brought the crew out quickly and wide awake. The rain was coming down in torrents and the wind was blowing violently.

We were well wrapped in waterproof canvas, but these were lost in the darkness, which was so dark, the rain soaked us thoroughly, but our crew minded not. The boats were backed up on a sandbar the night before and not fastened, so our first move was to look after them. A vivid flash of lightning showed us the swollen creek, which proved that it must have rained heavily up above for some time. A second flash illuminated the spot where our boats had been, but were now gone. The water was rushing madly over the spot, and the boats were gone. Nothing could be done, and the soaked crew huddled together under an overhanging tree until the rain should subside. We were chilled to the bone, and on looking at our watches, were still more chilled to find it only 3 A. M. How the crew stood it till morning is a conundrum.

Finally the rain ceased and preparations for a fire were begun at once. The matches were dry, as was also some wood, and with the aid of one-half gallon of coal oil a bright blaze was made, which cheered us a little. Morning came at last, bright and clear. A tramp down the creek was at once begun; but a mile of hill and rock-climbing soon tired us out. On returning, we built up our fire and made coffee from the dirty creek water, the hard tack was thoroughly soaked, but as hunger is a greater appetizer, we masticated it cheerfully.

The crew cracked all varieties of jokes over the wreck, which showed they accepted the situation. The goods saved from the wreck were hammock and bedding, camera, gun, three tin plates, skillet and coffee pot, knives, forks and spoons, three cups, and the sugar canister, coffee canister and soaked hard tack. The sugar canister was emptied; a note stating our loss and offering a reward for their return was enclosed, and the goods were taken to the shore. It is sufficient to say that the can was picked up, the note read and a look-out posted, who stopped the boat; but the canoe was never seen or heard of from the time of going into the last camp.

We will now give a description of the remaining route from reliable authority: "Four miles below the 'Shades' is another dam, which can be easily gotten over, and a further paddle of eight miles brings you to the 'Narrow'. These are two high bluffs, between which the creek flows in a narrow channel. A little piece further on brings the paddler to Turkey Run and Bloomingdale Glens, which are often visited by excursionists from Indianapolis. After a half day's paddle from the Glens the creek empties into the Wabash, and fifteen miles down stream is the town of Montezuma, where the cruiser may go by rail or continue the journey to Terre Haute or Vincennes and take the train home." Our crew got home in good order, and sadder but wiser men.

Yachting.

AN APOLOGY.

Editor Forest and Stream:

For the last two or three years or more you have been waging bitter warfare against pretty much all styles of yachting craft save one. You have, in your own estimation, routed the advocates of all other types of yachts—"horse, foot and dragons." I do not appear in the guise of an adversary, nor even as an advocate. I come as an apologist. I am not, I think, afflicted with either anglo-mania or anglo-phobia. I see a great deal to admire in England, but am quite content to remain an American. I know that the English are frequently admired Americans of both sexes, but it is not for imitating them, but for being distinctly, not obtrusively, national.

Dropping then the question whether it is worth while to strive for a national type of yachts, or better, to save ourselves the trouble by importing our tastes and ideas direct and complete, ready for use, permit me to ask why you speak of a "Chinese wall of prejudice" in regard to keels on our part. Is it that no keel yachts had been tried in this country; that until you called attention to it we were unacquainted with the fact that centerboards did not grow naturally in boats, and were an outgrowth, not as we supposed of the experience of many years, but of the crochety brain of some Yankee shingle-whittler.

Years before a good many of the present generation of yachtsmen were on the cruises were made in and about Boston waters and extending as far north as the Kennebec River, and as far south as the Bermudas in small keel yachts—where then is the "national prejudice"? If after thirty, forty or more, properly a hundred years' trial, it is found that for certain purposes, to wit, the general run of yachting, a boat is required which differs in some respects from another craft designed for a different purpose, and that the English are eminently useful as demonstrating the power of a small boat to keep aloft and so giving confidence in the boats in case of shipwreck and preventing panics, but it is not yachting. The Mignonette, a good-sized yacht, is stove and sunk; her dinghy, 14ft. long, lives eighteen days or so with her crew; does that prove that 14ft. open boats are safer than keel yachts? Such voyages prove little or nothing. Many years ago, two Erie canal boats were rigged as schooners and started for San Francisco around the Horn. Their model was certainly not very promising, but they got there safely; yet no one would, I am sure, venture to recommend the canal boat for long sea voyages. A flat, shallow sloop of New York style, in which I have sailed on the bay many a time, easily made the voyage to San Diego and from there to Cocos Island, and back to San Diego. It is not 12,000 miles it is true; in fact, I doubt if it is over 2,000, but it shows that even a "skimmer" can do something, and that is all it does show. Vessels ten times as good in every way have been lost on shorter voyages, but I mention her on account of her size, which is about the same length as the Floua.

In the ocean yacht race, the Vesta, belonging to Lorillard, was the first one over, and the weather of it, though she didn't win the race. She was the only centerboard in the fleet.

In 1849 or '50 a Yankee came out here, looked about him, went back to New Bedford, built a 35 ton centerboard schooner, and sailed her out here to run on the Napa route. She afterward ran in various voyages up and down the coast from Alaska to Lower California. She was called the Toccoa. I have read somewhere, though I cannot recall my authority, of an American boat called a "Turista" 28ft. x 13ft., which carried passengers from port to port on a voyage from the East Indies to Portugal. In one case you have a centerboard boat, and in the other a wide one. I don't know what was the beam of the Toccoa, but it must have been pretty fair, as she was of "malice prepense," built light draft to run on a shallow river.

The yacht Annie, of New York, at the present writing of the Pacific Y. C. is thought to be the best of its kind in the world. It is a keel boat in the fleet, sufficed to carry Tweed to Cuba on the occasion of his somewhat unceremonious departure from Ludlow Street Jail. She is a centerboard boat, and by no means what we consider the perfection of a centerboard craft.

Another point where you have assailed the American idea is in the fondness for curved lines, and the use of the craft with the flat board and towering ends. We have good authority for it, English and other, that a curved line is more beautiful than a straight one, and less fatiguing to the eye, and equally good authority for the belief that a low waist easily frees itself from water which comes aboard, and that it is of so great importance in very rough weather, to give the water free egress, that it is recommended to knock the planking off from the fore and aft ends of the American plan; and that two and three masted schooners, making successful voyages to the Northwest Coast, to the Sandwich Islands, ports in Mexico, and the South Seas, most of them being centerboard craft and all with low waist and high ends. They are trim and weatherly craft, beautifully sparted, and in proper trim, very fast; they are easy, steady, and comfortable, in every way satisfactory; is it national prejudice to retain them?

There are certain peculiarities of the English rig for which you have expressed great admiration, contrasting the American fashion greatly to the disadvantage of the latter. One of these is the set of six or nine jibs carried by a fully equipped cutter. I admit that I have had but little experience with jibs set flying. That little, however, was sufficient to content me with the American plan; and I have a friend with me, making a trip of some three thousand or more miles in an English schooner yacht, is perhaps competent to speak

upon the subject. His description of the long bowsprit, covered with clinging tars, her forecastle full, too there were sixteen before the mast), and all working like bees to change her big jib, would convince a good many people that bad and awkward as reefing a jib in our style is, the English plan is anything but a saving of time and trouble. Dragging a wide jib from the deck to the sail locker, via the cabin, in a small yacht, and back again to be dried, does not seem the very epitome of convenience either. A bonnet is not very easily put on, but, what is of much more importance, it is very easily and quickly taken off. Now, I am so far from being a partisan in the matter that I haven't taken the trouble to find out whether the bonnet is an English or American idea. I merely speak of it as one of several plans better than changing the jib. One thing about the cutter, in my mind, is perfectly willing to admit, much better than the sloop, and that is that in shortening sail the area is reduced toward the center of effort, thus preserving the balance of the sails, while the sloop moves her sail forward as she reefs; but lest you should make too much of this admission, I must remark that I detect a sloop.

And English yachtsmen, who make no protest is the loose-footed mainsail. The plan is not new in England or America, but in one case it has been clinging to with a conservatism frequently paralleled, and in the other it has, after a trial, been abandoned. Of the housing topmast the same may be said; it had some advantages, but they were more than balanced by the extra hamper aloft; that is, it was simply more trouble than it was worth—on a yacht. Of the flush deck, which I have mentioned, I don't think my mind's eye back over the files of your paper, and note that it is the first of the English ideas to be abandoned after a trial.

In all these things I might feel that I was laying myself open to your reproach of "national prejudice," and setting myself up as a "Chinese wall" for you to bombard to atoms, did I not remember that you, in England, the land of the cutter, have been long and favorably known, and that the American sailer and the boom has had the warmest praise showered upon it. Is it any reason why a cotton sail is not good because we happen to have plenty of it? Is it a national prejudice to plank with pine, which springs like whalebone, rather than imported oak, which is really not so good for the purpose? Must we, because the English wish to evade a law of measurement of the mast, and under a new name, carry the stern out in a fantail that becomes a caricature? There are certain highly intellectual looking individuals whom I see on the street whose shoes, imported (in fashion at least) from England, end in a point. Am I guilty of "national prejudice" because I do not choose to pinch my toes?

The centerboard sloop Emerald was built with flat floors and "humble home" sides. She was never beaten by anything anywhere near her size. She was about 45ft. waterline (42, I think), her main boom 54ft., and bowsprit some 45; she carried no gaff. I regret that I can not at present give the length of the mast, but it was in proportion to the other spars. You contend that when our centerboard craft sink their bilges to any great extent they capsize. There is not a yacht in America but of home build that has not had one her standing room rail put under water more than once, and there is not one that ever failed to luff and free herself the moment the helm was eased. Let me, still apologizing, recount the efforts made to discover how much it took to get the Emerald's standing-room rail under. The first trial was crossing Isla Bay on the starboard tack; she straightened out the hook in the starboard shroud turnbuckle. Put about to save the mast, she straightened the other on the starboard home. Being strengthened she tore the chain plates and lifted planks and things. The chain plates being lengthened she lay down in a Telegraph Hill zephyr one afternoon, until it became evident that if she wasn't allowed to luff she would capsize or take the stick out. Her owner refused to luff; saying that he didn't believe she could turn water the mast might stand. It didn't, though it was a first-class Oregon pine stick, as tough as whalebone, but went close to the deck.

Now, admitting that a cutter can't capsize, I have heard that they do sometimes fill through the companion way and sink. The wind that will bring a properly constructed centerboard boat down to the point of danger, is a good deal stronger than one that will bring the water over the companion's head. There is more necessity for the centerboards capsizing than there is for the cutters sinking.

There is good in both types, but if you still think me a "Chinese wall," and a "national prejudice" because I say we are old enough to have an opinion of our own, and have experimented enough to know what is best suited to our requirements, why, I am willing to apologize again.

SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 27, 1884.

[Our correspondent has evidently watched the battle of sloop and cutter from too great a distance to form a true opinion of the merits of the case, and to understand fully the position of both sides. Most of the poets who have written and discussed the subject, and settled in practice, but we notice them again as there may be others at a distance who still entertain similar views.

The friends of the cutter have advocated her not because she was of English origin, but because she embodied certain principles which they believed in. The friends of the sloop, on the contrary, have advocated her for very different reasons. The question at issue is not whether was American, consequently the best; the cutter was English, and therefore thoroughly bad. The various peculiarities of the cutter, keel, outside ballast, flush deck, rig, were condemned at once, there was no need of trying them. We knew better already. At the same time the majority of the sloop men ranged themselves at once on the side of "rule of thumb" methods as opposed to scientific design, and have held their position until now.

FOREST AND STREAM has contended, with what success is well known by all who are familiar with the yachts of five years since and of to-day, for safer boats, for cruising instead of idle drifting about the Sound, for better and safer rigs, for a greater knowledge, on the part of yachtsmen, of all that pertains to the construction and handling of their craft, and for the same training, skill and care in building a yacht that would be required in building a house or a steam engine. We have upheld or condemned every detail of the long controversies, only according to its bearing on these points, and without any regard to its nationality.

It is true that keels were no new thing with us, but a few years ago they were condemned by the majority of our yachtsmen, as entirely unsuited for cruising purposes, while at the same time they were glad enough to claim the credit for the victory of the keel yacht America. The question of keel vs. centerboard is too lengthy to discuss here, but we may remind our correspondent that we have never denied certain advantages to the board as an expedient where shoal waters must be navigated, but we deny the first broad claim made by its advocates that it was the better in every way for deep as well as shallow water, that it was slower, less certain in stays and could not point up. As for the supposed case where the board finds safety in shoal water, while the keel is tossing outside, we refer him to the race of Oct. 18, on New York Bay, where the keels made their harbor to windward safely, while the boards were but too happy to lie down in the Horseshoe and come up the following day, in other words, in the supposed case of heavy weather, the cutter being becalmed, can get somewhere to windward while the sloop must find a harbor.

Many boats of bad design and equipment have traveled up and down our coasts as traders for years without disaster, but this does not prove that they are in any way models to be copied in our yachts. Our correspondent's remarks in favor of a low waist, and also against a housing topmast, require no answer. The value of higher sides is conceded in practice by the sloop builders, while the housing topmast is found in the majority of our yachts; and he is several years too late in his criticism of these features. The high cocked up stern is also a thing of the past. The curve in the sheer may in itself be graceful, but the less said about beauty in connection with it the better, or attention may be called to the hideous sawed-off stern necessitated by length measurement. On the one hand we have a cutter and a graceful, every line being complete, and having a fair ending as well as a beginning; on the other the lines do not end, but simply stop short, leaving a break that is in no case pleasing to the eye.

While we have advocated the shifting jibs of the cutter, the main point in the dispute, double head rig versus big jib, is now decided in favor of the former, the single jib sailing more rapidly each year. The issue is important, whether jib and staysail, with the former on stay is better for our purpose than with the former set (lying, and nine (7) changes of jibs will be settled by actual trial. Why the jib is dragged through the cabin, when the sail locker on most small cutters is accessible from the deck, our correspondent does not explain, and just what his remarks about changing the jib on a schooner are expounded to be, is of no moment. The housing topmast is in favor of a flush deck, free from the incumbrance of a cabin house. The cockpit is a detail depending on the purpose for which the yacht is intended, and, to a certain extent, on her size. If for smooth-water sailing in a small yacht, especially if ladies are aboard, the cockpit is a convenience; on the other hand, it is dangerous in rough weather, if of large size, and in a case of one of the near and small yachts in England are fitted with cockpits, but we do not know of the flush deck having been abandoned here after trial, certainly not in the larger cutters, the only instance being little bludge.

The centerboard is favorably known in England—in its proper place—as a boat for pleasure sailing in shoal waters, but not as a model for large yachts. There is no measurement rule, other in England, for the housing topmast, and the rule is dispensed with. The feature was first introduced to evade such a rule, it is retained because it has been found best.

There may be some peculiar quality of buoyancy in the waters of

the Pacific that prevents a wide, shoal boat from capsizing, but such experiments as that of Emerald would not succeed here. They are tried every season on boats large and small, from the Graying to the little sandbag traps, of which one or more capsize in every race, and often with melancholy results. We call the attention of all who will persist in sailing such dangerous craft, to the information that the cutters are liable at any time to heel enough to fill through the companion, as they may not be aware of the fact.

For the information of our correspondent we can state that yachts here are not planked with imported oak, that our pine (the Southern yellow pine) is not a good material, our yachts are planked with cedar, yellow pine or white oak, the latter mostly from Ohio, and the only imported wood used has been a little teak in the four large cutters, this being the best material grown in any parts of a yacht, on the contrary, we do not yet use elm in yacht construction, although its value has long been recognized in England, and it is imported from America for keels and lower planking.

We are old enough to have an opinion of our own, and we have had a very decided one, but it is only lately that we have experimented enough to know what we want, and the result of the experiments has been to change entirely that opinion.

LIST OF RACES SAILED IN 1884.

SEVERAL errors appeared in the list printed last week, of which we give the following corrections. The abbreviations, F. A., Perth Amboy, and B. C., Burlington Bay, were changed from the list. The races on Burlington Bay were received after the list was printed. The corrected paragraphs are reprinted entire:

- June 11. New York.—H. Y. C. Sloops, first class, 3 starters; Lottie 1. Second class, 2 starters; Clara S. 1. Third class, 5 starters; Selena O. 1. Fourth class, 5 starters; Willie 1. Cats, 4 starters; B. Flat 1.
10. Newark.—New York Y. C. First class 3 starters; Vixen 1. Second class, 4 starters; Our Own 1. Third class, 2 starters; Just Woke Up 1. Fourth class, 5 starters; Cygnus 1. Fifth class, 4 starters; Shadow 1. Sixth class, 6 starters; Teaser 1.
24. New Haven.—N. H. Y. C. First class, 2 starters; Wild Pigeon 1. Second class, 9 starters; Flora 1. Third class, 5 starters; Stranger 1. Fourth class, Trip w. o.
25. New York.—C. Y. C. First class, 2 starters; Emilio 1. Second class, 3 starters; Zig Zag 1. Third class, 4 starters; Henry Gray 1. Fourth class, 4 starters; Henry Fisher 1.
- July 4. Cleveland.—Clev. Y. Ass. First class, S. H. Ives 1; Louise 2. Second class, Randolph 1; Luc 2; Luc 3; Charon 4; Rover 5. Third class, Lady Ida 1; Freddie 2; Trio 3.
5. Monument Beach.—B. Y. C. 85th Race. First for Buzzard's Bay Championship. First class cats, 4 starters; Mattie 1 and pennant, Flirt 2. Sloops and second class cats, no starters. Second Flirt-Iris match sailed at same time; won by Flirt, taking colors.
14. Philadelphia.—Q. C. Y. C. Challenge Cup, M. S. Thomas beats Nahua.
19. Burlington Bay.—Championship Matches, 6 starters; Coquette 1.
20. Swampscott.—B. Y. C. 88th Race, Second Championship. First class, 6 starters; Alalanta 1, Countess 2 and pennant, being Thialli. Second class, 6 starters; Rita 1 and pennant, being Witch. Third class, 2 starters; Bhubell 1 and pennant, being Mirage.
26. Burlington Bay.—Championship Matches, 6 starters; Coquette 1.
- Aug. 2. Burlington Bay.—Championship Matches, 5 starters; Cacique 1.
6. Kingston.—King Y. C. Open Race, First class, 4 starters; Norah B. Q. Y. C. 1, Garfield, King Y. C. 2; Aileen K. Y. C. 3. Second class, 5 starters; Iolanthe B. Q. Y. C. 1, Katie Gray O. Y. C. 2, Laura, King Y. C. 3. Third class, 9 starters; Mabel, Gananoque 1, Merlin, King Y. C. 2. Shadow, Gananoque 3.
9. Burlington Bay.—Championship Matches, 4 starters; Coquette 1.
12. Philadelphia.—Q. C. Y. C. Sweepstakes, Fourth class, 5 starters; Pratt 1.
12. Newport.—N. Y. Y. C. Commodore's Cups, 60-mile course. Schooners, first class, 3 starters; Montauk 1. Second class, 2 starters; Varuna 1. Cutters and sloops, first class, 4 starters; Bessie B. Y. C. 2. Fourth class centerboards, 4 starters; Oriva 1. Best time on allowance, Mischief.
16. Hull.—H. Y. C. Open Regatta. First class, no entries. Second class centerboards, 3 starters; Magic, L. Y. C. 1; Shadow, B. Y. C. 2. Keels, 3 starters; Hera, B. Y. C. 1; Ella May, B. Y. C. 2. Third class centerboards, 4 starters; Seabird, Bo. Y. C. 1; Frolic, Bo. Y. C. 2. Keels, 3 starters; Transit, H. Y. C. 1; Raven, B. Y. C. 2. Fourth class centerboards, 3 starters; Black Cloud, C. A. Y. C. 1; Cruiser, Larch, B. Y. C.'s 2; Queen Mab, H. Y. C. 3. Keels, 7 starters; Baneret, D. Y. C. 1; Kittle, H. Y. C. 2; Saracen, Bo. Y. C. 5. Fifth class, 35 starters; Mabel, H. Y. C. 1; Viva, S. B. Y. C. 2; Flora Lee, S. B. Y. S. 3. Schooner class, Bessie B. Y. C. w. o.
20. Fishers.—B. Y. C. Ninety-first Race, Third Championship. First class, 3 starters; Cricket 1 and pennant, being Thialli and Countess; Countess 2. Second class centerboards, 4 starters; Cruiser 1 and pennant, being Witch and Rita 2. Keels, 2 starters; Witch 1. Third class, Mirage w. o., taking championship.
23. Hull.—H. Y. C. Second Championship. First class, 3 starters; Shadow 1. Second class centerboards, no entry. Keels, 3 starters, race off, time lost by judges. Third class centerboards, Seabird w. o. Keels, 3 starters; Kittle 1. Fourth class, 4 starters; Queen Mab 1, taking championship. Fifth class, 7 starters; Kismet 1, being Spray. Sixth class, 3 starters; being Witch and Mirage.
24. Philadelphia.—Q. C. Y. C. Commodore's Challenge Cup. M. S. Thomas beats Tellyer and holds the cup.
28. Burlington Bay.—Championship Matches, 5 starters; Brunette 1.
- Aug. 30. Marblehead.—B. Y. C. Ninety-second Race, Second Open Sweepstakes. First class centerboards, 2 starters; Shadow B. Y. C. 1, Kittle 2. Keels, 3 starters; Lillie S. B. Y. C. 1, Viking D. Y. C. 2. Egir J. C. 3. Schooners, 2 starters; Bessie B. Y. C. 1. Second class centerboards, 3 starters; Ern Q. Y. C. 1, Folly Q. Y. C. 2. Keels, 8 starters; Theald B. Y. C. 1, Transit H. Y. C. 2, Gem B. Y. C. 3, Countess B. Y. C. 4. Third class centerboards, 10 starters; Queen Mab H. Y. C. 1, Seabird Bo. Y. C. 2, H. Y. C. 3, B. Y. C. 4, B. Y. C. 5, B. Y. C. 6, B. Y. C. 7, B. Y. C. 8, B. Y. C. 9, B. Y. C. 10, B. Y. C. 11, B. Y. C. 12, B. Y. C. 13, B. Y. C. 14, B. Y. C. 15, B. Y. C. 16, B. Y. C. 17, B. Y. C. 18, B. Y. C. 19, B. Y. C. 20, B. Y. C. 21, B. Y. C. 22, B. Y. C. 23, B. Y. C. 24, B. Y. C. 25, B. Y. C. 26, B. Y. C. 27, B. Y. C. 28, B. Y. C. 29, B. Y. C. 30, B. Y. C. 31, B. Y. C. 32, B. Y. C. 33, B. Y. C. 34, B. Y. C. 35, B. Y. C. 36, B. Y. C. 37, B. Y. C. 38, B. Y. C. 39, B. Y. C. 40, B. 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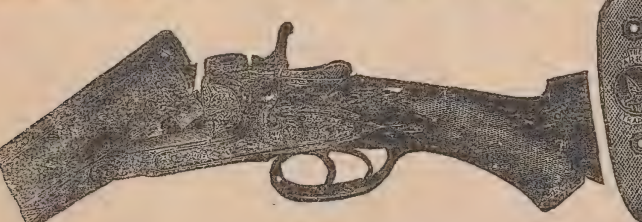
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Forest and Stream Publishing Co.
NEW YORK CITY.

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FALSE PRETENSES.

FOR some months advertisements of \$15 guns sold by Parker & Company of Chambers street, have been appearing in a number of newspapers, and we have been flooded with questions about these arms and people. The name and the location suggested to those unfamiliar with such matters the well-known firm of Parker Brothers whose factory is at Meriden, Conn., and their place of business in this city in Chambers street. This so-called Parker & Company consisted of Charles R. Parker, of Brooklyn, and one Hayden, who has heretofore been connected with various cheap jewelry and gift enterprises and who, is alleged, at least on one occasion, to have flitted to Europe to escape the consequences of some of his business transactions. There appears to be no reason to believe that the Mr. Parker whose name appeared on the firm heading had any knowledge of the questionable use to which it was being put.

Parker & Company were attempting, to trade on the name and reputation of Parker Bros., and as soon as this came to the knowledge of that firm, they took steps to put an end to the business. An injunction was obtained against Parker & Company and their business stopped until the case should come up in court on its merits, which will be to-morrow. In the meantime the firm of Parker & Company no longer exists, a dissolution notice having appeared this week in the daily papers.

Foolish people are no doubt still sending on money to this firm, each one expecting to receive in return for his \$15 one of those wonderful shotguns that kill at one hundred yards.

A cheap gun is an abomination—not only being itself a botched piece of work, but also because it is a source of constant danger to the man who carries it and to those who are near him. Where life and limb are in question, it is the very poorest economy to try to save a few dollars. It is better that the pocket should suffer a little rather than that the head should be lost. Injuries to the former are easily repaired, but no amount of hard work will put a new head on a man, or replace an arm, or a hand, or a finger that has been blown off. What we want in our arms is safety first, then good shooting qualities, and last good workmanship and finish. No one should expect to receive a safe, strong, weapon without paying a fair price for it, and those who

propose to buy guns had much better do so from some reliable house, who may not offer such marvellous bargains, but whose representations can be relied on.

We were offered the advertisement of this firm, but at once refused to give it a place in our columns on any terms. It is very unfortunate that this whole trade in cheap guns cannot be put an end to, but we presume that there is no hope at present that this can be done. In the meantime, we can only advise our readers to shun cheap gun dealers as they would the plague.

CANOEING IN THE SOUTH.

IT has already been told in these columns that "Nessmuk's" famous little canoe, the Sairy Gamp, will be on exhibition at New Orleans this winter in the Cotton Centennial display; and perhaps so many of the visitors who see her graceful lines, may be captivated by them that a canoeing interest may be created in the South. It is a grand country for the canoeist. Many of the tourists who go South from the North in the winter season have found that out. Florida waters have been cruised over and over again. But it can hardly be said that the merits of the canoe are very well understood by southern people. They have magnificent opportunities for the sport, but they have not yet learned to profit by these natural advantages.

The reason may be that they have not found out what a useful and pleasurable craft the modern light canoe really is. In this, to be sure, that can hardly be said to be behind the North, for even in that part of the country, aside from a few of the more commonly travelled routes, the canoeist is a *rara avis*, and excites more curiosity than that wonderful combination of humanity and mechanism, the bicyclist. Once introduced, however, it will not take long for the sport to become popular; and nothing will be more natural as a result of the New Orleans exhibition, than a general adoption of the light canoe as a pleasure craft, on waters where now only the clumsy skiff or the ancient dugout is seen.

IMPORTING FOREIGN BIRDS.

THE other day attention was called to the supposed fact that of all the thousands of migratory quail imported into this country and put out in different localities, none had survived, or if they had survived none were to be found. We have since then seen in a Western Massachusetts paper a note from an anonymous writer, saying that the quail put out in one of the towns in that State had survived, and were now fulfilling the purpose for which, of course, they were imported, namely, offering themselves as targets for sportsmen's guns. This is important, if true. A well authenticated record of the capture of the birds would be extremely interesting.

In another column will be found a note from a correspondent, who has evidently given the subject some thought, suggesting one possible element of failure in these attempts to introduce foreign birds. He urges that it was a mistake to put the birds out in this latitude on the presumption that upon the approach of cold weather they would migrate south, instead of liberating them in a warmer climate, whence by natural increase they would probably find their way north. The suggestion is a reasonable one. If other attempts are made to bring to America the game and song birds of foreign lands, it would be wise to give the southern liberation plan a fair trial. It is hardly to be presumed that further attempts will be made to attain success in the manner already tried and proved futile; but the subject of bird importation is one which may well engage the attention of public-spirited individuals. To deplete and destroy is too much the spirit of the age; how to restock the game covers is a problem which will by and by surely be solved.

ENGLISH KENNEL NOTES.—The curiosity which is manifested both in England and America as to the identity of "Lillibulero" is quite amusing. We understand from private sources on both sides of the water, and from the London press, that great efforts are being and have been made to learn who the author or authors of these letters is or are, and the appeals which come to this office asking the same question are really quite touching. We are obliged to return to all these anxious querists the same answer, and we are sorry to say that some of them do not appear to be satisfied with the explanation that publishers are quite without discretion when a contributor declines to have his real name made public. Perhaps we should have saved ourselves some trouble if, at the outset, we had stated that we ourselves were ignorant of the contributor's name, and forwarded all our communications to a certain box in the London P. O.

However, like one of our esteemed contemporaries, we "consider a lie the poorest investment possible," and so we did not take that course. The field for conjecture is a broad one, and all sorts of men, occupying all sorts of stations, have been mentioned by those who are trying to solve the problem. Among these are half a dozen editors and as many clergymen, besides a great number of people in other walks of life. We do not think that any one has as yet fixed on the real author of the notes, and, since they evidently desire to remain unknown, we shall do what we can to preserve their incognito. We hope that nothing which we have written above will lead any one to imagine that we write these notes ourselves in this office every two weeks, gleaned the news from the English journals. A few years ago one of the burning questions in the doggy world was, "Who was the sire of Croxteth's dam?" Now it appears to be, "Who is 'Lillibulero'?"

ONE-MAN POWER.—Once in a while there comes in the mail a plaint from some game society secretary, whose burden of sorrow is that, while the membership of his society is large, no one seems to want to do any of the work, but all try to "shove it off on to him;" and coming at last to believe himself imposed upon, his remarks are apt to be indignant as well as sad. It must be confessed that the words of encouragement we try to write in return are not always very comforting. Nothing can comfort such a man, except the awakening of activity among his fellow members. And the hard-worked secretary knows, as well as the rest do, that this activity cannot be awakened. It is not sleeping; it is dead. In the history of game protection in this country, it is true in nine cases of every ten that, no matter how long may be the club constitutions and the roll of membership and no matter how long-winded the other members' dissertations and expatiations on what ought to be done—when it comes to actually doing anything, it is left for one man to do, or is not done at all. After a while the one man gets tired.

ONEIDA LAKE.—From Oneida Lake in central New York, comes the record of one man who has the pluck to do what the people of the State have deputed to him. His name is William H. Lindley, and he is one of the State Game Protectors. He has been waging a war on the fishermen, who defy the law by netting in the lake. His task has not been an altogether pleasant one. Not long ago, while Mr. Lindley, with his steam launch, was taking up nets, he was surrounded by a hostile flotilla of rowboats, manned by armed ruffians, who threatened his life. On another occasion—like Adirondack tourists who kill deer in the water—the mob threw away their guns, and attacked with oars as clubs. The officer's pluck has carried him through the scimmages, and many nets have been destroyed. Oneida Lake is some twenty-seven miles long and seven miles wide. It is a large area for one man to look after. Officer Lindley should have credit for what he has done, and ought to be provided with all needed means of prosecuting his task.

THANKSGIVING DAY SHOOTING.—The marksmen kept up the traditions of the day in good style by many a contest of skill over range and across trap. Our shooting columns tell of a few only of the scores of enjoyable events, and no doubt every one who took the sensible exercise of the open field found his aim straight and his zest the greater at the subsequent performance about the dinner table. The old style turkey shoot, where the head of the game was used as a mark, seems to have given way to the more sensible contest where a fixed mark is used. There may be less luck, but there is ever so much more skill in a carefully measured string target. The day generally was fine, and with the crisp, sharp air made the winding up period of the summer's sport entirely satisfactory. The winter of talk and thought is now entered upon, and if appearances are not very deceitful, there is every prospect of a lively season in all kinds of marksmanship during the summer of 1885.

ONE THANKSGIVING.—This is a civilized country—except in spots. Every now and then one comes pat upon a heathen. A New Jersey correspondent tells us of a man who employed the Thanksgiving holiday in the pursuit of hares. He had no dog, he did not need one. He armed himself with a "scatter-gun" and a card of matches, set the dry grass on fire, and as the startled creatures fled from the flames, poured his shot into them. It might be well to so amend the existing statutes as to make it obligatory upon the proper officials to lock such fellows up in jail from sunrise to sunset on occasions of public holiday.

The Sportsman Tourist.

FUR AND FEATHER IN NORWAY.

IN the juvenile years of man there is oftentimes a period when he longeth most ardently for the day when he shall be sufficiently grown up to wrest from the hands of fortune his ambition of becoming "an engine driver!" The spirit thirsting for adventure and hair-breadth escapes sees here the promise of full satisfaction to its desires, and looks forward anxiously to the time when this vast field of delight is opened to it. But vaulting ambition o'erleapeth itself, and sadly to-morrow disposes what to-day proposes. Mayhap in after times that same locomotive will represent to the would-be driver so much railroad stock, of fluctuating value, warranted to wreck the peace of mind of the owner; will maim and destroy he who trusts it, like some hideous caliban enangered at its own creation, and prove the harbinger of as much woe as weal. Yet for all that I should not care to deny that perchance the writer, when battling with the riddles of a multiplication table, secretly cast mental eyes toward the day when he might mount and ride this fiery steed of iron. Such extravagant hopes then formed and fed on fancies, have since been all too well realized. I have ridden a runaway engine from Brussels to the Danish frontier; I have careered in Mazeppa fashion over an atrociously constructed line in Sweden; I have sat in the tender with half a dozen dusky Arabs *en route* from Cairo to Sult in Egypt; and finally—not to call up other dire spirits from the vasty (and nasty) deep of an engine box, reminding of dust, heat, coal, shaking and general misery—I have carried the news of a railway accident in England from the miserable scene itself to the nearest station on a battered, mud-besplashed, and sorry specimen of my youthful dreams.

But all these have been the freaks of chance, and hardly of my own seeking. Putting away childish things on becoming a man, I find my wishes yet unsatisfied, though they wear a different complexion. It is not *si j'étais roi*—not in these piping times of dynamite and socialism at least—but I do own to the soft impeachment that I would I were a guide-book compiler. Talk of the fluent language and varied imagination of the popular novelist! Bah, the comparisons are ridiculous, for where is the novelist who can vie with the gifts of the average guide-book maker. Eloquence of diction and a rain of adjectives are his; superlatives drop from his pen with a readiness that sends the unhappy nouns trembling and shrinking into the corners of the page, abashed at their own insignificance, while his imagination is a fecund creuse of oil which requires no prophet to bless and make it exhaustless. In his mental pocket he keeps the keys of an Aladdin's cave, wherefrom he gathers whatsoever may paint a moral or adorn a tale. He knows the way through winding paths and dangers (mazes which few who lean upon his reed ever succeed in passing) to the El Dorados of the land he writes about, and in glowing terms he pictures such scenes as only visit poor ordinary mortals in dreams, or that shadow land of opium smokers, where the misty sceneries are sentinelled by such shapes of grace as move in like pensive and Elysian places. Then, too, descending from the dizzy heights which his aerial spirit haunts to the level of the every day world he knows, or affects to know (which to him, with his gold-tipped quill and shield of self-confidence, is about the same thing) all the details of the traveler's route, and boldly creates his islands of fact in seas of words, without so much as asking if such creation is well, and worthy resting for. The personal character of hotel keepers, and whether they part their hair in the middle or at the side; the family genealogies of all kings, saints and rogues, and what things they did and left undone; the domestic bliss of the peasant, and the gloomy forebodings of the political horizon—nothing comes amiss to his net, and all is set down for he that runs to read. As Toby Belch said when Sir Andrew Aguecheek showed him by practical experiment that he had "the back fling simply better than any man in Illyria," "Oh, that I had given the time to the fine arts that I have to cock-fighting and bear-baiting." I suppose that I must be content to commence at the bottom of the ladder, and after establishing my reputation as a novelist, scientist, essayist and walking encyclopedia, perhaps I may strive toward that lofty goal tenanted by guide-book makers, and—but this way dreaming and madness lie.

Now, of course, my reader will easily see the connection between babies, railway engines, and guide books, with sport in Norway, the thing is so clear. Should it be a little misty, however, it will soon explain itself. I had a guide-book once, several guide-books in fact, relating to things Scandinavian, and, armed, with these irresponsible effusions, he took myself to Norway for a summer outing, to fish, shoot, and see what I could see. And delightful to the degree which is called "fabulous" was that same trip. In a previous letter to *FOREST AND STREAM* I have told of the easy mode of traveling in this northern realm and of the glorious fishing to be had in lake, fjord and stream, to the honor and glory of which I would be again profuse in language if the aforesaid guide book compilers had left me any adjectives which, when held up to the light, did not show traces of being rather threadbare at the elbows and a bit baggy at the knees. But as regards sport with the gun, candor (outside of red morocco covers of course) must confess its non-existence, at least in the abundance promised to the would-be Nimrod by those who don't shoot, but get so many cents per copy of neatly bound promises. Surely my reader, if he be one of those who has listened to the whispers of fancy, and pursued with eagerness the phantoms of hope, must have experienced the dubious joys of going to (metaphorically speaking) a sporting cupboard, and finding it as bare as Mrs. Hubbard's. It is not an unheard of occurrence, and alas, the trap has caught me several times. I have sat out in a swamp, a veritable slough of despond, near Marseilles, all night, waiting for ducks, but either the birds had the cholera, or more important business to attend to than me, for daybreak brought nothing but chills and discomfort. Likewise have I searched most diligently some thousand miles of the Nile for a crocodile (and so did his Arab sisters and his cousins and his aunts), but true to his title the "allegory of the Nile" never showed his head above water until the region where Mahdi is now making it so warm for the British was reached. In divers corners of the world I have made preparations for a large harvest, and lived to learn that the sowing had been small. And now, for the benefit of such travelers as may intend hereafter to visit Norway, I propose to tell how, apart from its magnificent scenery, its many interests, its soft climate and splendid fishing, sport with the gun is a delusion and a snare, and to sing a requiem over two of my three

weapons which were never called upon to leave their cases during my journey in the land of the Vikings.

Of course much of the sportsman's success will depend on the method and season in which he makes trial of his fortune. Should he be content to travel from skyds-station to skyds-station in the queer little buggy of Norway, the carrieole, making rests here and there, like the light-hearted hare, to fish or wander with his gun over the hillsides, he will probably enjoy himself far more than if he were to camp out upon some bleak mountain with guides and dogs, and after growing a beard like Enoch Arden with watching, be rewarded with more or less sport. The latter course is for the ambitious, but the writer, and his brother in exile, chose the former method, and to his mind a far preferable one. Yet it must be granted that game is hard to get at, when one's visitations to their feeding grounds are so cursory. The hills are clad in forests of fir and beech so deep and extensive that it is as hard to find birds and animals in them as the elfs and goblins with which myth has peopled their gloomy shades. Many of the tracks, showing an apparently smooth surface as seen from a distance, when entered upon present a wild, entangled labyrinth of growing and decayed vegetation, thickets of all ages matted together and interlaced overhead, the ground underneath which is littered with dead roots and fallen leaves, the accumulation of centuries, bound together into an almost impenetrable mass by struggling underwood and coarse, long-stemmed heather. To ramble in such places is like exploring the forest of primeval man. Here and there are plateaus overlooking the maze of valleys with their lakes and rivers—wild and desolate wastes of rank grasses, stunted shrubs, and gray, scattered rocks covered with the lichens on which the reindeer feed. But neither in the woodlands nor in the more open spaces is shooting possible without dogs or benters.

We often regretted not having brought dogs with us, for in the dense cover into which the game retires it is impossible to put up the birds oneself. Many a time were we sorely tantalized by hearing the beat of retreating wings, as we painfully forced our way through the brushwood in vain pursuit of the will-o'-the-wisp-like ryer. We subsequently heard, it is true, a rumor of an Englishman at Hufton who had shot twenty-two brace of grouse to his own gun, in a day, and without dogs; but it was only a rumor, and had doubtless lost nothing from being current in a Norsk atmosphere for some time. A good pair of working retrievers would be most useful in Norway, and the common bread of the country might form an excellent substitute for biscuit as their daily food. I believe that tourists generally carry their dogs, when doing long stages, in a net slung under the carrieole—a primitive method, for which statement I have only the authority of a ludicrous Norwegian caricature, wherein a traveler is depicted as disposing of half a dozen pointers after this fashion. Certainly I never saw a native dog which displayed the least genius for hunting on anybody's account but his own, and a superb black and white wolfhound, which I purchased near Bergen, has given me an endless amount of trouble in England, where he insists upon defying the game-protection laws, and keeps a calendar the shooting dates of which are sadly at variance with those of his adopted land.

As to the right season in which to visit Norway, the summer months are undoubtedly best for traveling, fishing, and general shooting, although, of course, the scientific sportsman, whose spirit is knit to great deeds of valor against bear, wolf and reindeer, will do well to woo his fortune in the winter time, when snow and ice have laid their clutches on the country. Until April, and indeed throughout May, the days and nights are still very cold. June, July and August may generally be depended on for fine weather, the thermometer in the southern valley ranging about the sixties and often much higher, while the freshness and bracing effect of the air, even on the warmest days, is one of the most noticeable and pleasant characteristics of the country. In September and October the weather becomes unsettled, the days shorter, and the nights colder, until winter, in all its rigor, sets in. Then indeed the face of the country undergoes a great change. Hills and valleys are blended together under one white pall, the lakes congeal, and the streams fall into the universal sleep. The roads are deserted, and the patient little Norwegian horse which, throughout the summer, has been the victim of foreign appreciation of his country, finds rest from the duty of linking the skyds-stations, probably glad enough to reach the end of the season. The heavens are gray as a roof of lead, and the earth is covered with a shroud of snow; the keen winds whistle o'er the moorlands, and through the naked branches of the fir woods, and the network of streams lie ice-bound between barren banks. It must be a calm time for the station masters when there are no more enthusiastic tourists to be attended to and farming is put by until the spring. Most of their attention is given to their flocks of sheep and goats, which have been brought down from the hill pastures, where they have been grazing through the summer months. Occasionally they combine for a grand hunting expedition when some flock has been preyed upon by a roving bear, who now comes down from his haunts in the mountains where he has been for so long a time a vegetarian, and regales himself nightly with a sheep or goat prior to entering on his winter doze.

As the traveler drives along in his carrieole over the inland roads, he cannot fail to be struck by the seeming lack of life in the forests and meads through which he passes. The many small birds which lend to an English or American rural scene so much, are in Norway mainly conspicuous by their absence; and the hum and buzz of insect life, which gives a woodland its chief charm to the lover of entomology, are quite missing. Now and then woodpeckers may be heard laughing in the depths of the forests; crows and magpies flutter to and fro, or sit cawing and chattering on the neighboring trees, but the solitudes are otherwise unbroken by the sounds which should fill so vast a nursery of Nature. Undoubtedly, of all the bird species the magpie is commonest. The jerky flight and dappled plumage is rarely long absent from the landscape, and around the skyds-stations it is far too abundant, for the noise which two or three of these individuals will make when excited, or waxing eloquent over some disputed treasure trove, is appalling. The peasants have a superstition that the birds are the spirits of future children, and will never destroy them. I have met with a similar superstition in Egypt in connection with the scissor-billed tern, which, although rarely seen on the Nile, is too strange in its appearance to escape the Arab's fondness for ascribing powers of evil and good to the objects of nature. My native boatmen were terribly aggrieved when, in the bliss of ignorance, I shot one of these "kâwans," and looked on me with the reproachful eyes which so haunted the unhappy ancient mariner. They told me it was considered a bird of good omen, and its virtues as many as the sands of

the desert, but (and this was added with marked emphasis amid the sallows) mournful be he who harms it. Sometime afterward I was captized in my felucca, losing a favorite gun among other things in the mishap, but beyond that revenge, I can impute no hatred, malice or uncharitableness to the spirit of the deceased bird. Perhaps its ghost is appeased in its wing-wanderings to know that its mortal remains, or rather their exterior integument and feathers, stand in a case of glass, with all the usual trapping of a stuffed and rare specimen.

The commoner birds and beasts in all countries have usually some legend or legends attached to them, and in many cases these are far more than mere idle stories. A really inclusive and well-executed work of such fables—tracing each back to its origin where possible—would surely be one of much interest to many classes of readers. Thus, to return to the land we are treating of, there exists a strange and, I think, unique story about the Norwegian woodpecker, a pretty little red-headed, black-bodied bird. Once, it is said, there was a certain peasant woman baking bread, when our Lord and some of His disciples came near. Being hungry, He asked her for some food, and she, not knowing who He was, broke off a small piece of dough and began to roll it out before putting it into the oven. But, by a miracle, it grew and grew under her hands until it was as large as the original mass. Not liking to give so much away, she again broke off a small bit and rolled it out, only to find it increase like the first. She did this several times with a similar result, until our Lord, seeing her avarice was insatiable, changed her into a bird, and said she should hunt for her food under the dry bark of trees, and be thirsty forever, and hail with eagerness the advent of the rain, but should never drink or be satisfied. Immediately after this was said the unfortunate woman took the shape of a bird and flew up the chimney of the oven, making herself black as midnight with soot, and burning the top of her head, whereon a crimson scar is plain to this day. So now she is a black woodpecker and gets her living by looking for food under the tree-bark (an uncommonly slow occupation the framer of the legend doubtless thought), and is continually chattering at the prospect of the refreshing rain, when she sees the sky overcast, but when the rain comes she can never drink! The legend is not strictly logical—legends seldom are—and it is clear that it must have been made a great deal further south than Norway; however, I heard it as a genuine Norske tale.

Next to the magpie in point of numbers comes the hooded or gray crow. Not that any of these freebooters of the air can claim the dignity of being classed as game; I merely mention them as dots of color on the canvas of a Norwegian sketcher. This wily bird, who apes the reverence of silvered head, and black garbed body, that he may the more easily practice on the credulity of the world, does not patronize the farmhouses much, preferring the lonely hillsides and meadowlands. It is consequently generally seen *en route* and will allow the traveler in his carrieole to come within a few yards of it as it sits in solitary state on the top of some rail or post, making rude and personal remarks in an undertone. Small birds, except swallows and wagtails, are scarce, and hawks proportionately few. Only one eagle did I see in Norway—a superb fellow, who slipped from a mountain crag like some tumbling fragment of the rock itself, and after executing a few movements without a motion of his great pinions, sailed out of sight down a ravine, noiseless and grand. The rewards offered by government for the slaughter of these and other birds of prey, have been only too successful in their object. Yet, although the raptorial have been so vigorously suppressed, the game does not appear to have been benefited greatly thereby. It might be a wiser course to incite a crusade against the magpies, crows and ravens which, on account of their numbers, probably work more damage by stealing and eating eggs, than ever kestrel or sparrow hawk commit in occasionally striking down those grouse and other birds which are already enfeebled by age or injuries. Woodcock, capercaillie, and grouse are fairly plentiful, but very hard to get at in the dense cover which they haunt.

To be successful with these latter birds requires one to make a regular business of it. To insure good sport, it is, in fact, necessary to hire a guide who knows the country, and to pay him well, which will in all probability make a considerable difference in the number of birds the sportsman shoots. With guides and dogs he must go up country, and if he does not mind roughing it a bit, he may get in among the birds, and kill as large a bag as that fabled Englishman, who was said to have secured twenty-two brace in a day. On ducks, the tourist who does not devote himself entirely to sport, will have to depend for most of his shooting, and as they are to be found everywhere and in many varieties, he need have no fear of burning powder if he wishes it. Teal and woodducks and mergansers are very numerous, and can be seen on all the lakes and fjords. The latter birds, however, are bad flyers, and dive most provokingly when wounded, while the promise which they offer to their captor when cooked is not a very strong inducement to the chase. A fellow traveler whom I met at Stee, a small station on Lake Lillie-Strand, showed me a duck of black color, with a white tail and red legs, which he had shot, but the name of which neither of us knew. Very proud, too, was he of his victim. For days he carried the bird tied to the back-board of his carrieole, where the world might gaze upon it in admiration—and then he finally gave it to his skyds-carl, perhaps the wisest part of the proceedings.

Of animals both great and small there is a large variety in Norway. Elk, red deer, reindeer, beavers and hares abound in different localities, but are rigorously protected by law during the major portion of the year, and a heavy fine is imposed on the hunter or trapper who takes them out of season. Such fearful wildfowl as bears and wolves, however, have no legislative shield to creep under; but nevertheless protect themselves with marked ability, and more or less success, showing in vengeful spirit a happy disregard of game-laws, and herdsmen's laws, at all times. Of two things the traveler in Norway will all too soon grow wise in his own generation, if experience may prove the road to wisdom. The first of these is that to give the skyds-carl of one's carrieole more than the modest claim which the government allows him to make, or to donate one's mite to the chance beggar (*a vara avis*, by the way, in this land of quiet industry) is to necessitate, when skyds-carl or beggar hath duly "unpocketed thy gratuity," shaking hands with the recipient—a duty not always desirable—as the horny hand of labor (or idleness) sometimes looks sadly as if it had followed Mohammed's precept, and washed in sand instead of water. The other is that salmon cutlets and reindeer steaks form the staple dishes of the inland skyds-station. Not a bad complaint either, perhaps you think, but wait till you have tried this diet for two months, and then see if you don't long to have changed this

rain of Norwegian manna and quails. I don't pretend that these are the only edibles provided to the hungry traveler, far from it, for the ladders of skyds-stations love extremes, and either provide excellent meals, or none at all. But salmon and reindeer, in a cooked state, greet you wherever dinner is asked for. Think not to escape them, because the bountiful board is not spread with these items of the repast, for surely they will lurk in silence on some side-table ready to put in an appearance and renew their acquaintance with you. If both are not there, one of them will be, and the betting is even on the choice. Other dishes may be promised, but too frequently they are like the diet spoken of by the White Queen to Alice: "Bread to-day and jam to-morrow, and to-morrow never comes, you know."

That the lakes and rivers are well stocked with salmon, I think I have sufficiently proved in my previous letter on Norwegian fishing, and there must certainly be a great number of the meek-eyed reindeer about the mountains to keep up the supply of food, and furnish the beautiful mouse-colored skins which adorn the walls of the skyds-stations of the interior. Many a time as you drive along in your carriage, the skyds-carl will lean forward from his precarious perch behind to tell you how this or that mountain is famed for these animals. One of these reindeer haunts lives most vividly in my memory. I was passing over a bleak and lonely mountain crest, which rose from a maze of hill and dale like some stony Thor god seated amid his vassal court of minor crags. Most of the neighboring mountains were crowned with the snows of the preceding winter, and off their heights and glacier-filled gorges came a keen wind, carrying its chill whispers over this home of silence and eternal snow; while far down in the valleys beneath wound the tangled meshes of river, stream, and lake. Here in this desolate spot a native sportsman had lately killed nine reindeer in one day; and the next morning, as he was going to get the carcasses, had stumbled on the herd again, and succeeded in shooting several more. So at least Knut Haarfager behind by carriage said, and I had every reason to believe his story. The place looked wild and cold enough for all the animals of a glacial period to have sought happy shelter in its fastness. Only once did I try my luck in search of these animals, and on that occasion fortune was not kind, only vouchsafing to me the finding in a spongy morass the print of a reindeer hoof, one some days old, too, as the fact that a few of the trampled blades of grass in the spoor having tilted and sent up perpendicular shoots showed.

But if the reindeer be a creature of service to the Norseman, and when domesticated form the main portion of a Laplander's wealth, not much wailing would be heard if the bears and wolves were to depart to the shadowy forests of the sky, where Odin and his brother gods hold their sports. Too often the traveler in Norway will see by the roadside the soters or kruals of the mountain herdsmen—evidences of the dangers treading on the steps of the lost lamb—and the miserable hovels of their guardians. Throughout the summer months these rude habitations are tenanted by the shepherds and their flocks, but lie buried many feet deep in the snow in winter time. They are formed of big stones loosely fitted together, roofed with pine logs and brushwood, and turf, the interstices being filled up with mud and moss, and generally stand on some wind-sheltered ledge of the mountain face. The object of placing them at the high altitudes at which they are found is to enable the herds to take advantage of the scanty pasturage of the hills, for grass is gold and silver in Norway, while the bear and wolf are sufficiently substantial realities in these solitudes to make stone inclosures in which the sheep and goats can be collected at night very necessary. Lonely must be the life of such a hermitage, and terribly solitary the inmate with no creatures to commune with save his bleating herds, and no break in the monotony of his existence but the fierce storms which sweep over the gaunt uplands. Yet although thus wrestling from the coney his monopoly of making his dwelling place among the rocks, the soter liver is no feeble folk, as bruin knows well to his cost. Brave by nature, and the necessity of self-reliance, and with nerves as hard and seasoned as the crag they live among, ill fares it with the wolf or bear who gives them the chance of revenge for past mishaps. I remember once seeing suspended over the low doorway of one of these soter huts, the skull of a bear, bleached and glistening like the snows around, and displaying its teeth in a hideous, ghostly grin. The owner of this trophy was absent from his humble home, but my skyds-carl spoke of him with a respectful admiration, and assured me he was known far and near as a mighty hunter. He had lately had a narrow escape in an adventure with a bear, which he had vowed to kill in reprisal for many depredations committed by it on his flock. He had encountered his enemy in a copse so dense that his first shot only wounded the animal, and before he could fire again bruin made his escape. Starting in hot pursuit after the beast the hunter was running down the slope of the mountain, when, coming to a small patch of brushwood he leaped over it, but had no sooner done so than, hearing a noise behind, he turned, and had only just time to raise his rifle and draw the trigger when the bear was upon him. Fortunately it seized the muzzle of the rifle, which, exploding at the same moment, blew its head to pieces. Clearly, then, it was not the same animal whose skull grinned over the lintel of the soter, for nothing was wanting to anatomical science in that whitened and grim cranium.

J. B. A.

Duktron, Glengyle, Scotland, Aug. 20.

CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

AS HOLIDAY time draws near, the annual anxiety about presents comes upon us, and almost every one is cudgeling his brains to select that gift which shall afford the greatest pleasure to the recipient and so to the giver. Among the various articles suited to the wants of persons in this dilemma, there is none which is more to be recommended than a good book, and among those which we offer for sale there is a wide variety in choice as to beauty and costliness. We have a few copies left of "Sport with Gun and Rod," both in the embossed leather binding (price \$15) or in the plain cloth (\$10), the books being identical except as to style of binding. The edition of Douglass's "Shooting," which we published a few years since, is almost exhausted, and the demand for it at Christmas this year will no doubt use up the few remaining copies on hand. Less expensive books are: Judge Caton's great work on the "Antelope and Deer of America," Nesmuk's charming little volume on "Woodcraft," Hammond's "Dog Training," indispensable to every dog owner, and "Angling Talks," by the late George Dawson. Besides these, there is a wide range of subjects covered by the books advertised in the Sportsmen's Library, from which the book buyer can make his selection. Our series of pictures of some of the noted dogs that have won during the past few years in the field trial contests in America will no doubt be sought for by many owners of good pointers and setters.

Natural History.

NOTES OF THE WOODS AND WATERS.

III.
THE ELDER.

SAMBUCUS—Elder. (Latin, *Sambuca*, an ancient musical instrument said to have been made of elder wood). *Sambucus canadensis* (Common Elder).—Shrubby plants with a rank smell when bruised, stems scarcely woody, five to ten feet high, white pith, pinnate leaves, serrate, pointed leaflets, flowers numerous, in very large (two feet broad in Indiana) level-topped cymes, yellowish-white, with heavy odor. Rich soil, in open places; June.

Sambucus pubens (Red-berried Elder).—Common in hilly pastures and rocky woods. Hudson's Bay to the Carolinas. A variety having white berries was discovered by Mr. James Hogg growing on the Catskill Mountains.

According to Eliason, the flowers of the elder contain a volatile oil, acrid resin and tannin. The berries contain malic and citric acids, sugar, pectin and coloring matter. The bark, leaves and flowers are used medicinally, but only the flowers and berries are recognized as official in the United States Pharmacopoeia. The young leaf buds are said to be a violent and unsafe purgative. Bluebirds, catbirds, robins and cedar birds feed on the berries of the elders; and the vireo or greenlet (*Vireo noveboracensis*) delights to build its pensive nest where grows the elder and cat brier (*Smilax*), for from the silken cocoon of the *Attacus* it obtains much of the material with which to line and suspend its beautiful nest.



COCOON OF ATTACUS CECROPIA.

The flowers, when kept in a dry state, are prepared as follows: The cymes, after being gathered, are thrown together in a large heap and left for a few hours until they become somewhat heated, the corollas, the part especially required, then fall off from the flowers, and are afterward separated from the stalks by shaking, rubbing, and sifting, after which they are dried quickly to prevent their turning black. Well prepared flowers of the common elder bring in the New York market from eight to ten cents per pound. From the flowers a wholesome and gently excitant sudorific is prepared; also an ointment for ulcers, burns, and excoriations. A syrup is made from them, and rock candy for colds. In England, elder flower water is prepared from what is known as "picked elder flowers." The flowers are separated from their stalks, after which they are placed in layers of common salt in any well closed vessel, usually a cask, the layers of salt and flowers being pressed down as hard as possible, the water which exudes being rejected. The best elder-flower water is, however, obtained from the flowers gathered in dry, sunny weather, and distilled as soon as possible.

The berries furnish a juice which, upon being diluted with water, make a cooling and laxative drink in cases of high fever, or as a summer drink. The farmers of New Jersey manufacture a very dark-colored wine from the berries, by placing them in tubs and crushing them till all their juices are expressed, after which the clear juice is fermented and racked off. This, when reduced with water, forms a very pleasant, healthy and harmless wine. In England both sweetmeats and jellies are made by the country people from the fruit of the elder. The California Indians use large quantities of the berries of the elder as food.

The *Sambucus nigra*, the black elder of England, also called bore-tree and bore, from the boring out the pith, is common to nearly all parts of Europe. It is abundant in the hedges and woods of England, Ireland and Scotland; but is especially frequent as a cultivated shrub near houses and in cottage gardens. With all English landscape painters it is a great favorite for foregrounds and middle distances. The young stalks of the English elder become a full blood red when the fruit is ripe. The wood of old trunks is used as a substitute for that of boxwood in the manufacture of many small articles, such as mesh needles for knitting fishing nets, rules, etc., the wood being of slow growth and very dense. The pith is used for electrical experiments and by jewelers to clean the oil from the pivots of wheels and other parts of the works in watches; this pith is imported. A very ingenious toy called a "witch" can be made of a piece of pith (painted to resemble a dwarf), to one end of which is fastened a small oval button of lead. The pith dwarf, when laid on his side or stood on his head, will immediately assume an upright position. Pop-guns and rubber spring shooters and squirts are also made from the elder canes after the pith has been removed. The English elder is also used to form hedges, and as a "nurse plant" for protecting young plantations that are exposed to strong wind or sea breezes. In many parts of Germany the farms are divided by cultivated hedges of elders instead of wooden fences, wood being too scarce for that purpose.

ATTACUS CECROPIA.

Many years ago, while taking my first lesson in skating during an intensely cold and blustery day, becoming both tired and disgusted, I sat me down to rest and ruminate beneath a dense mass of elder, blackberry and cat briers, which afforded me a partial shelter from the driving wind. Suddenly I espied among the tangled mass of vegetation several oval and silken objects which at once attracted my attention and excited my curiosity.

A further search among the bushes in the neighborhood discovered more of these specimens, which, to my youthful mind, were objects of the greatest wonder. Having carefully

collected my new-found treasures, I started for home, and a family circle was at once assembled to debate the question of "what on earth" these strange objects were. Many and various were the suggestions hazarded, until my brother, who was a medical student, ruthlessly proposed to sever the Gordian knot of the difficulty by the simple process of dissecting one of the objects and thus ascertaining its contents. This proposition was denounced as barbarous, and as a last resort I took some of the specimens to a doctor in our village, who at once recognized them as the cocoons of the *Attacus cecropia*. A few other excursions among the elderberry bushes speedily enlarged my collection to the number of two dozen, which I placed in a closet in my bedroom, and watched through the long winter months with truly maternal solicitude.

When the return of spring brought an awakening to all the natural forces so long dormant in ice-bound sleep, the same influence exerted itself on the mysterious creatures for months imprisoned in their silken cells.

One moonlight night, after having retired, I remained awake for a time planning out my Saturday's wood ramble. Happening to cast my eyes toward the window, through which the moonlight was flooding the room, I was astonished at beholding what seemed to be hundreds of bats flying outside of the window. Quickly I got out of bed, determined to thoroughly investigate this curious phenomenon. Inside of the room were, what appeared to be, some ten or twelve bats, endeavoring to make their escape through the window, and outside of the window were some twenty or thirty of the same bat-like creatures dashing against the panes, as if determined to gain an entrance, and rescue their imprisoned friends.

Exactly what to do I did not know. I was afraid to raise the sash, fearing that those inside would join their friends outside, and so I would lose all of them. With a scrap-net, which fortunately I had hanging in my room, I captured one of the flying objects, which proved to be a specimen of the largest, most beautifully colored and marked of all the "butterflies" (for at the time I write of, I had not learned to distinguish a moth from a butterfly) that I had ever read of or expected to possess. After having captured all of those inside of the room, I boldly lowered the upper sash of the window, when in flew all those that were outside. Quickly closing the window, they were safely imprisoned. Fearing that those confined in the closet might injure themselves, I released them. Well, it was a beautiful sight, this bedroom full of "butterflies." I sat on my bed and watched them circle and float about in graceful curves and circles, and when they passed through the bright moonlight it was assuredly a fairy scene from the fairy land of nature. For an hour I remained perfectly quiet, so absorbed was I in wonderment as to how this curious event had come to pass.

At last I was aroused from my reverie by becoming conscious that the atmosphere of the room was being charged with a very peculiar and penetrating odor; it was not absolutely disagreeable, but certainly very oppressive, and it seemed to me that, as the mysterious odor increased, the butterflies seemed to divide into pairs as they continued their merry moonlight dance. The odor becoming very oppressive, I concluded to lock my bedroom door on the inside, get out of the window, slide down the kitchen roof to the garden and take a sleep with the cows for the rest of the night. As I turned to the window again, I was surprised to find some six or eight more of these beautiful creatures charging against the glass. These, too, I allowed to enter the room. Next morning my room was a sight to behold. On the walls, on the bed clothes, on bunches of dried leaves and plants, and on rustic work, were fastened strings and masses of small eggs of a dull yellow color, and everywhere, limp and listless, and immovable were the moths, their nuptial dances ended.

I again consulted my friend the doctor and found that the proper way to care for these hundreds of eggs was to transfer with a feather to clean and damp sheeting, to which they speedily adhered by means of a viscous exudation. The eggs were exposed for two hours to the morning's sun, and at night were taken indoors, and were brushed over with a feather and warm water. In a few days minute black caterpillars were seen breaking through the eggs, and at once began to anxiously wander about, as if in search of food, which I bountifully supplied to them. This food consisted of the tenderest leaves of the common elder. Their unbounded appetites resulted in remarkably rapid growth, which necessitated a frequent casting of the skin, until they attained their greatest development (as caterpillars), being large, fat, and of a beautiful light green color. I then transferred them to the canes of elderberry bushes that grew along a neighboring stone wall. In a few days they began descending the canes and began to spin their cocoons preparatory to entering upon their long winter sleep.

The *Attacus cecropia* is the largest and handsomest of this noble group of native moths, which includes *Attacus cecropia*, *A. luna*, *A. polyphemus*, *A. prometheus*, *A. Cynthia*, a Japanese variety, which was introduced into this country some twenty-four years ago, by the Agricultural Department of Washington, has become so thoroughly acclimated that it is now spreading through all the large cities of the Union. "The wings of the *Attacus cecropia*, when expanded, measure from five to six and a half inches. The hind wings are rounded and not tailed. The ground color of the wings is a grizzled dusky brown, with the hinder margins clay-colored; near the middle of each of the wings there is an opaque kidney-shaped dull red spot, having a white center, and a narrow black edging, and beyond the spot, a wavy, dull red band, bordered internally with white; the fore wings, next the shoulders, are dull red, with a curved white band, and near the tips of the same is an eye-like black spot, within a bluish-white crescent; the upper side of the body and legs are a dull red. The caterpillar is of a fine, clear, light green color; on the top of the second ring are two large globular, coral-red warts, beset with about fourteen very short black bristles; the two warts on the third ring are like those on the second, but rather longer; on top of the seven following rings there are two very long, egg-shaped yellow warts, bristled at the ends, and a single wart of larger size on the eleventh ring; on each side of the body there are two longitudinal rows of long light warts, bristled at the end, and an additional short row below them, along the first five rings." The *Attacus cecropia* prefers to all other shrubs and trees the leaves of the common elder, which constitute the food of the caterpillars. These feed till August or the latter part of September, when they descend to spin their cocoons. The inhabitant of the cocoon remains dormant during the long, wet and snowy months of winter, often buried deep in the snow or withstanding a temperature as low as 1° Fahr. The cocoon is fastened to the elder cane in perpendicular position, the smaller or exit end being

at the top. The outer coat is more or less wrinkled and is suggestive of strong brown paper both in color and texture. When this tough outer coat is cut open the inside will be found to be lined with a quantity of loose, yellowish-brown strong silk, surrounding an inner oval cocoon, composed of the same kind of material, but more compactly woven like that of the silk worm. The moth would not be able to pierce the inner cocoon were it not for a fluid provided for the purpose, which softens the hundreds of silken threads, and thereby allowing the moth to easily force itself through the small end of the outer cocoon, which is more loosely woven than elsewhere, and the threads of which converge again by their own elasticity, so as almost to close the opening after the insect has escaped.

In Habersham county, Georgia, a German disposed of eighty-five pounds of *A. cecropia* at two dollars per pound. These were raised on willow trees. There is a lady living in Philadelphia who is advertising for cocoons of the *Attacus cecropia* in all the leading papers of the South, and for which she offers two dollars a pound. Such being the case, why cannot some of our enterprising young sportsmen make a point to collect these cocoons, which are so easily discovered, now that the elders are bare of all foliage, and not only raise the exquisite silk-bearing insect for pleasure and instruction, but also for profit, and at the same time take a lesson in silk culture, a subject which is attracting so much attention at the present time. I am of the opinion, that by careful cultivation and selection, our native silk-producing moths will eventually be found to be of great value. In Japan and China they utilize the silk of the *Attacus* for the manufacture of fabrics; then why not here? In all silk-spinning caterpillars the operation is the same, though the length, quality and quantity of silk differs greatly. Along each side of the body, and closely pressed against digestive organs, is to be found the silk vessel. This consists of a tube of greater or less capacity, according to the needs of the insect, in which is secreted in a semi-fluid form the peculiar substance known as silk. Each of these tubes ends in a very slender outlet, scarcely as thick as a human hair, and the two outlets uniting closely, resemble the barrels of a double-barreled pistol. Through these tubes the gummy secretion is forced, and hardens as soon as it comes in contact with the atmosphere.

A. W. ROBERTS.

ACCLIMATION OF FOREIGN BIRDS.

IN FOREST AND STREAM for Nov. 6 there is reference to the failure of the attempts that have been made to introduce the European migratory quail into this country. Thousands, it is said, have been imported and distributed in various parts of the Eastern and Middle States, but they have disappeared, and the clubs and individuals who brought over these birds "have given up all hope of ever seeing or hearing of the game again. Has any one recently seen any of these birds? Intelligence of them would be welcome."

Equally unsuccessful efforts have been made to introduce foreign migratory song birds. Skylarks have been turned loose on Long Island, but either they were killed by the pot-hunters, or they did not survive our cold winters. Certain it is they have not established themselves as summer visitors. Why have these attempts failed? Our climate agrees well with many of our importations. Have we not baby elephants, German carp, Norway rats, camels, ostriches? Where has not the imported sparrow gone? Many of our worst weeds as well as most useful grains came to us from abroad. These instances of successful acclimation render untenable the assumption that the conditions as to the quail and song bird alone are unfavorable. The fault, therefore, must lie in the methods heretofore adopted. What have these been? We have turned the strangers loose in our fields in spring or summer, where the conditions for their existence were favorable so long as warm weather lasted, but when cold weather came, and with it the loss of their food supply—what then? Instinct, it may be said, should have caused them to fly south, but the naturalists tell us that instinct is only inherited memory. The imported birds were strangers in a strange land, and had no memory, inherited or acquired, of an attainable warm southern winter home. In their Old World life their migrations were not caused by a spirit of unrest, were not mere flights to the south or to the north, but were wanderings in search of food and better conditions of existence.

Brehm, the distinguished German naturalist, who has so recently died, says love and hunger are the birds' only guiding impulses. The statement is made and is a very interesting one, that those that cross the Mediterranean Sea in going from Africa to Europe follow certain fixed routes: First, by the Strait of Gibraltar; second, from Tunis by Sardinia and Corsica to the shores of the Gulf of Genoa; third, from Tripoli by Malta and Sicily to Italy, etc. How were these lines of passage learned? In the diurnal period, what is now the Mediterranean Sea, consisted of two large lakes, one of which was cut off the ocean by a broad strip of land where now are the Straits of Gibraltar, and which were separated from each other by a land-dyke composed of Italy, Sicily, etc., which connected the two continents. The birds, as they increased in numbers, migrated by these routes in search of better breeding places, and as the lands sank, they continued to follow them over gradually narrowing belts of land, over marshes and lagoons, and finally over broad waters, and yet no one generation was aware of any change. (Weissman after Palmén, Contemporary Review, XXIV., February 1879.)

They carried with them the memory of their warm winter home, and on the approach of the European winter, when their food supply failed, returned to it with their young.

If this explanation is the correct one it is evident that we have failed in our efforts to introduce these migratory birds because we have attempted to reverse the process by which the habit of migration was acquired, and, in order to succeed, instead of turning them loose in the north, we must give the strangers, skylarks, nightingales, quail, etc., a suitable southern winter habitat (Florida, Louisiana, Mexico), from which in spring, food failing or driven by an inherent tendency (as asserted by Prof. Baird) they may wander to some other locality suitable for raising their young, and to which, by virtue of memory thus acquired and finally inherited, they may return when food fails them in their summer home. If they wander in all directions from the winter home those that go to the most favorable localities will most certainly survive and multiply, while none of them will be in such unfavorable conditions as those that may be turned loose in our Northern States. They will then, so far as we can arrange it for them, be best prepared for the struggle for existence in this country, over the whole of which, if they find favorable conditions, we may expect them soon to spread and thus repay us for our expenditure of effort and money.

By imitating the processes of nature we shall make haste slowly but we shall finally have our reward.

The writer is not aware that this solution of the difficulty has been proposed by any one else. The only previous publication of it has been in the New York Times, of March 8, 1884, at his suggestion, where, among other things, it is intimated by the writer of the paragraph that a Chinese lark, "a famous singer" and a very hardy bird, "might be exactly the singing bird adapted to our climate, for Canton has the most varied of climates, being intensely hot in summer and very cold in winter." It is not stated whether this lark is migratory in its habits or not.

J. S. PROUT.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Nov. 25, 1884.

NOTES ON THE CAPTURE OF SEA BIRDS

BY CAPT. J. W. COLLINS.

[From the annual report of the Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries.]

FOR many years after the introduction of trawl-line fishing in New England, birds were extensively used for bait to eke out the supply obtained from other sources, and even prior to the time when trawls came into use old fishermen say that they caught birds on the banks with which they baited their hand-lines. Several varieties of birds were obtained for bait, principal among which may be mentioned the haggons (*Puffinus major* and *P. fuliginosus*); the jagers, of several species; fulmars, gulls, and petrels or Mother Carey chickens.

Birds were used much more extensively before 1875 than they have been since, as of late years it has generally been found more profitable to depend on other sources for a bait supply. They have never been used for bait in any great numbers, except by trawling schooners on the Grand Bank, and these vessels were said to be engaged in "shack-fishing."

The term "shack-fishing," it may be explained, owes its origin to the kind of material used as bait, the word "shack" being applied to refuse or offal. The vessels procuring fares in this manner were called "shack-fishermen." They usually resorted to the Banks in early spring, carrying a limited amount of salt clams, salt squid, or menhaden slivers, which were intended to be used in commencing the fishing season, and to eke out any deficiency which might occur in the bait supply. The fishing being well under way, the crews depended upon such bait as they could procure on the Banks, such as birds, small halibut, porpoises, and sometimes cod-fish; all of which, together with the contents of the stomachs of the cod, which often consisted largely of bank clams and occasionally young squid and capelin, were called "shack," or "shack-bait."

A fisherman preparing a bird for shack-bait, cuts off the feet, tail, and neck; then making a cut across the breast, he strips off the skin and throws it overboard. Having removed the skins and viscera (the latter makes an excellent bait) from as many birds as he has at hand, he pounds the bodies with the back of a heavy knife or stick, breaking the bones, or, as he would term it, "mummies them up." This beaten and bruised mass of flesh and bones is then cut up into small pieces of suitable sizes to be used as bait. At this point the fisherman is influenced by the number of birds he has on hand. Should the supply be bountiful, he divides the bodies into comparatively large sections, while on the other hand, if the birds are scarce, he must exercise the strictest economy, and subdivide the material into correspondingly small pieces, large enough only to "point the hooks," while an inferior and less desirable bait may be used on the shanks.

On some parts of the Grand Bank cod are found in great abundance, and the clams taken from the "pokes" (stomachs), often furnish a considerable percentage of the requisite amount of bait for the trip. The roes of the cod, when partially developed, are also used as bait, since they make a fairly attractive lure, and if properly attached to the hooks cannot be easily pulled off by the fish. When this bait is used the "pea" is cut into strips in such a manner that they may be turned inside out; the hook is then passed through and through the membranous covering in several places, a turn being made around the shank each time.

Shack-fishing differs from other styles of Bank fishing only in the method of obtaining bait supplies. A vessel engaged in shack-fishing remains on the Bank until she has secured her fare, and, as before stated, depends solely upon getting her bait on the ground instead of—as is the custom of other vessels—leaving the Bank and running into the harbors of Newfoundland and Nova Scotia to obtain a "baiting" of herring, capelin, or squid.

The method of shack-fishing has its advantages and disadvantages. One of the advantages, and a very important one, is that no time is lost in seeking bait, and the vessel is enabled to prosecute her fishing on the bank whenever favorable days occur. On the other hand, it must be acknowledged that the kind of bait employed by the shack-fishermen is comparatively unattractive to the fish, and the supply oftentimes has of late years been inadequate; consequently, it has generally been found more profitable for our bankers to obtain supplies of fresh bait in the provincial ports. At the present shack-fishing is rarely undertaken. It may be worthy of mention, however, to state that fine fares of cod have been obtained by this method as late as 1874-'75, and, indeed, this mode of capture has, since then, sometimes been preferred by the most experienced fishermen, especially when cod have been extremely abundant on the Banks; for when a large school of fish is around a vessel a fisherman is very reluctant to heave in cable and fill away, even for a "fresh baiting."

As birds were considered as good or better than any other kind of shack bait, and as they could often be taken in large numbers, it will readily be understood their presence on the fishing banks often was of material aid to the fishermen in securing their fares of cod.

In these notes the writer expects to do nothing more than to give, in an off-hand and, perhaps, rather disconnected manner, the result of his study of the habits and methods of capture of these sea birds, which were for many years his almost daily companions; the chief object being, of course, to convey some idea of the importance of several species as a source of bait supply to fishermen.

THE GREAT SHEARWATER (*Puffinus major*).

This species, the "haddon," or "hag," of the fishermen is, perhaps, one of the most interesting which is to be found on the outer fishing grounds; it is used for bait more than any

*It is altogether possible, perhaps probable, that there may be other species of *Puffinus* which frequent the fishing banks, besides the two I have named in these notes. On several occasions I have seen birds of this genus which were much smaller than *P. major*, and which I then thought were the young of that species, but I now believe they were a smaller variety. My object, however, is not to define the species, but simply to give some idea of the habits of the birds.

other bird, and has many peculiarities essentially its own. It has a wide distribution in the western Atlantic, and I have myself observed it all the way from latitude 39° 50' N., longitude 71° 25' W., to north of the Grand Bank in latitude 47°, longitude 50°. The place of its greatest abundance, however, is probably from near Le Have Bank to and including the Grand Bank, the latter locality seemingly being its favorite resort during the summer season. There it occurs in remarkable numbers for several months of the year; indeed, so abundant is the species that, in many cases, as will be shown further on, it has become of considerable importance as a source of bait supply for the cod fishermen on that bank. It appears on the fishing ground usually in the latter part of May or about the 1st of June. In a daily journal kept by myself I find the following note, under date of May 26, 1879: "I saw a hag this morning, the first I have seen this spring." This bird was probably a straggler from the large flocks, and very likely it reached the fishing ground sooner than its companions. Three days later, however, on May 29, when in latitude 43° 35' N. and longitude 59° 47' W., I saw several large flocks of these birds, and shot one individual. The birds were at that time sitting on the water, and had apparently just reached the locality. Their stay on the Banks continues until about the middle or last of October (occasionally later), when they gather in flocks, sitting around on the water for a few days before taking their departure.

Occasionally, in midsummer, they seem to be scarce, but what the cause of this scarcity is I am unable to say. Under date of Aug. 1, 1879, I find the following note: "Shot three hags, but they are very scarce." I am somewhat inclined to the opinion that they find abundance of squid at that season, and therefore do not come about the vessels so much as when hungry. When or where the haddon breeds is unknown to me. My opinion is that it breeds in winter. I have opened many hundreds of these birds, but have never found their sexual organs in a condition that would indicate they were incubating.

It may be well, in this connection, to allude to the social habits of the haddon as they have come under my observation. When the birds reach their destination in the spring, for a few days after their arrival, they do not seem to make any special effort for the purpose of securing food, but pass most of their time sitting in large numbers on the water, and at this period it is somewhat difficult to catch them on hook and line. Occasionally a flock will make a short flight and again settle down, but there appears to be a strong inclination, at this time, to huddle together and keep up the organization which has probably existed during their migration from distant regions. The same thing in regard to going in flocks is noticeable in the fall, when they collect for their autumnal migration from the fishing banks. At such times they show the same disinclination to bite at hook and line that they exhibit when first arriving on the fishing grounds. This apparent indifference to food at such times is all the more remarkable, since only a few days elapse after the flocks have reached the fishing grounds in the spring before they break up; and in a little while after the arrival of the haddon it may be seen skimming the surface of the water on a tireless wing, totally unmindful of the presence or absence of its companions, unless, indeed, their appearance may indicate where food is abundant; in such cases it loses no time, but rapidly wings its way to join them in the feast. Nor does it do this from any feeling of sociability, if we may judge from its actions, but simply to gratify its enormous appetite. In doing this it fights and struggles with all other birds, whether of its own kind or of other species, to gain possession of the finest morsels, uttering, meanwhile, extremely harsh and discordant notes. When feeding it displays a dash and pugnacity that is perfectly astonishing. The audacious boldness with which it will attack superior strength in the struggle for food, and the ferocity and reckless bravery it exhibits on such occasions cannot fail to command the attention of all who witness the performance. Nothing can exceed the activity of the hag or its intrepid recklessness, if I may so term it, when in pursuit of food, and, when very hungry, it seems to pay almost as little regard to the presence of a man as to the proximity of other birds.

The tenacity of life exhibited by *Puffinus* is certainly surprising. It often happens that after its skull has been crushed between the teeth of its captors, a haddon may lie seemingly dead for several minutes and then recover sufficiently to make desperate efforts to escape. In several instances which I can recall, hags that were thought to be dead have escaped by "flopping" out over the slanting stern of the dory, unnoticed by the fisherman until it was too late to recover the wounded birds.

The tenacity of life and the remarkable pugnacity of these birds have, upon many occasions, provoked the fishermen to the cruel sport of tormenting them and prolonging their sufferings. Perhaps a dozen or more hags may be caught, and having been put in a hoghead tub, or in a "gurry pen," on the deck of the vessel, the fishermen bring about an interminable war by stirring them up with a stick. At such times the birds evidently imagine that their companions are avowed enemies, and, pitching into their nearest neighbors, a general fight and terrible commotion ensue, while the feathers fly in all directions, much to the amusement of the men. In a short time the birds which were taken from the water sleek and strong, are utterly worn out in their struggles with one another, and present a bedraggled, forsaken, and disreputable appearance. The fishermen also sometimes tie two hags by the legs, using a string about one foot in length, which enables the birds to swim, but keeps them in unpleasant contact, the consequence being that they fight until one or both succumb.

The haddon is remarkably strong and swift in its flight. Often it may be seen skimming over the waves, passing from the top of one sea to another, scarcely moving a muscle; but by trimming its wings, if such an expression is allowable, first poised on one wing and then on the other, it is apparently propelled without an effort on its part, but simply by the action of the wind beneath. This method of flight, however, is frequently varied, for when necessary the haddon can and does move its wings with great power and considerable rapidity. When in pursuit of food it plunges suddenly down into the water, striking on its breast with great violence, and in a manner quite different from that in which gulls alight. Its method of diving is also different from that of many other species. It never plunges head first into the water as do the gannet, kingfisher, and many other piscivorous birds; but it first alights upon the surface, as just noted, disappearing almost instantly. It is an active swimmer

†Mr. Ridgway tells me that *P. major* is found as far south as Cape Horn or vicinity.

‡Our position at that time was latitude 43° 10'; longitude 62° 23'.



HAG FISHING.

under water, and when in pursuit of food passes rapidly from one object to another, provided it cannot eat the first thing which attracts its attention. When the hagdon finds food agreeable to its taste, it immediately rises to the surface, and hastily swallows the morsel, if it is not too large. This manner of eating is necessary as a matter of self-protection, for if the bird delays swallowing its food, it will soon have to dispute its right of possession with its companions.

It is a common occurrence for a number of these birds to chase a boat for half an hour or more at a time, diving like a flash, every few minutes, after the bubbles made by the oars, which these winged rangers seem to imagine some kind of food beneath the surface of the water. Nor will repeated failures discourage them in making these attempts. They will also persistently follow a dory from which a trawl is being set, and diving in the wake of the boat, after the sinking gear, make desperate endeavors to tear the bait from the hooks. In these attempts they are often successful, much to the chagrin of the fishermen whose chances for catching fish are thus materially diminished by these daring robbers.*

The voracity and fearlessness which are thus so strikingly displayed by the hagdon offers the fishermen an opportunity to administer what they consider retributive justice, since the capture of these birds is thus made a comparatively easy task. Formerly, as has been stated, when shack-fishing was extensively carried on by the Grand Bank codfishermen, great numbers of *Puffinus* were caught for bait with hook and line. Before proceeding to describe the methods of capture I shall refer to the food of these birds. From my observations I am of the opinion that the hag subsists chiefly on squid, which, of course, it catches at or near the surface of the water. I have opened many hundreds of them, and have never, to my recollection, failed to find in their stomachs either portions of the squid, or, at least, squids' bills. It may be interesting also to mention the fact that in the fall of 1875, when the giant *Cephalopods*, or "big squid," were found on the eastern part of the Grand Bank between the parallels 44° and 45° north latitude, and the meridians of 49° 30' and 50° 30' west longitude, flocks of hagdons were invariably found feeding on the dead "devil fish" which were floating on the water. In nearly all cases these "big squid" were found in a mutilated condition, usually with their tentacles eaten off almost to their heads, and the fishermen soon learned to detect their presence by the large flocks of birds collected about them. The small species of fish which frequent the waters of the Eastern fishing banks, such as the lant, capelin, etc., also furnish *Puffinus* with a portion of its food. But birds of this species, as well as most all others found at sea, are exceedingly fond of oily food, and especially the livers of the *Gadidae*, cod, hake, etc., and this extreme fondness for codfish livers, which they swallow with great avidity, renders their capture impossible by the fishermen with hook and line. "Hag-fishing," as it is called, can be carried on either from the side of a schooner or from dories, though usually better results are obtained by the men going out in the latter at some distance from the vessel. When it is desirable to obtain these birds for bait the morning is usually selected to effect their capture, since at that time they are generally more eager for food than later in the day, when they are frequently gorged with the offal thrown from the fishing vessels, or with food obtained from other sources. It is generally the case, therefore, that two men engaged in hauling a trawl in a dory, after having obtained a sufficient number of cod to supply them with the requisite amount of livers, stop hauling their gear and proceed to "toll" up the birds. In order to do this pieces of liver are thrown out, which immediately entice the ever-present petrels or Mother Carey chickens that gather in flocks around the floating morsels and dancing up and down upon the water, tear the swimming particles into pieces small enough for them to swallow. If the weather is clear the keen eye of the nearest hagdon quickly detects this gathering of small birds near the boat, and thither he wends his way to scatter the little Mother Carey chickens right and left by his audacious aggression, while he swallows, with indescribable eagerness, the pieces of floating liver, uttering, meanwhile, his harsh and disagreeable note. Not many

minutes elapse before other birds—hagdons, jaegers, and other species, perhaps—may be seen coming from all points of the compass, and in a short time a large flock collect about the boat. If the weather is thick the programme is slightly varied. The birds are then attracted by the fishermen imitating their cries, and also, perhaps, by their scenting the oily liver floating on the waves. I am assured by an excellent authority—Dr. Elliott Coues—that all the birds of this family are provided with very imperfect organs of smell; but, nevertheless, both the hag and the Mother Carey chicken exhibit some peculiarities which so strongly resemble those of a dog working up a scent that it may not be out of place to call attention to the subject here. On many occasions, during the prevalence of a dense fog, when not a bird of any kind had been seen for hours, I have thrown out, as an experiment, pieces of liver to ascertain if any birds could be attracted to the side of the vessel. As the particles of liver floated away, going slowly astern of the schooner, only a short time would pass before either a Mother Carey chicken or a hag, generally the former, could be seen coming up from the leeward out of the fog, flying backward and forward across the vessel's wake, seemingly working up the scent until the floating pieces of liver were reached. If the first bird to arrive should be a Mother Carey chicken, and the liver too large for it to attack alone, which was generally the case, the petrel would at once fly away, and in a few minutes three or four could be seen returning. This suggests a question as to whether the petrel went to seek assistance or not in order that he might share with his coadjutors the feast which he could not well obtain unassisted; but should the first one to appear be a hag, he does not seek companionship, but with a greedy yell he pounces upon the pieces of liver and swallows them with the voracity characteristic of the species, and no sooner has he devoured the morsel than he is off on the wing seeking for more. However, it is generally the case that a flock of hagdons soon gather, whatever may be the density of the fog, unless birds are very rare on the bank or perhaps rendered indifferent to food by a recent feast.

Having made this seemingly necessary digression to explain the methods of "tolling up" and gathering the flocks of birds about the dory, I shall now proceed to describe the *modus operandi* of their capture.

The two men in a dory, one aft and the other forward, are each provided with a line five or six fathoms in length, and a small hook, such as is ordinarily used for catching mackerel. The bait, consisting of pieces of codfish liver, is large enough to float the hook as well as to cover its point. The hooks are baited and thrown out as soon as a flock of hagdons have collected about the boat, and there also may be, and generally are, birds of other species. Should there be a large number of hags, and more especially if they have been without food for a short time, they display an almost insatiable voracity. In their eagerness to obtain the large pieces of liver, which they swallow at a gulp, as they fight among themselves, they do not seem to care whether a hook is concealed within the bait or not. At such times the birds may be easily caught, and are rapidly pulled in by the fishermen, who usually derive much gratification from the sport, not only from the excitement it affords, but also on account of the perspective profits which may result in obtaining a good supply of birds for bait. When a victim has been hooked, and is being pulled toward the boat, it struggles most energetically to make its escape by vainly endeavoring to rise in the air, or by spreading out its feet to hold itself back as much as possible as it is dragged unceremoniously over the water, while its vociferous companions follow after it, attempting to snatch away the piece of liver with which it has been decoyed. At times a bird may succeed in disengaging the hook from its beak, but usually the barbed point is well fastened and the hag is landed in the boat. A fisherman then places it under his left arm to prevent its struggles, and grasping the head of the unfortunate bird with his right hand he crushes its skull with his teeth. Or he may try to deprive his victim of life by wringing its neck, striking it on the head with a "gob stick," etc. This may continue until one hundred or perhaps two hundred birds are captured, but usually not so many. A comparatively short time passes before some of the birds become gorged with the pieces of liver which they have obtained, and then they exhibit the greatest cunning in eluding capture. They seem to be fully conscious of the fact

that within the liver there is concealed something which, for their own good, they should avoid. With a wonderful instinct that almost approaches reason, they cautiously approach and take hold of the bait with the tips of their bills, and by flapping their wings, endeavor to tear it to pieces. In this maneuver the birds are often successful, and as a reward for their enterprise they secure a good lunch, which they hasten to devour, as the disappointed and disgruntled fisherman rebait his hook with the hope of decoying some less wary individuals. It frequently happens, however, that a skillful "bait stealer" renders abortive all the attempts of the fishermen to effect its capture, while at the same time it will fight desperately with its intruding companions, to keep them away until it has filled itself to repletion. Having satisfied itself until scarcely able to clear the water, it quietly drifts to leeward at a safe distance from the boat, floating upon the waves to await the digestion of its food, and apparently to take in the situation. So greedy, however, are many of these birds, that oftentimes they seem to leave, with great reluctance, the place where food is plentiful, even though they may be gorged to such an extent that they can eat no more. I have often, on such occasions, seen them lingering near the boats, looking upon a tempting piece of liver apparently with an expression indicative of regret that they could not find room for it. Frequently these greedy and garrulous birds also quarrel with their companions and attempt to drive them away from the food which they desire, but cannot accommodate. Of course their endeavors are futile, for, while they are opposing one, others rush in and devour the liver.

When hags are abundant recruits are constantly arriving, and congregate in great numbers wherever food can be obtained. Eager to secure a share in the feast, the newcomers rush ravenously forward and swallow the pieces of liver, and are quickly pulled in by the fishermen, who, after killing them in the manner described, detach them from the hooks and throw them in the bottom of the boat.

After awhile, however, the whole flock usually evinces a shyness which renders the sport unprofitable, and the men then employ themselves in hauling their trawls, or they go aboard the vessel.* If a sufficient quantity has been taken to more than supply the wants of the day, the birds are hung up around the booms and on the stern of the vessel. A few years ago it was not an unusual sight to see from two hundred to five hundred birds, more or less, of this species, suspended from a Grand Banker. In this manner they may be kept for several days without becoming worthless for baiting purposes, and, if eviscerated, they will keep fresh a much longer time. Indeed, I am told that in the fall it has been a common custom for the Marblehead bankers to save quite a number of these birds and bring them home in a fresh condition from the Banks, the hagdons being simply eviscerated and hung up in the hold of the vessel.

These birds are eaten to some extent by the fishermen of the present day. Forty or fifty years ago, and even earlier, this species formed an important item in the bill of fare of a Grand Bank codfisherman. Although they have rather a "fishy" flavor, which is not especially agreeable to a delicate palate, they are nevertheless, when properly cooked, an agreeable change for the table of a fisherman who has been absent from home several months, and, consequently, has not had an opportunity of obtaining fresh messes other than fish. At present, when our fishermen are enabled to get much better food than any other class of sea-faring men, hagdon "pot-pies" or "stews," are not so tempting to them as they were to the codfishermen of an earlier date. I am told by persons who have knowledge of the fact, that some of the old Marblehead fishermen who had been in the habit

*It may be stated here that the capture of hagdons may occur at any time of the day and under different circumstances from those above mentioned; but the description given represents the most common method adopted. The birds are often caught toward evening after the trawls have been set for the night, or from a dory paid astern of the schooner. In the former case, the men, after setting their gear, make their boat fast to the outer buoy of the trawl, and, having enticed a flock of birds around their boat, they proceed to catch as many of the hagdons as is possible in the manner described. Ordinarily these birds are not caught to any great extent from vessels, except when the roughness of the weather renders it undesirable to go out in the dories, or when an unusually large and hungry flock has been collected alongside, attracted by the offal thrown out while dressing fish. At such times the men usually stand on both sides of the quarter deck and catch the birds in the manner that has already been mentioned, except that wooden floats are occasionally attached to the lines a foot or two above the hook.

*My brother, Capt. D. E. Collins, tells me that on several occasions he distinctly recollects that hagdons were caught on trawl-lines belonging to his vessel, the hooks having fastened in the beak or throat of the greedy birds, which had swallowed the bait before they had torn it from the sinking gear.

of eating the hagdon for many years, acquired such a taste for the peculiar flavor of the bird, that they actually preferred it to the domestic fowl; and when no longer able to engage in the bank-fisheries, would look to the younger men for their supplies of hags, which were brought home in the manner just referred to, on the Grand Bank vessels.

THE BLACK HAGDON, OR SOOTY SHEARWATER. (*Puffinus fuliginosus*).

The sooty shearwater, or the "black hagdon" of the fishermen, is invariably found with *Puffinus major*, and, doubtless, occurs over very nearly the same area. It is less plentiful on the fishing banks, however, and, as a rough estimate, I should say that it does not exceed in abundance more than one per cent. of the numbers of the great shearwater. Its habits are very similar to those which I have mentioned as being peculiar to the common hagdon, and with the exception that possibly it is a little less noisy, the description of the habits of one species may be applied to the other. As the two species mingle freely together, the black hagdon is often captured with its less sooty companions, and is, of course, also used for bait by the "shack" fishermen.

THE FULMAR (*Fulmarus glacialis*).

This species, known by a variety of names to the New England fishermen, such as "noddie," "marbleheader," and "oil bird"—called a "stinker" on the west coast—is found on the fishing banks north of Cape Cod in winter, and also occurs in greater or less abundance from Sable Island northwardly, during the summer months, though it is most numerous in this region during cold weather. The following notes from my journal, which were made while near the northwest part of the Grand Bank, may prove of interest in this connection:

Feb. 7, 1879.—On western edge of the Grand Bank, latitude 44° 25' N., longitude 52° 58' W., "I saw several noddies this morning, but for some reason they would not come alongside of the vessel. I have seen one or more every day (since Jan. 30), but have had no chance to get any."

Feb. 8, 1879.—Same place as above. "Saw some noddies this morning and shot one, but did not get him."

March 11, 1879.—In latitude 45° 9', longitude 54° 58', I shot four noddies, and the following entry is made in my journal under date of March 12: "There have been great numbers of noddies to-day. I shot two; but when the vessel swung into the trough of the sea I could not shoot any more."

"March 14.—Have seen large numbers of noddies this trip, and almost every day since we have been here some of the burghmaster gulls—a large white species. I shot several of the noddies to-day, but the gulls are shy, and it is difficult to approach them near enough to obtain a shot."

I will add that the weather during the above-mentioned time was extremely cold. On April 13 of the same year I made the following note: "I have not seen a noddie this trip." We had then been at sea about one week. On April 18, 1879, we were on Green Bank, when the following entry was made: "I saw a noddie to-day for the first time this trip."

June 5, 1879.—Eastern part of Banquereau. "I have noticed a noddie now and then for the last three days, but have not seen any before for some time."

Under date of July 29, 1879, the following entry is made: "I have seen no noddies this trip."

The plumage of this species varies in color; that of some of the birds is of a uniform smoky gray, and of others white, with black wings, and some of the other feathers bluish.

The fulmars are probably more abundant on the Grand Bank than on any other of the fishing grounds commonly resorted to by American vessels, with the exception, perhaps, of the halibut grounds in Davis Straits, or the Flemish Cap to the eastward of Grand Bank, which are not visited by many fishing schooners.

The marbleheader is quite as greedy as the hagdon, and quite as bold when in pursuit of food; but unlike the latter, which is always quarrelsome and noisy, the fulmar confines itself to a sort of chuckling sound, somewhat resembling a low grunt. It will swallow a piece of cod liver with even as great voracity as the hag, but it rarely, if ever, seems to exercise the cunning or caution of the latter in trying to avoid the hook, and, as a consequence, it is more easily captured. It is caught in the same manner as the hag, but owing to its comparatively small numbers on the fishing grounds, the fishermen do not depend upon it so much as a source of bait supply as upon *Puffinus major*, since one would be likely to catch twenty, or perhaps many more, of the latter, to one noddie. When caught on a line and hauled into a boat it frequently emits quantities of oily matter from its nostrils, and often disgorges its food. This peculiarity of the species which is not common to the hagdon, has been remarked by others. The hagdon will occasionally throw up the contents of its stomach when caught, but not as a rule, so far as I have been able to observe.

The fulmar subsists chiefly on small fishes, and, doubtless, participates with the hagdon in the pursuit of the squid; but I have no recollection of noticing in its stomach, as I have in that of the hag, the presence of pieces of squid or the beaks of that animal. I have, however, frequently observed that the contents of the stomachs of many of this species consisted almost entirely of small fish. Like *Puffinus*, it is very fond of oily food, which it swallows with astonishing greediness. It devours large quantities of codfish liver in a ravenous manner that would astound one acquainted with its habits, and it certainly would tax their credulity to believe statements that might be made bearing on this subject.

The fulmar is essentially an Arctic bird and occurs in great abundance in the far North, where it is met with by whalers and halibut fishermen in summer, at which season, according to the accounts given by Arctic explorers, it goes there for the purpose of incubation.

"The fulmar is the constant companion of the whale-fisher," says Scoresby, in his "Arctic Regions." "It is highly amusing to observe the voracity with which they seize the pieces of fat that fall in their way; the size and quantity of the pieces they take at a meal; the curious chuckling noise which, in their anxiety for dispatch, they always make, and the jealousy with which they view, and the boldness with which they attack any of this species that are engaged in devouring the finest morsels. The fulmar never dives but when incited to it by the appearance of a morsel of fat under water." These peculiarities of the species agree exactly with my own observations.

The fulmar has frequently a ragged appearance; the wings and tail feathers being ragged out and the bird is often soiled

with grease. They have a rank, pungent smell, which is exceedingly disagreeable. Notwithstanding its boldness when in pursuit of food, and its apparent indifference to the presence of man, frequently coming within a few feet of the side of a boat or vessel, rivaling in this respect the most daring feats of the hagdon, it is, nevertheless, entirely different from the latter so far as its pugnacity is concerned. Although it may struggle to get the food which another bird is trying to swallow, it does not exhibit such a fierce disposition as the hag, and when caught rarely attempts to bite. This is all the more strange since this bird has a sharp and very powerful hooked beak. Its flight is similar to that of *Puffinus*, and its manner of alighting on the water when in pursuit of food is also much the same. The noddy, however, as has been mentioned, rarely dives for food, and, so far as I have observed, goes but a short distance beneath the water, evincing, in this respect, far less activity and enterprise than the hagdon. It is never eaten by the fishermen; its disagreeable, repulsive odor rendering it undesirable as food.

It may be added here that Capt. Henry O. Smith, of Salem, Mass., tells me that the fulmar frequently occurs in considerable abundance in winter in Fortune Bay, Newfoundland, and he also says that on one occasion he killed one of these birds in that region, which had a half-swallowed herring in its beak, the fish being too large for the noddy to get down.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

DOMESTICATING WILDFOWL.—Cold Spring Harbor, L. I., N. Y., Nov. 29.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The following additions have been made to my flock: Five pairs of mallards, wild birds, purchased; two male and one female pintail duck, *Drifla acuta*, presented to Mr. J. L. Rooney of Spink county, Dakota. The mandarin ducks and wood-ducks are now in full plumage, but the solitary widgedon drake has not yet shed his summer coat.—FRED MATHER.

OWLS IN MASSACHUSETTS.—I wonder if owls are as numerous in York State as this way. I went into Goodale's recently and there saw a small army of barred owls, besides great horned, long and short-eared, Acadian, Richardson's and the hawk owls, the two latter being very rare New England species. It is evidently owl year. Seals numerous in Salem Harbor, also old squaws (*H. glacialis*).—X. Y. Z. (Salem, Mass., Dec. 1).

A HORNED DOE.—I received a few days ago a doe's head, with one horn or spike six inches long still in the velvet. The spike is on the right side of the head. The animal was killed on the east fork of the Sinnemahoning by R. F. Martin, Nov. 19.—S. P. OLMSTED (Coudersport, Pa., Dec. 1).

Game Bag and Gun.

PENNSYLVANIA DEER AND TURKEYS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have just returned from a deer hunt in Huntingdon county, Pennsylvania. Our party consisted of the four Parker brothers—Harry, Al, John and Tom—and myself. We spent five days in the mountains, but killed no deer. This was almost a foregone conclusion, as we were all tenderfeet, none of us ever having hunted deer before. We have, however, had considerable experience shooting at target, and two of us have made very fair records at all distances. The fact of our skill at the target led some of the party to hope for too much, and they are somewhat disappointed. I have read FOREST AND STREAM for several years, and the result of our hunt was no surprise to me.

We left Norristown Nov. 9, at 8:31 P. M., reaching Harrisburg at 12:10 A. M. Took train for Huntingdon at 3:20 A. M., reaching there at 6:25. After two hours' wait took train for Marklesburg, arriving there at 9. Marklesburg is eleven miles south of Huntingdon, in the woodcock valley, between Tussey and Terrace mountains. Leaving our trunk in care of the station agent, we started to walk to Lydia Dale, seven miles east, over a rough mountain road. We had on considerable extra clothing and carried our rifles. The weather was clear and rather warm, and some of the party were well nigh exhausted when we reached Mr. John Alexander's, where we proposed trying to get board and lodging for the week. The party filed into the front yard, guns at "right shoulder," with the determination that we would have dinner right soon and we would go no further to get it. We met George, Mr. Alexander's son, on the front porch. He invited us in, where we met Mrs. A. They could accommodate us, certainly, but did not expect us until Tuesday; and we would have no butter for dinner, but we would get plenty to eat and butter at every meal hereafter. Assuring Mrs. A. that no apologies were necessary, and calling her attention to the fact that it was now 1 o'clock P. M. and we had traveled two hundred miles, and it was many hours since we had eaten a square meal, in a very short space of time an abundant dinner was prepared, and the way we ate was a surprise to ourselves. Our appetites were prodigious, and continued so during our stay. The good effect of our vigorous exercise on the mountains was already apparent, and was still more marked toward the close of the week. After dinner we took a stroll on Terrace Mountain. We saw gray squirrels, rabbits, ruffed grouse and turkeys. Tom Parker, the youngest member of the party, saw a turkey at about 100 yards, and thinking the distance was too great for a sure shot, gave chase. The further he ran the further the turkey was ahead of him, and when he related his experience at supper time we had a good laugh at his expense. George Alexander, the son of our host, is nineteen years of age. He spends six days of the week hunting deer and turkeys, but turkeys are his favorite game. He instructed us in regard to hunting both. One of his most successful modes of shooting turkeys is by calling them within range of his rifle. He makes his turkey calls from the wing-bone of a gobbler, and says their tone is more natural than some of the patent calls which he has seen.

We shot a few turkeys and other small game during the week, but spent very little time hunting for them. We wanted to kill a deer, and frequently refused good shots at other game so as not to spoil our chances of getting a deer. Our plan of hunting was by driving, and as the law is respected in this locality, no dogs were used. Our party generally consisted of seven or eight, and three would act the part of dogs, and drive the tops of the ridges, while others would be stationed on the crossings. Sometimes the driver

who was in the center would carry a cowbell, and his style of ringing would notify the men on the crossings when he had started a deer. The men who were driving were instructed by the guides to fire at every deer they saw whether the chances of hitting were good, bad or indifferent. This would have a tendency to drive the deer straight out to the men on the crossings. The best grounds for deer in this locality are what are called the "Barrens," by a few of the most intelligent people whom we met, but nine-tenths of the people you meet will call them the "Barns." Two of our three guides called them the "Barns." A man in Huntingdon asked me if we were going to hunt in the Barrens. I told him we had no idea of shooting chickens, we were after deer. He said "the Barns was the best place to hunt them." I then tried to apologize, but am willing to wager my best turkey bone that he don't know to this day what I was apologizing about.

Mr. John Patterson lives one mile from Mr. Alexander's house and owns five thousand acres of the Barrens. He hunted with us on three different occasions and carried the cowbell. He is very obliging, a thorough gentleman, and something of a sportsman. He has two hundred bushels of apples, and some hard cider in his cellar. We sampled both on different occasions. Mr. Patterson always treats visiting sportsmen well and will accept no pay for his services. The deer "tend" Mr. Patterson's apple orchard every night and "work" on the apples. They also "tend" his wheat and rye fields and "work" on the grain. An examination of these fields showed fresh tracks every morning. Four of us got up early one morning and attempted to surround the deer on their feeding grounds about daylight. After emerging from the forest and advancing fifty yards in the pasture field, we saw three deer running near the upper end of the field. Four rifles were leveled at them. Some one said "Don't shoot," the rifles were lowered. George, the guide, said, "I see one standing," and again threw his repeater to his face. I said "No; it is a tree." Not a shot was fired. The deer jumped the fence and disappeared in the forest. The distance the deer were from us when we first saw them was about 225 yards; where they jumped over the fence was about 300 yards. It was not yet daylight, at least we could not distinctly see the sights on our rifles. One of the party is sorry he did not fire. I am not.

These three deer are the only ones I saw, but there are plenty of them in the Barrens on Round Knob, on Broad Top, and on Terrace Mountain. The furthest of these mountains can be reached in thirty minutes from Mr. Alexander's house. There was considerable speculation among the members of our party as to the probability of any of us getting the "buck ague" under certain circumstances to such an extent as to cause wild shooting, or prevent us from firing at all. On Friday afternoon, my last day in the woods, I was standing on a good crossing. The drivers were working toward me. Suddenly there was a shout, followed by three rifle shots in quick succession. I heard the bullets whistling over my head. The bell was ringing furiously, and coming in my direction. I heard a rustling in the leaves in front of me as I stood with rifle cocked and mouth wide open. I imagined I heard my heart beating; it certainly was thumping painfully. I raised my rifle and drew a bead on an object about fifty yards away. I was fairly steady, and honestly believe that if a deer or a drove of deer had appeared at that moment, I could have made a telling shot. I have faced the butts at Stockton, Creedmoor, and elsewhere, when valuable prizes were at stake, and many friends were watching my every movement and expecting me to show up well at the finish. Under such circumstances I have found the situation more trying than I can imagine possible in shooting deer on a runway, where your companions are out of sight or so far away that their presence is not noticed.

Three of us, Al and Tom Parker and myself, started for home Saturday morning, Nov. 15. Missed connections at Harrisburg, and obliged to stay there over night. Arrived home Sunday morning at 11:43. John and Harry Parker stayed for three days' more hunting. While I am writing this, Al Parker comes in and tells me the following: Harry went up Terrace Mountain alone on Saturday to look for turkeys. When near his blind he jumped a large buck. He did not get a shot, or rather preferred not to shoot, as he was carrying a double-barreled shotgun and charged with turkey shot. About the same time, Mr. Alexander, on his way to visit a neighbor, saw a buck cross from Broad Top to Terrace Mountain. He returned home and told the hunters. John, Harry and George hunted the mountain from end to end on the southeast side, but did not see either of the bucks. Monday was successfully spent in hunting turkeys. Tuesday snow fell to the depth of three inches. Wednesday morning they started out and found the track of five deer on Terrace Mountain. They soon came upon a doe. Harry fired at about 100 yards; a clean miss. Geo. Alexander then fired two shots from his .38-caliber Winchester, the last shot being a broadside, and going through the kidneys. The doe gave one leap and fell dead. This last shot was fired at 128 yards. The woods was full of hunters, and rifles were cracking on every side. John Parker returned home after the deer was killed, arriving at Norristown at 8 P. M. the same day. Harry Parker is still there at last accounts.

The section of country which we hunted contains game enough to satisfy a reasonable sportsman, I think. A friend informs me that there is no better place to hunt deer in this State. Turkeys are very abundant. We found them wherever we hunted deer. The ruffed grouse are found everywhere. In a mile tramp through the Barrens I flushed six single birds. George said he could show me where I could flush them in flocks. I saw more grouse in my five days' hunt than I saw in fifteen years before. I saw them sitting, running and flying, and did not fire a shot at them. Saw one flock of quail. Cannot say how plentiful they are, as I did not inquire. Rabbits are plenty, squirrels ditto.

The rifle is the favorite arm among the resident sportsmen. Shotguns are seldom seen. They argue that the shotgun charged with buckshot will not kill deer excepting at very short range; that a good marksman can hit turkeys standing, running or flying with the rifle, and it is very difficult to get within range of the shotgun. Ruffed grouse are not much hunted. What few are killed are generally shot with the rifle.

The majority of rifles used are the old style muzzleloader, with hair trigger. Those who have bought rifles within the past few years have repeaters, the .38 caliber 40-grain taking the lead. Mr. W. DeV. Foulke, of Philadelphia, spent three months there last winter. He used several repeating rifles of different calibers, and the way he made doubles on grouse flying in different directions was a surprise to the natives. One day he saw two turkeys in a cornfield, within easy range of the fence. Instead of crawling up behind the fence,

*It may be offered as an explanation here that I was collecting these birds for scientific purposes, and, therefore, preferred to shoot them instead of catching them on a line.

taking a dead rest, and waiting for them to get into position so that he could kill both with one shot, as any local gunner would have done, he jumped over the fence and grassed them with two shots from his .32-caliber rifle. Mr. Foulke is one of the few who have been very successful in killing grouse on the wing with the rifle. E. A. LEOPOLD.
NORRISTOWN, Pa., Nov. 20.

WESTERN MASSACHUSETTS.

RUFFED grouse seemed unusually plenty in this vicinity at the opening of the season, but now appear rather scarce, and the inference is that many have been shot. There is not much snaring, or shooting out of season, and if it were not for market-shooting, sportsmen would find a fair abundance of birds. Here, in Hampden county, it is a common remark that game is so scarce it does not pay to keep a gun, yet a few men find it profitable to leave other occupations and spend much, or all of their time during the season, in pursuit of the ruffed grouse, most of the game going to the Springfield market. Consequently, by the time the leaves are off, few birds are to be found by those who start out from Springfield or Holyoke for an afternoon's shooting. A dozen or twenty miles west, toward the Berkshire hills, for example, at Huntington, on the Boston & Albany Railroad, game is reported to be extremely abundant—birds, 'coons and squirrels. East from Springfield, also, there is plenty of good cover, and a recent item in the *Republican* gives the name of a man in Ware who shot 500 ruffed grouse last year, and is busy getting in his work this season. Quail are never found in any great numbers about here, but were more numerous at breeding time this year than usual. One farmer near this city found a nest of fourteen eggs within a few rods of his barn while mowing. He preserved the nest with care, but in a few days all the eggs were gone, probably at the hands of boys, who destroy some hundreds of the eggs of small birds annually in pursuit of what they may imagine to be the study of natural history. I have heard of four beavies this fall, running as high as twenty-five in number. Duck shooting on the Connecticut does not amount to anything. Not nearly so many fowl go down the river now as were seen a few years ago. At Northampton there is a spot in the river which does not freeze, and where, during the winter, ducks are shot in considerable numbers and great variety. NONOTUCK.
Holyoke, Mass., Nov. 24.

DEER IN THE ADIRONDACKS.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

The "sporting season" just closed has been an unusually good one for trout and deer. I held all hands strictly within the law by not allowing venison or partridges to be cooked until the law allowed it; and from Aug. 1 we were not without venison on the table, and after Sept. 1 we had lots of partridges. I am sure every house in the Adirondacks could do the same. The law does not quite come up to my idea of what it should be for this section, but till we can do better, we must respect it as it is.

Franklin county has more real value in the wild deer than in its domestic cattle; in this way: every one is virtually sold because it is killed by a sportsman from outside the county, and leaves at least three hundred dollars in money in the hands of the county people, which would not come in for any other purpose. Many, at first thought, will regard my estimate as exaggerated, but my experience of twelve years here, satisfies me that I am giving low rather than high value.

I have been very much interested in your articles on Maine game laws. I think the Maine people now recognize the real value in their wild game, and I have always feared the people of New York would wake up too late. There are so many different interests to satisfy. First, the July and August sportsman wants the night-hunt; then the next man wants to hound, and the still-hunter wishes to stop both the night-hunter and the hounder. My experience is that the August hunting is a cruelty, as many fawns are left to die. I wish the law did not allow any hunting until Sept. 1, but I would be glad to have the time for hounding extended to Nov. 15. This would give more chance for hunting when the meat is good. The month of November very rarely gives us any good still-hunting, and as hounding is not allowed, all sportsmen quit the woods, and the guides are idle. Then they are tempted to break the law, and in many cases they do, as such cases as the last three have been would tempt any one. I have caught myself looking out over the lake many times during these Indian summer days, expecting to hear a dog, perhaps see a deer. If hounding were allowed till Nov. 15, it would give employment to many men in this county at a time when very little work is to be had. As one of the guides said to-day, "I would like to put out the dogs to-day, but if it would come still-hunting I could kill more deer in one week without dogs than I could with half a dozen dogs." I know this is the opinion of all the guides in this section. I am satisfied the deer are increasing, and if the hounding was stopped the still-hunters would have fine times, and the markets would be well stocked with venison. The hounding makes the deer more wary, and the hunters cannot get up to them as they once did. I remember years ago, when living in St. Lawrence county, seeing sled load after sled load of venison come into town to be shipped to market to enrich one man. Had they been killed by sportsmen, how can we estimate the amount scattered among this one man's less fortunate neighbors?

One of your correspondents, "L.," would give us to understand that all Adirondack guides are ready at all times to break the present or any game laws—for fun or pay—I am sorry he has been so very unfortunate in seeing only such guides. My experience is that the Adirondack guides, as a class, are as honest and trusty as any class of laboring men I ever knew. As Mr. Sherman says, "There are men who call themselves guides who might be willing to kill anything out of season." But, I would like "L." or any one else broach the subject of night hunting in June in our guide house. It was tried last June and no offer of money could get one of the boys out.

We have about two inches of snow, and to-day has been very good still-hunting. A big buck crossed the clearing about six rods from the barn some time last night, one of the guides started after him about 8 A. M. and followed him till 1 P. M. and finding he had not lain down, gave up the job. He saw two fawns but did not shoot at either, he says he started seven different deer during the day, but wanted a buck for the head. This man killed a fine bear a few days ago.

Since Aug. 1 twenty-six deer have been killed here, only seven does among them,

There have been very few ducks in the lake during the season, and I have not known of a single goose in the lake. Several flocks went over in October.

Small fur-bearing animals are very scarce. Very few mink, in fact the only one caught was after the boy's bantam chickens, he got three before we caught him; have not seen a sable sign yet; a few 'coons, but we are too far from cornfields to suit them, A. R. FULLER.
MEACHAM LAKE, NOV. 27.

THE WILD SWAN.

AH, whence dost thou come, O bird of wide-spread wing?
From what remotest shore dost thou wondrous tidings bring?
'Mid the Northland's Arctic ice, what woes hast thou beheld,
Where the gales o'er shipwreck'd crews their savage requiem knell'd.

In thy century of life, o'er the drifting, whelming snows
Hath the shadow of thy pinions swept o'er the grinding floes,
Where by the Pfeffer River, or King Williams Islet plain
The bones of Franklin's men in ghostly rest have lain!

Perchance the flitting shade of thy hovering wings did fall
On that desolate, gray cairn, where repose the dust of Hall;
Perchance by Lena's flood in bleak Siberian land
Thou saw'st the lost DeLong, and all his dying band!

O'er Baffin's Bay, o'er Bellot's Strait, perchance hath been thy flight,
Or over shores of Labrador in tempest and in night,
Where the Indian lurk'd in ambush, with rifle and with spear,
Or Esquimaux in light canoe, to stop thy swift career.

Mayhap o'er Rocky Mounts, o'er the bleak Sierra's space,
High up in empty air, hath been thy tireless race;
Thou hast hover'd o'er Pike's Peak, whose granite boulders rise
In majesty supreme—cliffs soaring to the skies!

O'er Yosemite's green vale, where Capitan's white cone
O'er mountain range and mighty woods uprears its royal throne,
Hath been thy flight, and thou hast paus'd where Merced's waters pour;
One sheeted ghost of snowy foam, along its garden shore.

For there the wild-fowl swarm, the swan, the duck, the crane,
The pelican and gray geese, that browse the grassy plain,
Where rangest bear and puma, the antelope and deer;
For o'er that sportsmen's paradise, hath been thy free career.

Thy flocks we've watch'd at Barneget, and Curruck's great Sound,
A league-long line of gleamy plumes, like snows o'er winter ground,
Now, whither dost thou tend? Perchance to southern clime,
Where calm lagoons are girdled in with orange and the lime.

GREENPORT, L. I. ISAAC McLELLAN.

EXPERIENCE AND ADVICE.

ON Saturday last, Nov. 22, I had my final ramble for the season; cleaned, oiled and put away my companions of many days in the field and cover, and to-day have passed an hour in looking over the record and comparing it with other seasons. Although my hair may be turning gray and the years creeping on apace, I find that I quite hold my own with the noble grouse, and this season's campaign has been one of the best of my life. Why should it not have been so? I love this world with its many sources of pleasure and happiness, and none more than that of the rod and gun, rambling over hills and through valleys, breathing God's life-giving air and stowing away vitality for the months and years to come. And moreover, where do we find pleasure and the fountain springs of health so combined, as in the sports of the fields and woods? To me they are tonic, brain and muscle, better than I can find in any *materia medica*, and for many years have been one of my greatest joys.

But I began this article with the intention of giving an outline of my season's sport, and a few suggestions to those younger in years, and without the experience that I have had in hunting the wary grouse. For more than twenty-five years I have made it a rule to take a half day of each week during September, October and November, and with gun in hand, tramp through the woods and fields; and I feel certain, that at the age of fifty, with eye undimmed and a system free from any known disease, it has been the best investment I ever made. And, dear reader, this is the opinion of one whose life work has been to heal the sick so far as was in his power, and to study the wants of the human system. But to the record:

Sept. 6, 3 grouse and 1 woodcock; 6 shells.
Sept. 13, 2 grouse, 3 shells.
Sept. 20, 1 grouse and 1 woodcock; 2 shells.
Sept. 27, 2 woodcock, 3 shells.
Oct. 4, 7 grouse; 4 shells.
Oct. 13, 2 woodchucks and 1 rabbit; 3 shells.
Oct. 18, 1 grouse and 2 gray squirrels; 3 shells.
Oct. 25, 3 grouse; 5 shells.
Nov. 1, a blank; 1 shell.
Nov. 8, 2 grouse; 2 shells.
Nov. 15, 5 grouse; 7 shells.
Nov. 22, 3 grouse and 2 ducks; 4 shells.
Total—27 grouse, 4 woodcock, 1 rabbit, 2 gray squirrels, 2 woodchucks and 2 ducks, in all 38, using 43 shells.

Oct. 4.—This was my red-letter day with the grouse. Seven grouse and four shells; not a bad record, surely. I made it in this way: A neighbor's boy called at my office the evening before with the word that, while driving cows to pasture in the morning he saw nine or ten grouse on the fence near a patch of second growth pines and white birches. The location was familiar to me, but I had not visited it the present season. The next morning found me skirmishing carefully around the edge of the pines and birches, but not a grouse could be found. Knowing that a path led through the woods to a field beyond, I faced in that direction with the intention of visiting another small piece of woods on the further side of the field. As I entered the path the beautiful view was before me of nine grouse huddled together in apparent wonderment and fear. What did I do under the circumstances? What would you have done, brother sportsman? "Given them a chance for their lives," I presume you will answer, "as any true sportsman would have done." I plead guilty, and confess that time, which flies very quickly on such an occasion, did not permit me to discuss the ethics of sportsmanship, but quick as thought the little gun came to my shoulder and the contents of two shells carried death and confusion into the happy family of a moment before. What a fluttering! Five beautiful grouse the result of the wicked act. Did I do right? Some will say no, others yes; who will decide? After putting the birds into my game bag I captured two of the remaining four, making the best day's shoot of the season.

Oct. 18.—A neighbor wished me to get her a woodchuck, which she said made a delicious dish, and I was fortunate enough to bag two, with a rabbit thrown in.

Nov. 1.—The only "blank" day of the season. Before going far, and after one miss shot, I was called back to visit a patient, and had to go without my weekly dish of grouse.

Such has been my experience in the fields and woods the past season; and although my friends may say that the results were small, I feel that I have put on new life, and am better prepared for the climatic changes of a New England winter.

A word relative to guns and ammunition; and if my young friends will allow me I will offer a few suggestions which may possibly be of some benefit to them. Experience has taught me that the best gun for the early part of the season, before the leaves have fallen, is a light 12-gauge, after this pattern: Have made to order, or take an ordinary 12-gauge, shorten the barrels to 22 or 24 inches, the left barrel bored straight, the right barrel a little larger than the shell chamber, or in other words bell shaped. This suggestion may seem to be rather wild in these days of "full chokebored" guns, but please bear in mind the fact that we are not going to break clay-pigeons at 40 or 50 yards, nor take long shots at ducks and geese. During September and early October grouse and woodcock are generally found in cool and shady cover, near brooks and runs, where the growth is small and dense, and where you will have to kill them inside of 25 yards if at all. With a close-shooting gun you will miss many birds that a very open-shooting gun would bring to bag. Have a light pull, not more than four pounds, and with shells loaded with $\frac{3}{4}$ drams of quick, strong powder and $\frac{1}{4}$ ounces No. 10 shot you will soon learn how to outwit the wary grouse.

Later in the season, when the leaves have fallen and the brooks are dry, the birds will wander about more, and may be found in larger and more open cover, often near the edge of small growth, such as white birch, pine, hemlock, and juniper, apple trees, barberry bushes, etc., and then you will need a closer shooting gun. My idea of such a gun is a 12-gauge, 28-inch barrels, 8 to 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ pounds, right barrel straight, left barrel choked, a strong, close, hard shooter, suitable for ducks and geese at 50 or 60 yards, using $\frac{3}{4}$ or 4 drams of strong powder, and $\frac{1}{4}$ ounces No. 4 shot; or grouse at 40 yards, using 3 drams quick powder, and $\frac{1}{4}$ ounces No. 9 shot for right barrel, and No. 7 for left. With such a gun you will do good work if you hold right. You will find this part of the season the most difficult of all. Carry your gun with hammers up, stock under the arm, and barrels pointing straight ahead, or barrels resting across left arm, thumb of right hand resting on hammer, forefinger on trigger, with left hand grasping fore end, and you are ready for action and grouse. Commence operations by firing at the first and every bird you flush. This rule may not seem important, but it is all important. A habit of instantaneous action when your eye catches or your ear hears a bird, is the foundation of successful wing-shooting. And moreover, the first chance is generally the best chance. Don't wait for a better shot, it may never come. Do not be discouraged if the bird is near the ground, and your shot clip the leaves from the top of a tree directly over its head—try again. Be quick, very quick, but at the same time be calm and deliberate. That is to say, bring your gun to shoulder as quickly as possible, and then be deliberate. See your bird in full view over the sight, and pull. You will be inclined to overshoot at first. If a cross shot, hold on with a steady, swinging movement of the gun, and you will hit your bird. No holding ahead unless your gun is at a rest, or moving in an opposite direction from the bird.

If you are without a dog, get to your bird as quickly as possible. A wounded grouse is wonderfully wise in finding a hiding place. I prefer hunting grouse without a dog; a matter of education, I presume. As a matter of fact, I never owned a hunting dog. Experience teaches me that it is better to keep moving and not stop to listen or look, and you will get nearer to your game, and also cover more ground.

Finally, my young friends, be very careful in handling your gun, and take no chances. Drop the hammers before climbing a wall or fence, remove the shells before getting into a wagon or boat or entering a house, and never draw a gun from a wagon or boat muzzle first. It would seem that such caution must be unnecessary, but my experience in post mortem examinations and amputations, teaches me that the last fool is yet to die, or died very recently.

Be cautious and calm under all circumstances, tramp through the fields and woods all you can, and my word for it, you will thereby live longer, be happier, do more good in the world, and love mankind the better. M. D.

SOUTHERN SHOOTING GROUNDS.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

In regard to quail round Chattanooga, I would suggest that Chattanooga itself be the point to which you recommend your applicant, and have him find Joe Vance, D. J. Duffy, J. R. Ryan, and the Chattanooga Gun Club, which is composed of Boyd Ewing, F. I. Stone, Ed. Reed and others, who devote a great deal of time to the sport during the season, and who are well posted as to the best fields. The immediate vicinity of that city is pretty well hunted, but an hour or two's drive over into Dry Valley, or down into North Georgia, will bring you into plenty of sport; you can return in the evening and find good comfortable quarters, and be ready for another trip the next day. The arrival and departure of trains is very convenient; you can take the early morning train to some good point about two hours' run distant, and after seven or eight hours' shooting, return to the city about 8 o'clock. The vicinity of Charleston, just forty miles from Chattanooga, is a glorious place, and is visited nearly every season by some Pittsburg, Pa., gentlemen, who are usually very well satisfied. Or in the other direction Jasper, about equal distance down in Sequatchie Valley, is in the midst of the wheat fields, from which, it was reported to me a couple of years ago, while I, with others, was interested in the preservation of the game, that a "full flour barrel of birds were netted in two days," and that they were hardly missed.

Or down the line of the A. G. S. R. the birds are very plentiful. We were accustomed to go out in the morning to Trenton, Cloverdale, Wild Wood, etc., the stations being from five to seven miles apart. We would get off at one and make our way to another by evening train time, with full bags.

I was treated last night and the night before to some good music—a pack of hounds trailing a skin through the streets of Wilmington, in full cry. We have had rain, the first in about six weeks, and to-day I met several men with gun and dogs going to the fields. Several attempts have been made at hunting, but the extreme drought made it almost impossible for the dogs to do anything.

I am told that woodcock are frequently seen flying through

the streets. Mr. A. A. McLane told me the other day of chasing one up the street that had flown against a telegraph wire and had fallen. He said that as he thought to pick it up he could see woodcock on toast for his supper, but the woodcock thought differently, and would not be picked up.

Should you have inquiries concerning this locality, you might say that in the neighborhood of Raligh, Hillsboro and Wadesboro (I am informed) quail are very abundant. Haven't had opportunity of trying it yet, but hope to as soon as my dogs come.

J. C. L.

WILMINGTON, N. C., Oct. 31.

REMARKABLE SHOTS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Last fall a friend of mine, who had been very ill and confined to his home for nearly a year, happily finding himself convalescent, concluded that he would "go a-hunting." So, with his dog and gun and young son George, he took the railroad cars for a lonely station a few miles out of the city. On alighting from the car he loaded his gun and sent George on ahead a little way to await his coming. The faithful dog soon began nosing about in a significant manner and flushed a pheasant (as we call the ruffed grouse in this part of the country). In an instant my friend fired at the bird as it darted away. "You killed it, papa," shouted the boy, as he ran to pick up a bird which he saw fall near him, and at the same time old dog Jack handsomely retrieved another one, the bird shot at, which dropped dead in quite another direction. My friend heard and saw only one bird, shot it, yet killed a brace of pheasants. Subsequently and within two hours' hunting he shot and bagged four more pheasants in one single shot. Surely such a red-letter day's luck for one who is an ordinary shot ought to be recorded.

H.

Editor Forest and Stream:

One evening last week I shot a white crane with a Stevens pocket rifle, 18 inches, .32 short at 400 yards. (I guessed distance, as it was across the Missouri River from me.) It (the crane) measured 7 feet 2 inches from tip to tip of wings, and 5 feet 8 inches from tip of the bill to tips of toes, and weighed 13 pounds.

I once saw two prairie chickens, flying in opposite directions, meet with such force as to knock the life out of them. They struck the ground 30 feet apart and never moved after striking it. A hawk was chasing one of them, but I got the chickens before he got to them.

J. T. L.

ARAGO, Neb.

MAINE DEER LAW.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Against any legislation that would lengthen the open season for deer shooting in the Maine woods, too urgent a protest cannot be entered. That there are many who are in favor of adding September to the open season is true, but they are actuated, whether they know it or not, by the same motives that have destroyed the forest lands, depleted the waters, and nearly exterminated many of the noblest species of animals. When Maine was first settled deer were very plenty. After a time they became scarce, simply because they were hunted at any and every season without restraint. It is no argument to say that wolves had driven the deer away. Wolves had existed as long as the deer had. Thirty years ago there were not a tenth part as many deer in the neighborhood of the settlements as there are to-day. About twenty-five years ago, I remember that a guide in the Rangeley region took a party of us nearly a mile out of our way, to show us the tracks of a deer in the mud. These tracks were perhaps a week old, and yet appeared to be something unusual, even to a guide who was in the woods almost constantly. I have myself, something over twenty years ago, tended traps for months in the heart of the Maine woods and never seen a sign of a deer. In fact, the deer had become so scarce that no one thought of them, much less of hunting them. This respite gave the few that were left a chance to multiply. Legislation has done the rest, and at present, it needs but a few minutes' walk in any of the wooded regions of this section to convince a person that deer are plenty. Indeed, there have been repeated instances the present season of their being seen as far out in the settlements as the northern part of Cumberland county, or within thirty-five miles of the city of Portland.

But with the increase of this noble game here, public attention is naturally called to it, and the insatiable minds of the greedy and thoughtless are full of every expedient for a wholesale destruction. One party asks to have January added to the open months. Another July and August, in order to give free scope for jack-shooting. Another asks that hunting with dogs be allowed. Failing in all these and other requests, they ask for free hunting in September, as the next best thing to aid them in the easy destruction of game that would be comparatively safe in legitimate seasons. Every one knows that generally the fawns are too young in September to take care of themselves. A few years since, an instance came to my notice, when even as late as the middle of November, a doe having been shot, her fawn came up and lay down beside its dead mother, hardly seeming to notice the approach of the hunter. In this case the fawn was killed out of humanity, and it would be much better if this were done in every case where the mothers are sacrificed. Instances of the fawns following their mothers in October is the rule. It is only in rare cases that they are found alone by themselves at this season. Again the month of September is often one of the warmest of the year in this climate, and the deer come to the water not only for the sake of feeding, but to escape from the insect pests and heat. When jack-shooting can be carried on successfully in October, it is easy to foresee what the result would be could September be made an open month.

The great object of legislation in the case of all things of value must be apparent to all—to protect and not to grant the liberty to destroy. Should our game laws be made the only exception? Deer are almost unknown in the older settled portions of the country, and nothing but prompt action can keep them long in the localities where they yet remain. Stringent laws and energetic enforcement of them may do this, but a lax legislation can have but one result and that to put the deer in the same catalogue with the buffalo.

A change in the law is needed, but it should be to shorten the open season, so that it would not begin before Oct. 15, to allow the young deer to get larger and better able to look out for themselves. The open season should close by Dec. 15, to avoid the danger of deep snow driving the deer into their winter yards, before the protection of the law would prevent their being butchered like so many

sheep. If people would stop to think there is not one person in ten that would not rather it should be made an offense punishable by imprisonment, even to kill a deer at all, than to allow of their being utterly destroyed as they certainly will be, if those praying for a repeal of the game laws as already existing can have their way. It is a high tribute to the civilization of any State to say that by judicious protection its forests are stocked with these noble animals. For their extermination, vandalism is too mild a term.

X

BRIDGTON, Maine.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I think your correspondent who says that fawns are able to take care of themselves by Sept. 1 is in error, as I have seen this fall fawns in spotted coat as late as the last of September. I belong to the class who can only get a little while off, and only at such a time as they can best be spared, still I am not in favor of placing the open season a month earlier. As to the proposition to place the open season a month earlier and by that means combine deer shooting and trout fishing at the same time, as it is sometimes urged, I think they both had better be dropped, the deer as a month too early, and the trout as a month too late. I have seen trout at Sept. 15 full of spawn, and no sportsman should indulge in the sport after Sept. 1. I think that sportsmen around here and in Northwestern Maine are of the same mind.—38-CALIBER.

NASHUA, N. H.

Editor Forest and Stream:

As the question whether September should be open or close time for large game is being agitated in this State, perhaps the following facts may be of service: On the 7th day of November, as Grant Fuller and Moses Scribner were hunting on Beaver Pond, near Tim Pond, they saw a flock of four caribou approaching on the ice. The men hid and let the game come up within a few rods. The flock consisted of a buck, a doe, a yearling and a fawn. The men first shot the doe, then the buck, then the young ones. On skinning the doe they found her udder full of fresh milk, and there was every appearance that she was suckling her fawn. The same day they shot a doe deer, whose fawn was in company with her, and she was in the same condition—suckling her fawn. You have this for what it is worth. As it is not clearly understood whether or not our law permits sportsmen from out of the State, who are fortunate enough, to kill large game legitimately, to take or send it home, I think it should be made clear allowing them to do so.

G. L.

EUSTIS, Me., Nov. 24.

PHILADELPHIA NOTES.

THE professional duck shooters on Barnegat Beach, N. J., have been very busy for the past three days with the wreck of the steamer that was on the outer bar, almost abreast of the inlet, and, therefore, little gunning has been done except by the mainland duckers. The geese and brant are showing themselves in greater numbers lately in both Tuckerton and Barnegat bays; very few of the first named deign to stop, however, and seem intent upon keeping up their southern flight. The brant likewise do not act as they formerly did, and very many flocks nowadays appear to use these old and once famous grounds as resting places only, and after a brief tarry wing their way toward the Virginia and North Carolina waters.

Canvassack ducks are plentiful at the flats below Havre de Grace, but very wild. There is an abundance of celery this season, and the ducks killed are in prime condition, and readily bring \$3 to \$3.50 per pair.

Notwithstanding the reports from Delaware and Maryland indicated a good season for quail, the shooting has by no means come up to the expectations of very many who selected their grounds in those States. The dryness of the weather prevented the birds from being readily found, and I am of the opinion that those who have postponed their trips until December will have better bags to report. Only last week a flight of woodcock settled on a wet cover a few miles below Philadelphia, on the New Jersey side of the river, and a number were killed. The season, judging from this and other indications, will not be an early cold one.

The "same old" flocks of snow geese have made their appearance in the Delaware River below Bombay Hook, and the fowl are using the identical meadows for feeding they resorted to last year. My informants, the crews of the oyster boats, tell me they intend to give these geese a rap when they go down the bay again, and have invited your correspondent to go along, which, unfortunately, I cannot as I can get no satisfaction how long the boats will be gone.

I hear from farmers in both New Jersey and Maryland that rabbits are very plentiful, so great is the number that not a little damage has been wrought by these rodents, and yet two of the farmers from whom I secured the information, positively refuse to allow shooting on their premises, and have posted their grounds.

Several of our prominent Philadelphia sportsmen have gone South on quail shooting trips; a party will stop in North Carolina and afterward continue their route to Florida.

HOMO.

NOVEMBER 30.

PENNSYLVANIA.—Athens, Pa., Dec. 1.—Nearly all the hunters here turned out on Thanksgiving Day for a hunt, and the woods for miles around in this vicinity echoed with the baying of hounds and the report of guns, and the poor cotton-tail found it anything but a Thanksgiving Day, for most of the hunters returned with all they could carry. Myself and two friends scored fourteen. Quite a few partridges were brought in. Quail shooting has been good here at times, but owing to the large territory for them to feed upon, and the shooting done at them, it is quite difficult to find a covey twice in the same field. One day found five coveys, and the next not a single bird on the same ground. A party returned from Sullivan county, Pa., last week with four deer, and another party started for Potter county, Pa., at the same time.—PARK.

VERMONT.—East Berkshire.—We are having our usual number of grouse this fall, and plenty of gray squirrels thrown in. Our flight of ducks has been very small this fall, nothing to what it usually is. Our legislature has passed some new game laws this fall session, and I will send them to you as soon as I can get them in full.—SNIP SNAP.

THE ADIRONDACKS.—Meacham Lake, Nov. 17.—Robins and kingfishers were last seen Nov. 10, chipping sparrows, Nov. 13; goldfinches, Nov. 19. The white-winged snowbird has not been seen yet. I have been expecting to hear him, and then a big gale of snow.—A. R. FULLER.

CHEAP GUNS AGAIN.—The cheap gun dealer is perennial. He springs up every year, usually in the fall and winter; makes a big splurge in such newspapers as will advertise his wares, and then disappears, more or less suddenly and mysteriously. The latest wonderful arm, given away to the shotgun philanthropist for a few paltry dollars, was styled the "Parker repeating shotgun." The arm was a clumsy contrivance—an old style rifle altered over into a no-style shotgun, by a concern which attempted to palm it off by stealing the established name and reputation of the well-known Parker shotgun, made by Parker Brothers. The latter firm, not submitting to the dishonest imposition and jealous of the fair fame of their gun, very properly brought suit against the piratical concern and have succeeded in winding it up, at least temporarily. One of the New York daily papers of Dec. 2, reports: "Two shotguns lay across Justice Duffy's desk in the examination room of the Tombs yesterday afternoon. Charles E. Parker swore that Henry A. Hayden, under a pretended partnership with Charles R. Parker, was selling cheap guns made from old Spencer rifles and calling them Parker guns. At a previous examination, Charles R. Parker swore that he had entered into copartnership with Hayden. Justice Duffy asked to see the articles of copartnership, and Parker was to produce them yesterday. Parker testified yesterday that he had given them to his counsel, Morris A. Tynge, and they had been mislaid when Tynge's office was swept. However, in view of this prosecution, witness said he had dissolved the partnership with Hayden and had published notice of that fact. Lawyer Neville produced a decision of Justice Van Hoesen, granting an injunction to restrain Parker & Hayden from advertising their Parker gun. Justice Van Hoesen said he was satisfied that the sole object of the pretended partnership was to give Hayden a pretext for doing business for himself under the name of Parker & Co., in order to rid himself of a lot of cheap rifles altered into shotguns. Justice Duffy said he would decide the case on Friday."

THE FATE OF "TOM" NICHOLS.—Dec. 2.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I inclose clipping from a local Maine paper, which was called to my attention to-day, and which constitutes all the information I have of the fate of old Tom Nicholas, or "Nichols," his letters to me are signed. If you have further particulars, would it not interest many readers of FOREST AND STREAM to have you publish them? From the date of the paper, I should judge the "Tuesday" night to be two weeks ago to-day (Nov. 18).—A. P. JR. The clipping reads as follows: "The details of what will perhaps prove to be the most awful tragedy in the history of Piscataquis county, are told by one of the participants, Charles Nicholas, who was arrested at Dover Saturday, while on his way home at Oldtown, and that is all that is known of the affair at this time. Thomas Nicholas and his son Charles, are two Penobscot Indians, who live at Kineo during the summer season as guides. Last Monday they started on a hunting and trapping expedition to the head of the lake, and Tuesday met John Bridge, also a guide and teamster at the Winnegamook House, Northeast Carry. They all drank some and then went to the West Branch House, about two miles distant, where they procured more liquor. During the evening while playing cards, Bridge struck young Nicholas and knocked him down, and said: "Don't rise or I will kill you," and then struck him again with a pair of boots, rendering him senseless. When he recovered consciousness he saw the dead body of Bridge in the kitchen, where it had been dragged from the office, was being laid out by Bridge's brother, an employee at the hotel. Nicholas inquired for his father, and the brother of the dead man told him "not to worry for his father, as he was cared for." All of his father's baggage was as it had been left in the office, except the rifle, which was gone. Nicholas started on foot Thursday morning, and walked to Kineo, a distance of thirty miles, arriving there Friday, where he related the above story. He took his wife, who was there, and left for Oldtown, but was detained on arrival at this place, and will remain until some hearing can be held. His head is bandaged, and he shows the marks of having been badly punished. He saw nothing of his father afterward, and the supposition at present is that Nicholas, Sr., shot Bridge, and was then himself shot and disposed of by Bridge's friends. There were two men, Jos. Labree and John Donnelly, in the office at the time, and the proprietor, Mr. Luce, was in and out during the evening."

NEW YORK.—Binghamton, Nov. 29.—Rabbits in this section are very plenty. Partridges are quite numerous in the hills about three miles south of the city, but very wild. Few mallards have been shot on the Susquehanna as yet. Hunters report foxes as plenty. Quail are scarce; however, I found a covey of sixteen one day last week. If the sportsmen of the "Purloin City" would take measures to stop the unlawful use of ferrets in hunting rabbits, it would be something to their advantage. None but pot-hunters stoop to such unsportsmanlike ways of bagging game.—W. B. L.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.—Caleb Brook, Dec. 1.—The flight of Arctic birds are with us much in advance of other seasons. There has not been snow enough to give the still-hunter a chance at his way of getting venison. Less than one inch of snow now. Hawk owls came three weeks ago in greater numbers than ever known before. Farmers' sons have been killing them all over the country. Grouse are abundant and deer very numerous. The summer and autumn hunting of large game in this State amounts to no more than five moose, no caribou and twenty deer.—NED NORTON.

THE GAME GOES TO MARKET.—Ballston, N. Y.—Most of the game in this vicinity is shot in the Saratoga season, so when the law is off we can get but few birds. Ducks are wild and hard to get. I have killed a few sheldrakes, coots and widgcons. Rabbits are reported plenty. A good rabbit snow is now falling. Wild geese are in the lakes in small numbers, but not enough to go shooting for, however. A few foxes have been killed, and they are quite numerous.—A. O. J.

A BIG POT SHOT.—Jacksonville, Fla., Nov. 28.—F. B. Fisher, of this place, killed twenty-one teal duck with two barrels on St. John's River, near Sanford, on Thanksgiving Day, and he says if he had fine shot he could have doubled the number. Mr. Fisher heads the list among our champion duck shots.—WOODCOCK.

LONGWOOD, Fla., Nov. 27.—Quail are abundant. A few deer haunt the old hunting ground. Turkeys still gobble in the hammock at the proper season.—I. F.

MENOMONIE, Wis., Nov. 26.—There are yet good opportunities for deer shooting about here, and occasionally a bear is caught napping. Too many shooters, both hunters and trap shots; rely on the size of their gun rather than upon its balance and their ability to handle it with ease.—B. A. E.

NEBRASKA.—Arago, Richardson County, Nov. 25.—Not many ducks and geese here this season. Quail are more plentiful than for the past few years. Rabbits are too thick; so are the wolves.—J. T. L.

Sea and River Fishing.

LANDLOCKED SALMON IN MAINE.

WITH the month of October, the attention of many persons was again directed to the landlocked salmon in the tributaries of Long and Sebago lakes, in Cumberland county, Maine. Before the fall season, it is safe to say, that the large fish of this species rarely leave the deep waters of the lakes. When they do take to the streams, with the exception of the feeding grounds in the spring and early summer, it seems to be wholly for the sake of depositing their spawn in shoal and running water. The salmon seem to take to the large streams first, sometimes as early as the last days of September, but in the smaller streams they have not appeared in any numbers, of late years, before Nov. 1. The water is then icy cold, and the fish, exhausted by the process of reproduction, have no possible means of protecting themselves, as the following incidents will show:

About a week ago two gentlemen, in company with the writer, went to Rodger's Brook to look for salmon. This brook, it will be remembered, is the same stream in which the monster landlocked salmon was found dead a few years ago. It is a small brook at all seasons, flowing into Long Lake, one of the Sebago chain. At this time of the year all the water in it would be carried by a pipe five inches in diameter. Reaching the brook at least a mile from the lake, it was followed for some distance with no sign of fish other than a few minnows and an occasional brook trout. At length a waving of the water was noticed in a small pool which was closely scanned. No fish were seen, however, and the party were about turning away when the writer took hold of some older branches that dipped in the pool, and to the ends of which a small patch of ice was adhering. At the movement of these branches a salmon weighing at least five pounds came from under the ice and swam slowly to the other end of the pool. There, lying under the edge of the bank, and within reach of the observers, it allowed itself to be touched and moved about with the hand, making no effort to swim away. Upon moving the ice patch again, another salmon, only a little smaller than the first, left the ice, but immediately returned. The ice was pushed away and showed the fish lying on a small bed of sand, in water not over eight inches deep. A few rods further down the stream another fish was seen in water so shallow that its back was not covered. This fish was taken out of the water and weighed with a pocket balance, and then returned. The weight was three and three-fourth pounds, it being the smallest specimen that was seen. As soon as this fish was taken off the balance and put into the water, it returned to the place from which it was first taken, hardly seeming to notice the somewhat rough handling to which it had been subjected. Five other fish were found within a distance of forty rods, the largest probably weighing something over six pounds. Of these eight fish, there was not one that a man could not have taken out of the water in his hands without even getting his feet wet. All of them were females, as the entire absence of the hook, which is on the under jaw of the males, would indicate.

A day or two after the writer again visited the same stream and found nearly all the fish before seen, or apparently the same ones, in about the same positions. Thirteen fish in all were counted in about the same space as the eight that were seen before. One of these was a male and the only male fish seen in the whole number. It weighed about eight pounds, and was the largest specimen with one exception. This one was a fish but little short of the remarkable. It was lying on the sandy bottom of a little pool, not wide enough for the fish to turn in without doubling, and hardly deep enough to float it. The writer first measured the length of the fish and found it to be nearly twenty-nine inches. Then turning the fish upon one side the depth was measured, and found to be seven and one-third inches. There was no means of weighing it as the pocket balance could do nothing with such a weight; but by cubing the measurements and comparing with those of other fish of known weight, the weight of this one must have been about sixteen pounds. These proportions might not appear wonderful if whales were under consideration, but when it is a fish of such royal dignity and natural gameness as the landlocked salmon, found in water not six inches deep and suffering itself to be handled without a struggle, the story seems but little short of the marvellous. The true sportsman who has had a struggle in the open season with one of these fish at the end of his line while in its full vigor, can hardly believe the transformation when he sees one of the same species placed of its own accord in such shallow water, allowing itself to be touched at pleasure.

But there is a despicable feature about the advent of the landlocked salmon in these streams. Their coming is watched for by a set of unprincipled gluttons, and only a small part of the fish that enter these streams ever find their way back to the lakes again. Again the writer has visited the same pools where the thirteen salmon were. But seven fish could be found, and both the large ones mentioned above were among the missing. Six salmon, the combined weight of which could not have been less than fifty pounds, had been taken by sneaks in a single night. Tracks in the sand, a suspicious moving about in the night, and a dog collar found upon the bank, with the owner's name upon it, were some of the evidences as to who the thieves were. As to whether anything will be done about it is another question. It may be remembered that the stealing done at Rodger's Brook is repeated on nearly every tributary of these lakes, and on some of them the poaching is carried on to a much greater extent, because the fish are more numerous in the larger streams. Could the matter of protection be made a reality instead of a pretense here, while these fish are on the spawning grounds, there is little doubt but that their numbers would again be increased to the abundance of former years, and a source of profit as well as pleasure would be opened to this section of the country. As it is, the slaughter in breeding time must be stopped, or the time is not far distant when not a landlocked salmon will be found in these waters.

Shortly after the communication relating to the 25-pound salmon found dead in Rodger's Brook appeared in the Boston Herald a year ago, a correspondent of a New York journal, signing himself "H. H. T.," indulged in some comments of his own in the latter publication. In these he styled the writer of the previous article "The Ananias of the Boston Herald," disputed the weight of the fish as given in the Herald, and especially tried to ridicule the statements made in regard to the hook upon the underjaw of that specimen, by which, being hung upon a stake, it was carried. For the benefit of "H. H. T." it may be said that the published statements in regard to that fish were strictly true, and that if he will come out from behind his initials, he can have the proof by the word of several gentlemen, to no one of whom he would care to give the epithet of "Ananias." One thing he has accomplished, however, he has shown himself to be as ignorant of the fish in question as he is of the attitude of a gentleman. He did not believe in the existence of the hooked jaw of the *Salmo* family at breeding time.

Yesterday two gentlemen, interested in preserving the salmon which have ascended Rodger's Brook to spawn, called upon Fish Warden Mead, of Bridgton, and got him to go with them and dip out all the land-locks they could find and carry them back to the lake from which they had come to deposit their young in safe waters. There were but two left, and these are probably all which will reach the lake this fall after spawning. The rest—all the noble fish mentioned above—have been gobbled by the fish thieves, who are satisfied with a landlocked salmon or trout worn out by the labors of reproduction and too weak to return to the lake. The water has been very low this fall, a condition unfavorable to the fish, but favorable to lawbreakers who dip them out of the shallow brook.

Again, to show how lovely the admirable fish laws of our State are being enforced, it may be noted that in Peabody Pond, in this town, there are some very large red-spot trout, similar in size and coloration to those of the Androscoggin lakes. Last Saturday the bar at the inlet of the pond was covered with trout struggling up stream to spawn. The bottom, under very shoal water, was so covered with fish, averaging two or three pounds weight, that there was hardly room for them to turn. In one night these fish were nearly all taken out. Tracks in the sand and the appearance of torches and firebrands told the story. The trout thieves had been at work.

Excellent work was done three years ago in bringing the robbers, who strip the spawning beds of trout in this vicinity, to justice, but we need more of it. We also need public sentiment to enforce our game and fish laws. Men and boys who will pitch such noble game fish out of the water with sticks, when they are completely exhausted from the process of spawning, should be made to look upon such a deed as a crime against the State, as well as an act of indecent cruelty. Then the people who are willing to eat the fish when in such a condition—well they are not epicures to say the least.

BRIDGTON, Me.

BRIDGTON.

A JUNE TROUT.

IN many hours of wakefulness and fatigue during a busy professional life, I have found much consolation in inspecting the creels of elder and better fishermen, so enticingly displayed in the pages of the FOREST AND STREAM. I bring no creel from swift mountain streams, but a twenty-seven-inch basket of fresh, cool moss from the lake shore, out of which I hope to lay before you my catch of early June at the head of Lake Mollychunkamunk.

Did you ever spin with a minnow for Rangeley brook trout? Never? Well, come with me, my good friend, and I'll give you a new sensation. And please leave all your coarse tackle at home. A seven-ounce, seven-foot split bamboo, No. 3 Carlisle bend, two hundred feet of very small enamelled line, single salmon gut, six-foot leader with four small swivels in it, and a first-class multiplier with a drag, and we'll furnish the rest. Flies? No. Minnows? No. Nothing more, nothing less than a shiner two inches in length should be your lure. Put your hook twice through his jaws to keep your snell from slipping. Once diagonally through his shoulders and then down along his spine, bringing the point out with the bend well displayed just in front of his tail. Draw enough on the snell to curve his quivering body just a little, and let him into the water; he'll live and spin just below the surface, six inches is enough; sealed is his fate and that finny trout-near by; both are yours.

"Come, Rob, we might as well be on the water as on shore, and as I never caught anything from the porch, let's put out again."

Rob shook his head. It was nearly noon, the wind, blowing a half gale up the lake, with a sweep of five miles, had raised a lumpy, trying water to row in, but Rob never turned a deaf ear when fish were in fine prospect. So he rolled up his sleeves, launched the boat, and soon, clear from the float, I had sixty feet of line astern, and we pulled across the point within stone's throw of Birch Lodge. Quickly there came a jar of the rod as if bottom had been made fast to, and a whizzing reel and a rod well nigh doubled, denied the inanimate and made positive the fish.

"See him go!" Eighty feet—a hundred feet—and with his eye on the fast-running reel, Rob twitched the boat about and pulled furiously in the direction marked by the slender line. Only after more than one hundred and twenty feet had run out did the boat gain headway enough for me to take up the needful slack. Then came the tug, first across in a long circle, the line, whistling and cutting the waves with a swish, then toward us, now shaking his wicked head high in air, and again plunging deep into the lake, too well "struck" to gain freedom, this nontide, unexpected *Salmo fontinalis* fought his fight for liberty.

Ten, twenty, thirty minutes went by. Rob, master of boatcraft in the rapids or in a sea-way, never spoke, but held the nose of his Indian-rock right in the teeth of the gale. I shook the boat shook, again and again the fish shook savagely; Rob only was steady. Like cords his veins stood out, and his hard, obedient hands played the boat like a toy to every surge and run of the fish. "He's a big one, Doctor; don't press him too hard; may tear out;" and Rob pushed the boat backward down the wind as the fish made another run, as if for the river three miles away.

Were we never to get at him? Yes, the rod quickly responded to his failing powers, the reel clicked a joyful response. My tremor increased as Rob gently gathered in his oars and took a paddle, and cast a grateful, near-by look on the landing net. Quickly the boat drifting on the strong wind set us toward the fish. With a quick turn of the paddle Rob laid her broadside on, and the fish could be fairly seen near the surface twenty feet away. Rob was on his feet in a twinkling, the net playing over the side of the boat,

when with all the strain I dared give my rigging I gave the fish the butt, and inch by inch drew him on. When within landing distance he slowly turned on his side, his deep red belly, his silver-edged fins, his grand outline all in sight. Rob twitched nervously, and, catching a full view of our game, stood aghast, helpless for the moment to net him, crying out, "He's a hundred years old!"

I missed him. Off he went like a frightened flash. Whizz went the reel; and then another struggle, until at last, well on his side, he took the net and was safely landed; and I slumped in the boat chair; the only part of my equipment not used up was the boat, and that was almost ashore, drifting for a place, to rest on the rocks. We put our prize in the fishcar, and six days afterward, when taken out and killed, he weighed 9½ pounds on a Fairbanks scale. He was worth the fight. He was the only fish in many long days of that most successful sport with Rob as guide, that ever provoked him to open his mouth.

Enough of this, my good friend.

To summarize my catch, (ah, but I'd like to tell you of one 5½-pound trout taken just in front of the lodge on a six-ounce rod, after a tussle of nearly an hour one sunny morning) the weights were: One of 9½ pounds, one of 6½ pounds, two of 6½ pounds, one of 6 pounds, one of 5½ pounds, two of 5 pounds, one of 3½ pounds, one of 3 pounds. Total ten, weight 56½ pounds.

I make no mention of smaller fish other than to give their name, it was legion. A 27-inch basket would not more than pack the longest. The largest fish was an inch shorter than one of the 6-pound fish. These fish were mostly caught at dusk during three days, after the wind had set strong and hard up the lake the earlier part of the day.

I am already in anticipation enjoying the pleasure I shall have in steering you, with Rob Hewey, my Andover guide (and a better and truer man cannot be found there), at the oars, slowly across the head of the lake, when the south wind blows and the roughened waters mask your line.

Will you come? The tender green of the new leaves on birch and poplar will rest your eyes, and some old "moss-back" a hundred years old will fill your piscatorial soul to repletion.

N. E. W.

Boston, Nov. 28, 1884.

TROUTING ON THE BIGOSH.

THE START.

JUST why the Colonel wished me to leave New York on that evening boat, meet his son Jack and take him along in the morning, has never been clearly explained. As the Doctor would not join us on the stream for a week afterward, and the Colonel would be behind Jack and I some two days, there seemed no other reason than a desire to get Jack off in the country during his June vacation. This was the only reasonable solution arrived at after several days of hard guessing on the riddle. The canned goods and other provisions had been shipped, and with a few toilet necessities wedged into the creel among the tackle, creel on shoulder and rod in hand, I started across town through by streets, making a short cut for the steamer. Just what trains of thought were running, or whether I was in that beatific condition of Irving's old Dutch skipper who, hand on helm, was thinking of nothing in the past, the present, or the future, is now impossible to say.

It was still broad daylight and while the roar of traffic on the great avenues had abated, there was a rush of pedestrians on all thoroughfares. It was not late enough for vice and crime to stalk abroad; and if a friend asks why they, more than others, should "stalk," he will be bidden "go-to, thou art finical." "Stalking abroad" is practical; it hath both the flavor of majesty and savors of the sneak; it is so far above the slang of "pungling down town" that no apology is necessary for its use, therefore it may be repeated that the aforesaid combination had not stalked. Right on a corner flaming signs informed the wayfarer that the very largest schooners of beer could be obtained for the insignificant sum of five cents, and the placards gave a realistic sketch of a son of Tantalus, the Phrygian king, who was condemned to perpetual thirst, climbing a ladder to get at the top of this famous "schooner," a thin small voice pleaded: "Mister, please give me a penny to fill me mother's growler.* I had six cents and I lost one o' them down a grating, and she'll beat me if I go home without the beer."

A glance at the little girl who said this showed a form that might have been on earth during eight long years, surmounted by a face that scant food and abuse had made appear older by half. The small sum of one cent would make the child happy, and going down in the change pocket a five-cent nickle was fished up and given with the advice, "Fill the growler for your mother and buy something for yourself." The small eyes brightened, as much as the eyes of a street Arab could, and with a muttered thank the form dodged around the corner. A burly policeman then relieved his mind: "Young feller, that's a dead skin; she ain't got no mother and don't want to fill no growler." "All right," said I, "she can use the pennies;" when a little variety actress, whose occupation was recognized by the spangled garments which peeped through a bundle under her arm, said, "Don't mind that cop, he's one of the biggest beats in this ward; the kid has got a mother and she beats the life out of her, but the cop hates to see any beer go on one side of his mouth." "Thanks," said I, "it is of no consequence; the poor child does not get too much of this world's comforts, and if her mother gets the beer and she a bite of something extra, it is satisfactory," and pondering on the future of that child, with her inheritance of poverty and degradation, a few more blocks were passed.

A woman, old beyond her years, with a face on which dissipation had traced lines with a heavy hand, appealed for something to buy bread with, and another nickle brought a profusion of blessings which were waved off by a stroke of the hand. A philanthropic-looking individual just behind, stepped up and protested that a donation of that kind encouraged poverty instead of alleviating it, and was sure that the money would go for gin instead of bread. I answered him that it was now hers, and if she obtained more comfort from gin than bread she was entirely welcome to it, and as she evidently needed something to make her happier, I was indifferent to the medium, and hurried on. Here was food for more thought. Why need the policeman and the melancholy man trouble themselves about a trifling charity which did not concern them and cost them nothing? A man on a little vacation, full of the prospect of enjoyment, chose to

*Originally "growler" was applied by city tramps to the empty fruit cans into which they emptied stale beer from the kegs on the sidewalk. This act was termed "working the growler," but the word now covers, in low life, any receptacle for beer.

drop a mite to poor wretches to whom life brought no holiday, and he was taken to task for it.

The walk to the boat was occupied in reflections on the incidents narrated. Poor woman, perhaps she had once been comfortable and respected, and now her path was downward without a break. But what of the child? My dog has apparently a better future than she, and is certainly better cared for in the present. Born to an estate which no effort of hers can raise her from, and worst of all, she does not seem to be aware of her misery, the most hopeless of all conditions. She accepts the situation and looks upon it as a natural one. Perchance, some years from now, when she is prematurely old by dissipation, some little barefoot child of hers will plead with the wayfarer for a penny to fill her "growler," while the miserable mother will only regard it as a duty which she in turn had performed for her parent. The steamer's bell broke the reverie, and after depositing rods and tackle in the stateroom, a stroll forward revealed an angling friend enjoying a cigar under the awning. We blew our clouds together, and talked of fishing of all kinds and in all places that we knew of, when he asked:

"Where are you bound for now, up on the Bigosh again?"

"B'gosh! you've guessed it, can't you imagine that I might be going somewhere else? Where do you drop your flies this month?"

"A little business calls me away now, but next week a friend and I will start for Mackinaw, up through the northern peninsula of Michigan, to Ontonagon, around by Duluth, and thence by canoe down some of those small streams into the Mississippi River, fishing all the way, that is, if we find it practicable to strike the head waters of some stream like the St. Croix, and it proves to be navigable. This will be a pleasant trip and will consume two months. Some day I will write it up for FOREST AND STREAM if it proves to be as interesting as we expect. By the way, where is the Bigosh?"

"That stream," I answered, "is one of the main tributaries of the Great Jimminy, and rises near Gewhilliken, from which place we take sole-leather conveyance to the stream. If you should chance to get within a hundred miles of our camp, come and see us."

I then unbursed my mind to him concerning the misery that I had met and could not relieve, in fact, could only temporarily alleviate it, in one case with pennies which might go for bread after the growler was filled, and in the other with fuel in the probable shape of gin. He was surprised that a second thought should be given to this matter, and intimated that he thought me too case-hardened to notice so common a thing as squalid, wretched poverty in the city. "You can't help it," said he, "they are born to it, bred to it, and undoubtedly like it."

"All the worse," said I, and after bidding him good night, and between that time and morning, when I saw Jack's cheerful, boyish face light up with recognition on the dock, I heard in the half-conscious condition that passes for sleep in a stateroom near the engine, a thin, plaintive voice, whining, "Please, Mister, give me a penny to fill me mother's growler, I dropped one through the grating and she'll beat me when I get home," and I said with Lear: "O, I have ta'en too little thought of this."

FRED MATHER.

TAKING SHAD WITH THE FLY.

IN our issue of Nov. 20 we made the statement that in no other river in America besides the Connecticut has there been more than occasional, and perhaps accidental, capture of a shad with hook and line. We knew that the Connecticut is the river that anglers go to for shad fishing, and that we had seen many of them taking shad there. In the absence of records from other rivers we made the assertion given above, which some of our correspondents very kindly correct. It is evident that one of our correspondents has made better use of the records contained in the former volumes of FOREST AND STREAM than we did, for we did not take the trouble to look up all that has been written on the subject.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have read with some amusement the article in your paper for Nov. 20, 1884; also your editorial comments touching the same. The statements therein contained are so at variance with well-established facts, and my own experience, that I beg to call your attention to the following:

In the very first number of FOREST AND STREAM, page 13, appears a paragraph evidently written by Mr. Hallock, then editor. He says: "Fly-fishing for shad was a favorite amusement of ours a dozen years ago in the Savannah River."

If you will also turn to FOREST AND STREAM, Vol. II., page 172, you will find that the late Thaddeus Norris also speaks of their capture with bait on the Schuylkill, etc., etc. I have captured vast quantities of shad in the Potomac River, near this city, in September and October, a very small live minnow being used as bait. At one season (in the latter part of 1873, I think) enormous quantities were taken in this manner by anglers fishing from the south end of the Long Bridge, some specimens being apparently nearly full grown; the majority, however, being only about four or five inches in length. I at first doubted their identity, but upon submitting some specimens to the Smithsonian authorities, was informed that they were genuine shad.

During the summer months I devote much time to fly-fishing in this vicinity, white perch and sunfish being the game sought after, and I am frequently annoyed by having tiny shad, not two inches in length, greedily seizing the flies. I have frequently angled with the fly for large shad, but have never been successful. This I attribute to two causes—first, the scarcity of the fish; and, second, to the fact that the natural facilities which enable them to be readily caught in this manner in the Connecticut River do not prevail here.

I could furnish other facts if necessary, but think the foregoing sufficient to upset the theory that "on no other river in America (except the Connecticut) has there been more than an occasional, and perhaps an accidental, capture of a shad with hook and line."

G. A. B.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Editor Forest and Stream:

You are mistaken regarding the Connecticut River being the only one producing shad that will take a fly or bait. Ten years ago several friends and myself first took shad at the dam at Birmingham, on the Housatonic River, with both flies and bait. I have used worms, minnow, shrimp, and flies, and on all of these baits I have caught not one or two fish by accident, but dozens of shad from half a pound to four pounds, and it is quite a common thing for persons living in the vicinity of Birmingham to catch shad in the same manner.

A. J. H.

BRIDGEPORT, CONN., Nov. 22.

ECHOES FROM THE TOURNAMENT.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The introduction of his peculiar style of casting, by Mr. H. L. Leonard, in the fly-casting tournament, held under the auspices of the State Sportsmen's Association, at Niagara Falls, in 1882, and since generally followed in the fly-casting tournaments by his pupils and his pupils' pupils, has had a tendency, and I may say, has completely revolutionized the real objects, aims and rules of the tournaments as conducted under the rules of that association. Under those rules, only members of sportsmen's clubs, regular organized, and members of the State association could participate. It was a meeting of anglers for the purpose of receiving and imparting such information in the art of angling as they had been taught by the wary trout and bass in the varied waters upon which they had cast their flies since last they met. The judges, except when the contestant was casting for distance, stood beside him, so that in case he had learned anything new that called for a different style of casting from the old method, he could tell them why he so cast, they could then judge as to its merit, and not dock him in his points for doing a really good thing, because he had departed from the old system that had been followed so long as to have become a rule.

The old points for judging were four, viz.: Accuracy, delicacy, style and distance. Under the new rules, scripture has been followed, "and the last has become first," and style, the real test of the contestant as an angler, has been kept out entirely; and a man's ability to break the record in long casting, regardless of his apparent ability to catch a fish, has become the standard upon which he is judged; and as I said at the association banquet, in my poor judgment, we are educating men to become "bug chuckers" for prizes, rather than anglers with the fly.

"But," said Brother Mather and some others, "how are you to judge these points? On distance there can be no question, for the buoy marks the spot where the fly strikes the water; the others must be a matter of judgment." True; and so I conclude to save the judges' brains (but it tried their eyes all the same). The rule in use at the last tournament on accuracy, that each contestant should cast twenty-five times at a buoy four inches in diameter; if he struck the buoy with his fly it counted one, but if his fly fell one inch or ten feet from the buoy, it scored nothing. The rule in a dead calm would have shown better results, yet I doubt its giving any better satisfaction. Can such a rule be satisfactory to the contestant or the looker on? I certainly heard many adverse criticisms, and the manifest injustice of it came under my own observation while acting as a judge in one of the contests, for the contestant who was fortunate enough to have a lull in the wind could hit the buoy, while the one who had a continuous breeze, if he did strike it, was simply fortunate, for the wind was so unsteady that the best judgment was often foiled by a lull or an extra puff of it. There is just where I claim the rule is unsound and where judgment comes in, play, for the one who goes out to practice chooses a calm, still day, that he may be able to make a long cast, and so gets little or no practice in the wind; while the angler gets his practice on the lakes and streams while fishing, and as was shown at the last tournament, will make a much better average in casting at a mark, if judged by the actual distance of his fly striking the water from the buoy in every cast of his twenty-five, rather than by the number of times he actually strikes it. How then shall a just conclusion of the merits of contestants in fly-casting be obtained? My answer would be:

Distance: Time five minutes; time to be taken when contestant steps to the mark and says he is ready. Rod and flies shall then be in hand, and no allowance of time shall be given for untangling line or other pauses, except in the minds of the judges the delay is caused by pure accident, and not caused by the unskillfulness of the contestant, or from the fact that he has more line out than he can control.

Accuracy, delicacy and style: Time five minutes. Accuracy to be judged not by casting at a fixed object, but rather by the contestant's ability to lay out his line a reasonable fishing distance, with, across and against the wind, casting at floating objects thrown upon the water by the judges in the places they desire him to cast.

Delicacy: To be cast at the same time, and judged by the lightness, not only of the flies lighting upon the water, but also the manner in which they are taken from the water.

Style: To be judged from the manner in which the rod is handled while casting for accuracy and delicacy, and to develop more fully the contestant's familiarity with his rod and his style in using it, devote two minutes to accuracy and delicacy and three in developing his style; or, in other words, his proficiency in the angler's art, casting with both hands, to the rear, right and left, underhand to avoid a supposed overhanging tree or bank; releasing his flies from anything to which the hook is supposed to have been caught, and his manner as well as method while doing these, whether gracefully or awkward, the work done with the arm or rod, etc. Another rule of the State Association that has been dropped by the Rod and Reel Association I deem of vital importance, and that is the allowance for difference in length of rod. The angler has his rod, or probably rods, to suit himself, and adapted to his height and strength; the rods he uses for fishing. He cannot afford to have one set for fishing and one for tournaments; so, perforce, he must enter with the one he has, and unless he is a large man with a heavy bass rod, he cannot hope to contest with any prospect of success against a rod made for that purpose alone. So that, as a rule, the angler must enter a contest handicapped or stay away; and it is evident from the list of entries for the past two years that they, as a rule, stay out. I have always thought the allowance of five feet to the foot excessive. In testing rods of different lengths and weights I have come to the conclusion that a proper and fair handicap would be three feet to the foot, and two feet to the ounce. The judges to have power to rule out all rods evidently made light in the butt or handle to obtain unfair advantage in the handicap for weight. How many of the light weight rods that have been used in the tournaments for the past two years have been practical fishing rods? The whole reduction in weight has been taken from the handle; in fact, nearly all of the light rods have been made to win in long casting, and not for angling. The rods have the body and stiffness of an eight-ounce rod, with a handle just long enough for the reel and hand, and that in some instances made of cork, and in all cases, so small that no man could swing them for an hour on stream or lake, for the lack of weight at the butt would tire his arm, and the smallness of the handle would cramp his hand. In brief, let us have a tournament for anglers with the fly. Rods, reels, lines, and flies to be practical, such as are in general use for that pur-

pose. Rods handicapped so that any angler can enter any contest with the rod he uses when he "goes fishing." All contestants to cast from a bridge or float sufficiently far from shore that they may cast in any direction. And with rules under which all contestants will stand upon their merits as anglers. Then shall we interest the angling fraternity and to this end.

The laws of nearly, or quite all the States prohibit the taking of any game fish in inland waters in any manner (except for propagation or stocking depleted waters) except with hook and line. Our game constables, who are charged with the duty of seeing that the laws are obeyed, are few, far between, and human. Fishermen, who fish for meat, will often resort to illegal means to take a big 'un, rather than go without his meat. While the angler, who casts his fly for the enjoyment he obtains rather than the pounds of fish he may take, acts as a fish warden also, and that he may now and then have added to his pleasure of casting his fly in quiet nooks, the occasional variety of hooking a fish, will do all that lies in his power to stop the illegal taking of fish; and not only that, but he will, by force of example, get others to try his method, and in a few years a host of anglers will spring up, creating a public opinion that will effectually enforce our laws, and then we may hope to see many of our now depleted streams restocked, and soon teeming again with finny denizens, where we may, of an afternoon, without, as now, going miles by rail and buckboard, hope to cast our flies to some purpose other than that of practice.

IRA WOOD.

A LIGHT BAIT-ROD.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your correspondent "W. G." of Springfield, Mass., in your issue of Oct. 16, asks for the experience of any angler using light rods. I have used during the past season a split bamboo rod weighing 5½ ounces. It has a solid reel-seat, three-quarters of an inch in diameter, below the hand. With reel-bands the rod would weigh about 4½ ounces. It is 8 feet 6 inches in length and is made in two sections of equal length. Each section is made of four strips of bamboo and the rod is nearly square. The sides are not quite flat, but slightly round, having the same curve as the original stock from which they were cut. The corners are slightly rounded off.

The rod has given good satisfaction in bait-fishing for black bass. It is very strong and elastic and handles pleasantly even with a one-ounce sinker dangling at the end of the line. It keeps its shape well, and when held horizontally does not show much of a downward curve. It is more elastic than a three-section rod, and will make a long cast with less exertion than is required with a heavier rod. For playing a two-pound black bass it is all that is required; a heavier rod could not do it better. I believe it would give the best of satisfaction in handling fish of more than twice that weight, but cannot speak from experience, not having had the pleasure of hooking any monsters the past season.

In very swift currents where a sinker of 1½ ounces and upward would be required, I think a heavier rod would give better satisfaction; also where the bottom is very rocky, and you get fast on an average nine times in ten cases, the long heavy rods will answer better, as they enable you to make hard pulls in different directions; but for the legitimate use of a bait-rod, such as casting and playing a game fish of moderate weight, I consider the above described rod preferable to the heavy one. A three-section rod must be heavier to have the same strength and elasticity.

E. A. LEMPOLD.

NORRISTOWN, Pa., Nov. 27, 1884.

SMALL FLIES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your article and Mr. Prime's letter to Mr. Marston in reference to small flies, in FOREST AND STREAM of Oct. 6, recalls the following experience:

In Vermont, near where I spent last and the previous five summers' vacations, is a pond of above five acres extent, owned by a farmer, who very kindly gave me permission to fish there, and as it contains some large trout, I have each summer enjoyed some pleasant afternoons there fishing. The only times I fished there this summer there happened to be no wind, and in consequence the water was like glass, and the sun being out clear and bright, I rigged my cast with the finest of drawn gut leaders and flies fully as small as those Mr. Marston sent over. Mr. Harris showed them to me before he sent them to Mr. Prime.

I cast with the small flies until I became discouraged; so, just for the novelty, I put on for a tail fly one tied with a small loop at the head, a bass fly tied on a No. 4-sproat hook, and before making a cast I thought its own weight would break the leader. It seemed absurd to loop so large a fly on such a leader, but I lengthened out the line, and when the fly dropped about sixty feet from the boat a trout rose, the first that afternoon, and missed; rose again, was hooked and landed, and by careful fishing I caught three more on the large fly, all of an average of 1½ pounds.

I tried the same tactics five times after that and each time with the same result, although I never caught more than four trout in an afternoon. Now, in future, when small flies fail I shall try larger, even if there is no ripple, and perhaps if a fine leader is used they may be found the most successful for some waters.

C. G. LEVISON.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

LONG-DISTANCE CASTING.

I WISH to say a word in favor of long casting, especially as some anglers speak and write so disparagingly of it, declaring it impossible to hook a fish at any very great distance, etc.

Last spring, Mr. T. B. Mills, Mr. Harry Prichard and I, went for a day's fishing to a pond in which, Mr. Prichard told us before we started, that the trout, if any, were a great distance from shore; in fact, in the middle of the pond where the channel was.

When we prepared to fish, Mr. Prichard started his line out with the "Wye cast," for which he is so famous, and which a great many anglers who cannot cast in that way, claim must scare the fish, because the fly is the last thing to touch the water, and after five or six throws he succeeded in getting out at least eighty feet of line, and to the surprise of both Mr. M. and myself, a trout rose, and in a very short time Mr. Prichard hooked six but landed only four, two escaping while being reeled in. The four trout weighed about six pounds. I believe Mr. Prichard sent one or two of them to Dr. Fisher at the time he was so ill last spring.

Mr. Mills and I did not have a rise, for the reason that at

the time we were not able to get our flies to where the trout were. This experience convinced me that under some circumstances, to reach and catch the fish, that long casts are absolutely necessary, and are successful even if several throws are required to be made before the desired spot is reached, and that as the old adage says, "It is the longest pole that gets the persimmon."

C. G. LEYSON.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Dec. 1, 1884.

PORPOISES AND BLACKFISH.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Happening up at Wellfleet, Cape Cod, on Monday, Nov. 17, I saw a sight never before witnessed by the oldest fisherman. A great school of the small whales known as "black-fish" and porpoises came in sight. Boats were manned, and almost the entire school was driven ashore, amounting to 1480 blackfish and 117 porpoises. Such a struggling mass of life was wonderful, and the town of Wellfleet was in high glee. The blackfish lay as thick as the fingers on a man's hand for a distance of over four hundred feet, and the oldest fishermen said that they never saw over 500 together before. There were nearly 100 boats of all sizes around the school before it was stranded. Each keel boat drew one share, and each dory drew half a share. A woman, Mrs. Hillyer, claimed a share because the school was landed on her premises. The catch will net the people here over \$1,800. The blubber was stripped off and taken to Provincetown, where it was steamed. One young blackfish, eighteen inches long, came into the world by the Caesarian operation; it was red in color. The catch was a perfect windfall for this little place.

POKE-O'-MOONSHINE.

LARGE BLACK BASS.—Sanford, Fla., Nov. 22.—Mr. A. L. Spear of this place, owner of the celebrated Spear orange grove of five acres, which yields annually from \$18,000 to \$22,000, in company with Mr. Grace, took 135 black bass between sun up and sun down on Friday the 20th, on the St. John's River, five miles above Sanford. The fish were all taken with two of Hill's baits. The said spinners sold Mr. Spear the evening before. I saw the fish in Mr. Spear's boat on his return and weighed the largest, which tipped the scales at 14 pounds 6 ounces, the smallest weighed 17 pounds, there must have been 75 that would weigh from 5 to 8 pounds. Mr. S. showed me his forefingers which were out to the bone from the line. Bass have just begun to take the spinner and fly as the river is lowering, thus carrying the fish from the plains to the river and creeks. This may seem a big fish story, but, nevertheless, true, as the most of our town people and visitors will certify to its truth.—C. A. LOUD.

REEL-PLATES AND SEATS.—The agitation of the question of having the cross bars on all reels of a standard size, by the National Rod and Reel Association, has done much good in the way of attracting the attention of manufacturers to the evil of having reels fit only the rods made by the same firm. Most of the city makers have adopted the standard of the Association. A new style of reel-seat has been put on the market and will be found in our advertising columns. This will hold firmly the smallest or largest reel made. We have seen it and have been greatly pleased with it. With this seat it seems impossible that any sized reel could slip off the rod, or even become loose.

Fishculture.

THE NEW YORK FISH COMMISSION.—Caledonia, N. Y., Nov. 26.—Every fall a number of experienced employees of the State hatchery at Mumford are sent to Lake Huron and other upper lakes to gather spawn of the salmon trout from the spawning beds in those waters. The fishing for spawn is attended with much danger and hardship, owing to the violent storms of wind and snow that prevail on the upper lakes during the spawning season. Usually the fishermen return with 3,000,000 or 4,000,000 eggs, which are hatched at the Mumford ponds, and the fry distributed in the spring among the waters of the State adapted to salmon trout. This season, however, the storms were so much more violent than usual on Lake Huron that the Mumford fishermen have returned with only 1,000,000 eggs. Many nets were lost. They report that the fishermen sent out by the United States Fish Commission and the State of Michigan to gather salmon trout spawn fared badly, as they were unable to secure any spawn, and during a storm one of their boats was swamped and four of the fishermen drowned. The superintendent of the Mumford hatchery says that with the spawn of the tame salmon trout in the State ponds, and the fry the 1,000,000 wild eggs will yield, the supply of fry for State waters next year will be ample. Cold Spring Harbor, N. Y., Dec. 1.—In consequence of the stoppage of out-door work, the Long Island papers have stated that all work here has been suspended. On the contrary, the hatching season has just begun. Preparations have been made for hatching salmon in greater quantity than last year, when half a million were turned out. Also from one to two millions of whitefish, 100,000 Rangeley trout, brook trout, German trout, etc. The salt water department is prepared for the eggs of codfish and tomcods in such quantities as may be obtainable, while any other sea fish which may be found spawning will receive attention.

SUCCESSFUL TROUT CULTURE.—General R. U. Sherman, Commissioner of Fisheries of New York, writes of the success of the Bisby Club (Adirondacks) in a private letter to a friend, from which we are permitted to extract the following: "Our success at Bisby assures me that we shall in time be able to get all the spawn we need from the wild trout. At last accounts from there they had 100,000 brook trout eggs on the trays from trout taken within twenty rods of the hatchery, and there are many spawning beds yet untouched. Remember, this is at a lake where prior to 1877 a brook trout had never been known."

SALMON CULTURE IN MAINE.—The Belfast Republican says: "Business is brisk at the Orland Salmon Works. About fifty salmon were turned loose in the river, instead of being confined at Dead Brook, as usual, hoping they might be taken this fall for shipping purposes. Most of them have been secured and the eggs taken. Mr. Chas. G. Atkins is giving his personal attention to this business this season. Mr. Harry Buck, who has superintended these matters for several years, has gone to Grand Lake to the salmon works there."

IMPORTATION OF FISHES.—Three cans of paradise fish (*Macropodus*) were recently sent from Berlin to the following addresses: Prof. S. F. Baird, Washington, D. C.; Mr. A. F. v. Braun, 382 Waper street, Brooklyn; Mr. H. Atkelson, 15 North Meridian street, Indianapolis, Ind. The cans lay on the wharf at Hoboken for nearly a week, and finally the agent of the steamship line sent them to Mr. E. G. Blackford, Fulton Market. The fish were all dead except a few in the can for Prof. Baird.

BLACK BASS FOR STOCKING WATERS.—There is a constant demand for black bass delivered alive near New York city, which no one seems to be able to supply. Occasionally Mr. Annin or Mr. Stone advertises, these fish but their stocks soon exhausted. We have repeated inquiries for them, and have put some inquiries on the track of getting a few. Mr. E. G. Blackford, of Fulton Market, tells us that he has many inquiries from persons owning private ponds who wish to buy them, and that he would engage a thousand fish at once if he knew where to get them. It seems as if some one would undertake to supply this demand, which is a constant one, and would be remunerative. At present we do not know who has a single black bass to dispose of.

CALIFORNIA TROUT IN THE ADIRONDACKS.—Meacham Lake, N. Y., Nov. 17.—We had a quiet call from R. U. Sherman a few weeks ago, while on his trip of investigation as to an Adirondack hatchery. I was very much pleased to hear his sensible talk in regard to the matter, and think the Commission has acted wisely in putting the matter in his hands. He gave us no idea of what his decision would be in regard to location. He was very much interested in my work here, and was very much pleased at sight of the California trout, fifteen months old, grown in wild waters, saying it was larger than he expected. As my health will not allow me to work in the water, I had nothing new to show him in the hatching boxes.—A. R. FULLER.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

Dec. 16, 17, 18 and 19.—Third Bench Show of the Southern Massachusetts Poultry Association, Taunton, Mass. Wm. C. Davenport, Assistant Secretary.

Dec. 30, 31 and Jan. 1, 2, 1885.—Bench Show of the Meriden Poultry Association, Meriden, Conn. Josiah Shute, Secretary.

Feb. 1 to 11, 1885.—New York Fanciers' Club, Third Annual Exhibition of non-sporting dogs, poultry and pigeons at Madison Square Garden, Feb. 1 to 11, 1885. Chas. Harker, Secretary, 62 Cortlandt street.

Jan. 10 to 14, 1885.—World's Exposition Bench Show, New Orleans, La. Mr. Chas. Lincoln, Superintendent.

Jan. 27, 28, 29 and 30.—Annual Bench Show of the New Brunswick Poultry and Pet Stock Association. Mr. H. W. Wisson, Secretary, St. Johns, N. B.

March 3, 4, 5 and 6, 1885.—Second Annual Bench Show of the Cincinnati Sportsman's Club, Cincinnati, O. Charles Lincoln, Superintendent.

March 18, 19 and 20, 1885.—Second Annual Show of the New Haven Kennel Club. E. S. Porter, Secretary, New Haven, Conn.

April 7 to 10, 1885.—First Annual Bench Show N. E. Kennel Club, Music Hall, Boston. J. A. Nickerson, Secretary, 152A Tremont street, Chas. Lincoln, Superintendent.

FIELD TRIALS.

Dec. 8.—Sixth Annual Trials of the National American Kennel Club at Canton, Miss. D. Bryson, Secretary, Memphis, Tenn.

Dec. 15.—Southern Sportsmen's Association Trials, Canton, Miss. Mr. T. K. Renaud, Secretary, New Orleans, La.

CONCERNING DOGS AND CLUBS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Tempus fugit. It is more than five months since Mr. John W. Munson, in a very polite letter, informed the readers of this paper that the pointer bitch Lily was a "mongrel." There would have been a decided disturbance in the doggy world but for one thing—Mr. Munson signed the letter. That was where he made the mistake, though it saved such men as the Messrs. Orgill, Mr. Steel and others the trouble of replying. They had the Bang Bang letters before them, and these were voted a sufficient reply to anything Mr. Munson might write or say to the public. Mr. T. B. Dorsey, the well-known Maryland enthusiast, took a different view of the question. He belongs to the legal profession, and he argues that when a man hangs himself the law requires that the remains be properly cared for and not left to care for themselves. He would not be discharging his duty faithfully had he not called on Mr. Munson to "explain" or "stand convicted of something infinitely worse than falsehood."

It now appears that Mr. Munson was, at the outset, fully aware that he did not possess one grain of evidence to support him in his sweeping charge. Mr. Dorsey appears to have known this also, for he kept firing at Mr. Munson until people began to wonder whether that worthy really did exist in the flesh or not. But notwithstanding Mr. Dorsey's repeated calls for "evidence" or "apology," Mr. Munson failed to discover within himself the manliness to furnish either one or the other. He told us that Maxim is Maxim, and that Meteor is Meteor; all of which is conclusive evidence that they are by Garnet out of Jilt, and then he bolted from the scene of battle. Said he "I have had enough," and such would appear to have been the case judging by the time it has taken him to recover from the effects of that sad disaster. On the 12th of September (three months after he represented Lily a mongrel), something appears to have aroused Mr. Munson to a temporary sense of duty, and he accordingly wrote to Mr. Wheatley, of Memphis, Tenn., asking for Lily's pedigree. Mr. Wheatley promptly replied, and at the same time inclosed the bitch's pedigree. He did not forget to tell Mr. Munson a bit of his mind about such work, and if anything could make Mr. John W. Munson feel small, Mr. Wheatley's letter must have done it. Mr. Wheatley wrote: "You have greatly and unthoughtfully damaged the interests and feelings of honorable brother sportsmen in causelessly assailing Guido's Lily." I ask the numerous readers of FOREST AND STREAM what a gentleman, a man of honor and a sportsman would have done with Mr. Wheatley's letter; would such a man have kept it in his pocket more than two months before bringing it under notice of the injured and others interested in the breed, or would he have made haste to print it in the paper in which the groundless and unwarrantable statement appeared? But what did Mr. Munson do? He coolly pocketed the letter until decency compelled him to produce it, and instead of placing it before the readers of FOREST AND STREAM, he preferred to print it in a Western paper, the limited circulation of which placed it beyond reach of the majority of sportsmen and dog lovers in general.

It is true that Mr. Munson has apologized, but why did he not apologize for the insult through the paper in which it was made? It is also true that it has taken five months to wring an apology out of Mr. Munson, and that when the apology did make its appearance, it was accompanied by the usual free advertisements of those English (?) pointers. The ads. might do a great deal of good for the English (?) pointers if nobody had seen them. As it is, they come too late. Taken altogether, Mr. Munson's letter of apology is very characteristic, and I think he acts wisely in seeking a corner in the consideration of the public. He says: "I take this occasion" (there never has been any other occasion during the past five months) "to apologize to every one interested in Lily's blood for the offense my reference to her gave. I certainly did not mean to give any. We ought to be able to discuss our dogs pleasantly." As one interested in the blood of every good pointer, I beg to tender Mr. Munson my most sincere thanks for his handsome but untimely apology. I heartily agree with him that "we ought to be able to discuss our dogs pleasantly." But Mr. Munson forgets that there are times when a man encounters obstacles so rugged or so dirty, that he is compelled to raise a foot to remove them, instead of stooping to get rid of them in the usual manner. For the life in me I cannot see how Mr. Munson reconciles the following part of his letter with that just quoted: "The gentleman from Maryland who so promptly took me to task for calling Lily a mongrel had

little cause for it, to judge from the two animals he exhibited at the Philadelphia Kennel Club's show, if they were his Lily representatives, for two more ordinary-looking weeds I never saw." Is this "discussing our dogs pleasantly"? Is it discussing our dogs truthfully? Mr. Munson apologizes to "every one" interested in Lily's blood, and then, with another stroke of his pen, willfully misrepresents the bitch's progeny. Where, Mr. Munson, is that jewel consistency? Has it left thy manly form, or did it, like the Meteor of last May, only shed its lustre there and depart forthwith, to be no more seen of men?

Mr. Munson either is, or assumes to be, ignorant of the points of the English pointer. I therefore avail myself of the occasion to assure him that one of the bitches exhibited by Mr. Dorsey at the Philadelphia show can beat to death any bitch exhibited by Mr. Munson since the new St. Louis Kennel Club was formed. There was a time when the St. Louis kennel contained pointers proper. Bow, Faust and Keswick were dogs such as any man might feel proud of. Three such dogs are seldom to be seen in one kennel. Yes, they were "pointers" that Mr. Munson and his confreres owned in those days. But I tell Mr. Munson again that he may write and rewrite, and that he can never convince any person, who is able to distinguish between a pointer dog and a cabbage plant, that the animals he had charge of at the New York show are English pointers proper. English breeders cannot be imposed on to such an extent, and Mr. Munson is beginning to learn that those of his countrymen who have been fortunate enough to see such specimens as Bow, Faust and Keswick are not going to be led by the nose to believe that Meteor, Maxim and Vanity are English pointers. Such dogs as Bow, Faust and Keswick win prizes at our shows. Such animals as Meteor, Maxim and Vanity are not noticed. If Mr. Munson really does doubt this (I don't believe that he does), I will, though I am not a betting man, wager any reasonable sum that neither of the dogs just named can get a card at the Birmingham show. Mr. Munson concludes his "letter of apology" by stating he "wants" the stud book behind his dogs. The stud book, I have reason to believe, is not behind several of Mr. Munson's dogs. I mean the English stud book, and I know of none other. Let me see, though—there is the N. A. K. C. stud book. Perhaps that valuable work is "behind" Mr. Munson's dogs. It is "behind" a great many other things, and it is likely to remain "behind." If it contains the pedigrees of two of Mr. Munson's dogs, I am quite willing to contribute my mite of a subscription to have it resuscitated. The subscription must not get into the "printer's" hands, though. No, thank you. Once bitten, twice shy. Pedigrees are very cheap in these days, and it seems a pity that one should have to pay for them.

It is a pleasure to feel that a Kennel Club is formed at last. One of its rules is "Any person who misconducts himself or herself, or has misconducted himself or herself in any way in connection with dogs, dog shows or field trials, may, in the discretion of the managers, be disqualified from exhibition or competition at the shows." How in the face of this rule did Mr. Munson become a member of this club? Did Mr. Munson or did he not write the Cincinnati report, in which he represented Vanity to be the best pointer bitch he had ever seen? Did Mr. Munson or did he not write the Bang Bang letters? Did Mr. Munson enter a dog for competition at the New York show which was owned in part by the judge, or did he not enter such a dog for competition? Has Mr. Munson or has he not intentionally entered for competition dogs with false pedigrees? Does Mr. Munson or does he not hold prizes which morally if not legally belong to others? Without any investigation whatever of these matters the American Kennel Club has folded Mr. Munson in its arms. Henceforth he is to be a part of the ruling dog power of this country. He is to set about a great work of reform. Is he a qualified person for the task? Is his presence in the new club any guarantee that one's rights are to be respected. Is Mr. Munson's name a certificate that the trickery which has been encouraged so long is to be discontinued? True, some of the names connected with the club give confidence and hope for fair play and strict integrity, but will these be swayed by others in whom the general body of exhibitors have not the slightest particle of confidence? Time will tell. It is not my intention to fire a bomb into the camp of the new club. I believe it to be the duty of every good dog lover to give it hearty and unqualified support. There are members of the club for whom most of us have a high personal regard, and there are one or two others for whom a large majority of people have a most supreme contempt. This ought not, however, to prejudice us against the better elements of the club, and a sense of justice should remind us that every undertaking of the kind demands fair play and the opportunity to do that which is right. One and all should work with a will to strengthen the hands of the club, until it attempts to abuse the confidence which has been placed in it. If at any time it is found that the club was formed in the interest of a ring to vote certain parties judges for the remainder of their natural lives, to patch up a crippled kennel club, or to encourage the exhibition of inferior specimens when owned by certain influential parties connected with the club, if these and the like objects are in view and are discovered, it will become the duty of every honest exhibitor to brand the club with a rod of iron. Things are not as they were once. Dog fanciers are making rapid progress, and from the moment a man becomes educated he ceases to be fooled. He won't have it. At one time he was satisfied to hear the bell ring, whereas now he likes to see the hand and also the wire that rings it. I will have something to say about Rule 17 and those to whom it applies, or ought to apply, on a future occasion.

How about the entry of those mastiff puppies at the New York show? Somebody entered four puppies in two separate classes—two in each class. Somebody else undertook to transfer all the puppies into one class. At least this is what Mr. Smith says, and of course nobody would presume to doubt Mr. Smith's word. It was, as usual, a "clerical error," a big one and a queer one. But why did the owner of the puppies stand mute until others fixed matters for him? Is it not usual for the exhibitor to attend to such business? There is something else which I cannot easily digest. It is admitted that the craniums of the winning puppies are, in formation, similar to a bloodhound's. The owner of them says that in one of them the peculiarity is the result of an accident, and that after the puppy took the first prize the "swelling" disappeared. This reminds me that a certain political paper in a campaign time once called attention to the various bumps on one of the candidate's head—the bumps denoting intelligence, ideality and firmness, it stated, with some pride, were immense. An opposition organ replied that the bumps were in reality only "swellings," raised on his scalp by baseball bats when he was a boy. Perhaps cannon balls would have taken the place of baseball bats if anybody could have been found at all likely to give credit to such a story. Any how, the pup had a lot the best of the president, for when the pup took the prize, his "swelling" disappeared, whereas the president's bumps remained. I once thought, Mr. Editor, that dogs ought to be judged according to their merits at the time they are exhibited, and not by what they are supposed to be when under the maternal roof, or by what they ought to be before they are whelped, or even by what they are likely to grow into by the time qualified men are appointed to judge them. Admitted "accident" caused the domed skulls; would it also explain how four puppies, aged five months (and which were no bigger than healthy pointer puppies are expected to be at the same age), came to win first and second prizes in two classes, over big, healthy puppies, better in every respect? Now, if the judge never exhibited, never bred, and never owned a pure bred mastiff in his life, would such a fact, if established, explain these "peculiar" decisions? If it would, why then the judge can clear up the whole business. Mr. Munson's diplomatic talent might be of some service here.

The FOREST AND STREAM has said it intends to "protect

the dogs at least," and will use its influence to have collies judged by collie men, mastiffs by mastiff men, and so on. That is right. What a farce to appoint a man to judge, say mastiffs or St. Bernards, or collies or fox-terriers, who has never so much as owned one, and perhaps never seen a tip-top specimen in his life. It is time somebody poured cold water on such a system, and if it is not done, where shall we drift to in a few years? But why do exhibitors not bestir themselves? They hold the remedy in their own hands. Why do they not say to the clubs, "We are not going to exhibit our dogs to be judged by any man who cannot show a record either as exhibitor, breeder, or owner." This would bring the clubs to their senses, for although they have all taken an unaccountable dislike for "filthy lucre," they pull very long faces if the entries are few and the gate poor. No man has the "moral" right to go into a ring to judge dogs unless he can produce a record (and a good one, too,) as breeder, exhibitor or owner. There are people in the world who think it anything but honorable of a man of no experience, practical or other, when he goes into the ring and coolly undertakes to slaughter the exhibits of those who have spent years of valuable time honestly working to improve some particular breed. No! No! The business must be stopped. If anybody says anything, down upon him comes some unscrupulous writer sheltered behind a *nom de plume*, which not unfrequently means an office stool, an ash barrel, or an empty keg. Keep cool and call for the record, that beats them to death every time.

And how about the seven questions somebody asked a few weeks ago? Are they in the "printer's" hands? The only reply which has come under my notice has reference to an Irish terrier dog and a dead mastiff bitch. With respect to the dead bitch, the Chicago editor asks if she is still barren. It would be quite unnecessary to explain to anybody but the Chicago editor that she probably is.

Again I confess to be in need of Mr. Munson's diplomatic ability. Come, Mr. Munson, pull him through the hole and then pull the hole through after him. CHARLES H. MASON.
West Brighton, Staten Island, Nov. 24, 1884.

ENGLISH KENNEL NOTES.

XIX.

I CAN hardly describe with what exultant feelings I looked forward to the St. Bernard show for the day "in town" it would give me. I planned it out long beforehand how I would fill up the day, particularly the evening thereof. I gave myself surreptitious digs in the ribs, as I mentally accused myself of being "such a dawg, don't cher know." The weather was on my side as I emerged from the station. I resisted the military blandishments bestowed upon me by the Jehus who solicited me to "cab it." Not likely, no whirling through London streets for me when I have time to walk, to see, and to be seen. A gentleman of the name of Macgregor has expressed his proud joy when his "foot was on his native heath." I can realize his feelings when my feet are on London flagstones, and coming out of "Hatchett's," where I had taken a refresher for the sake of old times, I see before me:

"Piccadilly! Shops, palaces, bustle and breeze,
The whirling of wheels, the murmur of trees;
By day or by night, whether noisy or still,
Whatever my mood is, I love Piccadilly,

and all the poets of Cockaigne, Elia, Præd, poor Harry Leigh, and him I have quoted, the cynical Lockyer.

I am soon at the Riding School and past the turnstile. No doubt about the breed that is on exhibition here, I can see by the number of black coats that it is the holy breed of St. Bernard that is once again keeping awake the neighboring burgesses. I am glad I missed the judging day, for all the world is here this afternoon. Royalty even, for there with courtly grace walks the late Rev. Cumming Macdonald, escorted by H. R. L., the Princess Louise. He does not forget to show her Bayard, and if he is telling her that the old champion was hardly treated, I for one agree with him. Hulloo, who's this impetuous person running his dog up and down between the benches as if this were a horse sale at Tattersall's—the Rev. Arthur Carter with Plinlimmon. Well, I think his excitement is pardonable; you don't win a 100-guinea cup every day of your life.

And what a cup it is! Half a dozen bottles of champagne would scarcely overflow. It is the handsomest trophy of the kind! The cup itself is copied from a similar mug in one of the Oxford Varsity colleges, but the lid is the chief part of it. This was designed and modelled by the artist Basil Bradley, who generously presented the club with his share in the execution. It represents two St. Bernards in the snow, the modelling of the dogs is brilliantly perfect, the snow is well depicted in dull frosted silver.

I suppose I ought not to find fault with the award that sent the cup to Tewin, the two gentlemen who were responsible for the decision are undoubtedly well up in the breed, but candor requires my admission that on their merits Bayard was the better dog to-day, though I would freely take odds that if Plinlimmon continues to develop, by next year he will again walk away with the cup and this time nem. con.

Those two grand dogs, Save and Leonard, were shown not for competition, as their owner was one of the judges. The quality of the open class can be estimated when such celebrities as Sailor, a beautiful-headed descendant of Mentor, The Hermit, Grandee and Valour could not get into "the money." Valour was more than unlucky in only getting in. Surely it was an oversight to omit the v. I was interested in the third prize Landgrave. He appears to have no pedigree, although the breeder's name is given. His owner was probably disappointed at his not doing better, for of a dog that has won prizes at Zurich, Basle and Vienna one may expect much. I admired his typical head, but his coat cannot be described as being up to our ideas. He is the best imported dog I have seen for many a day, but the Swiss must breed better than this if they want to lower the colors of our giants.

Garnet was another beauty whose perfect head was a study. He was all he could get; he deserved more. The winner, little Smith's Duke of Wellington, held me enchanted. He is a noble fellow and remarkably like his sire, Barry. He has the same massive frame, flat tawny coat, and almost the same expression of face. A fault-picking critic might say his head was a trifle small for his huge body, but it would be hypercriticism. Mr. S. W. Smith is apparently still the most fortunate plum-finder in the St. Bernard pie.

I had a good look at Pilgrim; he has acquired a reflected glory from his splendid progeny. He bears his honors mildly. The vhc. he received represented his own merit. I have seen the sire of Plinlimmon looking better, but were I a St. Bernard man I should have claimed him at his catalogue price, £80. It ought not to take him long to show a profit on that at stud, a cursory glance through the catalogue will disclose his form as a stock getter. I have just heard that he was claimed by Mr. J. F. Smith.

Every dog has his day, this was Mr. Oppenheim's day. Sultan II., for all his size would have felt more at home in the ranks of the very highly commended. He is a fine big animal of a rich brindle color, but his extremities, head and tail, would stand a lot of improvement. Mr. Oppenheim's good fortune boiled over when his smooth-coated dogs took first and second and their sister first and cup in her own class. It is not often given to a man so short a time in the breed to get such a trio in one litter. I hear, too, the dam is a small stunted creature, so it is a glorious fluke all round. The first-prize dog was immediately claimed at his catalogue price, £100. I thought the money was dear at the dog, though it is said the purchaser was advised by Mr. G. W. Smith, who makes very few mistakes in this fancy. By now the lucky exhibitor's head was turned, and he dashed off to the office to claim the

other two and thus save them for himself. The show netted a handsome commission over these three sales. By at least twenty points the bitch Lady Superior was the pick of the basket.

The cheapest dog claimed was the five-months old prodigy Tony, one of the good old sort. Fifty pounds seem much money for a youngster that has probably not had distemper, but with care he will make up into a magnificent dog. His limbs are massive and the head is already full of dignity and character. His brother Hero won second prize in the rough-coated class, and though a long way behind Tony was still ticketed below his value at £15.15.

There was a handsome young dog in the class between six and twelve months old, Bosco II., price, £15 15s. If he remained in the exhibitor's possession at that figure the judges of the breed have become short-sighted. He will be often heard of again.

Thisbe, by Alpenstock III. out of breeder's Diane, is a worthy kennelmate of the majestic Plinlimmon. She is as full of quality as size, and her prize record must be pleasant reading to Mr. A. Carter: First and cup, puppy class, Warwick; first (puppy), Crystal Palace, and here, first in open bitches.

The latest bit of news is that the Rev. Cumming Macdonald has deserted the church and is going to the bar. I wish him well in this strange departure, for he is a genial, genuine sportsman. If the oratory of the advocate equal the after dinner eloquence of the late parson, I can promise the jury-men many a merry quart d'heure.

The show at Hull must be considered a success with an entry of over 500. The St. Bernard classes were, of course, affected by the absence of so many of the cracks in London, where they were winning more money. The new owner of the blood-bound Triumph had the sympathy of the show on the illness of his dog the first time he exhibited him; it would have been wiser to keep him at home, as the dog had to be removed, suffering, I believe, from a serious attack of "yellows." I liked the Wake, in the same class; he is small, but a good one. There was a fair show of sporting dogs, but only fair. Newfoundlanders were about the best of all classes.

I was surprised to run into the arms of Mr. James Watson, of Philadelphia fame. He was furiously taking notes of the best dogs. I can't say he begrudged the time to float the pleasure of our meeting, but he was in a desperate hurry to get his pencil going again. Later on, when my eyes had become tired of examining and criticising, I sat down by the side of a friendly exhibit and amusedly watched the Americanized Mr. "Jim" Watson in earnest conversation with Mr. Norrish, which finally resulted in their taking the pointer champion Graphic off the bench and leading him out for inspection in the drill yard. "Another good dog gone—to America," I entered in my note book. I daresay there are some holes to be picked in Graphic, but you must look for them. He is a very typical all-round pointer.

Mr. Wm. Graham, of Belfast, gave the fancy an idea of the kind of man he is when he marched in his matchless team of red terriers. He is a "bad 'un to beat" on his own ground. Many of us who had never gone in raptures over Irish terriers were struck with admiration at the sight of such a level high-bred lot. They won the cup easily.

The Field has broken out again with its periodical mange discussion. All recipes are good if you couple them with perseverance. It is most important to wash and redress with the lotion once a week, and change the straw. If you have red mange, of course line in some form must be in the lotion.

As usual the "official" organ, with its honest stupidity, puts its worst wares in front. This time the leading article swamps three columns to prove that distemper is due to bad water. One often sees a column in a newspaper with the abbreviation advt. in brackets appended. If I had edited this water article, in case of accidents I should have added, "This is a goak." It may lead to the sale of a few filters, but it won't add much to the existing stock of knowledge on distemper.

There are two more papers in the November number of the Kennel Gazette that make up for the filter nonsense. One is by a breeder on "The Kennel in November," full of trite thoughts but pleasantly retold; the other is by "Leatherhead," on "Dogs for Foreign Shooting," an instructive and readable treatise worth re-printing in your columns.

The latest subject for discussion is on "stud visits." It is a fruitful subject, on which I shall one day, at my leisure, have much to say. It is too important to be superficially treated at the call end of my notes.

The Crown Prince paternity case has been tried by the committee of the "Old English Mastiff Club," and there is no ambiguity about their opinion, but on a subject of such absorbing interest to the mastiff fancy, I think the public would like to see some of the evidence on which judgment was based. The committee unanimously passed a resolution to the effect that "sufficient evidence had not been brought before it to show that the registered pedigree of Crown Prince is incorrect."

I don't require the gift of prophecy to foresee that we have not heard the end of it. He has been knocked out in this round; we shall see if Mr. Dalziel can come up to time for the next round. If "Corsinco's" (not Corsican, please, Mr. Printer, as you had it on a former occasion) case can collapse so easily as this, then there was never much in it.

Mr. E. G. Martin, on whose fiery epistle I commented at the time, has, in a most ladylike way, "withdrawn any remarks" (in the *Shooting Times* arising out of the judging at Henley dog show) "in the said letter which might be construed as derogatory to the Rev. Mellor, either in his private or public character."

I don't think it was necessary. The reverend gentleman is still alive, I have seen him in the club looking none the worse for it. Mr. Miller, as said before, may be injudiciously liberal with his services, but he is a good judge, and an honest judge, and I believe accepts the invitations from shows to officiate without any thought whatever of compensation for services rendered. As for his private character I don't see at all what that has to do with exhibitors, certainly nothing so long as his public character remains above reproach, which is up to now, I think.

There is more "do do" about the Henley show in the *Field*. One of the complaints is that the management allowed dogs to enter the show after the advertised hour. The chief offender pointed out is Mr. Krehl, who is said to have coolly marched his bassets into the show about five minutes before the judging began. This in itself was galling enough to other exhibitors, who, in their laudable desire to act in accordance with the rules of the show, had actually arrived overnight in order to get their dogs benched before 9 A. M., but their cup of bitterness ran over when this gentleman won the prizes. I am not surprised at others crying out. I dare say the best dogs won, but it must be remembered that the presence of a well-known exhibitor in the ring has an effect, be it ever so slight, on the most independent judge, and Mr. Krehl pretty nearly "bosses" this fancy which is all the more reason for his setting a better example. I expected to see a reply from him in the *Field* this week, he is none too loth to rush into print when he sees an opportunity, probably, though, he does not consider this an opportunity.

One note more for a passing word on the Southdown fox-terrier show at Brighton. The entry, for a specialist show, I thought, was not out of the way—only 155. It is altogether disproportionate to the St. Bernard show entry, as there must be a hundred fox-terriers to every St. Bernard in the country. It seems to me that the winners are running to all-black heads now. It is not near so pretty as the white blaze markings, and the points require more looking for. A wire-haired named Pulborough Jumbo had an exceptionally good innings for a dog of his class, as he is not a "flyer." First prize in open dogs and two cups, one of them the challenge cup, is luck that would satisfy an Oakleigh Toppen. This dog was entered for sale at ten guineas, and was, of course, claimed by half the

show; but his owner (I think he deserves to be named), a Mr. G. H. Nutt, feeling that he was in debt to his understanding, conceived and carried out the smartest trick in doggy annals. He might have put in a claim for himself and bought him in at any price; but this had been done before and necessitates some anxiety and trouble. His plan was as original as it was oute. One of the show regulations permits the exhibitor to remove his dog at night on lodging a deposit of one sovereign, which is forfeited if the dog be not returned. Pulborough Jumbo did not return next morning to be sold, and his owner lost his deposit but kept his dog; a cheap get-out. Of course he also forfeits his prizes, but he can win those another time. Were I, however, one of the claimants, I should persist in my claim and invite Mr. Nutt's explanations before the committee of the Kennel Club. His action is an evasion of the spirit of the rules, and I make bold to assert that they would order Mr. Nutt to give up his dog to the Southdown Club for their disposal. The penalty for refusing to obey this mandate would be suspension from exhibiting at all shows held under Kennel Club rules.

LILLIBULERO.
Nov. 18, 1884.

DEATH OF CHARLES LINCOLN.

CHARLES LINCOLN died at Leggett's Hotel, in this city, last Tuesday morning, Dec. 2. On the previous Saturday he contracted a severe cold which, on Sunday, developed into pneumonia of aggravated type, and he died Tuesday. His age was about forty-five years. He leaves a wife and several children.

Mr. Lincoln was a native of England, where, as the secretary of the Darlington Agricultural Society's shows, he gained that experience which proved so valuable to him after coming to this country. He was manager of the dog show at the Centennial, and the following year had charge of the initial exhibition of the Westminster Kennel Club in this city. It was then that he demonstrated his executive talents, and ever since he has been *facile princeps*, the person to whom all show committees looked for taking the responsibility of the multitudinous details involved in the undertaking.

Charles Lincoln's name has appeared as that of the manager on the catalogues of almost every show of note held in this country. He had a peculiarly happy way of smoothing over obstacles and untangling complications, and knew how to keep his temper and his wits when besieged by a throng of anxious inquirers, exhibitors, attendants and spectators. Indeed, his genius for evolving order from disorder was so marked as to be a frequent theme of wondering comment and admiration. To his diligence, faithfulness and skill, the present development of bench shows in this country is very largely due, perhaps more than to the efforts of any other single man.

Mr. Lincoln's acquaintance was very large, and his friendships many and strong. He was universally known and spoken of as Charley Lincoln. Now that he is gone, it will be many a long day before any one is found to fill his place, and many a day more before a dog show manager can win the kindly regard that was entertained for Charley Lincoln.

FISHER'S ISLAND TRIALS.

THE first annual field trials of the Fisher's Island Club were run Nov. 17. The entries were as follows:

MEG.—Mr. Stewart entered Irish setter bitch Meg (Chief—Beesy).
SNIPE.—Mr. Stewart entered pointer dog Snipe (Croxteth—Gyp).
DOC B.—Mr. Betty entered English setter dog Doc B. (Jersey Duke—Topsy).
LUI.—Mr. Betty entered English setter bitch Lui (Rhoderick Dhu—Mina).
CHIEF.—Mr. Wenzel entered Irish setter dog Chief (Berkley—Duck).
RUBY.—Mr. Wenzel entered Irish setter bitch Ruby (Elecho—Rose).
LADY MAY.—Mr. Pape entered English setter bitch Lady May (Lofty—Maud Muller).
DOE.—Mr. Ogden entered Irish setter bitch Doe (Buck—Floss).
MAUD S.—Mr. Reiche entered Irish setter bitch Maud S. (Larry—Gussie II.).
NATTY BUMPO.—Mr. Schieffelin entered English setter dog Natty Bumpo (pedigree not given).

RUNNING ORDER OF BRACES.

Lady May against Chief.
Snipe against Lui.
Doe against Maud S.
Doc B. against Natty Bumpo.
Ruby against Meg. (Ruby was withdrawn and Doc B. selected to run in her place).

The weather throughout the trials was fine and the birds plentiful, ten berries being found the first day. They were large and very strong of wing, the impenetrable thickets making the running of some of the heats quite difficult. No brace was run less than one hour, according to rule. The prizes were awarded to:

Lady May, first and special (the president's cup).
Chief, second.
Snipe, third and special pointer prize.

During the run of the third heat two European hares were pointed, which the handler of the pointing dog pronounced two yards long.

All the members and guests enjoyed themselves and expressed entire satisfaction with the result of the first season's sport. The first-class accommodations furnished by the family of Mr. Fox at their mansion was highly complimented by all.

THE MASTIFF PUPPIES.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

Mr. Gregg's "idea" as to what makes a "proper" entry does not accord with mine. The amount paid by the exhibitor is a matter of no concern to any one but the managers. They alone fix the sum. The amount charged is intended to cover cost of kennel, feeding, etc. Formerly puppies were either charged \$8 each or permitted, when so small as to occupy with their dam but one kennel, to be exhibited without charge. In the latter case the puppies were not "entered" nor allowed to compete. Finding that we were frequently imposed upon by dealers who were ready to pay \$8 for the dam on the chance of selling four or five puppies at a handsome profit, we made the amendment to Rule 20 providing that litters of puppies may be entered on payment of \$5. Each and every pup of a litter is as much entitled to compete when so entered as is a grown dog on payment of \$3. To answer your correspondent's questions categorically I will add:

First—Mr. Stevenson's puppies were not separately entered. They were, however, combinedly entered as provided in Rule 20.

Second—This is answered above. The pups were not distinguished.

Third—No.

Fourth—Yes.

Fifth—The clerical error was made by one of the clerks employed by the managers.

And now, to save Mr. Gregg the trouble of reading them, let me say that Mr. Stevenson, when about making his entries, called at the office of the show and stated he had a litter of puppies. That he desired each and all of them to compete in their proper classes. That he was prepared to pay three dollars apiece for them and enter them separately. We told him that under the rule he was entitled to enter them as a "litter" for five dollars. That they could compete in dog and bitch

classes if designated as dogs and bitches in the entry. He filled out his blank in the following words:

Classes 5 and 6.—Litter of puppies.

Finally, there was no attempt to evade Mr. Gregg's protest. It was an attempt on his part to deprive Mr. Stevenson of the right to compete through a narrow-minded technical objection. The managers gave him and his protest all the attention deserved.

His insinuations as to the fixing of the matter are beneath contempt. The judge had nothing whatever to do with the correction of the error, nor was he consulted in the matter by the managers.

ELLIOT SMITH.

New York, Nov. 29, 1884.

DOGS ON THE LONG ISLAND ROAD.—The Long Island Railroad Company, 115 Broadway, New York, Nov. 24.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I desire to correct the statement published in last week's issue of FOREST AND STREAM, that charges are made for transportation of dogs upon this company's railroad. As you will see by inclosed copy of circular, dated June 26, 1884, such charges were discontinued, and since that date no charges have been made to our knowledge. By noticing this correction, since there is no ground for your correspondent's complaint, you will greatly oblige your correspondent. The circular reads as follows: "Long Island Railroad. Special notice to baggage masters and all concerned. From and after this date there will be no charge made for dogs when accompanied by a passenger. Only lap dogs will be allowed in the coaches. All other dogs must be carried in the baggage car. This rule must be rigidly enforced." J. D. BARTON, Gen'l Superintendent (Long Island City, June 26, 1884.)"

CROWN PRINCE FOR AMERICA.—The celebrated Crown Prince, formerly owned by Dr. Forbes Winslow, about whose pedigree so much has been said on the other side, has been sold for 180 guineas to an American gentleman, Mr. West. We believe that this gentleman resides in Massachusetts, and we are also informed that he has purchased a very fine bitch from Dr. Turner.

KENNEL NOTES.

NAMES CLAIMED.

Tennison. By the Clifton Kennels, Jersey City, N. J., for lemon and white pointer bitch, whelped Sept. 15, 1884, by Beaufort (A.K.R. 693) out of Rosa (A.K.R. 1448).

Lucy. By the Clifton Kennels, Jersey City, N. J., for liver and white ticked pointer bitch, whelped Sept. 15, 1884, by Beaufort (A.K.R. 693) out of Rosa (A.K.R. 1448).

Dora. By the Clifton Kennels, Jersey City, N. J., for liver and white pointer bitch, whelped May 15, 1884, by Bang Bang (A.K.R. 394) out of Rose (A.K.R. 314).

Lady Belle. By the Clifton Kennels, Jersey City, N. J., for orange and white pointer bitch, whelped June 26, 1884, by Bang Bang (A.K.R. 394) out of Polly (A.K.R. 212).

Iolanthe. By Mr. J. Bardwell, Chicago, Ill., for lemon and white bitch, by champion Fritz out of Lydia II.

Follie. By Mr. J. Bardwell, Chicago, Ill., for black and tan Gordon setter bitch, by champion Duke out of Topsy.

Laidee. By Oakdale Kennels, Hudson N. Y., for chestnut, with white breast, cocker spaniel bitch, whelped Oct. 1, 1884, by Click (A.K.R. 193) out of Fidget (A.K.R. 808).

Dutch. By Mr. T. R. Varick, Cambridge, Mass., for white, with small mark on tail, bull-terrier dog, whelped August, 1883, by Dutch (Old Victor—champion Countess) out of Nell (Young Spring—Old Rose).

Lucie. By Mr. Hext M. Perry, Philadelphia, Pa., for tawny and plum collie bitch, whelped in 1879, imported from Scotland in 1880 by Mr. Crozier, of Long Island.

Floss. By the Sans Souci Kennels, Philadelphia, Pa., for white and lemon setter bitch, whelped January, 1884, by Temple Bar out of imported Bell.

Follux, Carter and Nancy. By the Westminster Kennel Club, for lemon and white pointers, two dogs and one bitch, by Bang Bang out of Polly.

Citron and Rose II. By the Westminster Kennel Club, for lemon and white bitches, by Bang Bang out of Rose.

Comet. By the Westminster Kennel Club, for liver and white dog, by Meteor out of Triquet.

Zona. By Mr. Wm. H. Mosley, New Haven, Conn., for black cocker spaniel bitch, whelped Oct. 7, 1884, by champion Obo (A.K.R. 432) out of Daise (A.K.R. 250).

Tasso. By Mr. E. C. Alden, Dedham, Mass., for black pointer dog, whelped Sept. 19, 1884, by champion Pete, Jr. (Strong's Pete—Woodbridge Nellie) out of Phillip's Daisey (imported Bob—Sal).

Sammie D. By Mr. S. S. McCuen, New Orleans, La., for pug dog, whelped July 1, 1884, by Little Boffin out of Jennie.

Brack. By Mr. E. M. Crouch, Thomaston, Conn., for liver, white and ticked pointer dog, whelped Sept. 22, 1884, by Sensation's Son out of Zoe (A.K.R. 1444).

Waldham. By Mr. G. Randerson, Cleveland, O., for red Irish setter dog, whelped Nov. 16, 1884, by McCullough out of Red Daisy.

Lady Cleveland. By Mr. G. Randerson, Cleveland, O., for red Irish setter bitch, whelped July 16, 1884, by McCullough out of Red Daisy.

Oakdale Kennels. By Mr. Chas. G. McKenzie, Hudson, N. Y., for his private kennel of cocker spaniels.

Diamond State Kennels. By Mr. G. F. Clark, St. George's, Del. Connection.—*Prince Djalma.* Name claimed by Mr. Charles M. Wray, Shelter Island, N. Y., and not by Mr. A. C. Wilmerding, as printed in FOREST AND STREAM, Nov. 20.

NAMES CHANGED.

Highland Boy to Paris. Black, with white markings, English greyhound dog, whelped June 11, 1884 (champion Doubleshot—champion Clio), owned by Dr. O. F. Coe, Pawtucket, R. I.

Harefoot to Sir Garnet. Fawn English greyhound dog, whelped June 11, 1884 (Doubleshot—Clio), owned by Dr. O. F. Coe, Pawtucket, R. I.

BRED.

Nellie Bird—Beaufort. Mr. Jos. R. Trissler's white and liver pointer Nellie Bird to Mr. Chas. H. Mason's champion Beaufort (A.K.R. 964), Nov. 4.

Faustina—Beaufort. Mr. John Mathews's white and liver pointer bitch Faustina (champion Faust—) to Mr. Chas. H. Mason's champion Beaufort (A.K.R. 694), Nov. 15.

Lassie—Tom. The Sans Souci Kennels (Philadelphia, Pa.) imported collie bitch Lassie to Mr. Chas. Pugh's Tom, Nov. 17.

Kitty Wells—Fritz. The Maple Kennels (Patterson, N. Y.) pointer bitch Kitty Wells (A.K.R. 1048) to their champion Fritz (A.K.R. 268), Nov. 21.

Queen—Ted Llewellyn. Mr. John Patterson's (Sheridan Centre, N. Y.) liver and white English setter bitch Queen (Keno—Lotta) to Mr. Walter B. Peet's blue belton dog Ted Llewellyn (A.K.R. 591), Oct. 3.

Mistleton—Coin. Mr. Edward Lohman's (New York) English setter bitch Mistleton (A.K.R. 712) to Mr. Frank B. Fay's Coin, Oct. 30.

Victoria—President. Mr. Edward S. Porter's (New Haven, Conn.) imported bull-terrier bitch Victoria (Randal—Floss) to his imported President, Oct. 20.

Scarlet III—President. Mr. F. F. Dole's (New Haven, Conn.) bull-terrier bitch Scarlet III. (Young Royal—Scarlet II.) to Mr. Edward S. Porter's imported President, Oct. 14.

Dot II—Honest Harry. Mr. J. A. Graham's (Chester, S. O.) black, white and tan setter bitch Dot II. (Rex—Dot) to Honest Harry (Druid—Imogene), Nov. 16.

Katydid II—Kit. Mr. John A. Graham's (Chester, S. C.) pointer bitch Lady N. (Marshall Ney—Tallulah) to Kit (Van—Arrow).

WHELFES.

Nina. Mr. Geo. C. Creamer's (Hamilton, Mass.) red Irish setter bitch Nina (Major—Irish Maggie), Nov. 10, nine (three dogs), by Mr. Joseph Hayes's Sully—Nor (Clarendon—Dido).

Lady Bang. The Clifton Kennels (Jersey City, N. J.) pointer bitch Lady Bang (A.K.R. 698), six (four dogs), by Robin Adair (Faust—Madge).

Bird. The Maple Kennels (Patterson, N. Y.) pointer bitch Bird (A.K.R. 1679), Nov. 20, nine (seven dogs), by their champion Fritz (A.K.R. 268).

Frost. Mr. W. A. Strother's (Lynchburg, Va.) Frost, Nov. 19, seven (four dogs), by Mr. J. C. Higgins's Rebel Wren.

Oma. Mr. F. F. Wilson's (Palmyra, O.) imported English mastiff bitch Oma (A.K.R. 301), Nov. 4, two (one dog), by his champion Caesar (A.K.R. 12); both since dead.

Katie. Mr. S. C. Graff's (Pittsburgh, Pa.) black, white and tan English beagle bitch Katie (Rattler—Fannie), Nov. 28, eight (four dogs), by Mr. L. Sloan's Bannerman.

Katydid II. Mr. E. A. Austin's (Providence, R. I.) Katydid II. (Dash

III.—Katydid), Nov. 18, seven (six dogs), by Mr. John See's Cash Boy (Cashier—Flake).

SALES.

Muck. Solid black Irish-Gordon puppy (Brian Boroinhe, Jr.—Hamilton's Mab), by Mr. J. H. Block, St. Peter, Minn., to Mr. Wm. T. Kayser, Marshall, Minn.

Adonis. Pointer dog, whelped Sept. 15, 1884 (Beaufort—Rosa), by the Clifton Kennels, Jersey City, N. J., to Mr. G. W. LaRue, New York.

Ruby. Pointer bitch, whelped March, 1881 (Woodruff's Dick—Fan), by the Clifton Kennels, Jersey City, N. J., to Mr. H. D. Polhemus, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Lady Glean. Pointer bitch, whelped May 21, 1880 (Snapshot—Gypsy), by the Clifton Kennels, Jersey City, N. J., to Mr. Frank E. Morgan, Brooklyn, N. Y., and by him to Mr. Wm. A. Wells, same place.

Shot. Pointer dog, whelped Aug. 7, 1884 (champion Fritz, A.K.R. 268—Kitty Wells, A.K.R. 1048), by the Maple Kennels, Patterson, N. Y., to Mr. F. Lee, Pawling, N. Y.

Countess Mollie. (Count Noble—Spark), by Mr. P. Moeller, Nyack, N. Y., to Mr. H. M. Wilson, Baltimore, Md.

Dutch, Jr. White, with black mark on tail, bull-terrier dog, whelped August, 1883, by Mr. T. R. Varick, Cambridge, Mass., to Mr. T. R. Varick, Cambridge, Mass.

Beaufort—Rosa whelp. Dog and bitch, whelped Sept. 15, by the Clifton Kennels, Jersey City, N. J., to Mr. J. C. Ford, Louisiana.

Jersey Belle. By Mr. J. W. Trantum, Middletown, Conn., to Mr. F. E. Ferguson, New London, Conn.

Maggie. By Mr. J. W. Trantum, Middletown, Conn., to Mr. J. D. Cusker, New London, Conn.

Shoozer. Pug dog (A.K.R. 1506), by the Essex Kennels, Andover, Mass., to Mr. S. S. McCuen, New Orleans, La.

Pete, Jr.—Daisey whelps. Black pointers, whelped Sept. 19, 1884, by Mr. E. C. Alden, Dedham, Mass., a dog to Mr. Holmes Johnson, Macon, Ga.; a dog to Mr. C. H. Dole, Lynn, Mass., and a bitch to Mr. W. W. Hurd, Hartford, Conn.

Shannon. Red Irish setter dog, whelped April 15, 1882 (Elocho III.—Bennet's Maid), by Mr. E. C. Alden, Dedham, Mass., to Mr. N. C. Nash, Boston, Mass.

Diamond. Black and tan Gordon setter dog, whelped July 5, 1883 (Jake—Lady Jessica), by Mr. E. C. Alden, Dedham, Mass., to Mr. E. F. Dudley, Winchester, Mass.

Fan. Black pointer bitch (Strong's Pete—Belle), by Mr. E. C. Alden, Dedham, Mass., to Mr. Holmes Johnson, Macon, Ga.

English Pointer. Black and white, by English setter bitch, whelped May 19, 1881 (Guy Manning—Whirlwind), by Mr. A. C. Francis, Rochester, N. Y., to Mr. L. M. Leberthorn, New York City.

Miss Obo II. Imported black cocker spaniel bitch, whelped July, 1883 (Obo—Fern), by Mr. G. W. Leavitt, Boston, Mass., to Mr. J. P. Willey, Salmon Falls, N. H.

Champion Obo II. (A.K.R. 432)—Darkie (A.K.R. 250) whelp. Black cocker spaniel bitch, whelped Oct. 7, 1884, by Mr. C. Cullen, Salmon Falls, N. H., to Mr. Wm. H. Moreley, New Haven, Conn.

Blanche. English mastiff bitch, whelped April 18, 1884 (Oma—Caesar), by Mr. C. F. Wilson, Palmyra, O., to Mr. J. B. Preston, Gouverneur, N. Y.

Lady Alice. English mastiff bitch, whelped April 19, 1884 (Oma—Caesar), by Mr. C. F. Wilson, Palmyra, O., to Mr. Frank Ardary, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Donatella. Liver and white pointer dog (A.K.R. 563), by Mr. James H. Hildebrand, Johnstown, N. Y., to Mr. Frank A. Elliott, Clinton, N. Y.

Drab Ranger. Liver and white pointer bitch, whelped April 3, 1884 (Ranger Croxeth—Fanny Faust), by Mr. S. B. Dilley, Rosendale, Wis., to Mr. W. F. Sage, Fishkill-on-Hudson, N. Y.

White Ranger. Liver and white pointer dog, whelped Oct. 23, 1884 (Ranger Croxeth—Fanny Faust), by Mr. S. B. Dilley, Rosendale, Wis., to Mr. W. F. Sage, Fishkill-on-Hudson, N. Y.

Queen Ranger. Liver, white and ticked pointer bitch, whelped Oct. 23, 1884 (Ranger Croxeth—Fanny Faust), by Mr. S. B. Dilley, Rosendale, Wis., to Mr. F. Sharratt, Nekimi, Wis.

Beaufort—Rosa whelp. Dog, whelped Sept. 15, 1884, by the Clifton Kennels, Jersey City, N. J., to Mr. W. R. Williams, Springfield, Mass.

Spades, Julius Caesar, Lady Jack and Sleepy Dog. Liver and white English pointer (Chipp—Countess Nellie, A.K.R. 918), by Major Lovejoy, Bethel, Me., Ace of Spades to Mr. W. H. Wiggins, Skowhegan, Me.; Julius Caesar to Mr. J. P. Skelling, Boston, Mass.; Sleepy Dog and Sleepy Dog to Mr. E. Jenkins, Dover, N. H.

Jessie. Solid black, with white markings on chest, Irish-Gordon setter bitch (Brian Boroinhe—Hamilton's Mab), by Mr. J. H. Block, St. Peter, Minn., to Mr. W. H. Pearce, same place.

Roxy. All red Irish-Gordon setter bitch (Brian Boroinhe—Hamilton's Mab), by Mr. J. H. Block, St. Peter, Minn., to Mr. L. E. Edwards, Fort Meade, D. T.

PRESENTATIONS.

Click—Fidget whelps. Liver, with white breast, dogs, whelped Oct. 1, 1884, by Mr. Chas. G. McKenzie, Hudson, N. Y., one to Mr. Wm. F. Tolley, Kingston, N. Y., and one to Mr. Henry Van Hoesen, same city.

Lenora. Black and tan German dachshund (A.K.R. 898), owned by Major Lovejoy, Bethel, Me., from rupture.

KENNEL MANAGEMENT.

No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.

Doctor, Southington, Conn.—My two-year old pointer has constantly sore and mattery eyes, the lower lids projecting out showing the inside of the eyelid red and inflamed. In the morning his eyes will be filled with matter so as to almost blind him. He seems well with the exception of this trouble. Ans. See answer to H. C. C., of Hartford.

W. S. T. Huntington, L. I.—I have a Sensation puppy, seven months old that hitherto the distance was very healthy, but has lately been weak in her spine so that she falls down and drags her hind feet after her, but at times will trot off as if nothing was the matter. Ans. Give your dog three drops of the tincture of nux vomica three times a day in her food. Continue for two weeks and report.

W. H. S., Ilion, N. Y.—Could you tell me in what way I could benefit the eyes of my setter dog. Of late I have noticed a film gradually growing over the eye ball, and I was told that by rubbing a certain preparation on the film (the name of which I could not get) that it would stop its growth. Ans. You may get a solution of alum, ten grains to the ounce of water, and a medicine dropper, and let two or three drops fall into the eyes twice or three times daily. Report result.

D. L. G., Salt Lake City, Utah.—My setter dog's breath smells bad. It seems all right in other respects. Can you mention a remedy for it through your columns? Ans. It is impossible to say from your description whether the trouble is the result of defective teeth or a disordered stomach. If the latter is the case, use powdered charcoal, two or three teaspoonful mixed with the food. It is an excellent cleansing diet for the stomach, and the food is not so repulsive, but is tasteless, and your dog will eat the food readily.

Jay Cee, Wilmington, N. C.—Please prescribe for my setter pups, both affected alike. There seems to be a soft enlargement of the throat, very noticeable. The puppies are about three months old, and have been so troubled for about a month. The lumps are soft and move with the skin from side to side. Do not seem to trouble their feeding or bother them in any way save their looks. Ans. Your pups have enlargement of the thyroid or thyroid glands. There is little to be done beyond looking out for their general condition. If it is enlargement of the thyroid they will outgrow it. If of the thyroid and it persists, you can have it removed later. You may try rubbing the tumors with iodine ointment.

C. E. N., Brandon, Man.—I wish you would tell me what is the matter with my retriever; he is dull and polidish, has a cough, and is always trying to vomit, which, when he does, is of a greenish color. He is not sick and looks bright in the coat, but is always lying around. Ans. Dog is suffering from some stomach trouble, perhaps gastric catarrh. He needs to be toned up. Perhaps your dog does not get enough exercise. Perhaps he lies about the stove too much. Are his bowels free? If not, give him one or two tablespoonful of castor oil. Feed him on mush boiled with scraps of meat. Feed him but once a day on the above, "served" cold. If he does not improve, have perscription made up as follows: Fowler's solution, 1 ounce; simple syrup, 2 ounces; water to make 5 ounces. Dose, teaspoonful with food three times a day.

M. F. H., Lamberthville.—I have a pointer dog which I purchased last winter. The animal which I purchased him said he was only six years old. He was very thin when I got him; I commenced feeding him well, and he got in fine order and was very lively in a short time. He got very poor again, when I would take him out for exercise he would get sick and vomit, then he would play out. I thought he had worms, and I got powders two different times; but he did not pass any. When I take him out now he vomits and plays out soon, and will not eat for three or four days after a small hunt. I notice he will never jump a fence when out, he will always look well for a place to go under. At times he will take a bad spell, he will shake his head, and when he shakes his whole body he sounds inside like an empty barrel. Two weeks ago I took him out, he was very lively in the start, and hunted well for a short time when he commenced to lag and to vomit. He got down a small bill and could not get up again; I would lift him up, but he would fall right back again. He

laid there and would not notice me. He laid there about eight hours. He gave out behind. When he came to he got up and was very stiff, and remains so still. He is looking very bad and weak. This summer he would always dig a hole in the ground and lay in it. What shall I do for him? Ans. Difficult to say what is the matter with your dog. Strengthening food and tonics are recommended. Get two ounces of Donovan's solution of arsenic and give your dog five drops morning and evening for two weeks, and report result. Treatment of the preparation is poison, and the above dose must not be exceeded, nor must it be continued more than three weeks at a time.

C. H., Paris, Ill.—My pointer is about three years old, and had fits until the latter part of 1882. The next year he commenced having them again, and has had them ever since. He generally has the fit when I get about a mile and a half from home and it lasts about five or ten minutes, after which he gets up and runs away from me. He never has a fit except when I take him hunting, and appears to be perfectly well at home. His appetite very good, can hardly eat enough. Ans. The fits may be epileptic or may result from a disordered stomach. You probably feed your dog too highly, perhaps you feed him on raw meat, which is bad, except after a day's hunting and when the dog is working. The ordinary food should contain only a small amount of cooked meat in mush or some other farinaceous material.

H. C. C., Hartford, Conn.—My setter's eyes have troubled him for some time by discharging from the inner corners, the discharge being the worst during and immediately after violent exercise, and at such times the corners look red and inflamed. In one of the eyes there is a white substance growing about one-quarter of an inch long and about as big around as a small pin. It lies on the eye and is attached by one end in the corner. Is there anything that I can give the dog or do for him to get his eyes back to a normal condition? Ans. You may get a solution of the sulphate of zinc, two grains to the ounce, and sponge your dog's eyes and lids with a fine sponge twice daily, and also let two or three drops fall into the eye. We cannot tell from your description what the small tumor may be. You had better consult a veterinary surgeon.

C. Mansfield, Mass.—Pointer dog, two years old, stands quite high, rather slim build, weighs 45 or 50 pounds; color, liver and white. Last season hunted him nearly every day and he performed as well as I could wish. This fall he acts played out. He gets tired with very little exercise and does not point one-half the birds; cannot find them, apparently. Shakes his head considerably, a rosy substance comes from mouth, and in the morning his eyes are full of thick matter. Afterward the corners of some kind. Coat looks rusty. Appetite immense, eats everything he can get. I feed him johnny cake and scraps from the table, with occasional meal of meat, boiled, and the liquid mixed with meal. Will you please advise, through FOREST AND STREAM, some remedy? Ans. Your dog has worms. This explains all his symptoms. Get two ounces of the oil of wormseed (*Ol. chenopodii*) and give him ten drops, three times daily, on a lump of sugar, or mix with two tablespoonful of castor oil. Feed him lightly for the present.

H. J. B., Buffalo, N. Y.—I am the owner of a setter dog about six years old. Last spring he came running in from the street, and standing in the room commenced to tremble. His trembling seems to commence at the head and gets stronger as it reaches the hind legs, when he will fall to the floor. He will then tremble and stretch his legs, and appear very stiff. He will remain in this position about two or three minutes, and will then get up and shake himself and appear as if good health as before. He has had four of these attacks since last spring, the last one a few days ago. He seems to know every time he is going to have one of these attacks, for he comes in and rubs his head against me to attract my attention. He does not froth at the mouth, and seems to be looking right at me all the time he is in one of those spasms. Will you please tell me what ails my dog, and what I can do for him? He had one of those spells once when woodcock shooting. Please answer the above. Ans. Give more particulars about the humor of his general condition; how his eating and digestion are; whether he has regular passages; examine the passages for worms. Do not feed too highly. Only give raw meat when working, and very little cooked meat when idle.

H. M. P., Phila.—I have a twelve months old English setter bitch who has been so peculiarly affected that I would like to tell you of her. She must be of a very sensitive, sympathetic, nervous system. Early last summer, when between six and seven months of age, I had her sent down to Cape May, and after riding eight or ten miles on steam cars, she became very sick of stomach and vomited profusely. Three months later, on her return, she was similarly affected; ten days later I sent her only six miles on the railroad and again she was fearfully sick. On the 10th inst. I had her brought to the city, as she was in heat, to be served, it being her sixth or seventh day. While riding the six miles on steam cars she was not at all sick and came very near being lined at the ferry while my back was turned. After leaving the steam cars she had two miles to ride to the horse railway and she was then sick worse than any time before, and the most peculiar part was that she at once went out of heat and would not take the dog that morning, nor any time after during the week when repeatedly the dog was let with her. I was very anxious to have her served and it was most provoking indeed, that her "sea sickness" produced the effect it did. Did you ever hear of a similar case of dog sickness, and do you think that that morning's ride causing the sick stomach caused her "heat" to leave her? What would you advise in such a case to prevent the sick stomach? Ans. The case of your bitch is not a unique one. The next time you had better either have the dog brought to her or take time enough to allow her to rest over night after the journey. There are many remedies for this stomach sickness, such as a tablespoonful of lime water in milk or five or ten drops of chloroform on a lump of sugar or drop doses of Fowler's solution of arsenic, etc., but none of them are sure.

WORKS IN DOGS, one dose a cure. "Cross Keys, Newport, Mon., April 1, 1875.—A very valuable retriever of mine has been losing his coat and looking very thin, and although treated by a veterinary and dog fancier, he did not in any way improve, so I gave him one-half of a Naldrin's Powder, and in twenty-five minutes he evacuated 27 feet of a very broad tapeworm. My dog is now doing well on one-half of the food he had before, and I say with others that no one possesses a more reliable remedy without the use of Naldrin's Powders. Naldrin's Worm Powders, the great British remedy, are sold by McKesson & Robbins, 91 Fulton street, New York, Price \$1. Manufacturers: Wright & Holdsworth, 3 Spur street, London, England.—Ado.

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

CALIFORNIA STATE RIFLE ASSOCIATION.

SAN FRANCISCO, Nov. 16.—The fall meeting of the California Rifle Association, which opened at Shell Mound to-day, commencing at 9 A. M., was a great success in all respects. Twenty teams were entered for the different matches, and as the scores will show, the shooting was above the average. Although in the afternoon a very chilly wind sprang up, on the whole the day was as good as could be expected. Sixteen teams were shot, and all the individual matches being left for next Sunday. Major Klose was the executive officer of the meet and conducted everything to the satisfaction of all the competitors.

The first match which was for the trophy presented by Brigadier-General Dimond, was open to teams of six representatives from any military company, field and staff, Board of Officers, Police Department or militia in existence, with Springfield rifle at 300 and 500 yds., 7 rounds; at each distance, the trophy to become the property of the team winning it three times at regular meetings of the California Rifle Association. The scores are as follows:

Police Team.		200 yds.	500 yds.
Officer Geary.....	4545554—32	5445551—32—64	
Officer A. T. Fields.....	454555—31	454555—32—64	
Sergeant Chas. Nash.....	4545554—33	55554—30—63	
Officer Linville.....	4545554—31	4545554—31—61	
Officer Peckinpah.....	254555—29	454555—29—58	
Officer N. T. Fields.....	253554—27	453554—30—67—365	
Company C, First Infantry.			
Sergeant Klein.....	30 31—64	Private Carson.....	31 29—60
Private Perkins.....	29 33—62	Private Reife.....	27 33—60
Private Cummings.....	28 32—60	Private Merriweather.....	27 39—56

Total.....				262
Sergeant Connell.....	29	34—63	Corporal Ogilvie.....	28 31—59
Sergeant Brede.....	31	29—60	Corporal Hopkins.....	28 30—58
Sergeant Kurl.....	27	32—59	Sergeant Cowen.....	25 26—51
Total.....				330
Company C, Second Infantry.				
Private Kuhl.....	29	34—63	Private Robinson.....	29 29—58
Lieutenant Mang.....	30	30—60	Private Thierbach.....	30 27—57
Sergeant Lempe.....	28	30—58		
Total.....				331

Second Regiment Board of Officers.

Lieutenant Laufenberg.....	27 29-54	Lieutenant Sime.....	27 27-54
Lieutenant Mangels.....	28 27-55	Captain Sprowl.....	29 21-50
Captain Breen.....	25 26-51	Lieutenant Warren.....	29 22-51

Total..... 319

The individual prizes were awarded as follows: Lieutenant Klein, Officer Geary and Private Kuhls.

Siege Team Match.—Open to teams of six representatives from any company of the National Guard who have never made more than 70 per cent. in any of California Rifle Association matches. Rounds, seven, with Springfield rifles, at 200yds. Entrance fee, \$6. First prize, a trophy given by Captain Laidley, State, N. G. C.

Priv J M Dolan.....	4345455-30	Capt A Van Hultren.....	343444-26
Priv A C Macalpine.....	554544-30	Priv M T Nott.....	443444-30
Priv George Yager.....	354544-28	Priv Z T Wleeler.....	443433-25

Total..... 165

Lieutenant Brown.....	20	Private Prady.....	26
Private Prevost.....	23	Private Pritchard.....	24
Private Pendleton.....	26	Private Duffy.....	23

Total..... 157

Private Simpson.....	23	Private Palmer.....	23
Sergeant Jansen.....	26	Private Sloan.....	23
Private Kennedy.....	28	Sergeant Paddock.....	22

Total..... 152

Sergeant Adams.....	25	Second Artillery.....	25
Private Isaacs.....	26	Sergeant Strothers.....	25
Captain Simmons.....	26	Private Byrne.....	20

Total..... 149

Private Hoch.....	28	Private Lochbaum.....	27
Private Dries.....	28	Private Pembroke.....	20
Sergeant Baldwin.....	28	Private Palm.....	17

Total..... 147

Best Individual Scores.

Private Simpson.....	30	Lieutenant Brown.....	30
Private J M Dolan.....	30		

Centennial Trophy Team Match.—Open to teams of ten representatives from any regiment or battalion, N. G. C. 200 and 500yds. Rounds, 7, at each distance, with Springfield rifles. Prize, the silver trophy presented to the Association by the city of San Francisco in 1876, and won by the First Infantry Regiment, N. G. C., in competition for five years previous to and including 1882. To become the property of the regiment or battalion winning it the most times in five years, commencing in 1883. Entrance fee, \$15.

Oct. 28, 1883, First Infantry Regiment..... 577

First Infantry Regiment.

Priv Cummings.....	555454-32	554455-32-64
Priv Carson.....	455444-30	454545-32-62
Lieut Klein.....	444545-31	555444-31-62
Priv Barre.....	555444-31	444544-30-61
Priv Jenkins.....	454444-29	555444-31-62
Capt Teller.....	444444-28	555444-31-62
Priv Merriwether.....	554435-29	555454-31-59
Priv Raye.....	444334-26	555433-31-58
Lieut Strong.....	344445-29	444544-31-57
Priv Johnson.....	454433-27	555454-31-56

Second Regiment.

Lieutenant Laufenberg.....	33 29-54	Lieutenant Warren.....	29 28-57
Private Thierbach.....	29 31-60	Lieutenant Sime.....	28 28-56
Private Kuhls.....	30 30-60	Captain Sprowl.....	25 29-54
Lieutenant Mangels.....	28 31-59	Sergeant Lempe.....	30 24-64
Private Robertson.....	28 30-58	Captain Brewer.....	30 22-52

Third Regiment.

Private Dolan.....	31 27-58	Corporal Hammond.....	23 16-44
Sergeant Stewart.....	29 28-57	Sergeant Bruguiere.....	17 19-36
Private Maginnis.....	28 24-52	Private Macalpine.....	25 05-31
Sergeant Middleton.....	25 26-51	Sergeant E Perrin.....	23 07-30
Private Yager.....	25 23-48	Sergeant C Poulsen.....	23 02-30

C. R. A. 600yd. Match.—Open to teams of five representatives from any regiment, battalion or company of the National Guard, army, or company of police, any military rifle under the rules, at 600yds. Rounds, 7, first prize a trophy. Entrance fee, \$5.

A T Fields.....	555455-34	J P McCarty.....	30
Charles Nash.....	454444-30	P D Linville.....	29
P Geary.....	444444-29	Sergeant Flemming.....	27
N T Fields.....	343535-28	Sergeant Gano.....	26
Petkinph.....	344443-26	Stawley.....	24

Presidio Rifle Club.

Sergeant Connell.....	30	Second Artillery.....	147
Sergeant Brede.....	29	Lieutenant Sime.....	31
Sergeant Leowen.....	27	Lieutenant Warren.....	27
Corporal Ogilvie.....	23	Lieutenant Mangels.....	26
Corporal S Hopkins.....	23	Private Robertson.....	25
		Private Kuhls.....	19

Dunphy Team Match.—Open to teams of six representatives from any military company, field and staff, board of officers, police department or rifle club now in existence, with any military rifle under the rules, at 200 and 500yds. Rounds 7 at each distance. Entrance fee \$10, first prize a trophy, presented by William Dunphy, Esq. cost \$75, to become the property of the team winning it three times at regular meetings of the C. R. A.

A T Fields.....	555455-34	J P McCarty.....	30
Charles Nash.....	454444-30	P D Linville.....	29
P Geary.....	444444-29	Sergeant Flemming.....	27
N T Fields.....	343535-28	Sergeant Gano.....	26
Petkinph.....	344443-26	Stawley.....	24

Police Team, Company A.

A T Fields.....	555455-34	J P McCarty.....	30
Charles Nash.....	454444-30	P D Linville.....	29
P Geary.....	444444-29	Sergeant Flemming.....	27
N T Fields.....	343535-28	Sergeant Gano.....	26
Petkinph.....	344443-26	Stawley.....	24

Police Team, Company B.

A T Fields.....	555455-34	J P McCarty.....	30
Charles Nash.....	454444-30	P D Linville.....	29
P Geary.....	444444-29	Sergeant Flemming.....	27
N T Fields.....	343535-28	Sergeant Gano.....	26
Petkinph.....	344443-26	Stawley.....	24

Police Team, Company C.

A T Fields.....	555455-34	J P McCarty.....	30
Charles Nash.....	454444-30	P D Linville.....	29
P Geary.....	444444-29	Sergeant Flemming.....	27
N T Fields.....	343535-28	Sergeant Gano.....	26
Petkinph.....	344443-26	Stawley.....	24

Police Team, Company D.

A T Fields.....	555455-34	J P McCarty.....	30
Charles Nash.....	454444-30	P D Linville.....	29
P Geary.....	444444-29	Sergeant Flemming.....	27
N T Fields.....	343535-28	Sergeant Gano.....	26
Petkinph.....	344443-26	Stawley.....	24

Police Team, Company E.

A T Fields.....	555455-34	J P McCarty.....	30
Charles Nash.....	454444-30	P D Linville.....	29
P Geary.....	444444-29	Sergeant Flemming.....	27
N T Fields.....	343535-28	Sergeant Gano.....	26
Petkinph.....	344443-26	Stawley.....	24

Police Team, Company F.

A T Fields.....	555455-34	J P McCarty.....	30
Charles Nash.....	454444-30	P D Linville.....	29
P Geary.....	444444-29	Sergeant Flemming.....	27
N T Fields.....	343535-28	Sergeant Gano.....	26
Petkinph.....	344443-26	Stawley.....	24

Police Team, Company G.

A T Fields.....	555455-34	J P McCarty.....	30
Charles Nash.....	454444-30	P D Linville.....	29
P Geary.....	444444-29	Sergeant Flemming.....	27
N T Fields.....	343535-28	Sergeant Gano.....	26
Petkinph.....	344443-26	Stawley.....	24

Police Team, Company H.

A T Fields.....	555455-34	J P McCarty.....	30
Charles Nash.....	454444-30	P D Linville.....	29
P Geary.....	444444-29	Sergeant Flemming.....	27
N T Fields.....	343535-28	Sergeant Gano.....	26
Petkinph.....	344443-26	Stawley.....	24

Police Team, Company I.

A T Fields.....	555455-34	J P McCarty.....	30
Charles Nash.....	454444-30	P D Linville.....	29
P Geary.....	444444-29	Sergeant Flemming.....	27
N T Fields.....	343535-28	Sergeant Gano.....	26
Petkinph.....	344443-26	Stawley.....	24

Police Team, Company J.

A T Fields.....	555455-34	J P McCarty.....	30
Charles Nash.....	454444-30	P D Linville.....	29
P Geary.....	444444-29	Sergeant Flemming.....	27
N T Fields.....	343535-28	Sergeant Gano.....	26
Petkinph.....	344443-26	Stawley.....	24

Police Team, Company K.

A T Fields.....	555455-34	J P McCarty.....	30
Charles Nash.....	454444-30	P D Linville.....	29
P Geary.....	444444-29	Sergeant Flemming.....	27
N T Fields.....	343535-28	Sergeant Gano.....	26
Petkinph.....	344443-26	Stawley.....	24

Police Team, Company L.

A T Fields.....	555455-34	J P McCarty.....	30
Charles Nash.....	454444-30	P D Linville.....	29
P Geary.....	444444-29	Sergeant Flemming.....	27
N T Fields.....	343535-28	Sergeant Gano.....	26
Petkinph.....	344443-26	Stawley.....	24

Police Team, Company M.

A T Fields.....	555455-34	J P McCarty.....	30
Charles Nash.....	454444-30	P D Linville.....	29
P Geary.....	444444-29	Sergeant Flemming.....	27
N T Fields.....	343535-28	Sergeant Gano.....	26
Petkinph.....	344443-26	Stawley.....	24

Police Team, Company N.

A T Fields.....	555455-34	J P McCarty.....	30
Charles Nash.....	454444-30	P D Linville.....	29
P Geary.....	444444-29	Sergeant Flemming.....	27
N T Fields.....	343535-28	Sergeant Gano.....	26
Petkinph.....	344443-26	Stawley.....	24

Police Team, Company O.

A T Fields.....	555455-34	J P McCarty.....	30
Charles Nash.....	454444-30	P D Linville.....	29
P Geary.....	444444-29	Sergeant Flemming.....	27
N T Fields.....	343535-28	Sergeant Gano.....	26
Petkinph.....	344443-26	Stawley.....	24

Police Team, Company P.

A T Fields.....	555455-34	J P McCarty.....	30
Charles Nash.....	454444-30	P D Linville.....	29
P Geary.....	444444-29	Sergeant Flemming.....	27
N T Fields.....	343535-28	Sergeant Gano.....	26
Petkinph.....	344443-26	Stawley.....	24

Second Match. For the California Powder Works Medal.—Open to all members of the association, National Guard of California, Army and Navy, 200 and 500yds. seven shots at each, any military rifle under the rules, entries limited to one each, to become the property of the marksmen winning it three times at regular meetings of the C. R. A.; competitors for this trophy to use powder manufactured by the California Powder Works. Individual prizes, namely: \$5, \$3, \$2, entrance fee \$1. The trophy was heretofore won by Private George C. Thaxter, on October 25, 1883, score 61, and by Officer P. D. Linville, on May 11, 1884, score 65:

Sgt Chas Nash.....	555555-34	554555-34-68
E Pierce.....	555555-33	555555-34-67
Sgt A Carr.....	555555-33	555555-34-65
A Johnson.....	555555-31	555555-34-65
H Carr.....	555555-31	555555-34-65
Seven shots with military rifle under the rules, at a range target, entries unlimited. Entrance fee \$1. Six cash prizes: \$15, \$10, \$7, \$5, \$3, \$2.		
Lt F Kuhnle.....	11 10 10 8 11 6 12-68	
L Barrere.....	4 11 11 7 11 7 12-64	
P D Linville.....	9 10 11 1 11 10 12-64	
H Carr.....	7 10 6 10 10 8 11-62	
J E Klein.....	5 8 11 9 10 10-62	
Chas Carr.....	10 11 3 9 9 10 10-62	

THOMASTON, Conn., Nov. 22.—Only a few riflemen were present on the range to-day. The weather conditions were a bright light and light 10 o'clock wind. Following are the scores:

W H Dunbar.....	11 12 10 6 10 10 11-103	
C F Williams.....	11 9 11 7 11 11 12-101	
E H Schiff.....	11 12 9 9 12 8 10 11-96	
G A Lemmon.....	8 9 12 8 8 9 10 10-93	
G P North.....	8 5 10 11 11 9 10 9-83	
Fred A Perkins.....	10 9 9 7 8 10 11 7-85	

THOMASTON, Conn., Nov. 27.—The last shot of the season for the badge took place to-day. The weather conditions were cloudy, with the wind changing from the 3 o'clock quarter to the 10 and 11. Following are scores for the badge:

A S Hubbard.....	11 12 9 8 10 12 11 9-103	
W H Dunbar.....	10 11 10 8 9 10 12 11-100	
B H Sudiff.....	10 9 12 11 10 7 12 11-98	
Fred A Perkins.....	9 12 8 9 10 7 9 11 10-97	
G C Canfield.....	9 12 10 10 9 8 8 9 11-95	
G O Gilbert.....	7 10 9 9 9 11 11 10 7-95	
C F Williams.....	9 12 10 9 9 11 7 9 11-92	
A A Lemmon.....	10 8 9 9 9 10 10 8 12-91	
W Kerwood.....	5 9 11 10 11 8 9 10 10-88	
E W Bennett.....	10 9 12 10 8 7 8 7 9-86	

Following are some of the scores pool shooting. All ties divided money:

First Pool.			
W H Dunbar.....	9 10 11 9 11-50	A S Hubbard.....	8 10 10 9 9-46
E H Schiff.....	8 9 12 11 11-50	W Kerwood.....	11 6 9 9 11-46
E W Bennett.....	10 12 10 10-49	G A Lemmon.....	11 5 10 10 9-45
C F Williams.....	9 9 12 8 10-48		

Second Pool.			
W H Dunbar.....	8 9 10 12 11-50	G A Lemmon.....	10 8 9 9 9-45
A S Hubbard.....	11 12 9 8 10-50	R H Sudiff.....	11 10 8 8 8-42
F A Perkins.....	9 12 8 9 10-48	W Kerwood.....	10 5 7 10 10-42

Third Pool.			
A S Hubbard.....	12 7 9 10 11 49	W H Dunbar.....	6 10 10 12 10-48
F A Perkins.....	7 9 11 12 10-49	G A Lemmon.....	11 8 9 8 7-43

Fourth Pool.			
A S Hubbard.....	12 11 12 9 9-53	F A Perkins.....	9 7 7 12 7-42
W H Dunbar.....	12 11 12 7 9-50		

Fifth Pool.			
A S Hubbard.....	12 9 9 9 9-48	W H Dunbar.....	19 8 10 7 9-43
E W Bennett.....	7 10 10 10 10-47	C F Williams.....	8 7 10 9 9-43
G A Lemmon.....	10 10 8 12-46	F A Perkins.....	6 11 9 7 7-40
G C Gilbert.....	7 10 10 9 9-45		

Sixth Pool.			
W H Dunbar.....	11 10 11 11 9-53	G H Lemmon.....	11 8 8 10 10-47
A S Hubbard.....	12 10 12 10 10-51	E W Bennett.....	10 10 12 12 5-47
G C Canfield.....	12 9 10 10-50	F Williams.....	9 7 7 8 11-44
G O Gilbert.....	11 11 11 7 5-50	F A Perkins.....	9 8 11 9 9-43
B H Sudiff.....	10 7 12 8 11-48	W Kerwood.....	8 8 11 4 9-40

G Canfield.....	9	8	8	9	11-45	F A Perkins.....	8	8	7	10	7-40
E W Bennett ...	10	9	11	9	8-45						
Eighth Pool.											
W H Dunbar....	6	9	11	12	8-49	B H Sutliff.....	10	6	10	6	11-43
G Canfield.....	9	10	10	9	11-48	F A Perkins.....	11	8	8	8	6-41

Answers to Correspondents.

SUNSCRIMER, Philadelphia.—The gun is of good reputation. You may leave the prices by applying at some of the gun stores in your city.

S. X., Newark, N. J.—The dimensions of the Mohican sail are: Foot 9ft. 6in., head 10ft., luff 3ft., leech 12ft. 4in., tack to head 13ft. 8in., clew to throat 9ft. 10in., area 65ft.

H. C. K., Meadville, Pa.—Your description is entirely too vague, and we cannot identify the bird. We should think that perhaps it might have been the Florida Gallinule (*Gallinula galeata*).

W. O. G., Nashua, N. H.—The .32-caliber cartridges are made with 20 grains of powder, and again with an express shell of 50 grains. The .35-caliber is chambered for shells of 40 and 60 grains powder.

A. S. H., Milford, Mass.—The canoe is 14ft. x30in., see scale on drawing. It could be built of canvas, but would be heavier. A cedar canoe would cost from \$110 to \$125 without sails or centerboard. No other drawings are published.

NEW READER, Philadelphia, Pa.—1. We know of no better method than painting. 2. There have been no previous articles on the subject. 3. The "Shadow" canoe was illustrated in *FOREST AND STREAM* May 24 and 31, 1893. 4. Brentano's, No. 5 Union Square, N. Y. 5. See files of *FOREST AND STREAM* for 1893 and 1894 for articles on canoeing. We shall shortly publish all the articles in book form.

Canoeing.

A HIDDEN OBSTRUCTION.

ONE pleasant day this fall a canoeist launched his boat for a morning paddle in the direction of Marmalade Lodge. The tide was running ebb with a speed that made paddling difficult, and in accordance with established usage the paddler held well inshore up along the Harbor wall, and when he came to the open dock prepared to run under it along between the piles, as he had often done before. Coming up at a brisk pace, he put on an extra spurt to carry him well through, and laid back leisurely, paddle in hand. The canoe glided on swiftly and quietly into the opening, when suddenly she stopped short and rebounded twice her length, as though propelled by a spring. The crew started, the astonished, the passage had always been clear and no obstruction was now visible. He looked carefully, saw nothing, gave a few hearty strokes and tried it again; the canoe went in a little further than before, but stopped as suddenly, and when he tried to back out she was stuck fast. A thrust about the bow with the paddle showed all clear there, no line or hidden log, and aft the same way; but she would not move either way. Finally, after listing her, she was backed on the head and put to port, and that bridge abandoned for the time by the thoroughly mystified crew, as he paddled on around the dock in the full force of the tide. Just above the pretty retreat known to canoeists as Juliet's Bower, is another similar dock, and here could be no obstruction. At it he went, full force, glided rapidly in in triumph, and flew as quickly out. Alarm began now to mingle with amazement, and the canoeist, thoroughly puzzled, rested for a minute in deep thought, and then resolved to solve the mystery or perish. He backed off, braced his feet firmly, held the paddle like a racer waiting for the word "Go," then took a dip with it, when a thought struck him. He stopped, threw a quick glance over his starboard shoulder, dropped his paddle, held his head in his hands and wept. When he had subdued his emotion he resumed his paddle and struck clear of all docks, out where the tide was strongest and swiftest, to his destination. Now, when he goes out for a paddle, he makes sure before starting that his mizzen mast is not stepped.

THE GALLEY FIRE.

CANOE AND CAMP COOKERY.

X.—MISCELLANEOUS (CONCLUDED).

Welsh Rarebit.—Cut bread into slices about one inch in thickness and pare off the crust. Toast the slices slightly without hardening or burning and spread with butter; cut slices of cheese not quite as large as the bread, lay it on the buttered slices, and broil over the fire on a broiler. Be careful that the cheese does not burn, and let it be equally melted. Spread over the top a little mustard already prepared and seasoning of pepper, and serve very hot.

Fried Bread for Soups.—Cut stale bread into square pieces, and fry in boiling fat for an instant. Take care it does not burn, removing it as soon as brown.

Coffee.—The simplest way to make good coffee is to put into the pot two tablespoonfuls of the ground and browned berry to each cupful of the beverage. Pour on cold water to the required amount, remove it from the fire when it first boils up, let it stand a few moments in a warm place, and then pour into the pot half a cup of cold water to settle it.

Coffee again.—If the ground coffee is running low or the cook wishes to economize and has plenty of time and utensils, I will give him a receipt which requires much less of the berry to produce the required strength, as follows: Put the dry coffee into the pot, and heat it, stirring it constantly. Then pour over it one quart of boiling water to every two tablespoonfuls of coffee, and set the pot where it will keep hot but not boil. After standing ten or fifteen minutes it is ready to drink.

Tea.—For most teas the right proportion is one tablespoonful of tea for every teacup that is to be drawn and one "for the pot." The simplest method of making it is to put cold water on the tea in the pot, set over the fire and let it almost boil. Just as it begins to steam remove it to a place less hot, where it will simmer and not boil for five minutes. If it boils or simmers too long the tannin will be dissolved, and the tea will have a disagreeable astringent taste. When the liquid is all used out of the pot, do not throw away the "grounds," but add one-half the quantity for the next drawing, and so on till the pot is one-third full of grounds, when it is all emptied and the pot thoroughly washed. In warm weather ordinary lake or river water will taste cooler if poured into a pot containing grounds from which tea has been made, allowed to stand awhile and then drunk.

SENTECA.

A CRUISING COMPANION WANTED.—A canoeist, who proposes to start in February next on a cruise down the Ohio and Mississippi to New Orleans, thence by steamer to Panama, and from there up the Amazon River, wishes to meet a companion who will make the trip with him. Any one desiring to learn further particulars can do so by addressing J. T., care of *FOREST AND STREAM*.

PERSONAL.—Mr. L. L. Coudert, of the N. Y. C. C., has returned to New York from Montana for the winter. Messrs. Munroe and Perrin leave for Florida the latter part of this month. Dr. Neidé is now settled in New Orleans for the winter, and all letters addressed to New Orleans will reach him. S. D. Kendall is still at Tarpon Springs, Fla.

Pachting.

CRUISING ON LAKE ONTARIO.

THE yacht in which our cruise was made was of eight tons, yawl rigged, with iron ballast, two tons on the keel, no centerboard, and a similar amount bolted to the keelson inside. Her frames and timbers throughout are of white oak, planking of clear white pine. The deck although flush has no cockpit, the cabin being entered by a sliding hatch on top of trunk. A small water-tight well accommodates the steerage, the result of which arrangement is that when the cabin hatch is closed no water can possibly go into the boat. Her extreme length was 35ft., beam 7ft. 3in., depth 6ft.

Aug. 3.—Our trip was arranged rather hurriedly, and the boat was new and on her first cruise. As is usual under such circumstances at the time appointed for starting nothing was ready. Our cook, who was to have had everything stowed, had not put in an appearance, the provisions were scattered about the cabin. The crockery, lanterns and mattresses had not been sent down, and it became evident to the crew that instead of hoisting canvas at 1 P. M., they had several hours' hard work ahead of them, but as there was a vast amount of rovelty to be worked off, this gave them a good opportunity, and all went to work with a will, and by 5 P. M. everything was ready. Mizzen and mainsail were up, the boat pulled out to the end of the dock, word given to hoist the jib, and in a few seconds more she was gathering way, bound for Oakville. Now Oakville is west of Toronto twenty-two miles, and it was our intention to go east to Kingston (80 miles) and then down the St. Lawrence, and eventually coast up the American side of the lake to Niagara River, and then run straight across home, but the wind had been blowing from the east for a couple of days, and we judged that it must have kicked up such a sea outside that beating down would be hard, wet work, and although we can generally take the weather as it comes, decided that

for once, as we were not in a hurry, would see how it felt to be run- nion free.

Getting outside we were greatly disappointed to find hardly any wind but plenty of sea. Light puffs from all quarters eventually brought us abreast of Port Credit (at which port, as is not unusual, the light was out) and as it was now 10 P. M., and cooking supper had been postponed on account of the heavy roll, it was unanimously agreed to run in for the night, which was done.

The boys were soon gathered around an impromptu table on the pier, vainly endeavoring to avoid swilling, desperate and a good deal with their supper, but then a yachtman's appetite can easily stand little inconveniences of this kind, in fact, the only thing they can't and won't stand is a shortage in the grub department.

After supper all hands went up-town, but found that the inhabitants had retired for the night: they therefore returned and turned in, but not to sleep, for half of them seemed wound up, and persuasion, effect, and worse stories and practical jokes on the sleepy ones, was the order of the night.

Before daylight everybody fell asleep, thoroughly tired out, and when the natives came down to pay a visit about 10 A. M., found no one moving aboard, and the burning lantern still hanging in the lifts, but at 11:30 we were ready to hoist canvas and continue on to Oakville. The run of nine miles being made in one hour and fifteen minutes, the wind was strong and the water choppy, and the boat was over to the cabin house, and again hardly enough wind to give steerage way.

A short stay was made at Oakville, and then started for Toronto, the wind at first being abeam and light, but was soon followed by a thunder squall, which made us slightly reduce canvas. The mizzen was stowed and the mainsail double reefed, the jib being left standing as the wind was now on the beam, and the boat was now making the peak of the main had to be lowered, after which the wind fell very light; reefs were shaken out and the mizzen hoisted, and we arrived at the club house before dark, where we remained all night, and next morning, Aug. 4, started on the long run down the lake.

A light breeze came out of the S. W. (over the quarter), and every rag being set we began to slip through the water at a very respectable rate. About half an hour after starting, it began to dawn on us that something was wrong with the skipper, for he was making a yawing at a rate that promised soon to upset her. On examination it turned out that some bright genius had taken the ballast out of the stern, which accounted for the erratic movements; and now arose the question what to put in her. After examining our various stores, decided to put a quantity of suspicious-looking black bottles, little thinking of the amusement this cargo would create when we arrived at the harbor. The wind was now on the beam, and the boat was now making the peak of the main had to be lowered, after which the wind fell very light; reefs were shaken out and the mizzen hoisted, and we arrived at the club house before dark, where we remained all night, and next morning, Aug. 4, started on the long run down the lake.

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The wind now steadily increased, and we were congratulating ourselves on making a splendid run before morning, but at 11 o'clock it fairly began to howl and we were anxious to again reef the mainsail, but the sea had got so high that it was concluded to simply drop the peak. We were now abreast of the mill streamer bound down, and kept up with it as long as we remained on the same course (these boats at least are always the foot of the lake), and then the Bonnet Light we concluded to run under Nicholas Island for shelter, this turn now put us dead before the sea, which was higher than ever, and our yacht under what we knew to be too much canvas, was handling splendidly, but rolling the life out of one of the crew who was closed up down in the cabin, and the others hanging on like grim death. The steersman not being able to hang on to anything was landed to the shore side.

The scene at this time was magnificent, the Bonnet Light showing up brilliantly every time we rose on the crest of a sea, and dying out of sight when down in the trough, every wave following looked as if it were going to sweep the deck, but the only water taken aboard was over the bows, and an occasional dip amidships. The bluff, rocky shore of Nicholas Island was one mass of foam, presenting anything but an inviting appearance as the moon occasionally shone through the flying sand.

The anchor was now got ready, and as we fairly flew around the point the mainsheet was hauled in, and in a couple of minutes the boat's head was in the wind, and as she gathered sternway the anchor was let go with fifteen fathoms of chain, although we were lying in about three fathoms of water. But even now there was no certainty of being able to hold here, for the island is small and the sea, coming in around both sides, was rolling our rails under.

Lots were now drawn to see who would stand the anchor watches, the skipper declining to draw, as he concluded he had had enough work for one night, and the lucky ones turned in after doing ample justice to a heavy, cold supper. Fortunately the anchor held, and with the exception of the half frozen anchor watch, all enjoyed a sound night's rest.

It may be interesting to those who live in warmer climates to know what quantity of clothes this half frozen watch had on on the morning of Aug. 5. In addition to ordinary underwear, a heavy suit of clothes, a pea jacket, one heavy-lined ulster, two oilskin coats, a railway rug, and then wrapped up in the jib.

In the morning we were agreeably surprised to find that we were in a comfortable-looking farmhouse, and that the land had made arrangements sufficiently to admit (after a good deal of maneuvering and one upset) of landing in the skiff, and in a short time a good supply of fresh milk, butter, eggs and berries were added to the bill of fare, and a splendid breakfast followed, after which we weighed anchor and stood out from under the shelter of the island to find that the sea was still very heavy, but the wind was not so high, and once more we laid our course for Kingston.

DEEP DRAGGOT.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

OURSELVES AS OTHERS SEE US.

WE publish below a letter to the *London Field* from a well-known English yachtman, in which he gives an outspoken and candid criticism of American yachting. While conceding to some features, Mr. Forwood has a hearty commendation of our yachtsmen, and his letter is evidently written in a fair and impartial spirit, there is much in it that is worthy of a careful reading:

YACHT RACING IN AMERICA.

Sir.—It is not often that an English Corinthian has the opportunity of calling a match on board an American yacht in American waters, and therefore, I suppose you will not regard my experience, that they may be able to form some idea of the position of the sport in this country.

By the kindness of the owner, Dr. Barron, I formed one of the Corinthian crew of his sloop *Athlon*, in a race sailed in the open outside Sandy Hook, under the flag of the Seawanhaka Y. C. The regatta was for first, second and third class yachts; but, owing to the success of the cutter this year, the American Y. C. regatta of 1894 was a very meagre one. The celebrated sloop *Fanny* remained at her moorings off Staten Island, not caring to again try conclusions with the deep-keeled cutter *Bedouin*. Not so, however, with the *Athlon*; her owner and his Corinthians are true sportsmen, and wherever there is a race in her class the *Athlon* puts in an appearance. Her owner has a profound belief in the American sloop, and he built the *Athlon* this spring specially to show the flag of the Harver cutters; and, though he has had many a stern chase, I believe he still clings to the hope that when he finds the trim of his ship she will whip creation.

The *Athlon* is deeper than the old type of American sloop, as she draws 6ft. of water when her board is up, and 13ft. when it is down. Her dimensions are: Length on the waterline 32ft. 3in., beam 17ft. 4in., tonnage 28, and she carries 19 tons of lead ballast.

Her competitors were two cutters, built from Harvey's designs—the *Bedouin* (a very handsome boat of our cruiser type) and the *Oriva* (a smaller vessel of similar proportions). Their dimensions are: *Bedouin*—Length (waterline) 70ft., beam 15ft. 6in., draft 11ft. 6in. *Oriva*—Length (waterline) 50ft., beam 11ft. 8in., draft 9ft. 8in.

The *Bedouin* is a more powerful vessel than the *Athlon*, but the

Oriva is considerably smaller; in fact the *Oriva* belongs to the second class, but as no second class sloop cared to enter against her, she pluckily sailed in the first class.

The course was twenty miles, north, round a markboat and home again, and as the wind was westerly, this resolved itself into a dead run and a beat home. The wind was fresh which made a nasty short sea. The start was a flying one. When the second gun fired we were all some distance to the north of the flagship, hove to discussing which side the spinnaker should be set; though it ought to have been obvious that there was westerly in the wind, and the kites would be to starboard. The *Bedouin*, however, ran her spinnaker to port, with the result of an immediate gybe off, giving no time to let go or cut the preventer backstay; the topmast was, however, a good stick and no harm was done. I expected to see the sloop with her centerboard up run away from the cutters, but no, she lolled about in the seaway and gradually fell away into last place. At the markboat the *Bedouin* was leading by eight minutes, the *Oriva* by three. We now hauled on a wind for a thrash, windward homeward, the sloop would not look at the wind, but bobbed about in the seaway, jumping into every hole, and gradually sagging away to leeward. We stretched toward the land about three miles distant. When we backed off shore again the *Oriva* must have been a good mile to windward; we shifted our jib and foresail for a big jib, but this soon after split, and we had to take to our double-headed rig again. The wind gradually lightened, and the *Bedouin* went down, the *Oriva* decided to improve speed, and a smoother water, the *Bedouin* almost to hold her own with the *Oriva*. The race ended in the dark as follows:

Bedouin.....5 36 24 | *Oriva*.....5 53 37 | *Athlon*.....6 8 57

Yesterday another race was sailed, and as it was an inside course, with but little sea work, the sloops were tempted to try their fortune; it blew, however, a very stiff breeze, and what sea work there was was very trying. The result was that in the three classes the only yachts which sailed were the *Bedouin* and the *Oriva*, the *Athlon* being the keeled cutters of the English type. The sloops were entirely out of it, some of them only getting home next day.

There cannot be any longer any doubt that an American sloop has no chance against an English cutter if there is any sea on at all. This fact is being gradually realized by American yachtmen, and there are already two parties formed, the cutter men and the sloop men, the former desiring to make the latter men are gradually making converts. The *Bedouin* and *Oriva* have won all before them this season.

But placing the question of speed on our side, the sloop is an uncomfortable vessel. Her deck is filled up with the coach roof of her cabin, then there is the unpleasant feeling that she is only safe up to a given point. Once or twice when the *Athlon* was pressed, I heard it was very trying. The result was that in the three classes the only yachts which sailed were the *Bedouin* and the *Oriva*, the *Athlon* being the keeled cutters of the English type. The sloops were entirely out of it, some of them only getting home next day.

They are decidedly unpleasant vessels to travel in, and to sail in. They seem to have a combined motion of their own—a sort of cross between a roll and a pitch, with the worst features of both.

The American Corinthian yachtmen are smart sailors, enthusiastic and keen sportsmen, but they are very badly supported by the professional crews, who are, apparently, a very poor lot, taking but little interest in the race, and certainly very little idea of sail drill.

Yacht sailing is a science, and an art, and it is not to be learned in a day. It is but little understood here. I could not but contrast our feeble awkward start with such a start as the *Irex*, *Majorie*, and *Genesta* would have made; how they would have come tearing down before the wind, with their time nicely calculated to cross the line at gun fire; how the hands would have tended the mainsheet and spinnaker galls as the wind shifted about instead of squatting down and allowing the wind to catch the ship and then the hands to travel in a haze. I thought of how the markboat would have been rounded with a good berth, so as not to lose an inch to windward when the helm was put down and the sheets got in. I thought how the soul of a Diaper or an O'Neill would have groaned to see his ship now flying off the wind, and now fairly anchored by being sailed too close. Yes, my sail in the *Athlon* was a very pleasant cruise, but it was not racing.

The Americans, however, love yachting; they have magnificent yachting waters, and they will be quick to pick up and to turn to good account any ideas they get over from our side, and if one of the rich yachtmen who abound here would ship an English racing crew for a season, he would confer great benefit upon his brother yachtmen. As things stand to-day, I think I can promise the America's cup to the first English yacht which sails out to cross the Atlantic for it; but I can, I think, venture another prophecy, that she would not hold it three years, it would give such an impetus to yacht building here, that the Americans would be bound to win it back again, and they would succeed, for they would spare neither trouble nor money in the effort.

While I think we excel the Americans in yacht sailing and yacht design, I think we have also much to learn from them, and a series of international contests for the most valuable prizes in yacht trophy, the America's cup, could not fail to be of great advantage to the sport in both countries.

WILLIAM B. FORWOOD.

New York, Oct. 19.

SIGNALS FOR UNATTACHED YACHTS.

WE call the attention of yachtmen who are not members of any yacht club to the following letter, and will be pleased to have suggestions from you for its improvement. The yacht design and private signal are usually sufficient indications of the character of the craft, but if desirable, another signal can readily be adopted.

To Owners of Private Yachts:

I am the owner of a 70 foot schooner yacht and do not belong to any club; would it not be a good idea for all yachts not belonging to clubs to adopt and carry some signal designating them as such? All yachts have their signals. Those of us not caring to belong could adopt some signal by which we could be recognized in all cases. Do not understand that I am opposed to yacht clubs; far from it, but there are some of us, you know, who do not care for the formality.

I would like to hear from some of the owners of yachts who are like myself—a lover of the pastime, but not caring to join a club.

HELEN.

SEAWANHAKA Y. C.—A meeting of the S. C. Y. C. at which Vice-Com. Tompkins presided, was held at Deimonico's on Nov. 24. Mr. S. Nelson White moved that Rule XI. be changed to read: "In all races each yacht shall be steered by a member of this club, or some other amateur." Which motion, after some discussion, was laid on the table for action at the next meeting. Several new members were elected, and the committee for the winter passed to ex-Commodore Lee, for his spirit in fitting out *Oriva* for the fall races, after she had been stripped and laid up for the winter.

DEATH OF SAMUEL R. PLATT.—Mr. Samuel R. Platt, of this city, died last Tuesday morning, aged fifty-six years. Mr. Platt was well known as an enthusiastic yachtman. He was the owner of the *Montauk*, and the Vice-Commodore of the New York Yacht Club. In 1883 the *Montauk* made a voyage to the West Indies, an account of which, by General James McQuade, one of the party, is now in press.

MR. WILLOUGHBY'S SHARPIE.—Editor *Forest and Stream*: Quite right, dear editor, variety is the spice of life. But let not your editorial brain be troubled nor further vexed with numerals. The dear old boat that won the Corinthian and New York Y. C. cups in my college days, has been sufficiently honored. The new craft will be called the Pelican.—WINDWARD.

ORIVA AND PENGUIN IN THE FALL RACES.—New York, Nov. 29.—Editor *Forest and Stream*: If your correspondent signing himself "Subscriber" will publish his own name, yachtmen will be able to judge whether his positively false statements as to Penguin's position in the last S. C. Y. C. race result from ignorance or a wilful disregard for the truth.—C. S. LEE.

BOSTON YACHTING.—The schooners *Adrienne* and *Tempest* have both been hauled out by Lawley & Son for more ballast on keel. The *Adrienne* will change her 9 tons of lead for 20 tons of lead, and *Tempest* will have a new keel of 5 tons added. Lawleys are also building two new cutters, one of 35ft. for Mr. C. W. Jones, and one of 35ft. for Mr. Binney, of Providence.

YACHT ARCHITECTURE.—Mr. Dixon Kemp is now preparing a new book on yacht designing and building, to be called "Yacht Architecture," which will be ready in the spring. Mr. Kemp's previous works are so well known to American yachtmen that they will look forward with interest to the new one.

A NEW YACHT YARD AT CITY ISLAND.—Mr. E. L. Williams, of the firm of Williams & Stevens, whose cutters we have several times noticed, will remove by Jan. 1 to a new shop at City Point, Boston, where he will make a specialty of small yachts.

A CUTTER FOR SAN FRANCISCO.—Mr. R. S. Floyd, of the schooner *Ariel*, is about to build a 5-ton English cutter, the first in the kind for some time. She will have a lead keel, flush deck, and cutter rig. She will be the first of the kind to sail in the Pacific waters.

KEEL INSTEAD OF CENTERBOARD.—The schooner *Republic*, among other changes, is being altered from centerboard to keel, at Munn's yard, Atlantic Basin.

OUTSIDE BALLAST.—The sloop *Jessie*, now being rebuilt at Weber's yard, Boston, will have a new cabin, sails and rigging, and an iron keel of 14 tons.

THE AMERICA'S CUP.—The *London Field*, under date of Nov. 22, states positively that an English yachtman will challenge for the cup next year.

NEWARK Y. C.—The Newark Y. C. now occupy the house of the Essex Boat Club, at East Newark, where they have very snug winter quarters.

LIST OF WINNING YACHTS, 1884.

EXPLANATIONS OF ABBREVIATIONS, ETC.

The column of lengths, the waterline is given when known; lengths marked with an * are N. E. Y. R. Ass. length, w. l. + one-fifth overhang aft. "1st C." "2d C." etc., indicates first or second class. "T." indicates tons. Two figures connected by a short dash (-) indicate that the length is somewhere between them; "u." and "o." under or over the figures placed after them. Several clubs gave champion cups, to be held by the boat winning two or more races; these are put in column of prizes in the following way: "B. Y. C." shows the Beverly Y. C. championship; while "B. Y. C." shows one champion race won. The other championship abbreviations are of clubs already given. "4th" and "5th" in column of Third Prizes mean fourth and fifth prizes. "Bu." shows a win of Burlington Bay cup. "Bu Cup" winner of series.

Name.	Owner.	Club or Port.	Rig.	W. L.	Length	No. of Races	1st Prize	2d Prize	3d Prize
Adele	Geo. Grieve.	K. Y. C.	Cat	24.04	6	1	1	1	
Adelo	Geo. Grieve.	Mil. Y. C.	Schr.	60.00	4	Bo. Bo.			
Adrienne	Jacob Pratt.	Bo. Y. C.	Sloop	33.00	1		1	1	
Agir	Wm. McCormick.	Prov. Y. C.	Schr.	71.00	3	1			
Eolus	Snow	S. F. Y. C.	Schr.	55.03	2	1			
Aggie	T. McDonough.	R. C. Y. C.	Cutter	55.00	5	8		2	
Agnes	H. H. Hoggins.	A. Y. C.	Cat	*19.08	1		1	1	
Alice	J. Leys.	W. L. Y. C.	Cat	17.03	3	3		1	
Alice L.	E. Lynch.	Prov. Y. C.	Cat	17.03	3	3		1	
Allen, Percy	F. S. Allen.	Mon. Beach.	Cat	*25.03	1		1	1	
Almira	J. F. Phinney	South Y. C.	Cat	4th.	1		1	1	
Amanda C.	F. Beames.	A. Y. C.	Sloop	25.10	5	3			
Amazon	H. Masterson.	Bridgeport	J. & M.	20.00	1				
Americus	C. W. Baxter.	Q. Y. C.	Cat	20.06	12	1	2		
Amey	Philip Cadue.	S. Y. C.	Sloop	45.06	4	2			
Annie	H. H. Robinson.	P. O. Y. C.	Sloop	18.06	1				
Annie	Henry Tift	Mystic	J. & M.		1				
Annie S.	I. R. Thomas.	Mich. Y. C.	Sloop		1				
Atlanta	Jay Gould.	B. Y. C.	Cat	26.06	7	*BYC2	3		
Atlanta	C. W. Hubert.	Am. Y. C.	S. S.	233.03	1				
Athlon	J. C. Barron.	B. Q. Y. C.	Sloop	64.00	3		2		
Au Revoir	J. C. Barron.	S. Y. C.	Sloop	18.06	13		2		
Au Revoir	J. C. Barron.	Q. C. Y. C.	J. & M.	23.04	1				
Awilda	Car. Y. C.	Mon. Beach.	Cat		1				
Banneret	J. F. Brown.	D. Y. C.	Sloop	25.09	12	4. H.	1		
Bearskin	Archibald Rogers.	S. Y. C.	Cutter	70.06	9	8			
Benton, Chas.	J. S. Macdoug.	Harlem Y. C.	Cat	30.00	2	1			
Bessie	C. P. Curtis.	South Y. C.	Schr.	32.01	5	2	1		
Bessie	J. L. Wood.	B. Y. C.	Schr.	27.02	5	2	1		
Black Cloud	Brown & Wheeler.	Penn. Y. C.	Cat		1				
Blanch	Brown & Wheeler.	O. A. Y. C.	Sloop	22.00	6	2	1	14th	
Blossom	W. L. Y. C.	St. Croix Y. C.	Sloop		2		1		
Bluebell	W. Lloyd Jeffries.	Lake Geneva.	Cat	1st.	1		1		
Bonita	R. T. Crane.	B. Y. C.	Cat	24.06	2	1	3		
Bon Ton	Herby & Post.	K. Y. C.	Cat	18.00	5	1			
Brunetto	Burlington Bay	Burlington Bay	Sloop		6	Bu 1			
Cacique	John B. Rhodes.	B. Y. C.	Cat	17.05	1				
Cacique	C. W. Foster.	B. Y. C.	Cat	20.00	3	1		5th	
Charlotte G.	G. G. Garraway.	S. B. Y. C.	Cat	17.03	9	1		1	
Charon	Herman Clauser.	Tol. Y. C.	Sloop	40.00	3				
Chemaun	W. J. Van Wart.	Larch. Y. C.	J. & M.	24.10	2	2		45th	
Clara	Outram Bangs.	Americus Y. C.	Cat	18.09	1				
Clara B.	Outram Bangs.	B. Y. C.	Cat	18.09	1				
Cleopatra	Wm. Winslow.	I. of H. Y. C.	Sloop	33.00	4				
Clio	E. E. Chase.	S. Bay Y. C.	Schr.	33.00	4	S. Bay			
Comet	V. Vuillaume.	N. Y. C.	Schr.	18.00	1				
Comet	G. W. Mansfield.	P. O. Y. C.	Sloop	15.02	1	S. Bay			
Comus	John Newcomb.	S. Bay Y. C.	Cat	18.06	4	S. Bay			
Consort	Q. O. Y. C.	Q. O. Y. C.	Cat	32.08	1				
Conway, M. W.	James Conway.	E. R. Y. C.	J. & M.	30.11	1				
Coquette	Lake George.	Burlington Bay	Sloop		6	Bu Cup			
Coquette	Chi. Y. C.	Chi. Y. C.	Cat	52.10	1				
Cora	H. F. Griswold.	Eclipse Y. C.	J. & M.	23.09	2				
Corinna K.	E. Rogers.	B. Y. C.	Sloop	29.04	6	B. Y. C.	3	4th	
Countess	Geo. B. Chase.	B. Y. C.	Sloop	29.04	6	B. Y. C.	3	4th	
Crabtree	T. M. Alley.	W. L. Y. C.	Cat	18.07	5	1. WLYC			
Crockett	C. B. Gordon.	L. Y. C.	Cat	18.06	5	2			
Crockett, D.	R. Van Adams.	H. Y. C.	Cat	20.03	7	1 B.	2		
Crocodile	J. H. Putnam.	H. Y. C.	Cat	20.03	7	1 B.	2		
Cruiser	J. G. Pragne.	A. Y. C.	Sloop	39.11	3				
Curler	A. Bryan Alley.	Larch. & B. Y. C.	J. & M.	20.06	13	9 B.	1	5th	
Cygnat	T. W. Robinson.	B. Y. C.	Sloop	28.06	3	*BYC3			
Cygnat	E. B. Rogers.	S. Bay Y. C.	Sloop	34.06	4	S. Bay			
Cygnat	H. Rusli.	Newark Y. C.	Cat	19.11	1				
Daisy	M. Van Kesselaer, Jr.	B. Y. C.	Cutter	32.00	2	2			
Daisy	C. F. Ulrich.	A. Y. C.	Sloop	32.00	2				
Daisy	J. G. Goding.	K. Y. C.	J. & M.	19.09	7	3	1		
Daisy D.	Geo. Parish.	Clev. Y. Ass.	Cat	25.07	1				
Dare Devil	W. D. Wooldridge.	L. Y. C.	Cat	18.06	4				
Darling	W. H. Dilworth.	N. J. Y. C.	J. & M.	27.04	1				
Della	E. M. Gifford.	I. of H. Y. C.	Cat	u. 22	1				
Dolly	A. H. Hardy.	J. C. Y. C.	Cat	20.00	5	2	3		
Dora D.	A. H. Hardy.	B. Y. C.	Cat	20.00	5	2	3		
Echo	A. W. Baker.	Chatam	Cat	*21.10	1				
Eclipse	E. H. Wales.	N. Y. Y. C.	Sloop	50.02	5	1			
Eddie	R. Uedrich.	Newark Y. C.	Cat	16.05	2				
Elena	A. L. Smith.	Bo. Y. C.	Cutter	35.06	1	Bo.			
Elephant	Richard Codman.	A. Y. C.	Cat	25.11	4	*BYC3			
Elfr	Wm. Patten.	A. Y. C.	Sloop	34.00	1				
Ella May	W. P. Barker.	Q. Y. C.	Cat		4	1			
Elmer, J. W.	Geo. H. Tyler.	Bo. Y. C.	Cutter	30.00	2				
Elsie	D. Hardwick.	Q. Y. C.	Cat	16.04	11	H.	1	4th	
Emile	Gracen & Varley.	Q. Y. C.	Sloop	24.27	4	2			
Emma	J. Cooper, Jr.	Tor. Y. C.	Sloop	22.00	2				
Emma W.	Cameron Bros.	K. Y. C.	J. & M.	21.03	1				
Emmie C.	J. Cooley.	Newark Y. C.	Sloop	27.03	1				
Erin	C. Cooley.	B. Y. C.	Sloop	29.06	3				
Evel	John Cavanaugh.	Q. Y. C.	Sloop	26.00	4	Q 1			
Evel	C. E. Ayer.	Lake Geneva.	Cat	1st.	1				
Eva	Daniel Sargent.	E. Y. C.	Sloop	25.04	2				
Fairie	E. H. Towle.	Pac. Y. C.	Cat	21.09 f.1	2				
Fanchou	Larch Y. C.	Clev. Y. Ass.	Cat		2				
Fanita	Geo. J. Gould.	N. Y. Y. C.	Sloop	45.05	3	3			
Fanny	Travers & Oakley.	N. Y. Y. C.	Sloop	65.05	3	3	1		
Fanny	Wm. Turner.	N. Y. Y. C.	Cat	18.00	1				
Fatitz	F. Woodward.	Q. Y. C.	Sloop	29.03	1				
Famun	Silas Perry.	Mon. Beach.	Cat	24.01	2				
Favorita	M. Charde.	E. R. Y. C.	Sloop	31.02	1				
Fearless	F. G. Cooley.	S. B. Y. C.	Cat	20.11	1				
Fisher, Henry	Martin Nicholas.	C. Y. C.	J. & M.	19.04	2				
Flash	C. D. Barker.	K. Y. C.	Sloop	*33.00	3	2			
Flirt	H. C. White.	S. F. Y. C.	Cat	59.10	4				
Flirt	Geo. Lynam.	B. Y. C.	Cat	22.00	6				
Flirt	F. J. Hildreth.	S. B. Y. C.	Cat	15.06	1				
Flora	A. C. Perkins.	N. H. Y. C.	Sloop	23.06	1				
Foam	Patterson.	Ipswich.	Cat		1				
Folly	J. F. Sheppard.	Q. Y. C.	Sloop	26.04	3				
Forsyth, Alex.	Alex. Forsyth.	J. C. Y. C.	Cat	29.03	1				
Forsyth, Annie	Alex. Roe.	J. C. Y. C.	Cat	17.08	1				
Formuna	H. S. Hovey.	E. Y. C.	Schr.	97.00	8	2			
Freddie	Clev. Y. Ass.	Clev. Y. Ass.	Sloop		1				
Frolic	W. S. Chamberlain.	Bo. Y. C.	Sloop	28.10	1				
Garfield	Dr. Curtis.	King. Y. C.	Sloop		4				
Gem	H. W. Savage.	B. Y. C.	Sloop	25.02	8	1	1		
Gem	S. A. Bigelow.	Mattapoisett.	Cat	17.05	1				
George	F. W. Martin.	K. Y. C.	Sloop	24.01	6	L. Y. C.	1		
George Dust	Geo. Seaman.	K. Y. C.	J. & M.	24.01	2				
Good Luck	A. M. Phillips.	Dighton	Cat	*22.03	1				
Gracie	J. P. Earle.	N. Y. Y. C.	Sloop	69.09	5				
Gracie	W. R. Moore.	K. Y. C.	Sloop	24.03	10	Mott. 6			
Gracie	R. W. Roy.	B. Q. Y. C.	Sloop	26.00	4				
Gracie	Jas. Mallory.	N. H. Y. C.	Cat	22.35	1				
Graham, Katie	Andrew Marshall.	C. Y. C.	J. & M.	26.00	2				
Gray, Henry	W. B. Phelps, Jr.	Os. Y. C.	Sloop	28.00	2				
Gray, Katie	L. A. Fish.	N. Y. Y. C.	Schr.	84.04	7	4			
Grayling	J. W. Hill.	D. Y. C.	Sloop	22.07	4				
Greta	Fred. Knappe.	P. O. Y. C.	Sloop	20.04	1				
Grey Eagle	Skellenger & O'Brien.	Newark Y. C.	Cat	36.07	2				
Gunn	W. L. Thornborn.	W. L. Y. C.	Cat	17.03	2				
Haleon	C. E. Paine.	E. Y. C.	Schr.	79.03	3				
Happy Thought	G. M. Graves.	N. H. Y. C.	Sloop	33.03	4				
Harbinger	J. M. Forbes.	E. Y. C.	Schr.	65.08	4	1			
Hard Times	H. W. Geyer.	J. C.	Cat	18.06	6	J. C.			
Hattie	F. H. Berg.	K. Y. C.	Cat	14.08	1				

Name.	Owner.	Club or Port.	Rig.	W. L.	No. of Races Sailed.	1st Prize.	2d Prize.	3d Prize.
Helen.	C. G. Weld.	Minnetonka.	Sloop	35.05	3	1	1	..
Hera.	Thos. Fearon.	N. Y. Y. C.	Cata.	31.06	3	..	1	..
Hermes.	W. H. Dennen.	C. A. Y. C.	Sloop	18.03	2	1	1	..
Hestia.	A. L. Kreyemeyer.	J. C. Y. C.	J. & M.	21.11	1	2	1	..
Holmes, H. H.	Owen Farley.	J. C. Y. C.	J. & M.	20.00	1	2	1	..
Hoodoo.	H. L. Harding.	B. Y. C.	Cat	18.11	12	1	1	..
Hornet.	Chas. Wilson.	N. H. Y. C.	1	1	1	..
Hornet.	..	V. Y. R. Ass.	Cat	..	1	1	1	..
Howland, Ray	Wm. Gray, Jr.	E. Y. C.	Sloop	63.09	5	1	1	..
Hypatia.	Jas. Weir, Jr.	A. Y. C.	Cat	26.07	1	1	1	..
Ida.	Wm. Gerlach.	Clev. Y. Ass.	Sloop	26.00	2	1	1	1
Idun.	..	Mil. Y. C.	Sloop	..	1	1	1	..
Ileen.	Arthur Padelford.	N. Y. Y. C.	Cutter	65.03	8	1	1	..
Imogen.	B. T. Wendell.	H. Y. C.	Cat	19.07	7	1	1	5th
Inez.	Goodridge Bros.	W. L. Y. C.	Sloop	18.06	1	1	1	..
Iolanthe.	W. H. Biggar.	Mat. B. Q. Y. C.	Cat	..	1	1	1	..
Iris.	D. Lewis, Jr.	B. Q. Y. C.	Sloop	30.06	6	5	1	..
Iris.	Guilford Bros.	T. Y. C.	Sloop	17.00	1	T. Y. C.	1	..
Ives.	..	L. Y. C.	Cat	17.00	1	1	1	..
Jean.	E. Thorp.	Mich. Y. C.	Schr.	1st. C.	2	2	2	..
Jennie.	K. Y. C.	K. Y. C.	Cat	14.11	7	3	1	..
Jennie L.	C. H. Lockhardt.	N. York.	J. & M.	24.04	1	1	1	..
Jennie S.	I. of H. Y. C.	L. Y. C.	Sloop	23.09	6	2	1	..
Jewel.	F. Hughes.	Jersey City.	J. & M.	30.00	3	1	1	..
Joker.	Thos. Mort.	Larch. Y. C.	Cat	*19.08	1	2	1	..
Judith.	Geo. Coffin.	H. Y. C.	Cat	19.07	13	Q. Y. C.	4	..
Juno.	E. T. Pigeon.	J. C. Y. C.	Sloop	22.09	8	J. C.	1	..
Just Woke Up.	F. A. Woodbury.	Lake Geneva.	..	2d.	1	1	1	..
Keegan, Mary.	J. B. Phillips.	Newark Y. C.	J. & M.	21.11	4	1	3	..
Kismet.	W. H. Biggar.	J. & M.	J. & M.	24.04	1	1	1	..
Kit.	H. N. Curtis.	H. Y. C.	Cat	17.11	9	H.	1	..
Kittie.	Wilcox & Rich.	B. H. Y. C.	Cat	18.06	1	1	1	..
Kitty B.	E. H. Tarbell.	H. Y. C.	Sloop	22.03	10	H. Y. C.	1	2
Kitty B.	E. Burrell.	K. Y. C.	Cat	20.01	4	1	1	..
Lady Ida.	..	Tol. Y. C.	..	u. 23	1	1	1	..
Lapwing.	J. Malcolm Forbes.	Clev. Y. Ass.	..	2	3	1	1	..
Laura.	T. Mc K. Robertson.	King. Y. C.	Cutter	35.05	1	1	1	..
Lazy Jane.	..	Sloop	Sloop	32.00	4	1	1	3
Lee, Flora.	D. H. Lincoln.	Minnetonka.	Cat	16.00	6	Q. 2	1	2
Lillian.	..	S. B. Y. C.	Cat	26.03	1	1	1	..
Lilly.	B. H. Y. C.	B. H. Y. C.	..	26.03	1	1	1	..
Lily R.	P. M. Bond.	S. B. Y. C.	Sloop	36.02	10	2H.	1	1
Lily R.	T. D. Rogers.	N. Y. Y. C.	Sloop	37.05	1	1	1	..
Little Dean.	C. Rae, Jr.	Harlem.	Cat	16.05	3	1	1	..
Lively.	..	San Francisco.	1	1	1	..
Lizzie R.	W. T. Onderdonk.	K. Y. C.	Cat	*28.06	5	3	1	..
Lone Star.	O. Joback.	E. R. Y. C.	Sloop	18.04	2	1	1	..
Louis.	..	St. Croix Y. C.	1	1	1	..
Lulu.	H. Gerlach.	Clev. Y. Ass.	Sloop	29.03	1	1	1	1
Lurline.	C. D. Sprackels.	Schr.	Schr.	72.03	5	2	1	..
Mabel.	G. R. Howe.	H. Y. C.	Cat	19.04	2	1	1	..
Mabel.	..	Ganonoque.	1	1	1	..
Madeline.	Mich. Y. C.	Mich. Y. C.	1	1	1	..
Maggie.	Geo. H. Warren.	B. Y. C.	Cutter	44.03	5	2	1	..
Maggie.	A. Wagner.	K. Y. C.	J. & M.	18.01	5	1	3	1
Maggie F.	..	Newark Y. C.	J. & M.	1	1	1	1	4th
Magic.	L. C. Neal.	L. Y. C.	Sloop	30.02	5	3	1	..
Mamie.	E. L. Williams.	S. Bay Y. C.	Cutter	31.11	4	S. Bay	1	..
Mamie H.	..	Pt. Clear.	..	4th	1	1	1	..
Margaret Jane.	..	Pt. Clear.	..	2d	1	1	1	..
Margaret.	..	Shelter Island.	1	1	1	..
Mattie.	Howard Stockton.	B. Y. C.	Cat	25.10	7	*B.1	1	..
Mary.	..	Congwood.	..	1st	1	1	1	..
Maud.	..	South. Y. C.	1	1	1	..
Maud F.	J. Foulks.	E. R. Y. C.	Cat	19.09	3	1	1	..
Maude.	..	Palmetto.	1	1	1	..
Mayotta.	J. K. Rosenquist.	K. Y. C.	Cat	24.04	3	1	1	..
Mediator.	Walter Gilbert.	Penn. Y. C.	1	1	1	..
Melen.	..	King. Y. C.	2	1	1	..
Meteor.	D. W. Parkinson.	D. W. C.	Cat	16.02	1	1	1	..
Middy.	J. H. Vondy.	J. C. Y. C.	Sloop	37.07	1	1	1	..
Minerva.	..	Q. C. Y. C.	Sloop	33.09	1	1	1	..
Minnie.	Engelhart, et al.	Harlem Y. C.	J. & M.	21.09	2	1	1	..
Mirage.	L. M. Clark.	B. Y. C.	Cat	17.00	16	B. Y. C. H. Y. C. Q. Y. C.	2	..
Mischief.	J. R. Busk.	N. Y. Y. C.	Sloop	61.00	6	2	2	..
Mischief.	J. F. Parkinson.	T. Y. C.	Sloop	21.00	5	3	2	..
Mischief.	..	St. Croix Y. C.	Sloop	..	1	1	1	..
Mona.	E. M. Padelford.	S. Y. C.	Cutter	36.06	1	1	1	..
Mona.	H. Parker.	S. Bay Y. C.	Cutter	18.07	3	S. Bay	Y. C.	..
Montauk.	N. S. Platt.	N. Y. Y. C.	Schr.	94.08	0	4	1	..
Morgan.	..	South. Y. C.	..	3d	1	1	1	..
Mumma, Martha.	Randolph Cruger.	C. Y. C.	J. & M.	24.08	3	1	1	..
Muriel.	French.	C. A. Y. C.	Sloop	22.00	3	L. Y. C.	1	..
Myrtle.	R. C. Poor.	H. Y. C.	Cat	18.06	9	1	1	..
Myrtle.	Wm. Phinney.	Mon. Beach.	Cat	24.03	2	1	1	..
Nahma.	Q. C. Y. C.	Q. C. Y. C.	..	27-32	2	1	1	..
Nancy.	J. P. Grosse.	W. Y. Y. C.	Cat	17.00	2	1	1	..
Narrag.	C. W. Voltz.	Cat	Cat	21.05 1/2	5	2	1	..
Nautilus.	King Unton.	E. Y. C.	Sloop	45.00	2	S. Bay	Y. C.	..
Nellie.	J. M. Donahue.	S. F. Y. C.	Schr.	56.09	5	2	1	1
Nellie.	..	Southern Y. C.	..	38.00	2	1	1	..
Nellie G.	W. H. Martin.	P. Y. C.	Schr.	43.00	1	1	1	..
Nellie R.	A. M. Fowler.	K. Y. C.	Cat	28.02	5	3	1	..
Nellie.	T. Sargent.	S. Bay Y. C.	Schr.	25.08	3	S. Bay	Y. C.	..
Nellie.	J. S. Rumsey.	1st.	2	2	2	..
Never Tell.	..	Mobile Y. C.	Schr.	38.00	2	1	1	..
Nimbus.	B. Jenney, Jr.	Bo. Y. C.	Sloop	33.03	4	1	1	..
Niobe.	F. L. Dunne.	D. Y. C.	Cat	19.06	16	1	4	3 1/4th
No Name.	..	Tol. Y. C.	..	u. 23	1	1	1	..
Nokomis.	Louis Willis.	Yawl	Cat	16.03	5	2	1	..
Nonpareil.	E. Laing.	B. Y. C.	Sloop	57.06	3	3	1	..
Norah.	R. J. Bell.	B. Q. Y. C.	Sloop	..	2	1	1	..
Oberon.	L. Mathias.	Tol. Y. C.	Sloop	..	2	1	1	4th
O'Brien, Peter.	H. C. Tufts.	E. R. Y. C.	J. & M.	19.10	3	1	1	..
Only Son.	..	N. J. Y. C.	J. & M.	..	1	1	1	..
Oriva.	O. S. Lee.	S. Y. C.	Cutter	50.00	7	4	1	..
Orville Dwn.	B. Sherwood.	Newark Y. C.	J. & M.	24.01	2	2	1	..
Parole.	J. Smith.	N. Y.	Cat	27.04	1	1	1	..
Pearce, John, Jr.	..	Mobile Y. C.	Cat	16.09	2	1	1	..
Pearl.	J. F. Lee.	L. Y. C.	Sloop	22.04	8	1L.	1	4th
Peerless.	..	Yale Y. C.	1	1	1	..
Peri.	Henry Parkman.	B. Y. C.	Cat	18.06	3	S. Bay	1	..
Pert.	L. S. Coffin.	New. Y. C.	Sloop	15.09	1	1	1	5th
Pet.	J. W. McFarlane.	Q. C. Y. C.	Cat	24.07	9	Q.	1	2
Petrel.	E. A. Stevens.	S. Y. C.	Sloop	28.01	2	1	1	..
Petrel.	H. B. Doyle.	Buf. Y. C.	Sloop	29.11	2	1	1	..
Phenes, O. R.	John Webster.	N. Y.	J. & M.	27.08	3	2	1	..
Pierson, F. K.	..	Q. C. Y. C.	Sloop	26.05	4	1	1	..
Pirate.	..	N. Y.	Cat	..	1	1	1	..
Pirate.	G. Crisp.	Lake Geneva.	..	2d	2	1	1	2
Polly.	..	J. & M.	1	1	1	..
Poyen, J. S., Jr.	Pierce & Bowen.	New. Y. C.	Sloop	22.05	2	1	1	4th
Pratt, T. J.	T. B. Carpenter.	Q. C. Y. C.	J. & M.	24-27	4	2	1	..
Progress.	..	E. R. Y. C.	Cat	..	1	1	1	..
Psyche.	B. D. Sears.	B. Y. C.	Cat	17.00	3	1	1	..
Queen Mab.	Burwell & Litchfield.	H. Y. C.	Cat	21.06	13	H. Y. C. Q. Y. C.	6	1
Rajah.	J. G. Beecher.	N. H. Y. C.	Cutter	32.00	2	1	1	..
Rambler.	A. F. Adams.	Newark Y. C.	J. & M.	24.02	6	1	1	..
Rambler.	C. M. Cole.	S. F. Y. C.	Schr.	37.00	1	1	1	..
Rambler.	J. J. Henry.	H. Y. C.	Cat	26.00	2	H. Y. C.	1	..
Rattlesnake.	W. H. Alley.	L. Y. C.	Cat	26.00	1	1	1	..
Raven.	Geo. H. Williams.	B. Y. C.	Sloop	24.10	2	W. L.	1	4th
Raven.	F. Steinbeck.	W. L. Y. C.	Schr.	15.01	3	1	1	..
Restless.	W. W. Tompkins.	..	Schr.	50.00	1	1	1	..
Rex.	..	San Francisco	1	1	1	..
Richmond.	E. P. Mowton.	K. Y. C.	Cat	19.04 1/2	1	1	1	..
Rita.	H. B. Richardson.	Q. C. Y. C.	J. & M.	23.11	3	2	1	..
Rival.	J. M. Seymour.	B. Y. C.	Cat	18.08	5	1B.	1	..
Rocker.	J. W. Cooper.	Am. Y. C.	S. S.	37.00	1	1	1	..
Romeyn.	B. F. Bass.	Q. Y. C.	Sloop	45.10	2	1	1	..
Romp.	W. R. Vermilyea.	A. Y. C.	Sloop	32.10	3	3	1	..
Rover.	G. W. Linnell.	B. H. Y. C.	Cat	22.08	1	1	1	5th
Ruby.	..	Clev. Y. Ass.	2	2	2	..
Ruth.	J. C. Remon, Jr.	Mobile	Sloop	23.00	1	1	1	4th
Sara.	J. C. Remon, Jr.	S. Bay Y. C.	Sloop	30.05	4	1	1	..
Sara.	John E. Peabody.	E. C. Y. C.	Cat	16.10	4	1	1	..
Saracen.	Geo. R. Hobby.	K. Y. C.	Sloop	30.05	3	1	1	..
Sassacus.	W. P. Fowle.	Bo. Y. C.	Cutter	22.00	8	1	1	2
Scamp.	B. Griffin.	C. A. Y. C.	Sloop	16.03	3	2	1	..
Schemer.	Frank Gray.	D. Y. C.	Cat	17.10	7	1	1	2
Scud.	A. Monroe.	Larch. Y. C.	Sloop	38.04	2	1	1	..
Scud.	..	Tol. Y. C.	..	23-35	1	1	1	..
Seabird.	Geo. S. Forbush.	Bo. Y. C.	Sloop	22.02	11	Bo. Y. C. H. Y. C.	4	1 4th
Sea Robin.	H. J. Walters.	K. Y. C.	Sloop	23.10	2	2	1	..
Seraphine.	Borden & Temple.	S. B. Y. C.	Cat	19.06	1	1	1	..

Name.	Owner.	Club or Port.	Rig.	W. L.	No. of Races Sailed.	1st Prize.	2d Prize.	3d Prize.	Name.	Owner.	Club or Port.	Rig.	W. L.	No. of Races Sailed.	1st Prize.	2d Prize.	3d Prize.
Seta	John Bryant.	Shelter Island.	Sloop	33.06	11	HYC 4	4	..	Undine	Benj. Dean	Bo. Y. C...	Sloop	48.06	1
Shadow.	Bush & Frazer	B. Y. C.	Cat	20.02½	5	2	Unknown.	Ambrose Martin.	J. C.	Cat	..	4
Shadow.	W. V. Merrill	Newark Y. C.	Cat	17.08	7	1	1	..	Vaddie.	W. A. Brady	K. Y. C.	Cat	15.06	4	2
Sheerwater.	J. L. Wood.	Ganonogue.	Cat	27.02	3	1	1	..	Van Voorhis, Carrie	S. Pinckney	Mill. Y. C.	Sloop	34.08	2	1
Smith, J. & W.	Thos. Kells.	H. Y. C.	Cat	101.00	1	1	1	..	Varuna.	G. H. B. Hill.	N. Y. Y. C.	Schr.	86.05	4	1
Snoozer.	C. E. Korff.	Penn. Y. C.	Cat	21.10	1	1	1	..	Varuna.	E. H. Turlon.	Larch. Y. C.	Sloop	26.00	2	1
Sophia.	Walter Abbott.	Am. Y. C.	S. & M.	17.08	11	Venus.	A. Y. C.	C. Y. Y. C.	Sloop	23.06	1	1	1	..
Spider.	H. M. Faxon.	N. J. Y. C.	Cat	17.07	15	H.	3	1	Vera.	Wm. McKenzie	B. Y. C.	Cutter	*20.02	3	1	1	..
Spray.	G. F. Putnam.	B. Y. C.	Cat	14.00	2	2	Verve.	Everett Paine.	R. C. Y. C.	Cutter	42.00	5	1	1	2
Spray.	J. N. Macauley	Q. Y. C.	Cat	26.35	6	1	1	..	Verve.	Sever.	Chi. Y. Ass.	Cutter	43.06	2	1
Stranger.	E. Ringer.	L. Y. C.	Cat	51.04	1	1	1	..	Vesper.	Benner Bros.	W. L. Y. C.	Sloop	18.09	5	W. L. 3
Sunbeam.	T. C. Zerega.	N. H. Y. C.	Sloop	27.10	2	1	1	..	Viking.	L. D. Shepherd.	L. D. Y. C.	Sloop	34.11	1	1	1	..
Supervisor.	J. M. Codman.	Q. C. Y. C.	Sloop	35.04	2	1	1	..	Violet.	E. C. Smith.	L. Y. C.	Sloop	20.00	2	1	1	..
Surf.	J. M. Codman.	S. Y. C.	Cat	24.00	6	5	Violet.	Geo. H. Richards.	B. Y. C.	Cat	24.05	5	*B1
Surprise.	Jas. Richardson.	B. Y. C.	Cat	21.11	6	2	Virginia.	C. N. Roberts.	Mon. Y. C.	Schr.	40.00	2	2
Surprise.	D. Beattie.	B. Y. C.	Cat	18.01	3	1	1	..	Viva.	Hutchings & Pryor.	S. B. Y. C.	Cat	18.06	10	HYC 1	1	..
Swiftsure.	J. Relyea.	B. Q. Y. C.	Sloop	3d	1	1	1	..	Vixen.	F. C. Lawrence, Jr.	N. Y. Y. C.	Sloop	44.01	5	1
Tantrum.	Amos Cotting.	Mon. Y. C.	Cat	28.00	4	1	1	..	Vixen.	E. W. Grover	Newark Y. C.	Sloop	26.04	4	3
Teaser.	S. A. Freeman	B. Y. C.	Cat	20.05	9	3	1	1	Warner, Lizzie.	T. Lutard.	S. B. Y. C.	Sloop	24.06	5	1
Teethy.	S. A. Freeman	Q. C. Y. C.	Sloop	30.08	3	3	Wasp.	John Frindeville.	Chi. Y. C.	Sloop	64.00	1	1
Thialf.	B. F. Murphy	K. Y. C.	Cat	24.06½	1	1	1	..	Wenouah.	Hannum	Prov. Y. C.	Cat	60.09	6	..	1	..
Thistle.	Jas. Gahan	W. Y. C.	Cat	24.10	7	1	1	..	Whiff.	J. F. Bullard.	N. Y. Y. C.	Cutter	15.09	3	..	1	..
Thomas, M. S.	J. N. Thorp.	W. Y. C.	Cat	19.07	1	1	1	..	Whisk.	Frank Winne.	S. B. Y. C.	Cat	15.09	3	..	1	..
Thorp, Nettie.	V. Siebert.	W. L. Y. C.	Cat	18.01	3	1	1	..	Whisk.	Edw. Burfield.	Newark Y. C.	Cat	18.10½	3	1	1	..
Tidal Wave.	Jos. Swift.	J. C. Y. C.	Cat	26.03	9	HYC 3	4	..	Whisper.	F. W. Sargent.	B. Y. C.	Cat	24.04	3	..	1	..
Torpedo.	E. W. Ingalls.	N. H. Y. C.	Sloop	15-25	1	1	1	..	Whisper.	N. K. Fairbank.	Lake Geneva.	..	1st	2	2
Tough.	W. L. Cheney.	Olev. Y. Ass.	Cat	64.00	2	White Wing.	Chi. Y. C.	Lake Geneva.	..	2d	2	2
Transit.	H. E. Dodge.	N. Y. Y. C.	Schr.	18.10½	3	1	1	..	Wildfire.	F. Wheeler.	N. H. Y. C.	Sloop	38.00	2	..	1	..
Trio.	E. Phelps.	Newark Y. C.	Cat	23.11	6	3	Willie.	H. A. Kieth.	Q. Y. C.	Cat	17.03	11	1	1	..
Triton.	O. H. Kerker.	K. Y. C.	Cat	16.04	4	SByYC	Willie.	R. Shilling.	K. Y. C.	Cat	18.03	4	2
Triton.	Gordon Dexter.	B. Y. C.	Cat	18.01	2	1	1	..	Willie.	Atwood.	P. Y. C.	Sloop	..	1	1
Truant.	A. K. Hall.	W. L. Y. C.	Cat	*20.00	6	J.	Willis, Jennie.	James Willis.	N. Y. Y. C.	J. & M.	25.04	1	1	1	..
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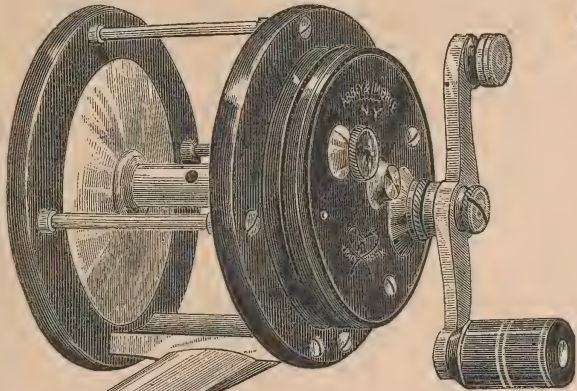
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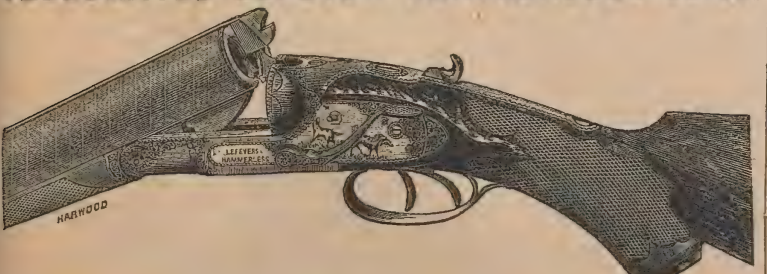
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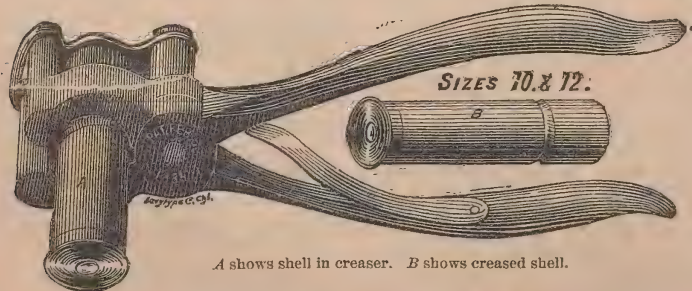
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THE RIFLE YEAR.

THOUGH the present month thus far has given us magnificent shooting weather, which has afforded opportunity for much capital practice on the ranges, yet the season may be considered as fairly closed with the Thanksgiving Day matches. Here and there on ranges where there are inclosed shooting houses, trials of skill over the off-hand ranges up to 200 yards may be kept up even through the entire winter; but formal practice on the part of organizations and clubs—military as well as civilian—has been generally suspended for the year 1884, and it is time to cast up the account and see where we stand and what the record of the year may be. On the whole, it has been a satisfactory season; quiet, indeed, without any such rush of excitement as is brought on by an international match; but in almost every State of the Union the crack of the rifle has been heard on a score or more of ranges. The way is gradually clearing up to a point where it will be generally discovered how much we do not know in the matter of close marksmanship. Just what certain makes of rifles will do over certain ranges, and the relative merit of many of the contrivances now relied upon to bring about good scores, are questions which are being worked out here and there by many observant workers. Men who study the science and practice the art of marksmanship without any preconceived notions of how things must come out, are becoming more frequent on our ranges, and once they grow into an important body in the shooting world, then will the many faults of the present arms be done away with. There is too much respect for old-fashioned ways of doing things now hampering those who make, as well as those who use, rifles. The military habit has had much to do with this, and many who shoot with non-military clubs are really soldiers out of uniform and inclined to the military habit of respecting precedent and observing rule.

The National Rifle Association has carried out its work on the most modest basis. The fall meeting called out a generous show of competition in answer to the efforts made by the directors in putting up a liberal prize list. It is pretty certain that if anything is to be done in a general meeting where a popular support is looked for, it must be brought about through a liberal prize list. It may be pos-

sible for a small club of enthusiastic shooters to carry on matches for a long time, and with abundant pleasure in the contests, upon a merely nominal prize list. Where local feeling is aroused, contests may be had between counties in a State, and between States in a larger match, where the glory of winning is considered an ample return for the outlay of effort, but as a general rule the sport must be made attractive by such prize lists as will draw out the crowd. There must be the chance of winning something of value held out, even though the odds be more than correspondingly increased.

There is room, too, in our prize meetings for new matches. Put under such conditions as would bring new talent to the front, many of the old-time matches would become attractive. In place of forcing everything to bend to the making of good scores on paper, more attention should be paid to the simulation of real work with the rifle. When a man has learned to use a rifle well, the next thing is to learn to use it as he would in the field, or under such demands of rapidity and at such unknown distances as would be made in practice before an enemy.

NETTING DUCKS ON LONG ISLAND.

IN another column will be found a communication from the game protector for the counties of Kings, Queens and Suffolk, relative to the netting of ducks on Long Island. This abominable practice, which was so much complained of last year, is still being carried on in Great South Bay, and is doing great injury to the shooting there. Mr. Whittaker states that it is impossible for him to seize the nets put out for the purpose of catching the birds. He informs us that he has taken legal advice on the point, and no less an authority than Mr. Whitehead has warned him that he will expose himself to a suit for damages if he interferes with the netters. The statute made and provided in the case (Laws 1879, Chap. 534) reads as follows:

Sec. 5. No person shall at any time kill any wild duck, goose or brant with any device or instrument known as a swivel or punt gun, or with any gun other than such guns as are habitually raised at arm's length, and fired from the shoulder, or use any net, device or instrument, or gun other than aforesaid, with intent to capture or kill any such birds.

The netters, we are told, spread their nets over the feeding grounds of the ducks and capture them by this means, but if the nets are seized, even though the dead ducks are found entangled in them, they swear, and bring witnesses to support their statements, that the nets were put down for the purpose of taking bass. This throws the burden of proof upon the prosecutor, who is obliged to establish the fact that the nets were spread for the purpose of taking the birds and not the fish. Proof of this it would, of course, be impossible to obtain.

It would seem, from this statement, that the fault lies with the law as it now stands, and this emphasizes once more a point that we have frequently made against the New York law. In these statutes the conviction of any offender is made difficult, and often impossible, by throwing the burden of proof on the prosecution. In the present instance, the presence in the section of the words "with intent," practically nullifies the section. If those two words were omitted, and the capture of ducks by means of nets were simply prohibited, the finding of dead ducks in a net would be *prima facie* evidence of an intended violation of the law, and it would rest with the defendant to show that in setting his nets there was no intention to catch ducks. This an honest man would have no difficulty in proving.

All such words as "knowingly," "wilfully," "with intent" and similar phrases which have to do with the purposes of violators of the law, are out of place in our game laws. We presume that the criminal code does not say that any person who shall wilfully pick a pocket or break into a bank or rob a till is guilty of a crime, and it would scarcely be held a good explanation if the thief who was caught with his hand in his neighbor's pocket, should say that he put it there in search of a match. The public are supposed to know the law, and if offenders are ignorant of it, that is a misfortune of theirs, of which the law does not take cognizance. At all events, if men are found with stolen property in their possession, an explanation is demanded of them. So, if men are found taking up nets which have in them birds unlawfully captured, it should rest with them to show their innocence of guilty intent. The law has been violated, and through their agency; on them should rest the burden of proof to show that they are not responsible.

Cases similar to the one indicated are numerous in these statutes, and are a disgrace to the State of New York, since they make its laws ridiculous. How absurd it is to say that

no person shall "wilfully sell or expose for sale" netted quail or grouse. It is the business of the dealer to know whether birds have or have not been netted, and an absolute prohibition of the sale of such birds is all that is required. The dealer may safely be trusted to look out for his own interests in this matter, and if the word "wilfully" were expunged, a single conviction would put an end to the sale of snared birds, and there would be no more advertising that a higher price would be paid for trapped than for shot birds.

NATIONAL FIELD TRIALS CLUB.

AT a meeting held last Tuesday evening at Canton, Miss., the National American Kennel Club voted to change the name of the organization to the National Field Trials Club, and a committee was appointed to so revise the constitution as to remove everything that referred to other functions. The changes of name and constitution will in no wise alter the character of the club. It will do no more nor less with the new name than it did with the old. However broad may have been the field proposed by the founders of the club, practically, for some years it has done nothing more than to hold its annual field trials. The giving of bench shows has been left to local clubs, and any control that might be exercised over these exhibitions, has been assumed by another organization recently formed for this express purpose. The National American Kennel Club originally contemplated the publication of a stud book; but for some reason or other the financial burden proved too great for it to bear, and in a moment of sadly misplaced confidence, it turned over the entries and fees received for the second volume to a concern which has since proved itself irresponsible in the matter. A stud-book has fortunately been supplied by the publication of the now firmly established *American Kennel Register*, so that in reality there was no special reason why the National American Kennel Club should longer burden itself with a task which requires painstaking labor quite out of proportion to any tangible return made for it.

THE MIGNONETTE CASE.—The survivors of the wrecked English yacht Mignonette, who saved themselves from starvation by killing and eating one of their companions, a boy, have been tried for murder, convicted and sentenced to be hanged. The decision of the court was, that the taking of human life could be justified only by a plea of self-defense, and that the deliberate killing of another for the preservation of one's own life was murder. Harsh as were the extraordinary circumstances of the case, this decision will be accepted as good law. These circumstances were urged by the convicted men in their plea for mercy, and according to the cable reports, it is probable that the sentence will not be executed. If the unfortunates should be pardoned, the clemency of the crown will meet with universal indorsement, for although strictly and technically the offense of the Mignonette crew was murder, no one can ascribe to them the motives that usually prompt a murderer. Nor is the verdict likely to have very great influence upon other shipwrecked men in like circumstances, for if they arrive at a point where they are ready to kill and eat a companion to save their lives, they will not be deterred from doing so by the very remote contingency of a trial for murder, in which they will be convicted, if at all, only by their own testimony.

THE MAINE DEER LAW.—We print this week further letters on this subject which is, it seems to us, well worth agitating. We shall be glad to hear from any correspondents who have anything to say on the matter, which is of such great importance to the people of the old Pine Tree State. We are anxious to hear all that can be said on the subject pro and con, and urge our readers to contribute their views and experiences. Let us accumulate the evidence now rather than wait until the Legislature is in session.

AMATEUR CANOE BUILDING.—The papers on amateur canoe building, printed in the FOREST AND STREAM, have been collected into book form and will shortly be issued from the press. Several additions have been made to the chapters that appeared in the paper, and the manual is the most complete ever published or for a long time likely to be published. The book will be ready for delivery in about a fortnight, and all orders will then be filled in their proper turn.

ADIRONDACK DEER HOUNDING.—Ought deer hounding to be forbidden throughout the entire Adirondack region? If it ought to be, can it be? And if it is, can the law be enforced? These are questions that just now are calling for an answer. We should be glad to have the opinions of those whose knowledge of the subject gives them authority to speak.

The Sportsman Tourist.

CAROLINA QUAIL SHOOTING.

FOR several months past I have been so engaged in other pursuits, and especially using my tongue instead of my pen as a means of conveying my thoughts upon such subjects as were interesting to me and, as I thought, important to the country, that I have failed to communicate with the readers of FOREST AND STREAM. It does not become me to say whether the service I rendered to the general public was of much value, or whether the patrons of your paper suffered any loss by my silence. Nor is it my purpose to indicate whether I was one of that class of our people who rejoiced at the result of the late political struggle, in which I was an humble but somewhat zealous participant, or one of that class whose hearts were full of sorrow over the evils anticipated from a change in the Federal Administration. The election is over, the verdict of the people of the several States has been rendered, and I earnestly trust, for the country's sake, that our public affairs will be so managed during the next four years as to advance "the general welfare" by the enactment of wise and just laws, the equal distribution of the burdens of government, and the preservation of all national and individual rights. To speak thus of my wishes and hopes, I feel sure, cannot be regarded as treason, even though expressed in columns which know no partisanship, but are devoted to pursuits loved by men of all shades of political opinion.

When our open season began, the weather was so dry that the field offered no temptation to the most ardent sportsman. It was peculiarly trying to the powers of any dog to range fields in which there was not a drop of water to cool his tongue or body, and in an atmosphere so thoroughly desiccated that his olfactory nerves were incapable of distinguishing, or even perceiving an odor. I made but few efforts after game, and in all of them not only found no game of consequence, but had the misfortune to see my dog on several occasions drop down in a fit, produced, as I supposed, by an overtax of his physical powers. It may be that his troubles arose from a different cause. He appeared, however, to be healthy, and had an excellent appetite. Having had no exercise for months, he was, no doubt, too tender for a hard range; and besides, he was too fat to stand much arduous labor. At all events, he had "fits," and I often earnestly wished that I possessed that marvellous skill professed by a quack, who alleged his ability to cure that disorder, even though ignorant of that part of the *materia medica* which was applicable to the other diseases "which flesh is heir to." All I could do was to "possess my soul in patience," and trust to the *vis medicatrix nature* for his restoration. He invariably "came to" after a short while; but learned no wisdom from his experience. We have now had rain, and when the weather becomes colder, I trust he will be capable of withstanding some heavy draughts upon his powers of endurance, and show me many a covey on which to exercise all the skill with the gun which I possess.

Last week, in company with my friend and kinsman, J. T. LeG., and my son, a boy of "sweet sixteen," but who thinks himself full of more learning than all his ancestors combined, a trait not peculiar to him, but too common with cigarette young America all over the land. I went to the old "Leak Plantation" on the Pee Dee River, sixteen miles northwest of this place, in quest of Bob White. We hoped, notwithstanding the long drought, that we would find enough moisture for successful and pleasant hunting. But, alas, we were in error. My little pointer Argo, upon whom we mainly depended, very soon became overcome by the heat, had a fit which dazed him so that he took to the water, swam across a lagoon, and was with difficulty induced to return to me. Late in the afternoon he had another. In consequence of these mishaps, and some very poor shooting by me, our bag was unusually small. We had, however, enough for breakfast, next morning at the table of our hospitable friend, P. N. S., who owns an adjoining estate, and to whom I have had frequently occasion to refer in the columns of the FOREST AND STREAM. To his house we drove up, just about night, and in a short while were seated at his board, paying our respects to such a supper as his guests always receive. The family had been advised of our coming by the youth already mentioned, who, tired of a sport at which he had no success, left the hunting grounds earlier than we did and heralded our approach.

My kinsman, Teceel, had gone with us to the plantation aforesaid, but left us with the view of trying other fields. He concluded not to stop at all, and accordingly, went directly to the dwelling of our host and gave information before the boy had arrived, that we might be expected that night. He took a small tour in the bottoms and hillsides, but had about as poor success as that which came to us.

Next morning it was agreed that the party, now consisting of five persons, by the addition of our friend Tom, should divide. Teceel and Jim LeG., with their dogs Joe and Rex, were to hunt up the river, while Tom, my boy G. and myself, with Lena—that wild bitch that I bought from a man in Virginia, and who gave me such a vivid idea of the meaning of the words "staunch and a good retriever on land and water," which are sometimes seen in advertisements, a description of which I gave in your paper soon after I became one of your correspondents (she has improved very much since that famous occasion)—and my dogs Argo and Sam, should try our fortunes the opposite way. Our squad had barely started in our course before we saw Wat. M. astride a mule, with a little dog named Dot, full brother to Sam, and one of the progeny of Lena aforesaid, who had come out from Anson county, where he had been sojourning at the residence of his uncle, Col. W. M. P. ("Bishop Crickett"). So we divided again, but soon came together where Lena had found a large covey in some stubble. I had found one with Argo, but got only one shot, a successful one, the birds going to cover, where I did not choose to follow.

The large covey escaped both barrels of Tom's "Webley Field," and settled on a ditch bank near the edge of some woods. At this place I got four shots, making two clear misses, which I ascribed at the time, to the fact that I was shooting a new gun, a Williams & Powell hammerless, 14-cylinder, 28 inches, presented to me by my friend, A. L. G., of Philadelphia. After a while I came to the conclusion that the fault was with me. Soon after this we got up another covey, and I got three shots, all of which were successful. Taking down what is called the trunk ditch, we went to the river to get some water for ourselves and dogs. Before reaching it, we saw quite a flock of geese pitch into the stream about five hundred yards below us. Reaching the water, we hallooed to some negroes in a boat near the oppo-

site shore, requested them to land, go below the geese and, if possible, drive them toward us. Happening to have a few shells loaded with No. 1 buck, we inserted them and cautiously went down the stream about half the distance, and secreting ourselves, awaited events. It was not long before we heard the note which indicated their flight; but when we saw them, we noticed, to our disappointment, that they would pass us at least two hundred and fifty yards off. We concluded to shoot, thinking that by possibility we might get one. Accordingly, Wat. M. and I each gave them two salutes, and just after the last gun was fired (Wat.'s) we saw one waver and then go down into the water. One of the boatmen got it for us. Which killed it? I do not know. But I got the goose, and to-day had it for dinner. It was not fat—there being so far but little food for them. With some additional adipose it was quite palatable, however.

The boy had been left to hold the dogs, and very soon after we shot he started to us and got up a covey of birds, at which he wasted two shells without avail. Where they went he could not tell. Two hundred yards below we got up another covey, which took refuge in a pine thicket. I got in three shots and bagged two birds. The other I think I killed, but we failed to find it. Then, in a very thick place, the dogs flushed a very large one, at which some of the others shot, without success. These settled on a ditch bank, thickly set with cane, and though we started several of them we bagged none. Here Argo had another "fit"—a preceding one about an hour before this. He recovered, however, and joined me in about fifteen minutes, soon after which one of the hunters flushed a nice covey, at which I got five shots, "grassing" three of them. We got some of them up in a short while and I "feathered" one, while Wat. M. killed one—this being his first trial during the day—and that bird was the only one so far which I had not brought down. About this time poor Argo was "taken" again. We went on, however, and he rejoined us, pretty soon after which another covey was started, at which three harmless shots were fired by Tom and Wat. I got one chance, killed the bird, but failed to get him. And then Argo was "fitted" slightly. Just then we heard a gun on the opposite side of the swamp, and Jim LeG., who had been unsuccessful above, joined us. He reported that Teceel had become disgusted and gone home. Crossing the swamp our dogs set birds—doubtless a part of the covey we had been pursuing—and Jim got one bird and I got two. Turning our way homeward I had four shots, getting three birds. Jim killed five, Tom one and Wat one. When we reached the house, about nightfall, I had sixteen, Jim the same number, Wat two, the boy, whom I sometimes call Dumble, three, and Tom two, each of the last sportsmen killing one sitting on a limb.

It was my purpose to have returned home the next day, but my kind friends urged me to stay over Sunday, and perhaps the circumstance might be accompanied, as was usual, with rain. I consented, and that night, sure enough, a light one did fall.

The following morning there was every indication of continual showers, but the clouds passed with only a few gentle droppings. We left soon after breakfast, and drove six miles, still up the river, to the home of N. LeG., a brother of my companion, and after night there was a little more rain, but still a very scant supply. Early after breakfast Jim and I set out one way with Argo and Rex, while N., his cousin Cansey LeG., E. S. of Wadesboro, and Dumble, with Pelham, Joe and Sam, went another. They returned at night, reporting that they had killed twenty-four birds. Soon after we went to hunting my poor dog Argo got another "fit," and a very severe one. I had managed, however, to get three birds in nine shots, wounding two others, which escaped going into my pockets. Jim bagged only one, he having failed to get the chances I had. When we got to Dumas's Ferry on the Pee Dee, he had six birds and I only four. At this place we met by accident T. B. W. of Wadesboro, with his gun and young dog, which he calls Belton, that being his class. After dividing rations with him while we sat in the "flat," we all proceeded down the river to try our luck.

In a little while his dog got up a covey, and being called by him, we gave pursuit. From them Jim got five, W. got three and I four. Just below more birds were found by him on a ditch, and he and LeG. each killed one. I did not shoot. They settled in thick cover on the river bank, and LeG. and I each got one. W. requested me to let his dog retrieve my bird. I consented of course. Belton soon found him, but showed greater disposition to convert him to his own use than to bring him to me. For this reason I went to do the retrieving myself. He refused to part with what he evidently regarded as his personal chattel, and a struggle ensued which ended in a *campum paritice*—he getting the head, which he immediately swallowed. I told W. that Belton's appetite was rather good—indeed morbid—and that he needed some corrective. Later in the afternoon, when I had shot another, this hungry canine got to it before I could, and this time gave me the head and breast for my share, while he devoured the remainder. We all did some good shooting during the trip, and when we reached the ferry the score of LeG. and "Wells" was 16 each and W. 12. That night we all spent at the house of our friend, W., and the following day our party started home. About half way I missed Argo, but thinking he would overtake us, we hurried on, and crossed our own door-sills just about dark. Next day Argo was still missing, and I sent a messenger to hunt him. He returned on the 27th with the dog, having found him at the house of P. N. S. Tom reported that two men passed the house the next day after we had gone home with the dog, alleging that they were taking him to his owner. This he emphatically denied, telling them that he knew Argo well and who his owner was.

And thus this not entirely unsuccessful sporting tour ended. Next week I expect, if the spindles and looms over whose operations I have the general management, will not suffer by my absence, to visit Chatham county, where there ought to be plenty of game, in company with my friends Teceel, Mud and Bro. Duffrey. Bro. D. and I will use 14-bore guns, and Teceel and Mud 16's. Each will have 250 loaded shells, and we anticipate making the hills of that section resound with our fusillades, and make the occasion a green one in our sporting memories. I may find time and inclination to give you some notes of what we do. It is probable that Mud and I will separate from the others and confine our operations chiefly to the fields round about Ore Hill, while the others will go to Hickory Mountain and try the birds on a part of the old Allston estate. We hope to be joined by some gentlemen from Fayetteville, who have expressed a desire to compete with us in a trial of skill. Mud and I will make an earnest effort to keep the laurels we have from fading, even though we do not succeed in giving them fresher and greener hues. At all events I feel sure that the peculiarities of my

friend will afford me some amusement, and perhaps he may be of some service to a young untrained setter dog I have, and which I mean to force him to take along, he not owning a dog. We shall see. WELLS.

Natural History.

NOTES OF THE WOODS AND WATERS.

III.

ABOUT SOME DAMP AND SLIMY THINGS CALLED SEaweEDS.

"Not lost the time in seaside ramble spent;
Braced is the frame, and mental health is gained,
Knowledge obtained of Him who made the deep,
And blissful love acquired of Nature's works."

A LGA INUTILIS, exclaims an ancient poet; *utilior alga est*, he adds in a tone of bitter contempt; *refunditor alga*, repeats another very learned bard. "The sea itself spurns forth the worthless tang," chips in still another pot-boiler. All this was many, very many years ago; still it is not more than thirty-five years since seaweeds were still the most despised of all this world's beautiful flora, and were by very many professors and students of botany absolutely ignored and flung aside as so much useless trash cast out by the ocean.



Fig. 1.—FUCUS NODOSUS.

Along the base of the Battery wall extends a band or zone of marine vegetation of a dark or light olive-green color, according to the season of the year and the time of tide. This coarse-looking marine plant when handled during its fruiting time is damp and slimy, but don't for an instant imagine that this unpretending, somber-looking vegetation which attaches itself so persistently to the rocks, is a worthless thing, spewed up by the sea, and of no possible value to any living creature. No, no; this would be a great mistake, for within its olive-colored stems, branches and fronds is contained one of the most subtle of substances known. Then look upon it reverently. We will cut an extremely thin cross section of its stem and place it under the microscope; behold its exquisite and wonderful cell structure; cell upon cell in which the Great Master has caused to be stored up that most precious of remedies for suffering humanity—iodine. Yes, this is cunningly hidden in the unpretending, storm-beaten, despised "black tang," or *Fucus*, but brought out by the fires of the "kelp burners" of Ireland and Scotland. And do not the calotype, the ambrotype, the daguerreotype and photograph all owe their birth to this wonderful essence? Without which tne accompanying illustration (photo engraved) could not have been produced.



Fig. 2.—FUCUS VESICULOSUS.

Fucus—Greek, a seaweed; a genus of very common marine plants (*Algæ*). On our North Atlantic and Pacific coasts are to be found in greater or less abundance some seven varieties of *Fucus*, but the most common are the *Fucus nodosus* (Fig. 1), and *Fucus vesiculosus* (Fig. 2), and *F. serratus*. They are all called "rock weed," and are considered of no great value, except as a fertilizer, and that to no very great or general extent. Occasionally fishermen pack their soft and hard crabs in rock weed, and dealers in oysters dress their baskets with it. In Europe *Fucus* is held in the highest estimation by the farmers, fishermen and peasantry of England, Scotland, Ireland and the Channel Islands. The

people of Guernsey and Jersey call it "vraic," a corruption of *varce*, the French word for seaweed. So important is the matter, that the seasons for cutting and gathering it are appointed and limited by law, viz., from the 10th of February to the 15th of March, and from the 22d of July to the 31st of August.

A great variety of names are given to these unpretending algae by the inhabitants of various localities where they grow, two being after the Virgin Mary, which also goes to prove the high estimation they have for it. Here are a few of the common names: Our Lady's wrack, kelp-ware, black tang, Lady wrack, sea ware, swine-tang, bladder-wrack, etc. The names Our Lady's-wrack and Lady-wrack are on account of the abundant crops of potatoes produced when the *Fucus* is used as a fertilizer, and swine-tang, when it is cut up and broiled with coarse meal or flour on which to fatten swine; bladder-wrack is a name given to the *F. vesiculosus* (Fig. 1.) by children, who dry it and make whistles out of the bladders, and also amuse themselves in winter evenings by casting into the turf fires the bladders, which explode with a loud noise. Fishermen's children on some parts of our coast call it "snap-weed." In the town of Galway, cargoes of *Fucus* were brought from Slynhead, a distance of sixty miles, and was purchased by inland farmers, who conveyed it to their farms, some thirty miles inland, and yet we money-loving Americans have almost entirely failed, up to the present time, to utilize it to any great extent, even for its iodine.

On the Jersey and Guernsey coasts the farmer and the cottager vie with each other when collecting the *Fucus* from the often very stormy sea, and entire families sally forth from all parts of the islands. These are provided with sickles, forks and rakes, the legs being protected with strong shields of leather, the men and women wade as deep into the water as they can, and from the rocks cut and pull the weed which is raked into carts, for it is a fact that the Guernsey farmer knows how to swim to the shore with the cart load floating on the surface of the ocean. Boys and girls bring bings full (basket loads) to the shore, for which they obtain refreshments and rewards of "vraicking cakes," with cold tea, gin or cider to help wash them down. Out of cutting season there is still much vraicking done on the shore after every heavy storm. It is raked up by women and children and spread out to dry, then stacked for winter fuel. The ashes of these fires are the best manure for field crops. Green vraic is used as a top dressing for fallow ground.

In the Hebrides cheeses are dried by being covered with the ashes which abounds in salt. During the snowstorms in the Highlands when the red deer are unable to obtain a sufficiency of food, they come down to the shore from their mountain home to feed on the *Fucus*. Old medicine-wise Scotchwomen place great faith in the curative properties of the vesicles of the *F. nodosus*, which contain a thick gelatinous material; these, when bottled in rum or alcohol and kept for two or three months, form a decoction the application of which is said to be a sure cure for rheumatic pains, rheumatic gout, and for rickety of bandy-legged children.

In Scania it is used for fuel, thatch, and is given to cattle as a wholesome counteractant for costiveness, caused by feeding on straw and salt hay; and in some parts is used entirely as a winter fodder, the cattle being driven to the shore when the tide falls off from the rocks.

In the year 1730 the manufacture of kelp was introduced into the Scottish Isles from Ireland by Mr. Macleod. This manufacture brought great prosperity to the shores of the Orkneys; small farms of \$120 yearly rental speedily rose in value to \$1,500, and it is said that Macdonald, Lord of the Isles, obtained a revenue of \$150,000 from his kelp shores alone, which had heretofore been to his ancestors an unproductive, valueless possession. The demand for and profit on kelp was so great, that every expedient was devised to increase the growth and harvest of this valuable weed. In addition to the natural rocks on which it grew in great abundance above low water mark, and well up to high water mark, masses of rocks were rolled into the sea to encourage its growth on their surfaces so that the shore for miles upon miles consisted of numerous *Fuci* farms owned by the lords and gentry of the Isles.

In 1812 in the Island of North-Uist the profits from kelp clear of all expenses were \$70,000, and fell but little short of that figure for several years after. The total product of kelp in the Hebrides in 1818 was 6,000 tons, which at \$10 per ton realized \$60,000. At present there is reason to believe that not more than \$30,000, after deducting the wages of the "kelpers" (persons who burn the *Fucus* after it is gathered in kilns) and expense of apparatus. This is owing to the fact that the Highlanders stubbornly persevere in manufacturing their kelp from the yellow wrack instead of from the black tang (*Fucus nodosus*), which from growing in shallow water and being less thoroughly a marine plant, yields much less kelp and consequently less iodine. The rise in the price of kelp which took place lately, after twenty years' depression, is owing to the greatly increased demand for iodine. Iodine is manufactured at Glasgow, Scotland, Donegal, Ireland, and Cherbourg, France, to which places are sent immense quantities of the half-vitrified ashes ("kelp") produced by the burning of *Fuci* collected on the English coasts.

IODINE.

Iodine is useful as a test for starch, also as an ingredient of many and various chemical reagents; some of these are of very great importance in the photographic art. From the iodide of potassium is prepared the iodide of silver, which constitutes the sensitive film on paper. Iodine has been employed in medicine since 1819 and was discovered in the manufacture of saltpeter by Couteux of Paris in 1812, although burnt sponge, which depends upon iodine for its efficacy, had been used with advantage in the treatment of goitre (an enlargement of thyroid gland on the anterior part of the neck). A large number of preparations of iodine are employed both for internal and external application, particularly iodoform, which is a sulphur-colored salt, having a strong saffron-like odor and sweet taste. It consists of hexagonal flat crystals, containing more than 98 per cent. of iodine, and is now in very general use in all hospitals in cases of diseased cavities, particularly those lined with serous or synovial membrane, as the joints, to excite adhesive inflammation.

Who knows what virtues may yet be discovered in the drapery of the deep? The book of Nature is like the book of Grace, the wonders they contain must be "sought out."

A. W. ROBERTS.

Dear hunters should read Judge J. D. Caton's "Antelope and Deer of America." For sale at this office. Price \$2.50.—*Adv.*

NOTES ON THE CAPTURE OF SEA BIRDS

BY CAPT. J. W. COLLINS.

[From the annual report of the Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries.]

(Concluded.)

THE JÆGERS (*Stercorariidae*).

THE GREAT SKUA GULL (*Megalestris skua*).

THIS is known to the fishermen as the sea-hen, and is, perhaps, one of the most interesting species that occurs on the fishing-banks, owing to its comparative scarcity in natural history collections. It is by no means abundant on any of the fishing grounds, but is, nevertheless, to be met with occasionally all the way from George's to the Grand Banks, at least, and doubtless, has a much wider distribution. I have observed it from Nantucket Shoals to the eastern side of the Grand Banks. It is difficult to say when and where it occurs in the greatest abundance; but, so far as I am able to judge, I should say that it is most plentiful on the Grand Banks in July, August and September. In the summer and autumn of 1874 I shot several specimens of this species which were used for bait, and I have also obtained it for a similar purpose on other occasions, though it could rarely be taken by hook and line. I remember that it was more plentiful in 1874 than I have ever noticed it at any other time.

In this connection an incident may be mentioned which occurred that year, that shows in a remarkable manner the tenacity of life which this bird sometimes exhibits. I was out a short distance from the vessel in a dory for the purpose of shooting birds for bait. We were then engaged in shack-fishing, and it was necessary to obtain as much material as possible with which to bait our hooks. Among other birds flying around were several skua gulls, which, on account of their large size, were more desirable than the smaller species. Having enticed one of them within gunshot, I fired at it, and knowing that I had taken good aim, I was very much astonished to see it fly away apparently uninjured. I watched it, however, and soon noticed that it did not move its wings, but seemed to have them fixed or rigid, and after going about half or three-quarters of a mile it fell into the water. I went in pursuit of it and without any trouble found it, lifeless on the surface. The most singular part of my narrative is that when the bird was cut up for bait by one of the crew, a single shot was found in the center of its heart.

These birds usually appear singly, in pairs, or at times three of them may be seen together, and it is very rarely that half a dozen or more are seen at the same time. They are very shy, and seem to avoid a vessel, but when exceedingly hungry they show less reluctance in approaching a boat. It is a rare occurrence to catch them with hook and line, owing to their timidity in approaching a vessel or boat, as well as to their precaution in swallowing the liver used as a bait; hence few are caught in this manner, and the bait is taken by some other less cautious and more active birds. It is generally not difficult, however, to attract them within gunshot of a boat, and during a gale they do not hesitate to seek food near vessels lying at anchor. Their flight, like that of other large gulls, is heavy and moderate; but I have seen them make swift dashes of flight when chasing smaller birds which had secured pieces of liver.

The following extracts from my journal may give an idea of the abundance of these birds as well as the seasons at which they occur on many of the fishing grounds. It is my opinion, however, as previously stated, that they are more common on the Grand Banks than on any other fishing grounds where I have noticed their presence, but since I began to keep notes of birds I have not visited the Grand Banks in the months when the skua is most likely to be seen there. The size of this species and the peculiar markings of its plumage renders it easy enough to distinguish it from any other bird found on the fishing grounds, none could be mistaken for it unless it might be some of the jægers, and such a mistake could only be made by one who took little notice of the flight or size of the birds which came under his observation.

Nov. 27, 1878.—Latitude 42° 49' N., longitude 62° 55' W. Two skua gulls—sea hens—came near the vessel. My gun caps are damp and useless, therefore I could not get these birds, as they are shy and will not bite at a hook unless extremely hungry.

Feb. 3, 1879.—Latitude 44° 25' N., longitude 52° 58' W. Western part of Grand Banks—during a northwest gale saw a sea hen which came near the vessel, but the wind blew too heavy to catch it on a line, and it was of no use to shoot it as it was impossible to pick it up.

June 2, 1879.—Latitude 44° 36' N., longitude 57° 12' W. Saw a sea hen (great skua) fly across our vessel's stern but it did not approach close enough for me to shoot it.

July 5, 1879.—Latitude 44° 08' N., longitude 59° 10' W. Had a shot at a sea hen which came near the vessel, but the sea was so rough from a recent gale that my aim was destroyed by the schooner rolling, therefore I failed to kill the bird.

Oct. 11, 1883.—While on a cruise in the U. S. Fish Commission steamer Albatross, and when the ship was just abreast of the Fishing Rip, Nantucket Shoals, steaming northwardly, a pair of great skuas passed across the vessel's bow, about 200 yards off, flying southwestwardly.

GULL-CHASERS (Genus *Stercorarius*).

There are several varieties of jægers, of the genus *Stercorarius* that frequent the fishing banks, and which are known to the fishermen by the names of "marlingspikes," "whip-tails," etc.* The former term being generally applied to the larger species, and the latter name to those that are smaller, both appellations having a special reference to the two long central tail feathers which is a distinguishing feature of birds of these species. They usually are most abundant on the outer banks in spring and fall, are rarely seen in midwinter, and are comparatively scarce in midsummer. It is probable that in June and July the adult birds go in to the land to incubate. I do not recollect of having seen a single individual of the smaller species in winter, and these are always much less abundant than the larger varieties. The following extracts from notes in my journal on the appearance and

* The name of "marlingspike" is generally applied to the larger species, such as the pomarine jæger (*S. pomarinus*) that was seen by Audubon at Labrador, and which is, perhaps, the most common species on the banks, and to Richardson's jæger (*S. parasiticus*), which, so far as my observations extend, is not very abundant on the northeastern banks, but is more commonly found in the Gulf of Maine. The Arctic jæger (*S. buffoni*), which is much smaller than the other two species mentioned above, is called a "whiptail" because of the great length and flexibility of its two central tail feathers. This is said to occur in greater abundance further north than it does on the Grand Banks and adjacent fishing grounds, where it is comparatively scarce and always timid.

abundance of these birds on the fishing banks may perhaps be of interest. Before quoting these extracts, however, I will say that on the 29th of August, 1878, I sailed from Gloucester on a fresh halibut trip to Banquereau. On this occasion Mr. Raymond L. Newcomb* went with me, having been sent by Professor Baird to collect birds for the Smithsonian Institution.

When a few miles to the eastward of Thatcher's Island (Cape Ann) on the day of sailing, we saw several jægers of the more common varieties, most of them not having the long tail-feathers which are, generally speaking, the characteristic feature of these birds.

On Sept. 3, some twenty miles eastward of Sable Island, Mr. Newcomb shot four jægers, besides birds of other species. Sept. 5 we saw a number of birds belonging to the jæger family flying near the vessel, too far off, however, to shoot; but the following day a marlingspike was killed and added to the collection. On the 8th jægers were quite plenty, and three of the common varieties and a black one were killed. Two more marlingspikes and a whiptail were shot on the 9th, and an Arctic jæger was seen on the 10th, but kept too far off to be shot. A black jæger was killed on the 12th, which was the last of these birds killed on the trip, as on that date we sailed for home. When a few miles west of Cape Ann, Sept. 17, we saw a jæger engaged in a fight with two herring gulls.

The foregoing notes, together with the extracts that follow, cover about eleven months' time, nearly all of which I spent at sea on the fishing banks, or in making passages to and from them. The presence of the different kinds of sea birds was a matter of special interest to me, and their appearance or absence was carefully noted, therefore it is probable that a general idea may be formed from a study of these notes, of the seasons when jægers are most abundant on the outer banks.

Oct. 1, 1878.—Latitude 43° 54' N., longitude 58° 32' W. "I shot a hag and a marlingspike."

Oct. 3, 1878.—"I skinned a marlingspike this morning, a hag and a gull. Later in the day I shot three gulls and two jægers."

Oct. 4, 1878.—"Shot a black marlingspike to-day, and skinned one of the more common varieties."†

Nov. 13, 1878.—On Le Have Ridges, latitude 49° 49' N., longitude 62° 55' W. "Skinned four birds—three gulls and one jæger."

April 13, 1879.—East end of Banquereau, latitude 40° 39' N., longitude 57° 15' W. "I saw a jæger or gull-chaser to-day, the first I have seen since last fall."

April 29, 1879.—Latitude 44° 28' N., longitude 57° 12' W. "Shot three jægers and one gull to-day. There has been quite a number of jægers around for the past few days."

May 1, 1879.—Same position as above. "Shot two whiptails and three marlingspikes this morning. I shot two jægers in the afternoon; saw several Buffon's jægers but did not get any."

May 29, 1879.—South of Sable Island, latitude 43° 36' N., longitude 59° 47' W. "I shot a hag at noon, and another later in the day; also a whiptail, marlingspike, and mackerel gull—[tern.]"

June 2, 1879.—Latitude 44° 36', longitude 57° 12' W. "Shot and skinned an Arctic jæger to-day."

July 29, 1879.—Latitude 44° 14' N., longitude 58° 03' W. "I have seen no noddies this trip, and jægers only twice."‡

The time when jægers are most numerous on the fishing banks, as may be seen by the foregoing notes, is in the spring, late summer, and fall. They never approach the numbers of the hagdon; sometimes, perhaps, a hundred or more may be seen flying around a vessel when fish offal is being thrown out, but twenty-five or fifty birds of this genus are about as many as are generally seen at one time.

Whenever they are near they quickly detect the presence of food by any accumulation of other birds, such as petrels or gulls. The gathering of a flock of petrels, or the first scream of a kittiwake, struggling for the possession of a piece of offal thrown over from a vessel, or pouncing on a codfish liver cast out from a boat, brings the fierce jæger to the spot, sweeping down with tremendous speed and indescribable rapacity to rob the feeble birds of what they have obtained, and so violent and persistent are its attacks that it frequently compels the gulls to disgorge the contents of their stomachs in order that they may escape the persecutions of this pirate of the air. So fearful are the kittiwakes of the jæger that invariably, so far as my observation extends, a flock of gulls that are sitting on the water will start up on a wing the instant that they are approached by either of the larger species.

It may be said, however, that the jæger rarely attacks the larger species of gulls, though I have seen the common gull—*L. zonorhynchus*—fiercely chased by a jæger when the gull was flying away with food in its beak. However predacious the marlingspike may be, so far as the gull is concerned, it never presumes to intimidate the hagdon; and there is little doubt but that the latter would become the aggressor if it found the former in possession of any desirable tidbit.

Though the flight of the jæger is rather deliberate, almost heavy, under ordinary circumstances, it is, nevertheless, exceedingly swift when occasion calls for a display of its powers. As has been intimated it is very pugnacious, and its rapacity knows no bounds, but it is far less daring than the hagdon, neither is it so noisy as the latter.

Jægers have been used to a great or less extent for bait by the "shack-fishermen," generally being caught in the same manner as the hagdots are, with which they are usually taken, but, of course, in more limited numbers, as a rule. Sometimes they will bite quite freely at a hook covered with liver, and on several occasions I have seen a considerable number, perhaps twenty or more, caught from a vessel's side or from a boat. As a rule, however, they are too wary to be taken in any considerable numbers in this way, since they prefer to rob other and more daring birds, especially the gulls. During the summer months, when hagdots are almost the only birds (of course, always excepting Carey chickens) on the bank they have less chance to commit their depredations; therefore, they are generally compelled to take the same risk that *puffinus* does or else go hungry. It is at this season that they are more frequently caught. In biting at a hook, unless the immediate presence of other birds influences its actions, the jæger generally exhibits considerable acuteness and dexterity in stripping the liver from the hook, and in this respect it is second only to the hagdon. It will take the liver in its beak, and, rising in the air, will try to fly

* The gentleman who afterward went as naturalist on the ill-fated *Jeannette*, and who fortunately survived the hardships of the journey across the ice and up the Lena.

† The position was the same for Oct. 3 and 4 as that given for the 1st.

‡ We sailed from Gloucester, Mass., June 19.

away to a distance with it before attempting to swallow it. If it is pulled away by a dexterous jerk on the line it will return and try it over again, but it is now doubly cautious, and the chances are it will get what it seeks and escape capture. But when birds are plenty and all are ravenous for food, the marlingspike, in its struggle to be first, forgets its caution, and consequently becomes a victim to its greed. When hooked it almost always rises and tries to escape by flying; it rarely, if ever, splashes along like the hagdon with its feet stuck out, striking against the water in a desperate effort to hold back. It is killed, when caught on a hook, in the same way as the hagdon; but, unlike the latter, it generally stays killed, though it is by no means lacking in tenacity of life. When particularly difficult to catch on a hook it is often shot for bait. As a general thing, one or two discharges of a musket causes these birds to be shy about approaching a boat or vessel for some time afterward, and it may be anywhere from a half hour to more than an hour before one can again be enticed within gunshot. This being the case, it will readily be understood that only a limited number can be obtained in this way, and it may as well be said that whenever they are shot the sport and excitement incident to the shooting is as much of an inducement for killing them as the procurement of the bodies for bait, though on some occasions I have myself found the supply of bait so obtained of considerable importance.

I have never, to my recollection, known of fishermen eating marlingspikes, but I know of no reason why they should not be as palatable as gulls or hagdons, which are frequently cooked and eaten.

GULLS (*Laridae*).

The largest species of gulls, such, for instance, as the great black-backed gull (*Larus marinus*); the herring gull (*L. argentatus*); the burgomaster (*L. glaucus*), Sabine's gull or the forked-tail gull (*L. sabini*), and some other varieties which frequent the fishing-banks in greater or less abundance—the ringbill (*L. zonorynchus*) being the most numerous—have rarely been used to any extent for bait. The extreme shyness of the larger species; the fact that they, like the kittiwake, are absent from the fishing-grounds in summer (going and returning about the same time as the latter), and their comparative scarcity, even during the colder portion of the year, renders it difficult to effect their capture except by shooting them, as one discharge of a gun will generally frighten them so badly that they will not come near again for several hours, if for the day, it seldom happens that more than one or two individuals can be got in this way, an insignificant number when several thousand hooks have to be baited. I have never seen a burgomaster or *L. marinus* caught on a hook. On several occasions I have seen the ringbill captured in this way, but rarely more than one or two at a time. However hungry these large birds are (and they are generally very poor in flesh and in half-famished condition), their extreme timidity generally prevents them from approaching even within gunshot of a vessel. But they will chase a kittiwake which is flying away with food with all the fierceness and persistence of a jager, and their greater size and swiftness enables them to rob the smaller bird, though when there are several of the large gulls in pursuit of the same object—as is often the case—the result is generally a lively scrimmage in the air, which is a decidedly interesting scene to witness.

The larger gulls subsist chiefly on the small fish which they can pick up at the surface of the sea, but as they do not dive (so far, at least, as I have been able to observe) their ability to obtain food is more limited than that of the hagdon. I have rarely found any food in the stomachs of the large gulls that I have shot or caught on a hook, except, perhaps, it might be the case that they had swallowed some offal that had been thrown out from the vessel.

It sometimes happens that the common gull (*L. zonorynchus*) gathers in considerable numbers alongside of a vessel when fish are being dressed, and they are very active in securing their share of the offal thrown out, but, as previously stated, they depend more on watching and robbing the kittiwake than on venturing near enough the vessel to snatch the coveted morsels as they fall in the water. When they do attempt the latter feat it is interesting to note how skillfully it is performed. Its timidity prevents the ringbill from lighting to seize the food near the vessel; therefore, the instant his keen eye detects a piece of fish offal falling to the water, down he comes, swooping by with the speed of the wind, and so accurate is his flight that he rarely fails to snatch from the surface the object that he aimed at, and which he carries off in his beak to a safer distance where he can swallow it unmolested by the fear of man.

The large gulls are sometimes, though not often, eaten by the fishermen; the smaller, tenderer, and more easily caught kittiwakes are preferred. It may be of interest to mention in this connection that the coast fishermen of Newfoundland capture the young of the sea-gulls (generally of the larger species) while they are yet nestlings, and carefully rear them until they are full grown, feeding them chiefly on fish. A single family may have a dozen or twenty of these young birds. I have frequently seen ten or a dozen young gulls in a single pen at Belloram, Fortune Bay, and there were a number of such pens in the little village. In many places on the Newfoundland coast these birds, I have been told, occupy the same place that with us is filled by the domestic fowls. Instead of the conventional turkey for the holidays the coast fisherman is satisfied with the young and fat gulls which he has reared. And the family is considered fortunate which has among its members one or two enterprising boys who succeed in capturing several broods of young gulls on "off days," when they are not engaged in fishing.

THE BURGOMASTER GULL (*Larus glaucus*).

This large and beautiful species occurs on the Grand Banks in the winter season, especially when the weather is unusually severe, or when there is an abundance of drift-ice on or near the banks. In the winter of 1879 I noticed them on several occasions while anchored on the northwest part of the Grand Banks, and on Green Bank, but so far as my experience extends, they are never abundant. Two or three times we saw as many as ten or a dozen of them flying about the vessel, but they were so extremely shy that it was exceedingly difficult to entice them within gunshot. In my journal, under date of March 14, 1879, I made the following entry: "Almost every day since we have been here I have seen some of the burgomaster gulls." On the same cruise I succeeded in getting a specimen, the shot breaking one of its wings. I brought this bird home in good condition on ice, and gave it to Mr. Raymond L. Newcomb, of Salem, Mass. The weather at the time I saw this species on the Grand Banks was unusually cold. So far as I had an opportunity of observing, these birds fly in pairs, and thus mated they will apparently keep together with much constancy, but they evidently have no disposition to go in

flocks. Under date of March 13, 1879, is the following note in my journal: "I saw two beautiful great burgomaster gulls this forenoon; they were flying side by side to windward." Again, on March 15, I saw some splendid opportunities to shoot several burgomaster gulls, which came unusually near the vessel, but the weather was too rough to get them even if I succeeded in killing them, therefore I did not try. Its flight resembles that of the herring gull (*Larus argentatus*), though it is perhaps less swift than the latter.

Owing to the fact that the burgomaster is rarely or never seen in summer on the Grand Banks, and is so extremely timid about approaching man, it is not used for bait, since, for the reasons mentioned, it cannot be captured.

THE KITTIWAKE GULL (*Larus tridactylus*).

Of all the birds which visit the fishing banks the kittiwake gull ("winter gull," "pinyole," etc., of the fishermen) is beyond question the most abundant, with the exception, perhaps, of the petrels or Mother Carey chickens. These gulls have a very wide distribution along the Atlantic coast. I have seen them along the coast of New Jersey, and thence to the eastern coast of Newfoundland, and while at sea, in winter, I have met with them all the way from Cape Cod to the Grand Banks. The species occur in great abundance on all the outer fishing banks in winter, and at the same time is also numerous about the harbors along the coast. It is apparently gregarious, but, though it is usually met with in large flocks, as has just been stated, yet sometimes one, two, or three of these birds may follow a vessel, which is making a passage in the deep water between the fishing banks, for several days, eagerly watching for any offal that may be thrown overboard.

Though less daring and pugnacious than the hagdon, it is even more noisy when food is obtainable. It is a constant companion of fishing schooners when anchored on the banks, and especially when fish are being dressed, it comes in countless numbers around the vessel ready to pounce upon the offal. At such times all of them join in a general shout whenever any of their companions succeed in getting a morsel of food, and their screams are almost deafening. Should one of them get hold of a piece of codfish liver which it cannot swallow, it immediately attempts to fly away with it, but it is pursued by hundreds of its screaming companions, who make every endeavor to steal the half-swallowed piece of food. This attempt frequently proves successful; but it does not follow that the thief profits by its enterprise, for it, in turn, is subject to the same annoyance, and perhaps may lose the food which it has so dexterously stolen. On the other hand, three or four birds may succeed in getting hold of the liver which is half swallowed by the first; but they do usually content themselves with having merely obtained a taste of the precious tidbit which may be finally torn into pieces and swallowed by a half dozen of their more fortunate companions. The voracity with which the gluttonous kittiwake swallows the bait usually insures its capture with hook and line.

This species does not, however, leave its breeding ground along the coast nor appear upon the fishing banks until late in autumn, and therefore the "shack-fishermen" cannot depend upon it for bait, as they do on the hagdon, for, by this time, they have generally nearly completed their fares, and in some cases have returned to their home port.

Some years ago, when the codfishermen used to remain on the Grand Banks later in the season than they do now, sometimes staying as late as November, or possibly longer, large quantities of kittiwake gulls were used for bait.

Some of the fishermen relish the bird, which, when properly cooked, makes a not unsavory dish at sea. Such a dish cannot, of course, be compared to a spring chicken; but a "pot pie" made of kittiwake gulls would probably not be regarded with indifference even by the most fastidious, and as served in some instances which have passed under my own observation, it was a very good substitute for the conventional turkey for a Thanksgiving or Christmas dinner.*

The food of the kittiwake gull usually consists of small fish and crustacea, which it is able to obtain near the surface of the water; but on the fishing banks many of these birds procure a considerable portion, perhaps, of their food from the offal thrown overboard by the crews of the fishing vessels. Its subsistence, however, at this season is exceedingly precarious, and it is generally found with little food in its stomach and very poor in flesh. Although the kittiwake approaches a vessel or boat with considerable boldness, coming as it often does within a few feet of the side of either, and recklessly darting almost within arms' length of a man engaged in throwing out a trawl, it nevertheless exhibits a remarkable timidity when a gun is fired. The most noisy and greedy gulls which have been screaming around the vessel are rendered cautious and comparatively quiet by one or two discharges of a musket, and for some time it is difficult to entice them back. However, when one or two, bolder than the rest, have succeeded in possessing themselves of some coveted morsel, the rest take courage, and in a few minutes they have apparently recovered from their fright; but another discharge instantly demoralizes them again. During the violent gales which are so frequent on the fishing banks in the winter, the little gulls, though fully able to breast the force of the fiercest gale, prefer to sit upon the water unless there is a prospect of obtaining food. At such times they can almost always be seen in flocks near the stern of an anchored vessel, gracefully following the undulating upheaval of the agitated waves; one or more perhaps may be on the wing watching for the appearance of the offal which may be washed from the vessel's deck. The least indication of food instantly brings them all on the wing, and with their usual noisy scrambles in robbing one another, they go skurrying off before the wind, rising and falling over the crests of the breaking waves. It not only behooves the gulls at such times to keep a sharp lookout for food, but they must be equally watchful for their safety; for should they be caught beneath the crest of one of the huge, curling and toppling waves, they would be instantly crushed or torn to pieces. They are, therefore, constantly on the alert in a gale, and are ready to rise on the wing and to fly over the crest of a breaking wave and immediately alight on the opposite side.†

* Capt. Henry O. Smith is authority for stating that kittiwake gulls, and occasionally some of the larger species, are caught for food by the Newfoundland fishermen in winter, a common rat trap being used to effect the capture. The trap is firmly secured to a piece of board, baited with a fish liver, and allowed to float down astern of the anchored boat on which the crew is engaged in fishing for cod or other species. The greedy gull sees the tempting morsel, makes a dash to secure it, and snap goes the jaws of the trap, nipping the unfortunate bird in its grasp. This is repeated over and over again. † The following note I find in my journal under date of Feb. 11, during the prevalence of a heavy gale on the Grand Banks which I was riding out at anchor: "The little white gulls sit hovering on the water near the stern of the vessel, occasionally rising on a wing to clear a breaking wave, or to pick up any fish-offal that may be washed from the scuppers."

In the spring the kittiwake leaves the bank and goes in shore to its breeding grounds. Its nests are easily found upon the Newfoundland shores, and very likely at many other places along the coast.*

TERNs.

The common tern (*Sterna hirundo*) Linn., occurs during summer in limited numbers on the banks east of Sable Island. This species was taken by Newcomb when with me on Banquereau. The common mackerel gull of the fishermen, the Arctic tern (*S. arctica*) is very abundant in summer on the fishing banks near Sable Island, where it is said to breed in great numbers. On Sept. 3, 1878, Newcomb shot one of these birds some twenty-five miles eastward of Sable Island.†

Like the kittiwake, the terns are exceedingly noisy, and often gather in greater numbers about a vessel from which fish-offal is being thrown, but they are rarely abundant on the banks except in the immediate vicinity of Sable Island; they are somewhat difficult to catch on a hook, and also because of the smallness of their bodies, they are seldom if ever used for bait.

PETRELS OR MOTHER CAREY'S CHICKENS (Genera *Cymochorea* and *Oceanites*).

There are several varieties of the petrels commonly found in great abundance on the fishing banks from spring to fall. They usually make their first appearance in April, the date varying somewhat with different seasons—some springs, perhaps, being slightly warmer than others—and remain until after the first snow storms in the fall. Under the date of April 10, 1879, when on the eastern part of Banquereau, I noted that "petrels made their first appearance to day. These birds generally leave the bank late in October or early in November and come again early in April or May."

Just how many species of petrels occur on the fishing banks I am unable to say, but I believe there are at least three, and possibly more. Of these, I think Leach's petrel (*C. leucorhoa*) is the most abundant on the Grand Banks, while the Wilson petrel (*O. oceanicus*) is also numerous.

These birds are excessively fond of oily food, and may always be seen in great numbers around a vessel or boat from which particles of fish liver or other offal are being thrown out. In describing the hagdon, mention has been made of certain peculiarities which the Carey chickens exhibit in the matter of seeking and eating their food; such, for instance, as their supposed ability to follow up a scent, and the way they work together in a united effort to tear into fragments a section of liver which is so large that one bird cannot manage it. A favorite method of feeding which the petrels exhibit is to dance upon the water's surface, picking up any oily particles that may be floating thereon, and which, though small in themselves, in the aggregate afford the birds much food. To them these bits are particularly attractive. As it frequently happens that fish oil or other fatty particles are being thrown out or washed from the deck of a fishing vessel, one who may be on board has a very good opportunity of noting these habits of the petrel. When caught, it almost invariably ejects an oily, strong-smelling substance, and the contents of its stomach are thrown out, as a rule, the instant it is taken into a boat or on a vessel's deck. In a very few minutes after being caught its appearance changes wonderfully; and instead of its feathers looking clean and sleek, they become, almost immediately, damp and dirty, and have a decidedly bedraggled look. If, after being on a vessel's deck for ten minutes or thereabouts, it is thrown overboard, the probabilities are that the petrel cannot fly at all, and it is only with the utmost difficulty that it can rise a few feet from the water, into which it soon falls again. If the bird's strength is sufficient to sustain it in a continuous effort to dry its wings and feathers, it at last succeeds in supporting itself in the air. As soon, however, as it dares, it lights on the water and proceeds to arrange its plumage.

The natural position of the Carey chicken may be said to be that of constant motion and activity on the wing. It seems to be as nearly tireless as is possible for any living animal to be. So rarely, indeed, are they seen sitting at rest on the water, that sailors have acquired certain superstitions connected therewith, though these beliefs are not always the same. For instance, I have heard it said by some that to see Carey chickens sitting on the water was a sign of a long spell of calm weather, while others as firmly believed such an occurrence was a sure precursor of a storm.

Whether petrels rest at night or not I am unable to say positively, though there are strong reasons for believing they do not. On hundreds of occasions I have seen them flying about the vessel on moonlight nights, and nothing is more common than for a man on lookout on a dark foggy night to be startled by the chirp of a Carey chicken, which, attracted by the brilliancy of the riding light, suddenly finds himself over the vessel's deck, and in too close proximity to quarters he prefers to avoid.

Petrels have been used to some extent for bait, but because of the small size of their bodies, a single bird being scarcely large enough to bait two hooks, they have never been considered an important source of bait supply. The fact that they are almost entirely indifferent to the presence of man, and that they will gather in great numbers within a few feet of the side of a boat or vessel, renders it an easy matter to kill them. This being the case some of the "shack-fishermen," when other sources of bait supply failed to afford the requisite quantity, often killed hundreds of petrels in a single day to make up the deficiency, though it is possible the slaughter of these birds was less than it would have been, because of the superstition common among seafaring men, that it is "unlucky" to kill Mother Carey's chickens.

The most common and effective way of killing them was with a whip, which was made by tying several parts of codline—each part 6 to 8 feet long—to a staff 5 or 6 feet in length. The petrels were tolled up by throwing out a large piece of codfish liver, and when they had gathered in a dense mass, huddling over the object which attracted them, swish went the thongs of the whip cutting their way through the crowded flock, and perhaps killing or maiming a score or more at a single sweep. By the time these were picked up another flock was gathered, and the cruel work went on until, may be, 400 or 500 birds were killed, though, perhaps, it was seldom that so great a number was obtained at once.

GUILLEMOTS.

THE FOOLISH GUILLEMOT OR MURRE (*Uria troile*) Linn.

In spring large flocks of murre are seen on the fishing banks migrating northwardly. I have noticed them in

* In my journal, under date of April 29, 1879, I find the following note relative to the departure of the winter gulls from the outer banks: "The little white gulls are growing scarce, they leave for land about this time."

† The specimen alluded to was called an Arctic tern by Mr. Newcomb, who is my authority in this matter.

greatest abundance on Banquereau, east of Sable Island. The flocks reach this locality in April, and from the 20th of that month to the middle of May are more numerous, as a rule, than at any other time. April 26, 1879, latitude 44° 32' N., longitude 57° 12' W., I "saw several flocks of murre," and three days later there were "large numbers of murre."

A single individual is sometimes seen in summer on the banks, but this is by no means a common occurrence. In the fall, however, they are more numerous, as at this season they are performing their autumnal migration southwardly, but whatever the reason may be, they do not, I believe, appear on the banks in such abundance at this season as during the spring months. They are sometimes killed and eaten by the fishermen, but are never obtained in any considerable numbers. On a few occasions I have shot one or two individuals, and they are sometimes knocked over with an oar by the men engaged in hauling a trawl, when the murre has approached closely enough to the boat to make such a feat possible. I have noted in my journal under date of Oct. 1, 1870, latitude 43° 54' N., longitude 58° 32' W., that "one of the crew killed a murre while hauling his trawl, and I skinned it."

LITTLE GUILLEMOT OR SEA DOVE (*Mergulus a. le*) Linn. The little guillemot, commonly called "ice bird" by the fishermen, is frequently seen on the banks in winter, more particularly in the vicinity of field ice, but I have never observed it in any considerable numbers. It is fond of staying close to a fishing vessel at anchor, it being attracted by the offal that is thrown over, and which, when sinking, is secured and eaten by the little guillemot, which is an expert diver. I have often watched one of these birds dive beneath a schooner and taking in its beak a morsel of sinking food, rise on the opposite side of the vessel from that where it went down. It is seemingly almost unconscious that it is encountering danger when approaching a vessel or boat. I have seen it swimming within two feet of a schooner's side without making an effort to go further off unless some one attempted to kill it.

BIRD NOTES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I notice in this week's issue of FOREST AND STREAM that a Northern hooter had been killed by a Massachusetts farmer. I shot one two weeks ago, about four miles from this town, which measured four feet nine inches from tip to tip of the wings and stands twenty-two inches high. I am having it set up by a taxidermist. W. H. S.
LION, N. Y.

Editor Forest and Stream:

On Thanksgiving Day a barn owl (*Strix flammea*) was killed one-half mile south of this city. It was flushed from a thicket bordering a swamp and shot. This is a very rare bird and is the fourth specimen captured in the State, of which there is any record. A great northern diver (*Colymbus torquatus*) was captured one mile south of town on the 14th inst. They are seldom found here so late in the season. Both birds have been mounted and placed among F. S. Case's collection of birds. They are a valuable addition to his already large and beautiful collection. Have not noticed an English sparrow for over a month. Hope they are gone for good. PARSON O'GATH.
LOGAN, O.

Editor Forest and Stream:

On Nov. 25 we received from Montgomery county, N. Y., a fine specimen of American bittern (*Botaurus mugilatus*), and we thought it was rather late in the season for this bird to be so far north; but it evidently has not suffered for want of food, as I never saw one in better condition, and I was almost tempted to have it for dinner Thanksgiving Day. But as we went grouse hunting (I do not beg "Aliquis" pardon for using this expression), we concluded to defer it until another day; but eat it we will, also a pair of ruffed grouse that we secured while "hunting" on Thursday. Had "Aliquis" been with us and not acknowledged that it was more "hunting" than "shooting," I should have been disappointed. We started at 8 o'clock A. M. and did not find a bird until after 2 o'clock, and then secured only two out of half a dozen we saw. But we are pretty well satisfied nowadays if we secure a brace of grouse in a day's hunting. We remember the time when we have taken five before breakfast and were at our place of business by 9 o'clock, but we, like our old FOREST AND STREAM friend, "Nessmuk," do not go in for slaughter any more. If we secure two or three grouse and half a dozen quail in a season we are content. We only care to test our game tooth once in awhile. From present appearances we shall have a good chance to do so during the coming week, for, besides the bittern and grouse, we have a *Bubo virginianus* and *Scops asio* hung up by the feet, and a *Buteo borealis* that we have been trying to fatten since July 4, but he don't seem to take on flesh very fast. As long as he ran with the hens and chickens he did well (a fact), but since he was deprived of their company he don't fatten "worth a cent," and I have about given up getting him in good condition for Christmas, in which case I shall fall back on a pair of mallard ducks a friend sent me last week.

LOCKPORT, N. Y., Dec. 2.

J. L. D.

THE MIGRATORY QUAIL.

Editor Forest and Stream:

A friend has sent me a copy of FOREST AND STREAM, of Dec. 4, 1884, which has an editorial on "Importing Foreign Birds," the other article is on "Acclimation of Foreign Birds," in which the writer claims the birds should be let loose in warmer climate and in time they would learn the way north. This view as applicable to song birds may be true, but the migratory quail or Sicily quail are hardy. Stock the fields north with them. A few facts. A club of gentlemen in Springfield, Mass., imported some migratory quail, and two years ago turned them loose in the town of Wilbraham, so said the papers.

The quail were imported because it was thought that they would breed here, migrate south, return in the spring and on account of their known attachment to their old breeding grounds, would multiply in certain known places.

About the 8th of November last, the Springfield *Daily Union* called attention to these quail, and gave the opinion that they were lost. The writer of this replied, saying: "They are here, and here to stay." Last August, Deacon Calvin Preston, walking in the grass, stepped on a young bird, and this proved to be a young one of this species. A gentleman discovered two broods of a singular looking quail; we told him what they were. The agreement was to watch them, as they stayed near the same vicinity. Early in

November there was a slight snow. William Bennett while hunting, discovered bird tracks; he soon found the birds and killed three. They were migratory quail. Since then he has killed one more. Nov. 9, Henry E. Bennett, walking in the leaves, stepped on one. This bird got away from him and appeared to have been previously injured. The first one shot was by Louis Taylor, whose dog pointed on him.

Description.—Size, two-thirds of common quail or Bob Whites. They are slimmer when dressed; there is but little breast. In color their plumage is brownish, and not so pretty as common quail. They love to breed near the habitations of men. Generally they may be found under a rail fence. While they are fleet of foot and swift of wing, they often hide, so that the hunter goes within ten or twelve feet of them, and they will keep themselves almost invisible; but not so when a dog is in the field. When shot into, a flock of about thirty, they would fly about thirty rods and start up a call, a long, plaintive note, to call the flock together; but when fired into too often, they become frightened and scatter. This experience is based on hunting them without a dog.

We have been particular about stating every fact known to us, as their existence here is disputed by sportsmen abroad. We do not wish to flush them with a dog. On the appearance of the first light snow we shall try to get two specimens, and shall send them, if we are successful, to R. O. Morris, Esq., Clerk of Hampden county, Springfield, Mass.

These birds were let loose here strangers to land and climate. No bird has instinct nor intelligence enough to find the way south to a warmer climate; they must have a leader, one that has been over the path and winged his far journey by certain landmarks, something as the Mississippi River pilot steers his boat by certain defined marks. These landmarks are taught annually by birds of passage, and this teaching or leadership has not come to the new quail yet. Nor is it needed, for they are well feathered, and have a faculty of finding well sheltered homes or coverts. Hence, they will survive and multiply, if so be the foxes and their worst enemy, man, will refrain from destroying them.

I am astonished that the California quail has not been largely introduced here. It is a beautiful bird, with its fine colors and symmetrical plumage on its head. It is a plump, nice delicacy for the table—a prolific and hardy bird that will stand our climate. G. M. S.
SOUTH HADLEY, MASS., Dec. 10.

THE CRANBERRY BEAR.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have just reread your addenda on the "cranberry bear." I am disposed to demur. You say he is mentioned by naturalists "vaguely." And is thought to be a sub-variety of the cinnamon bear. So, I suppose, is the cinnamon variety of the grizzly. And the chipmunk a sport of the fox-squirrel. And the woodmole a variety of the woodchuck. It will not do. I respect Audubon, Wilson and others as much as you can. But I am not going to ignore my senses. The cranberry bear has less relation to the cinnamon than the chipmunk has to the fox-squirrel. The cinnamon is, next to the grizzly, our heaviest bear. The cranberry bear is the lightest and lankest. The cinnamon has straight, fine hair and fur. The cranberry bear has light red and white hair, always curly and coarse. Only, on the approach of winter, he has a fine undergrowth of short wool, or fur, as do the deer of the far north. He differs in shape, in size, in habits and in location. Just as the chipmunk, weighing 2 ounces, differs from the fox-squirrel, weighing 34 ounces, so does the cranberry bear differ from the cinnamon; only more so. So does the cinnamon differ from the grizzly. I was brought up to believe in Audubon and Wilson. I have lost some faith in so-called science. I am willing to imbibe any knowledge I can get, and impart any knowledge I have.

But I am done with guesswork and deductions. If I were ten years younger and \$500 richer, I would start for Northern Wisconsin next September, and make it a point to send you one or two specimens of the cranberry bear for mounting. But I go another way. And it dawns on my mind that I have spent more months in the woods than either Audubon or Wilson; and when I see a thing plainly I know it. 12x12=144; that's science. The dormouse is a wharprat. That is not science. The rat is a woodchuck. That is not science. We have no native rabbit; because our rabbit has a slit in his upper lip, and being hare-lipped, he is a hare. That is the classification of modern naturalists. Is the classification correct? Is it logical? If it be, I am just knocked out of literature and science. For here come in "Elaine." I have known her for twenty-five years, as a teacher, a writer, a poetess, and a fast friend. She quotes Shakespeare by the chapter and Burns by the page. And now she turns out only a hare, because she has a slit in her upper lip. And here is my friend the banker, John Robbins, to wit. He is my backer. He has loaned me money that he will have a nice time getting back. Why should he? His upper lip convicts him of being a hare. Am I going to pay money to a hare? Not much. My two harriers, Jeff and Judy, are on their chains ready for a race. There is a light tracking snow. To-morrow morning I will "start" Elaine and Robbins for a race. When they come around to the runways I will give them each a charge of buckshot, and so pay my debts. Science is science. Logic is logic. That's all I say.

Seriously, is our gray rabbit a hare? Science says so. Science is mistaken. Our gray rabbit is a rabbit. Our long-legged white hare is a white hare in winter; he is gray in summer. All the same, he runs all day before hounds, has no burrow, and never goes to earth. The more I see of modern science the less respect I have for it. I am sorry to say it. But I cannot go back on facts. NESSMUK.

OWLS ABUNDANT.—Bay Ridge, New York, Dec. 6.—One rainy day, a few weeks ago, I was in the vicinity of Coney Island, in search of snipe. I found no snipe, but I did start eight large owls within a short time and distance, getting shots at six of them. I bagged five of them in good form, and the sixth flew some one hundred yards and fell, but I was unable to find him. The other two rose high in air, and were soon lost to view over the southern horizon. The five owls bagged measured nearly five feet each from tip to tip.—CRACKER CRUMBS.

RECENT ARRIVALS AT THE PHILADELPHIA ZOOLOGICAL GARDEN.—Two African porcupines (*Hystrix cristata*), one otter (*Lutra canadensis*), two nonpareils (*Cyanospiza ciris*), one hawfinch (*Coccothraustes vulgaris*), one gannet (*Sula bassana*) and two pine snakes (*Ptyophis menanoleucus*). Purchased.—One opossum (*Didelphis virginiana*), one red-tailed hawk (*Buteo borealis*), two red-winged blackbirds (*Agelaius phoeniceus*), one cowbird (*Molothrus pecorus*), one great northern diver (*Colymbus torquatus*), one screech owl (*Scops asio*), one yellow boa (*Chilobothrus inornatus*), and one milk snake (*Coluber obsoletus confinis*). Presented.—Four dingoes (*Canis dingo*), and one crested ground parakeet (*Calopsitta nova hollandica*).

Game Bag and Gun.

A THANKSGIVING DAY EXCURSION.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Some men never see anything worth writing about when out shooting, unless they have the good fortune to fill a game bag or meet with some adventure worthy of special note. But game has become so scarce in this part of the country that if one were to wait until he had a very successful day in the field before sending you a line, I am afraid that readers of FOREST AND STREAM would not hear from this region for a long time. As there has not been any good shooting here since the 1st of September, when a few fair bags of woodcock and ruffed grouse were secured, the incidents of a recent trip after wildfowl must serve as the basis of the present "Notes from Rochester."

On the afternoon preceding Thanksgiving when going home from the office, I was weighing the reasons for and against passing the evening at a dance or in a skating rink, when by chance I met a friend (a faithful employee of Uncle Sam), who remarked that he was going to Braddock's Bay that night to shoot on the morrow. All thought of capering nimbly either to the music of Strauss or on the rollers was at once banished, for I had not had a chance during the fall to look at a bird over my gun, and, although the prospect for much sport on the marsh was not good, I took the chance of finding entertainment of some kind in the country, even though it should be no more than to stand on the sandbar and gaze at ducks out on the lake that have been so schooled by experience as to keep at a prudent distance from shore.

A few minutes' ransacking of closets brought out the necessary equipment of rubber boots, warm clothing, sedge-colored hat, gun, shells, and in less than an hour from the time the agreement was made my friend and I were on a train for Charlotte, where, by taking another train on the R. W. and O. R. R., we quickly reached North Greece station, some two miles and a half, good measure, from the habitation on the lake beach, where we were to put up for the night. I had never been over the route before, and as there was no light to guide us but the faint beams of the moon which struggled through an overcast sky, I resigned myself wholly to the direction of my companion, and we set out afoot merrily for the bay. On approaching the scene of our expected sport, a damper was cast on our expectations by failure to hear a sound from the waves that should have been on the bay, for a brisk wind was blowing from it toward us. We had not given a thought to the possibility of ice forming on the bay until we reached its edge, and then to our chagrin found a firm sheet covering the surface as far as we could see. There was no help for it, and we pushed on for the house which, like "virtue's steely bones," looked

Cold in the bleak wind,

that came in sharply off Lake Ontario, rolling breakers on the beach and whistling shrill among the dry flags of the marsh. Messrs. Waddell and Merchant, who make a living by shooting, fishing, trapping, and providing sportsmen with the usual accommodations of an inn, had not expected any guests at that hour and were in bed, but a tap on the window opened the door, and we were soon warming ourselves over a good fire of drift wood. The usual questions were put to the natives about the prospect for ducks, and we were somewhat cheered with the information that although the bay was nearly all frozen over, Cranberry Pond, near by, was open and fairly supplied with ducks. We determined on an immediate "change of base" from the bay to the pond, purposing to run a boat down the lake in the morning, push it over the bar, and attack the enemy in his intrenchments. After mapping out the plan of campaign, we sought the seclusion of our sleeping apartments and were soon insensible. We awoke before sunrise, and on gazing through the haze out on the lake had our hopes of a great day revived briefly, by mistaking the rolling crest of a comb for a line of ducks.

We did not wait for breakfast but hastened out to get on the bar between Cranberry and the lake in time for the morning flight. Picture our disgust on reaching the pond to find that during the night it too had frozen over and that nothing but some gulls and a large bird, seemingly an eagle, could be seen hovering over the ice. On the lake a few flocks of ducks were in sight, but we knew they would not come over the beach, and after getting a few shots at straggling single birds we gave up all hope of sport in that line and resolved to go in the brush for quail or rabbits, a few of which we were told could be found not far away.

After breakfast we started for the woods, but on our way say some ducks on the bay at the mouth of the Buttonwood Creek and our thoughts were again turned toward their destruction. We had not thought of venturing on the ice, but on testing it we found it over two inches in thickness. We ran a skiff out on it and pushed for the open water, holding to the boat in case we broke through. The open water was reached, decoys put out, blind built and everything made ready to give the ducks a warm reception when they should come, as we expected they would in great numbers, for it was the only open spot in view, and it was natural to think that if any birds came in from the lake they would seek the open water. We did our part but the birds failed to appear in any overwhelming quantity. We got some shooting, but had to take most of our sport mentally, in calculating how many we would have shot if the several big flocks which came off the lake and rising high in the air appeared to start for Chesapeake Bay, had been so accommodating as to pay us a visit, as well disposed ducks should have done.

When we found that we could not fill our boat with ducks, it gave us no small satisfaction to persuade ourselves that nothing but a poor variety of birds—sheldrakes, whistlers, butter balls, etc.—remained as late as Nov. 27. We saw some which I think would at best have been called redheads or blacks; perhaps mallards if they had been brought to bag, but as they kept well out of range we are content to class them as of lower degree. This narrative, you may see, does not detail any alarming inroad on the feathered game of our glorious country. On the contrary, it is rather calculated to show that the birds of this part of the State have, through the process of evolution, natural selection, the survival of the fittest, or what you will, arrived at such a state of sagacity that they outwit man, unless the latter has an unusually long head or a gun or other instrument of destruction of such a far killing nature, as to throw in the shade everything yet produced. As we homeward wended our weary way that night, with long flocks of ducks tantalizingly out of gunshot on the lake, my companion hinted at the possibility of being driven to capturing them by some

other method than shooting, even if it was the Chinese mode of yanking them under water, which process, however, he thought would not work well with the temperature below the freezing point.

Several parties of Rochester men have returned home within a week or two from shooting trips in the West. The travels of one party were extended to Kansas, where some good quail shooting was had. How suggestive of wanton waste of game is the fact that men had to cross the Mississippi from New York for a few weeks' sport at small game? Other men went to Ohio and Indiana, and found that quail had been so thinned out by an unfavorable winter as to make it rather a toil than pleasure to follow the beavies, and they gave up shooting, having concluded that it was poor policy to leave no "seed."

A Rochester stockholder in one of the clubs owning a good marsh for ducks in Lake Erie, went up and had one day's sport out of six at the redheads, but complains that the people out there are pursuing the unwise policy of allowing the ducks to be harassed night and day, and every day in the week. He suggests that the Chesapeake Bay plan of shooting only on alternate days should be enforced, unless the birds are to be driven away totally.

I saw yesterday for the first time in this market some numbers of sharp-tailed grouse, for sale. They must have been killed hundreds of miles away, or perhaps thousands, and the fact indicates the relentless war waged for lucre against the game birds of America. I am very much enamored with the doctrine of free trade, but I think we might have protected our game to a far greater extent than has been done. Protection in that line would have wronged nobody.

E. R.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Nov. 30.

ADIRONDACK DEER HOUNDING.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have just come from the Adirondacks, where I have a summer cottage, and for fifteen years have spent from four to six months in the woods and before that had made a number of visits to that region. The year before Paul Smith's house was built I camped for four months in that vicinity. Visitors to that part know the little strip of land between St. Regis and Spillville Pond called "The Tongue." In those days we could find seven or eight deer on the Tongue any morning. A party of four on Pollansby, Jr., and Quebec ponds, killed ninety-two deer in six weeks, and "Old Arcoill," by still-hunting, killed one hundred and five in two months that same year. We hear the statement often made that the deer are growing more plenty in the Adirondacks. But I think no one would dream of the possibility of killing that number of deer in one season now. I think from the fact that for three or four years there has been but little snow, the deer have not been slaughtered by crust-hunters, and in their yards and in some localities they may have increased somewhat.

But, to my mind, the only way to save deer is to forbid the use of hounds at any season; and, at the same time, night-hunting should be stopped. If the hounds were used only during the months of October and November there would not be so much harm done. But they are permitted to run by themselves all the spring and summer until the "city folks" begin to come into the woods. Then there is a pretense of keeping them chained. The past summer—the day I arrived in the woods—one of the "natives" called me to see his new dog, and boasted, "He has run more than one deer this spring." I learned later that quite a number had been either killed by the dogs or run till in all probability they died from exhaustion. One buck lay four hours in my door yard, too weak to get into the woods.

I talked with many of the hunters who keep dogs in regard to a law forbidding the use of hounds. They all agreed that it would be a good thing, and most of them said they would sign a petition for such a law; but as long as others kept them they should. Fifteen years ago, or even less than ten years, it was no unusual thing to see deer feeding about the edge of the woods and in the grain fields. But now with two hounds to every house, the "starters" have to go four or five miles into the woods to find a deer.

I learned of the killing of a number of deer last June by jack-hunting. I had not the legal proof, or I should have made an effort to have had the law enforced. It is often next to impossible to get the proof of the killing of deer out of season by jack-hunters. But a law against the use of hounds would be easily enforced. I think there is such a law in one or two counties, but it should be made for the whole State. If it is not done soon, ten years hence the last deer will have been run to its death. If such a law is passed, in five years a sportsman with any skill would have no difficulty in killing enough to satisfy his taste for venison, and of a different quality from that run till nearly black. If the sportsmen who are lovers of fair play will agitate this subject such a law could be passed this winter, and we should soon see a great increase in the number of deer.

AU SABLE.

HARTFORD, Dec. 5.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Now that the sporting season is over, may it not be a good time to compare notes with former years. My annual hunt up in Herkimer county closed on the 24th ult. Notwithstanding the lack of snow, our party were successful in the capture of about 200 pounds of venison per man; all, in fact, that we desired or cared for. The deer were not plenty and the few found to hunt were shy and alert, having been jack-hunted and run by dogs until some of them would hardly make a shadow. I had heretofore camped north of the Beaver River, which section used to be full of game. But for a few years past it has become the resort of a gang of hounders from near Croghan, who seem to spend most of the summer and fall months in the woods in parties numbering as high as thirty-five men, with fifteen or twenty dogs. So completely have they cleaned out the deer in the northern part of Herkimer county, as far east as the Red Horse chain, that the still-hunters have given up the locality. The same can be said of the eastern part of Lewis county, where but a few years since deer were plenty.

I notice that the Maine game law is being agitated again; some wishing that the open season be extended, while A. R. Fuller, of Meacham Lake, would like the season for hounding deer in this State extended until Nov. 15, "as it would give employment to many men in that locality at a time when very little work is to be had."

I admit that the time for a guide to earn a competency to support him for the balance of the year is quite short. But when you extend the time to one you extend it to all. This same set of men that are annihilating the deer in the Beaver River country would undoubtedly like to have the time ex-

tended till the 1st of December, or even later, for hounding deer.

Judging from their every-day appearance and the semblance of dogs that accompany them, I can to some extent appreciate their desires. It does not appear to me, however, that the little game we have left should be exterminated for charity's sake, before trying other expedients. I hope we may soon have a more rigid game law. Not by extending the open season, but by cutting off a portion of the time now allotted. Two months, viz., October and November, would give ample time for every sportsman to get a supply of first-class venison. By the 1st of October the major part of the does have weaned their fawns, which could, after that date, care for themselves. Still some killed even the latter part of the month would be found with fresh milk in the udder.

Parties in this section that went into Forest and McKean counties, Pennsylvania, after deer, have had fair luck, reporting the deer, bear, grouse, etc., as being on the increase.

CAP LOCK.

FREWSBURG, N. Y., Dec. 8, 1884.

WIRE CARTRIDGES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

At the request of several of your correspondents, I send you a description of how I make wire cartridges for shot, premising by stating that written instructions in such matters convey but a meagre knowledge of any art, a few hours' practical instruction being worth all of it.

To make a good wire cartridge is a knack requiring experience, like making artificial flies, the first attempts of the novice are anything but satisfactory.

First the materials. Paper for the cases should be of a fine thin texture and at the same time strong; about the thickness and strength of that upon which our postal notes are printed would answer very well. There are some fine qualities of wrapping paper used in some of the trades which I have found to answer admirably.

The wire should be about the size or thickness of No. 8 spool cotton, of brass or copper. I prefer the brass as being tougher. One dollar to one dollar and fifty cents will purchase enough to make a thousand rounds.

Bone dust to fill in between the layers or interstices of the shot, is scarcely a purchasable commodity. I obtained what I use by applying to a bone turner, who kindly gave me about a peck of bone turnings or chips, which I took to an accommodating miller who ground it for me; it need not be as fine as flour, about the fineness of what the millers term "shorts" will answer.

Prepare some thin, stiff cardboard wads, say a couple of sizes smaller than your gun, or rather just small enough to drop inside of your paper cases over which to crimp or close the bottoms and tops neatly. Cut also with the same cutter some of paper to paste over the tops and bottoms after crimping or closing, as a finish. (If preferred the top can be finished with a thin cardboard wad pasted on, the size of your gun.) Use good boiled flour paste.

Also, have turned about three cylindrical pieces of well-seasoned hard wood, about four inches in length, the larger one of a gauge or diameter just sufficient to admit making the paper cases thereon, so they will go in your shells nicely without forcing; this piece should also have a small groove or channel along the side, or a small hole through the center, either will answer, to admit air; so that in making the paper cases they can be withdrawn readily.

The second piece should be about two sizes, or rather somewhat smaller in diameter, over which to weave your wire cage.

The third piece still smaller to use as a rammer or loader.

Cut the paper for the cases in strips about five inches in length by two inches in width, marking a line either in pencil or by folding, in the center of each strip. Apply paste to one-half of the strip as thus divided, then wind the unpasted end of the paper slip a turn around your cylindrical piece of wood, first described above, allowing the edge of the paper to project over the end of the same, say about $\frac{3}{4}$ of an inch and bringing the pasted portion on around evenly, neatly and smoothly; drop one of your smaller pasteboard wads in the projecting end of the hollow paper cylinder thus formed, apply a little paste and close the end by crimping the projecting edge of the paper over the wad neatly, and lastly with a little paste apply one of the paper cuts or wads to the outside of the end or what I term the bottom, withdraw the wooden cylinder and the case is complete. You can make two or three dozen of these cases in ten or fifteen minutes. Set them aside to dry.

Prepare the wire by cutting in lengths of about four inches, (an ordinary pair of scissors answers well for cutting the fine wire used), double each length in the center, in shape resembling the top of a lady's hairpin, half circle, bringing the two ends parallel and even and of such a space apart as you wish to make your mesh (the wire cages when complete resemble somewhat the meshes of a fishnet). If for buckshot, for instance, allow a space just sufficient to permit the passage of a buckshot, for smaller shot make them smaller in same ratio. I have found that for a 10-gauge gun about seven wires, or what is the same thing, seven meshes complete the circle of the cage for No. 1 buckshot.

The size I have here given is suitable for a 10-gauge gun; other bores will require a modification, to suit which a few practical trials will easily determine.

Now suppose you wish to make a wire cage for buckshot. Take seven of the wires doubled in hair-pin shape, as described above, and properly spaced. All this spacing and size of mesh is determined to a nicety and with regularity simply by the eye, after a little practice. Take the second cylinder of wood, as described above, bore quite a small awl hole in one end anywhere, diagonally in from the circumference of the same, in which you can insert temporarily a common pin—this is for convenience in holding your first wire in position by bringing one end of the same over the pin; lay another wire alongside and parallel with the first, the top ends, or ends that are doubled, extending up in the wooden cylinder a space, then with a pair of small pliers (such as are used by fly makers answer well) cross the adjoining ends of each of said wires at the lower edge of the cylindrical piece of wood, that will be, as described above, just a space or mesh from top of wires, give them two sharp and close twists to the right. Take the third wire, lay it parallel with and adjoining the second, with the top end projecting up even with the two first, as described above, cross the adjoining ends with the pliers, give two sharp close twists to the right as before. Proceed with the fourth wire, fifth, sixth and seventh as described, and you will find, providing your wires have been properly spaced, that the seventh will then adjoin and lay parallel and even or nearly so with the first, the adjoining ends of which must be crossed

and twisted, as before described; the first circle of meshes is then complete. Withdraw the pin; you have no further use for it now. Shove the whole thing up on the wooden cylinder the space of a mesh, cross the wires so as to form a second row or circle of meshes, give each two twists to the right, as before described, and the second row or circle of meshes is complete; shove it up another space and proceed as before until completion; the short ends of the wires remaining after the completion of the last circle of meshes can be closed, doubled over or crimped squarely over the end of the wooden cylinder, which you then withdraw. Drop the completed wire cage into one of your prepared paper cases, and you are ready for loading.

Say you can chamber four buckshot within your wire and paper cases. First drop in a thin layer of bone dust, then a layer of shot, tapping down lightly with the rammer, a layer of bone dust, sufficient to fill interstices between the shot, another layer of shot, tapping down each layer lightly and smoothly, and lastly drop in one of the thin card-board wads, over which paste close and crimp down the top of the paper case, finishing as described above with respect to the bottom of the cases. The cartridge is then complete. If you prefer in finishing you can paste a card-board wad of the gauge of your gun on top; if the shell is crimped over then they can be used without the card-board wad on top—one good wad is sufficient between the charge of powder in the shell.

If you have nimble fingers, two or three dozen cartridges can easily be made of an evening by the fireside and laid away to use upon an emergency where they will do the most good.

BACKWOODS.

BEVERLY, Randolph County, W. Va., Dec. 1, 1884.

DAKOTA GAME.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Fort Buford is situated at the confluence of the Missouri and the Yellowstone rivers, and almost directly on the line between Montana and Dakota, a little north of the forty-eighth degree of latitude, and I believe one of the coldest spots in the United States. The mercury went down to forty-five degrees below zero several times last winter. On either side of these magnificent rivers is a splendid wood of elm, cottonwood, black ash, etc., with a dense growth of underbrush, consisting of willows, elder, dock, briar, and other hardy shrubs. These jungles are the retreat of thousands of red deer (*Cervus leucurus*), commonly called the white-tailed deer. I am fully convinced that there is not a square yard for thirty miles from here on either side of these rivers that you will not find the tracks and signs of these animals. I went out for a hunt last week about six miles from here, and saw at least sixty deer within a radius of three acres. There is one great drawback in hunting through this thick underbrush; the deer will generally see or hear you before you see or hear him, so that you can very rarely get a shot nearer than 100 yards and then you will have to shoot the deer on the jump. Three men went out from here a few days ago to a place called the Twelve-mile Creek, and although gone but four days, returned with 24 deer, weighing from 50 to 200 pounds each, and I have seen white-tailed deer that would turn the scales at 300 pounds.

There are also black-tailed deer (*Cervus macrotis*) on the upland hills, but they are not so numerous as the white-tailed. Further up still on the hills and on rocky ledges are found small flocks of the big horn (*Ovis montana*), commonly called the Rocky Mountain sheep. It requires the most skillful strategy to come within rifle range of this latter named animal, the slightest noise is sufficient to put them on the alert. The grizzly bear (*Ursus horribilis*) is found in the immediate vicinity, but not to so great an extent as from forty to a hundred miles from here. Montana cattlemen are complaining of sad havoc among their cattle, caused by "grizzlies" as also by the large, gray timber wolf, commonly called the buffalo wolf (*Canis lupus occidentalis*). It is reported here that six yearlings were found dead in a cañon thirty miles up the Missouri, and the tracks of bears and wolves were seen around the carcasses. Elk are found within a short distance from here also. Although I never ran across any, I have seen several of their antlers which, judging from their state of preservation, must have been shed within the period of one year.

The buffalo will soon be a thing of the past, and another decade will know this noble animal, the King of American game, only by a written description found in the natural histories. When the writer first came out West, nine years ago, he saw the plains of Montana and Dakota covered with herds of buffalo, as numerous as the domestic cattle that cover a "thousand hills" to-day. But now you may travel hundreds of miles without seeing a herd of twenty. I have seen only four buffalo herds this season; these were at Glendive, Montana, about eighty miles from here, and were the property of a taxidermist, who was mounting them for a Chicago firm. Only a few more years and a buffalo robe will be worth from \$100 to \$200, and a buffalo coat will be almost as dear as a sealskin.

You can scarcely walk a hundred yards on either woodland or prairie here, but covey after covey of "prairie chickens" (sharp-tailed grouse) will rise before you. On frosty mornings they can be seen as numerous on the trees as blackbirds on an Eastern farm. Sportsmen in this section of the country will not waste ammunition on small game such as "prairie chickens," jack rabbits, cotton tails, etc. They will not even kill a fawn. There are several small lakes at short intervals from each other, these are the haunts of myriads of wild geese, white brant, ducks, plover, pelicans, etc.

A young man, call him Brown, bagged last night the largest white-tailed deer I have seen this season. Brown fired four shots at him and came within a hair's breadth of shooting himself into the bargain. He, a young man about twenty-one, brought up on a farm in the backwoods of Indiana, tells the story himself, as follows: "With the first shot I bruk the critters foreleg, still he kept gitting and gitting. I up an' fired again and missed 'em. After the third shot I saw him fall, I runned up and found him on his back with his horns sticking in the ground, as I approached the critter he was piping me off from the corner of his left eye, an' I thought he was dead and then again I thought he wasn't, so I went up to poke him on the belly with the butt of my gun, which was loaded, when, great gum! gentlemen, he bounded up like lightning an' was off as if shot from a cannon. I got so scared at this unexpected turn that I lay har stood on an end and I do not know whether I was standin' on my head or feet and when I got so started I pulled my gun off and the ball went a whistling by my ear. He was gone about 300 yards before I could think o' what tuk place, but I bruk his other leg this time." A young man from the

THE MAINE GAME LAW.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I am very glad to see that the majority of your correspondents are in favor of the law as it now stands, though I don't see how they could think otherwise. If there is to be any change in the season, it should be shortened. When they say that man wants little here below, they forget him who wants to combine shooting and fishing at the expense of the game, or else they might be inclined to think he wanted a good deal. If a person wants to fish, let him do it in season when the fish are in proper condition; and the same with deer; but don't let him arrange the laws to suit his convenience and enable him to kill everything within reach. He who can get only a few days off in August, very naturally wants to shoot deer or moose, and he whose vacation comes in Sept ember turns longing eyes on the trout, but let each take the goods the gods provide, and think that but for the laws there would now be neither fish nor game.

Nobody asks for vegetables out of season, because there are none to be had, and if we persist in taking deer out of what is Nature's season, why we'll soon be without them altogether. Does in September, with or without fawns, are sure to be in poor condition, and my experience is that a quarter of the young are still unweaned on the 15th day of that month. Maine is the model State of the Union for its game laws, and it does seem a pity if all the good results are to be wiped out at the very moment of their appearance. Mr. Wells says the residents of that part of the State need the money spent there by the tourists. That is true, and is the only argument for opening September. But if the gunner is to be permitted to kill game from the last day of August, would the money gained during the following three or four years be sufficient to support these people from the time the deer give out for the rest of their natural lives? Hardly, unless they can beat the Chinese on cheap living, that's all.

C. F. M. G.

Boston, Dec. 6.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your correspondent "X." in current number speaks "of the scarcity of deer in Maine, twenty-five years ago," and "this reminds me." In Bangor, thirty-four or thirty-five years ago, on a sweltering day at just past noon, Tom M. sat in his brother's crockery store, with his chair tilted back, his feet on the desk, using a toothpick, and reading the *Daily Whig and Courier*. Suddenly his attention was arrested by a noble deer, which, entering by the west door, trotted through the store, went out by the Main street door, crossed the street and entered the store of Hemenway & Hersey, then newly fitted up with mirrors and show cases, etc. It was a fur store, and those who saw him conjectured that the deer might have gone in to inquire the price of pelts in particular. However that may be, he trotted the length of the store, took a good look at himself in the plate-glass mirror at the end, and turning about made for the street. By this time, as may be imagined, men and boys were on the *qui vive*. Arriving at the street, there was a lumbermen's supply wagon—a huge affair of ten or twelve feet in height—just passing. Pursued by the crowd he vaulted clear over the wagon at one bound, and ran down to Market square, on the east side of which he caught sight of the Kenduskeag stream through the open windows and doors of a flour store. Entering without ceremony, he attempted to jump through a window into the stream, but alas for his hopes, his bulk or his horns prevented; he stuck fast and was killed by his ruthless pursuers. It was conjectured that he had followed the stream down from the forest and struck off at the first obstacle met at Central street bridge. I was not an eye witness to this affair, being at dinner some little distance from the street.

My hope in writing this is to draw the fire of some of your Bangor readers, who may not only verify my story, but also be tempted to write some of their reminiscences, which could not fail to be interesting to your readers. The times I write of were when E. R. L.—s kept the Hatch House, one of the most genial, sunny-faced landlords that ever sat with his face to the back of a chair, and made fun for every one within sound of his voice. A practical joker, he did not forget in his last illness the ruling passion, for when Doctor McK. told him, in answer to his question, "what the chances were for his life," "One chance in twenty, Mr. L.," he said as quickly as his breath would permit, "I'll take that chance, Doctor."

BEN TENUTO.

Worcester, Mass.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Have just read the communication in your paper of Nov. 13 of Henry P. Wells, and your editorial comments thereon, regarding the preservation of deer in Maine. The thought struck me that the game law as now in force in California might be equally good in that State. Several years ago our Legislature passed a law to prohibit the killing of does and spotted fawns at any time within four years. The law was broken by a large number of hunters, but the deer increased in most places instead of diminished, so when the four years had expired the Legislature extended the time indefinitely. A better feeling has gradually come over the hunters, until now most of them feel extremely small if they happen to kill a doe or fawn, even by mistake.

M. F. S.

Petaluma, California.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Fish and Game Commissioner E. M. Stillwell, of Maine, has been in Boston lately, looking after the would-be sportsmen who have been down to Maine and stolen game, or killed it contrary to the laws of the State, which amounts to the same thing. It is learned through the lumbermen that a magnificent moose was killed in the neighborhood of Chemicook before the first day of October. The hunter, a Boston merchant, had no use for the meat and offered it to the lumbermen for about a cent per pound more than beef would cost them. They would not take it and the moose was suffered to rot, with the exception of such choice bits as the guides and those in the secret desired. An indictment will be found against the hunter and he will be arrested, if ever he sets a foot on Maine soil again. He is said to be a crack shot—killed but one moose himself, but encouraged one or two Indian guides to kill a moose a piece, thus evading the law against killing more than one moose in a season.

The notorious moose poacher, who was indicted for killing a moose out of season in Maine three years ago, refused to pay his fines, has written or had his friends write a letter to the Commissioners asking the privilege of going into Maine to attend some sort of a teachers' convention in that State. The letter sets forth that he is a good fellow, never killed any more moose out of season in that State than, than—in short, than he wanted to, and could not the Commissioners

for these reasons, grant him permission to visit Maine just once, without being arrested? The answer he got was that he would be arrested as surely as he was caught in Maine. He has not been down there to attend the convention.

It has been before stated in these columns that the great body of game coming from Maine into the Boston market had been stopped by the admirable non-transportation system. Such is the fact. Not one-fiftieth part of the number of partridges or black ducks have reached the market here that came in the fall of 1882, previous to the passage of the law in Maine. As for venison, there came through from Maine the season before the non-transportation law went into effect between 1,800 and 2,000 carcasses. They actually rotted outside the Boston markets. Thanks to the good work of the Commissioners and wardens, such barbarous and wicked waste of noble game has been stopped. Not more than 100 deer were smuggled through from Maine last year, and this fall probably one dozen carcasses will cover all received. But the great market interest is against all this. The chance to make a dollar is infringed upon, and Boston money is likely to be used in Maine at the forthcoming session of the Legislature for the harm of the law against the transportation of game. The Commissioners will say to the Legislature: "Gentlemen, you see what your laws have done. Boston and New York market-hunting has been, in a great measure, stopped. Deer have increased, so that there is now a breeding stock worth talking about. Four years more of such market-hunting as was carried on in 1881 would have destroyed every vestige of moose, deer and caribou in your State. Make such changes in your game and fish laws as you think best; but in absolute non-transportation is your only hope." The Commissioners are repeatedly asked to frame some sort of a law whereby a non-resident of the State who kills a moose or deer fairly, in open season, can transport it to his home. At first it would seem that such a form of law would be just. But, alas! How easy it would be, under such a law, for every Boston runner on his return trip to become the owner of a deer, which he would run straight into the Boston market.

Not a day passes but what the wardens at the larger shipping points in Maine seize partridges, ducks, or saddles of venison, being smuggled through to Boston or New York. The tricks of the poachers are as curious as they are numerous, and the best of the wardens have become expert detectives. A list of the principal receivers of game in this market is in the warden's pocket, and packages directed to such parties are objects of suspicion. In one case the warden noted an old box, projecting from under the cover of which was some old cotton cloth—the edge of an old bedquilt. The quick eye of the warden saw deer's hair—only one or two—adhering to the box. He opened it, and two nice saddles of venison were found rolled up in the quilt. An enormous trunk was bundled into the baggage car at Bangor. It had a lady's name on it, but the keen perceptions of the warden "saw signs." The trunk was detained and opened. In it were sixty partridges and a lot of ducks. The lady's uncle keeps a stall in one of the Boston markets probably. At least no such lady has been found. The warden opened a case of eggs directed to a well-known Boston commission merchant. One layer of eggs with part boards came out all right, but the third layer was partridges, two dozen of them. The eggs have never been called for. The owner can have them, but he will be required to pay over \$100 fines for attempting to forward partridges.

SPECIAL.

Boston, Mass., Dec. 8.

REMARKABLE SHOTS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

As you have asked your correspondents to give you a record of remarkable shots, I am tempted to add one to the score. Mr. William Stoneburg, of this city, informs me, and is ready to make affidavit to the truth of his statement, that last year he killed a black duck, a mud hen and a crane at one shot. Mr. Stoneburg states that he saw a black duck feeding near the mouth of Mud Creek, where the water is shallow. The shore being bordered by trees, with a thick underbrush, he succeeded in crawling within fifteen yards of the duck, which was about ten yards from the shore. Meantime the crane alighted beside a bunch of rushes some ten or fifteen yards further away, and a mud hen swam between the duck and the shore. When it got in line with the duck, Mr. Stoneburg fired, killing both birds, as he intended; and, hearing a flapping among the rushes, he looked and found that he had fatally wounded the crane, which he secured. It is not very often, I should say, that three birds of different species, and not consorting, are killed at one shot.

R. S. B.

Belleville, Ontario.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I was out hunting squirrels, and had fired four shots at a gray squirrel in a tree without seeming to affect it more than to make it jump at each shot. The animal finally started and traveled quite a distance, jumping from one tree to another until it reached a tall beech. All this time I was following along waiting for the squirrel to stop and give me a chance to get a fair shot. When it got to the beech tree it started down a branch, going by jerks. I was just in the act of raising the gun, when I accidentally touched the trigger and fired. The barrel was pointing upward at an angle of about eighty degrees, and the hammer was just in front of my face, which was burnt by the powder from the tube. I rubbed the powder from my eyes as quickly as possible, and imagine my surprise to see the squirrel lying on the ground near me shot through the head.

S. W. S.

Editor Forest and Stream:

My shot can hardly be called lucky, though it may be classed as remarkable. Armed with a rifle I was hunting for rabbits. All the rabbits I saw I overshot. I was behind a hill about a half-mile from a farmhouse, which was cut off from sight by the hill. Passing the house on my way home, I was edified by the farmer charging me with shooting a fat cow. Sure enough, the cow was lying dead in the barnyard with a jagged hole in her side. The ball had evidently caromed on the frozen ground with a trajectory to clear the hill, and hit the cow. A receipt from the farmer for \$12 for prematurely making beef of his cow, is the only souvenir left of my remarkable shot.

C. C. S.

Middletown, Nova Scotia.

Editor Forest and Stream:

On one occasion I was hunting on a hill a hundred feet above Tomales Bay, near the Pacific, armed with a .45-60 Winchester. A "shag" was flying along over the bay, which, at this point, was about a mile wide. The bird was under the shadow of the hill on the opposite side, and as

Eastern States, Jones, who is quite a humorist, having heard Brown relate his adventure, stepped out quietly and told the adventure to the "bohoys" with the transformation saying, that instead of the deer running 300 yards, that Brown ran 300 yards before he looked back, and then stopped when he saw that the deer was not pursuing him. This caused much laughter at Brown's expense; but he vehemently protests that it was the deer that ran, not him.

Shortly before Christmas of last year, Brown, Jones and myself went out for a short hunt. As well as I can remember the mercury was down to 30° below zero. We kindled a fire in the woods so that we may warm ourselves before starting homeward. Brown was sitting on the end of a log, when he leveled his gun at an imaginary object and said, "If a cinnamon bar should come marching along there now how I would make him dance a hornpipe." Jones was standing near the fire with hands and chin resting on his piece, watching Brown's performance, when he said with a countenance that betrayed not the remotest shadow of a jest, "But what would you do, Brown, if a saleratus bear should come there?" Brown looked at him with the unsuspecting candor of a rustic youth and said, "Why? Is he bigger than a cinnamon?"

If any of your readers want information respecting the game reserves of this country, I shall be glad to give it.

W. M. N.

Fort Buford, Dakota.

Editor Forest and Stream:

My ranch lies in the Bad Lands of extreme Western Dakota. There is still a good deal of game about it, and this year I have, on several occasions, when the cattle did not need attention, taken two or three days off and done fairly well with black-tail deer, white-tail deer and antelope. There are some mountain sheep about, too, and I intend to take a day after them as soon as I get time.

This summer I made quite a long trip through the cattle country of Eastern Montana and Northern Wyoming, in company with my foreman, William Merrifield, who is an excellent rider, a first-class shot and a very keen sportsman. During the course of our trip I took two weeks' hunting in Big Horn Mountain. While there I killed three grizzlies—one of them a huge beast weighing close on twelve hundred pounds—and six elk, four of them having fine heads; Merrifield got two bear and four elk, I always taking first shot when we were together. The five bears were killed with seven bullets, three of them being struck in the brain; we followed them up on foot, our buckskin suits and moccasins enabling us to go so noiselessly through the woods that we could get to very close quarters; the big one was but nine paces off when I fired, taking him square between the two eyes. Only one of them—a she bear with a large cub—had a chance to show fight, the others being killed almost as soon as they discovered us; she turned when struck in the side, but was killed with the second bullet when she had come a few steps toward us.

The buffalo have disappeared forever; one of the last that was killed near my ranch was a fine bull which I shot near Pretty Buttes a year ago this fall.

I am not a good shot, having very bad eyes, and should be ashamed to state the number of misses I have made this summer; I made two or three good shots, however. Once I killed an antelope at 300 yards (actual pacing), and by what I suppose must be regarded as merely a fortunate chance, on another occasion killed two fine blacktail bucks with one bullet at 431 paces.

I use two rifles, both of them six-shot repeaters; one a .50-115 express, the other a .45-75; they are excellent weapons. I notice that "Devil's Ramrod" puts in a plea for the double-barreled express rifles, and sneers at repeating arms. The prejudice against the latter is, of course, sheer nonsense, like the old prejudice against breechloaders. I know nothing of game shooting in India or Africa, but for anything in the United States, from a grizzly bear down, a repeating rifle is as much ahead of a doublebarreled English express as the latter is ahead of a doublebarreled muzzel loader.

There are a great many ducks, geese, sharp-tail grouse and sage grouse to be shot round my ranch; young sage grouse, in August and September, are most delicious eating, fully as good as the sharp-tail, which is our common game bird.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

CHIMNEY BUTTE RANCH, Little Missouri, Dakota.

KENTUCKY GAME.

THE unusual number of whistlers during nesting time encouraged anticipations of rare quail shooting this season in Central and Southern Kentucky; but up to date disappointment has been nearly universal. The long tramps through most promising covers, between beves, are one of the unaccountables. A propitious summer, no "drowning-out" rains, abundant feed, no appreciable cause of migration, yet birds are scarce. The local savant (?) with ever-ready solution of the mysterious, consults last winter's goose bone and refers cause to fall of mercury to 18° below zero, and consequent (?) freezing out of the few birds left for seed. This is an exceptional instance of unsatisfactory explanation. Too many birds wintered well. Rabbits are so plentiful that the boys come in with a full bag of fur after failing of feathers.

One of the boys yesterday referred me to satisfactory corroboration that he bagged twenty-five quail without a miss last season. He added that it was in short cane cover and the warning which each bird gave on leaving cover rendered a miss unpardonable. Extraordinary shooting, nevertheless, we count it. Another reported thirty-eight straight, but the other fellow, who can bear testimony, is a non-resident.

Judge Berry, of Monticello, Ky., had the good fortune to bag a brace of deer at one shot recently. As they passed his stand he failed to observe that there were two, and was ignorant of his score till he stumbled over one which had fallen of a broken neck, as he proceeded to the one which he saw wheel and fall after a few bounds. The Judge is a veteran, and few seasons pass without his enjoying venison which has fallen to his fire. He follows no small game. Several bunches of deer had been located in the mountains, and recent breezes having stripped foliage from the timber, we expect to hear of a few successful chases. Ruffed grouse and turkeys are plentiful, but few bagged.

Scarcity of mast concentrated squirrels about cornfields, and many mountaineers were compelled to stand picket a part of every day till crops were cribbed.

Present outlook for sport in Central Kentucky rather gloomy.

KENTUCKIAN.

LINCOLN COUNTY, Ky., Nov. 29, 1884.

well as I could judge, fully 1,200 yards distant, though it was all guess work. To see how near the ball would go, I threw up my rifle, elevated the muzzle to fully fifty feet above the bird and fired. The ball struck the water about 200 yards short of its mark, glanced and killed the bird, so it fell without a struggle.

On another occasion, was hunting deer in Lake county, this State. A deer was started in the thick brush. A dozen shots failed to stop it, and it circled around with the dog after. I was standing in brush high as my head with gun under my arm, when suddenly I heard a rush and saw a brown object within six feet, coming at full speed. There was no time to raise the gun to my shoulder, but simply elevating the muzzle, I fired, and the deer fell in my arms with a bullet down its throat. I had just time to grab it by the ear to save a fall.

Petaluma, California.

M. F. S.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Luck can account for the remarkable shots that kill, but what will satisfactorily account for those which miss. Here is a case in point. My companion and I were out after ducks, we had been over a large marsh, had entered a creek and had shoved our boat near the bank among the rushes so that we could unobserved watch for any ducks which might be moving. While we were discussing the advantages of our location I saw in the distance down stream, what I knew to be a large flock of teal. They were flying low and very rapidly, and were coming toward us upon our side of the creek. I said to my friend: "Here are some teal coming up the creek, keep down, get ready, and be sure and don't let us fire until they have passed by us." In less time than it takes to read these lines the ducks were upon us, when opposite our boat where we could almost have touched them with our oars; we shot four barrels into what appeared to us to be a solid mass of ducks. Our surprise at not stopping a single duck or ruffle a feather can be better imagined than described.

I have seen my companion bring down many a single duck at long distances while in rapid flight. I have downed two single mallards one with each barrel, and have had two geese tumbling in mid-air at once, and yet we both having plenty of time to get ready and having been cautioned to let the ducks pass by, shot through this flock and did not get a bird. Who can beat this for bad shooting? Doctor.

Oswego, N. Y.

SMALL-BORE SHOTGUNS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I saw with pleasure an editorial in a late number of FOREST AND STREAM, in favor of small-gauge shotguns. I have watched the craze for large-bore guns with a good deal of amazement and amusement in the last twenty years, since the introduction of breechloading shotguns. The use of large bores, and recently of chokebores has, to a great extent, "befogged" the question of the proper charges and proper execution of shotguns, and I wish to state a few points that are often lost sight of. I do not desire to enter into any discussion on such a vexed matter, but what I state is the result of experience of a good many years, and is susceptible of proof. What follows only applies to cylindrical bores, and not to chokebores.

First—The smaller bore scatters less than the larger bore (with the same charge of shot).

Second—The small charge of powder used in small-bore guns, shoots coarse shot better than too fine shot. This will appear paradoxical to the users of 10-bores, with big charges of powder and small charges of fine shot, but it is true. For instance, with the same amount of force a man can throw a handful of coarse gravel further than he can throw a handful of sand; or it may be stated differently: More force is needed to throw a handful of fine sand a certain distance than a handful of coarse gravel.

Third—With the small charge of powder used in small bores, coarser shot must be used to obtain force and penetration, than in a large bore.

Fourth—We do not lose in pattern, *i. e.*, the gun does not scatter too much when using coarse shot in small bores; but in large bores, with the big charge of powder, coarse shot containing but few pellets scatters too much.

Fifth—The small powder charge of the small bore does not do well in large bores. There is more pressure exerted by the powder per square inch on the charge in a small bore than in the large.

I take 10-gauge as the type of the large bore and 16-gauge as the type of the small bore in the foregoing. The charge of powder for the 16-gauge being 2½ drams with 1½ ounces of shot. This may seem a large charge of shot to the users of 10-bores, but repeated experiments with 16-gauge guns have shown me it gives better pattern as well as penetration than smaller charges.

It has been, unfortunately, fashionable to copy after the English in sporting matters, and this, to a great extent, accounts for the unreasonable craze for 10 and 12-bores in this country. But in France and other countries, especially among the Latin races, 16-gauge is as large a gun as is generally used. In 1865 I was in Brazil, and wishing to get a gun in Rio, (a city of 275,000), I went through all the gun stores, and one gun of 14 gauge was the largest bore gun in the whole city. Most of the guns were 20 and smaller, and yet in Brazil just as many ducks and geese are killed with those small gauges as with the ponderous cannon of 10-bore and 5 drams of powder used in this country. Three things always strikes an American sportsman in countries where small bores are used. They use less powder, more shot, and coarser shot, than we are accustomed to. I have before me a catalogue and price list of one of the best (if not the best) gunmakers of Paris, France. He gives a table of the proper (approximate) charges for his guns. He has tables for 12, 16, 20, 24 and 28-gauge shotguns. (He only makes 10 and 8-bores specially as punt guns for ducking, where large numbers of ducks are killed out of flocks.

The powder used in France is stronger than our American powder, so the charges of powder he gives are somewhat less than I would recommend in this country. I have reduced the charges from French weight to ours. He gives for 16-gauge, 2½ drams powder, 1½ ounces shot; for 20-gauge, 2½ drams powder, 1½ ounces shot.

I have a 16-gauge cylindrical bore, not choked in any way which, loaded with 2½ drams powder and 1½ ounces No. 6 shot, at 40 yards, put 21 pellets in a book 6x9 inches, with a penetration of the pasteboard cover and 81 leaves (162 pages). I mean by penetration that some of the shot went through, lodging in the back cover (not merely breaking leaves). This gun carries close enough with No. 6 shot even for snipe, and I therefore see no reason for using finer shot, neither do I. I have made better penetration with the above load than a 10-

bore gun using same size shot and 5 drams powder. I use No. 6 shot for the two kinds of quail we have here. The scaled quail (*Callipepla squamata*), and the Massena quail (*Cyrtonyx massena*) (not to be confounded with a very different bird, the small European quail, imported in the east a few years ago, and called Messina, from Messina, in Italy, where they were obtained).

A chokebore gun is not as good an "all around gun" as a cylindrical gun, for though the choke shoots the smaller sizes of shot well, they do not shoot larger sizes as well as cylindrical bores. Again, the chokebores are nearly worthless for buckshot, as compared with a cylindrical bore. The small-bore gun shoots close enough, and nothing is gained by choking it; and on the other hand much is lost, as the choke prevents its shooting well the sizes of shot best adapted to small bores.

It requires more skill to use a small bore than a large bore, as it carries much closer, and for this reason the small bore is not popular among poor wing-shots. Many a man who does fairly well at birds flying with a 10-bore will miss right along with a 16-gauge. You have to hold on the bird with the small bores; there's no trusting to luck and the scattering of the charge to make up for shooting; therefore the use of the small bore gives more pleasure to the true sportsman, as it calls forth more skill on his part. I have owned and shot many guns in my life, but the best and hardest shooting gun I ever had was an 18-gauge gun that I used in the fall of 1866 in Illinois, for prairie chickens and ducks (mostly mallards). The shooting was late in the season, and much of the game killed at long range, but the gun did just as well as the large guns.

I think the best dimensions for a 16-gauge gun are 7 pounds weight, 31-inch barrels. Most of the 16-gauge guns imported from England are 28 inches, which is too short to get the best results. I personally find No. 6 shot the best size for quail and even snipe, while No. 4 does for ducks. The charge of powder is 2½ drams and 1½ ounces shot. Each gun though has its own peculiarities, which have to be found out by repeated trials at the target.

FORT STANTON, New Mexico.

CYRTONYX.

A CALL FOR A CREED.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have noticed a great many articles in your paper from time to time, about "a true sportsman," or what constitutes a "gentleman sportsman." I must confess that I have failed, so far, in being able to judge of what really constitutes a sportsman in the sense entirely distinct from what we call a "sporting character." We all admit that there is a wide and material difference between a sportsman and a sporting character. In fact, we do not consider that there is any similarity between them. It is plain to my mind that we must either properly define our calling or change the nomenclature. Some choose to adopt one standard, and others are disposed to supplement or detract therefrom. So that, in the general summing up, we have a kind of heterogeneous mass, that does not mean anything, or what is worse still, means too much.

I propose, Mr. Editor, while I have the floor, to offer this resolution: That a committee of one from each State and Territory be appointed to draft a constitution and by-laws, together with a code of ethics to govern the sportsmen of the United States.

I know that it will be argued by some that the natural instincts of a gentleman is a sufficient guide in matters of ethics, and no attempt to make a creed will be tolerated where the moral sense is of such a high standard. To this I will say, that a rule of conduct can only apply to violators, and will not operate to the prejudice of the innocent. It is not every one who may be fond of a dog and gun, especially when you furnish both, that can be admitted into the family of the true sportsman.

Some men are exceptionally good shots, and may own a dog and gun, but still they will render themselves very unpleasant in the field by popping away at every bird that may rise, right and left, without any regard to the rights of others. Again, when birds are plenty, they never stop shooting as long as their dog will make a stand, and then depend upon chance to recover dead birds. Others, worse still, will meander themselves enough into your good graces until you offer them a seat in your rig a time or two, and then when you refuse to turn over your dog and gun to them for an independent hunt, you are simply damned for your pains. Another set claim every bird down, notwithstanding that three or four others may have shot at the same bird; and if the contest becomes at all exciting, they will not hesitate to rush through hedges and climb staked and ridged fences, with their guns at full cock, and their comrades probably more numerous than the birds around them.

Again, there are some who claim to be gentlemen sportsmen who would fight in a minute if you would even intimate that they were not, who will, with their fine guns and well-trained dogs, bag from one to two hundred birds a day, two-thirds of which spoil; yet they do not think this extravagant or wasteful, leaving out altogether the ethical part of the subject.

Again, other would be sportsmen, who are very fond of field sports, but somehow or other never have a gun and dog at the same time, must depend upon a friend who takes a pride in keeping both gun and dog in good order for personal use. Now, Mr. Editor, in view of all this I move you, sir, that a committee be appointed.

OCCIDENT.

Editor Forest and Stream:

There is necessarily a connection between the questions, What is a "true sportsman?" and How many birds may he shoot?

As to some of the characteristics of the true sportsman all will concur. He hunts game solely for the pleasure derived from its pursuit and taking. Its cash value has not the slightest influence on his actions. His method of pursuing and killing game is the one which affords the greatest ratio of sport to the quantity killed. He observes the spirit as well as the letter of the game laws, and is thoroughly awake to the cause of game preservation and every ready to do all in his power to further the cause. His conduct toward his fellow sportsmen and all others is generous and gentlemanly. The motive that sends a man afield with dog and gun is an important factor in determining whether he is a true sportsman. The details of his style of hunting are of less consequence.

I think it is possible for a man to sell his game and yet be a true sportsman, though he is liable to the suspicion that the "returns" he expects to receive for his game are an incentive to his hunting. I believe that under certain circumstances one may shoot a bird sitting without forfeiting the

title of sportsman. As, for instance, if after hunting nearly all day with poor success you happen to get sight of a sitting grouse, so surrounded that he will almost certainly escape if permitted to fly, it would be entirely permissible to knock it over (unless you take a pride in keeping your record clean of all sitting shots).

Of the number of birds a man may properly shoot there is a limit. It would be clearly wrong for sportsmen to wage a war of extermination on the birds, though they kill them ever so artistically. Of course, the limit varies in different localities according to the abundance of birds and the number of shooters. To fix the number one may shoot, even for a particular locality, would be another case of "fine drawing," and a matter of opinion, on which opinions would be pretty sure to differ. During a season's shooting, every sportsman should judge for himself from his own observations, when the supply of game has been reduced as much as it will bear, and then forbear further shooting. Always taking care to stop in time, and allowing a liberal margin of birds for contingencies, in order that next year's supply may show no diminution.

I like large scores—that is, when I make them, and the enjoyment is proportionate to the quantity of game killed. But to one accustomed to a scarcity of birds and to considering a single ruffed grouse a prize, it is rather grinding to hear a sportsman of a more favored region bemoaning his ill luck, and declaring a day in the woods a failure when he bags only a half dozen grouse or a paltry dozen woodcock. It makes one think there is being "sweetness wasted on the desert air." It is hard to repress a feeling of respect for the man who does not measure a day's sport altogether by the number of birds killed, and who can enjoy glorious sport even when the weight of his game bag does not draw him out of the perpendicular. Equally repulsive is he who shoots simply for count.

With the game of all kinds in this country steadily approaching extermination, all good sportsmen will join with "Nessmuk" in execrating the skin-butcher, the pot-hunter, and the grouse hog.

J. M. E.

NEW ORLEANS SIDE-HUNT.—In the side-hunt of the New Orleans Gun Club the points allotted to each head of game killed were: Robin 1, dove 3, snipe 10, quail 10, duck 10, mallard 15, squirrel 10, rabbit 25, woodcock 25. The following were the scores:

LECHE'S TEAM.	
Capt. E. T. Leche, 24 quail, 1 hawk, 4 doves.....	377
Mayor J. V. Guillotte, 29 quail, 2 doves.....	396
Judge Buisson, 13 quail, 6 doves.....	148
W. T. Wingfield, 25 quail, 1 hawk.....	373
John Stump, Jr., 50 quail, 6 hawks, 6 rabbits.....	835
A. M. Aubin, 32 snipe, 1 woodcock.....	345
A. M. Williams, 34 quail, 1 hawk.....	305
Walter Saxon, 17½ snipe.....	175
Capt. J. L. Harris, 10 snipe, 6 doves, 1 hawk, 1 coon.....	418
Hon. R. N. Ogden, 37 quail.....	379
Chas. H. Wood, 3 snipe, 3 quail, 3 doves.....	70
Judge Wm. Voorhies, 1 hawk (disappointed on deer).....	25
Chas. Ballo, didn't hunt.....	
John C. Bach, failed to hunt.....	

Total score.....3,219

RENAUD'S TEAM.	
Capt. J. K. Renaud, 87 quail, 1 rabbit.....	895
L. P. Chaudet, 65 quail.....	650
F. A. Cousin, 50 snipe, 1 duck.....	510
H. B. Feibinger, 61 quail, 1 woodcock, 3 hawks.....	703
A. M. Beckham, 24 quail, 4 rabbits.....	380
John T. Brodnax, sick at home.....	
Chas. J. Lewis, 40 quail, 1 hawk, 3 doves.....	433
Wm. Harvey, 21 snipe.....	210
I. Scooler, 34 ducks and snipe.....	345
J. U. Payne, Jr., 15 quail, 2 doves.....	156
Col. C. L. Walker, failed to hunt.....	
Rene Sarrazin, 6 ducks.....	70
Col. G. A. Williams, 23 green trout (no competitor on other side).....	
E. Wash Vinet, 6 hares, 4 hawks, 20 ducks.....	555

Total score.....4,907

Mr. J. K. Renaud, who won the gold medal for best score last year, took it again this year.

LONG ISLAND DUCK NETTING.—Dec. 8.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I applied to the Board of Supervisors to enact some law that would give the game protector the power to seize nets containing ducks, and thereby supply a deficiency which the lawmakers no doubt intended. The law part of Section 5 reads thus, "or use any net device or instrument with intent to capture any such birds." The nets are properly called fish nets, but in reality are set to take ducks, the fishermen claiming the nets are set to catch bass and other fish. If the supervisors would declare that fishing a net containing ducks is sufficient intent, I could then seize the nets, and the burden of proof would fall upon the owners of the nets that they were set for fish only. I am willing and anxious to seize the nets the moment I get the authority. I am not put in office to infringe on private rights, whatever they may be, and I should not be expected to do so. I see by the papers that a boy killed a deer out of season near Sayville, L. I. I wish to correct this. The season for killing deer expired the 1st of December, and this deer was killed in November. If the hunters understood the act for killing deer ended the 15th of November, which I believe to be the case, so much the better for the deer and all those who wish to see deer all over the island as they once were. No deer were killed before the 1st of November, when they could only be killed without hounds, which has prevented the total destruction of deer on the island.—G. W. WHITTAKER, Game Protector.

TURKEY SHOOT EXTRAORDINARY.—Sanford, Fla.—On Thanksgiving Day, Judge Nolan lost a fine turkey, which has been seen about town several times since, until to-day it was found in the room over Loud & Barrett's store. All attempts to capture it failed. Mr. Draudy, one of Sanford's crack shots, offered to bet \$20 that he could kill it with a rifle, and if the ball struck below the head he was to lose the bet. His bet was taken at once, and he coolly brought out his .32 Remington, took a stand in the center of the street about fifty yards from the turkey, and blazed away. It is needless to say that Mr. Draudy won the money, as the fowl was hit squarely in the eye.—WOODCOCK.

ONTARIO.—Belleville, Dec. 3.—Deer have been very plentiful in the northern townships this season. Upward of one hundred were killed in the townships of Dunganon and Faraday alone. A party of four local sportsmen secured fifteen deer and two others got eight. The hounding system is followed, and the numbers of the deer do not seem to decrease materially.—R. S. B.

"Rod and Gun in California." By T. S. Van Dyke, is the best thing on the game of that country. For sale at this office. Price \$1.50.—Adv.

LOADS FOR WILDFOWL.—Henrietta, Texas.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A great many of your subscribers have written me in reference to how I load for geese. By your permission I give my system, after ten years' experience on Red River. My guns are by first-class makers, and are perfectly safe under any loads. I would reduce the powder in cheap guns. I have lately been using a new double cross bolt gun, a large 10-gauge, with Kynoch's brass cases, and I find it equal to any 8-gauge I ever used. *Wildfowl loads.*—8-bore gun— $\frac{7}{8}$ drams No. 3 powder, one card, one pink, one white felt; 2 ounces No. 4 shot for duck, $\frac{3}{4}$ No. 1 for geese. 10-bore— $\frac{4}{5}$ drams No. 3 powder, one card, one pink-edge, one white Eley felt; $\frac{1}{2}$ ounces No. 4 shot, one card for duck; $\frac{1}{2}$ ounces No. 2 for geese. 12-bore gun— $\frac{3}{4}$ drams No. 2 powder, one card, one pink-edge, one Eley white felt; $\frac{1}{2}$ ounces No. 6 chilled shot, one card, for duck; $\frac{1}{2}$ ounces No. 8 for geese.—ALMO.

HE HAS HAD ENOUGH.—Madison, N. J.—Thanksgiving Day I was out a few hours, but failed to make anything of a bag. Birds were hard to find, extremely so; in fact, I don't believe there are enough birds around the whole country to make it anyway interesting for more than a day at most. If I saw one hunter I saw a hundred; and in some fields I saw as many as seven men, some with hounds, others with bird dogs. Twenty men with guns and as many dogs, got off the cars here Wednesday night. I never before heard so much shooting here. Some ran into a few quail, some did not see anything larger than a red squirrel, and some blazed away at sparrows all day, until their gun barrels were red hot. For my part I don't care to hunt around here another day this fall, as I have had sufficient to last me a year.—SIXTEEN-BORE.

A SNARER'S SICLUN.—Thomaston, Conn.—While out hunting last week I captured a ruffed grouse with a wire noosed around its neck just short of choking, with the other end wound twice around the right wing. The first circle had been drawn so tight as to cut to the bone and had healed over, leaving the wire through the flesh of the wing. The wire was drawn so tight as to render the wing almost useless. We drove a number of miles expecting to find a good many birds, but tramped all the forenoon through splendid cover, without starting any, with the exception of the one mentioned. We did, however, find a good many brush fences, which accounts for the absence of birds reported to be plentiful in that vicinity early in the season.—M.

SOUTHWEST MISSOURI.—North Springfield, Mo., Nov. 25.—Southwest Missouri has more game this fall than for many years. Quail, thanks to a reasonably enforced law against netting, are exceedingly plentiful, and afford rare sport. Ducks are slow in coming in, but there is fair hunting for them. Deer are plenty, and are using the late cornfields extensively. One farmer near the city shot four deer in his cornfield last week. Turkey are quite plentiful. The writer saw a fine flock of twenty-three within six miles of this place on the 21st inst. Weather is superb, and the fates seem kindly inclined to the gentle hunter.—A. M. H.

PENNSYLVANIA.—Sunbury, Dec. 1.—The season is not a propitious one in our vicinity for quail. There seemed to be many birds bred, but as for several seasons past, so this, no birds when it came time to shoot, and what few are killed all old birds. What has become of the young ones? My theory of it is, with both the quail and ruffed grouse, that an epidemic, perhaps of the nature of the pip, or gaps in chickens, has decimated them. I don't think from observation that the partridge fly theory will cover the wholesale destruction. Let us hear from some of our veterans on the subject.—A. F. CLAPP.

OHIO.—Logan, Dec. 2.—Since the last week in October, I have spent much time in the field. In the bottom lands of the Hock-Hocking River quail are plenty. On the highlands they are scarce. Grouse are more abundant than for years. Squirrels and rabbits without end. The flight of wild ducks has been very light. Have not heard a wild goose since spring.—PARSON O'GATH.

FLORIDA.—Glencoe, Nov. 20.—Saw first robins pass over, going south, this morning. The past few days have been cool, with mercury at 48° at 6 A. M. Also saw a large black brant flying south some few days since. Ducks still coming in immense numbers.—RED WING.

NEW ORLEANS.—The Shell Beach Hunting and Fishing Club members have just opened their new house. The beautiful structure, comfortably furnished for the occupancy of the club, is twenty-eight miles from New Orleans, on Lake Borgne.

ILLINOIS.—Macomb.—Game is not very abundant. Was out all day yesterday and only bagged three rabbits, four quail and one squirrel. Would have had more quail if I had been a better shot.—EN AMI.

MONTGOMERY SHOOTING CLUB.—The tenth annual game banquet of the Montgomery (Ala.) Shooting Club, will be held this evening.

A DOG CAPTURES A SALMON.—*Editor Forest and Stream.* The following appears in the Carlisle (Eng.) Journal, of Nov. 7, and needs no comment.—THOS. H. BELL: "Extraordinary Capture of a Salmon.—Major Gleig who, for some years past, has regularly spent the fishing season in Appleby, is the owner of a Dandie Dinmont terrier which is his almost inseparable companion in his fishing excursions, and on Monday last, whilst salmon fishing in the Eamont, the Major had the good fortune to secure a fish, which was afterward found to bring down the balance at sixteen pounds, under the following curious circumstances. The salmon was fairly well hooked, and promised to give some excellent play before being brought to book. No sooner did he show himself in the water, however, than 'Dandie' plunged into the stream, and adroitly seized the fish by the dorsal fin. The Major's line, entangled round the dog and fish, was soon broken, but the dog stuck to his fish, and at length succeeded in forcing his capture sufficiently near to the bank to enable the Major to make use of his gaff, and the fish and dog were both safely brought to land."

SEVENTEEN THOUSAND MEN in 1883 were paid cash benefits under accident policies in the Travelers, of Hartford, or 64 for every working day.—ADV.

Sea and River Fishing.

ON THE GRAND MESA.

LONG before the season opened, the details of our big hunt had been discussed, even to the disposal of the proceeds thereof. Our preparations were to be the most complete and as for success, why we were assured of it. Occasionally during the summer some additional precautions were registered and we were on the *qui vive* for the great event. The time only remained to be fixed and this we left to fate. While at Cimarron enjoying a lone fishing picnic among the big trout of the Gunnison, the matter slipped my mind until one evening, upon my return to the hotel, I was greeted by a message from Carl, saying, "Will be on 7 this P. M., for Delta. Look out for us." Here we were on the eve of the great event with only my rod and tackle in the way of preparation. Wiring to Salida for my shotgun and rifle, I calmly awaited the arrival of the train. After what seemed to be a month of waiting, it pulled in and I was warmly welcomed by my friends. There were Carl, the greatest trout enthusiast, who thirsted for glory among big game; Sheid, a genial comrade and old prospector, successful, too, by the way, who was to show us how to slay the ferocious deer of the Mesa; Hodge, a thoroughly good fellow, who had lost no bear and wasn't looking for any (he carried a .45-90 rifle, all the same); and to bring up a graceful rear, Kokomo.

Arriving at Delta, we spread our blankets upon the depot floor, and slept the sleep of the innocent until morning, not far distant. Then came the hurry and excitement of departure. Casually inquiring of an inhabitant the distance to the lakes on the Grand Mesa, I was dismayed by the answer: "About forty miles, I reckon." I had counted on twenty. Carl shortly afterward turned up with the information that it was thirty miles to the lakes, and Sheid, coming around with the team, remarked that as it was twenty-four miles to our destination, we had better be getting started. I said nothing. We slipped and slid around in Delta's leading product, which is mud, and finally sailed slowly and majestically out of town, and succeeded in losing our way when half a mile out.

Crossing the raging, turbulent Gunnison on a ferryboat, worked by the current with the assistance of a member from Missouri, we pointed for the adobe hills, and the mud encompassed us roundabout. Hodge, on his calico pony, led the van and seemed to be known of all the natives, to our wonderment and edification. Inquiring at every wayside habitation and using the utmost caution, we arrived at Henry Kohler's on the evening of the first day. Here we stopped over night. Mr. Kohler's ranch is one of the largest in this section of the country—his herds numbering some 3,000 head. He is kindness and hospitality personified, and has the thanks and well wishes of the four.

When within two miles of the lakes our team gave out, and we made camp for the night. Carl and Mr. K. had gone on ahead to the lake to catch trout for supper, and they now returned. Mr. K. starting for home at once. Carl's report was discouraging. "They pull out like snags," says he, "and there don't seem to be many there anyhow." In gloomy silence we arranged our camp.

It being only a temporary camp, and hastily constructed, our sleep was interrupted at short intervals during the night by the gentle zephyrs playing around our heads, and we were rather content when Hodge got up, saying it was morning. We heard him going down the frozen road to look after the stock. Returning, he startled us with, "Boys, we are in a deuce of a fix now, Flaxy (one of the horses) is too dead to skin." This brought us out all in a heap, and consternation reigned supreme for a few moments.

After having put our camp to rights we made our way toward the lake. After tramping what to us seemed five miles, we came in view of the lake. The lake consisted of about ten acres of water, and seemed to be about two feet deep. In this we were deceived, however, the clearness of the water being very deceptive. We could see a few trout along the bottom, and Sheid, who had never caught a trout in his life, vowed we would clean them out in a couple of days. Well, we didn't.

Fishing from shore, sinking our flies, we caught quite a number of the finest trout we had ever gazed upon. Deep red underneath, with black-red gill cover, and black backs and spots, they were indeed a sight to gladden the heart of an angler. Toward noon they ceased biting, and then, and not until then was our attention attracted to a mink, who had been as busy carrying away our fish as we had been catching them. Comparing notes, we found that the industrious thief had made off with eleven of our catch. Hodge, who had come to fish, vowed vengeance, and brought with him the next day his rifle. Carl and I now thought it time to venture upon the lake, and to this end laboriously poled a ponderous raft, some twenty-five feet long by ten feet wide, out into the center and then anchored. As our lines began to whistle through the air we felt happier, our spirits rising as our lines lengthened, twenty, thirty, forty feet were out when we had a rise. A swirl in the water, and like a flash came an old timer, viciously snapping at our black palmer. Having had some experience with these old fellows, we strike him hard, and no sooner did he feel the hook than war was declared. His first rush was toward the raft, and in vain did we seek to keep up the slack, though our multiplier fairly shrieked. On he came until, seeing the raft, he stopped undecided for a moment, then with a mighty spurt sped on out into the lake, the reel singing merrily the while; up he comes, shaking his sturdy head all to no purpose; he grows weak, and is soon drawn up to the raft, conquered. "Pull out like snags, say you, Carl. Pretty lively snag that." But Carl answers not. His entire attention is absorbed in a struggle as spirited as any one could wish for. Shortly, with a sigh of relief, he drops a two-pounder into his creel. We exchange congratulations and go it again. They kept us busy, and the singing of the reels and whistling of our lines made right merry music, kept up until Sheid, who had been hunting, appeared upon the scene, reminding us of our poor accommodations for the night. Reluctantly we did up our tackle, and with a last lingering look at the pond, we departed to renew the contest in the morning.

That evening, while Carl and Hodge cooked supper, Sheid and Kokomo fixed up the camp, taking particular care to close up all openings where the wind might enter. Around the camp fire the battles of the day were refooght and a programme prepared for the morrow. Our pipes being empty and it growing late, we replenished the fire and got ready to turn in, Hodge meanwhile taking a look after the stock, not caring to lose another horse if we could help it. Upon his return we crawled under the blankets

and were soon asleep. In the wee sma' hours we heard Hodge tramping down the already frozen road, and feeling that our remaining stock were safe in his hands, turned over and were soon asleep again. In the early morning we arose. It was bitterly cold, and we shivered in the keen morning breeze until breakfast was cooked and eaten. Then we felt better, and the sun rising over the hill tops, soon thawed us out. Owing to our success of the previous day, Sheid decided to try his luck at the lake, for, although he had never caught a fish with hook and line, he was not discouraged, and declared he would catch one or capsize the raft. By the time we were well on the way the road was thawed out and bottomless. That day we caught 146 trout, Sheid catching 12, much to his delight. One feature of the day's sport was the catching of several triplets, while double-headers were quite common. To accomplish this, we let the first one struck run, trailing the flies. Like chickens, the others would follow, and soon a rumpus in the water would announce the fact of another pilgrim being taken in. We frequently hooked two on the first strike, however. Upon leaving the lake, we packed our catch on one of the horses, as we had more than we could carry. When about a half mile from the lake we saw our first deer, out of range, of course. Carl and Kokomo started in pursuit, hoping by making a detour to get within range; but, alas for their hopes, it had vanished.

The next morning the three Nimrods sallied forth with rifles, Hodge deciding that fishing was good enough for him. At noon Carl and Kokomo returned disgusted, and after having partaken of a hasty lunch, gathered up their tackle and joined Hodge at the lake. Shortly after their arrival came Sheid, also disgusted. He said that he had hired a horse to take us down and that all hands must be in camp by 8 o'clock, as we would have to be in Delta at 2 the next day. We had captured fifty-four fish when time was up, and when we arrived in camp found Sheid with everything packed, including a fine buck, which he claimed to have shot. Perhaps he had, but somehow when we passed a hunting outfit camped a short half mile below our camp, we thought of Sheid's buck. We made seven miles that evening and were in Delta at noon the next day, after a very hot day's drive. The horse we left on the Mesa cost us \$100, and our trip was somewhat expensive. But our enjoyment was not to be reckoned by dollars and cents; and while our hunt was a failure, our success with the trout was ample recompense, and then—we do love to fish. KOKOMO.

COLORADO.

WILMURT LAKE.

SO much had been said and written of the large trout and their great numbers in Wilmurt Lake, lying in the southwestern portion of the Adirondacks, and of the beauties of its surroundings, and of that portion of West Canada Creek which runs at the base of the mountain on which the lake nestles near the top, that when a business call brought me to Utica and I met Gen. R. U. Sherman of the N. Y. Fish Commission, who was about to call on Hon. O. B. Matteson, the owner of the lake, and he asked me to go with him, I had no idea that the call would extend to a supper and a visit to the lake. General Sherman had often written me of the wonderful fishing combined with ease of access to it, afforded by Wilmurt Lake, and although it was early in December, and no fishing was to be had, I had the time and went in.

At the house of Mr. Matteson I met his business manager, Mr. W. G. Stimson, who went along. The Utica and Black River Railway landed us at Remsen, some twenty miles north of Utica, about 6 P. M., too late to go further, and a good supper, bed, and a venison chop in the morning at the hotel of Mr. F. Bristol, himself an ardent sportsman, was agreeable to one who had much need of rest. In the morning a team drove up, and to my surprise, I learned that Mrs. Stimson proposed to enjoy the ride of twenty-seven miles on that clear, cool day. The care of the "Mountain Home" during the past year had left a lingering love for the place, which only needed the prospect of a trip there to rekindle it. The roads were in good order, although frozen snow covered them, and the team trotted all the way, with the exception of one or two hills, and the Home was reached in less than five hours. In summer, the horses of Mr. Matteson do it in four, making the trip from Utica by rail and team in about five hours. I had been told before that one could leave New York at 11 P. M., and dine in this part of the wilderness next day, and now saw that it was possible.

Much of the time the road ran along that beautiful river which our perverse ancestors named West Canada Creek, just as they called many a beautiful lake by the triding name of pond. This "creek" is too well known to need description, and is still one of the famous trout streams of the country. It is possible to cast the fly on it for forty miles or more, and where we saw it it varied from 100 to 300 feet in width, rapids and pools alternating. The scenery is fair, having been grand, but the devastating axe has scarred the hills in many places. A turn in the road brought to view a large white house with tower and outbuildings, at the foot of the mountain, and was recognized as Mr. Matteson's "Mountain Home." West Canada Creek lay within a stone's throw of it and fifty feet below. Mr. Matteson's property includes the northern half of the stream for some miles, and there is at least ten miles of the best trout fishing above the Home. He has some 3,400 acres here in bulk, including Wilmurt Lake and a half of Rock Lake, and his property is the key to other small lakes in this region, to reach which Wilmurt must be crossed. Mr. Matteson also owns three other tracts near here, containing about 1,400 acres, nearly 100 of which are under cultivation and the remainder is virgin forest. Here Horace Greeley loved to come and write enthusiastic letters about the healthfulness and enjoyments of the woods. The Home is 40x40 feet, with an addition 30x44 feet, and has some twenty rooms for the accommodation of such friends as may be invited, and is handsomely furnished throughout, hot and cold water, bath-room, ice house, etc., for those who do not care for the more primitive life at the lodge. Eight hundred and fifty feet above the Home, up a mountain path two miles long, lies the lake, some 2,000 feet above Bagg's Square, in Utica.

After a good dinner prepared by the boys who are left in charge during the winter, we started up the hill to the lake. The snow had been about eight inches deep, but had settled to half that, and the boys had been up, so the track was partly broken. The tracks of deer were plenty, and about half way up we started two whose long jumps in the snow showed their alarm. Rabbit signs were also plenty, but none were seen, and no birds were visible. Soon the lake was reached, and on the south shore where we were, a log landing and stable first hove in sight, and then across

the frozen water the comfortable lodge, with its ice house and boathouse was seen. Crossing on the ice the possibilities of summer beauty could easily be recognized by any whose imagination can restore green leaves to winter limbs, and the view was a beautiful one even in winter.

The lake is two miles long by one wide and is fringed with trees to the water's edge, with no line of dead timber, which defaces all the Adirondack lakes which have been dammed to raise the water. It lays almost on a mountain top and I felt that it was worth the trip from Utica to see it, especially as I was confident that beneath my feet lay princely trout of one to two pounds which would rise to my fly next spring, and that they were now growing fat and lusty in order to test the strength of the fine drawn leader. At the same time there was a feeling of regret that the owner of this great preserve of trout and deer should be detained by increasing age and infirmity from enjoying its pleasures, except in the satisfaction of knowing that he can allow friends to partake of them.

Within easy distance of Wilmurt, which is 1x3 miles in dimensions, are Big Rock, Snag, Pine, Metcalf, Twin Rock, Little Rock, Morehouse, Canada, and other lakes, Indian River, Walton High Falls (where the water drops 500 feet in a perpendicular line), and other magnificent resorts. The new railroad from Little Falls to Dolgeville will run very close to the Home, but the pleasures enjoyed in the overland ride of twenty-six miles from Remsen or Prospect, or even the trip of forty miles from Utica via Trenton Falls, far exceed any form of railroad communication that will hurry one through the magnificent old woods.

It is believed that no fish but trout live in Wilmurt, a singular thing, if true; but no attempts other than with hook and line have been made to prove or disprove this belief, certainly no other fish have been caught there. The lakes near by contain lake trout, shiners, etc. There are so many ways in which fishes are distributed without the aid of man that it is strange that a large body of water should lie for centuries near other lakes and not acquire some of its fishes through the transportation of adhesive eggs on the legs of wading birds or wildfowl, tortoises, and such means. Still, it is possible that the trout came there in some way not accessible by other fish, although trout eggs are not glutinous.

Mr. Matteson has been besieged with applications from strangers who offer to pay for accommodations at his Mountain Home, but he is compelled to refuse them, as he also declines to sell the trout, and has declined offers for the lake itself. Next spring, when the ice is off the lake, a neat little fly called "the professor," which is now hibernating between the leaves of my fly-book, may be seen, if you are there, fluttering above the waters of Wilmurt Lake, while a ruby-flecked trout, too impatient to allow it to rest on the water, will rush into the air to meet it. The very thought makes my reel-thumb twitch, and no doubt the fly has turned over in the book as I write.

It was dark when we reached the Home, and after supper, and an evening with Mr. and Mrs. Stimson, dreams of trout, chasing deer through the forest, wandered over the pillow, sometimes in one form, and then in no order at all. At eight the next morning we three left for Remsen, arriving at noon, and taking the train for Utica an hour later, where we met around Mr. Matteson's table at two. At half past nine that night the train rolled out of Utica, and at 6:30 next morning I was in New York.

At dinner Mr. Matteson told stories of Horace Greeley, and of the heroism of his granddaughter in brining in a guest who was lost in the woods at night, starting to seek him after dark, and landing him safely at midnight, until the lady begged him to desist. He loves his forests and likes to have others enjoy them. Before leaving he handed me the subjoined letter from Gen. Sherman, written some years ago, with leave to print, and I left his hospitable roof with pleasant recollections, which years will not efface.

FRED MATHER.

NEW HARTFORD, N. Y., Nov. 20, 1882.

Hon. O. B. Matteson:

DEAR SIR—In answer to your request that I should tell you what I know of Wilmurt Lake, I reply, that thirty-eight years ago, when passing through the town of Morehouse, in the county of Hamilton, on my way to Piscosco—then the Mecca of sportsmen—a mountain to the left of the road was pointed out to me as the site of a lake which was said to swarm with speckled trout, and to contain just that kind of fish. This gave me a great interest to visit this lake (Wilmurt). But the opportunity did not occur till seven years later, when, with a party of a few friends, I made a trip to it and had an opportunity to test the marvelous reports I had heard. Our party stayed at the lake two days. We caught speckled trout of weights from a quarter of a pound to one and a half pounds at any hour of the day, with ordinary tackle and bait. And when we left we had a champagne basket full to take out, though our rustic table had been well supplied during our stay.

Since that occasion I have made many visits to the lake, always with success and enjoyment. I have taken pains to observe its features and to study its peculiarities. The lake lies, as it were, on the top of a mountain. Its altitude is 2,800 feet above tide water, the last 800-feet rise being within the two miles next the lake. The water is evidently the filtration of the adjoining water shed. The elevation is so great that the water, even at the surface, is always cool, and snow and ice are often found in the evergreen shades and in crevices of rock sometimes as late as July. The water enters the lake almost wholly in cold springs from the sides and bottom. The lake is shallow, and as it contains no other fish besides the speckled trout, and the food of these is largely of the insect kind found on the top of the water, the favorite and most successful manner of taking them is with the artificial fly. There is a constant supply also of insect and crustaceous food at the bottom, which at certain hours and seasons gives good bait fishing in deep water. There is something in the character of the food that, with its abundance, gives the trout not only a rapid growth, but a peculiar richness and delicacy of flavor. I have never known an ill-conditioned fish taken from the lake, and any one who has known much of the Wilmurt trout can recognize them at sight from their plump and symmetrical form and their brilliancy of coloring.

The fact that so many springs rise in sandy shoals from the bottom of the lake, explains the continued abundance of the fish in the face of the almost constant fishing. These shoals are the best possible spawning beds. They are never subject to the floods and consequent fouling that occurs in running streams, nor to the predatory enemies to be found in such places. Consequently an unusually large proportion of the spawn hatches and a greater number of fry reach maturity. This, in my judgment, taken in connection with

the abundance of the best natural food, is the reason why this lake, though fished for the last forty years with more persistence and success than any other lake of its size in the wilderness, still holds its supply in almost primitive plenty.

The virtues of this spot are not, however, all embraced in the fishing. The scenery is primitive. Man's hand has done nothing to mar God's beautiful work, and the charms of nature on every side attract the eye and enchant the spirit. The air is as pure as air can be, and the pleasure is so much greater in living in compliance with nature's laws, that there is scarcely a temptation to violate them. The native conditions of health are here, and the invalid who fails to feel their recuperative influence can have but little hope of relief from any human means.

The facility with which this spot may be approached from the outer world—a good wagon road leading to the very shores of the lake, and the great wilderness background abounding in lakes, streams, and with the best fish and wild game—give it a commanding advantage as a rural resort. I am glad you have had the good taste and the good fortune to secure it as a possession for yourself and your posterity, and I hope the enjoyment by your family and their favored guests of its advantages may add to their happiness and to the length of their days on earth.

R. U. SHERMAN.

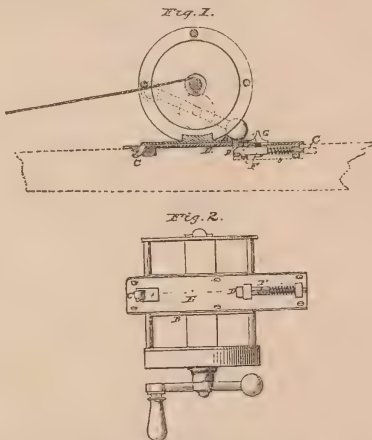
EXPIRED REEL PATENTS.

A DEVICE for attaching reels to fishing rods was designed by Thomas W. Cummings, the patent for which expired in 1881.

The invention consists essentially of a spring catch and hook arranged as shown in the drawings.

The plate, B, to which the reel frame is secured, has a hook, C, at its front end which projects forward and downward and to the back part of the plate is attached a pendent eye, D.

The metal plate, E, is fitted in a recess in the butt of the fishing rod. At the under side of this plate is a sliding spring bolt, F, the front end of which is beveled. A thumb piece, G, is attached to the bolt for operating it.



In order to detach the reel from the rod, the bolt is shoved back out from the eye, when the back part of the reel plate is raised, drawing out the hook at the front end.

Mr. Cummings seems to think his device far preferable to the ordinary band which slides on the front end of the reel plate. These bands frequently stick on account of the swelling of the rod from moisture, and cause considerable trouble in attaching and detaching the reel to and from the pole.

F. B. BROOK.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

KILL FISH WHEN CAUGHT.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The article quoted by "the able advocate of protection to game and fish," in your issue of Nov. 13, from the *Washington Republic*, and your "very instructive and amusing comments" thereon, seems to have interested the fishermen. "Fritz Howard" writes to the *Republic*, Nov. 23: "May I ask if the bass referred to was not a present? I cannot believe the *Republic* would do such a thing. Whether fish have feeling or not, they should be entitled to the benefit of the doubt. All true sportsmen should kill their fish when finally taken from the water, as they are aware, in addition to humanity, the fish are better for eating purposes than when allowed to die. I, too, have known instances of black bass living out of the water as long or longer than that you speak of, but am glad to say without my volition. Let us organize a society for prevention of cruelty to fish, as auxiliary to that for prevention of cruelty to animals."

In your issue of Nov. 27 appears a letter from "E. F.," of Chicago, in which he says: "During the past summer I carried bass eight miles in a wagon, forty-five miles on the cars, and one mile in a street car. At the end of this journey several of the fish were alive. The fish were taken from a 'live box' and packed in a basket with ice. On another occasion I put several bass in a paper flour bag, rolled them up and tied the package with string; after the above journey two of the fish were found to be alive. I think it would be more humane to kill the fish by bleeding them. In the above instances I was in a hurry to catch the train. I do not enter my fish to beat the record made by the fish spoken of in your issue of the 13th. That fish has the 'record' for staying power and distance. My fish, however, were somewhat handicapped by not being wrapped in a copy of the *FOREST AND STREAM*. I believe that by making frequent applications of *FOREST AND STREAM* a fish could be kept alive indefinitely."

This letter in turn is quoted by the *Republic*, with the remark that "the *Republic*, it seems, has started all the tellers of fish stories—to put it modestly and moderately." Now, Mr. Editor, as the writer of the original article in the *Republic*, I want to say that three black bass were presented to me, rolled up in a copy of *FOREST AND STREAM* as stated, two of which were dead, the smaller of the three showing signs of life.

Placed in water it soon became lively. I rather desired comment upon the article, so as to cause fishermen in this section, as well as others, to consider the propriety of killing their fish. I agree with "Fitz Howard" that a society for the prevention of cruelty to fish would be a consumma-

tion devoutly to be wished for. I see no reason to doubt that fish have feeling. "Whether they have or not, they should be entitled to the benefit of the doubt." I have been surprised at the number of fishermen who bring their fish home alive. Let us all join the society for the prevention of cruelty to fish, and do so now.

In regard to the *FOREST AND STREAM*, I only wonder all of the fish referred to were not alive, as it is certainly a live fish paper. I begin each week with the advertisements and read it through from cover to cover, devoting plenty of time to the cuts of all kinds. The next best thing to going fishing and shooting—catching the fish and killing the game—is to read of it in the *FOREST AND STREAM*.

I trust that all who read the articles on the "Vitality of the Black Bass" will resolve to kill their fish when taken out of the water, and that the *FOREST AND STREAM* will continue to "prosper and be happy."

W. H. M.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 1, 1884.

THE ATTACK AT DAWN.

I AWAKE with a start, and rub my eyes and wonder where I am, and why I awake so suddenly in the middle of the night. I look about me and in the dim light I see that I am in a comfortable farmhouse, and remember that I am out for a day's fishing. Going to the window I see that dawn is just breaking, a mist is hanging over Swan Lake, the stars can just be seen in the gray sky. After a sniff of the morning air I awake "Kewa," who is sweetly snoring. I tell him it is time to get up, and that it will be daylight by the time we are dressed and have taken our "cold bite," which has been left on the table for us over night. In half an hour we are at the lake, the air is slightly chilly, the mist is scudding across the lake as if retreating at our approach. We dip our feet daintily into the water to see if it is cold. It is cold, of course, as it always is early in the morning. We wade in, however, each taking a direction where he thinks his efforts will do the most good. I work my way to a spot where an old boat has been sunk. I had marked the place by a tall elm on the shore. About forty yards from the shore I can see the little waves breaking over some dark object, and I know it is the bow post of the boat. The water has fallen since my last trip, as nothing could be seen of the boat above water at that time.

I am aware that an ancient and crafty bass is keeping house in this old ruin. Three several times has he been hooked and each time has he outwitted his enemies by rushing under the boat and fouling the line, or cutting the leader.

As I wade carefully to within casting distance, I feel as if I was taking a mean advantage of an enemy. I can see into his camp and have control of its approaches. I have information from spies of the strong and weak points in his defense. While thus thinking I have selected a favorite fly and looped it on my leader, which has been dragging behind me in the water. The fly has green wings (mallard) and hackle, and a yellow body. I get the wind from the most favorable quarter for my cast. There is a slight curl on the water. I make one or two casts to the right of the boat to get my hand in and to judge of the distance. I then drop my fly over the boat, my heart stops beating for a moment as I watch the fly, the cast is a neat one, the fly hovers in the air and then drops lazily on the water. There is no response from his bassship as I draw the lure across his house top.

I make another cast, a longer one, the result is a failure. At the third cast the leader drops over the bow post, which is an inch or so out of water. I draw the line away as quickly as it falls, and thus prevent the fly from catching. As the line comes home I feel a sharp tug, and just as I begin to think I have a rise, I recognize the familiar tug of the sunfish. I draw my fly away from him; and conclude that the bass is out on a spree or has been caught. I cast again with little hope. Almost before the fly touches the water it is seized with a firm grip; I can see the fish's side as he takes it. Although not expecting the rise, I instinctively carry out my preconceived plan of action.

I give the rod and line all the strain I think they will stand and "advance backward" as rapidly as possible. Just as I think something is about to break, I find the fish is moving my way. I keep him moving, knowing that if he once gets his head turned in the direction of the boat I cannot stop him. I soon have him at a safe distance and take matters quietly. He makes one determined effort to regain his stronghold, but cannot stand the clinging strain of the rod for so long a run. When almost at the goal he hesitates, and is lost.

Some men on the shore call to me and ask me if I have caught "the big bass." I am aware, by this time, that the hero of so many fish stories is not nearly as large as he has been painted. His struggles are now becoming very weak, and he is virtually wearied out. I lead him to the sandy beach, and putting my fingers in his gills, hold him up in the sunlight. I see that his weight is about four pounds.

He was not as large as I expected him to be, but I was well pleased with the sport which he had afforded me. Had I not been armed with the knowledge of his peculiar style of warfare, I, too, would have fallen an easy victim to his cunning.

E. F.

CHICAGO, Nov. 22.

SUSQUEHANNA BASS.—Sunbury, Pa.—Fishing in the Susquehanna at this point, although it began late for black bass, was remarkably satisfactory in size and quality of fish, if not up to previous seasons in quantity. Especially was it a satisfactory one to the fly-fisherman during the month of October, and this year has developed a larger number of successful and enthusiastic disciples to that fascinating and refined mode of capture. I think there is also growing in the public mind a sense of the propriety of observing the protective laws. Our coming Legislature will be asked to make some much needed changes and additions.—A. F. CLAPP.

SUSQUEHANNA EEL WEIRS.—I think the reason "Nessmuk" wants a light canoe is, that it is easier to carry over eel weirs. A person would need a light canoe now to go down the Susquehanna River, as there is a weir at nearly every riffle. A large one at the junction of the Chemung and Susquehanna rivers has a cabin built on it, while on the Chemung there are three within a half mile of each other, and two of them are not twenty rods apart.—PARK.

EARLY SHAD.—The first shad of the season arrived at Mr. Blackford's in Fulton Market, New York, on the 8th of this month. There were sixteen in all, and fifteen of them came from the Savannah River, while the odd one came from North Carolina.

BLACK BASS FISHING IN CANADA.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In looking over my old note-books I find an account of a trip to the Otonabee River, in Canada, a river which is rather out of the beaten track and one which I do not remember to have seen mentioned in *FOREST AND STREAM*. Two friends were with me there in 1876, and we had fine sport. The river is a tributary of Rice Lake, in the county of Peterboro, and is about twenty miles in length and of a sluggish character. Its width varies from 200 to 350 feet. We had canoes and were armed with minnow rods and used shiners for bait, and found the bass very gamy and all of the small-mouthed species. We averaged fifty fish a day for three days and then packed them up and sent them to friends in Peterboro. The fish ranged from one to four pounds, although we heard of larger ones. The merits of Rice Lake as a ducking and fishing ground is well known, but the Otonabee River seems unknown.—**POKE-O'-MOONSHINE.**

THE MOST KILLING FLY.—Salida, Colo.—We seldom use less than three flies on a cast, out here. My favorite cast is a drab gnat, on a No 12 hook for the top, next to the line. Then a brown No. 10 fly, governor is very good, and at the end of the cast a No. 10 coachman, either royal or plain. I "back" the coachman. Let us hear from the angling fraternity in this respect. Which is the most killing fly, in your estimation, at all seasons.—**KOKOMO.**

Fishculture.

THE ADIRONDACK HATCHERY.

IT will be remembered that at the last session of the Legislature of New York, the Hon. William T. O'Neil introduced a bill providing for the erection of a hatchery in the Adirondack forest, which was passed. The bill placed the whole matter in the hands of the State Fish Commission, which, on Aug. 27, by a resolution appointed Gen. R. U. Sherman, of the board, to make a personal selection of a suitable site. The details of this have appeared in our columns. At the meeting of the Commissioners held in New York on Tuesday last, Gen. Sherman submitted the report here given:

The undersigned respectfully reports as follows:

The law contemplates the establishment of a fish hatchery for the Adirondacks—by which term, it is presumed, was intended the whole wilderness country, from the grand peaks at the heart, to the base of the mountains, on every side. This is an extensive region, and one into which, in many places, access is more difficult than to many points thousands of miles off. It is a work of less hardship to perform a circuit all around it by the common modes of travel, than to go through by any of the routes considered available. To establish a hatchery station, therefore, at any point in this wilderness from which distribution may be safely made to all, is not practicable by any system of roadway or water communication now existing, or attainable without immense cost. A system of artificial stocking, directed to a general replenishment of all the waters in the wilderness, to be effectual, must embrace at least three principal stations—one for the eastern or Adirondack proper waters, one for the Moose, Beaver and Upper Raquette, and one for the Lake Pleasant region. As the law provides for but one, the policy of my present examinations was obviously to ascertain which of these, other conditions being equal, should have the preference.

I commenced my examination at Lake Pleasant in the southern part of Hamilton county. Here lie four large lakes, viz.: Lake Pleasant, Round, Piseco and Lurvey lakes, and within a day's travel of these are at least twenty smaller lakes and ponds and other trout bearing waters. The ultimate flow of all these is into the North and Hudson rivers. An hundred years ago there were clearings about Lake Pleasant, off-shoots from the extensive colony of Sir William Johnson at Johnstown. The country was formerly considered a good agricultural region. At 1,500 feet above tide water, winter wheat and rye were produced which were teamed to Albany for a market. Even now it is counted good grass land, and cattle and sheep are profitably raised and kept. This region was the first to attract the attention of tourist sportsmen from the great eastern cities. Organized clubs, embracing merchants, professional men and others of wealth and leisure, raided Piseco, which, when I first visited it forty years ago, was the best fishing ground in the accessible part of the wilderness, till abundance changed to scarcity, and fishermen for market, with their set lines, depleted Lake Pleasant, Round and Lurvey Lakes, till such fishing became no longer profitable, and other and more distant waters were sought by the tourist and fisherman. Some years of comparative rest have effected a considerable replenishment of the natural stock. There would have been greater replenishment if the local poachers had left the fish on their spawning beds. Artificial production is now the only means by which these waters may be made to yield of fish life in former abundance.

In company with Messrs. H. N. Seidmore and George Hinkley, a committee of the citizens of Northville interested in this subject, and whose courtesies I take pleasure in acknowledging, I left Northville, the terminus of the Fonda, Johnstown & Gloversville Railroad, on the morning of Oct. 7, and reached Lake Pleasant, distant twenty-eight miles, by a fair road, at 4 o'clock in the afternoon. Four miles further on, at Sageville, the county seat of Hamilton, a little hamlet consisting of a court house, jail and county clerk's office, two hotels and less than a half dozen dwelling houses, I spent the night. The next morning, in company with the gentlemen named, I visited Mill Creek, a point which they thought a proper one as the site for a hatching station. The spot particularly examined, is two miles north of the head of Lake Pleasant, on a dilapidated road leading to Lurvey Lake, barely passable for horse travel. Here there was formerly a sawmill, and a clearing remains, of sufficient extent for the buildings and other plant necessary for the station. The land belongs to the State, having, like much other land in the wilderness which has been stripped of its valuable timber, reverted for non-payment of taxes. Mill Creek is a stream made up entirely from mountain springs, and is of abundant capacity for a three million hatchery. At the place examined the bed is rocky and the current rapid. The temperature of the water was 48° Fahrenheit. A dam may be cheaply constructed to give the requisite fall and furnish a capacious reservoir. Above the stream is alternate rapid and still water. It rises at the foot of Dug Mountain, and flows southerly into Round Lake, opposite Sageville. Brook trout of small size run far up the stream to spawn; but two miles below the road, at the head of still water, extending a mile from the lake, are extensive sand beds to which the brook trout of the lake are accustomed to resort at the proper season to cast their spawn. Here, perhaps, is to be found a better site for a station than the one described, as the place may be easily reached by row boats in the open season and over the ice in the winter. Lake trout, for spawning purposes, may be taken in all four of the large lakes named, by means of gill nets. How far, however, this means of obtaining spawn supply may be made available can be ascertained only by trial. It has been practiced by the United States Commissioner in Maine and elsewhere, and doubtless can be successfully employed here.

There are at Piseco Lake several good sites for a hatchery, but this lake has been, perhaps, the most ruthlessly poached of any lake in the wilderness. The law is still deduced here, though not as openly as it was formerly. The grand juries of

Hamilton county are composed largely of veteran and unformed poachers. They will sometimes indict an outside offender, but they never find cause of action against one of their own kidney, whatever may be the evidence. The question suggests itself whether it is worth while for the State to stock waters with fish, which if allowed to grow beyond the stage of fingerlings are snared in gill-nets, impaled on spears or snatched by grapples from spawning beds. When these people shall furnish some reliable guarantee that they will obey the laws for the preservation and multiplication of fish—laws enacted as much for their benefit as for the benefit of others, it will be time enough to establish fish hatcheries for them.

No further examinations were considered necessary in this section; and the waters lying northerly, commencing with Indian Lake and extending to Long Lake, Raquette River and Big Tupper, being literally infested with pickerel (*Esox lucius*), it was deemed a waste of time to examine them with reference to establishing trout culture in such waters.

I therefore decided to proceed to the Ausable, Saranac and St. Regis waters, where many desirable locations had been indicated. Two routes were presented, one by the back track to Fonda, and thence by the Central and Delaware & Hudson railroads to Ausable Station in Clinton county; the other by a comparatively short cut over rough roads, through mountain gorges, to Elizabethtown, in Essex county, an eastern gateway of the wilderness. The former route, though involving greater distance, would take less time than the other; but I chose the latter, because it afforded me an opportunity to see parts of the wilderness I had never visited before.

The first stage of the route chosen was from Wellstown, where I left the Northville and Lake Pleasant highway, up the east branch of the Sacondaga to the settlements in Johnsbury, and thence to Riverside on the North River, the last station but one on the north end of the Adirondack railway. The distance is thirty-two miles.

The route up the Sacondaga affords a striking picture of the destructive influence of lumbering operations in this wilderness. For thirty years or more the timber butchering process has been going on. The pine, being the most valuable, was the first to fall. Then came the tanners to strip the hemlock, and leave trunks, tops and limbs to the ravages of fire. And now there is but little left except the spruce and this is fast disappearing. The beautiful wooded hills, which bounded the view on each side of the gorge, through which the river flows, have been swept for miles and miles by fire, till now little remains but the bare and whitened rocks. And even where the poplar has tried to rear its timid head amid this desolation, it has been quickly swept away by the demand of wood pulp fibre. Alas, that there are not rags or straw or other waste material in the world, enough to furnish it with paper, without stripping the poor remains of the once dense and beautiful forest.

The Sacondaga River, once a handsome and an abundant flowing stream, has become by the destruction of the forest a wild torrent in the spring and a fordable rivulet in the summer. Its former population of trout has been driven out and exterminated by the action of thousands of sawlogs which every spring come rushing and tumbling down, tearing away rocks and plowing up the bottom so that the fish can no longer find shelter or refuge.

From Riverside my route was by mail wagon twenty miles to the head of Schroon Lake.

I made no examinations at this lake, for the reason that the presence of large numbers of black bass in its waters, is a bar to the restocking with trout. There is a private hatchery here, maintained by the hotel and cottage interest, that has the power of solving the question whether infant trout and mature bass can live in harmony in the same waters. The trial is one the Commissioners of Fisheries can hardly afford to make with their limited resources.

From the head of Schroon Lake, I proceeded on the 11th of October up the Schroon and down the Boquet valleys thirty-two miles, to Elizabethtown, the beautiful county seat of Essex where, in the summer season, hundreds of people from the great cities wisely go, to breathe the pure air of this healthful region and feast their senses on scenery, the charms of which are beyond verbal description. The route from Schroon to Elizabethtown presents, in many places, the same marks of desolation which characterize the road up the Sacondaga. For miles on a stretch, nothing but bare rocks are visible where, before the ravages of the lumbermen and the fire which followed their path, there was beautiful forest. The Boquet River, which is naturally the rival of crystal in its clearness and purity, is choked up with sawdust and other sawmill refuse, till now, what was once a joy and a health-giving element, threatens to become a breeder of malaria and fever.

In the late presidential campaign, the rallying cry of one of the great contesting parties, was "protection," "protection to manufacturers, to trade and to labor;" but what party raises a voice for the protection of our great forests—the source of our chief water supply, and the haven of rest and recuperation for the overworked, the weary and the debilitated of our people?

A brief account of the waters I proposed to visit will be necessary to a better understanding of the situation. The sources of all are in the mountain gorges of the Adirondacks proper. The Ausable River has its rise near the foot of Mount Marcy—the highest ground in the State. The east branch heads at the Ausable ponds, which lie in basins of rock 2,000 feet above tide. The west branch rises near the north extremity of the Indian pass, a mighty gap in the mountain of rock that forms the dividing ridge between the waters which flow southward to the Hudson and those which flow northward into Lake Champlain. The two branches diverge to the right and left, and unite in the open country forty miles from their respective heads, at a place called Ausable Forks. In this distance there is a fall of 1,500 feet. Twenty-five miles further on, to the northeast, the stream enters Lake Champlain, a short distance north of Port Kent. Many small ponds enter the branches at different points; but Lake Placid is the only lake of considerable size that contributes to either branch. Between the two branches a mountain barrier rises, through which no wagon road has been found practicable except at a gap at the foot of Pitch Off Mountain, where lie, in a deep, dark gorge, the Edmunds ponds. The scenery all along the course of the branches is of the wildest and most picturesque description. That wondrous work of nature, the Indian pass, is at the head of the west branch, and Wallace and the Wilmington notch stand as grim sentinels over its wild beauty below, while on the main stream, but a few miles from its exit in Lake Champlain, lies the wonderful chasm where the waters of the great river are confined for two miles in a gorge 100 feet deep, over which a good leaper could, in many places, spring at a bound! The charm of the east branch is the beautiful Keene valley, where the softness of the luxuriant verdure is framed in by grim and giant precipices, with lofty mountains in the still further background. This region has been fitly styled by tourists the "Switzerland of America."

The Saranac River has its primary source in a network of ponds, thirty or more in number, that lie west and north of the Upper Saranac, and have their ultimate outlets in that lake. The great contributory waters are the Upper, the Middle (or Round Lake as it is generally called) and the Lower Saranac. The Upper and Lower lakes have each an area of over six thousand acres. The river, after leaving the Lower Lake flows first southerly, then east, and finally northeast, till it enters Lake Champlain at Plattsburg.

The St. Regis River is made up from three branches, known respectively as the East branch (usually called Deer River), the Middle branch and the West branch. The St. Regis Lakes proper, viz., the Upper and Lower lakes, and Spittle Pond, which lies intermediate, Meacham Lake and a number of

smaller trout-bearing waters, form the chief source of the Middle Branch. The West Branch has a number of small ponds at the head, but the East Branch has only its own direct springs and watershed to feed it. The St. Regis and Meacham Lake outlets form a junction a few miles above St. Regis Falls in Franklin county. The Middle Branch then continues on till it reaches Stockholm in St. Lawrence, where the Middle and West branches unite.

The East branch enters at a point still further north. The main stream flows into the St. Lawrence River at Bombay on the Canada border.

From Elizabethtown I proceeded on the 12th of October by the usual route westward toward the Saranacs, to examine the waters in that direction.

The valley of the Little Boquet, through which the first part of my route passed, is overlooked by hills and precipices, wooded to the top, showing a foliage of mingled evergreen, maple and poplar, and yet not seriously marred by the ravages of fire. The scenery is almost one of unequalled beauty, and it is no wonder it has attracted to this route so large a share of the tourists. But the wood pulpers have already scented out the poplar and spruce, and it is only a question of time, and a short time at that, when desolation shall rear its head here.

I halted for a day at the Edmunds ponds, eighteen miles west of Elizabethtown, where I had been informed were superior facilities for a hatching station. These ponds are situated at an elevation of 2,030 feet above tide, in the only practicable gap which lies between the east and the west branch of the Ausable River. The outlet flows into the east branch at Keene Center. In this gap, with dark gray rocks rising perpendicularly on each side, 1,000 feet high, lie the two ponds. They contain an area of probably not over an hundred acres, and so fill the basin in which they lie as to leave room only at one point, within a distance of two miles or more, for a hotel and the necessary outbuildings. The roadway has been made at the base of the west precipice, mainly out of the debris falling from above. These ponds contain no fish of any sort except brook trout, and they are in such numbers that during the open season an hundred guests are daily supplied with trout at meals once and sometimes twice or three times each day. This is the dining place for passengers en route from the Saranacs and Lake Placid. It is estimated that each season's catch of trout amounts to 12,000 in number of the aggregate weight of a ton or more. These trout never grow to any great size. They do not get a chance to do so, as they considerably permit themselves to be caught when they are in the best stage for eating, which is when they are from two to three years old. Moreover, their food being wholly of insect or crustacean kinds, they do not make the great growths reached by those whose food is fish.

Most of the land on which these ponds are situated belongs to the Hon. W. F. Weston, manager of the iron works at Keene and Wilmington. There is a tract at the west end of the upper pond which belongs to the State and includes a part of this pond. A vacant spot between the ponds, just opposite the hotel, affords sufficient room for a hatching house, and the fall from the upper to the lower pond being seven feet in the space of a few rods, there is a convenient and sufficient water supply. While I was at these ponds the trout were running up in great numbers to their spawning grounds at the head of the two ponds, in the upper pond where a rill comes into it over the face of a precipice; and in the outlet of the lower pond, and I had opportunity to see that an abundance of spawn could be procured without difficulty. The temperature of the water I was surprised to find at 54 degrees. I am unable to account for this high temperature when the water is made up mainly of springs coming from the bases of great precipices, and where it could be but little affected by the action of the sun's rays. I was informed, however, that in the winter it goes down to the freezing point and that ice forms on the ponds to the depth of three feet. That the water is well adapted to fish hatching is proved by the fact that notwithstanding the great number of trout annually taken there has been no perceptible diminution of the stock for many years. While making examinations at the spawning grounds here, I had an opportunity to observe the mischief done by mink in trout waters. I saw lying on the bank of the inlet where the trout were making their beds, seven ripe spawners, which had been taken from the water, evidently, that day. A part of one only had been eaten. The others had been killed apparently merely for the love of destruction.

There are no facilities here for obtaining spawn of the lake trout. This would have to be drawn from the State's stock at Caledonia, or procured under circumstances of labor and hazard from the lakes farther back in the wilderness. Mr. Weston generously offered, in case the station should be located here, to donate the site and render other valuable aid. His courtesies to me, while making investigations at this point, I wish particularly to acknowledge.

From the Edmunds ponds I proceeded on Oct. 14 to Lake Placid, a distance of nine miles, arriving in time to make a reconnaissance of the lake, by boat and guides, the same day. Lake Placid has been properly styled the gem of the Adirondack waters, and is visited probably by more tourists than any other lake in the wilderness. Two lakes, Mirror and Placid, lie side by side, separated only by a narrow neck of land and flowing by different outlets into the west branch of the Ausable River. Mirror Lake is nearest to the main road, and overlooking the lake are seven large hotels and a considerable hamlet supported by their patronage. An intervening rise of ground shuts out the view of Lake Placid, except at one or two higher points and from the upper stories of the hotels, but when the eye rests upon its surface a scene is presented of surpassing beauty. The lake is four miles long by two and a half broad, and three large islands intervene in the middle, so that at no point on the water can the whole surface be seen. The water is of remarkable purity. It is easy when it is still to see the pebbly bottom at twenty feet depth. Many of the great mountain peaks are visible from its surface and the forest remains in its primitive beauty. I found seven considerable inlets flowing into the lake all from spring sources. One called "Two Brooks," entering from the west side, was particularly examined. Quantity, quality and fall were found sufficient for hatching purposes. The temperature of the water was 40°. None lower than this was found anywhere during the trip. The facilities for obtaining spawn here are not of the best. A supply for hatching purposes would need to be procured mostly from outside sources. The land at "Two Brooks," belongs to Mr. Brewster, one of the hotel keepers at Lake Placid.

The next place visited was the Ray brooks, eight miles west of Lake Placid, where I arrived at noon on the 15th. Little Ray Brook is tributary to Big Ray Brook. The latter flows into Miller's Pond, and this has its outlet in the Saranac River a few miles from where this river leaves the lake. The Ray Brook House, which stands on the main road to the lower Saranac, near the confluence of the two brooks, is a first-class hotel, owned and kept by Duncan Cameron, and is much resorted to by the best class of tourists and fishermen. Mr. Cameron courteously conveyed me to all the points of interest in the neighborhood connected with my mission, and at nightfall landed me at Miller's excellent hotel, at the foot of the lower Saranac. This is four miles west of the Ray Brook House. I found at Little Ray Brook, opposite to and only a few rods from Mr. Cameron's house, a good site for a hatching station for brook trout. The water is very pure, abundant in quantity, and has a sufficient fall in a few rods distance. The temperature is 40 degrees. I saw evidence of a good supply of brook trout spawn in the neighborhood, but there are no local facilities for obtaining spawn of the lake trout. The land here belongs to Mr. Cameron. His fishing grounds are reserved for the use of his guests.

At the Lower Saranac Lake I employed the services of a guide and boat, and on the morning of the 16th proceeded

down the outlet three miles from where it leaves the lakes to the mouth of Cold Brook, a stream which has its rise at the foot of Ampersand Mountain, and flows in a northerly direction into the Saranac River. I found here water of superior quality, temperature 40 degrees, volume and fall and facilities for a dam sufficient. There are spawning beds of brook trout up the creek, but for lake trout more distant sources must be sought. The land here belongs to Mr. M. B. Miller, of Saranac Lake village.

From Cold Brook I proceeded by rowboat to the head of the lake into and through Round Lake, and by the Bartlett carry into the Upper Saranac, one of the largest and most beautiful of the Adirondack waters, reaching the Prospect House at the head of the lake at 4 P. M. The distance from Cold Brook is 24 miles, and from the foot of the Lower Saranac 32 miles. The next morning I examined the outlet of Little Clear Pond, two miles east of the Prospect House, and found here a place every way adapted to the needs of a large trout hatchery. The main stage road from Ausable station to the head of Upper Saranac crosses this outlet. The distance to Ausable station, the terminus of the Delaware and Hudson Company's branch railroad from Plattsburgh, is 40 miles. A telegraph line connects with Plattsburgh and with the St. Regis waters.

The water of the stream is sufficient in quantity, quality and fall, and has a temperature of 44 deg. A few rods below the road are extensive spawning beds of the brook trout which run up from Saranac Lake. The lake itself is but three-quarters of a mile from the road, and Little Clear Pond less than a quarter of a mile above. This pond is excellent trout water, and may be made an admirable reservoir for stock fish, if needed. It has an area of 230 acres. Hammond, who first visited this water more than thirty years ago, says of it: "This little lakelet, if I may be permitted to coin a word, is a perfect gem, lying there all alone, skirted by tall forest trees, and overlooked by the hills, its waters transparent and cold, undisturbed by a ripple, and revealing the white pebbles that glisten away down in its quiet depths." Two miles east of this pond, in sight of the road, is Big Clear Pond, a body of 370 acres area, which is accounted the best fishing ground for both lake and brook trout, in this locality. The Big and Little Clear ponds, the Upper Saranac and other waters of easy access from it, promise an abundant supply of spawn. Facilities for obtaining lumber and labor for building, are close at hand.

As a point of distribution, this site possesses obvious advantages over any other visited, as in addition to the great Saranac waters, any one of forty other lakes and ponds may be reached from it, in a day's time, by water routes, or by roads or wood paths which may be easily kept open in the winter time. These waters cover an area, in the aggregate, of more than thirty thousand acres. There are as many more waters that may be reached the second day, and all need replenishing. The lakes smaller than the Saranacs embrace the whole net work of waters lying just west of the Upper Saranac, and also the St. Regis Lakes, Lake Placid, several lakes in the southwest part of Clinton county, and others even beyond the Raquette River, which by means of the Sweeney and Corey carries at the foot of the Upper Saranac, are brought within easy distance as regards time and convenience. Points as apparently remote as Little Tupper, and the headwaters of Beaver River, may be reached from here easier than they could be from a station located in the southern part of the wilderness. The Chateaugay and Chazy lakes, in Clinton county, can also, by means of the Northern Adirondack Railway, connected at the north with the Ogdensburg and Champlain road, and now completed southerly to within eight miles of Meacham Lake, be supplied with fry from a hatchery here in less time and with less risk than from either of the present State hatcheries.

Most of the land at Little Clear Pond belongs to the State. From this point I proceeded, still with guide and boat, ten miles to the St. Regis waters. The route is by the Big Clear Pond, whence a good carry of a mile and a half brings the tourist to the upper St. Regis Lake, and through Spitfire Pond into the lower St. Regis, where stands the famous hotel of Paul Smith, the pioneer of Adirondack hotel keepers—a class of men that do honor to their calling. I was received by the genial ruler of this woodland realm with all the honor due to my mission, and shown the wonders of the place, not the least of which is the hotel garden. Mr. Smith has succeeded literally in making "the wilderness blossom as the rose." He showed me with excusable pride crops of celery, onions from the seed, cabbages, beans, turnips, Hubbard squashes, mammoth radishes and other table vegetables raised here, that would have done credit to the latitude of Long Island. Two hundred bushels of green peas had been picked the last season, and a succession of cucumbers from June to September. This too has been accomplished at an elevation of sixteen hundred feet above tide water and on a soil supposed to be rich only in the elements of sterility. Enterprise, manure, and a liberal supply of water, which is raised by a ram from a stream near by to the four acre plateau on which the garden is situated, are what work the miracle.

I made no examination of the waters at the St. Regis lakes. They need restocking, but this can be done almost as readily from a station at Little Clear Pond as from one on their own waters. Mr. Smith entered warmly into the spirit of our work, and promises valuable aid and co-operation, which none can give better than he, as his name is a synonym for enterprise and energy in all the wilderness country.

My next point of observation was Meacham Lake, to which place—a distance of twelve miles—Mr. Smith courteously conveyed me with his spirited team, over a road which, though through forest, was good enough most of the way for a trotting course. This road, it hardly needs to be said, is another monument to his enterprise. The only settlement at Meacham Lake is the establishment of Mr. A. R. Fuller, whose hotel, consisting of a range of tasteful and comfortable cottages, at the head of the lake, is well known to the best class of tourists. The lake is a beautiful sheet of water, oval in form, two miles long and a half long by a mile broad and surrounded by forests which have not yet been shorn of their beauty by ax or fire. From DeBar Mountain, a few miles northeast, may be counted in a clear day, thirty lakes, and the view to the north extends across the State border into Canada.

I found Mr. Fuller a gentleman well posted theoretically and practically in fishculture, and received from him much interesting information in regard to his experiments and experience on this subject. He has for several years maintained, at his own expense, hatching operations at Meacham Lake, whereby the integrity of the fishing in that lake has been preserved, and it is now the best of the St. Regis fishing waters. Mr. Fuller has been successful in hybridizing trout, and he has, furthermore, proved the problem that spawn of the lake or salmon trout may be taken in the Adirondack waters without harm to the parent fish.

At Meacham Lake several sites may be found suitable, in respect of water and facilities for obtaining spawn, for a State hatching station; but the location is too far north to be an advantageous point for distribution. Below the foothills of the mountains on the north, the rivers are too much choked up with sawdust and other refuse from sawmills and tanneries to admit of successful restocking. The trout abhor such places, and what are not killed outright by these poisons, which work both mechanically and chemically, flee from their presence as the inhabitants do from cities that are plague-infected.

These reasons made it unnecessary that I should make any examinations north of Meacham Lake. I heard, however, of a spring of such an extraordinary character on the main road from Meacham to Malone, and seven miles south of the latter place, that I stopped to see it on my way to Malone, which is distant twenty-five miles from Meacham Lake. The spring is

an underground stream coming out of a hill through a bed of sandstone pebbles, in a body of sufficient volume to fill an eight-inch pipe. It is of absolute purity, clear as crystal, and as it is not exposed to any open surface, is never affected by rainfalls. Its temperature when I examined it was 46 degrees, and it remains nearly the same summer and winter. In a distance of fifty feet from its exit out of the hill, it has a fall of eight or ten feet, and in a few rods makes way into the Salmon River. In quantity, quality, and fall of water, this excels any place I have ever seen as a site for fish hatching; but it is too remote from spawn supply and from waters to be stocked, to be advantageously employed for this purpose. Not half a dozen rods from this spring is another spring brook of similar character, but having its source more remote and flowing a greater distance in the open ground.

With the inspection of these streams, which are called respectively, "Horse Brook," and "Cold Brook," my official tour ended, and on the 20th of October, I took the cars at Malone for home, by the way of Ogdensburg and the Black River Railroad, having, during my journey, "swung" completely around the circle of the Adirondacks, and penetrated at various points their most interesting depths. I think I have gained from my trip much information of value to the work of the Commission, and I know that at whatever point I touched, an interest was awakened in the science of fishculture that promises useful results.

I made no examination in the Moose or Beaver River country. With the greater part of this region I have been so familiar for the past thirty years, that a new examination was not necessary with reference to the present object. The Moose River waters afford many sites where artificial fishculture may be established and conducted with advantage; but looking to the greater needs of the Adirondack country proper, I have made my principal investigations there. For the present, the waters of the southern and western sections of the wilderness may be supplied from the State station at Caledonia. Should the Legislature, in its wisdom, see fit to enlarge the scope of production in the wilderness, these sections will, doubtless, receive favorable consideration.

In all my examinations I proceeded upon the assumption that the spawn supply should be procured from local sources, and that the expensive means employed at the Caledonia hatchery to keep up a supply, by the use of stock fish fed in artificial ponds, would not be necessary; and, consequently, the expense of maintaining a hatchery in the wilderness would be comparatively light. Should this calculation prove erroneous, there will be found at the place finally recommended, and, indeed, at all the places examined, facilities for the construction of sufficient artificial ponds for the storage of stock fish.

I am to report to the Board of Commissioners such a site as shall, all things considered, be the best. In view of my instructions, I report that the outlet of Little Clear Pond, on lot four, township twenty, Macomb's purchase, belonging to the State, and near the head of Upper Saranac Lake, in the county of Franklin, possesses in greater measure than any other the necessary qualifications, and I recommend its adoption, therefore, as the site of the Adirondack fish hatchery; and, furthermore, that steps be taken at the earliest practical period to establish the proper plant there.

Respectfully submitted,

RICHARD U. SHERMAN.

NEW HARTFORD, Nov. 6, 1884.

WHITEFISH IN THE GREAT LAKES.—Year after year of late the State Fish Commissioners of Wisconsin and other States have freely stocked the waters of the lakes with young whitefish. Yet year by year the catch of whitefish diminishes, until now the extermination of this valuable species of food is threatened. Where do the whitefish go to? The answer is not far to find. Exhaustive experiments have been made and have proved that the artificial stocking of the lakes through the medium of State fish hatcheries is in itself successful. Healthy young fish by the millions, and more whitefish than fish of other varieties—have been deposited in Lake Michigan and in spite of any adverse natural conditions they have lived and thrived. But experiments have proved, too, that whitefish are exceptionally tender; and, unlike many other and harder varieties, they hug close to the shore, where the water is shallow and warm. These shallow reaches of the lakes from Chicago to Buffalo are almost literally lined by trap nets, set by the dwellers along shore. In such nets, with fish of larger size, the partially grown whitefish are caught. When the nets are pulled up these latter are taken out and—not preserved for food, but thrown back into the water dead, being too small for use. Thus thousands upon thousands are killed every year on almost every mile of shore line along the lakes. Here, then, is the reason why the food stock of delicate whitefish is not increased but rather steadily diminished year after year. There must be law and the rigid enforcement of law prohibiting the use of trap nets or the fish supply of the great lakes will be exterminated. The law to be effective must be a law by Congress also, for no State laws and no combination of laws by different States adjacent to the lakes can meet the case.

THE NEW YORK OYSTER COMMISSION.—Eugene G. Blackford, State Commissioner of Fisheries, visited City Island yesterday to conduct a hearing at the Court House there as to the grievances, if any, of oystermen in regard to the State and county laws affecting their business. He was accompanied by Prof. H. J. Rice, who has charge of the Fulton Market Laboratory. During the summer he and Mr. Blackford visited all the oyster ports in the State in the steam yacht Lookout, gathering facts for the basis of this inquiry. Subsequently a set of 156 questions regarding the business was sent to about 1,000 oystermen. Many replies have been received which will be utilized in the report to the coming Legislature. Mr. Blackford explained yesterday that he wanted to know the condition of the oyster business; if the field had increased or decreased of late years, and the causes thereof. He wanted to know, too, what were the enemies of oysters and what legislation might be necessary to insure protection or improvement for the trade. Mr. Blackford asked Justice Martin to indicate the men whose opinions ought to be asked, and the latter called upon Capt. Joshua Leviness, the oldest oysterman on the island. Mr. Leviness said the business of planting shells on natural beds was bad. The beds from Captain's Island to New London were all bought up by rich men and monopolists, while the common oystermen had to sit ashore until they went to the county house. "Our style is better," continued the captain. "A man stakes off what he can get, and as long as he keeps staked up and looks out for his business his ground is his own and he can do what he likes with the oysters on it. If he dies it goes to his family." "But suppose some one goes on staked ground and takes oysters from it without asking the man who staked it?" "We don't pretend to allow a great many thieves around here," said the witness simply. "Do you mean that you never have trouble of that kind?" "Not often. I am 77 years old, and was the first man to put a stake in the East River. I think we have had two or three arrests in three months, and that stopped it." Capt. Leviness recounted his happy experiences good humoredly until he spoke of the damage that the oyster beds had suffered from the city garbage and mud scows which had recklessly dumped their loads wherever they pleased for ten or fifteen years back. The beds had flourished until that scourage came upon them. Since then some of them had been smothered and others had been damaged. Capt. Leviness thought that the beds in the North River ought to be opened for dredging. Millions of oysters went to waste there every year because the Supervisors of Westchester county condoned the digging in their North River territory to rakes and tongs, while the Rockland

county authorities forbade intrusion in any form by residents of other counties. There ought to be a law, he thought, to open the State beds to dredgers living in the State, and to keep Connecticut and New Jersey oystermen out of New York waters, until the laws of those States, which keep their waters solely for their own citizens, be repealed. Capt. Leviness also favored a law that would make from July 15 to Sept. 15 a close season, in which the beds should not be disturbed. In response to an inquiry as to the advisability of limiting the possessions of an oysterman, Capt. Leviness thought 200 acres ought to be the limit, for no man could care properly for more, and that was enough to raise all the oysters any one could market. This testimony was sustained by all the other oystermen whom Justice Martin presented to Mr. Blackford. Thomas Collins, a red-faced good-natured Irishman, who informed Mr. Blackford that he was "the original Tom Collins, for whom you fellows were looking a few years ago," was amusingly earnest in his allusion to the "parts of brick houses, cement, and hoopskirts that made harder pulling than oysters and ruined the natural beds." Justice Martin was given a chance after dinner to express his opinion. He agreed with those who had preceded him, attributing the decrease of natural beds entirely to the illegal offal dumpings. The Connecticut law, in his opinion, gave too large opportunities to "farmers, shop girls, and monopolists," who came in and crowded the poor oysterman out. The next hearing will probably be given to the oystermen at Prince's Bay, among whom the Arcadian happiness of City Island does not prevail.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

Dec. 10, 17, 18 and 19.—Third Bench Show of the Southern Massachusetts Poultry Association, Taunton, Mass. Wm. C. Davenport, Assistant Secretary.

Dec. 30, 31 and Jan. 1, 2, 1885.—Bench Show of the Meriden Poultry Association, Meriden, Conn. Joshua Shute, Secretary.

Jan. 10 to 14, 1885.—World's Exposition Bench Show, New Orleans, La. Mr. Chas. Lincoln, Superintendent.

Jan. 27, 28, 29 and 30.—Annual Bench Show of the New Brunswick Poultry and Pet Stock Association. Mr. H. W. Wisson, Secretary, St. Johns, N. B.

Feb. 1 to 11, 1885.—New York Fanciers' Club, Third Annual Exhibition of non-sporting dogs, poultry and pigeons at Madison Square Garden, Feb. 1 to 11, 1885. Chas. Barker, Secretary, 62 Cortlandt street.

March 2, 4, 5 and 6, 1885.—Second Annual Bench Show of the Cincinnati Sportsman's Club, Cincinnati, O. Charles Lincoln, Superintendent.

March 18, 19 and 20, 1885.—Second Annual Show of the New Haven Kennel Club. E. S. Porter, Secretary, New Haven, Conn.

April 7 to 10, 1885.—First Annual Bench Show N. E. Kennel Club, Music Hall, Boston. J. A. Nickerson, Secretary, 158A Tremont street, Chas. Lincoln, Superintendent.

FIELD TRIALS.

Dec. 15.—Southern Sportsmen's Association Trials, Canton, Miss. Mr. T. K. Renaud, Secretary, New Orleans, La.

A. K. R.

THE AMERICAN KENNEL REGISTER, for the registration of pedigrees, etc. (with prize lists of all shows and trials), is published every month. Entries close on the 1st. Should be in early. Entry blanks sent on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope. Registration fee (25 cents) must accompany each entry. No entries inserted unless paid in advance. Yearly subscription \$1. Address "American Kennel Register," P. O. Box 2832, New York. Number of entries already printed **1707**. Volume I, bound in cloth, sent postpaid, \$1.50.

AMERICAN KENNEL REGISTER.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Will you kindly allow me to state to the *American Kennel Register* subscribers that, in consequence of the rush of entries for the December number, there will be a few days' delay in publication. Two hundred entries have been received, the majority of them at the close of the month, and as the volume is complete with the December number, it is necessary that they should all appear. The total number of entries to the close of the volume is 1,907, a fact which speaks louder than words as to the value placed upon the *Register*, and this month's entries have been received from all sections of the United States.

EDITOR A. K. R.

THE FIRST TIME AFIELD.

I SPENT a most enjoyable Thanksgiving quail shooting. While my bag was not large, my cup was filled with joy overflowing by my dog, who from an apparent novice developed into as steady and staunch a dog on quail as one could desire, that is until I fired, when he certainly was not as steady as he might have been; in fact, he showed a decided propensity to race with the shot as soon as the bird was flushed. However, I was mightily pleased, as he proved to my entire satisfaction that he possessed a nose, which fact until to-day I had great reason to doubt.

I left the house at 8, and a walk of one mile brought me to the ground I decided to hunt. It is a most curious combination of open and cover, bog and upland; cover so dense I could with difficulty crawl through it, bogs so high and so overgrown with grass that immediately your dog entered it he was lost to sight; but the upland was entirely the reverse, and I enjoyed it all the more by comparison.

Directly in the center of all this, and traversing it from end to end, flowed a brook just wide enough not to jump. On one side of this brook were the bogs and cover, on the other the uplands and clear, open woods, a most beautiful piece of ground for woodcock, and where a number have been shot this season. There, after an unsuccessful beat of the bogs, we found the birds; that is they found us, for they all flushed wild, and were up and away before I could either shoot or mark them down. Still I had the general direction of their flight, or supposed I had; so I carefully hunted the ground far at least half an hour, all the time keeping close enough to Rex so that if he showed a flush, as I expected he would, both he and the bird should receive instruction thereby—Rex not to flush the bird, the bird not to let Rex flush it, which instruction I should seek to impart through the rod and gun. However, all my pains to the contrary, we could not find the birds in the woods.

This surprised me very much, as I felt almost certain of finding them there. There was now but one place left where I had any hope of finding them, this was entirely out of the woods in the open. While I hoped to find them there, I had no idea they would forsake such excellent cover as the woods afforded for a comparatively open field.

After a short rest and a drink at a spring (made by some philanthropic person years ago by simply sinking a hollow log into the ground) whose clear water was very refreshing both to Rex and myself, we left the woods and struck into the field. At the very edge Rex made game and in half a minute was pointing staunchly. This so delighted and surprised me that when I flushed the birds I missed them both in magnificent style, while Rex, as if to help me retrieve my error, made another beautiful point, but had not recovered my equilibrium, and I raised again. I even missed the next pair. This thoroughly shamed me and completely disgusted Rex, who then and there decided he would cut me altogether and hunt for himself, but this did not suit my views and I prevailed.

In all there were five birds, three flew to the right and two

returned to the woods. The three to the right being in the open, we followed them, and in five minutes Rex nailed one. The bird flushed wild before I came up, but by this time I had recovered myself, and killed at a good distance. After this we had some splendid sport with the remaining two birds. They were very much like the snipe which the man hunted all one spring. Rex performed his part wonderfully well, not a flush or a false point all day. Eventually we secured these two birds, making in all three. Not a large bag, certainly. Still I never enjoyed a day more thoroughly than I did Thanksgiving.

CHIK.

A PROPOSED LINCOLN FUND.

WE understand that the family of the late Charles Lincoln are in needy circumstances. No means were left for their support. There are four children, daughters. It is proposed by some of Mr. Lincoln's friends to raise by subscription a sum of money sufficient to constitute a trust fund for the benefit of these children. The members of the Westminster Kennel Club are the movers in the scheme, and this is an entirely sufficient guarantee of the proper management of the fund. The object is a worthy one, and taking into account the services rendered by Mr. Lincoln to dog shows, and remembering the multitude of friends he had, there is no reason to doubt that the necessary amount can be raised. We will cheerfully receive such sums as may be sent for the purpose and transmit them to the committee of the Westminster Kennel Club.

JUDGING COLLIES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In looking over the back numbers of FOREST AND STREAM on my return from England, I observe Mr. Grenville Harston's letter, in which he scathes the unfortunate judges who failed to think as highly of his dogs as he did himself. Mr. Harston makes the grievous blunder in my case of giving reasons for my incompetency, regardless of the maxim to give opinions without reasons. If he had simply said I did not know a collie and left it, I should have passed it over, but he goes further, and I quote: "Mr. Watson, although painstaking, knowing the long-haired Highland collie, knows not the collie of the Cheviot Hills, Cumberland, etc., and Southern England, his knowledge being from books of 'Stonehenge,' so must only be superficial, and therefore his decisions must follow his picture books."

Allow me to inform Mr. Harston that I never was in the Highlands since I was carried therein by my mother's arms many long years ago, and at a time I could not tell a collie from a cow. That my schoolboy days were spent within the sight of the Cheviot Hills, and after that I lived in the South of England, excepting a brief interval in South Wales and a year at Manchester. That I never read "Stonehenge" on the collie. I have a copy of his book taken for a bad debt, but have only dipped in it here and there. Probably I read Vero Shaw on the collie, as the parts sometimes came to me for review. I am not going to make Mr. Harston's mistake of saying where I got my knowledge, but be it little or great, I have yet to see such dogs as Mr. Harston shows and calls Cheviot collies recognized in the show ring in a collie class. Mr. Harston should recall what he told me himself respecting these dogs before I began judging collies at Toronto last spring.

Would it be asking too much of Mr. Harston to tell us who Mr. Stanley Thompson is and what he has developed as the result of his practical experience. I have not got at my stud books yet to see how many winners we owe to Mr. Stanley Thompson, but certainly I cannot recall his name, lamentably ignorant and forgetful as I may show myself to be by such admission.

JAS. WATSON.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Dec. 8.

ENGLISH KENNEL NOTES.

XIX.—(CONCLUDED).

YOU have no idea what a vain old fool is this "Lillibulero," he is as sensitive to praise and blame as a school girl in spite of the bold front it costs him so much to occasionally assume. This confession arises out of a flattering letter full of as many sweet things as a southern city in carnival time, that I have received from Dr. L. Henry Twaddell. "You do me proud," Doctor and I thank you for the praise so frankly expressed, you have the winning tongue of your noble profession and your traveled greeting reads cheerily, "I salute you, 'Lillibulero,' and may your facile pen continue to brighten the pages of the FOREST AND STREAM." As it contains matters of interest my readers will gain by my public reply and Dr. Twaddell I will ask to excuse my not answering his letter privately for several reasons. One is that there are a lot of human moles blindly groping about in a naturally underland way to discover the writers of these notes and I am anxious to give them no clues; I have all confidence in my correspondent's discretion, but accidents will happen, you know. Another reason is that your dealers in defamation and ours are groping for hints to describe these notes as the forthrightly circular of a dog exporting firm, "Lillibulero & Co.," unlimited. Hence all I have to say shall be told outright in broad columns and bold type. When I "know a good thing" I will not cable it under cover like a Newmarket tout, but you shall all know it and my tips will be in the right direction, giving, not receiving.

But I hope my American friends will continue to gratify me with communications of interest directed to the care of my editors and they will be sure of attention, and perhaps one day the Doctor's servant will stand half amusedly, half wonderingly, blocking the passage to a visitor who has given his name as "Lillibulero" from the old countree."

The Doctor tells me he was at first inclined to think my comments (2d of October) on the beagle club's code a "bit of kindly satire," but they expressed my hearty approval, to which I am now able to add congratulations to their author. I have already gathered from these columns that a definition minute and exhaustive was wanting to clear away misconceptions on the type of hound that can be correctly called a beagle.

Does the American Beagle Club though admit the claims of the so-called "bench-legged" beagles? I am sorry if I must tread upon somebody's corns when I say—I hope not. There is only one shape of the foreleg that fills my eye, and that is "straight" and firm. I could stand no other; and further, in choosing young hounds I should exhibit a preference for those whose toes showed just an inclination to turn in, that is a sure sign of pace in a hound, and those of my readers who have been out with some of our famous packs will remember what I mean.

To me an "officer-toed" beagle is an abomination. Nature has supplied the wants of the sportsman who require a heavy, lumbering little hound with the bassets, who always make me laugh when I see them gravely squatting on their benches in most approved "first position of dancing." I think their solemn, wrinkled faces and long ears, that look like a judge's wig, and their crooked legs and large paws a most mirth-stirring combination. I believe that a long time ago beagles and bassets were very close relations. I am quite convinced that our modern fox-terrier was produced from beagle material worked up with terrier crosses.

The Doctor tells me American doggy men are becoming weary of the one string that English writers have got so many good tunes from, and it was this conviction, forced upon me long ago, that decided my trying a few new airs. I yield to nobody in my admiration of our glorious setters and staunch pointers, and to discourse on their beauties is a labor of love; but the readers of a paper are a wide constituency, and I wish to have a word for all.

Like myself, Dr. Twaddell seems to be a lover of more ani-

mals than dogs. A man who has an eye for a good Jersey heifer, possesses the tastes to educate his judgment on dogs or horses. I do not wonder that an originator of an "Herd Book" grappled successfully with the points of a dog. The Doctor tells me he visited the Channel Islands in pursuit of his cattle hobby. I was in St. Heliers, but a very long time ago. I remember making the acquaintance, in St. Aubyn's Bay, of some very amiable bloodhounds, who good-naturedly accepted my infantile company, and regularly completed my matutinal toilet by licking my hands and face when I came down fresh from the soap suds for a romp before breakfast. This friendly, well-intended practice led to a very serious result. When in a temper I used to bite my lips till they bled, and they were in this condition one morning when the hounds, who had probably made a meal of some canine delicacy of an "offal" description, gave me their usual, "How are you, old chap." The consequence was a poisoned lip that gave great concern to my anxious parents, and proportionate delight to relations of my own age, who were jealous of my four-footed playmates, and therefore rejoiced in my painful disfigurement.

I was lately shown a humorous letter from a native of the Islands. He was trying to get a good dog for a companion, and like many others ignorant on this point, thought all the good dogs of a breed must necessarily be entered in the "Kennel Club Stud Book," but he gave a better reason than I have usually heard from the uninitiated. He wrote: "I should rather like to have a dog possessed of this canine order of knighthood, for then if I caught a boy throwing stones at him I could ask him if he knew that dog was a K. C. S. B. he was throwing at, and he would think that was something terrible."

RUNAWAYS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have a fox-terrier six months old. He was presented to me about three weeks ago, and I let him have the run of my house. He seems to be very fond of my children, taking every opportunity of getting on the bed with them at night and lying down with them during the day; but as soon as a door is open away he goes down the street. If we call him he quickens his pace. The only way we can catch him is to wait for him to stop and then come up to him slyly or depend on some passer by to catch him. He is a finely bred dog, and I would like to keep him; but I cannot take him out in the street unless on a lead for fear of losing him. In the house he is very sluggish in coming when called, sometimes paying no attention; but when in the street on a lead is full of life and energy, tugging on the line almost all the time.

Now can you tell me how to teach him to come when called, and cure him of running away at every opportunity? I am sure every one in my house is kind to him.

PERPLEXED.

[It will give you some little trouble and take some time and patience to cure your dog of his very bad habit, but it can be done. Begin by stopping his food. Then, when he is pretty hungry, take a bit of food and call him by name, at the same time showing him what you hold in your hand. When he runs to you do not give him the food at once, but pat him and call him good dog for a few seconds, and then let him eat it. In a few moments repeat this or let some one else do it. Let him have his food only in this way for a week or two, and let him understand that he must come or go hungry, and you will find, we think, that he will soon form the habit of always coming at call. While you are practicing this you should only take him on the street with a lead, but after he has got so he comes pretty well, take him out when he is hungry, and calling him to you now and then, reward him with a bit of bread or cracker. This method of teaching a dog to come is better on many accounts than the more common one by the use of the long cord. You will find it convenient sometimes to have your dog walk at heel at command, and can teach him to do so by the method recommended by Hammond in his "Training vs. Breaking," page 23.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have a red Irish setter who has a mania for running away, and is so good-natured, that it seems as if he would always remain a puppy. Can you tell me of any way, aside from keeping him chained all his life, that will keep him at home and make him a better watch dog? In all the books I have read on dogs, not one ever mentioned a way of breaking a dog from running with other people.—J. S. M.

FOOD FOR DOGS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have been reading, with much interest, some recent articles by Dr. Billings, especially in reference to the question of the proper food for dogs. While, as a matter of course, I agree with the author that dogs are carnivorous from a theoretical point of view, it seems to me that there are some practical facts to be taken into consideration before accepting the conclusion at which he arrived, i. e., that they should be fed entirely on meat, and chiefly on raw meat. In the first place, a dog in a domesticated condition is under very different influences than one who is wild and in a state of nature. What his method of life would be under the latter circumstances is shown to us by the study of the habits, etc., of his relative, the wolf. He would probably not get a full meal oftener than every other day or so, and never except after a long and arduous chase, at the end of which he would gorge himself to repletion. To be thoroughly consistent, then, in following nature, we should feed our dogs at irregular intervals, only three or four times a week, and give them all the raw meat they can eat, but also we should see that they get runs, and are kept moving about out doors most of the time.

It is this very matter of exercise that is the great difficulty the dog owner has to contend against. In the case of sporting dogs during the season, it is easy, and for one who goes into the matter on a large scale, and has trainers and helpers it can also be provided for, but the individual who keeps a dog or two, and does not ride or drive cannot possibly give his pets as much exercise as they would get in a wild state, and it seems rational that these dogs at least should be fed more lightly and less heartily than others who are constantly on the go.

I regret to have to confess that I am not enough of a comparative physiologist to undertake to argue as to what provision is made in the dog for the digestion and assimilation of farinaceous and starchy substances, but practically these substances are digested. That is to say, a dog fed chiefly on bread or meal, will thrive; and his fecal discharges will not give any evidence of undigested matter passing through him. That they do require some animal food mixed with the flour or meal I am well aware, and I have no doubt but what a dog fed only on flour or meal would in time starve.

The point, however, that I want to make is not a theoretical one, but one that is practically of great importance to the sportsman. What would a man do who had fed his dog entirely on meat, when he was camping out, or living in farm-houses, anywhere in the interior of Maine or the provinces, or in the Southern States, where butcher's meat is only seen when they kill a pig or sheep, which happens about twice a year? I know that I have had a great deal of trouble with my own dogs in such places, and yet they have been accustomed to a diet which was chiefly farinaceous, but always had some meat boiled up with it. Every year when I go north, the deck boy on the steamer, in spite of my orders, will cram the dogs with meat and bones, and it is a full week before I can get them to return to their usual food. I am perfectly aware that the advocate of meat feeding will say that this is a strong proof that they should be fed on meat; but how can you give them meat when it is not to be got for love or money, and such is the case where I go.

In the Southern States it is the same. I know of

two young men who took two dogs into North Carolina quail shooting. They fed them on corn pones and bread, and the first quail that dropped was bolted feathers and all, and through their stay it was a race every time to see whether the quail should be bagged or bolted. One of the dogs was ruined by the trip. I have lately had much comfort by taking some of Von Lengerke & Detmold's beef flour among my supplies. A handful of this boiled up with meal and leavings makes a food that my dogs relish and on which they thrive, but I think a dog who had been fed on clear meat would have to about starve before he would eat what my dogs grow fat on.

MIC MAC.

Boston, Nov. 27.

[The dog in the wild state is a carnivore. The teeth are formed for tearing the food, the canine teeth being long and pointed. The food is swallowed with but little mastication. The digestive fluids—the gastric, pancreatic, bile and intestinal juices—are quite similar in general properties to those of the human species, but the digestive power of these fluids is greater than that of those in man. The food of the dog in his domesticated condition should be modified, as his life is a modified state. A properly regulated mixed diet of farinaceous and animal foods is called for. When a dog is working the processes of waste and repair are going on with abnormal quickness, and then the more concentrated nourishment, such as raw or slightly cooked meat is called for. When on chain or not actively at work the diet should be regulated accordingly.]

NATIONAL FIELD TRIALS.

[Special to Forest and Stream.]

CANTON, Miss., Dec. 8.

THE field trials of the National American Kennel Club began here to-day with the All-Aged Stakes. The judges are Hon. James M. Thompson of Covington, Maj. J. M. Taylor of Lexington, and F. J. Stone, of Chattanooga. The weather is beautiful, and the work of the day has been good. Fourteen starters were drawn to run as follows:

ALL-AGED DRAWING.

BESSIE A.—J. M. Avent's (Hickory Valley, Tenn.) lemon and white English setter bitch Bessie A. (Dashing Lion—Armida),

against

RICHMOND.—J. E. Gill's (Lancaster, Pa.) lemon and white pointer dog Richmond (Don—Beulah).

METEOR.—W. E. Hughes's (St. Louis) liver and white pointer dog Meteor (Garnet—Jilt),

against

CLAY.—W. T. Edwards's (Varner, Ark.) red and white native setter dog Clay (Joe, Jr.—Fannie).

LILLIAN.—P. H. & D. Bryson's (Memphis, Tenn.) black, white and tan English setter bitch Lillian (Gladstone—Sue).

against

GUS CAMPBELL.—J. L. Valentine's (Nashville, Tenn.) lemon and white native setter dog Gus Campbell (Joe, Jr.—Fannie).

LADY C.—B. M. Stephenson's (La Grange, Tenn.) black, white and tan English setter bitch Lady C. (Coleman's London—Belle of Hatchie),

against

LADY LEE.—W. B. Mallory's (Memphis) black, white and tan English setter bitch Lady Lee (Gath—June II.).

PAUL GLADSTONE.—W. B. Gates's (Memphis) black, white and tan English setter dog Paul Gladstone (Gladstone—Lavalette),

against

BILLY GATES.—Dr. A. F. McKinney's (Forest Hill, Tenn.) black and white English setter dog Billy Gates (Count Rapier—Kate B.).

GLADSTONE BOY.—Dr. G. G. Ware's (Stanton, Tenn.) black, white and tan English setter dog Gladstone Boy (Gladstone—Sue),

against

MEDORA.—W. B. Gates's (Memphis) black, white and tan English setter bitch Medora (Gladstone—Carrie J.).

COUNT RAPIER.—W. B. Gates's (Memphis) black and white English setter dog Count Rapier (Druid—Magnolia),

against

ST. ELMO IV.—Dr. S. Fleet Speir's (Brooklyn, N. Y.) black, white and tan English setter dog St. Elmo IV. (St. Elmo—Clío).

Bessie A. beat Richmond, after an hour of first-class work by both dogs.

Meteor beat Clay in one hour and ten minutes. Clay found more birds than his antagonist, but was beaten in style and pace.

Lillian beat Gus Campbell after a long heat in which some capital work was shown by both, Gus having the best of it except in style.

Lady C. beat Lady Lee in a short, well won heat. Paul Gladstone beat Billy Gates after a half hour of excellent running.

Gladstone Boy and Medora kept up the standard of performance set by the previous braces, but did not finish their heat.

Birds are plenty and everything promises well for tomorrow.

DEC. 9.—The quality of the work to-day was the best that has ever been seen at a public trial. Birds were plenty and scent was good. The unfinished heat was won by Gladstone's Boy, beating Medora in a very close heat.

Count Rapier beat St. Elmo IV. in a short but very brilliant heat, in which only one mistake was made. This ended the first series.

In the second series Gladstone's Boy beat Meteor. Lady C. beat Lillian. Paul Gladstone beat Bessie A. Count Rapier a bye.

In the third series Gladstone's Boy beat Count Rapier; and the heat between Lady C. and Paul Gladstone was not finished.

[Special to Forest and Stream.]

CANTON, Miss., Dec. 10.

Paul Gladstone beat Lady C., ending the third series in the final tie for first money. Paul Gladstone beat Gladstone Boy, winning first. Lady C. beat Bess A. Lady C. beat Gladstone Boy, and won second. Bess A. and Lillian are running to decide which shall run with Gladstone Boy for third place.

The Derby has twenty-three entries, drawn as follows:

THE DERBY DRAWING.

GEM.—Dr. J. N. MacIn, Keating, Tenn., lemon and white English setter bitch, April 16 (Gladstone—Gazelle),

against

LILLIAN.—P. H. & D. Bryson, Memphis, Tenn., black, white and tan English setter bitch, Aug. 21 (Gladstone—Sue).

BILLY GATES.—Dr. A. F. McKinney, Forest Hill, Tenn., black and white English setter dog, Aug. 21 (Count Rapier—Kate B.),

against

LADY BESSIE.—J. M. Avent, Hickory Valley, Tenn., lemon and white bitch, Oct. 5 (Gladstone—Bessie A.).

RICHMOND.—E. M. Usher, Vincennes, Ind., lemon and white dog, April 22 (Sergeant—Eva),

against

PAUL JONES.—Major J. W. Renfro, Atlanta, Ga., black,

white and tan English setter dog, Dec. 3 (Baden Baden—Daisy Royal).

LADY LEE.—W. B. Mallory, Memphis, Tenn., black, white and tan English setter bitch, June 10 (Gath—Juno II.), against

ANNE BOLEYN.—Roe Reising, Meadville, Pa., black and white bitch, March 23 (Dash III.—Isabelle).

JIM BLEDSOE.—Major J. W. Renfro, Atlanta, Ga., black, white and tan English setter dog, Dec. 3 (Baden Baden—Daisy Royal), against

RODERIGO.—Gates & Merriam, Memphis, Tenn., black, white and tan English setter dog, April 11 (Count Noble—Twin Maud).

RICHMOND.—John E. Gill, Franklin, Pa., lemon and white dog, July 27, (Vandevort's Don—Benlah), against

SPORTSMAN.—J. W. Murnan, Keeling, Tenn., black, white and tan dog, Aug. 21 (Gladstone—Sue).

SURREY.—W. B. Mallory, Memphis, Tenn., black, white and tan English setter dog, June 10 (Gath—Juno II.), against

MORSE.—Rogers & Dalton, N. Albany, Miss., black and white dog, Oct. 16 (Gladstone—Nellie).

MAUD B.—Dr. Otto Moeber, Rowland, Ala., black, white and tan bitch, June 1 (Rollo—Morgo), against

GLADSTONE'S BOY.—Dr. G. G. Ware, Stanton, Tenn., black, white and tan English setter dog, Jan. 10 (Gladstone—Sue).

QUEEN BESS.—B. F. Price, Memphis, Tenn., black, white and tan English setter bitch, June 28 (Gladstone—Donna J.), against

ANNIE MORGAN.—J. M. Arent, Hickory Valley, Tenn., lemon and white bitch, Oct. 5 (Gladstone—Bessie A.).

MEDORA.—Gates & Merriam, Memphis, Tenn., black, white and tan English setter bitch, July 20 (Gladstone—Carrie J.), against

INDEX.—J. M. Arent, Hickory Valley, Tenn., black, white and tan dog, July 10 (Gladstone—Countess Druid).

LEXINGTON.—W. B. Mallory, Memphis, Tenn., black, white and tan English setter dog, June 10 (Gath—Juno II.), against

BLACKSTONE.—L. F. Patterson, Bainbridge, Ga., black, white and tan dog, June 3 (Roy—Gretchen).

CAL COOL.—Gates & Merriam, Memphis, Tenn., black, white and tan English setter dog, June 30 (Gath—Lit), a bye.

At a meeting of the club last night it was voted to change the name to the National Field Trials Club.

SOUTHERN ASSOCIATION TRIALS.

[Special to Forest and Stream.]

CANTON, Miss., Dec. 9.

THERE are nineteen entries in the All-Aged Stake of the Southern Trials, and the Members' and Derby also promise to be well filled.

THE MASTIFF PUPPIES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The case of these animals, predestined to renown, may appear a trifling one, as it probably is, of itself, but it and the discussion on it, strike right home to the vital interests of dog show law (conspicuous by its absence in effect).

Mr. Elliot Smith makes a decided mistake when he says "the amount paid by the exhibitor is of no concern to any but the managers." It is a matter of concern to every competitor that every other one has paid the same that he has. Where the money goes to matters not to him, but he will object decidedly to any "ground floor" operations, and it is plainly contrary to all ideas of fairness that A's litter of half a dozen, who has paid \$5 for the lot, should compete with B's one, who has paid \$3 (or is it \$5?). This is too plain for argument. If it is none of the exhibitor's concern that his competitors pay less than he does, what business is it of the club that the exhibitor of a litter with their dam, makes money by it? "The amount (made) by the exhibitor is of no concern to any but the exhibitor." And Mr. Smith is way off in sneering at Mr. Gregg as taking advantage of a "narrow-minded technical objection." A strict interpretation of rules may be narrow-mindedness, but if so, plenty of us are narrow-minded enough to demand it. No one can for an instant suspect any collusion between Mr. Smith, Mr. Stevenson and the judge; no evidence has been produced showing it. But this case is only another instance of the fundamentally wrong policy of show managers, fully justifying the term of "tyranny" I have often used in connection with them. They seem to forget that the exhibitor has just the same right to a strict logical interpretation of a rule, that the club has to the rule itself. Instead of this, managers seem to think they are autocrats and may construe the rule to please themselves, now this way, now that, or to enact a new *post facto* one whenever they choose. This was notoriously the case at the Philadelphia Kennel Club's show, it was so at New York this spring, and seems to have been the same there this fall.

The "Vanity" and allied cases, this mastiff puppy case and the refusal of the Philadelphia Kennel Club to allow a judge to award equal firsts, are all illustrations of the assumption of divine rights by show managers. I honestly believe that Mr. Elliot Smith believes he is acting for the best interests of dog interests, but he forgets that the exhibitor has a right to his view of the case. We get lots of "rot" to the effect that the interests of breeders, exhibitors, and show clubs are so dependent on each other that show clubs cannot afford to be unjust to the exhibitor. The short and easy answer to such "poppy cock" is, that if nobody did things that they could not afford to do, there would be precious few bankruptcies.

Now as to Rule 17. Snooks is a manager of a show club. He is sure that his dog Mudlark is the best in the country, but he is afraid that some obstinate judge may think that Tom Collins's dog Buster is better; so Snooks gets his show set early in the season, gets Tom Collins to enter Buster, and by hook or crook gets Buster beaten, or in some other way, gets Tom mad. Thomas, in the innocence of insuspicion writes to the papers, giving Snooks's club Hall Columbia, or perhaps he tells the judge in the ring that he don't know a Bullfoundland from a pointer; anyhow, Snooks gets Tom on the line, and with a refreshing and admirable regard for dog interests informs Thomas: "Mr. Collins, you have misconducted yourself in regard to our show, and we disqualify you." Tom is disqualified at all the ring shows, and Snooks and Mudlark sweep the board. Now will any observer of dog show events for the last two years, say that the foregoing is so very unlikely to happen? But some one says, "Oh, but the exhibitor can appeal to the executive committee." Appeal to your granny. By the time the executive committee has acted on the appeal, the season will be over, and Snooks has gained all he wanted. Besides, what is the use of appealing from one Philip (drunk or sober) to a dozen Philips, all in one boat. Or suppose some club has a spite against some exhibitor, how easy to disqualify him and so work its revenge. I am told that a well known exhibitor had his entries refused at the non-sporting show, and the only visible grounds were personal feeling; and refusing entries and disqualifying are much akin.

I suppose somebody will quote the similar rule of the Field Trials Association as a precedent. I must confess that I know as little about field trials as I do of Sanscrit, but I notice that there is very little squabbling over their results. Why, I know not, but if it is because this rule makes a competitor afraid to "kick" then the effect is worse than any amount of squabbling.

Pray, what has the new association done so far? It has promulgated the Westminster Kennel Club's premium list as the dog show law of America, set up this iniquitous disqualification rule, and added the silly "extra" champion class, that you, Mr. Editor, ridiculed our club for trying in 1883. Now that the English Kennel Club, after seeing the evil of so many "champions," are considering how to restore to the title its lost significance, we make it worse by adding an "extra" variety to the list. Why not have "extras," "Double XXs," "superfines," and "superlatives" as a cure for "superfuous" champions. The fact is, the new association has already done more mischief to doggy interests by proving to the exhibitor that he has no rights that a show committee are bound to respect, and in all soberness and deliberation I would say to every exhibitor, that he will best subserve kennel interests by refusing to exhibit his dogs at any ring show, where the associated rules prevail. Great would be the fuss and vast would be the flood of wrangle in consequence, but the end will be well, Niagara would purify the foulest sewage.

HULTON, Pa., Dec. 5, 1884.

DOGS FOR FOREIGN SHOOTING.

IT HAS become a fashion of late years for Englishmen to seek for sport as well as adventure in foreign climes, and even the soul-inspiring pastime of fox hunting has been relinquished by veritable Nestors of the chase so as to get a season of chance shooting abroad. I should bar in this remark the tiger and elephant shooters of India and Ceylon, as after entering upon such exploits they never care about leaving them, and are utterly spoilt for shooting accompanied by less excitement. Such sportsmen are to be pitied when they return to England, as nothing satisfies them. Battues are tame, fox hunting unreal without a dangerous animal in front of them, and what we call rough shooting unworthy of the term in comparison with the jungle hunt. A little of it suffices very well for a casual visitor, but a Gordon Cumming or a Baker would no more enjoy home sports again than sparrow shooting in a hedge. The bulk of foreign shooting, however, is quite comparable with our own, only it is often a bit wilder and rougher. South Africa, where all the bother is now with the Boers, has been a fine field of sport, and sportsmen have enjoyed there a mixture of big game shooting and small. The Cape lion and various species of panther have been brought to camp, and deer and antelopes of the most varied kinds. I have had it related to me of late though that the partridge and quail shooting in many parts of Cape land is splendid, and that to shoot them over dogs makes up about as glorious a day's sport as can be imagined. My friend has made lots of experiments in the dog way, and has consulted me on the occasion of two expeditions within the last five years. He told me they wanted wide rangers, as it was all over plains of stunted jungle grass, the ground sometimes a bit rough, but for the most part tolerably level, so there was plenty of room to see a wide range, only they should have good noses and be staunch, so as not to lead their owner all over the place after false points, etc. I was impressed as usual, with my favorite Laveracks for the job, and he bought three that were nearly pure out of Champion Flame, two got by one dog and one by another. Then, as my friend made a point to go to all the shows, he picked up for himself at Birmingham for £10, her catalogue price, a five or six year old pointer bitch. I tried this animal for him, and she was a potterer, very slow, and she feared rather by her caution than her need. To this one he added a good, well-bred young pointer, eighteen months old, nicely broken, and a fine ranger. This made up a team of five, and they arrived at their destination at King Williamstown just as their quail shooting was beginning. After a short time to recover the voyage they were put upon active service, but two of the young setters that had been worked on grouse made a very poor hand of it and were of scarcely any use. The setter bitch and the young pointer dog went in for their new work in splendid form, but before many weeks both took jaundice—very virulent in that country—and died in a few hours. The same thing happened to one of the other setters, and the other was given away as a house dog, while the old pointer bitch, although of no great use in the field, was never sick nor sorry through the hottest summer, and an old imported pointer dog being in the same quarter, they were bred together, and the result was a fine litter of puppies, which had lived, and were being broken the last time I heard from the Cape. My friend's experience in this, his first venture of dog importing to the Cape, was that dogs under three years old were sure to die from the climate, but those over that age will stand it very well; and that there is a fair chance of dogs that are born in the colony becoming habituated to the country. He also came to the conclusion, from the old pointer bitch doing so well, that pointers are much more suitable for the Cape than setters, though he was quite convinced that wide rangers and not anything like potterers are the genuine articles for the affair. On coming to England after another two years he consulted me again about the chance of getting a pretty good field trial pointer over three years old and not at too expensive a figure, considering the risk. Several were thought of, but the prices asked were too heavy, and most of those at Aldridge's went for more money than he was inclined to give. Sir Thomas Lennard's Tramp was sent up in a draft, and was bought by a gentleman for 34 guineas. The new owner appeared to be somewhat of an invalid, and hardly the sort to do much tramping after Tramp; so it did not surprise me to see the dog advertised a month afterward, as the owner had no further requirement for him. I immediately made a cutting of this notice, and sent it to my Cape friend, and no sooner had it reached his hotel than he whipped off to Euston, and took train for the address given. On arrival the gardener was charmed to see him, as Tramp had spoiled two very pretty flower-beds that morning, and to make a quick deal of it, £15 was offered, and accepted by telegram that evening. This is more than twelve months ago, and the latest news is that Tramp stands the climate splendidly, went all through a season's shooting, and is looked upon by all sportsmen of the quarter as a long way the best pointer ever brought to the Cape. This proves what I have always said about field trial dogs. They are always the best in actual field merits, or they would not have had expensive entries paid on their accounts for field trials. As a rule, though, they are a bit expensive for foreign travel, though lucky is the man who can get them, and for any one going abroad for shooting it may be a suggestion, that nothing could beat a well-bred, highly broken brace of pointers, that have been thoroughly seasoned by three or four years over them, so as to be likely to stand climate.

I have had good accounts given me of Irish setters occasionally for foreign work. A little wiry setter bitch of this breed that would have been passed over at any show for want of size did splendidly in South Africa for several seasons; and another of the same type I had a good account of from Mexico. Sportsmen, however, do not always go quite as far for their expeditions in search of amusement, and there are some novel and still almost undiscovered districts in the European half of the world well worth the investigation of voyagers. An old sportsman now dead was sent to a place on the Hungarian frontier of Austria, with some racing stock, and his account of the sort of sport to be had there was enough to make any one's mouth water. "What sort of dogs," I

inquired, "would one want to explore the region?" "Well," was the reply, "I should want all sorts. I should want those wire-haired terriers, as there is any amount of fun for them, and I should want five or six couple of steady old foxhounds, beagles, and spaniels, for miles of thick cover; and a brace of real good setters that would both retrieve and work low cover as well as on the plains." Plenty of foxes, badgers, marten cats, polecats, wild boar, roe deer, hares, and pheasants were only waiting to be routed up by a voyaging sportsman, and the old man who detailed it to me started in his chair, and with a pretty big oath, vowed he'd live there if he were only twenty years younger. This wild forest shooting has wonderful charms, as I can testify to; and if one can find an unpreserved or only partially preserved range to explore, with the dogs of one's choice, it is a happy hunting ground, indeed, as the stillness is charming, and to fancy that animated nature in all its wildness lives here, the greater to prey on the lesser, just as more civilized beings do, adds an enchantment to the idea of finding such animals in our own way hardly sufficiently described in the word sport.—*Leatherhead, in Kennel Gazette.*

THEY MET AGAIN.—A rare instance of canine intelligence and memory was observed on South Orange avenue on Tuesday. A farmer named Struble came to Newark from somewhere in Sussex county with a wagon load of turkeys, and while his team was standing in front of a grocery store an old hound ran up and began to lavish most extravagant marks of affection upon the horses. He jumped up against the pole-chains and licked their noses and cheeks, jumped around like a young puppy, and finally sat on his haunches in front of the wagon and bayed loud and long. The horses also manifested affection for the dog and held their heads down to him. When the dog gave tongue, the farmer, who was then in the store, picked his ears up and started for the door. He instantly recognized the dog as an old foxhound which was stolen from him in this city two years ago. The recognition was mutual, and when the farmer called the dog by name he showed his great pleasure by wagging his tail and whining.—*Newark Call.*

ONE OF MANY.—Lynchburg, Va., Dec. 2.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Please allow me to congratulate you on the full, interesting and able way in which the High Point trials were reported in your paper. Such matter cannot but make the FOREST AND STREAM necessary as well as interesting. Although I am not an exhibitor of dogs, I still appreciate the fact that the gentleman, whoever he is, that reported the trials knew what he was about, and appreciated difficulties and differences that most men would overlook.—BEDFORD.

LARGE BEAGLE LITTER.—My beagle bitch Katie whelped on Nov. 28, 1884, by A. C. Krueger's imported Banner-man, eight pups, which I consider without precedent. They are evenly and handsomely marked, all strong and healthy, both bitch and whelps doing well. If any breeder can duplicate or excel this, would be pleased to hear from him.—BUCKEYE (Pittsburgh, Pa.).

A. K. K.—Volume III. will begin with the January number. The subscription price is \$1.50 per annum, and all subscriptions must be paid invariably in advance.

KENNEL MANAGEMENT.

✍ No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.

CLINGSTONE, Haverhill, Mass.—A setter bitch, one year of age, has a dry, hot nose, runs at the eyes, roaches her back, and is continually biting her tail. What is the trouble with her, and how should she be treated? Ans. Please give more details. Tell us how she eats, sleeps, and condition of bowels. Look for worms in the passages.

MACALL, Philadelphia, Pa.—So far as can be gathered from your description, it appears that your dogs have had distemper in mild form, and are now recovering. The twitching may pass away in time. Look after the dogs' general health, give strengthening food, and disinfect kennel by burning sulphur in it.

SURREY KENNELS, Elliott City, Md.—I have a pointer bitch which will not come in coat or get fat. She has good appetite, eyes good, health good, hums untruly, but keeps in poor coat and thin; also bites her feet and legs continually. Has no sign of mange. Have dosed her with worm, but see no sign. Favor me with your advice. Ans. Try Fowler's solution of arsenic, beginning with five drops night and morning in food. Do not feed on raw meat except when working.

M. Philadelphia.—What rules and regulations should be adopted in quarantine of a dog just over the distemper and taken to a new kennel where there are young dogs never having had distemper? When can it be truly said there is no longer any danger of contamination or contagion from distemper, and it be safe to take a dog just over distemper and put with other dogs at this season of the year. Ans. Keep dog quarantined until one week has elapsed after the discharge from eyes has entirely ceased. Wash him with carbolic soap, taking care in the operation he does not take cold; and thoroughly disinfect kennel.

H. J. C., Laconia, N. H.—1. I have a bound pup aged twenty-one months, which was all right until last July, when he had the distemper, but not very hard. I doctored him the best I could, and he got over it without losing much flesh, and to all appearances was as well as ever, except that he was partly blind, or rather a part of the time he could see, and at night he would run against a log or tree. He seemed to be blind by slow spells. Now, what shall I give him or what can I do for his eyes? 2. I have a nice beagle pup four months old, that when you are near him he seems to rattle in his throat as he breathes, what can I do for that? Ans. Your dog is suffering from amaurosis, or blindness which comes and goes. It is caused by some temporary brain trouble. Get an ounce of the tincture of muscimonia mixed with four drops daily in his food. 3. Get two ounces of balsam of tolu, and give your beagle pup a teaspoonful morning, noon and night, until the trouble disappears.

E. L. K., New York.—Having been training my pup, ala Hammond, some two months, I am very desirous of finding what he would recommend in this case. When still a very small pup two weeks old, I thoughtlessly allowed the servant to feed her some meat; either from this or subsequent over feeding, she shows all the symptoms of canker in the ear. I was at first alarmed, and then procured some of the best of our solution twenty grains to ounce water, advised by a neighbor, and syringed the ears morning and night for a week, then once a day for another week. Now she sometimes scratches at the bases of her ears, but without any of the symptoms of pain she evinces at first, and has scratched all the hair from the bases of the ears. What can I do to help the hair grow, and what treatment should I continue (if any) in regard to the canker? Would you advise the iodo-chlorine and laudanum treatment or shall I let her go? I feed almost wholly on bread and milk diet, that is, hominy, farina, corn and the like, with a little soup and such once in a while. Ans. See treatment recommended in answer to "W. H. S." Get some blue ointment (*Ung. hydragryna*) and rub it in over the hairless spots, having first cleansed with warm water and soap. Do this night and morning.

QUESTIONS.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Having killed the lice, destroyed the parasitic diseases, and healed the sores, we now wish to make the hair grow again. And again the ointments, which have so recently been introduced to the medical profession, and proving themselves to be the most effectual means for treatment of a variety of diseases, I am pleased to call your attention to, in conjunction, however, this time with another agent. The ointment of mercury with the oil of ergot will make the hair grow on the palm of your hand. Ointment of mercury 1 to 2 parts, oil of ergot 7 to 8 parts, mixed thoroughly and applied has proven most efficacious in my hands in promoting the growth of hair, removing the harsh and dry look, giving brightness and lustre to the new growth. Let me add that the above application will be found equally as beneficial in the loss of hair of the human head as of the canine parasitic diseases.—Says Scott Kins. The ointment will make the hair grow quite extensively used in the treatment of the parasitic skin troubles, and also in subacute and chronic inflammations of the skin. They consist of the combination of ointment acid and the oxides of zinc, mercury and lead. Probably the ointments of these drugs, as the zinc oxide, lead iodide or the familiar blue ointment are just as effective. The ointment of mercury should not be of greater strength than 6 to 10 per cent. A salve made of vasoline and carbolic acid is a most excellent remedy. The strength should not exceed two or three grains to the ounce. The parts should always be first shaved and thoroughly cleansed

OSWEGO Y. C.—This club has now six yachts of ten tons and over: Laura, Ethel, Cricket, Katie Gray, Fascination and Ella, besides the steam yacht Rubt. On June 10, the owner of the Cricket received a dispatch from the Cygnat at Courcy, asking him to meet the latter that night at Big Sodus, eighty miles from Cobourg. At 5:40 P. M. the Cricket was under way, and with a good breeze made the rendezvous at 11:45 P. M. Just fifteen minutes after the Cygnat had anchored. All of the yachts have made cruises during the summer, and most of them have taken part in the races on the lake.

AMY.—Mr. E. D. Morgan, formerly owner of the schooner Wanderer, has purchased the steam yacht Amy from her former owner, Mr. W. N. Stewart, and left Southampton on Nov. 22 for the Mediterranean. Amy was designed by Mr. St. Clare J. Byrne, and built at Port Glasgow, in 1880, of iron. She is 187.5 ft. long, 27.4 ft. beam and 14.6 ft. depth of hold, with cylinders 26 and 46x32 ins., and is rated 100A. At Lloyd's. She is rigged as a schooner.

AN ACCIDENT TO VANESSA.—The famous 30-tonner Vanessa, was run into on Nov. 8, about 7:30 P. M., when the late Albus Head, by the mail steamer Don. The latter struck the yacht and knocked her counter off, carrying the dinghy off the deck, and throwing overboard the son of the captain, who was drowned. The two hands left on the yacht brought it safely into Swanage, and from there she was taken to Poole for repairs.

LISTS OF WINNERS AND RACES.—In the list published last week, Emmie C. should be credited with 4 races sailed, not 1; and Rita with 3 instead of 5. In the Hull Y. C. races of June 21, there were 5 starters in fifth class, Linogen winning, and in the sixth class 2 starters, Mirage winning. Cruiser sailed 14 races, winning 10 firsts, instead of 9 as in the list.

LLOYD'S YACHT REGISTER.—We have received the second supplement to the Yacht Register of 1884, containing alterations and additions to Nov. 15. Among the new yachts classed are Genesha, 74.7 tons register and Nourmahal 372.6 tons register. The latter is classed 100A. Nourmahal is now dismantled and laid up at City Island.

THE NEW 47-TON CUTTER.—The lead keel, of about 38 tons, is now ready, as is also the wooden one, and also her steel frames, as she will be completed in about a month. The cutter is to be used out for scraping and planing to put her in condition for next year.

NEW YORK HARBOR.—The Secretary of the Treasury has recommended an appropriation of \$35,000 for a new survey of the harbor.

Canoeing.

CANOEISTS are invited to send us notes and full reports of cruises club meets, information about canoeable waters, and other communications of interest.

CANOEING IN 1884.

THE season just closed has been, as was predicted last spring, the most prosperous that canoeing has yet known. The "camp-fires" held last winter by the various clubs kept alive the general interest and stimulated several branches of canoeing, especially that of building and fitting up; while the general interchange of ideas among canoeists made in the winter and with each other. The subject of local meets was also discussed and plans laid which after-ward were fully carried out. It is due mainly to these meetings that the early spring found most of the canoes ready for use, overhauled, varnished, newly rigged; while in general excellence of model, fittings and rig the fleet was far ahead of any previous one. With the breaking up of winter the boats were afloat, their crews making the most of the time allowed for practice before the spring meetings.

During the winter the work of organizing new clubs also went on, and a number of members were added to the Association. Under the direction of Dr. Neidé the camp ground at Grindstone Island was located, all courses carefully surveyed and buoyed, and the bearings taken, so as to replace any lost marks, most of the work being done in a deep snow; while the numberless other details of the meet were arranged long in advance, the results of such care being evident to all when they finally met in August.

The season really opened with the meets of May 30 on the Hudson and the Connecticut. The former was held on the site of the old fort just below Newburg, and was attended by fifty canoeists from the neighborhood of the Hudson River, from Albany to New York. The camp lasted three days, during which time a series of races were held. The time allowed for practice before the Snake and the Dot was not decided on account of the rough water, neither boat completing the course after being out for several hours. The meet was attended by a number of new canoeists who had never visited the annual camps, and resulted in an increased interest in canoeing along the entire length of the Hudson.

On the same days a meet was held on the Connecticut River below Springfield, at which the Hartford and Springfield clubs were present with some other canoeists, the occasion being a success in every way. Following these were the meets of the Eastern canoeists on the Merrimack River on June 14-16, and on Lake George July 24-27, the latter on the site of the first A.C.A. meets. Besides these, several clubs have had short opening cruises, or meets of a purely local character, as the Rondout C. C. on July 1. The results of these meetings have been to promote good feeling and acquaintanceship among canoeists, as owing to the smaller number present, men become better acquainted than at a meet of three or four hundred. A healthy spirit of rivalry is also established among the various clubs, as to who shall have the best canoes, the most complete outfit, the most skillful sailors, the most thorough discipline, the best uniform, and who shall excel in camp cooking. This competition has already raised the standard of excellence in all these departments of canoeing. The meets are also occasions for an interchange of ideas, and as they are usually enlivened by more or less spirited debates over questions of sailing, cruising and camp economy among men from different localities and adherents of different branches of the sport, they are directly responsible for many improvements.

The Newburg meet, for instance, with the high wind and rough water, made apparent to many who had at first condemned her, the merits of Com. Whitlock's large canoe Guenn, and explained to those familiar only with up river work and light canoes, the value of several points in the New York boats. The local spring meets have proved in every way a success, and have become a permanent and valuable feature of the canoeing season. Better set to work, the reach of many who had not leisure to travel 400 miles, or more perhaps, to the grand meet, they bring in many who would not otherwise join, and each one promotes the spread of canoeing over a large tract of country. No definite plans are as yet laid for '85, but canoeists are all ready for such outings as those of last year, and are already discussing the subject among themselves.

Of course the main work of the canoeist's calendar was the annual meet in August, for which preparations had been going on for the previous year. The question of a meeting place was widely discussed in the fall, many favoring the old camp at the Canoe Islands in Lake George, while others were in favor of a new site. The question also came up as to whether it was better to decide on a permanent location for the annual meet, or to change it from year to year, or to involve less expense and much less work for the secretary, but no definite decision was arrived at. It was felt that Lake George was too far to expect the large Canadian contingent to come, and to accommodate them a site was selected on Grindstone Island, in the St. Lawrence River, near the boundary line of Canada and the United States.

Here all preparations were carefully made in advance, the camp site cleared up, courses buoyed, landing stages laid down, dock and mess-shed built, arrangements made with a caterer to supply provisions, and with steam launches to carry passengers and mails to and from Clayton and Gananoque, and a ladies' camp located, some distance away from the main camp, so that when the first canoeist arrived, all he had to do was to land and pitch a tent. For over three weeks the quiet island was the scene of bustle and activity, races and short cruises by day, camp-fires and illuminations by night, songs on the water and by the fires, visits to Squaw Point, long-winded discussions of knotty points, such as all canoeists delight in, renewals of old friendships and the formation of new ones; under a glorious summer sky, and with a perfect reach of moonlight, the pleasure of the moment was not a little heightened by the pleasant regret, and forward to its return in 1885 with eager longings.

The races were, as usual, a prominent feature of the meet, and while the calms that prevailed on several days interfered with the sailing programme, on the whole they were very successful.

This meet was the occasion of the inauguration of the "average record" system, and of the first feature in canoe racing, which was devised by members of the New York C. C. The tendency of racing is naturally toward the production of extreme types, and the development of a class of semi-mateurs who devote more time to the sport than most canoeists are able to do, with the sole aim of accumulating prizes, both very objectionable features. The tendency of canoeists has long been drawn to the latter, partly by the condition of canoeing abroad, as compared with the progress here, and several schemes have been proposed to remedy the matter, but none have been satisfactory. Under the rules, a man was allowed to bring as

many boats as he wished to a meet, so that those who cared little for the expense, or who could reach the camp easily, could bring special boats for each race, practically excluding from the races the cruiser who had traveled hundreds of miles in his cruising boat. While this evil had never reached serious proportions, the danger was apparent, as rivalry between the different clubs increased, even though the prizes offered were of nominal value.

The new system, however, prevents all this, as the principal prizes are given to the five men having the best record for a series of races. The programme is so arranged as to include an equal number of sailing and paddling races, in all of which each man will presumably compete. A certain mark is given to him in each race according to his position at the finish, and the first prize is awarded to the man who has the largest total for the entire series of races. Separate prizes for first and second in each race are also given, but a sailing man can use but one boat for all races, there will be no tendency to build more racing machines. Should a man, for instance, build an extreme paddling boat, in any class, he could at most win only a first prize (a silk flag) in one, or perhaps two races, while the man in the all-round boat, entering a dozen mixed races, will in all probability capture several first or second race prizes, besides coming in with a big score for the average prizes; while the average canoeist, in ordinarily good condition, and in a fair cruising boat, by going into all races and doing his best, although he may take no race prizes, will have as good a chance as any for the average. Thus far the scheme has worked perfectly, and it really seems as though it would accomplish the desired end of putting the honest cruiser ahead of the specialist. The programme of the coming season, which appeared in *FOREST AND STREAM* last August, will show that a large number of the prizes went to Canada, a fact due partly to the fast paddling of one Canadian, and the excellent all-around work of another, but also to the lack of wind for the sailing races, the Canadians excelling at paddling, while the sailing prizes usually remain south of the boundary line; but this season the sailing classes were especially unfortified, and the wind was of such a nature that, it is hoped, will be avoided by holding the meet a week earlier next year, at which time there is usually plenty of wind.

Socially the meet was as great a success as in other ways, as a spirit of good feeling and camaraderie was apparent everywhere among the canoeists. The composition of the gathering was curious in many ways; for instance, the canoeists came not only from all sections of the United States, but from Canada as well; and the young men were represented, from the young schoolboy to judges and ministers well up in the sixties, perhaps the larger number being business and professional men between the ages of twenty five and fifty; but in spite of the difference in age and position, there were no breaks in the general harmony, and with the exception of one or two trifling matters of etiquette and the like, the entire meet was a model of social life. The presence of ladies added greatly to the pleasure of the camp, and the beach at Squaw Point was always crowded with a fleet of canoes.

The business meeting of the year was held on the last day of the meet, and although occupying but little time, the necessary business of the Association was transacted. The officers elected for the ensuing year were: Commodore, R. C. Oliver, Jr.; Vice-Commodore, R. S. Rathbun, Deseronto C. C.; Rear-Commodore, F. Andrews, Rochester C. C.; Secretary and Treasurer, C. A. Neidé, Lake George C. C.; Executive Committee—Messrs. Rand, of Boston, Wood, of Peterboro, and Vaux, of New York.

The growth of the Association during the year has been steady rather than rapid, the new members received being from all parts of the United States, and from Canada, and a desirable increase in the number of the Association is as yet not as strong as it should be. A strong effort will be made this year to inaugurate a meet far West as is possible, and to interest the large body of canoeists now unattached. The increase in membership over last year is but small, as many Canadians who joined in 1883 only did so in order to attend the camp at Stony Lake and not to compete.

While the Association races were the main events of the year in the racing world, nearly all of the clubs have held races during the season, most of them having races each week or two weeks during the time when the members are not cruising, as well as open regattas in the spring and fall. Racing has become a most important and valuable feature of canoeing, and under proper restriction it does more to advance the sport than any other method of measurement. The tendency to build machines seems now well guarded against, and the result of future competition will be to give us better all around boats each year.

There has been a general improvement in canoes during the year, largely due as stated before, to the discussions of last winter. Men are taking a greater interest in questions of model and rig, they are adapting their canoes to the water they are to use, and are beginning to trust all to the judgment of the builder. Both in model and construction the canoes of to-day are superior to their predecessors, and there is still no end to further improvement. The majority are, of course, of wood, and of these the greater number, and the best boats, are of lapstrunk build, although some very fine boats are turned out by the new Canadian makers.

In the class marked improvement, the old favorite, the balance lug, being little altered, but canoes generally are more neatly canvassed than formerly. The lateen is seen less often, but the year has produced Com. Oliver's new settee, known as the "Mohican sail," a valuable addition to the long list of rigs. This and the balance lug will probably divide the canoe fraternity for some time to come, to the exclusion of lateen and the multi-masted rig. Many new developments have been brought to the notice of canoeists at the various meets, the racing seat of the Mohican C. C., their different devices of rig and fittings, the drop rudder, not new, but for the first time generally introduced. Mr. Barney, of the Springfield C. C., has invented a new rudder and hanging gear, as well as a new deck tiler; several of the N. Y. C. C. have made additions to their rig rigs, giving a better set to the rudder, and others have developed several improvements in the way of rudder fittings, and a number of other improvements have been made. Perhaps one of the greatest improvements of the year is the new folding centerboard, now coming into general use, in which the trunk is entirely beneath the floor, with only a handle above it. This board promises to settle the question of keel versus centerboard for canoes, as it permits use of an efficient centerboard without materially decreasing the sleeping and storage room.

The principal event of the fall was the meeting of the Executive Committee, at Albany, in October. Much business was transacted, the question of next year's camp was decided in favor of Grindstone Island again, the date being set for the last week in July and the first in August. Some changes were made in the rules of measurement, several improvements to the record, and to correct some points in which experience had shown them to be deficient. The Regatta Committee discussed and outlined a programme for the next races, giving an equal chance to all classes, under sail or paddle, and some new members were admitted. The visitors were handsomely entertained by the Mohican C. C., who arranged a series of races, by water, however, and not on the shore, owing to the low water on the river.

While it is early yet to make plans for next season, the prospect is good for an active year. Canoeing has recovered from the disfavor with which it was regarded in its earlier years by other boating men and the general public, and is now recognized by all as a healthy, manly and sensible outdoor sport, and the little craft, with the approval of salmonmen of the classing, is now everywhere, has for the most part disappeared, and they are well received by nearly all. One great end obtained by the Association, is a partial recognition of canoeists by the railroads and steamers, who for the most part make liberal terms for canoes going to and from the moes, and are more obliging generally with canoeists than they once were.

The prospects for new clubs and new members for the A. C. A. are good as the aim and scope of canoeing and the Association are becoming better known, and as the popularity of all outdoor sports is increasing, and their necessity more generally understood. Canoeing must grow rapidly, as it offers attractions that no other does.

The prospects are for a good racing season in 1885, as this branch of the sport is becoming deservedly more popular, and the men who once opposed it as detrimental to the health of the body, and who once considered it as a mere amusement, are now beginning to understand that their pleasures may be identical, and the average record will give an opportunity to cruisers which they have never before had, and will beyond doubt greatly increase the entries in club and association races.

Because the year just closed has been marked by few long cruises it must not be supposed that cruising is declining in any way. Cruises that a few years since would have been considered extraordinary, are now the order of the day, and the course to attract much attention. The idea of covering long distances merely for notoriety, is little likely to bring discredit on canoeing, but instead practical traveling and camping are daily increasing. Cruises, long and short, are made on all waters, short runs through the season, and a night in camp once a week, are common matters in all clubs, and there is a healthy tone of sentiment in regard to cruising, and no longer dangerous. Cruising is a rest and recreation without the unhealthy stimulus of covering so many miles, or traversing peculiarly dangerous waters.

The question of the danger of canoeing that has been brought up in consequence of several accidents this season, has been met by canoeists, and its agitation will result in greater care in the future on the part of those who have the care of the boats. The probability of a number of local meets in May, and a larger attendance than over before at the meet in July and August, as nearly all who are present one year, come back with new recruits next season. The interest in racing, and especially sailing, is greatly increasing in Canada, as the features of the American

canoes are better understood, and it is probable that their canoes, now resembling closely in many respects the birch bark type, will change materially in a few years, approaching more nearly the modern type.

The interest of canoeists in improving their craft is no less than last year, and we may expect a still greater improvement in all that pertains to canoeing in the coming season.

NEW YORK C. C.

THE annual meeting of the New York C. C. was held at the residence of Com. Whitlock, on Thursday, Dec. 4. The officers elected for the ensuing year were: Commodore, Wm. Whitlock; Vice-Commodore, C. K. Munroe; Secretary and Treasurer, J. F. Newman; Executive Committee, H. G. Bailey, J. J. Stevens, and J. J. Stevens.

The report of the treasurer showed the club to be in a prosperous condition, with a balance of cash in hand. Although two regattas had been held during the year, and the needed repairs made on the club house, the expenditures, under the careful management of the secretary, have been very small. The question of a new and larger club house was discussed, but it was decided that no action could be taken at present until the Rapid Transit Railroad was completed, and the plans for the improvement of the water front have fully developed. The present house will be moved outside of the tracks before spring. Messrs. Bailey, Stevens and Clapp were appointed a committee to print a new edition of the constitution and by-laws, and it was resolved that the treasurer's report be printed and sent to all members. A committee was also appointed to make arrangements for the annual dinner, which will take place this week. It is proposed to make a departure from the established custom, and that the club shall cook their own dinner, as all canoeists should. To this end arrangements have been made with Miss Parloa for the use of her kitchen and rooms, where a number of the clubmen will prepare the dinner.

The club house being closed and the floats removed for the winter, many of the canoeists have moved their craft up the Kills, Esmeralda, Slipalong and Tramp are hauled up for the season—under the rafters of Marmalade Lodge—Mr. Stevens, the owner of the Tramp, being in England.

Surge is having decklarks removed, and well lengthened so as to allow the crew the foot nearest the bow. She will be completed about winter, as will Lark, Psyche, Jersey Blue, Pirate, Freak, Mosquito and Jessica. Lark has been overhauled and varnished. Pirate has had 2in. more keel added and decklarks removed. Mosquito will have new deeks and well and new mast tubes, after her wreck last fall, and Jessica has been converted into a double canoe, carrying two persons easily, and with her extreme dimensions, 18x24, she is very fast. Mr. Vaux will have a new craft to succeed the Dot, and several other new boats will be added to the club during the winter.

ROYAL C. C.

A GENERAL meeting of the Royal C. C. was held on Nov. 25, at which the following officers were elected for 1885: Commodore, H. R. H. the Prince of Wales; captain, J. Macgregor (Rob Roy); mates, J. W. Macgregor, J. F. W. Macgregor, J. F. W. Macgregor, J. F. W. Macgregor, the Earl of Cathness, H. Evans, A. B. Ingram, Dixon Kemp, the Hon. A. F. Kinnaird, W. G. Klein, E. B. Tredwell, Lambton Young, and E. A. Leach.

The principal question discussed was that of cruising canoes, as the English racing canoes have reached a state of perfection which can only be attained at an expenditure of time and money, and an expenditure of skill, which excludes all but a few from the race. To remedy this, and to encourage a class of cruising canoes, Mr. Baden-Powell proposed the system of average prizes and mixed races which was tried by the American Canoe Association this year, with such success, three prizes to be given for the best averages, and Mr. Clayton presented the prizes, of £15, £10 and £5, to be given to the first, second and third in the cruising class.

The limit of weight in the cruising class was increased from 150 to 200 lbs. for total displacement, without crew. The rules were also amended so as to limit the minimum depth of Rob Roy canoes from level of topstrak to garboards, to 8in., and from inside of center of deck to garboards to 11in. The programme of races proposed is as follows: Hendou—Sailing, first class; sailing, second class; paddling, first class; paddling, second class. Regatta—Sailing, first class; sailing, second class; long paddling (second class paddling). Regatta—Paddling and sailing (first class); paddling (second class paddling); sailing (first class); running sailing (first class); sailing (second class). In addition, the challenge cup races, novice, chase, four paddle and two paddle.

The number of points given to the winner in each race will be that of the starters, the second scoring one less, and so on. Walkovers will count one, and in cases of ties, the number of times each boat has beaten the other, will decide, or if both have the same number of victories the prize will be divided.

MORE COALS FOR NEWCASTLE.

IT is generally admitted that canoeing, in its modern sense, owes its origin, as well as the main features of its development, to England. Our first canoes were the Rob Roy and Nautilus, both imported models, and the vast improvements in boats and rigs of the last few years, date from the valuable series of papers on canoeing in the *Field*, 1878-80, and the revisions of the same, since published in "Yacht and Boat Sailing."

These writings gave a stimulus to canoe design in America, which has resulted in the production of the finest miniature pleasure fleet that has ever existed. Probably some few of the English canoes excel the best of ours both in finish and completeness of equipment, but the average American boat is far ahead of the average on the outside, especially in weight. As our boats travel much more weight by rail and steamer, and generally make longer cruises, a smaller and lighter craft than the English has grown up, but as far as can be judged by the performances of English model in our races, the American craft are superior in speed, portability, and the general requisites of a canoe.

The racing rules of the American Canoe Association were, in 1881, taken largely from those of the Royal C. C., but have since been carefully amended each year, until now there is no possibility of their leading to the results so apparent in England, where canoeing has developed to such an extreme of perfection that those who should make the best canoes are debarred from it, and the growth of the sport is suspended. The danger of such a result has long been foreseen here, and a means of preventing it has been earnestly sought for by the canoeists. The result has been that last summer a plan for a series of mixed races was proposed by a member of the New York C. C., which was further improved by the suggestion by another member, of the plan now known as the average record, by which the principal prizes are given to the men and canoes who make the best average in a number of mixed races. The details of the plan were worked out in a number of mixed races, and the Regatta Committee of the A. C. A. by its originator, who afterward compiled the record of the races as published in *FOREST AND STREAM*, of Aug. 23. The scheme has been a complete success thus far, and with a few alterations of the rules, which have since been made, there is no doubt that it will accomplish its end, and prevent both the building of racing machines and the competition of perfect canoes in our races, while it must promote the building of cruising canoes.

In the London *Field*, of Nov. 23, appears a very interesting letter from Mr. Baden-Powell, widely known in this country from his Nautilus canoes, lamenting the state into which British canoeing has fallen, due to the encouragement of extreme types, and proposing as a remedy an "average record" plan similar to that used last season. This plan, an old idea which was brought before the Royal Canoe Club, on Nov. 25, and adopted, but neither in Mr. Baden-Powell's letter, nor in the published report of the proceedings, do we find any allusion to the source whence it was derived. We congratulate the Royal Canoe Club on the action they have taken, as we feel confident that it will promote the growth of canoeing and the design and construction of canoes, and that American canoeists will no doubt appreciate the compliment implied by the adoption of a peculiarly American feature into British canoeing, but it certainly would have been no more than fair, on the part of the proposers of the scheme, to have given credit to the originators of the idea.

THE NEW YORK C. C. DINNER.—In the earlier years of its existence, the New York C. C. dined every year at Café Hungaria, where the advanced spirits of the club discussed gravely the degeneracy of those who used a paddle longer than Macgregor's, or ran to extremes on the question of gullies, by carrying a twenty-five pound bar, later on the club chose Macgregor's for a dining place where, in white tie and dress coat, a rig in itself a rebuke to anything so unconventional as canoeing, they tried to keep up the illusion that they were enjoying themselves as canoeists should. A more intimate acquaintance with the real pleasures of camp life has brought a contempt for such vanities, and this year they will enjoy a dinner in the members' hall of the club, on Saturday night, at Miss Parloa's Cooking School, No. 222 East Seventeenth Street, where they will listen to a lecture on camp cooking, by Miss Parloa, and in connection with the lecture will prepare, under her direction, a dinner which the club and their guests will partake of at 7:30 P. M. All are expected to wear club uniforms or camp costume, and no one will be admitted without a membership or obtain tickets at \$3 each of the committee, Messrs. Whitlock, Munroe and Ferrin.

STEAM CANOE.—Mr. E. W. Gregory, the builder of the steam canoe described in *FOREST AND STREAM* of Nov. 27, furnishes the following additional particulars: The canoe was of canvas, 13x22, and the engine, with cylinder 1½x2½ in., was purchased, second hand, for \$3. The line shaft was 12 in. long and ¾ in. diameter. The steam pipe leads along the gunwale to the boiler, which is so placed as to leave room for the engineer abaft it and a passenger forward. The boiler was made by a tinsmith, of heavy "bath tub" copper, at a cost of \$4. The stove had two large wheels to burn oil and cost \$1.35, and is covered by a sheet iron hood, also inclosing the boiler, which cost 75 cents, making a total of \$9.10. The exhaust pipe leads out at the stern above the waterline. The engine was not fitted to reverse, or its cost would have been considerably greater.

PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE MEET.—We have received from Mr. L. W. Seavey, 216 East Ninth street, New York, a collection of very fine photos of the last meet. Mr. Seavey has compiled a key sheet to accompany the large group, giving the name of nearly every canoeist in it. The photos of Squaw Point are particularly good. Those wishing to order by mail can obtain a sheet containing reductions of all the pictures by sending thirty cents.

THE HUB C. C.—The Hub C. C. are holding meetings during the winter, the last being on Dec. 3. It was resolved to attend the Eastern meet next spring in a body. The next meeting will be on Jan. 7, at which the questions of the best club stove for camp use, and whether it is better to have one large tent, or for each to use a small tent of his own, will be discussed.

PERSONAL.—Mr. C. J. Stevens, N. Y. C. C., sailed on Saturday last for England. He will return in about six weeks. Messrs. Van Dusen of Rondout, and Storms of Rochester, called on us last week, the latter on his way to Florida, where he will do some canoeing this winter.

A CANOE IN A FAIR.—The canoe is now taking a place in society alongside the gold-headed cane, the many-colored afghan, and the prize cake. One of the Diamond model has been presented to the fair of the Paulist Fathers, by F. Joyner & Son, and will be raffled for this week in the new church corner of Ninth avenue and Fifty-ninth street, New York.

Answers to Correspondents.

S. W. W., Canada.—You may sow the wild rice early in the spring; after the ice has disappeared.

EN AMI.—Try the gun-shyness cure, given in "Training vs. Breaking," which was recently printed in our kennel columns.

NEW READER.—There are half a dozen excellent makes of rifles which will answer your purpose. You can select any of them with confidence.

C. S., Atlantic City.—1. For shooting sizes of shot see article on small-bore guns, in another column. The age of the deer cannot be told by number of "snags" on the horns.

C. L. S., Warwick, R. I.—We should judge from your description that the charge was a safe one for the guns, but you will probably find that with a lighter load of powder you can get better results.

SHELDRAKE, Gilmanton Iron Works, N. H.—I send you inclosed three feathers plucked from a bird in every way like a partridge save the color of plumage. Will you please class the bird? The entire bird was of the same color plumage as the sample sent. Please answer in your next issue. No one in this vicinity has ever seen one of this variety. It was a young female bird. Ans. There is

no reason to suppose that the bird is anything more than a pale, bleached specimen of the partridge (*Bonasa umbellus*). We have never seen one so pale, but have heard of those in which the markings were still fainter than in this.

C. R. S., Philadelphia.—Can you furnish drafts, and at what price, for a catamaran suitable for the Delaware River, say thirty feet long? Ans. Write to Herreshoff Manufacturing Co., Bristol, E. I., for plans and specifications.

E. T. B.—1. Woodcock shooting as usually practiced requires more skill than quail shooting. 2. Almost everybody who has shot game knows that allowance must be made for the flight of birds, and the gun is held ahead of the game. The allowance depends upon distance and the rapidity of flight.

W. M. J., Glasgow, Mo.—1. We have in preparation an edition of the book, in which will be given the instructions you ask for. There is no work on the subject at present. 2. The rate of exchange is twenty-four cents for one shilling and two cents for one penny. It can be sent by money order, which you can obtain at the post-office.

TACOMA, W. T.—1. Which is the best target for long-range shooting to adopt by clubs, paper or iron targets? 2. Do you recommend pits for markers, or bullet proof bulkhead to left of target? 3. Which are used at Creedmoor, paper or iron, pits or bulkhead? 4. Is not a single shot rifle 40-60 or 40-70, with 380 grain bullet, 30-inch barrel, sufficiently large to do good work up to 500 yds. I mean a good maker? Ans. 1. Iron. 2. Pit. 3. Iron target with covered pits. 4. Yes.

We call attention to the advertisement in another column of a new Dog Bread, which has received approbation from those who have used it. It is said to contain new materials which make it nutritive and effective. See adv. of Austin & Graves, Boston.—Adv.

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Calls the attention of the trade and dealers in fishing tackle to his extensive assortment of Valencia Silk Worm Gut in all grades, long and extra long, and from Extra Heavy Salmon Gut to Extra Fine. Sample thousand, 10 different grades, from extra heavy to fine, \$5.00. For price list address

F. LATASA, 81 New St., Rooms 43 & 45, N. Y.

KYNOCH'S Patent "Perfect" Brass Shells,

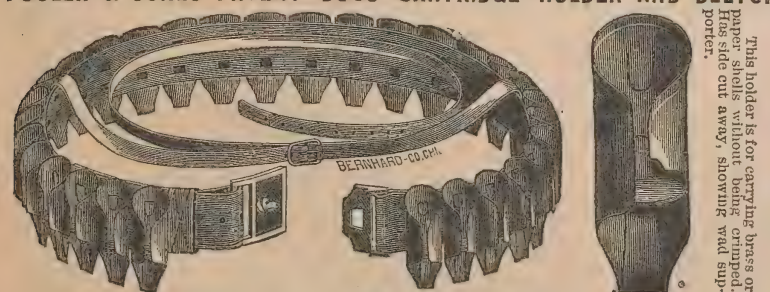
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Send ten cents in silver or currency for catalogue and sample cartridge holder, also a colored lithograph card of grouse shooting on the prairies.

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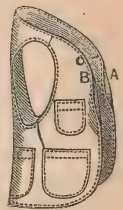
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Fishermen, send for circular. E. J. MARR, T.N. Rockville, Conn. Manfr of braided silk business fishlines of the best quality. Dealers are invited to send for samples and prices before placing their orders.

Explanatory and Suggestive.

FOR THE CASUAL READER.

Arma virumque cano—"Arms and the man I sing." And, indeed, it would take the genius of a Virgil and the roll of Latin hexameters fitly to tell the deeds of this man, whose arms are shotgun and fishing rod. 'Go where you will, he is there.' You run into him on the crowded city street, encounter him on cars and steamboats; he perches atop the country stage, bestrides the burro, and doubles up like a jackknife in the kanim. Seek out the most distant, most tortuous streams, his line has been wet in their waters; penetrate into the wilderness, the tin can of the sportsman's camp is yet further on. He goes for game—if the fates shall send anything within reach of his ammunition; for fish—if by good fortune a trout shall rise to his fly or descend to his worm. But, good luck or bad luck, game or no game, fish or no fish—fun always, fresh air, ozone, quicker pulse beat, brighter eye, more elastic step, all the multitudinous rewards, which, after all, outweigh the biggest "bags," and tip up the longest "strings." Is it not true that only a poet could tell his deeds as they ought to be told? Perhaps so. Perhaps not. He can usually tell them himself. And he does, with a thousand different pens, in a thousand different ways.

You may read it in the FOREST AND STREAM.

And that is better than if it were put into verse between book covers.

One who does not understand these things might imagine that after being told so often, this story of the man—him with the rod and gun—might in the end become hackneyed. But it is not so. Why? Well for pretty much the same reason, we venture to say, that the fields themselves and the woods and the lakes and the streams never become hackneyed. However that may be, one thing is certain. Our columns every week, and month after month, give ample proof that there is still an abundance to tell of what is seen and what is done afield and on angling waters; and that hosts of people still delight to read the telling, our subscription books show with ever increasing emphasis. The FOREST AND STREAM is in the best sense

A Journal of Recreation.

It tells of the recreation found by busy men, in out-door, open-air life. It is recreation to these same men and to others. Explain it how you will, this recreation found in the pages of the FOREST AND STREAM is different from the diversion afforded by other papers. Why? Because (it may be answered again) the recreations of field and stream are always ten times more potent for good than are those found in almost any other way.

Look through the pages and you will see that the departments include a pretty large field. It is a wide scope of subjects. But if you look carefully you will see that the paper, from front cover to back cover is homogeneous. What is in it belongs in it. There is not the mistake of trying to foist upon the reader, who is interested in angling and shooting, a lot of stuff about horse racing or base ball or prize fights. There is no sawdust-ring odor. Everything is redolent of the woods. There are plenty of other papers devoted to the other subjects. If you are interested in them, you need hardly spend time to read the rest of this explanatory advertisement. The FOREST AND STREAM's field is broad, but it is not broad enough to take in all creation. The editors are perfectly contented with the scope of the paper as it is at present. And now

A Word About 1885.

For fifty-two weeks of the year 1885 we propose to publish the FOREST AND STREAM, and to fill each number with the same rich abundance and variety of reading that may be found in this present number or in any one of the five hundred numbers that have gone before it.

There will be the same delightful accounts of the adventures and misadventures of the *Sportsman Tourist*, and whether the "tour" be across a continent or only across the pasture lot into the woods beyond, the story in either case will be well worth the time it takes to read it. We shall have, now and then, a description of such excursions in foreign lands, but for the most part these columns will deal with what is seen and done in our own country, for that, after all, is what the readers of FOREST AND STREAM are rightly presumed to be most interested in.

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NEW YORK, DECEMBER 18, 1884.

VOL. XXIII.—No. 21.
Nos. 39 & 40 PARK ROW, NEW YORK.

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THE FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. Communications upon the subjects to which its pages are devoted are respectfully invited. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. No name will be published except with writer's consent. The Editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

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NON-RESIDENT LAWS.

THE dolorous narrative told by a correspondent of two sportsmen who had been shooting in North Carolina, can no doubt be matched in the experience of many of our readers. The special question as to the rights of non-residents to shoot from batteries, is one about which the public mind is by no means clear. The points at issue are somewhat complicated by being mixed up with other legal questions bearing on riparian rights, a subject of very great difficulty.

While the constitutionality of this particular law has never been brought up, proceedings have been taken against a club member for having violated this statute. The circumstances were as follows:

During the season of 1883 Mr. Lewis Edwards, of this city, a member of the Curruck Club, and now also of the Narrows Island Club, was shooting on the grounds of the former club. The fowl were not flying near his point, but a native in a battery at no great distance was having good shooting. He therefore went over to this man and arranged with him to occupy his battery, where, for two hours, he had good shooting. During this time one of the natives sailed by him, and then going away, returned with another man in his boat, evidently as a witness. The next morning on leaving the club house, Mr. Edwards left word with the steward to accept any papers that might be served on him, and to send word to the justice that he would present himself whenever wanted. The papers were served that day, as anticipated, and the next the defendant appeared before the justice of the peace and offered bail, which was accepted. In due time the case came on and was held before a judge from Newbern. Mr. Edwards conducted his own case, and decision was rendered in his favor, on the ground that the law under which he had been sued was passed by a Legislature convened by the Governor for the especial purpose of selling the Norfolk and Western Railroad, and that having been brought together for this purpose, they had no right to consider, or to legislate in regard to, any other matter. Subsequently, in conversation with legal authorities, the opinion

was expressed that the members of clubs, being taxpayers, were sufficiently residents of the State to have the right to the same privileges in this matter as those whose domicile was in the State.

Quite apart from anything touched on in the above decision is the general question as to whether such a law, discriminating against non-residents, is in violation of the Constitution of the United States.

The subject is of great importance, and is one which presents many difficulties to the lay mind, since the principles involved are by no means generally understood. The question turns wholly upon the police power of the State in regard to game. Those who regard it as unconstitutional argue that it is a law discriminating against the citizens of another State; others believe that the State has the right to legislate as it pleases in regard to the game within its borders. There are decisions which appear to show that the latter are in the right. The matter has been brought up in the United States Court, and opinions have been given which fully establish the right of the State to legislate against non-residents in regard to animals *feræ naturæ* found within its limits. As we have already demonstrated (FOREST AND STREAM, Aug. 16, 1883, p. 41, *et seq.*), the property enjoyed in such animals *ratione soli* is only a limited or qualified property, but the State would be justified in legislating about them for the common good of its citizens, even if it had no such property in these living and unappropriated animals.

In the case of Corfield vs. Coryell, 4, Washington, 380 (U. S. Circuit Court, New Jersey and Pennsylvania, April, 1823), opinion by Washington, J., this principle is clearly laid down. This was an action for trespass, for seizing, taking and carrying away, and converting to the defendant's use, a certain vessel, which had been taken from a man who was gathering oysters in Maurice River Cove in New Jersey. The defendant plead not guilty, with leave to justify. In justification he plead the act of June 9, 1820, of the State of New Jersey, which act, among other things, declares in its sixth section, "that it shall not be lawful for any person who is not at the time an actual inhabitant and resident in this State [New Jersey] to rake or gather clams, oysters or shells in any of the rivers, bays or waters in this State, on board of any canoe, flat scow, boat or other vessel not wholly owned by some person inhabitant of and actually residing in this State;" and then recites the penalties for the same. On this point the counsel for plaintiff contended that the sixth section of this act is contrary to the second section of the fourth article of the constitution of the United States, by denying to the citizens of other States rights and privileges enjoyed by those of New Jersey.

As to this point, Judge Washington said: "2. The next question is, whether this act infringes that section of the Constitution which declares that 'the citizens of each State shall be entitled to all the privileges and immunities of citizens in the several States?'" He then cites some of these privileges and goes on to say: "But we cannot accede to the proposition which was insisted on by the counsel, that under this provision of the Constitution the citizens of the several States are permitted to participate in all the rights which belong exclusively to the citizens of any other particular State, merely upon the ground that they are enjoyed by those citizens; much less that in regulating the use of the common property of the citizens of such State the Legislature is bound to extend to the citizens of all the other States the same advantages as are secured to their own citizens.

"A several fishery, either as the right to it respects running fish, or such as are stationary, such as oysters, clams, and the like, is as much the property of the individual to whom it belongs as dry land, or land covered by water; and is equally protected by the laws of the State against the aggressions of others, whether citizens or strangers. Where those private rights do not exist to the exclusion of the common right, that of fishing belongs to all the citizens or subjects of the State. It is the property of all, to be enjoyed by them in subordination to the laws which regulate its use. They may be considered as tenants in common of this property; and they are so exclusively entitled to the use of it that it cannot be enjoyed by others without the tacit consent or the express permission of the sovereign who has the power to regulate its use.

"This power in the Legislature of New Jersey to exclude the citizens of other States from a participation in the right of taking oysters within the waters of that State, was denied by the plaintiff's counsel, upon principles of public law, independent of the provision of the constitution which we are considering, upon the ground that they are incapable of being appropriated until they are caught. This argument

is unsupported, we think, by authority. Rutherford, b. 1, ch. 5, sect. 4 and 5, who quotes Grotius as his authority, lays it down that, although wild beasts, birds, and fishes which have not been caught, have never in fact been appropriated, so as to separate them from the common stock to which all men are equally entitled, yet where the exclusive right in the water and soil which a person has occasion to use in taking is vested in others, no other person can claim the liberty of hunting, fishing or fowling, on lands or waters, which are so appropriated. "The sovereign," says Grotius, b. 2, ch. 2, sect. 5, 'who has dominion over the land, or waters, in which the fish are, may prohibit foreigners [by which expression we understand him to mean others than subjects or citizens of the State] from taking them.'

"That this exclusive right of taking oysters in the waters of New Jersey has never been ceded by that State, in express terms, to the United States, is admitted by the counsel for the plaintiff; and having shown, as we think we have, that this right is a right of property, vested either in certain individuals, or in the State, for the use of the citizens thereof, it would, in our opinion, be going quite too far to construe the grant of privileges and immunities of citizens as amounting to a grant of a co-tenancy in the common property of the State to the citizens of all the other States. Such a construction would, in many instances, be productive of the most serious public inconvenience and injury, particularly in regard to those kinds of fish, which, by being exposed to too general use, may be exhausted. The oyster beds belonging to a State may be abundantly sufficient for the use of the citizens of that State, but might be totally exhausted and destroyed if the Legislature could not so regulate the use of them as to exclude the citizens of the other States from taking them, except under such limitations and restrictions as the laws may prescribe."

Other decisions in recent times have been to the same effect, so that there appears to be little doubt as to the rights of the different States, not only to protect their animals *feræ naturæ* from their own citizens and from non-residents, but also to grant to their own citizens special privileges, as to the pursuit and taking of such animals, in which privileges non-residents, even though they be citizens of the United States, may not share.

FISHING LAWS.—In another column we give a resumé of the new fishing law of Vermont, as amended by the last Legislature. The principal changes have been in the penalties, the extension of the close time for black bass and the forbidding of the capture of black bass below a certain size. Formerly fish were merely confiscated when found to be illegally taken, but the imposing of a fine subjects the offender to a term in the House of Correction at hard labor at the rate of three days for every dollar, in case he does not pay. The making of the close season for black bass, and some other fishes, to June 15, nearly covers the spawning season. The old law permitted their capture with hook and line at all seasons and was entirely too liberal. The clause requiring all black bass less than ten inches in length to be returned to the water is a good one and might be adopted with profit by other States. A ten-inch black bass, if the caudal fin is included, will not much exceed a half pound and may sometimes fall below that weight, and it is small enough to kill.

THE MAINE COMMISSIONERS have presented their annual report, and that portion of it relating to game is printed elsewhere. The report is a most encouraging one. It shows progress. That portion of it which will be read with the greatest interest is the reference to the proposed change in the deer shooting season. This change is emphatically discountenanced. The Commissioners are strongly opposed to it. Irrespective of the arguments which have been adduced or which may be adduced, pro or con, this expression of the Commissioners should be accepted as a sufficient objection to any change from the present law.

FIELD TRIAL JUDGING.—We were astonished to learn from Canton, Miss., that in the absence of Dr. Jarvis, the Southern Sportsmen's Association had appointed as judge, in place of that gentleman, an individual with such an unsavory field trial record as C. B. Whitford. Dr. Jarvis must have felt highly complimented when he heard of it.

THE MIGNONETTE CREW, whose conviction of murder for having killed and eaten a companion, was reported in our columns last week, have been sentenced to six months imprisonment. That is to say, shipwrecked yachtsmen who kill and eat a companion are guilty of murder, but it is not hanging murder.

THEODATUS GARLICK.

A REMARKABLE life was closed when, in the early morning of Tuesday, Dec. 9, Theodatus Garlick died at his home in Bedford, Ohio. Death came to him not unexpected, nor, we believe, unwelcomed, for it meant final release from intense physical suffering, which had been borne with extraordinary fortitude for nearly twenty-one years. In 1864, being then on a visit to his boyhood home in Middlebury, Vt., Dr. Garlick was stricken down with a sub-acute attack of the spinal nerves, a disease from which he never recovered. His age was seventy-nine years.

Dr. Garlick was a man of many-sided genius; excelling in a difficult profession, he was also an artist and a naturalist. Socially, and in private life he was beloved by innumerable friends, and because of his boundless charity, revered by scores who knew him only as their benefactor. A sketch of Dr. Garlick's career was published in our issue of Jan. 8, 1881 (accompanying a portrait), and from it we reprint the following paragraphs:

Theodatus Garlick was born March 30, 1805, in Middlebury, Addison county, Vt. His father was Daniel Garlick, a farmer, who married Sabra Starkweather Kirby, daughter of Abraham Kirby, of Litchfield, Conn., and sister of the Hon. Ephraim Kirby, who in 1804 was appointed by President Jefferson United States Judge for the Territorial District of Louisiana.

In 1816 young Garlick, then but a mere boy, eleven years old, left his home for the West, trudging on foot and carrying a knapsack. At Elk Creek, now Girard, in Erie county, Pennsylvania, he tarried two years, and then went on to Cleveland, O., where he had a brother who was by trade a stone-cutter. Here he spent some years and became proficient in the art of carving and lettering on stone, afterward going back to his Vermont home to finish his education, which had been irregularly received at the common schools and under private tutors. In 1833 he again returned to Ohio, accompanied by his father and mother.

In 1829, when at the age of twenty-four, he entered the office of Dr. Ezra W. Glezen as a medical student, afterward continuing these studies under the direction of Dr. Elijah Flower, then a prominent physician and surgeon at Brookfield. After some years of assiduous study, and after attending full courses of medical and clinical lectures, he graduated at the University of Maryland, in the city of Baltimore, in 1834. For many months thereafter he had the benefit of close social and professional relations with Prof. N. R. Smith, who at that date occupied the chair of Surgery in the Maryland University. Declining flattering inducements to remain in Baltimore, Dr. Garlick returned to Ohio and settled in what became the city of Youngstown, where he engaged in the practice of medicine and surgery; and following his tastes and talents he made of the latter a specialty. He spent eighteen years here, his fame as a skillful surgeon growing all this while, and then removed to Cleveland, O., where he formed a partnership with Prof. Horace A. Ackley. Here he was elected a member of the Board of Censors of the Cleveland Academy of Natural Sciences.

As a surgeon Dr. Garlick soon took high rank among the profession in that city, and of the country. He probably had no superior in that most superior branch of the art, plastic surgery. He performed numerous and most skillful operations of this class, both in the Cleveland and Medical College and elsewhere. One of the most important of these was in the case of a young lady who had lost nearly all of one side of her face and two-thirds of the upper and lower lips by "sloughing" of the parts. The whole side of the face was restored and the deformity removed by the perfect fitting of flaps which were cut up to supply the lost parts. Professor John Delemater declared that there was not a more difficult or a more successful case of plastic surgery on record, and placed its value in money at \$10,000. He performed the operation of lithotomy with unusual skill and success, in one case fracturing first and then extracting a stone which measured three and a half by four and a half inches; in shape like a cocoanut. He successfully removed the half of the under jaw twice, disarticulating in each case, and twice tied successfully the carotid artery. He made some valuable improvements in the methods of operation for harelip, and for fistula in ano; introduced new splints and dressings for fractures, and applied the principle of anatomical models to animals and parts of animals, and especially to fishes.

Dr. Garlick had early developed a taste for art, and possessed much talent for sculpture. He began his work in this while in college, and subsequently made most creditable additions to this branch of American art. While at the Maryland Medical University he produced bas-reliefs in wax of five of the professors of the college, which were pronounced excellent likenesses. The statuettes in basso-relievo of General Jackson and Henry Clay, both of whom gave him sittings, were soon after completed. A life-size bust of Judge George Tod, of Ohio, was another of his productions, admired for accuracy and artistic merit.

His last work of art is probably his masterpiece, and has a peculiar interest because of the circumstances under which it was completed. It is a life-size bust of Professor J. Kirtland, at the age of sixty, made in 1874. A disease of the spinal nerves of more than ten years duration, and which incapacitated him from standing without the aid of crutches, kept him closely confined to a lounge, and in a recumbent position, and while suffering acute pain, he modeled this admirable bust. The bust was modeled partly from an alto-relievo which he produced in 1850, and partly from sittings by the Professor. It was most truly a labor of love. No pecuniary recompense would have induced Dr. Garlick to undertake it. His deep affection for Professor Kirtland enabled him to persevere in it until its completion.

This talent as a sculptor was applied in a most useful way to the construction of anatomical models. He also made many valuable pathological models, which represented rare forms of disease. These models were duplicated, and are to be found in the medical colleges of Cleveland, Cincinnati,

Buffalo, Charleston, Toronto and elsewhere. They are considered to be superior to the works of the celebrated Auzoux of Paris.

Dr. Garlick made the first daguerreotype picture (a landscape) taken in the United States, and himself constructed the instrument and apparatus to take it in December, 1839; beside making in 1840 the first daguerreotype likeness ever taken anywhere without requiring the rays of the sun to fall directly upon the sitter's face—in other words, in the shade.

It is as the pioneer in American fishculture that Dr. Garlick's name will have the most enduring fame. Attracted by the reports of the experiments of Gehlen and Remy in France, he at once recognized the practicability of artificially increasing some of our more valuable species; and, being an angler, naturally selected the brook trout to begin with. Associating himself in this enterprise with Prof. H. A. Ackley, Dr. Garlick started for the Sault Ste. Marie to obtain adult fish for this purpose, in the month of August, 1853, while Prof. Ackley prepared a pond for their reception by making a dam below a spring on his farm, which was some two miles from Cleveland. The first attempt at transporting fish from the Sault Ste. Marie, nearly 500 miles, was a failure; but three subsequent attempts resulted in placing 150 trout in the pond. In September he made a trip to Port Stanley, Canada, and brought more. It was supposed that the journey would interfere with their spawning the same year, but in this the experimenters were agreeably mistaken. On the 26th of November the fish had so far progressed in nest making as to be ready to occupy the beds scooped in the gravel; and on the following day the Doctor caught and stripped the first pair of fishes so treated on the continent of North America. All the details of development, which are now so familiar to fishculturists, were then veiled and unknown. Were the little eggs impregnated? Would they hatch? It was forty-eight days, or not until Jan. 9, 1854, when the Doctor placed one of the eggs under the microscope and saw an unmistakable embryo. Thirteen days later a fish emerged from the egg, and the triumph was complete. On the 14th of February Dr. Garlick described these experiments and their success in a paper read before the Academy of Natural Sciences of Cleveland, O., which was published in its proceedings, and from which the above facts are taken. In December, 1856, he exhibited microscopic views of the embryo trout before the same Academy at three different meetings, and showed the changes in the structure of the embryo at different ages.

In 1857 he published a book entitled "Fish Culture," which was for years the standard authority on the subject; a second edition, revised and enlarged, appeared in 1880, and was reviewed in FOREST AND STREAM of Sept. 16, 1880.

Dr. Garlick's early experiments in fishculture were published in the *Ohio Farmer* and at that time did not attract much attention outside of his own circle of acquaintances, nor did his experiments and successes strike the public as having any practical bearing upon the every day concerns of life in the way of increasing the food supply, which was in no way scant in his State. Indeed they were rather viewed as a curious recreation of a gentleman addicted to scientific experiments, and as a harmless way of spending his time and money. Unfortunately for trout culture the Doctor was possessed of an ample income and therefore felt no necessity to enter into the breeding of fish as a business venture, nor to push it. He had demonstrated the fact that it was practicable to breed fish, and proved it to his own satisfaction, as well as that of his neighbors; he had published the result of his work in both scientific and popular papers; and there the matter rested. Had he been a poor man his natural enthusiasm, added to his native energy, which in other things showed his great powers of pushing things to their furthest limits, would, even in that early day, have awakened an interest in the culture of fish which would have given it the start that it did not acquire until fifteen years later.

Although he saw in the artificial breeding of fish a new and important industry, he had no conception of the proportions that he has been spared to see it assume. He has seen it pass from the stage of scientific experiment to an industrial pursuit, and from that to become an important department in the internal economy of nearly every State in the Union by the appointment of Fishery Commissioners with State and National appropriations, more or less ample, for the propagation of food fishes. He has watched the interchange of fish eggs with foreign countries and the safe shipment of ova to the antipodes. He has seen the salmon restored to the Connecticut River; the shad successfully planted and grown on the Pacific coast, where they were unknown, until fresh shad are no novelty in the markets of San Francisco. He has seen the fishes of the West firmly established in the East, until the trout of California has been perfectly acclimated there. He has noted the fact that the sea fishes also have been propagated, and that the cod and the Spanish mackerel can be increased by artificial means. Truly a grand retrospect for the pioneer in American fishculture, and a glorious record with which to close a busy and a useful life.

During the past years of physical suffering with which Dr. Garlick has been prostrated, his mind has been clear; and now in his seventy-sixth year, he watches the FOREST AND STREAM for new movements in fishculture. He has been an occasional contributor to its columns, and has lately been much interested in the culture of carp, of which he has a pond and hopes to see them increase. He was a diligent student of natural history and other kindred sciences. Prof. J. P. Kirtland was his first and only preceptor in natural history, and was his intimate friend and associate for more than forty years. In 1857 the Doctor described the large-mouthed black bass of Ohio waters as *Grylotes megastoma*, its specific name being his own and descriptive of its large mouth, a name so appropriate that it is unfortunate that it has to give way to the law of priority and be passed into the realms of synonymy.

The brief outline of his life given above is the record of a busy, well-spent career, well rounded by notable achievements in different spheres of work; it is the sketch of a remarkable man.

The Sportsman Tourist.

THE BEST FISHING.

SWAYING, swinging, swaying, swinging,
Ocean heaving, white gulls winging;
Lazy rolling, gentle plashing waves
Mirrored sun from smooth waves flashing;
Burnished faces, merry laughter,
Swimming first and luncheon after;
Not the faintest sign or rumor
Of a fin to spoil our humor.
Sport like that is worth the wishing,
That's the way to go a-fishing.

—H. G. DULOG.

LES CHENEUX.

FEW of the summer visitors to Mackinaw Island know of the rare piscatorial sport to be had at the Cheneux Islands, only eighteen miles away, and very few of the grand army of hay fever sufferers, cool weather and health seekers know of the existence of such a group. Nevertheless, all well-regulated maps show them to lie northeast of Mackinaw and Bois Blanc islands; they are conspicuous on the mariner's chart as "Les Cheneux;" county papers speak of the "Scheneaux;" the U. S. Land Office maps designate them as "Cheneux Islands." French fishermen set their nets at the "Schnows," and after you have seen the sights at Mackinaw you are asked, "Are you going to the Snows?"

It would seem that the French settlers should agree on the pronunciation of this word, but as they charmingly disagree, and generally concur in mispronouncing Bois Blanc Bob-a-lo, I will merely say that a pilgrim to these shores could make himself "opaque" by lisping plain "Snows."

Unfortunately for visitors, the present accommodations at the Cheneux are poor, there being besides a few fishermen and Indians but one genuine white settler upon the islands, viz., Mr. Wm. Patrick, a very courteous and accommodating gentleman, who is engaged in lumbering, and with his family has lived upon Marquette, the largest of the islands, for the past six years. Early next summer he purposes erecting a hotel to accommodate people desiring plain fare, a healthful climate and good fishing every day. To those wishing to camp, I will say, there are many suitable spots on nearly every island. Mackinaw Island is the nearest outfitting point from which excursion steamers run twice a week and fish tugs daily; round trip fare one dollar.

A delightful and independent way to go is to charter one of the many Mackinaw sailboats, pointed at both ends, famous for withstanding turbulent seas, and very fast sailing crafts. Five dollars a day is the usual charge. We were advised to get Captain Jerome Gulpin, who owns such a boat, and had no cause to regret our choice. The Captain is a character that will bear inspection. When fairly afloat he prefaces his remarks with the statement that he is tongue-tied and a wretched talker; but were he to remark instead, "I am lame and a poor walker," he would come nearer following that biblical road, which in this case leads to his idol—"my boat." His furrowed face was the picture of contentment as, with one hand on the tiller and the other on his short pipe, he sat in the stern of "his boat" on the morning of the second day of last August and permitted Mackinaw Island to sink slowly into the lake, while the Cheneux as gradually came up in our front under the favorable breeze which filled our sails and drew from the Captain many laughable personal yarns and much praise for his good boat Lucy. But suddenly there was a calm, and the Captain frowned inauspiciously and predicted a storm from all the cardinal points, while his three passengers ate their dinners and contemplated with satisfaction the pile of camp equipment that seemed capable of sustaining them forever, providing the boat proved as seaworthy as represented. There is a charm in experiencing a calm—a very short calm, such as we had. We measured the depth of water and found just 195 feet of the cold blue fluid between us and terra firma. We tried bobbing for lake trout with a large spoon hook, hoping that some indiscreet monster would establish a precedent for his more wary kindred; but half an hour of this vigorous exercise convinced us that the unwary one sought did not desire to advance the cause of science.

Goose Island lay ahead and to our right. We interrupted the commander, who was speaking of a terrible midnight gale which he and his frightened nephew once outdred on this coast (in his boat the Lucy), to ask how so uncouth a name had been given so pretty an island. He knew of but two reasons. There had never been any geese around it to his knowledge, and a tourist once fished there two days without getting a bite. The Captain now invoked the aid of the zephyrs in the following language: "Come on! Come on now! Where you are now?" And very soon we were struck by a squall that forced us into one of the intricate channels for which the Cheneux are famous. Here we were safe, and between trolling for grass pike and chasing flocks of young ducks, the time passed quickly until Patrick's was reached, where we went into camp and bade good by to our *voynageur*, who hoped to see us again in the "sweet subsequently." He very ingeniously cemented the contract for a return passage by telling a disparaging anecdote on his pompous and most formidable rival. The Captain says that when the lake is rough, "like a flour barrel," his rival becomes unduly excited, and when under the espionage of a crowd he never fails to show his eccentricities by virtue of his authority as commander. One day while passing a crowded dock, he was hailed and informed that a number would like to take a sail. The commander did not lose his right eye, but his wits departed in the brief mental squabble that followed, and he forgot that the anchor or "hank" (which was a box filled with stones) had no cable attached. Promptness being one of his virtues, he gave the order, "Frow de hank."

"But we have no cable, Captain," was the rejoinder of the son, who acted as mate and crew. This was rank mutiny, and the reply came quickly: "Nevaire mind; frow de hank; he hold some anyhow." The hank was thrown and the stones went through the bottom of the box.

"What ail de hank? De hank float," excitedly exclaimed the Captain, and rushing for the tiller he banged the boat against the dock so hard that it took the rest of the day to repair damages.

Opposite Patrick's, on the main land, will be found the old Father Pierre farm, now a fine stretch of undulating meadow, with two dilapidated log barns on one side, and the Chippewa cemetery among the trees on the other. The sun was low down in the west when we visited the burying ground so sacred to the Chippewas. It is only a small,

grassy space in the edge of the woods, containing some fifteen graves surmounted by Catholic crosses. Nearly all are decorated with red, white and blue rosettes, made of paper, cloth and birch bark, which are thickly fastened to a willow wand bent in the form of a snow shoe. The coffins are of birch bark, which does not rot as soon as wood. The graves are lined with boards, and many of them have a roof-like covering, those of the chiefs being double, with an aperture in the top for food which sustains the soul on its journey to the land of the hereafter. Every burial is consecrated by a funeral feast, which takes place at the grave. Variety of food rather than quantity is the desideratum, and every one invited is expected to furnish something. One may visit the Cheneux a dozen times in a summer and not see a dozen Indians, but when a death occurs swift boatmen are dispatched to the different settlements, and it is nothing unusual to see two hundred at a funeral, many of them having paddled twenty miles. The last death, a very sad one, was that of a young and beautiful squaw, who had been married but six months. Mrs. Patrick, in speaking touchingly of the event, said; "As I sat beside her she raised herself in bed, smiled brightly, and extending her arms, said, 'I see two women in a boat; oh, how beautiful they are; and they are coming for me,' and fell back dead."

I stood a long time beside this grave, and many very curious thoughts came up that tarried obstinately for weeks, for I believed every word that had been told me about this poor girl, now grown to

"A daughter of the gods, divinely fall
And most divinely fair."

After our first supper at the Cheneux, we passed a very pleasant evening at the Patrick mansion, being formally introduced to old Jack Do-skin-no and wife by Mr. P.'s daughter, Maud, who acted as interpreter. Ostensibly, Jack had come to make a social call, but the presumption is that he came for something more substantial than words of welcome. In either case he was not disappointed, for he went his way rich in pork and flour, with a kind invitation to come again. Jack is said to be one hundred years old—more or less—has a pleasant and intelligent face, fine eyes, and a beautiful head of snow white hair. Two months before we met him he had fallen and broken an arm, but this did not prevent him and his aged wife paddling an unwieldy canoe fourteen miles to pay their respects to the Patrick family. Being the leading medicine man in the community, I afterward consulted him regarding my little girl, who had been poisoned with wild parsley. He prescribed oil taken from the head of a sturgeon, which had the desired effect. Mr. White Loon, another celebrity, furnished the specific at ruling prices.

A few of the Chippewas have farms on the islands, but most of them depend on fishing and odd jobs for a livelihood. They make a good quality of grained maple sugar, which is put up in small packages with a fancy birch bark covering and the whole styled a mo-coc. They dispute the slander that the caked sugar is congealed and squeezed into shape in any article of cast-off clothing that comes handy. Elaborate matting is woven of rushes which are first boiled in some unknown decoction to make them pliable, tough and yellow.

From 100 to 200 of the males are employed by Mr. P. in winter, who is authority for the statement that they are strictly honest at all times, and faithful workers when there is a dearth of whisky. In one sense the same can be said of their army of lank, yellow dogs—they are always faithful to their stomachs, but do not possess that fine discrimination of ownership of their masters when anything eatable or movable is to be discussed. They are constantly moving from one island to another seeking whom they may devour. Mr. J. Marsh, of Chicago, is of the opinion that their ambition would lead them to capture a red hot stove, if given half a chance, as his party lost the dish cloth, a large ham and all the bacon they possessed the first night they camped. Laboring under the delusion that a panther had been thus sacrilegious, it was reported (maliciously, I fear) by the ladies in the party, that their Nimrod valiantly stood guard the rest of the night, armed with a revolver minus the cylinder. Selah. It can easily be proven that these Indian curs are expert berry pickers, and live almost exclusively upon red raspberries during August when their owners are away after huckleberries. They are said to be excellent deer dogs. If they are as good for deer as they are for swill pails they must be very valuable, and a good place to hunt deer would be about 1,000 miles from an Indian encampment.

There are a number of fair violinists among the dusky islanders who furnish dance music gratuitously every time there is a gathering at one of the more pretentious cabins, and it is safe to say they will never retire for want of practice, for the old-fashioned cotillion is danced over and over at their frequent meetings, each time with astonishing zeal. But of all their enjoyments no one is so heartily entered into as the celebration of the New Year. About Christmas the entire band, women and children included, assemble at the house of some white settler who is usually aroused from his morning nap by a volley of musketry intended to be conciliating, but if regarded for a time by an occasional new comer as aggressive, the greater the fun when matters are explained. For a morning appetizer each member of the family receives a kiss and embrace from every person in this motley throng, trifling presents are bestowed, "Happy New Years" are in order, a shake bag is held open to receive any edible the settler may see fit to give, a parting volley is fired and the procession moves on. By New Years morning the circuit of the remote settlements on the mainland has been completed, a grand volley is fired at sunrise, the shake bag opened and the day and following night given to intense rejoicing.

Although there are only about a dozen islands in the group, it will take a good oarsman four weeks to thoroughly explore the many channels and inlets about them and determine to his satisfaction where the best fishing is to be had. I rowed from five to twenty miles nearly every day and did not go over all the inviting ground, but my experience went to show that from Aug. 1 to Sept. 15, the best bass, cat, perch and pike fishing will be found in and about the bay, one mile southeast of the Pierre farm. A gentleman from Detroit has a summer cottage and dock on one of the points extending into this bay, where black bass love to congregate, but inquiry there revealed the strange fact that the best fishing grounds were distant four or five miles in all directions.

Late in September lake trout may be taken with the spoon near the open water, and brook trout are reported plentiful in the streams in and about the main land. Good duck shooting can be had in October. Having my wife and little girl with me it was necessary to do some perch fishing every

day, as half a pound a minute looked better on their ledger than one ten-pounder an hour. Nine-tenths of all we caught were returned to the water and we made no effort to see what could be done in any one day. An expert angler, by working five hours a day, could equal our score, which was as follows: "Aug. 2, 4 pike. Aug. 4, 6 pike, 6 black bass, 50 perch, rainy. Aug. 5, 9 pike, 72 perch, 18-pound maskallonge, cloudy. Aug. 6, rainy, catch minnows. Aug. 7, 45 perch, 4 pike, 3 bass, 22 catfish, pleasant. Aug. 8, 12-pound pike, 16 perch, pleasant. Aug. 9, 1 cat, 33 perch, 1 bass, 4 pike, pleasant. Aug. 11, cold and windy. Aug. 12, 30 perch, 2 bass, 4 pike, 1 16-pound maskallonge, pleasant. Aug. 13, 56 perch, 5 bass (one a 5 pounder), 5 pike, pleasant. Aug. 14, 22 perch, 3 pike, cloudy and windy. Aug. 15, go to Prentiss Bay, 5 pike, pleasant. Aug. 16, fish two hours, 67 perch, 3 pike, 1 4-pound bass, cloudy. Aug. 17, my birthday, fish an hour, 1 15-pound pike. Aug. 18, 4 bass, 118 perch, 3 pike, 1 wall-eye 9 pounds, cloudy. Aug. 19, 5 bass, one weighs 54, 6 pike, 58 perch, pleasant. Aug. 20, very windy. Aug. 21, 77 perch, 8 bass, 2 pike. Aug. 22, 17 bass, 3 pike, 1 trout, 13-pounder, pleasant, see fine mirage. Aug. 23, 105 perch, 2 pike, 1 bass, cloudy. Aug. 25, fish alone, 36 black bass, cloudy." Bass caught with minnow bait, lake trout, pike and maskallonge with spoon and rod and reel. Worms can be dug near the old barns on the Pierre farm but are very small. C. A. C.

TOLEDO, O.

A LEGEND OF CRAZY WOMAN'S FORK.

IN the journey through that grand mountainous region of Northern Wyoming, one of the most favored camping spots is on the banks of the pretty little stream of water which issues from the mountains at a distance of about a league from the trail, known as Crazy Woman's Fork.

This camp on the fork was formerly noted for its danger from Indian attacks, as an abundance of game being found in the valley, brought the redskins there to replenish their supplies of meat. Notwithstanding this, the beautiful and diversified views of lovely scenery hastened, and still do hasten the parties traveling in that region to camp for a night, at least, on the banks of the limpid stream that refreshes man and beast with its cool waters from its never-failing source in the range. The banks are diversified with clumps of cottonwood trees, and to the west you behold the tall spurs of the Divide rising up, as from your very feet, their summits covered with snow, while the haze that surrounds them gives them an appearance of mystery, and causes one to experience, perhaps, some such feeling as did the Romans of old when they looked at the white pinnacles of the Alps and wondered what was beyond.

At the close of a beautiful day in September, in company with an Indian of the Crow nation named Little Wolf, I reached the fork, and as we had traveled far, and were considerably fatigued, we turned our ponies up the north bank of the stream, and after going about a mile came to a beautiful little glade, where we uncinched and removed the packs from the mules and picketed the four animals in the open, after which we made our camp in the edge of the cottonwood grove which surrounded us.

After disposing of our evening meal, while the Indian was gathering a supply of night wood, I walked through the grove until I reached the broad, open plain beyond, and was just in time to behold one of the most beautiful sunsets it has ever been my fortune to see. The sun was just sinking behind the mountains, and the rays, being reflected by the heavy mists, clothed the summits with that glorious crimson to be seen only in mountainous districts. After the last rays had died away I returned to our camp in the edge of the motte. The Indian was sitting cross-legged in front of the fire, smoking his pipe, and I soon joined him. After smoking for a short time in silence, Little Wolf suddenly asked me if I had ever heard how the stream on which we were encamped obtained its name. As I replied in the negative, he then related the following legend of Crazy Woman's Fork:

"Two hundred years ago," said he, "when the moon was brighter and there were more stars,* the Abarakas, or Crow Nation, were a great people and they roamed all over this country, from the Missouri to the west of the Yellowstone, and no dog of a Dacotah dare show himself here.

"But the people had been wicked, and the Great Spirit darkened the heavens; and there was a great heat, so that the streams were dried up, and the snow disappeared from the highest peaks of the mountains. The buffalo, the elk, the big-horn and the antelope all disappeared and died away, so that there was a great famine in the land, and the warrior saw his squaw and children die for the want of food which he could not find on all the plain nor on the mountain sides; so that the whole nation grieved, and mourned in sorrow of heart.

"Still they kept up their wars with the Dacotahs, and fought many a bloody battle with them, while they were suffering most, and the game had entirely vanished.

"One day the great medicine man called a council, and when the chiefs and elders were assembled, he told them a wonderful dream which he had had, in which he was bidden by the Great Spirit to gather the chiefs of the tribe at the fork of the stream by which they dwelt.

"The ponies having all been eaten, they were obliged to make the journey on foot to the place of meeting.

"When they arrived at the bluffs on the edge of the valley they were surprised to see a bountiful supply of food spread on the bank of the stream near the forks, and a white woman standing up, making signs for them to descend from the bluffs. As they had never before seen a white squaw, they were greatly astonished. The medicine man descended to the valley, and the woman told him that the Great Spirit would talk through her to the council. She then told him that the wars of the tribe were displeasing to the Great Spirit, and that they must make peace with the Dacotah nation. When that was done, the great chief Bear-that-grabs should return to her. So they dispatched runners to the Dacotahs, and peace was declared between the tribes for the first time in one hundred years.

"When Bear-that-grabs returned to her, she told him to follow her to the mountains, and when they came to the Big Horn, where the rock was perpendicular, directed him to shoot three arrows. The first one struck the rock, the second flew over the mountain. The third was discharged, and a terrible noise followed; the heavens were aglow with lightning; the thunder shook the mountains; the earth trembled, and the rock was rent asunder, and out of the fissure came countless herds of buffalo, filling the valleys and covering the hills. The hearts of the people were glad,

*This expression in his figurative language means, "When the Indian's lot was happier and game as plentiful as the stars."

and they ate and were merry, and returned thanks to the Great Spirit and to the good white woman.

"To this day when anything of note is about to befall the tribe, the spirit of the white woman is seen hovering over the mountain at Crazy Woman's Fork. The great fissure in the rock is the cañon of the Big Horn River."

Such was the legend, or at least such is a synopsis of it, for Little Wolf was nearly three hours in relating it.

"The Crows," said he, "have always been friendly to the whites, and my people know that they are imposed upon by the Government agents in a worse manner than the tribes who make all the trouble. For they know it is not necessary to buy us off with presents to keep the peace as they do the others. Moreover, the Government has taken away some of our lands and given them to the Dacotahs, who are fighting and murdering the whites as often as possible."

The Indians are not all bad, as those who have had any intercourse with them well know. I have lived and hunted with different bands of the northern tribes for months at a time, and can say that if the officials who have had control of Indian affairs had understood their business and pursued an upright and honest policy, there would have been no such troubles as have occurred.

The responsibility of the various massacres of Okiboji, Fort Phil Kearney, the Little Big Horn and many others, does not rest with the Indians, and if carefully investigated they will be found to have resulted from broken treaties and the non-observance of what were to the Indians solemn promises, all to the end that a ring of pusillanimous office holders might be satiated. I speak feelingly and intelligently, as I have witnessed such suffering among the Indians as would make one doubt the justice of God, and would be cause for universal assistance among civilized nations.

With the advent of settlers in Indian lands, the game disappears. Then comes starvation or war; for if they leave their reservations to hunt in some region where game is to be had (for the deer and other animals migrate regularly, and the Indians were formerly free to follow them) a great cry is raised and troops are sent to drive the wretched starving people back.

Some of us know how much the Indians have endured before breaking their parts of the treaties.

DEVIL'S RAMROD.

OVERHAULING THE DITTY-BAG.

ONE of the "dark days before Christmas," cold, steady rain all day. No temptation to go out o' doors. Strong inducement to stay inside and practice on bright fires, cookery, gossip, etc. An old sailor, when he has a pleasant Sunday to himself, and there is no call to make or take in sail, is morally certain to overhaul his "chist" from till to keelson. An old hunter is just as certain to overhaul his ditty-bag and duffle.

Whereby it may be understood that, on this stormiest of winter Sundays, I go through a small tin box and a little dooskin bag, containing souvenirs of some fifty years, largely devoted to the woods.

Firstly, here is a little muslin bag containing a specimen bullet fitting every favorite rifle I have ever used or owned. About one dozen of the bullets are enveloped in parchment, and carefully but briefly marked. Each of these has a history; and I am too glad that I had the forethought to do it. For instance; here is the ragged, flattened, round ball, with which I killed the best and fattest short-legged black bear I have ever seen. Alas! How long ago? I killed him on the 10th of November, 1857. *Tempus fugit*. The ball is a sixty to the pound, round. And here are the two round balls with which I killed the largest buck I have ever shot in my life. One went in on the right side, the other on the left. Each ball lodged against the skin on the opposite side. And both are nearly round. The buck weighed 223 pounds.

And here is the ball I am looking for, the conical bullet that my gentlemanly critic, "J. J. M.," objects to as too light. I send you the bullet, just as it was cut out of a big doe, thirty-seven or thirty-eight years ago last month. In a former article I called it eighty round to the pound. That meant with a heavy patch. To-day I test it by the modern caliber, and find that it stands for just sixty-four to the pound, *i. e.*, naked ball. In other words, and in modern parlance, .40-caliber Maynard. The shot was made as the doe jumped from a spring-bed, and her ladyship was obliged to make three or four open jumps before she could get a heavy tree trunk between her tail and the rifle; consequence was she was struck on the inside of the starboard hip. Bullet ranged forward to the brisket, and was cut out lying butt end foremost against the skin. It was nearly perfect in form; and the doe fell in sight dead. I killed sixteen deer with these bullets in Eaton county, Mich., and this is the only bullet I cut out of a deer that was not sprawled, spread or spattered in some way.

I send you another conical bullet, a .50-caliber. I send it because it was shot through a yearling doe, almost precisely as the other. The doe ran a mile and was then pulled down by a couple of sharp deer dogs. I send you a third, a long, club-like chunk of lead. It weighs just four times as much as the little hollow-pointed bullet that killed the big doe—.45-caliber. I dare say such bullets have killed, or may kill, dead loads of deer, but I have not seen them. Away with such bullets. What is the good? A fool can't shoot anyhow, and a good shot does not need such a leaden terror.

And here are a couple of additional specimens—two strings of rattles, from our mountain rattlesnakes. The first string did consist of eighteen perfect rattles, from a large yellow rattlesnake. A fool spoiled the string. All the same there are seventeen rattles left. The snake measured 5 feet 3½ inches. The other string, consisting of ten rattles, I have a high regard for. The owner was lively, sharp and game. She was heavier and more gamy than the old yellow. Best of all, she bit the meanest boy on Pine Creek. Why in Gehenna the snake should be dead while the boy is alive and well, can only be accounted for by the advantage derived from cousins and hickory clubs. Somebody once said in FOREST AND STREAM that the yellow rattlesnake was the female, the black was the male. At the time I thought so myself. Subsequently I saw on Asoph Run a fine, large, well-colored black rattlesnake, lying supinely stretched out on a log, while twenty-one young rattlers ran down her throat. I want no more instructions on the sex of rattlesnakes.

I will have a few pages to add on "Woodcraft" in the near future.

DEC. 7, 1884.

NESSMUK.

OWLS ON LONG ISLAND.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Can the correspondent who, in your last issue, noted shooting of owls at Bay Ridge, give me the species of the birds?—D.

Natural History.

NOTES OF THE WOODS AND WATERS.

V.

CHRISTMAS DECORATIONS.

THE now general custom of decorating our homes, churches, and Sunday schools during Christmas times with evergreens, originated with that ancient and mystical people, the Druids. With them the mistletoe, holly, ivy, rosemary, bay and laurel, were considered sacred plants, possessed of great medicinal properties as well as powerful agencies for good fortune and prosperity, and as charms against evil powers, from the fact that the good spirits, elves and fairies of the woods took refuge in these evergreens during the cold winter months, and by their beneficent and powerful influences brought health, good fortune, and happiness to every household so adorned; but when spring time came, they again sought their sylvan homes. In England, the holly, ivy, and mistletoe are still the most prized and eagerly sought after of all the evergreens used for Christmas decorations; but with us, all vegetation of pleasing colors, form and habit are used, be they wild or cultivated, and every year new materials are introduced, which are eagerly sought after, both by the rich and those of modest means, who can but just afford to purchase a simple wreath or cross of holly.

When one visits the large markets he wonders where the hundreds and hundreds of little and big Christmas trees come from, nor does he imagine that special steamers are chartered to convey loads of them from Maine to the Boston and New York markets, where they are distributed to all parts of the Eastern and Middle States.

Of late years many of our leading nurserymen have made a specialty of raising Christmas trees of unusual size and beauty. These bring very high prices, according to their height, as for instance a perfect tree thirty feet high will cost a dollar a foot, and for all over that height the price as a rule increases. These immense Christmas trees are for Sunday schools and charitable institutions, and a tree for a small family of one baby can be had as low as ten cents. We are indebted to the Germans for this innocent and joyous custom of the gathering of old and young around the family Christmas tree.

This year the shipment of English mistletoe will be more extensive than on any previous year, from the fact that the system of handling and packing it for the American market has become better understood on the other side. It is pleasant to be able to state that the demand for the Southern mistletoe, which, however, is not as handsome a mistletoe as the English, is steadily on the increase, and that in very many Northern and Southern homes the boys in blue and the boys in gray will sit under an American mistletoe bough this Christmas and tell over their achievements of many years ago with rifle and cannon. The mistletoe is a true parasite and feeds on the sap on which it grows. The fruit of this most interesting and curious of all Christmas evergreens consists of a semi-transparent berry, the flesh of which is very sticky, and contains a single seed. The favorite trees of the mistletoe are the oak and the apple. So much is this the case that in some parts of England, where they are cultivated extensively, the mistletoe has become a great pest, and often destroys valuable orchards in a few years if not closely watched. But the most curious fact is the planting of the mistletoe, which is entirely due to the birds of England that remain in that country during the winter months, and becoming hard pressed for food, are forced to eat the sticky berries of the mistletoe, the seeds of which are left clinging to the branches of the tree on which the mistletoe is growing. These seeds in course of time germinate, and the radicle penetrating the bark, the young plant sustains itself on the sap of the tree.

To the Southern States we are also indebted for another beautiful plant, the Spanish moss (*Tillandsia usneoides*), which is being more extensively used every Christmas. This so-called Spanish moss (though it is not a moss at all, but belongs to the pineapple family) is gathered mostly in Florida, whence it is sent North carefully packed in barrels, through the sides and ends of which numerous holes are bored for the purpose of obtaining a thorough circulation of air, without which the moss would become heated and rot before it reaches its destination. This moss is also extensively used as a soft and dry packing for the oranges of Florida, and is afterward sold by the dealers in fruits for Christmas decorations. The cool, grayish-green color of this moss forms a very pleasant and harmonious contrast when combined with the rich and dark greens of our Northern evergreens. This Spanish moss has also a considerable economic value, it being used very extensively by upholsterers for stuffing mattresses, sofas and beds.

The method of preparing the moss to rid the inner, woody, horse hair like fibre of its soft outer coating of "bark," is a very slow and tedious one. After gathering it from the branches of the live oak on which it grows (for like the mistletoe it is a parasite, though it does not live on the sap of the tree, but obtains its support from its surroundings and the atmosphere), it is buried in the ground, or is placed in running water, where it is allowed to remain till the outer covering or "bark" is more or less rotted, it is then sent North to be ginned. The ginning removes all the small particles of bark that still remain attached to the fibre, and at the same time clears it of dirt and other foreign substances. It now looks very much like coarse and black horse hair, and when in a mass has great spring to it, almost equal to curled horse hair, so that you would never recognize it as the once beautiful and graceful Spanish moss of Florida. Its value has now increased to fifteen cents per pound.

Our Northern wood mosses come next to the Spanish moss for Christmas work. When using growing plants or flowers, the unsightly flower pots should be kept out of sight. There is no material that is so well adapted for this purpose as the fine mosses that grow on rocks and on old stumps. These, as a rule, can be secured in sheets. When covering the pots with this material a sheet of it is fastened to the pot by means of fine wire (such as florists use) which is wound three or four times around the pot. It is best to draw the wire rather tight, so as to allow for the decrease in thickness of the sheet of moss when it becomes dry, and also to imbed the wire so that it may not be seen; if fine wire is not obtainable green thread will answer nearly as well. In old woods, small and large hummocks of light and dark green mosses are to be found, these are admirable for building up masses and groups for both pot and cut flowers, and for banking against a butter tub sawn in half and filled with earth, in which the Christmas tree is planted. In this

bank of damp moss can be inserted trailing sprays of the partridge berry, also wintergreen and small masses of the finer evergreen ferns, cut flowers, etc.

A person having only a moderate amount of taste for color effects, grouping and massing, can really perform wonders with the most common materials that are to be obtained in the woods a few weeks before Christmas. When using the short, light gray mosses and lichens that are to be found in dry and sandy locations, they must be thoroughly dampened to make them soft and pliable, or else they will be found to be so brittle that the slightest pressure will cause them to break and fall apart. The long gray, beard-like lichen found growing on old cedars and spruce trees, when draped on the branches of a Christmas tree, gives it an ancient look. This lichen also becomes very pliable after it has had a drink of water, otherwise it is exceedingly apt to go to pieces on the slightest familiarity.

Cones, burs and catkins, attached to branches or stemmed, and the empty seed vessels of many of our wild flowers (asters and golden rod), when used in masses, all help to lighten and break the monotony and somberness of many of the Christmas greens of our Northern climate, and are all suggestive of the long winter's sleep into which Nature has retired, and are so many signs and promises left to us that she will return again in her many-colored and sweet-scented robes of leaves and flowers.

One of our most common of wild flowers, the cud-weed or pearly everlasting (*Antennaria margaritacea*) may be used, as well as the *Gnaphalium*—a Greek word, meaning a lock of wool in allusion to the downy character of the leaves and stems—which is closely related to the well-known immortelle of France and the much-treasured and sought after edelweiss of the Alps (*Gnaphalium leontopodium*), to obtain which both American and English Alpine climbers often risk their lives, as it is often found growing on the very edge of some yawning precipice. This curious-looking Alpine flower is now sold by our leading florists in a dry state, it having been imported for the Germans, Swedes and Swiss, who use it extensively for Christmas decorations.

The cud-weed has of late years been much used in Christmas wreaths and crosses as a substitute for the imported mottos. Some years ago, in a very handsomely decorated parlor, the crimson pompons of the common sumach (*Rhus glabra*) and autumn leaves were used to a very considerable extent, and with surprisingly happy results. The sumach pompons were not used entire, but were broken apart, the interior parts having retained all their rich crimson coloring. Stuffed birds, birds' nests and mounted butterflies were also introduced in the masses of greenery.

Now is the time, while this present open weather lasts, to lay in a stock of wood berries, for after the first severe frost they will have lost their brilliant colors. These will be found of great value, and are easily kept till Christmas time by hanging them in bunches in some cool room, or, what is much better, placing them in wet sand or jars of water, where they will retain all their brilliancy and plumpness.

Next come the cattails with which wonderful bold effects can be produced. But I hear you say they will fluff out and the flock will stick to everything in the room. That is very true if they are not fixed with varnish in the following way: To two-thirds of any cheap and quick drying varnish add one-third of spirits of turpentine; after the turpentine has thoroughly cut or dissolved the varnish, it is placed in a large meat platter. The cattails having been thoroughly dried, are, one at a time, rolled in the mixture till each has taken up all that it can hold. It is then placed head down in an old wash basin, the cut end of the stem to lean against some stationary object. After all the mixture has been used up, and the cattails are in the wash basin, they are allowed to drain off for six hours; they are then bunched and hung up to dry with their heads down in a warm room, care being taken to place five or six thicknesses of paper beneath them for the purpose of catching any of the mixture that may still drain off. Cattails when prepared in this way will retain their colors for many years, and will never fluff out, as the varnish with which they are saturated holds the fluffy seed vessels together in an almost solid mass.

The holly (*Ilex opaca*) with its beautifully-shaped leaves and clusters of bright crimson berries, is undoubtedly one of our most attractive evergreens. Most of the holly to be seen in our markets a few weeks before Christmas comes from Maryland and Southern New Jersey. Thousands of young holly trees are manufactured into walking canes every year. These are stained a deep black in imitation of ebony, and the wood being close grained and heavy, very few people know the difference when highly polished.

The climbing fern, or Hartford fern (*Lygodium palmatum*) is one of the most beautiful of all our native ferns. The striking delicacy, beauty of foliage, and graceful habit of this exquisite fern, adapt it to decorative purposes in its green state, or when dried, it is formed into graceful festoons and attached to lace curtains, or draped around pictures. Thousands of sprays of this fern are gathered every year to be disposed of by florists during Christmas times. So great became the demand for it that there was danger of its becoming extinct in the locality of East Windsor Hill, Connecticut, where it grows in great abundance. So large were the quantities taken away yearly, that by an act of the Legislature of 1869 a special law was passed for its protection. This law has since been codified in the revision of the statute of 1875, and under the title XX., IV., Section 22, it is made an offense punishable by a fine not exceeding one hundred dollars, or imprisonment for not more than twelve months, or both, to wilfully cut, destroy, or take away from the land of another person any cranberries, or "creeping fern" (climbing fern, *Lygodium palmatum*) crops, shrubs, fruits, or other vegetable productions. This is probably the only known instance in State law where a plant has received special legal protection solely on account of its great beauty. There are two methods of drying this fern, one is known as the "dry pressed" and the other as the "hot pressed;" the "dry pressed" is where the ferns are placed between paper dryers and are then placed in a botanical press till dry, the "hot pressed" is where hot flat-irons are used. The dry pressed ferns are greatly superior both in color and durability.

The next most important fern, and of which immense quantities are used during Christmas, is the Christmas fern, *Aspidium acrosticoides*. This beautiful evergreen fern is very common in the Eastern and Middle States, the frond often attains a length of two feet and five inches in breadth. This fern is gathered several weeks before Christmas by dealers, who pack it between layers of straw in cool and slightly damp cellars; but great care must be taken to gather the fronds during clear, sunny days, as the slightest moisture on the leaves causes them to turn brown, and in course of

time mildew. This and the Hartford fern are the best for decorating purposes, for the reason that both of them are strong stemmed and woody, so that when exposed to the effects of highly heated parlors they do not curl as do the more delicate ferns.

A. W. ROBERTS.

MOOSE, CARIBOU AND BEAR.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have a bone to pick with "Nessmuk." I had been thinking of writing a few friendly criticisms on some of the articles which crown your columns, for the delectation of sportsmen, when, behold, he dives into the same subject, and takes the wind out of my sails; but I shall tack and sail on.

In Mr. Phelps's entertaining article on the moose, some of his deductions and observations are so different from mine that a comparison may be interesting. And first, in regard to the "bell" which hangs below the throat. In the old bull it is over a foot in length, and instead of being a "tuft of hair," is a veritable "pouch" of very thick skin, whose cavity contains a yellowish substance, with a pungent smell. So far as I am aware no naturalist has attempted to define its use, but it undoubtedly fills some point in the domestic economy of the animal. As for their never running, I have seen one run a third of a mile, jumping about sixteen feet at the furthest, and showing all four feet sprawled out, exactly like a cow. The stride of sixteen feet through three feet of snow, which Mr. Phelps gives to the moose of the Adirondacks, "lays over" anything in this State "by a large majority." Ten feet on level ground, with just snow enough to steady his feet, is about the outside figure for our moose. It is quite true that the scent of the moose is more keen and far-reaching than that of the deer; so much so that it is of very little use to follow one down the wind, no matter how fine the still-hunting is. But their hearing is greatly inferior; indeed, I believe that there is no animal on this coast whose hearing is more acute than that of the Virginia deer. Mr. Phelps's observations in regard to their getting away at the first glimpse of the hunter is so totally the reverse of my experience that I am fain to believe that his moose hunting has been confined to snowshoes and deep snows; then the animal instinctively tries to save himself by flight on the first appearance of danger; but on light snow, the moose shows very little fear at the mere sight of the hunter, if it cannot scent him. It is no uncommon thing for a bull moose to stand and urinate in his bed while a man is standing in full view; and they will sometimes slowly trot a semi-circle in order to catch the scent; but I doubt if they ever do this out of mere curiosity, like the caribou.

The caribou has one trait, which I have never observed in any other of the deer family. It will turn its head from side to side, or move it up and down, after looking intently at any one in sight, and then stare again earnestly as before. I can't think of anything that surprised me more than this, the first time I saw it. Some sportsmen seem to have the impression that all female caribou have antlers. I have never yet seen a living female carrying them; and I have had several opportunities to inspect bands of six and eight animals. The last I ever saw was a herd of eight, and being armed with nothing more deadly than a lumberman's axe, I walked to within thirty paces of where they stood, and gazed at them to my heart's content. Only two of them carried antlers, and two more were young ones, but O heavens! what a glorious set of antlers one of those old fellows (the leader) did have! Thirty-two points, as near as I could count. I tore back to the settlement, borrowed a nondescript arm, with a skeleton stock, a barrel ten inches long and one and an eighth in diameter; muzzleloading, one hundred to the pound. The owner proudly declared as he handed it to me: "She shoots awfully" (Alas! how true!). I dreamed of that caribou about all night, and started after him an hour before daybreak the next morning.

After a twenty-mile tramp, on rounding a thick point, I came suddenly upon them digging moss in an open bog, and not forty paces distant, the old leader a little in advance. He caught sight of me instantly, and perhaps recognized me as the harmless creature of yesterday, as he seemed not at all frightened. How noble he looked with his antlers towering aloft, the brow lines almost completely hiding his face; how gray he was; how handy to get out, being not far north of Ship Pond; and how the boys would stare at that head! All these things rushed through my mind as I leveled that "awful shooter" well down, where the foreleg enters the body. A crack, like that of a coach whip, followed the pressure of my finger on the trigger, and O horrors, there stood the old leader untouched and unmoved, and I could almost fancy that a sardonic grin pervaded his usually somewhat expressionless features; but it might have been the effect of light and shade on the brow lines. What a helpless idiot I felt myself to be when, on attempting to reload, I found that the bullets were so large that they could not be forced into the muzzle without a hammer or a tree to pound them against, neither of which were at hand. As the band struck out, in their peculiar and graceful trot, as if every leg was a steel spring, I started in a direction diametrically opposite, dangling the infernal nondescript in my hand, in a state of desperation no language can describe nor even suggest. I have since ascribed the azure hue which pervaded the atmosphere of that bog, as I left it, to a superabundance of ozone. Thanks to a full moon I reached my boarding place at a little after midnight, and the next day found by experimenting that the delectable arm shot over about thirty inches in forty yards! Please excuse this long digression; I slipped into it unguardedly. Let us return to our sheep.

Mr. Phelps says that bears go into their dens when the snow is too deep for them to get food, and not before; and then proceeds to state that he has seen them digging their food in two feet of snow. We must infer from this, that bears never den till the snow is more than two feet deep, but I have routed them from their dens the first of December with less than four inches of snow, and my experience is that the food supply and the temperature has more to do with their denning than the snow, as in beech nut seasons they will certainly stay out in two feet of snow, but I doubt if one in fifty are out of their dens to-day (Nov. 30), although the ground is as free of snow as it was in July, but there is no food this fall.

I have twice heard the scream of the panther, with an interval of fifteen years between, but as I saw neither of the animals there is room for argument, but it would take a good many hunters who never heard a panther to make me believe they do not scream ferociously. Judging by analogy they do, as all the cats, with their first cousins, the lynxes, have a cry, and most of them a multiplicity of them. On reflection I shall have to modify that statement, I have

never heard the cry of the fisher, and know of no one who has.

"Nessmuk" wants to know if anybody has ever been drowned three times. Well, I can come very near answering that in the affirmative. Like him I have been drowned thoroughly twice, and for a third experience, went over a sixteen-foot pitch, was shot like a catapult off a thirty-foot apron, on to ragged ledges, ten feet below the surface, which pounded me (so that for two days I could not stand), then through an undertow, by a miracle, where huge mill logs would sometimes be tossed for an hour, and it was a very limp and helpless specimen of humanity that strong but tender hands carried up the bank, a quarter of a mile below. Still I was not quite drowned, as I remembered seeing, like one in a dream, the wild excitement of the hundred men on the bank. My friends have often encouraged me by quoting a well-known adage which will doubtless at once recur to "Nessmuk." With this proverb as a benison I will close this "crazy quilt" communication. PENOBSCOT.

MAINE.

HORNS OF THE FEMALE CARIBOU.

Editor Forest and Stream:

During February or March last I noticed a letter in your columns from Mr. Geo. Bird Grinnell, with the same heading as above, in which it was affirmed that "the female caribou is always or nearly always provided with horns," and a theory was advanced that the especial use of these horns was to protect the female from the male during the winter season, when the stronger of the herd attempt to force the weaker away from the patches of moss from which they have scraped the snow—the moss forming their principal food at this season. As I write from a brief memo., not having the paper before me, I may have made some mistake, in which case I shall be pleased to be corrected.

I find written under this memo, in my notebook: "This does not agree with what I have observed in New Brunswick. I have seen exceedingly few female caribou (I think only three) with horns, and have never seen the males interfere with the female while feeding in winter."

Not considering that my own observations had been sufficiently extensive to warrant me in basing any theory upon them, nor in contradicting the statement of so well known an authority as Mr. Grinnell, I asked for the opinion of several gentlemen, residing in different portions of the country, whom I knew took an interest in such matters; I also talked upon the subject with several hunters, Indians and whites, and all have indorsed my opinions. I will quote from the letters of two gentlemen who have studied the herds in widely separated sections of this country. One who has hunted principally on the upper St. John, says: "My opinion is that it is a very uncommon thing for the female caribou to have horns. I have heard of one that carried her horns for three years without shedding. The female has ample protection when carrying her young, as the male at that time is helpless, or nearly so."

Another close observer, who has made considerable study of the deer of Eastern New Brunswick and the adjoining districts of Nova Scotia, writes:

"It is not a fact that the female caribou, as a rule, have horns; it is only a rare occurrence, and I can conceive of no reason for such provision. One might as well advance a theory to explain why female sheep occasionally have horns. I consider it simply a matter of reproduction. I can conceive of a time when both males and females were equally endowed with antlers; that through 'sexual selection' the females always chose the males having the largest antlers, and they, having to use them in battle and in defending their does and young, would naturally in the course of years develop an enlarged growth. Now, the same holds good in an opposite sense when considering the female's horns, for by constant disuse they would gradually deteriorate until some were without, and to-day a female caribou having horns is simply a case of reproduction. I think this matter is fully discussed by Mr. Darwin when treating of horned animals. * * *

"I have never yet seen caribou in any way molest one another in their labor to obtain food. Persons reporting such have not fully understood that it was only the old males keeping the young bucks at a distance, which they invariably do long after the rutting season is over, even sometimes after they have dropped their horns. In this latter case the old bucks usually get the worst of it, as the youngsters still have their horns and use them.

If the horns were for defense while procuring food, then the older males would be without them when most needed—when the snow lies deep. I find that all female caribou after the fourth year have rudimentary horns. I have one head on my table as I write that exhibits them very plainly, though this doe never had a pair of antlers developed, and she was at least five years old. * * * During the last twelve years I have shot a great many caribou, and of them all only one female carried horns."

Perhaps, Mr. Editor, that observers in other parts of Canada may have found matters different from what has come under our notice in this eastern section. I should like to hear from some other district regarding this.

MONTAGUE CHAMBERLAIN.

ST. JOHN, N. B., Dec. 2, 1884.

SHARP-TAILED AND SEASIDE FINCHES.—Portland, Me., Nov. 25.—The more modern writers upon North American ornithology have named the State of Maine as the northeastern limit of the range of the sharp-tailed finch (*Ammodramus caudatus*), and my attention has been recently called to this fact by a request to publish some notes of my personal observations. Finches of this species are common in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, and indeed abundant in some localities, a fact known to me by the repeated observations of many years, and perhaps of interest to collectors and those who devote their studies to the literary part of ornithology. Upon some portions of the extensive Tantremer marshes, near the head of the Bay of Fundy, these finches may be found in numbers by one familiar with their habits, and knows not when, where and how to find these birds, may visit the region named and report none found. I have found the species yet further north, and very abundant on the Tantremer marshes during the first half of October. The seaside finch (*Ammodramus maritimus*) does not have the same range, and was omitted from my "Catalogue of the Birds of Maine" because of the lack of evidence of any occurrence of this species here; but it may now be added thereto. I found a single specimen, an immature bird, upon a treeless, grassy islet, known as Shark Island, on the coast of Maine, Aug. 18, 1884.—EVERETT SMITH.

A REMARKABLE LOBSTER.—Portland, Me., Nov. 25.—A few days since a fisherman brought to me a lobster that was of the normal greenish color one side, and of a bright scarlet red the other side. The division of color was the longitudinal median line, and was clearly defined without any shading, not only on the back, but also on the belly. And through the semi-transparent covering below it could be seen that the division of color pertained to the flesh, which appeared to be white, with a pink line on one side, and darker with a greenish blue on the other side. This lobster was alive, well-formed, and about twenty inches in length. It has been sent to the National Museum at Washington, and ought to be kept alive in an aquarium and further developments observed.—EVERETT SMITH.

Game Bag and Gun.

COLORADO LARGE AND SMALL GAME.

DENVER, Col., Dec. 10, 1884.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I propose only to give you a few random notes upon various subjects which you may use in any way you deem best, or not at all.

Game generally: In looking through the markets and butchers' stalls, the conclusion is reached that the offerings of wild game are not nearly so large at present as is usual at this season of the year. This may be more apparent than real, but if such is not the fact the trade must have changed its channel somewhat—left the retailers and gone into the hands of the commission men, who sell by the quarter, the saddle, or carcass, or in larger quantity. One prominent dealer who handles only upon commission, tells me that he sells fully as many deer and antelope this winter as in any former season. He gets very few elk—a great change even from last winter. Deer and antelope come from a much wider range and greater distances than formerly. The former are mostly killed in the western and northwestern portions of the State. He has an offer of any quantity of venison from the Territory of Idaho, and acceptable freight rate on the railway, but as yet has ordered none, the State supply being thus far ample for the demand. As our open season ends with this month, he thinks he may later order from Idaho. He mentioned one notable fact in connection with this winter's deer hunting. A certain hunter who consigns to him, went into a new field in the extreme northwestern corner of the State, where he found the game very plentiful and in superior condition. He has already sent in about one hundred carcasses, many of which weighed, when received, with entrails out and legs off at the knees, over 300 pounds each. He says he can send 400 more carcasses. Best venison saddles bring eleven and twelve cents per pound; if injured by bullet or otherwise, about ten cents.

Antelope are mostly killed on the plains from fifty to one hundred and fifty miles east of the mountains, but considerable numbers come also from North Park. And respecting this animal our dealer notes a curious fact. Those from the plains are this winter in much better condition than those from the Park. The latter are poor and the flesh blue; the best of them are suckling does. How can this be accounted for? Having been through North Park but a few weeks since I have formed my conclusion, but it may be only theory. The feed was excellent—could not possibly be better—all over the Park. Antelope were fairly plentiful, but exceedingly wild. At first sight they would be seen scurrying away across the plains as though running for life. The whole country was overrun with hunters. Half the residents seemed to be so employed, while there were scores from other parts of the country. I think they kept the antelope so incessantly upon the jump, or on the watch, that they had not time to feed and keep fat. The does, on the contrary, that were raising fawns were not with the herds in the open country, but hidden away in the little valleys and parks upon the side of the mountains around the rim of the Park, and despite their maternal tax they managed to accumulate or retain more flesh and fat than their kindred below, who were obliged to dance daily to the music of repeating rifles. The best antelope saddles bring ten cents per pound, North Park saddles seven to eight cents.

The market for elk meat is even worse than the supply. In fact, there is hardly any demand at all for it, and prices are hardly quotable. There are two reasons why but few have been killed this winter; first, their reduced numbers because of the great slaughter in former years, and second, a late open fall with unusually mild weather, and hardly any snow. The elk have remained very high up on the mountains, and in places difficult of access by the common game butcher. As usual, a very large percentage of all the large game killed is lost by the spoiling of the meat before it reaches market.

No buffalo meat has reached Denver this winter. One dealer, above quoted, says he heard of a small band of buffalo—reported about one hundred—on the headwaters of the Republican some weeks ago, and sent two parties of hunters to look for them. Both came back unsuccessful. Three buffalo—a cow, calf and yearling—were seen in the southern edge of North Park last summer. My informant was a gentleman who was hunting elk calves for pets. He found the tracks of the buffalo and followed up, hoping to capture the calf, which he said he might have done by killing the cow, but this he would not do, and she would not let his dogs get near the calf. He called them mountain bison.

A large bear was brought in a few days ago from North Park. It is a "silver-tip" grizzly, and is said to weigh about 650 pounds. The market firm who now own it publish, as an advertisement, a very heroic story about how it was killed by a hunter named Ish. (It is possible the killing was as heroic as the story.) "That reminds me" of two bear stories that came to my knowledge not long ago. One occurred in Egeria Park. An old gentleman named Christopher, who began life with, and has just managed to keep even years with the present century, was down there visiting a daughter. When time hung heavy on his hands he went a-fishing. One day he sauntered out as usual along the valley of the Timponis Creek with only his rod and a walking-cane. The country is open, smooth prairie, with the exception of a fringe of willows along the stream. Our fisherman was walking along a trail that kept the general course of the stream without following all its meanders. Passing an elbow of the willow curtain, he saw coming at some distance across the ox-bow bend a monstrous bear. They were both in the same trail or path. The old gentleman said he thought to himself; "Now I'll scare that bear awfully, and see a nice race across this meadow; that's just what I've been wanting to see ever since I came over here;"

and then he laughed quietly to himself at the fun he was going to have at the bear's expense.

Both pursued their course, and in due time came within speaking distance. The bear's head was down, and his attention appeared to be entirely upon the path before him. Mr. C. began to think it time to give the word "go" for the race. He thought that would be all that was necessary and then he could laugh. When about seventy-five yards apart he gave a small Indian war whoop. The bear stopped, looked up, said "woof," dropped his head and renewed his journey. Mr. C. stood still. When the bear had advanced another twenty-five steps, he yelled again, and this time he tried to eclipse a locomotive. The bear again stopped, looked up, remarked "woof, woof," dropped his head to the old position, and came right along at the same old steady gait. Mr. C. said he knew it was then time for the race, and there could be "no postponement on account of the weather." The race took place—a single heat. The bear was the spectator. He kept the trail and went on about his business—didn't seem to realize the panic at all. I got this from one of the parties—it was not the bear—a few days later.

The hero of the other story was Mr. W. W. Cook, and the scene was on the headwaters of Corral Creek, in Middle Park. Cook had been for a couple of years past in Southern California, where they claim to have the biggest grizzlies to be found anywhere. About two months ago he returned to the Park and resumed hunting—a business that he had followed in that section more or less years ago. He went up toward timber line to look for deer, and in the course of his ramble came to a little prairie opening, or park, surrounded by thick brush and trees. At the edge, and before exposing himself to view, he stopped to scan the ground for game. Nothing was visible, but there was an ominous crackling in the brush, and the sounds appeared to be approaching the opening from another direction. He waited, and soon the brush parted and a large "silver-tip" bear appeared. Another followed, and then others, until six had filed out into the opening. The first two and last two were ordinarily large animals; the middle two were monsters. Cook didn't shoot. He wasn't hunting bears. He looked for a handy tree, and having measured the distance carefully, he gave a yell. The "flock of bears" raised their heads, looked him over, gave a few "woofs," and scattered into the brush. Cook scattered also—to Hot Sulphur Springs, and told his story.

Geese and ducks are less plentiful this winter than last, doubtless because of its mildness. We have to-day our first snow—about three inches—that seems like winter. There have been squalls before that melted almost as it came down.

Quail.—Thanks to the liberality and thoughtfulness of a few citizens, who ten or twelve years ago brought in some hundreds of quail, and secured their protection by law, the agricultural portions of Colorado, where they were turned loose, are now very fairly stocked with that elegant game bird. "Bob White" enlivens every grain field in its season throughout this section of the State. The whole year is yet a close season for him by our laws, but unfortunately protection does not always protect. Some are killed, and at long intervals a poacher is punished for the killing. The California quail, planted here at the same time, failed or disappeared. I can hear of none. Probably if the mountain variety had been secured from that State, they would have adapted themselves to our climate. W. N. B.

LOUISIANA PLOVER SHOOTING.

DID you ever go a shooting in a buggy? This is the way we do it in Louisiana. About the month of August the upland plover (or "papabottes" as they are called by the Creoles) arrive here on their southern migration. In a very short time they become very fat from feeding on the small beetles, Spanish flies and other insects that abound on our prairies and their flavor becomes greatly improved by the food they obtain in such abundance.

Having loaded up a lot of shells beforehand with No. 6 or 8 shot, on a cool pleasant morning in August, such as we are just now having, we hitch up a pair of fast stepping Attokopas ponies to a light buggy, with a top, to keep off sun or rain if required; and as soon as breakfast is over we put in a basket of lunch and a bottle of milk into the buggy, also a box to hold our loaded shells and another for our empty ones, and then our Scott or Greener 12 or 16-bore, and lastly get in ourselves, with a companion—one to drive and one to shoot—and we are off for the feeding grounds of the plover. The morning is delightful, and the cool invigorating breezes from the Gulf of Mexico are wafted gently over the undulating prairie as our little ponies almost fly over its smooth surface. On, on, they go with tireless feet until the distant grove of timber which a little while ago seemed on the verge of the horizon is now almost gained, and the great opening in the prairie where sky and grass at first seemed to meet, now shows far off a long and beautiful skirt of forest. That beautiful stretch of timber away on the west is on the Bayou Vermilion, and that green curtain on the east that shuts out our vision in that direction is the woods along the Bayou Teche. That lofty eminence that suddenly rises from the level prairie to the northeast of us and raises its tree-crowned summit far above the surrounding plain is La Bute Peigneur, and to the north of it, at its base, is the beautiful Lake Peigneur, and that other elevation away to the southwest, just like the first, one is Petite Anse Island, the seat of the salt mine; and that timber away off to the south on the verge of the horizon is on Vermilion Bay. To the north rises the Cote Gelee hills, and all this broad stretch of prairie covered with rich grass and many herds of cattle is interspersed with small farms and cottages surrounded with small groves of China tree or catolpa red oak. Nothing can be more delightful to the eye than this view of fresh green interspersed with ripening corn and rice, here and there, even in mid-summer.

Away off to our left flows a coulee through the prairie, and a long ridge of undulating prairie just beyond it. On that ridge are the plovers. We soon cross the coulee and begin to ascend the ridge; look out now for game. There is one, two, three just ahead. They are busy catching beetles in the close cropped grass. The nearest one stretches up his neck and takes a look at us; but he sees a beetle just now, and after it he goes, forgetful of danger. Now drive slowly off to one side and in a circle like, getting a little nearer all the while; but do not attempt to go straight toward him or he will be off. Now halt; we are near enough; and as the buggy stops he takes wing; but our charge of one ounce of No. 8 stops him, and he is picked up and deposited in the buggy. Just down there are two more; drive around them in the same way, and we will take one on the ground and the other on the wing, or both on the wing if we are expert enough. Our light gun comes up quickly, and we have them

both down, if we hold well on, for it takes a hard hit to stop a fat plover. "Almo's" No. 10 shot at a hundred yards won't do it. We will now keep along on the top of this ridge, for the plover is to be found on the highest parts of the prairie where the grass is short, closely cropped by the cattle. Here his food is most plenty and most easily found. When the season is very dry, however, they will be found more plenty on the lower flat places and along the coulees, where there is water. If you have a well-trained retriever he will bring the birds to you, rear up on the wheel and deliver the bird to you without your rising from your seat in the buggy. But mark those! Right down there, a hundred yards away, a half dozen lit. Now drive down as before and we will bag a brace. When these are finished plenty of others will be found to keep up the fun until noon. Then we drive to some friendly shade and eat our lunch, and lie on the velvet grass an hour or two, when we feel like going at the sport again. Having obtained all we wish, and to spare, we drive home in the cool of the evening, where we arrive fresh and not worn out with hard tramping all day.

While the plover season lasts they are very abundant generally, and one gun often brings seventy-five or one hundred in a day's shooting. About the middle or 20th of September the birds move on to Mexico, and I know not how much further they go south for winter quarters. By the time they are gone Bob White begins to get ripe for the gun, and so the sport goes on.

As a game country, I think Southwestern Louisiana is hard to beat. As to its fishing advantages, I think it is about the same as on the western coast of Florida.

PARISH OF VERMILION, La., Sept. 1, 1884.

PAPABOTTE.

DEER IN THE ADIRONDACKS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I will contribute my mite to the hounding question. I am of the opinion that it should be prohibited. I have hunted deer in the Adirondacks in various ways for several years. During most of this time I have been accustomed to visit a locality where hounding was unknown, and I have found deer plenty and approachable, so that one need have no trouble in getting a shot at any time. Moreover, all of our party are of the opinion that the deer have increased and multiplied.

This year our party divided; one went to the old region, was out for deer five times, and killed four; the rest thought we would go further into the woods, so we pushed on till we reached what we supposed were almost unvisited wilds, but alas! we found that sportsmen from the "other side" visited the region all the year around. We found on the mountains and in the deep, almost impassable valleys, plenty of sign—enough to convince us that we were in a paradise of deer—but we could not get one. We tried still-hunting and floating, rifle and shotgun, but to no effect. Three weeks we were there, surrounded by deer, but we never pulled a trigger on one. During all this time, though we worked faithfully and well, we saw only three deer, and they far out of range—were impossible to approach. One day a party from the other side arrived. They brought a hound. They put him out, and in a very few minutes he had a deer in the lake, in a few more the venison was in the larder. No trouble about it, they could get all they wanted and more too.

Then we asked some questions, and found that the way to get a deer was to bring a dog; that early in the season, before they were hounded, there had been plenty of them at the lake shores every day, but since the hounding began they had become so wild that without a dog no one but a very skillful woodsman could get a shot.

This was the unanimous testimony of the guides we met (four of them), and they were as intelligent a lot of guides as it was ever my fortune to meet, and, moreover, were the very men (some of them) who brought in the dogs.

This is about all. I won't draw conclusions, but I will add, I have not the least doubt that during the same three weeks we could have killed, on our old grounds, at least a dozen deer, had we been so disposed; but here we did not get a single shot.

B. A. G.

UTICA, N. Y., Dec. 12.

PHILADELPHIA NOTES.

AN open winter in 1884 and 1885, following this very favorable breeding season the quail have had this year, would in a very great measure increase the supply of coveys for the shooting of next year. Owing to the great dryness of October, November and a part of the present month, comparatively few quail have been found and killed, and the supply as the year closes is much greater than it was at the end of 1880. It is hoped, therefore, that the present propitious season and open weather may continue.

Should there be heavy falls of snow and crusts on the surface, all the good that has happened to Bob White will end in disaster. It is too early yet to surmise, but there are indications that we may have an open winter. We certainly cannot have a long one.

Should our game protective societies wish quail for restocking depopulated sections, I have learned of a section of country where they can be purchased at very low figures, and would advise a correspondence with Mr. John F. Boyd, Morganton, N. C., who tells me he can buy them at a cent or two apiece, from the natives around him who take them in nets. No birds have been ever shipped from Morganton, N. C. to the North, and the country people do not know they are in demand for the purpose of planting; so it would be necessary to give directions how they should be cooped, etc. About Morganton it is quite mountainous, and this region yet contains many wild turkeys.

Deer also abound in the spur of the Blue Ridge, which crosses North Carolina at this point of the State from north-east to southwest; but the "accommodations for man and beast" are villainous, and unless one can put up with the very roughest fare, it would not be advisable to select this country for a shooting ground. Hounds for driving deer would have to be taken along, as I am told there are none there. "Driving" is allowed, but from the absence of bounds, still-hunting is practiced. There are few negroes in the region (a fact which speaks volumes for the presence of much game), and the poor whites are all kept busy at the gold mines of this section, where they eke out a meagre living of forty to sixty cents per day washing the scarcely paying earth for "gold flour."

Around Morganton is a region which, it may be safely said, few if any city sportsmen have yet reached. How to

get there I did not ask, but it is eight or ten miles from a railroad.

The snow geese in Delaware Bay got a shaking up last week by some oystermen, who made two shots into a flock with a big shoulder gun, and killed fifteen or twenty. These fowl were sold in Philadelphia and brought good prices. There are many sooty-plumaged birds in the flocks this year, showing that there are more than a usual quantity of young ones in the number, and it may be that for this season our friends the oystermen were allowed to get nearer than is generally the case to the flocks.

HOMO.

THE MAINE GAME LAWS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Judging from the communications of "Special" and "Old Tug" in your columns, the impression seems to be general that the game laws of this State forbid the carrying of venison out of it. This is the reverse of the truth. There is not one word in our statutes prohibiting the free transportation of the carcasses of moose, caribou, or deer, anywhere during the open season, provided the number is limited to one, two and three respectively of the animals named, found in possession of any one person. During the close seasons persons having any of the above named carcasses, or any portion of them in their possession, shall not be debarred from furnishing proof that they were lawfully killed during the open season. But if more than the specified number are found, at any time, it shall be deemed proof of guilt. This latter restriction, the railroad and express companies hold, prevents them from carrying more than the limited number named during any one season; and they consequently refuse to take them. From this circumstance has arisen the wide misapprehension which exists in regard to our game laws.

In regard to the time that does drop their fawns, my observations correspond with those of your natural history editor. I have seen fawns in the middle of May, and have picked them up, a few hours old, the first week in June. I believe that nineteen-twentieths of them are dropped within the period named. As for the time that does leave their hiding places—which "Old Tug" has correctly stated, and which he holds is inconsistent with the period named for dropping their fawns—he should know that does leave their retreats at the close, and not at the beginning of the rutting season. So also in regard to the fawn's attachment to its mother, late in the season. Every experienced hunter knows that the fawns remain with their dam throughout the entire winter; that during all this period she shows the utmost care and affection for them; that even when cruelly chased with dogs, in March, she will return to her fawns, if left alive, as soon as she recovers power to do so. When the time arrives, the following spring, for her to drop her next fawns, and not till then, she secretes herself from her offspring, now a year old. Even this is not invariable; young does, which seldom have but one fawn at the time they are one year old, will frequently allow it (if a female) to remain in their company during the second parturition; and then, if nothing prevents, they will remain together throughout the season, and yard in company the following winter.

As for the period during which the fawns are nursed by their dams—all your correspondents seem to take the ground that they cannot support themselves until they are weaned; but this is wide of the mark. Any farmer would laugh to be told that his lambs could not take care of themselves until weaned by the ewes, for he would know that they could readily do so weeks before that time; and the same is true with regard to fawns. Let me relate a case in point. Once while walking through a small patch of new burnt land surrounded by green timber, I heard the piteous bleating of a pair of fawns concealed in a green copse close to the burnt land. By cautious stalking, I succeeded in getting a full view of them. This was the last week in July, and I judged them to be about two months old, altogether too old to attempt to catch. Their continuous bleating was very painful to hear, and I could guess at the cause of their bereavement. Within a mile of where I stood was a large natural meadow, a famed resort for deer throughout the summer. Some reckless hunter, who cared not for age or sex, as long as he could gratify his killing propensities, had doubtless shot the unfortunate dam there the evening before, where she had gone for nutritious food, after concealing her fawns. Some lumbering operations took me by that place many times during the next two months. I found that the little fawns had adopted the little burnt clearing for their feeding ground, it being filled with the tenderness of herbage, which had sprung up after the fire. I had carefully kept the knowledge of their existence a secret, for bitter experience has taught me to distrust the whole human family where deer are concerned. I had taken a lively interest in the fate of the little orphans, and although I carried my rifle by them often in the month of October, I never dreamed of using it on them. The second week in November, while trying to follow the tracks of a big buck not far from the fawns' retreat, a light flurry of snow having fallen the night before, I caught sight of a patch of blue coat, and fired on the instant. A single small-sized fawn bounded off through the woods like a rubber ball, and I felt a presentiment that I should find the other dead. And sure enough, on going up I found that I had slain one of my pets. He was in good condition, but very much under-sized, and although apparently in his blue coat, a row of spots could still be seen along each side of the spine. Two weeks afterward by a singular fatality I shot the mate, just at dusk, when traveling rapidly along an old logging road, two miles from there, mistaking it in the fading light for a very large deer. I judge from the above facts that fawns become self-sustaining when quite young; but it must not be inferred from this that I am in favor of shooting nursing does, nor of adding the month of September to the open season, to which I am earnestly opposed, believing that too much venison rots in the woods during the hot weather already, without adding to the facilities for killing.

I abominate jack-shooting, and consider it, as far as sport is concerned, about equal to going to an abattoir and shooting the bullocks penned up for slaughter. Killing deer in the water comes under the same head; but shooting them on their runways, with mellow-throated hounds in full cry, is royal sport.

My idea of a game law is this: Deer, from Oct. 1 till Dec. 15, moose till Jan. 1, and caribou till Feb. 1. I have valid reasons to support it; but this communication is already too long.

PENOBSCOT.

Messrs. E. M. Stilwell and Henry O. Stanley, Fish and Game Commissioners of Maine, have presented their annual report. The portion relating to game is as follows:

In presenting this, our annual report, we have the pleasure to record continued success in our work and most grati-

fying appreciation in the public estimate of its benefit to the State. From the varied opinions and criticisms upon the laws passed for our department by the last Legislature, differing, as they necessarily must, according to the diversified interests of their authors, one great and important fact is deduced, that the object aimed at by the Legislature has been attained in a most marked increase in the game of the State, and an equally marked decrease in its exportation. To entirely guard one's house when a neighbor State allows laws to be enacted to encourage theft by bribes of purchase of stolen property is difficult. Maine has so framed her own laws as to protect her sister States, even to game that is not indigenous to her own soil. Prairie fowl and quail can find no market here during the close time of those birds in their respective breeding places or States. Black salmon reeking with slime, that an Indian's dog would reject, were cut up and offered for sale in Quincy Market, Boston, in October.

The work of the last two years has been effective. It has demanded all our time, and been limited only by our means. There is no law that our Legislature will enact that resolute men cannot enforce. The laws are framed by representatives who have the confidence of their fellow citizens, they are elected for the express purpose of making and correcting our laws. How can we judge but by the demonstration of positive enforcement of the wisdom or efficacy of those laws? We can unmake or repeal as easily as enact. The error of the past has been in resting satisfied with putting good laws upon our statute books, anticipating that citizens whose time is required for the support of their families, would jeopardize their means of subsistence, incur animosities, by voluntarily enforcing laws that were abandoned without a definite executive so soon as set up by the printer. It should be the special duty of some one designated distinctly by the Legislature to enforce every law, and proper provision should be made for it. Do our moral guides, the ministers of the gospel, serve without pay? Will simple philanthropy support a special constable or a fish and game warden better than a minister of the gospel?

Under the able management of our distinguished predecessor, Mr. Atkins, sustained and advanced by the succeeding Commissioners to the best of their ability and power, fish-culture and protection has become a great and popular interest, and adds millions of dollars annually to the earnings of the people. The care of the game, enforcing such laws as enable the farmer to increase and derive profit from his domestic stock; the care of the fish, in extending kindred laws protecting them while breeding and so long as they are unfit for food, has lengthened out the season of attraction to our visitors and added other millions, distributed among our people through our railroads, our livery stables, our stages, our steamboats, our villages, our hotels and our lakeside homes.

The Department of Fish and Game has developed and grown so rapidly, that its crude and careless organization, devised at a time when it was new and but little understood, is entirely inadequate to its present requirements. It has now become one of the most important interests of our Commonwealth—of more value to the people, we may say, than any other, for the simple reason that its earnings, instead of filling the coffers of one individual or corporate company, is divided equally among the whole people, from Georgia to Maine, or from any point from whence the travel starts to the great summer resorts of our beautiful home. Public journals of our sister States already speak of Maine as being the only future hope of the lover of field sports; the only protected field where the destruction that has made desolate the Western plains and now threatens the Government Reserve of Yellowstone Park, bids fair, by the enforcement of our timely laws, to be checked. It has even been suggested that the United States Government give her aid in preserving Maine as an attractive home and refuge for our native wild game and fishes.

When the law was passed for biennial sessions of our Legislature, a corresponding change was not made for rendering the reports from the different departments of our State Government. Hence our last year's report records the experience of but one year's working of the new game laws passed at the last session, as well as but one year's record of the transactions of the Commissioners. This places us under the necessity of repeating so much of last year's experiences as is substantiated by the occurrences of the present. No better comment can be rendered to the new game laws than the fact of the steady increase of the game of the State. This has arisen as much from the sanctuary afforded by the enforcement of the law against the use of dogs in hunting, as from the natural increase by breeding. Many hundred head of game have undoubtedly migrated into the State, simply for the shelter it has afforded from continual hunting and hounding. Even if all the moose, caribou and deer could be confined to the boundaries of the State by impassable barriers, the simple fact of hounding would affect their fecundity. All the severity of remark that the Commissioners felt warranted in uttering last year in relation to the acts of summer visitors, has been more than borne out, more than confirmed by the experiences of the year. Subornation of poor, ignorant Indian guides by whiskey and money, to conceal and bring out in the period of legal hunting, trophies of game killed in close time, where the Indians were hired to lie, and ready even to commit perjury, when the names of the real owners and killers of the property were borne upon the property seized. We again repeat, the meanness and infamy of the acts seem to be in almost direct ratio to social position, education and profession. Allow us here to quote these few lines from FOREST AND STREAM:

PROFESSIONAL MEN AND GAME.

It is a most mortifying and disheartening fact that among the summer visitors in the Maine woods detected in breaking the game laws there are many individuals of high professional standing, men who occupy a recognized place in the community where they live, persons of influence, leading citizens. They are the persons whom we should expect to be most careful of their good fame, solicitous to conduct themselves as gentlemen and law-respecting citizens; wary of giving offense by a bad example. But if, on the contrary, such men of learning, culture and influence persist in ignoring both the irrevocable laws of nature and the explicit statutes of the State, what are we to expect from others in humbler walks of life?

The game of Maine, fish, fur and feather, has been placed by the government of the State in charge of the Commissioners. Understanding the habits of their charge, they have asked and received from their Legislature such laws as a judicious farmer enforces for the most profitable management of his breeding stock, and are absolutely essential to their preservation. The Commissioners have the will to enforce our laws to the bitter end upon all offenders, but have not the power, both from restricted means and from other causes of which we propose to speak. The efficacy of all laws in correcting the habits of a people is dependent upon the facilities of enforcement afforded by speedy and prompt justice. All new laws, as we have before stated,

like those given us at the last session of the Legislature, should be accompanied by a special appropriation for their enforcement. We should have been enabled to station a competent warden and assistants at certain portions of our State, to make prompt arrests of persons, weapons and outfits. To a limited extent we have done this, but were only enabled so to do by withdrawing funds and expending money that should have been devoted to other branches of service. We again here reiterate our recommendations of last year.

Our wardens are to look for their pay chiefly to one-half the penalty against convicted persons. At present, through the means afforded us, from the country trial justice to the bench, the enforcement of the laws and the punishment of crime is as uncertain and precarious as a venture by lottery. The jurisdiction of a trial justice is limited to twenty dollars. The penalty for killing a moose illegally is one hundred dollars; a caribou or deer, forty dollars. All these cases must go to a higher court. We are there met by a grand jury at best unsympathetic from indifference. Our county attorneys are elected by the votes of the people. Their salaries, as a rule, are entirely inadequate to the severe and important duties required of them. They are the advisers of the grand jury; a heavy docket of criminal cases does not render to the county attorney the pay that the most puny slyster can earn in the purlieus of a police court. Might we be allowed most respectfully to suggest whether it would not be an improvement on our present system, both in economy and justice, that the county attorneys be appointed by the Governor and Council, and hold office during good behavior? Let them have a good salary for the talent and work they are to devote to the duties of the office, and thus have protection in the fearless performance of their duty, independent of popular caprice. We most earnestly, emphatically desire to impress upon our Legislature the necessity that final jurisdiction be conferred upon our trial justices for all violations of our game laws, regardless of the amount of the penalty. We could then obtain speedy trial and justice, while the parties would be protected against the great expense of delay before our county courts, almost equal to the penalty, even when the defendant is successful.

The moose of Maine have increased in numbers in sections of the State remote from the borders. The law has been better observed by our own citizens than by visitors from other States. The most serious pest and outrage is by the Tobique and St. Francis Indians, and whites from New Brunswick and Canada, crust-hunting for skins.

It is said, and the information comes from reliable sources, that upward of one thousand moose hides were marketed in Toronto this last spring, from animals killed in the State of Maine. It creates a great deal of bitter feeling among our own citizens, as aliens are beyond our jurisdiction unless caught in the act on our territory. Four good wardens stationed on our border could stop all this, had we the means. If the Dominion of Canada and the associated provinces would pass laws co-operative with ours, forbidding the killing of moose, caribou and deer, excepting from October 1 to January 1, and grouse from September 1 to December 1, and their exportation from the Dominion or Provinces at any time, an effective and positive remedy would be applied. The Maine game laws were enacted entirely from a desire of our own citizens to protect and preserve the indigenous game of the State. The Legislature has at the same time generously so framed her laws as to shut out poached or stolen game from other States.

Even the Provinces, and the Dominion, and Massachusetts are so protected. The citizens of Maine willingly, freely, liberally pay for the care and protection of the game of their State, that they may indulge—in their yearly vacation, in their own forests—their love of field sports. The United States laws do not permit us to shut out even aliens from sharing with us. We are taxed and pay the expense of legislation and protection; the least our visitors can do, if deserving the name of men, is to obey our laws. Maine owns all the game of the State, and has the right to dictate the terms upon which the same may be killed, and the extent of the title to the property when killed. If the game of Maine is to be preserved, so that her citizens may indulge in their favorite pastime, no future exportation of it must be permitted. Let the law be so amended, if possible without letting in the market-hunter, that a man who has legally killed his quota of game may be allowed to take it to his own home within the boundaries of the State, but in all and every instance strictly accompanying it himself and having it in his own possession.

The same law should apply to all our game, ducks, woodcock, plover, partridge. Every class of men coming to our State, in the pure spirit of selfishness, to participate in our field sports, toward which they have paid and pay not one cent, deem themselves qualified to demand an alteration of the law to meet their own wishes. If their business require them to take their vacation in August, they modestly ask that they may be allowed to take, after they have dishonestly taken, so much of our immature and breeding and nursing game as will eke out the scant fare of their camp. Others desire September added, etc., etc., each presenting a reason for the desired change. In reply, let us state that every penny expended by our visitors is upon themselves, in pure selfishness, and in an indulgence of license they would not care to exhibit elsewhere.

Our venison is not done nursing in September, and still comes down to the water in our usually hot and dry autumn. The cover is too thick for the most skillful of still-hunters to secure fairly a head of game. The real object sought is a change that will permit moose calling when it is as fair and noble and sportsman-like as to spear fish on their spawning beds. It is also equally sought for the noble sport of shining or jack hunting the wretched deer in the water. No! no change there! From the prominent men of our own State, of all parts and professions, comes the request for a close time for all our venison for five years. When we applied for the relief which our Legislature so generously and promptly granted but two years since, had it not been extended to us there would not be a head of game left to raise an argument over now. It is true it has increased beyond our most sanguine expectations, but it is not up to the desired standard; far below the capabilities of our territory. Let the present law, as a modified close time, remain untouched, in full force for two years longer. That will give us time to correct our laws understandingly, and take the position we intend to hold for all the future. The State of Maine owns all the game of Maine, and alone has the power to legislate and give the right to kill, and the title to property when killed, and its disposal.

Three thousand copies of the fish and game laws of the State of Maine, and two thousand posters containing abstracts from the laws as to dates of close and open times, penalties, etc., have been printed by the Commissioners and

distributed at all the principal hotels, railroad stations, etc., throughout the State. Notwithstanding this large number circulated, it has not met the demand, and a further edition was withheld, simply from our want of funds.

To the poachers' cry of wolf, the Commissioners have responded by the offer of a double bounty for every wolf scalp. No claims have been presented.

NON-RESIDENTS IN NORTH CAROLINA.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Two gentlemen from Philadelphia have just passed through here on their way home. Their experience has been a dear one. I give a synopsis of it, and ask for some explanation. They went to Currituck Sound, North Carolina, for duck shooting. When they reached there they found that they could not shoot from batteries, not being residents of the State. They tried point shooting, but as there were three batteries within some 500 yards of their point they got one duck, while each battery averaged (they think) near 100. They inform me also that even the members of clubs, with charters from the State, are not allowed to shoot from batteries, but can only shoot from the shore. Having in mind the article in *FOREST AND STREAM* of a few weeks ago, relative to the Narrows Island Club and the great expense they have been to fit up their club house, also the quotation (\$5,000) of the price of shares, I write to ask if these gentlemen are restricted to the shore also, and if they are, is the law restricting them legally right? Of course I mean is the law constitutional? If it is, persons going there from another State will probably have the same experience as the two gentlemen I have referred to.

But the ill luck of these gentlemen did not end there. They left the old North State in disgust and came up to Cobb's Island. There were neither ducks, brant nor geese there, so they kept on up to Paramore's Island, walking through heavy sand four miles to the ponds where they shot, from the house at which they were staying, twice a day for two days. They got one black duck. They left yesterday for Ocean City.

The completion of the New York, Philadelphia & Norfolk road brings the counties of the eastern shore of Virginia in close communication with the North. Years ago this would have opened up to the sportsman a country abounding in game, but those happy days have gone. The bays are filled with oyster boats that shoot and shoot at every unfortunate duck, trash or otherwise, that comes within two hundred yards. This, with the constant presence of the oystermen at the low tides, has driven wildfowl away. This has been so for years, and accounts, I believe, for their great increase in Currituck.

So much for the water shooting, on land it is even worse. The high price of sweet potatoes, and the adaptability of the soil to their culture has led the farmers to neglect other crops for this. No oats are sown, wheat never was. In consequence there is no stubble, and the few birds that are raised live in the swamps. If they come out to sun or dust, as soon as they get up they fly back into these impenetrable recesses. Seven birds is the largest bag I have heard of for three men this season. I understand the same experience holds in the lower eastern shore counties of Maryland.

The fishing here is excellent for weakfish from May until August, and from September until November. Shore bird shooting is a thing of the past. Every Fifteenth Amendment has a gun and blazes away at everything. They scare more than they kill, but what is stranger, the guns never seem to burst. I have trespassed on your space long enough, and have wandered far from my subject. Is the law of North Carolina, forbidding non-residents shooting from batteries, constitutional or not, and what effect has it on organized clubs?

ACCOMAC COUNTY, VA.

CANADIAN GAME LAW.

THE sportsmen of Canada are taking measures to have the game law changed. Last week a deputation consisting of Mayor Boswell, S. Downer, J. B. Henderson, W. H. Mathews, C. G. Harstone, C. A. Johnson, and C. H. Nelson waited upon the Hon. T. B. Pardee, Commissioner of Crown Lands. Mayor Boswell explained that on the 22d of March last a meeting of the leading Canadian sportsmen was held, when the amendments were discussed. The second clause in "The Protection of Game Laws," if the proposed amendments were ratified by the Legislature, would read as follows:

None of the animals or birds hereafter mentioned shall be hunted, taken, or killed within the periods hereinafter limited; (1) deer, elk, moose, reindeer, or caribou between the fifteenth day of December and the fifteenth day of October; (2) grouse, pheasant, prairie fowl, partridge, woodcock, snipe, waterfowl, known as mallard, gray duck, black duck, wood or summer duck, other ducks, swans or geese between the first day of January and the first day of September; (3) wild turkey and prairie fowl be protected for three years; (4) quail, between the first day of January and the first day of October; (5) hares, between the first day of March and the first day of September.

No person shall at any time anchor or place decoy ducks in open water, lakes, or bays, at a greater distance than fifty yards from the beach or shore of such open water, lakes or bays. And in case of swampy shores or where rushes or other natural growth in the water is sufficient to form a natural place of concealment for the sportsman then not more than fifty yards from such natural place of concealment.

No shooting of ducks of any kind shall take place after sunset in the evening or before daybreak in the morning.

The Commissioner of Crown Lands has the power of appointing officers to see to the observance of this Act and any other Act which may hereafter be passed relating to game in this Province.

In future no person except farmers can, at any time, shoot within the meaning of this Act without being authorized thereto by a license to that effect.

Such permit may, upon payment of a fee of \$25 (twenty-five dollars), be granted by the Commissioner of Crown Lands to any person not domiciled in the Province, and upon payment of the sum of \$2 by any person domiciled in the Province, other than farmers, who apply to him therefor, and shall be valid for the whole of one season's shooting. It must be countersigned by the Game Superintendent.

Every wood ranger, appointed by the Commissioner of Crown Lands, is, while in office, as such, ex-officio game inspector for the division under his superintendence, and he is not entitled to any additional salary for such services.

The Commissioner of Crown Lands may also appoint as

game inspectors any other persons besides the wood rangers, and assign to them such territory or division as he may think proper under the circumstances.

Every game inspector shall, during the last days of the month, forward to the Crown Lands Department a report of his proceedings during the month and of the infringements of the law which have come to his knowledge during the same period.

It shall be the duty of every such game inspector appointed as aforesaid, forthwith to seize all peltries and animals, or portions of animals, in the possession of any person contrary to the provisions of this Act, and to bring the person in possession of the same before a Justice of the Peace to answer for such illegal possessions.

It shall also be the duty of every such game inspector to institute prosecutions against all persons found infringing the provisions of this Act or any of them, and every such inspector may cause to be opened, or may himself open in case of refusal, any bag, parcel, chest, box, trunk, or receptacle, in which he has reason to believe that game killed or taken during the close season, or peltries out of season, are hidden.

SOME REMARKABLE SHOTS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The shot on which I pride myself most, as being the result of skill as well as chance, occurred in this wise: Eight inches of soft snow had fallen during the night, and I started out in the morning feeling that I ought to score a successful day's hunt. A fine buck, killed after following him but little over an hour, justified my expectations; and about 11 o'clock I took up the track of a doe, with a single very large fawn. The wariness of this doe was wonderful. In spite of the splendid hunting, she baffled me at every turn. She never seemed to lose sight of the fact that she was being followed, and seemed to depend wholly on her cunning; running but very little. In spite of my determination to get a shot at her, which had increased as the day wore on, I followed her till sunset, without having obtained anything like the merest glimpse of my game. I was fast losing hope, as but a few moments of daylight were left me, when, on coming to the edge of a flat, covered by heavy yellow birch timber, and terminated on the further side by an abrupt bank, like that of a river, I saw the old doe standing half way up the bank, broadside to; the fawn below her, its slender neck upstretched exactly in line with its mother's shoulder. At that distance (96 very long paces) the neck looked about the size of a hoe handle; but I took a quick look through the double sights, and fired. The fawn went down like a stone, the doe gave one convulsive bound, nearly twenty feet, to the top of the bank, dropped dead in her tracks, and rolled back across her fawn.

My next shot, purely one of chance, I think can be classed as wonderful. I had finished my season's hunting and gone into a lumber camp to work the balance of the winter. The cook was an artist in his line, and was distressed because he had no venison to make mince pies, none of the crew being adepts in the art of still-hunting. The snow at that time was very noisy, but I agreed to furnish the necessary pie material at the very first opportunity. This occurred on the next Sunday morning, when, on rising very late—according to camp etiquette on that day—I found that five inches of soft snow had just fallen, and it was still lazily coming down. I hastily swallowed the regulation quantity of pork and beans, and taking my trusty rifle, which had honestly earned its title of "The Deerslayer," plunged in among the snow-laden boughs. Almost within sight of camp I came upon the faint imprint of deer tracks in the new-fallen snow, evidently those of a doe and fawn, made in the earlier part of the storm (if the quiet snowfall could be called such). This suited me, as does and fawns were then in their best condition, while the bucks were frightfully thin. True to the still-hunter's instincts, I began creeping on the tracks, as if the deer were surely within gunshot; and it was well I did, for within twenty rods of where I struck the tracks I suddenly saw half the neck and the head of the fawn, which was lying down, partly turned from me, placidly chewing its cud. A shot through its neck stretched it lifeless, and with my rifle held ready for a second shot, I advanced cautiously, expecting to see the doe; but nothing stirring, I concluded that she had got away unobserved in the thick spruce growth. So setting away my rifle, I began to dress the fawn, which proved to be a very large and fat one. In doing this I had changed my position, so that on rising I caught full sight of the doe lying dead, twenty feet away to the left, and at right angles with the line of fire. Half stupefied with amazement, I walked up to her, and found the warm blood still trickling from a bullet hole in the center of her belly, and saw that she had died in her bed without a kick. On going back to the fawn to investigate, I found that the bullet (a pointed one), about four feet beyond the neck of the fawn, had passed through a hackmatack sapling two inches through, a little to the left of the center, tearing the left side out and cutting the tree nearly half down, then turning at a right angle, it had struck the doe as mentioned, passed directly upward between the kidneys, cutting off the big artery and burying itself in the spine. The deer was as safe from a direct shot as though the Rocky Mountains had interposed between us.

At another time, when following a big, fat doe in a feathery snow, which adhered to everything, on coming to an alder run, about eighty yards across, filled with these bushes from the size of a knitting needle to over an inch through, I caught sight of her black tail hanging down motionless. There was about one chance in a thousand of getting a bullet through, but I always took all such chances, and fired without a moment's hesitation. The tail disappeared instantaneously, and fixing my eyes on an object in range, so as to advance in a direct line, I followed the path of the bullet. Half way across I found an alder about as big as a pipe stem cut off clean; half way from there, to where the deer stood, and fully ten feet to the right of the line, I saw another alder, fully an inch in diameter, cut off not more than a foot above the ground, and thrown three feet from its stump. "That settles it," I said to myself, and started rapidly forward to take up the track again. On reaching the spot, I found some black hairs lying on the snow exactly as if cut out by a bullet, and the first bound of the deer was nearly twenty feet. This looked like a wounded deer, but smiling at the absurdity of the idea, I pressed forward, and within ten rods came upon my game stone dead, with a bullet exactly through the center of its tail. To have struck the deer at all after being deflected ten feet out of its course would have been sufficiently remarkable, but to go exactly to the spot aimed at was a singular chance.

One shot with a "scatter" gun and I have done. Duck shooting one fall in Fish Lake Valley, Southwestern Nevada, I found a place a few acres in extent, where innumerable

warm springs broke out, the ground being frozen in other places. On this spot there were a number of Wilson's snipe, and getting tired of crawling after mallards and gadwalls, half the time on my breast, I loaded up with No. 10, and started out to interview the snipe. I had scarcely set foot on the ground when five snipe rose simultaneously, close together, and sounding their note of alarm, swept round in a semi-circle, giving me a long cross shot. I pulled the right-hand barrel and grassed three of them, which surprised me so that I forgot to give the survivors the other barrel. This may not be an extraordinary shot, but it is the best one I ever made with a shotgun. If any of the others seem incredible to any readers of *FOREST AND STREAM*, I can only say that they are simple and exact truths. PENOBSCOT.

MAINE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your correspondent "M. F. S.," of Petaluma, Cal., who contributes his mite (?) to "Remarkable Shots," must be the gentleman who, one day during the autumn of 1878, in the Ojai Valley, Cal., told me of a still more remarkable shot at a deer. Why he should not have recounted this with his other I cannot imagine; unless, indeed, it be that his native modesty forbade his seeming to tell too much about himself. Respecting this delicacy of sentiment, and yet feeling sure that it is due to your readers that they should know all he has done, I venture to repeat the story as nearly as possible in his own words: "One day, when out deer shooting, I saw one standing at the top of a high ridge fully 500 yards distant, his figure clearly marked against the sky. Between the deer and myself lay a wide lake. Of course it was impossible to go around the lake, it would take too much time, and the sun shone so directly in my eyes as I raised my rifle to my shoulder, that to shoot with any degree of certainty was out of the question. Now, what do you suppose I did? Well, I saw the image of the deer reflected from the quiet surface of the water, and I fired at it with this wonderful result, the ball bounded from the water and struck the deer just behind the shoulder, killing him instantly."

If I am wrong in attributing this feat to "M. F. S.," I am sure that his love of the truth will not allow him to appropriate to himself that which is not his just due. And in case I am mistaken as to the identity of the narrator of the two stories, I beg pardon of him to whom credit should be given for the ingenuity and skill which enabled him to accomplish such an unusual feat.

As for myself I never did any shooting that was remarkable, except indeed for badness. True, I once killed with No. 4 shot a jack rabbit at exactly seventy-nine yards distance. Once I killed a quail at sixty-three yards with No. 8 shot, and once, in that same Ojai valley, as I threw up my gun to shoot a straight-away quail I saw another coming from the right and at a right angle to the line of flight of the first. I waited an instant, till they were together, and fired, killing both. Many are the right and left shots I have made. Often have killed game of various kinds under adverse circumstances and at long range; but in spite of all these things I maintain that as a rule my shooting has been remarkable for badness. Why, sir, I have blazed away at rabbits crossing a level and almost grassless field and never harmed a hair. Weary miles have I trudged after grouse, and left them just as able to go off with their alarming, thunderous noise as they were before I started out. Cartloads of shot have I sent after pretty Bob White without materially diminishing his numbers. To make an adaptation of Moore, I may truly say:

I may aim, I may shoot, at the bird if I will,
But the feathers are sure to carry it off still.

M.

SARATOGA SPRINGS, N. Y.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I once made a remarkable shot. I fired at a woodcock and missed it, which was not remarkable for me, but down tumbled a ruffed grouse which had been sitting in a cedar tree in my line of fire.

I also saw a friend of mine shoot a woodcock and rabbit at one shot. The woodcock was flying along a side hill at the time. C. C. R.

SMICOE, Ontario.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Sitting on a log with my back against the woodshed, with double-barreled rifle in hand, I fired at an inch and a quarter auger hole in a log saddle, which leaned against an apple tree some one hundred feet, more or less, from me. The first bullet went through without touching, the second struck the bottom of the hole, glanced upward, and by being flattened took such a course as to come down where I was sitting, striking my hat rim and then on my knee quite sharply.

HEADLIGHT.

ERIE, Pa.

THE BEST BULLETS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Appropos of "Nessmuk's" article on "The Choice of Weapons," in *FOREST AND STREAM* for Nov. 27, and the description of the form of bullet which he uses, the following method of making the same, which I learned from an old and experienced English sportsman who has hunted in nearly every portion of the world, may prove interesting and useful to those of your readers who use small calibers for large game.

First—Melt sufficient lead to make nine bullets, and mould them without any special care as to accuracy.

Second—Clean the ladle out, put the nine bullets therein, and place over a moderate fire.

Third—While they are melting fill the mould with quicksilver, and as soon as the bullets are melted pour the quicksilver into the ladle and stir rapidly with a piece of clean iron.

Fourth—Remove from the fire and mould nine bullets from this alloy. Pour the remainder into a tin pan or upon a piece of wood. Repeat the process until you have the desired number of bullets, pouring out the residue as above directed, each time; for if it is allowed to remain in the ladle, the proportion of quicksilver will be gradually increased and ununiform shooting will result. When you are through, take this residue, place in the ladle, melt and use. The lead must not be allowed to get too hot, as quicksilver volatilizes rapidly when exposed to red heat.

The result of these directions will be a bullet of slightly greater weight than one of pure lead, and not lighter, as when alloyed with tin, and besides possessing a fine degree of hardness, will retain its shape better when fired through hard substances, and naturally has better penetration.

The following simple algebraic formula, will give the weight of a bullet made of the above mixture:

Sp. grav. of lead = 11. Sp. grav. of quicksilver = 14.
Let a = weight in grains of bullet made of pure lead,
 b = weight of the mould full of quicksilver, and c = weight of resultant bullet.

Then: $b = \frac{a \times 14}{11}$, and $c = \frac{a \times 9 + b}{10} = .09 \times 10$.

DEVIL'S RAMROD.

GULF CITY GUN CLUB.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The long talked-of side-hunt by the members of the Gulf City Gun Club is now a thing of the past. The polls closed at 4 o'clock yesterday evening, and showed a large majority of points for F. S. Ward's team. Capt. L. C. Fry, of the losing team, and several others, had failed to report when the official count was made, consequently they were barred out. The largest score was made by J. H. Duke, of Ward's team, being 1,669 points. This score is said to be ahead of the largest made by the New Orleans Gun Club at its recent hunt. The only deer killed was brought in by R. H. Moore, also of Ward's team. The following is the value in points of all game, and the final score: Bear 1,000, wildcat 150, deer 300, rabbit 12, squirrel 7, goose 100, turkey 300, chicken hawk 25, sparrow hawk 10, owl 25, foxes when caught in a sportsmanlike manner 100, foxes when killed in any other manner 25, woodcock 20, curlew 20, quail 15, wild pigeon 10, Wilson's snipe 10, plover 10, dove 5, robin 3, lark 3, rail 2, poule d'eau 1, king rail 5, gallinule 5, canvas-back 25, black mallard 25, mallard 20, gadwall 20, pintail 10, widgeon 10, redhead 10, teal 7, all other ducks 5.

The following is the list of game secured by each individual, and the total of value in the contest:

F. S. WARD'S TEAM.	
F. S. Ward—1 rabbit, 1 chicken hawk, 7 sparrow hawks, 17 quail, 4 doves, 15 larks.	427
E. Carre—4 rabbits, 1 sparrow hawk, 36 quail, 8 doves, 11 larks.	671
J. H. Duke—4 rabbits, 14 squirrels, 2 sparrow hawks, 1 owl, 32 quails, 1 dove, 23 larks.	1,669
J. H. Stewart—1 squirrel, 1 chicken hawk, 1 sparrow hawk, 23 quail, 1 dove, 3 robins, 3 larks.	495
D. Levi—30 squirrels, 1 owl, 6 doves.	265
R. G. Fountain—1 rabbit, 15 squirrels, 1 turkey, 1 chicken hawk, 8 quails, 2 larks.	556
T. E. Spotswood—4 squirrels, 4 quail, 1 dove, 1 lark.	96
C. A. Harris—2 squirrel, 1 chicken hawk, 4 sparrow hawks, 1 owl, 1 plover, 4½ doves, 7 larks.	1,024½
R. E. Wilson—1 rabbit, 2 squirrels, 2 chicken hawks, 4 sparrow hawks, 4½ doves, 8 larks.	1,024½
W. H. Williamson.	0
T. E. Cowart—6 robins, 4 larks.	25
Mat. Toomey.	0
W. H. Sheffield—1 squirrel, 3 quails, 2 doves, 5 larks, 2 ducks.	87
J. F. Summersell.	0
E. R. Weems—1½ squirrels, 1 owl, 1 dove, 11 robins, 1 lark.	143
A. O. Danne—1 squirrel, 5 robins.	22
T. P. Brewer—1 sparrow hawk, 2 robins, 2 larks.	22
A. T. Talliaferro—5 robins.	22
R. H. Moore—1 deer.	300

Total. 5,120
Messrs. E. G. Harris, C. W. Rich, T. G. Outlaw, Ferd. Smith, W. J. Brainerd, C. G. Billings, W. H. Barney, and B. Carter, of this team, did not hunt.

L. C. FRY'S TEAM.	
T. S. Scales—1 poule d'eau, 3 gadwalls, 3 pintails, 1 widgeon, 2 teal, 1 duck.	120
Joseph Stein—5 snipe.	50
F. P. Andrews—2 widgeon, 5 ducks.	45
T. T. Dorman—7 squirrels, 1 chicken hawk, 4 sparrow hawks, 1 owl, 1 dove, 1 lark.	147
R. Spencer—1 rabbit, 2 sparrow hawks, 1 dove, 4 larks.	49
F. K. Hale—5 owls, 1 dove, 1 robin, 7 larks.	79
G. W. Tunstall—3 rabbits, 2 chicken hawks, 7 quail, 31 doves, 20 larks.	266
G. Boltz—3 chicken hawks, 4 sparrow hawks, 40 snipe, 1 lark.	518
J. C. Bush—18 quail, 3 doves, 1 robin, 2 larks.	294
L. H. Kennerly—2 readheads, 5 ducks.	45
C. C. Sherard—1 rabbit, 33 quail.	492
W. S. Anderson—19 quail, 1 snipe, 1 dove, 6 larks.	315
H. E. Lay—2 rabbits, 1 sparrow hawk, 8 quail, 6 larks.	172
L. C. Fry, captain of the team.	0
H. Austill.	0
D. E. Huger.	0
F. A. Lumsden.	0
W. A. Lott.	0

Total. 2,592
Majority of Ward's team—2,528.

Of the gentlemen of Captain Fry's team above mentioned as scoring zero, the following were barred out because they reported "after the polls were closed." L. C. Fry, 1 turkey, 1 chicken hawk, 1 owl, 1 quail—365; F. H. Lumsden, 1 turkey, 1 squirrel, 1 duck—312; D. E. Huger, robin score 1½; H. Austill, robin score 1½. The breaking of the valve spring of the steamer Spray at Twelve-mile Island, about 2 o'clock, was the cause of the delay. The following is a summary of the score by teams:

WARD'S TEAM.		FRY'S TEAM.	
1 Deer.	300	7 Rabbits.	84
13 Rabbits.	156	7 Squirrels.	49
81 Squirrels.	567	6 Chicken hawks.	150
1 Turkey.	300	16 Sparrow hawks.	160
5 Chicken hawks.	125	1 Owl.	25
22 Sparrow hawks.	220	84 Quail.	1,260
4 Owls.	100	46 Snipe.	460
183 Quail.	2,320	10 Doves.	50
1 Plover.	10	2 Robins.	6
33 Doves.	165	4 Larks.	138
31 Robins.	93	1 Poule d'eau.	1
83 Larks.	249	3 Gadwalls.	30
3 Ducks.	15	8 Egrets.	30
		3 Widgeons.	30
Total.	5,120	2 Red heads.	20
		2 Teal.	14
		11 Ducks.	55
		Total.	2,592

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

"Rambling over hills and through valleys, breathing God's life-giving air." So writes "M. D." in your issue of the 4th. With such a preface it was with pleasure I read his article "Experience and Advice." I have no doubt that there are many who with the Doctor and myself enjoy these glorious autumn days and the rambles, not working so much for well-filled bags as seeking that enjoyment which is found nowhere else but in the quiet, still forest; where the air comes to you spiced with frost and the odor of the pines; where you stand upon the moss, softer, more beautiful than any Persian rug, and watch the sunlight as sifting through the hemlocks mixes its gold with the green and crimson of the wintergreens, while the soft wind weaves a more beautiful carpet than the richest tapestry. There are many such places where we can rest; where in these few weeks we can gather vigor and new life to take up our burdens; where weary hands and tired brain forget their work, and resting, thank God for the blue sky, pure air and the sunshine.

"Although my hair may be turning gray, and the years

creep on apace," still I am not too old to learn; so would ask "M. D." if he is not mistaken in saying that 1½ ounces of shot is the right weight for 2½ drams of powder? Is not 4 drams too much for a 12-gauge? Is not this last charge of powder with 1½ ounces of shot a better proportion for a 10-bore, and 3 drams and 1 ounce the load we should use for our 12 bores? Let us have the experience of others too on this question.

Now another question for "M. D." Is it good advice, to tell your "young friends" to carry their guns with "hammers up?" In my opinion you would not be very safe in that friend's company. No! no! Tell him to carry a gun in that way but with thumb resting on the hammer at half cock; as you raise to the shoulder to fire only then bring it to full cock. Perhaps I am needlessly timid, but I would not hunt in company with one who made this a practice. Then too, there is no necessity for any such risk of an accidental discharge. You need not carry your gun in that way to be ready for the quickest bird. The trouble is to get it to your shoulder in time; you can cock it while making this motion. Try it! I make a good many snap shots and always find my gun ready to fire when it is in its place; the lifting to the shoulder is not hindered at all by this motion which is done intuitively. To all else of his "advice" I would say a loud amen.

As I reported some time ago the coveys of quail are unusually small; who can give a reason for this? Grouse are in fair numbers, so are the turkeys, the latter wild and shy as ever, as a half day's chase without a shot convinced me.

SPICEWOOD.

CENTRALIA, Pa., Dec. 8.

IOWA GAME NOTES.

PRAIRIE chicken shooting has not been so good as was expected throughout this section owing to the vast crop of corn. Birds were tolerably plenty, but they could not be found in the stubble, except in the early morning and late in the evening. Dr. H. M. Logan and P. W. Smith of Oxford, Ohio, were here the second week in September and we hunted this country pretty well over. The general opinion of the party was that chickens could be found on nearly every farm, yet we brought very few to bag.

We visited the Mascotine Slough (or lake) and found it the prettiest sheet of water I have seen since coming to the State. There were a good many wood-ducks and a fair number of bluewings, and we were fortunate enough to bag some of them. The lower end of Mascotine Island must certainly be a good place for duck shooting later in the year, and I should like some time in future to camp there. Smith became much excited over seeing so many ducks in one of the timber ponds and said he would be back when the ducks come down from the North, but he has not put in his appearance.

I had the pleasure of bagging a couple of ruffed grouse the other day. They are quite rare in this immediate neighborhood, but I understand more common further north in the county. I went down into the brush to kill two or three rabbits, had both of my dogs and a couple of boys to drive for me, and as there is no snow I shoot with a shotgun. The dogs went into the thicket and presently I heard the well-known *br-r-r-r-r-r* hurrying forward. I saw a grouse spring from the thick cover and take a southerly course. On coming up found the dogs very much excited, told the boys to stay where they were, and I went in with the dogs and hadn't gone fifty yards until a grand old cock bounded out of a tree. Bang went the right barrel; missed "sure as a gun." Knowing there must be more around, I immediately dropped the gun barrels to throw out the empty shells, when *br-r-r-r-r-r* about thirty feet to the right out went another. Slamming my gun shut I threw on to her, and touched the trigger just before she went behind a thick clump of black-jack. She didn't pass that black-jack, and I was confident I had dropped her. Took the dogs over and old Snip soon brought her to bag. Then, going back to where the one flushed from the tree, I followed on the line he had taken. It took me into about the thickest patch of hazel and black-berry bushes there is on the farm. Crossing a ravine I found Snip on a point near an open space, and I got into that open space pretty quick, I tell you. Had just time to get a good position when he went, right through the thick top of a little black-jack. Bang went the right barrel, and instinctively my trigger finger slipped back to the other trigger. At the crack of the left he rolls over end over end, and I see nothing but a brown ball drop through the openings between the leaves of that tree yonder. Plunket retrieves, and I find him to be just as grand and far more beautiful to me than any game bird I ever had the pleasure to bring to bag.

MARK.

MORNING SUN, Ia.

SNIPE SHOOTING.

"Snipoo, snipeter, Philander go meet her,
Snipoo."

IT is late in August. You are staying in the last farmhouse, by the bay side, on the way to the ocean beach. The nights are cold, the days are very hot. Set your alarm clock and daily rise at 3:30 A. M. Is it not chilly? Fill your half-pint cup and set it on your little kerosene stove; by the time your toilet is well performed the water will boil and you can pour it in your "Boss" coffee pot, and after a peach and a cracker you can take your *dem-tasse de café noir*. Now buckle on your belt full of loaded paper shells, light your pipe, pick up your bag of decoys, and with your gun in the other hand start out into the dark for your mile tramp to the long rushes on the bay side of the ocean shore. Fortunately the road is perfectly level and there are no stones to cause you to stumble on your dark path. Weighted as you are with heavy corduroy suit and flannels, gun and ammunition, it takes a good half hour to plod that mile through the uncertain footing of the sand. When you reach the half-acre clump of rushes you are glad that you have put on your rubber boots as you wade through a foot or so of water to reach the little spot of higher ground in the midst of the reeds, where you intend to hide yourself for the next three hours. Now you trample down sufficient space in which to rest comfortably, and just outside the edge of the reeds, a couple of rods away, on the sandspit, you plant your stools on their single legs, carefully turning their heads from the wind so that they will not seem to be just ready to fly, and thus scare the real snipe when they come along.

You pick up one bit of driftwood on which to rest the barrels of your gun, already rusty with the morning dampness, although carefully cleaned and polished the night before, and you laboriously lug into your den another old block, upon the sharp corners of which you may occasionally take a little fancied rest when you get tired and cramped.

Sea and River Fishing.

THAT TWENTY-FOUR POUND TROUT.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your readers may recall that in August last I wrote to you from the Rangeley Lakes, and in one of my letters I referred to the fact that many years ago a twenty-four pound trout was caught up this way. If I recollect, I did not specify any particular lake, nor did I intend to say that the fish had been taken in any one of this chain of waters, I wrote generally of the forest region of Maine. But two of your correspondents, one a gentleman who writes as "Piseco," and the other as J. P. Whitney, saw fit to question the truth of the story. I have been at some trouble to still further investigate the matter, and give below copies of letters I have received from persons who knew of the facts. The size of the fish made it an interesting point in natural history, as I have never heard of any larger trout being caught. Yet, there is no good reason why a brook trout should not grow to this weight, as they are a very long-lived fish.

A well authenticated case is known of one living for sixty years in a well, and still another for twenty-eight years in a well at Dunbarton, England. (See Brown's "American Angler's Guide," p. 33). The "North Country Angler" says that a pond examined some ten months after trout were put in it measuring fifteen inches, showed that the fish had increased to twenty-two inches (Brown, p. 72). The Hucho trout has been known to grow to a length of four feet. This trout is known to exist in the waters of Maine. (Smith, "Hist. Fishes of Mass.")

Prof. Agassiz once said that there was nothing to the contrary to show that the brook trout might not grow to the weight of the very heaviest ever claimed. Mr. Page, of the Elmwood House, at Phillips, caught a *Salmo fontinalis* which is figured in the guide books as weighing eleven and one-half pounds. We all recollect how long Barnum offered one hundred dollars as a reward for a four pound trout, which, in the days of his aquarium, was considered a big fish. But as soon as the way was open to the waters of the north, a much larger trout very soon claimed the reward, and was exhibited alive for a long time. Whether he gained in weight or not I do not know, but as trout in wells grow very slowly from lack of food, this leviathan of those times probably did not increase very much.

Many years ago a quantity of brook trout were put back in Kennebag, each furnished with a metal tag showing the weight of the fish individually. Some two years after one of these victims of fate was again caught, and when weighed showed a growth of about one pound a year since his first capture. This was, however, but a small specimen. The facts were given in *Scribner's Monthly* some years ago.

I fear I have trespassed too much upon your space already or I should be glad to quote more at length. Many of the old writers speak of the trout, and with a greater stretch of your courtesy I could give you extracts from Aristotle down, until you should cry, "Hold, enough!" I will only append the letters, and those still doubting can consult the writers, who are all gentlemen of truth.

KNICKERBOCKER.

LAKE KENNEBAGO, September, 1884.—I was caught in or near 1850, in a pond near this lake, a brook trout weighing twenty-four pounds. It was taken by a boy who had left his hook baited over night.—C. T. RICHARDSON.

KENNEBAGO LAKE, Oct. 4, 1884.—Dear Sir—Yours of Sept. 29 received. Glad to hear from you. The trout was not taken from the Rangeley lakes, but from a pond in the town of Mt. Vernon. Since you were here I was out with a man who saw the trout, and if I had known any one would have disputed your story, I would have taken his name. An officer (now in the United States Army) also saw it, and helped eat it up. His name is Gilbreth; his address I do not know, but will get it if I can. Also I will get what information I can from the town where the trout was caught. Should be pleased to call on you. Hope to see you here another season, when you can make a longer stay. Yours very truly, C. T. RICHARDSON.

MT. VERNON, Maine, Oct. 29, 1884.—My Dear Sir—Yours inquiring about a trout caught in this town is received. In answer will say it was caught as I understood at the time in what was known then as Bishop's Pond. My store in which I then traded was, I should say, three rods from said pond. The length of the pond is about one mile by nearly a half mile, some portion of the way, in width. I knew the boy who caught it, though I did not see him, and all who were here (whom I have seen) at the time it was caught say he was Henry C. Heath, now in California. I saw it, as did nearly the whole village, as it created a great excitement on account of its great size. I remember distinctly it did not vary in weight more than half a pound from twenty-four pounds. I think it may have weighed a half pound more, but am not sure. My memory is we called it a salmon trout. H. C. Heath sold it to Waldo A. Blossom, who was keeping a hotel in this place at that time, for \$1.50 as I understood the price.

Mr. Blossom invited the editor to come out and dine with him upon the trout. Its fame spread through this region. Mr. Blossom occupied this place from 1847 to 1850, and it must have been caught near 1849, but surely within these dates. Yours, etc., CALVIN HOPKINS.

MT. VERNON, Me., Nov. 10.—Dear Sir—Yours of Oct. 30 received. In reply to your several questions will say, first, the line a good hemp one. The hook, a common hook such as we used to fish with fifty years ago. The hook was baited with a small fish, called here a roach. The line was fastened to a fishpole 16 or 18 feet long; and was set at night at the end of a plank walk, running out into the pond some twenty or twenty-five feet, for boats to come alongside. There were iron fastenings made for the purpose of setting fishpoles. The hook was baited and pole set by J. H. Morse, who was born and brought up in this town, and lived here at that time, but is now a resident of Augusta, Me. Early the next morning a brother-in-law, a boy some thirteen or fourteen years old, went to the place, as he was in the habit of doing, when he found this big fish. The fish had been on the hook long enough to be partially drowned or benumbed that he could be easily handled; yet the boy could not pull him out of the water. At this time the boy called a gentleman, who was passing by, by the name of D. M. Teague, who, seeing the situation of things, waded out in the pond where the water was 2½ feet deep, and gently towed the fish in by the line near enough and, keeping the line tight, he grappled the fish by getting his hands in the gills of the fish, and took him out in that way. There was another trout caught the same season by Dr. Adams weighing 17½ pounds; another

by Mr. J. Lohrup, 9½ pounds, in the same pond. They were out in the pond in a boat. At the place where the big fish was caught, the shore of the pond is very abrupt, 25 feet from the edge of the water it is from 10 to 12 feet deep. Yours truly, GEO. MCGAFFEY.

SAN FRANCISCO, Nov. 12, 1884.—Dear Sir—Your letter is received. You wish me to give you some facts about a brook trout I caught in Mount Vernon, Maine. You ask me several questions which I will answer the best I can. First, bait, what we called there a "chub," silver white. Second, the hook and line was the same kind used then for pickerel fishing, do not know the number. Third, season of the year, March. Now about the fish. Length, from tip to tip, 37 inches. Girth, just back of gill, 24 inches. Weight 24½ pounds. The fish was baked whole. I sat down at the second table, and at that time the fish had not been turned over, only the upper half having been carved. The names of the parties spoken of in your letter, I know very well. I was just seventeen years of age when I caught the fish. It was caught in a pond about a mile long, very deep water. A fish like that could not live in a brook, but it is safe to say that he belonged to the brook trout family.—HENRY C. HEATH.

ECHOES FROM THE TOURNAMENT.

IN THE FOREST AND STREAM of Dec. 4 is an "echo" from my old friend, Ira Wood, giving his views on the rules governing the last tournament and comparing them with the rules for fly-casting at the New York State Sportsmen's contests. Some of Mr. Wood's views I agree with and others I do not. As he quotes me in his article I will say:

"The National Rod and Reel Association based its rules on that of the State Sportsmen's Association and modified them where they thought them faulty. The R. and R. Association has held three tournaments, and each year the Committee of Arrangements, composed of twenty-eight members, of which twenty are trout and salmon anglers, have altered and amended the rules of the previous tournament when found at fault, and no doubt will change some things in the rules for 1885. The State Association is mainly a grand pigeon shooting organization with a little side show of fly-casting and rifle shooting. Usually they have one class in trout casting and one in salmon, and the Association itself took no interest in these whatever, and had it not been for a few lovers of the art like the Hon. James Geddes, Ira Wood and his late brother Reuben, there would have been no fly-casting. These contests extend back some ten years, more or less, and as Mr. Wood has always engaged in and help organize them he naturally feels a fatherly interest in them, but the feeling in the Rod and Reel Association is that we have improved on the old rules and it is well known in the Association that Mr. Wood and I differ radically on many points concerning not only the rules but the objects of a tournament. Mr. Wood seeks to educate anglers at tournaments while I am content to make fly-casters, claiming that it is impossible to teach angling except in actual practice, while fly-casting can be learned at a tournament and the angler's education finished on the stream.

Mr. Wood says: "The introduction of his peculiar style of casting, by Mr. H. L. Leonard, in the fly-casting tournament, held under the auspices of the State Sportsmen's Association, at Niagara Falls, in 1882, and since generally followed in the fly-casting tournaments by his pupils and his pupils' pupils, has had a tendency, and I may say, has completely revolutionized the real objects, aims and rules of the tournaments as conducted under the rules of that association." This may be true, but not having the reverence for the State Association that Mr. Wood has, I am not as conservative in this matter. In 1881 that Association asked me to manage their tournament on Coney Island. I did so and it was said by Reuben Wood and others that up to that time it was the most complete one held. It was the only tournament, before or since, which gives the record of the direction of the wind and its force both in miles per hour and pressure to the square foot during the casting of each man. (See FOREST AND STREAM, vol. XVI, p. 429).

If such records had been kept for a series of years, they would be of value in showing the influences which helped or hindered a cast. The State Association did not appreciate the labor and it was never undertaken again, for as an association it cares little for fly-casting.

Concerning the rule requiring the buoy to be struck when contesting for accuracy, Mr. Wood is correct. That rule was a new one, was tried and found to work badly, and no doubt the next committee will change it. In distance casting Mr. Wood recommends: "Time five minutes; time to be taken when contestant steps to the mark and says he is ready. Rod and flies shall then be in hand, and no allowance of time shall be given for untangling line or other pauses, except in the minds of the judges the delay is caused by pure accident, and not caused by the unskillfulness of the contestant, or from the fact that he has more line out than he can control." Perhaps this might work well and it is worth considering by the Association, it would expedite matters but might curtail the scores. His suggestion of a floating object for accuracy does not seem so good because the swirl of a trout does not float. Tests of delicacy he would have made at the same time and judged by the lightness, not only of the flies lighting on the water, but also by the manner in which they are taken from the water, a most excellent plan.

The Rod and Reel Association dropped "style" as a factor in contests which Mr. Wood thinks should be retained. I have held that the most awkward and ungainly man should not have these things registered against him if he drops his flies delicately, and that the style of the man, no matter how angular, should not count, and that the judges should watch the flies and not the man. Neither does the Association agree with Mr. Wood that a handicap for length of rods is desirable. It holds that if a man cannot cast as well with a 10-foot rod as with one of eleven feet, then he has learned the proper length of a rod and should use it. He says: "The angler has his rod, or probably rods, to suit himself, and adapted to his height and strength; the rods he uses for fishing. He cannot afford to have one set for fishing and one for tournaments; so, perforce, he must enter with the one he has, and unless he is a large man with a heavy bass rod, he cannot hope to contest with any prospect of success against a rod made for that purpose alone. So that, as a rule, the angler must enter a contest handicapped or stay away; and it is evident from the list of entries for the past two years that they, as a rule, stay out. I have always thought the allowance of five feet to the foot excessive. In testing rods of different lengths and weights I have come to the conclusion that a proper and fair handicap would be

with sitting on your hunkies, for you cannot sit down or kneel on these wet rushes, each one of which is thickly studded on all sides with great drops of sea fog or of dew. But experience has taught you that you may take continual comfort from your dear old pipe without alarming the wild-fowl, and you do thoroughly enjoy the dawn, the daybreak and the sunrise, of all of which you get the full benefit and effect in this level, quiet, lonesome situation. And while you are drinking in, absorbing, the freshness and beauty of the air and sky, suddenly, from vacant space, bearing down toward you, appear a score or more of dark points, which rapidly increase in size as they come nearer, until a few rods distant a thick bunch of yellowlegs or of dowitcher, or of other bay birds, hover for a moment, eyeing curiously your stolid wooden decoys, and then sweep in a lovely curve, a true Hegarth's line of beauty, down within reach of your double-barrel. Keep cool, do not hurry, but be very, very quick, and as the sight comes in line with the double curve where the birds are thickest, let them have it. Now do not jump up; keep cool. Whip out the empty shells of your breechloader and slip in two more, and whistle for all you are worth; peep and pipe, and tweet and twitter, just like a wounded bird—like a chicken if you cannot imitate any other bird—and those which escaped your first discharge will again sweep around to inspect their injured comrades, and at the right instant you may give them the second volley with good effect. Now you may go out and pick up your reward, you have forgotten the chill and the wet.

Hide yourself again. How slowly the time passes; how long it seems before anything more comes to disturb your quiet and relieve your cramp. But what is that soft whistle? And from right among your decoys, too! There they sit, unconscious of your proximity, two robin snipe that have come on wings so silent that you heard them not. Give them the right and the left barrel (they are too far apart to be taken by one alone), and go pick them up and stretch yourself. After another long wait you may find a jack curlew in the same place, but the probabilities are that you will not; and my opinion is that jack curlew can either smell tobacco or else distinguish a thin line of smoke from the spear point of a bullrush in the morning haze. A few more flights of ringnecks or of plover, a snap shot or two at some bird too wary to come near your stools, and the broad sun is drying up the dew, and you are hungry. With the detachable muslin pockets of your hunting coat fairly filled with game, you wearily tramp home to a sponge bath and a breakfast of fish fresh from the salt water, and then you are ready to sail to the beach for your daily dip in the ocean surf. In the afternoon a delightful nap makes up for the rest that you have lost. This is the way to enjoy your summer vacation—and to get a good square attack of chills and fever.

JACK CURLEW.

VERMONT GAME NOTES.—Highgate, Vt., Dec. 10, 1884. The season for shooting duck, snipe, woodcock and wild geese is now virtually over in this vicinity. This class of game has been quite plenty, and some good bags have been made on the M. G. C. grounds. The native bred birds were early in the season very plentiful, which shows the good effect of protection. Mr. Leach, the manager of the club, has handled the poachers and pot-hunters without gloves, and several of them have been fined to the fullest extent of the law. Foxes, hares and grouse are claiming the attention of our sportsmen now, and some good sport is being had. Two important amendments to the game laws were unfortunately, through neglect, lost. The first prohibited spring shooting of wild duck and other water fowl by making the close season extend from Feb. 1 until Sept. 1. The second amendment forbade night shooting at wild ducks and geese. These amendments passed the House by a vote of one hundred and eight to nineteen, and when carried to the Senate, the Senator who was instructed to look after the bill there was suddenly called home by sickness in his family during the last days of the session, and the bill was allowed to lie unnoticed and overlooked. There were quite a number of less important fish and game laws passed, which will be forwarded you in our Fish Commissioners' report.—STANSTEAD.

THE OLD STORY.—Some time since I thought I'd have a day's recreation and go down on the shore of Long Island below Long Beach, and interview the bay snipe. As luck generally has it with me I selected a day which turned out a scorcher. Plodding around in the sand all day without a sign of anything, I at last noticed a slight ridge of sand some distance ahead, and immediately beyond I caught a slight glimpse of four Wilson's snipe. I dropped in my tracks, and as previous circumstances made me desperate for game, I proceeded along on all fours, knowing that if I showed myself over two feet above the ground I would be seen. After I had managed to crawl along a good hundred yards up to the ridge of sand, and with the sweat rolling out of me in great beads, imagine my disgust when I rose up suddenly, exultingly and with blood in my eye on what—on four wood stools planted in the sand. My first impulse was to break them to pieces, but I found a little revenge and consolation in leaving them as I found them, thinking possibly some one else might get the joke played on themselves.—H.

SALEM, Mass., Dec. 13.—Shooting runs very quiet just now, even barred owls being less common than a week or two ago. The quail season is about over. It has not been the best ever known by considerable. The Wakefield Sportsmen's Club are to have a shoot Christmas morning, clay-pigeons being the game intended. This is a lively association and a good time is expected. Herring gulls are numerous about here now. There are also some other winter visitors, as buffle-heads, golden eyes, and mergansers, or as named, the sheldrakes.—X. Y. Z.

AN ORCHARD OWNER IN DISTRESS.—Sharon, Pa., Dec. 8.—Any one who wants rabbits can go out ten miles from here and get "loads" of them. There is a young orchard out there and the rabbits have started to eat it up. There are some 250 or 300 young apple trees, and the owner has to bind them to keep rabbits from eating them.—CEXMELEN.

LIVE RUFFED GROUSE WANTED.—An Ohio gentleman is anxious to procure a pair of ruffed grouse, wild birds, captured this winter, preferred. He would make a desirable exchange of other birds, and a line to him through FOREST AND STREAM would reach him.

\$200,000 was paid last year for claims under the life policies of the Travelers, of Hartford, Conn., and \$1,154,000 to life and accident claimants together.—Adv.

three feet to the foot, and two feet to the ounce. 'The judges to have power to rule out all rods evidently made light in the butt or handle to obtain unfair advantage in the handicap for weight. How many of the light weight rods that have been used in the tournaments for the past two years have been practical fishing rods? The whole reduction in weight has been taken from the handle; in fact, nearly all of the light rods have been made to win in long casting, and not for angling. The rods have the body and stiffness of an eight-ounce rod, with a handle just long enough for the reel and hand, and that in some instances made of cork, and in all cases so small that no man could swing them for an hour on stream or lake, for the lack of weight at the butt would tire his arm, and the smallness of the handle would cramp his hand.'

If a rod made light in the handle has an advantage, then it is a good thing to know and we will all have our rods so made, certainly the grip can be made large enough not to cramp the hand, but I do not think that the rods used are made expressly for tournaments, and if they are, then, as I say, we will learn the best length and weight of rod. Many of the rods used last October were those that had done a summer's work on the stream, one at least I can vouch for, for it was my own which was loaned to a friend. If Mr. Wood had said anything of lines made for this purpose I would agree with him.

I sincerely hope to see Mr. Wood still taking an active part in the tournaments, for no man works harder than he to assist contestants in untangling lines and lending a hand where needed than Ira Wood. We defer as to the value of the old State rules, and the Committee of Arrangements has differed with him also, but we don't quarrel over it.

FRED MATHER.

ONEIDA LAKE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your favorable notice in your issue of the 4th inst. of Mr. Wm. H. Lindley, State game protector of the Tenth District, is a just tribute to a faithful, cool and intrepid officer, whose efforts in suppressing illegal fishing in Oneida Lake more particularly, and also in other waters, is commendable in the highest degree and worthy of emulation by all other State game protectors, and every good citizen who desires that their rights shall be maintained and just laws be enforced for the benefit of the public.

To better understand the difficulties that Mr. Lindley has had to meet, and to a great extent has overcome, I beg to state that Oneida Lake is some thirty miles in length and covers some 58,000 acres of land, has numerous bays and inlets, reefs and shoals suitable for producing and maintaining a great quantity and variety of desirable fish, and has been for years the happy, unmolested resort and abiding place of men fishing with nets for the market, in and out of season, without the least regard for law, the supply of fish, or the rights of the public. It is a magnificent body of water, and in itself, if not depleted by nets, can furnish more fish than any other similar water within this State. It needs no artificial stocking.

With such conditions, and abundant food for young fish, it is not a wonder that this lake has been accepted and adopted by men netting for the market, many of whom, it is a matter of regret to state, are respectable citizens, owning productive farms or otherwise engaged in business that should preclude such illegal and unnecessary acts as fishing with nets. You can, therefore, see that to suppress this wholesale destruction in this lake is no ordinary nor easy undertaking, and can only be done by great daring and coolness, and good judgment and untiring effort; and Mr. Lindley is the man who, to a greater extent than ever before, has accomplished it.

Like many other State game protectors, he has been subject to expenses that his limited salary really would not warrant, yet, notwithstanding, has fearlessly and faithfully done his duty so far as possible for any one man to do. Considering the necessity of laws protecting game and fish, and the consequent greater necessity of having such laws enforced and the State not exceeding its present expenditures for such purpose, it seems to me a larger appropriation should be made for these officers in performing their duties and less for the artificial propagation of fish and the erection and maintaining of State hatching houses, which, while essential under certain circumstances, have received all the appropriations that the necessity of the case demand.

The artificial rearing of trout and salmon, and other like fish, the supply of which can only be maintained by like process, and at great expense, is a useless and unnecessary expenditure of public funds that should be used in the more practical way of protecting fish that do not need to be "brought up on a bottle," and that inhabit waters that can be reached with limited expense of time and money and by the public generally. I beg leave therefore through your columns to call the particular attention of the Commissioner of Fisheries to this very important question, and most respectfully ask that the services of our State game protectors, encountering as they do one of the most reckless class of men, shall receive the remuneration they fully deserve.

SYRACUSE.

FISHING LAWS FOR LAKE CHAMPLAIN.

THE Legislature of Vermont has very materially modified the laws relating to fishing in that portion of Lake Champlain lying within the borders of the State. The essence of the new law is as follows:

SECTION 3867. The Governor may appoint two Fish Commissioners, who shall confer with the Fish Commissioners of the New England States and Canada, direct and superintend the construction of fishways, and introduce shad and salmon, or other fish, and adopt measures to have executed all laws relating to the protection of fish; but the expense incurred under this section shall not exceed two thousand dollars annually.

Sec. 3871. The selectmen of each town shall appoint and remove at pleasure a fish warden who may arrest on any of the waters, public or private, of this State, or on Lake Champlain, or on the shores thereof, any person found violating the provisions of Chapter 170, Revised Laws, or any amendment thereof, and prosecute such offender. Any person refusing to aid such fish warden, on demand in the name of the State, shall be liable to the penalties provided for in Section 4285, Chapter 200, Revised Laws.

Sec. 3873. A person who takes or catches a black bass, or has in his possession any such fish captured in the waters of the State, between the first day of February and the fifteenth day of June in any year, shall pay a fine of five dollars for each fish so taken, caught or possessed, and the costs of prosecution.

Sec. 4. A person who at any time takes or catches a black bass less than ten inches in length shall immediately return such fish to the waters from which it was taken, and set it free therein. And for a failure so to do shall pay a fine of five dollars for every such fish so caught and not returned, together with the costs of prosecution.

Sec. 3875. A person who takes or catches a wall-eyed pike or pike-perch, or has in his possession any such fish, taken in the waters of this State, between the first day of February and the fifteenth day of June in any year, shall pay a fine of five dollars for each fish so taken, caught or possessed, with the costs of prosecution.

Sec. 6. Section thirty-eight hundred and seventy-seven (3877) is hereby repealed.

Sec. 3880. All pound-net, trap-net, gill-net, set-net and fyke fishing, or any other device for entrapping or ensnaring fish in the waters of Lake Champlain or the tributaries thereof are hereby prohibited; and any person or persons who shall fish in said waters with any such pound-nets, trap-nets, gill-nets, set-nets, fykes, or any other device for ensnaring or trapping fish, shall pay to the State a fine of \$100, and the costs of prosecution. Any person discovering any such net or nets or devices for ensnaring fish set or being used in the waters hereinbefore described, or on the shores thereof, contrary to the provisions of Chapter 170 of the Revised Laws, or any amendment thereof, may seize and destroy the same. Provided, however, that seine fishing shall be allowed during the months of October and November in each year, and fishing with hook and line between the fifteenth day of June and the first day of February next after, and nothing contained in this section shall prohibit the capture of minnows for bait. Any person who takes or catches any black bass, pike, wall-eyed pike, shad or pond pickerel from any of the waters, public or private, of this State, or from the waters of Lake Champlain, or has any of said fish in his possession, between the first day of February and the fifteenth day of June in any year, shall pay to the State a fine of \$5 for each fish so caught, taken or possessed, with the costs of prosecution.

Sec. 8. Possession of any black bass, pike, wall-eyed pike, or shad, by any person in this State, between the first day of February and the fifteenth day of June in any year, shall be presumptive evidence that the person took or caught such fish in violation of the laws of this State.

Sec. 9. Between the first day of February and the fifteenth day of June in any year, any fish warden may cause to be opened, or in case the party having the custody or possession thereof refuse, may himself open any parcel, box, trunk, barrel or other receptacle, found in any wagon, car, or other vehicle of transportation, or on any wharf, railroad platform, or in any storehouse of any transportation company, or in any other place not the dwelling house or immediate dependencies thereof of the person or party having possession, control, or authority of such parcel, chest, box, trunk, barrel, and if said fish warden is satisfied that the same were caught in any of the waters of this State, or of Lake Champlain, in violation of law, he may sell the same, and pay the proceeds arising from such sale to the county clerk of the county in which such seizure is made, one-half to go to the person making such seizure and sale and one-half to the State.

SNELLING AND GIMPING.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I want to get some help through your columns from some of the anglers who form part of your clientele. Who can give me points on the snelling and gimping of hooks, the best kind of silk and wax to use, manipulation of the gut, wrapping, knotting, etc.? Also, about the barbed hooks; are they worth anything? Also who can "put me on to" a good place for a month's camping and fishing next summer in the lake region of Minnesota? If "Nessnuk," "Piscoc," "Wawayanda," "Truthful James," "Kingfisher," et al, will hear my cry and respond, they shall have the thanks of

H. P. UFFORD.

CASSELEON, Dakota.

A DAY WITH THE SPONGERS.

HAVING a curiosity to learn something of the *modus operandi* of "sponging," I started one bright morning for the mouth of the Anclote. The air was soft and balmy, the surroundings were all that an enthusiastic lover of Florida could wish, the canoe sped merrily along on the strong ebb tide, the air vocal with the songs of birds, the water fretted with the leaping fish. Nearing the mouth of the river I caught sight of the spongers' fleet, some forty odd sail in all and all hailing from Key West; trim, jaunty craft they were, too, all schooner rigged and varying in size from five to twenty tons. Some were painted black, some green, but the prevailing color was white with a narrow red stripe. Singling out the tautest one of the fleet, the "General Hancock," I laid a course to bring me alongside. It was evident the crew had never seen a canoe and double blade before, but I found their hospitality even greater than their curiosity. I was soon alongside, and accepting the hearty invitation of genial Captain Sawyer, I stepped on board, the canoe was hauled on deck and critically examined, Captain Sawyer propounding the question, "Do you take that 'thing' to bed with you?" "No," I replied, "but I make my bed in that 'thing' quite often."

I found the "General Hancock" a very tidy craft, and well adapted to the work she was engaged in. The crew, all told, consisted of nine men, and she was fitted out for a three months' cruise. Sponging has been a lucrative business, but of late years competition has been high, and consequently not so many chances for a good strike. The vessels fit out on shares, half to the ship, half to the men. Off the Anclote Keys is considered the best sponging ground on the coast, although it is good anywhere between here and the Suwanee River.

The work is done in calm weather when the water is comparatively smooth. The small boats (each vessel has from two to four) supplied with poles, grapnels and water glass, and manned with two and sometimes three men, drift along with wind and tide, all the time keeping a bright lookout on the bottom. The water glass is simply a bucket with a piece of common window glass set in the bottom. By setting this contrivance in the water with the glass just below the surface, one can see quite plainly to a depth of thirty or forty feet, the vibrations from ripples, swell, etc., being entirely overcome, and nothing to obstruct the vision save the density or color of the water. When sponge is discovered, the grapnel is brought in use, the sponge torn from its hold and deposited in the boat.

The grapnel is simply a bunch of strong hooks at the end of a long pole; let the reader half close his hand with the fingers slightly separated, and he will have a fair idea of a sponge grapnel. The boat, when full, is pulled to the vessel, the sponge is then thrown on the deck where it is left to die. At this stage of the proceedings the sponge looks like a lump of semi-transparent jelly; it is left on the deck of the vessel from four to eight hours, then taken to the rendezvous, and thrown into the crawl.—(Kraal, from the Dutch). The crawl consists

of a palisade of ten or twelve yards in diameter, and is made in shoal water. After the sponge has lain in the crawl for some five days, the men get in with bare feet, and tread and squeeze the sponge until it is comparatively clean, when it is taken to the ship and stowed below.

I spent a very pleasant day on the Hancock, in the afternoon visiting the Keys, inspecting the crawls, etc. As night approached, it brought a fine breeze from the westward, and with a sponge and a branch of coral as souvenirs of the trip I made sail, and with a hearty "good bye" from all hands, swung off for the mouth of the river. In two hours I was at home, so well satisfied with my trip that I decided to write it out for my friends of FOREST AND STREAM. Hoping soon to send you the details of a longer cruise, I will say, good night.

TARPON.

TARPON SPRINGS, Nov. 16, 1885.

SHAD TAKE THE FLY IN OREGON.—The Portland *Oregonian* says: "It is nearly fourteen years since the United States Fish Commission planted its first installment of young shad in the Sacramento River, a short distance below Colusa. Since that time the young shad have been taken in nets and fykes, not only in the bay of San Francisco and its estuaries, but in the Sacramento River as far north as Red Bluff, and in the San Joaquin near the mouth of the Tuolumne. But the migratory habits of the fish, its fondness for seeking cool northern waters in the summer months and returning southward during the autumn days, has led it to go into other streams than its original seat of acclimatization. About six years ago a few small specimens of shad were taken in nets at the mouth of Eel River, near Humboldt Bay; and for the past two months the salmon nets of the Columbia River fishermen have caught numerous specimens of the *Alosa prestabilis*, which is the largest variety of the herring family. It is a rare thing for shad to be taken with hook and line, save in the very headwaters of rivers frequented by them. They are occasionally taken at Lansingburg, on the Hudson, and Springfield, on the Connecticut, with a bait composed of salmon spawn pounded up with bread dough or rye flour paste. And there are instances of these fish being taken with the fly in Eastern waters. But it is also an established fact that they have gone into others than the Sacramento or Columbia, and have been taken both with fly and with bait. Along in April of the current year an employee of this office was fishing for trout in the Elokomon in company with the bookkeeper in a large wholesale front street house. They had taken about thirty trout apiece when a loud cry of surprise from the accountant caused the newspaper man to go to his assistance. On reaching the spot he found that his friend had caught a young shad ten inches in length. And last week, on the Wynoochie River, a small and swift tributary of the Chehalis, two shad were taken with hook and line, with salmon spawn for bait. One of these was nearly fourteen inches in length, and the other about eight inches. Both were female fish and the larger one had already cast its spawn."

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 15.—This city is probably as well supplied with game and fish as any of its size in the country. The markets, which are excellent, abound with all kinds. Venison, wild turkeys, grouse, quail, ducks, squirrels, rabbits, and the different salt and fresh water fishes can be obtained in season in large quantities. The Potomac River, Chesapeake Bay, the marshes of both, and the mountains of Virginia and Maryland, are very prolific, considering the fact that they are in the oldest part of the country, where game has been hunted and fishes caught, from the colonial days to the present. The localities named are excellent preserves, and with ordinary care could be for all time. The catches of fishes in the bay and river, however, bear no comparison to those of former years, and the business bids fair to be almost entirely destroyed by the short-sighted policy that prevails. Trap-nets, gill-nets, seines, and other devices of the fishermen, catch nearly every living thing, and nothing but an eel or a catfish can reach the headwaters to spawn in the spring. The immense seines that are used from hundreds of yards to a mile or so in length, bring up great quantities of spawn and small fry, which are destroyed utterly. It is amazing that men will be so heedless and foolish, but they are, and no argument or experience can arouse them from their destructive cupidity. The fishermen see as well as men can the folly of their work, which is rapidly ruining their own means of livelihood, but they go on as if their sole ambition was to destroy every fin, and glory in the dreary result.—J. C. B.

Fishculture.

AMERICAN FISHES IN GERMANY.

BY C. G. ATKINS.

[Translated from Circular of the Fischerei Verein, dated Nov. 18, 1884.]

THE American fishcultivist, Marshall McDonald, communicates the information that success has not attended the efforts to acclimatize the California salmon in the tributaries of the Atlantic Ocean and of the Mississippi, but that the Sacramento River yields, in consequence of artificial culture, twice as many salmon as formerly, and that the annual product of the fisheries has increased about \$300,000. The cause of this phenomenon seems to be that the water of the rivers of the West coast is colder, while that of the Eastern and Southern rivers is warmer than that of the ocean. In France this fish appears to have been successfully naturalized in the Aube River at Narbonne, and to return thither from the Mediterranean Sea.

A California salmon weighing five pounds, was caught by Mr. von Kalkreuth at Obragörzig, in the Lake of Kurzig. This specimen was, at an earlier stage of growth, in an aquarium of Mayor Schuster, at the International Fishery Exhibition at Berlin.

At Szomolany, Hungary, the California salmon died in consequence of the taking of the eggs, and therefore His Excellency, Count Palffy, had the stock still on hand planted in the Waag, with the expectation that the fish would descend to the Black Sea, and eventually stock the Danube. In the autumn of 1882, there were 109 fish on hand, weighing in the aggregate 59 pounds.

The Baroness von Wattmann of Cieszanoro, Galicia, reports that at her breeding establishment the California salmon were at the end of a year twice the size of domestic salmon trout.

The American brook trout (*Salmo fontinalis*) is already so far naturalized that 21,684 impregnated eggs could be sent from Cöslin and 12,630 from Boitzenburg, and that Count Migazzy of Arranyes Maroth, impregnated 17,000 eggs. In addition to these there was a fresh importation of 18,776 eggs from America. When the water does not get very warm in the summer this fish thrives wonderfully. At Cleyingen, a part of the brook trout of last year have got to weigh a third of a pound; at Scheibo and Zwätzen the brood of 1883 has grown astonishingly; at Wscheütz and Wasterbarth the fish of 1883

have attained a length of 17 centimeters (6 7-10 inches). From Starnberg it is reported that the brook trout in the waters of Upper Bavaria, of which several were stocked with it, appears to be making itself well at home. At Georgenbach near Starnberg very well grown specimens of this handsome fish have several times been taken with the hook. In the society's hatchery are three broods, those of 1882, 1883 and 1884, and eggs have already been taken from the oldest. The same observation was made here as at Hünningen, that the fish does not stand the expressing of the eggs well. Nevertheless it appears to be a very valuable acquisition.

The rainbow trout (*Salmo trutta*), from the tributaries of the Pacific, strongly recommended by Director Haack, of Hünningen, has received the most careful attention of the society, and thanks to the generous friendship of the American fish culturists we have again been able to import a greater number of eggs. This is all the more gratifying since the transfer of the eggs of the fish is involved in special difficulties in that it spawns in the spring, and the eggs must perforce be transported in warm weather. Mr. Blackford, of New York, from whom, along with the consignment of Prof. Baird, we have received a number of rainbow trout eggs in exchange for German trout eggs, informed us that in the Eastern States the rainbow trout had changed their habits and occasionally begun to spawn in winter, so that he would perhaps be able to send eggs as early as December. However, we did not receive the consignments from him and Prof. Baird until early spring. At three several times in April and May were eggs sent from New York to Bremen, and our faithful helper, F. Bussio, of Geestemünde, performed the unpacking, division and despatch most carefully and excellently. This worthy member of our society has always most kindly and disinterestedly looked out for the numerous consignments of fish eggs which we have received from America, and thereby placed our work under great obligations.

Director Haack, of Hünningen, as I have remarked, considers the rainbow trout the most valuable gift that America has sent us. In April, 1884, it was shown that of the fishes that were year and nine months old and weighed from half to three-quarters of a pound, not one had been lost. Ten thousand eggs and 1,500 fish were obtained. The two-and-a-half-year-old fishes weighed in August of this year from three-quarters to a pound. At Szomolány, in 1883, Count von Palffy had 434 still left out of 44.3 rainbow trout put in the year before. Mayor Schuster, of Freiburg, writes that the fry obtained from the first consignment of eggs are very beautiful, and that the stock is ample for the permanent establishment of the fish in Germany. In Starnberg the American brook trout has developed still better than the rainbow trout. Mr. Eckhardt, of Lübbinchen, got 500 fry from 526 rainbow trout eggs, and they have thriven extraordinarily in a small pond. Regimental-Auditor Zenk, of Seewiese, believes that the rainbow trout will prove especially well adapted to culture in trout ponds.

The American landlocked salmon has grown very well at Oliva since 1883. In the Wuern Lake, near Starnberg, a fish of this species, twenty-four centimeters (9½ inches) long was caught, and a well-grown specimen in the Teger Lake. At Friedrichshul, Pommernia, these fish play actively in a pond.

The Bavarian *Fischerei Zeitung* reports (page 281), that for three years the German and Bavarian Fishery Societies have been trying to introduce the American whitefish (*Coregonus albus*) in the Ammer, Tegern, Walchen and other South Bavarian lakes. There are strong hopes of success, for early in July of this year the Bavarian Superintendent of Fisheries, Mr. Hüpplinger, a capable and intelligent man, caught in the Tegern Lake so great a quantity of young American whitefish that he was obliged to submerge the net again to free them. Some well-grown specimens have since been taken.

THE NEW YORK FISH COMMISSION.—A meeting of the full board of Commissioners was held at the office of the President, Hon. R. B. Roosevelt, in New York, on Thursday, Dec. 9, at noon. In our last issue we gave a full report of Gen. R. U. Sherman's trip to locate a hatchery in the Adirondacks. The selection of the site by Gen. Sherman, at the outlet of Clear Pond, near Upper Saranac Lake, was adopted, his plans for a hatchery were approved, and he was authorized to contract for its erection. Mr. Bowman reported that the difficulty between the men at the Caledonia hatchery and Mr. Annin, concerning the taking of trout in the stream, had been settled to the satisfaction of all parties, and the rights of each had been defined. This trouble was caused by the men in the employ of the State netting trout on waters belonging to Mr. Annin, who owns the private hatchery and stream above the works and the stream owned by the State. In view of the increased work and the establishment of new hatcheries, it was decided to ask the Legislature for a sum of \$25,000 for the next year. The work is extending in all directions, and the appropriations should be sufficient to cover it all in order to do it thoroughly. Last winter the Legislature made an appropriation for the building of the new Adirondack hatchery, and directed the Commissioners to locate and build it, but gave them no funds with which to carry it on.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES. BENCH SHOWS.

Dec. 16, 17, 18 and 19.—Third Bench Show of the Southern Massachusetts Poultry Association, Taunton, Mass. Wm. C. Davenport, Assistant Secretary.

Dec. 30, 31 and Jan. 1, 2, 1885.—Bench Show of the Meriden Poultry Association, Meriden, Conn. Joshua Shaw, Jr., Secretary.

Jan. 10 to 14, 1885.—World's Exposition Bench Show, New Orleans, La. Mr. Chas. Lincoln, Superintendent.

Jan. 27, 28, 29 and 30.—Annual Bench Show of the New Brunswick Poultry and Pet Stock Association. Mr. H. W. Wilson, Secretary. St. Johns, N. B.

Feb. 1 to 11, 1885.—New York Fanciers' Club, Third Annual Exhibition of non-sporting dogs, poultry and pigeons at Madison Square Garden, Feb. 1 to 11, 1885. Chas. Harker, Secretary, 62 Cortlandt street.

March 3, 4, 5 and 6, 1885.—Second Annual Bench Show of the Cincinnati Sportsman's Club, Cincinnati, O. Charles Lincoln, Superintendent.

March 18, 19 and 20, 1885.—Second Annual Show of the New Haven Kennel Club. E. S. Porter, Secretary, New Haven, Conn.

April 7 to 10, 1885.—First Annual Bench Show N. E. Kennel Club, Music Hall, Boston. J. A. Nickerson, Secretary, 169A Tremont street. Chas. Lincoln, Superintendent.

ILLINOIS RETRIEVER TRIALS.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* At a meeting of the Illinois Kennel Club, held Dec. 8, 1884, it was decided to further ask for suggestions on the retrieving trials, land and water, which the Illinois Kennel Club contemplate holding at the time of their annual bench show in 1885. I therefore invite any and all gentlemen to write me any suggestions they may have to make on rules, or any ideas they can offer which they think would be of assistance to the club in governing such trials, that the club may go to work intelligently and make the trials a pleasant and grand success. It was also the intention of the Illinois Kennel Club to include Canada in their previous call for suggestions. So that none may go away dissatisfied, they now open the trials to the world, and suggestions will be gladly received from sportsmen on the other side of the water. Address all communications to JOHN H. NAYLOR, Secretary Illinois Kennel Club (3182 Archer avenue, Chicago, Illinois).

THE MASTIFF PUPPIES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

It is hardly surprising to learn from Mr. Smith's letter in last week's *FOREST AND STREAM*, that his idea of what constitutes a "proper entry" does not accord with mine. Had I thought it did I should not have considered it necessary to elicit the statement of his views which, with the admissions made by him, must have astonished some of your readers a little. He starts off with the assertion that the "amount paid by the exhibitor is a matter of no concern to any but the managers!" Does he really think so? I don't.

A committee proposes to hold a dog show, the managers publish the rules under which it is to be held, and among the number one regulating the amount of the entrance fees. These rules form the basis of the agreement so to speak between the managers and the exhibitors, and I think it is not too much to expect that they shall be equally binding on, and have the same meaning for, all parties interested. The exhibitors cannot take liberties with them, the managers should not; nevertheless, where a rule is drawn up in ambiguous terms and the interpretation to be put upon those terms rests with the managers, it is clear that a power is placed in their hands which may be exercised fairly or unfairly according to the bent of their inclinations. To deal with principles first, facts afterward: Is it equitable to allow an exhibitor who owns a litter of say eight puppies, on payment of five dollars only to bring each and all of them into competition against another exhibitor, who, owning an equal number belonging to different litters, has to pay twenty-four dollars to enter all his pups separately? Or is it fair in principle to charge one man six dollars for the entry of two pups and allow another to enter eight for less money? Is this a "matter of no concern to the exhibitor?"

Now for facts, a statement of which will explain something of the "true inwardness" of this controversy, and what Mr. Smith calls my "narrow-minded technical objection." I went to the office of the managers to make my entries, and having stated that I had only two left out of my litter, asked whether I could enter them as a litter on payment of \$5. Mr. Lincoln (whose sudden demise I heard of with much regret) informed me that I could not, as the clause in Rule 20 relating to litters applied only to very young pups which could be placed together in one pen. I said that my pups had been accustomed to be kept together and could without inconvenience occupy the same pen, and asked whether they could compete separately and take separate prizes if entered as a litter, to which also Mr. Lincoln replied in the negative. I accepted his decision as that of one thoroughly conversant with the rules and practice, and accordingly paid \$8 and entered my two pups separately. Mr. Smith, as manager of the show, and consequently to that extent an authority on the point, now says that "each and every pup of a litter is as much entitled to compete (i. e., when entered under the \$5 clause of Rule 20) as is a grown dog on payment of \$8. Can he explain why the rule means one thing in my case, and bears quite a different interpretation in Mr. Stevenson's? He says also that the entrance fee "is intended to cover cost of kennel, feeding, etc." Why then was I charged \$8 for two pups when Mr. Stevenson was allowed to enter a whole litter five months old consisting of four at least (and I think six or eight) for \$5? Was it because his litter occupied less space, required less care, or consumed less food than my two pups? Perhaps there was a "clerical error" somewhere. Or the little spirit of favoritism, who is commonly supposed to preside over so many wires, happened this time to be on the side of the litter. If so, I hope my "narrow-minded technical objection" (as the precursor of more of a like nature) has made the sprite begin to feel uneasy as to the quiet tenure of his office, which was created at a time gone by when managers could over-ride exhibitors to their heart's content. That can't be done with impunity now, and for my own part, while sincerely grateful to Mr. Elliot Smith for wishing to save me the trouble of "framing any more categories," I beg to assure him of my intention to continue doing so and asking just as many questions as appear expedient in the interests of dogs and dog lovers. In the next paragraph of his letter, he states that "formerly puppies were either charged \$3 each or permitted, when so small as to occupy with their dam but one kennel, to be exhibited without charge. In the latter case the puppies were not entered nor allowed to compete." This rule he says was altered because "we (meaning the managers I presume) were frequently imposed upon by dealers," who did what? Why they actually entered a dam and litter of pups, paying therefor only the prescribed fee of \$8, in the hope of selling some of the pups "at a handsome profit." What a dreadful piece of imposition! The managers, however, were not going to let such practices slide, so they amended the rule by providing that "litters of puppies may be entered on payment of \$5." Before the passing of this amendment litters of puppies could not compete at all, and though the amendment provides that they may be entered, I find no provision in it that the puppies are to be allowed to compete separately. The amendment was made, according to Mr. Smith, with the view of preventing dealers from imposing on the managers by sending their pups to the show for sale, and therefore not for the purpose of giving the pups a right to compete which hitherto did not belong to them. The right to enter litters originated with the amendment referred to, and litters have no status whatever in the shows of the Westminster Kennel Club, except such as is conferred by the same amendment. Where then is the authority for the pups to compete separately? Is it to be found in Mr. Smith's *ipse dixit* now published for the first time? That is not a part of the rules, though it may be considered a decision of the managers, and as such is fairly entitled to be considered a peculiar one. Shall we apply the maxim "*ex uno disce omnes*?"

Mr. Smith's statement of what occurred when Mr. Stevenson called at the show office to enter his litter, serves only to fasten on the managers the responsibility of having taken what in deference to the ruling in my own case may fairly be considered an informal entry. He accuses me of an attempt to deprive Mr. Stevenson of the right to compete through a narrow-minded "technical objection." In answer to this I have only to say that I did not and do not owe the very slightest grudge to Mr. Stevenson or any of the other exhibitors, nor did I wish to prevent him or any other person from competing, provided the competition was equal, but I hold that a spirit of honor and fair play should predominate in the management of our dog shows as well as elsewhere, and the existence of an opposite condition of affairs appears to me to be a sufficient reason for framing a whole series of categories and an unlimited number of so-called technical objections provided they can be of any service in eliciting the truth as in the present case. Mr. Smith says "the managers gave him [myself] and his protest all the attention deserved." Perhaps they thought so, and for their condescension in giving any attention to the matter, of course I feel deeply indebted to them. Unless I am very much mistaken, however, the time is not very far distant when the managers will have to give exhibitors and their protests sufficient attention to satisfy them that everything is fair, square, and as it should be.

I have occupied more of your space than I had intended to do, but cannot conclude without expressing what I believe to be a well founded hope that the popular New Haven Kennel Club will set the ball rolling in the right direction by appointing competent judges at their next show. The managers have already gained for themselves golden opinions by their courtesy and willingness to oblige exhibitors, and there is little doubt they will continue to merit the good things said about them and deserve more. Their letter asking the opinion of exhibitors before adopting the sweepstakes system in the champion classes, compares more than favorably with that of Mr. Smith, who, in very high horse style pretended to consider

certain disagreeable insinuations as "beneath contempt." That summary mode of dismissal will not, however, dispose of a case supported by stubborn facts. J. A. S. GREGG.
FORDHAM, Dec. 9, 1884.

A. K. R.—SPECIAL NOTICE.

THE AMERICAN KENNEL REGISTER, for the registration of pedigrees, etc. (with prize lists of all shows and trials), is published every month. Entries close on the 1st. Should be in early. Entry blanks sent on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope. Registration fee (50 cents) must accompany each entry. No entries inserted unless paid in advance. Yearly subscription \$1.50. Address "American Kennel Register," P. O. Box 2832, New York. Number of entries already printed 1907.

THE NATIONAL FIELD TRIALS.

THE sixth annual meeting of the National American Kennel Club began Monday, Dec. 8, at Canton, Miss., on the same ground that was used last year for the trials of the Southern Sportsmen's Association. The Madison County Gun Club are entitled to great credit for the very excellent arrangements that were made for the accommodation of the visiting sportsmen. The gentlemen composing the club have spared no labor nor expense that would tend to the comfort or pleasure of their guests, and those who were so fortunate as to be present will long retain pleasant recollections of this most enjoyable reunion. Birds were plenty, although they were not so abundant as last year. The weather conditions were very favorable; the rain of the previous week had softened the ground, and the scent appeared to be all that could be desired. The attendance was not so good as usual, although there were a fair number present. The judges appointed were Messrs. J. M. Taylor, Lexington, Ky.; Judge J. M. Thompson, Covington, La., and Mr. I. R. Stayton, Pittsburg, Pa. Mr. Stayton was absent, and Mr. F. I. Stone, of Chattanooga, Tenn., was chosen to fill his place. The weather on Monday and Tuesday was delightful, on Wednesday it was cloudy in the morning and it commenced to rain at noon. The All-Aged Stake was finished on that day, however, and two heats of the Derby were run.

THE ALL-AGED STAKE.

Fourteen of the twenty-one entries in the All-Aged Stake put in an appearance. Nearly all of the work was first-class; indeed, we do not believe that at any previous trial has the average quality of the work been so good. Nearly every dog in the stake was fit to run in any company, and it is more than an even chance that were they to run again, many of the vanquished would become the victors. They were drawn to run as follows:

RICHMOND.—J. E. Gill, Lancaster, Pa., white and lemon pointer dog (Don—Buelah), handled by H. M. Short, Middleton, Tenn.,

BESSIE A.—J. M. Arent, Hickory Valley, Tenn., white and lemon English setter bitch (Dashing Lion—Armida), handled by owner.

CLAY.—W. T. Edwards, Varner, Ark., red and white native setter dog (Joe, Jr.—Fannie), handled by J. McKay, Carter's Creek, Tenn.,

METEOR.—W. E. Hughes, St. Louis, Mo., liver and white pointer dog (Garnet—Jilt), handled by H. M. Short.

LILLIAN.—P. H. & D. Bryson, Memphis, Tenn., black, white and tan English setter bitch (Gladstone—Sue), handled by H. M. Short,

GUS CAMPBELL.—J. L. Valentine, Nashville, Tenn., white and lemon native setter dog (Joe, Jr.—Fannie), handled by J. McKay.

LADY LEE.—W. B. Mallory, Memphis, Tenn., black, white and tan English setter bitch (Gath—Juno II.), handled by H. M. Short,

LADY C.—B. M. Stephenson, La Grange, Tenn., black, white and tan English setter bitch (Coleman's London—Belle of Hatchie), handled by owner.

PAUL GLADSTONE.—W. B. Gates, Memphis, Tenn., black, white and tan English setter dog (Gladstone—Lavalette), handled by Charles Tucker, Stanton, Tenn.,

BILLY GATES.—Dr. A. F. McKinney, Forest Hill, Tenn., black and white English setter dog (Count Rapier—Kate B.), handled by H. M. Short.

GLADSTONE'S BOY.—Dr. G. G. Ware, Stanton, Tenn., black, white and tan English setter dog (Gladstone—Sue), handled by Charles Tucker,

MEDORA.—W. B. Gates, Memphis, Tenn., black, white and tan English setter bitch (Gladstone—Carrie J.), handled by H. M. Short.

COUNT RAPIER.—W. B. Gates, Memphis, Tenn., black and white English setter dog (Druid—Magnolia), handled by H. M. Short,

ST. ELMO IV.—Dr. S. Fleet Speir, Brooklyn, N. Y., black, white and tan English setter dog (St. Elmo—Chio), handled by E. H. Height, Allaire, N. J.

RICHMOND AND BESSIE A.

had the honor of opening the ball. Richmond is a light weight pointer of good form and considerable speed, he also appears to have a good nose and is stylish when on game. Bessie A. ran at Grand Junction two years ago and attracted considerable attention by her gamy way of going. She has lost none of her speed, and although she did not get a place, she made it very interesting for her competitors. They were cast off in some sedge and weeds at 8:48 and worked up wind for quite a distance. Bess was the first to find the birds, but she got lost at the same time in some heavy bull grass, and was located by the birds which flushed at the noise of the horses. A few of the birds settled in the same sort of cover and the rest went into some sedge. The dogs were sent into the tall grass, but it was next to impossible for them to do anything there. Bessie dropped on point near where one had been marked down, but the bird ran and she could not follow it. A little further on Richmond made a nice point, but the bird had run, and in roading it out he scored a flush. He then half pointed and Bessie backed him, but nothing was found. Turning west we beat down to a branch where Bessie challenged in a cornfield, and getting the course she made a cast toward the branch and located her birds in capital style, and held them while Richmond was brought up to back, but before he could see her he caught a little scent and half pointed. Avent was then ordered to put up the birds which he did, but failed to kill. A part of the bevy flew but a short distance and Bessie soon had one fast, and Avent, to order, scored a kill, which Bessie retrieved very prettily. Richmond then got in a couple of nice points to singles, which Short flushed to order and missed. Bessie then nailed one which flushed wild before the judges came up, and then several more got up; following them up, Bessie half pointed and drew a short distance, but soon left it. Richmond then made a nice point and Bessie was called up to back, but the bird flushed

close to Short before she got there. She soon had one of her own, however, but Aven failed to bring it to bag. The judges then compared notes and awarded the heat to Bessie A. at 9:48. Down one hour.

CLAY AND METEOR

were the next brace. Clay is a very well-formed dog of medium size, with plenty of bone and muscle, without a particle of lumber. He has a fair amount of speed, a good nose, and lots of hunting sense; he lacks style, and was not under good control. He is a finder, however, and gets round to the birds in a manner that but few can equal. Meteor disappointed us, his courage appeared to have been broken; he was stale and went at only a moderate pace. He showed considerable style when on game, but was far from the good form in which he ran at the chicken trials two years ago; his nose appeared to be all right, and we presume that overwork was accountable for the falling off. Such a dog should be brought to the post in the best possible condition of body and spirit, taking the risk that the brilliant style in which he gets in his good work, will blind the eyes of the judges to any venial faults that he may commit through excess of spirits. They were cast off on a knoll in the sedge at 10:08. Both went at a fair rate of speed, Clay at a busy, all-day lope, while Meteor, although he moved easily and gracefully, appeared to have no heart. Working down to a branch, Clay ran into some tall grass and was lost for a few minutes. He was found on point by some one, and as the judge came up a single bird flushed, but Clay held his point and McKay put up one in front of him and missed it. A large bevy then flushed wild, and as we went on a few scattered birds also got up. A little further on one flushed near Clay in the tall grass and two or three got up near Meteor and Short, who scored a miss. Clay then went on and made a point, but soon drew on, and as Short came round a bevy flushed down wind behind Clay. One then got up near Meteor, but it was in heavy cover and nothing could be seen. Meteor soon after dropped very nicely to a single, and Clay was brought up to back, but did not appear to notice the other dog. Short, to order, then put up the bird, and several more flushed wild. Meteor went on and pointed, but soon drew on a few yards and again pointed in elegant style. Clay came up but refused to back. Meteor then went on and located his bird nicely, Clay came up and dropped on point. Short went in and put up the bird, but did not shoot. We then left the thicket and beat through a cornfield, where both dogs pointed but soon went on. Working up to a small piece of woods, a short halt was made, while McKay went back for Gus Campbell, who had broken away from his keeper. We then went into the woods, and Short walked up a bevy just as Clay dropped to them. Walking toward them, Meteor made an elegant point to another bevy, and as Clay came up, he also pointed or backed, we could not determine which. Short flushed the birds to order and killed one, and Meteor retrieved it well. Clay soon after flushed a brace and at the same instant dropped on point to another one that got up as the handlers came up. Clay had marked down some birds, and swung out for them regardless of whistle and command, and disappeared in some grass and bushes. Meantime Meteor half pointed and drew on and picked up a crippled bird, and soon after he went out of sight in a thicket, and as Short was looking for him he walked into a large bevy. He then found Meteor on point to a single that he held until it was ordered flushed. This was a very creditable piece of work. Clay, meantime, was found on point by the spectators, who flushed his bird. The judges then compared notes, and awarded the heat to Meteor at 11:18. Down one hour and ten minutes.

LILLIAN AND GUS CAMPBELL.

Both of these dogs are youngsters at great promise. Lillian is a very nice moving animal with a great deal of style. She appears to have a good nose and if nothing befalls her we shall expect great things of her next year. Gus is not remarkable for beauty nor style, but he has lots of hunting sense and will make a very killing dog; his nose did not appear to be first-class as he flushed some birds that he should have pointed; this may have been owing to condition, as his handler assured us that he is not lacking in this respect. They were cast off in the woods at 11:26 and given a turn to the upper end, Lillian having the best of it in speed and style. Turning back Gus ran into three or four, but as the wind was not in his favor he was not to blame. He then swung back and flushed a bird that he should have pointed, and at once stopped to wing, and catching scent he pointed the rest of the bevy, which flushed as the handlers came up. A little further on he made a nice point which Lillian backed in good style. McKay, to order, put up the birds and both fired and managed to get a bird that Gus retrieved fairly well. He soon pinned another one but the handlers were close up and the bird went. We then worked along the edge of the woods and one was flushed by Lillian, down wind. We then crossed a fence to some sedge where Gus dropped on point just as a bevy rose in front of him. This was a close shave between a flush and a point, and as the wind was partly in his favor, we were inclined to score him to blame. Following up the birds Gus scored a flush and then got in a nice point to a single that McKay flushed to order and missed. Lill then made a point and was indifferently backed by Gus. Short put up the bird and winged it and it was not retrieved. Gus then put up a bird, and soon after he made three nice points in succession and was backed by Lill each time. McKay killed the last one and Gus retrieved it. Lill then flushed one and they were ordered up while the judges compared notes. We thought that Gus had won, as notwithstanding his flushes and lack of style he had clearly the best of her in finding, but they were sent on again and Lill soon made a point which Gus backed nicely. Gus then pointed and Lill backed him, but nothing was found. The spectators then put up a bevy which was followed, and both dogs pointed. Short flushed the birds and killed one and Lill retrieved it. Gus then scored a good point and Lill a flush. Gus soon made another point but the bird had gone. They were then taken up for lunch and put down again at 1:55. After several flushes by each and a point by Gus to a bird that he soon flushed, the judges again consulted but failed to agree, and the dogs were again ordered on, when Gus got in a nice point which Lill backed. Lill then made a point but went on and left her birds, which were flushed by Short when he came up. Gus then half pointed but went on and a bird was flushed near the place by the spectators. Lill then scored a flush and Gus came very near doing the same but he dropped just before the bird rose. Lill then made a point and Gus a flush and they were ordered up and the heat was given to Lillian. Down altogether two hours and fourteen minutes. We could not agree with the judges in this decision and thought Gus an easy winner. He was nearly her equal in speed and except in this and in style he was far ahead of her, making nearly two points to her one.

LADY C. AND LADY LEE

were put down in the woods at 2:35. Both dogs moved off well, Lady C. having the advantage in speed, ranging and style. She soon ran into a bevy of birds and flushed, but immediately afterward both dogs scored a point, a bird was killed by both handlers and both dogs retrieved, Lady C. in nice style. She is a gamy little bitch and proved a dark horse, being well broken and under admirable command. Moving on Lady C. pointed a single bird, which was flushed by her handler and killed and retrieved by Lady C. Ordered on, Lady C. pointed. Moving on out into the open field a bevy was flushed and marked down. Then Lady C. pointed in the sedge. When ordered on she again scored a point. Then on over the hill Lady C. pointed and Lady Lee coming up dropped to a nice back, but no birds were flushed. We then worked on into tall sedge where Lady C. dropped to a nice point and Lady Lee, called up to back, flushed the birds. They were then ordered up and

the heat awarded to Lady C. at 3:10. Down thirty-five minutes.

PAUL GLADSTONE AND BILLY GATES

were cast off at 3:20 in the sedge. Paul went off at a rattling gait and it was soon seen that Billy Gates was no match for him. He ran up the field and swung around and came to a point in the edge of tall grass. Before the handlers got up the birds flushed. Ordered on Paul pointed a single bird, and then Billy pointed a single bird, and soon afterward flushed a bird and soon after he pointed false. Moving on Billy scored a flush, and Paul pointed false in a piece of meadow, which had been moved, and he was backed by Billy. Moving on Paul flushed a single bird. We then worked on to an old railroad bed where Paul scored a false point in thick briars, and a little further on he pointed in some sedge. Afterward both dogs scored a false point. Up the drain Paul pointed and was backed by Billy. We then swung round to where the birds had been marked down. When Paul pointed, the bird was flushed and killed by Tucker and retrieved by Paul. Moving on Paul scored a flush and soon afterward a point. They were then ordered up and the heat awarded to Paul Gladstone at 3:57. Down thirty-seven minutes.

GLADSTONE'S BOY AND MEDORA

were put down at 4 in a stubble field. A good bit of ground was worked over without a find, when Medora pointed a bevy, which were flushed to order and one killed by Short. Moving on over the ditch and working to the right both dogs scored a point. Ordered on, Gladstone's Boy found and retrieved a bird which was killed by Tucker. On over the ditch Medora false pointed. Working on around the fence both dogs came to a point on a bevy, which were flushed to order, and one was killed by Short and retrieved by Medora. Ordered on over the ditch, both dogs made a point where the birds had been flushed. Medora afterward pointed, the birds were flushed and one winged by Short, which Gladstone's Boy roared for some distance and retrieved. Both dogs scored a point, and in the sedge Medora pointed a single bird and in rapid succession scored two other points, a flush and a false point. They were then ordered up at 5:12. Put down again on Tuesday morning at 8:43, a good deal of ground was drawn blank, when Medora pointed a single bird. Working on over the ditch into a cornfield, a bevy was flushed by the judges and marked down. Ordered on, Gladstone's Boy pointed in a ditch. He soon pointed again and several birds were flushed. Across the ditch Medora false pointed, backed by Gladstone's Boy. Working on, Gladstone's Boy challenged but moved on. Soon afterward Medora pointed and a bevy were flushed. Then Gladstone's Boy flushed two birds, but it was not seen by the judges. We then worked up the ditch in very thick cover, when Medora flushed. Then both dogs scored a flush. They were ordered up and the heat awarded to Gladstone's Boy at 10:07. Down two hours and thirty-seven minutes.

COUNT RAPIER AND ST. ELMO IV.

were put down at 10:12 in a large, open cornfield. St. Elmo, in consequence of a cut on his left hind foot, was in bad shape and did not do the work he generally does, being out-speeded and out-ranged by Count Rapier. Over the fence, down into the ravine, Count Rapier pointed and was backed by St. Elmo. A nice bevy was flushed and marked down in an adjoining piece of pin oaks. A bird was shot at and killed by Short and retrieved by Count. Over the fence Count pointed a single bird, which was flushed to order and killed by Short and nicely retrieved by St. Elmo. Soon afterward a rabbit was jumped and chased for a short distance by both dogs. Count pointed a single bird, which was killed by Short and retrieved by Count. In the woods St. Elmo flushed a single bird; soon afterward he pointed a bird, which was killed by Height and retrieved by St. Elmo. They were then ordered up and the heat was awarded to Count Rapier at 11. Down forty-eight minutes. This ended the first series. Following is a summary:

Bessie A. beat Richmond.
Meteor beat Clay.
Lillian beat Gus Campbell.
Lady C. beat Lady Lee.
Paul Gladstone beat Billy Gates.
Gladstone's Boy beat Medora.
Count Rapier beat St. Elmo IV.

Second Series.

METEOR AND GLADSTONE'S BOY

were put down in an open field at 1:25. Working up a ravine Gladstone's Boy pointed a bevy, backed by Meteor some distance off. The birds were flushed to order and one killed by Tucker, which dropped on Meteor, striking him on the shoulder, and he remained perfectly steady until the bird was picked up by Short. Moving on up the hill Glad flushed a single bird. Ordered on he pointed, and soon after Meteor pointed. The bird was flushed to order and killed by Short and retrieved by Meteor. Ordered on Meteor again pointed, and was backed by Gladstone's Boy. Working on Meteor pointed on the side of a ditch. Ordered in over the ditch Gladstone's Boy pointed and was backed by Meteor. Soon afterward he scored another point backed by Meteor. Ordered on Glad pointed, backed by Meteor. He moved on, but the bird was afterward flushed. Working on into the woods Glad pointed in handsome style a large bevy. Working on he again pointed. Ordered on he flushed a single bird and dropped to point, but moved on and scored another flush. Working on Meteor false pointed, and soon afterward Glad scored a point. They were then ordered up and the heat awarded to Gladstone's Boy at 12:15. Down fifty minutes.

LILLIAN AND LADY C.

were cast off in the open field at 1:05. Working around to the woods Lillian flushed a bevy, and soon afterward she scored a point and a flush. Working on Lady C. pointed a single bird; ordered on, Lillian pointed, but gave up the point and moved on, and the birds were flushed by the horses. Working on Lady C. pointed one, when Lillian flushed. Soon afterward Lady C. flushed twice in rapid succession, and Lillian scored a flush. Ordered on Lady C. pointed where a single bird had just flushed. Working on Lady C. pointed on side of a ditch. We then swung round into the woods, when Lady C. pointed a bevy; Lillian coming up did not see her, and pointed the same bevy. Moving on, Lady C. running down a path in the woods, dropped on a nice point, promptly backed by Lillian. They were then ordered up and the heat awarded to Lady C. at 1:50. Down forty-five minutes.

BESSIE A. AND PAUL GLADSTONE

were cast off at 1:55 in the open field on the edge of the woods and worked down a ditch and around the hill into the woods, where Bessie A. pointed a bevy, which were flushed to order and one killed by Aven. Moving on Bessie A. pointed a single bird, when Paul pointed, the birds were flushed to order and one killed by Tucker and retrieved by Paul; a bird was also killed by Aven and retrieved by Bessie. Moving on Bessie false pointed, and soon afterward scored a flush. Ordered on Bessie pointed twice. Ordered on she flushed, and both dogs pointed where some birds had been put up. Working on Paul scored a point and flush, and soon afterward Bessie A. scored a false point. Working on she pointed a single bird, which was flushed and killed by Aven and retrieved by Bessie A. Ordered on out into the open field Paul Gladstone flushed, and soon afterward Bessie A. flushed a single bird in some bushes near the fence. Swinging back she pointed the rest of the bevy. We then worked on into the woods where Paul Gladstone pointed a nice bevy near a wire fence; Bessie A. was ordered up to back, but her handler worked her on and secured one or two points, for which she was allowed no credit. We then moved on to where the birds had been marked down, when both dogs scored a point. Moving on

they both scored a point again. Ordered on Bessie A. flushed. Moving on Paul Gladstone pointed and soon afterward Bessie A. pointed. Ordered on Paul Gladstone pointed and Bessie A. flushed a single bird and in rapid succession scored a bad flush and a point. They were then ordered up and the heat awarded to Paul Gladstone at 3:42. Down one hour and forty seven minutes. Summary:

Second Series.

Gladstone's Boy beat Meteor.
Lady C. beat Lillian.
Paul Gladstone beat Bessie A.
Count Rapier a bye.

Third Series.

GLADSTONE'S BOY AND COUNT RAPIER

were put down at 4:05, when after a beautiful piece of roading Gladstone's Boy flushed a single bird, but dropped to a beautiful point on the rest of the bevy, and in a ravine below Count Rapier pointed another bevy. Moving on Gladstone's Boy pointed a single bird, and in quick succession made two other points, in one of which he was handsomely backed by Count Rapier. Working on Gladstone's Boy flushed. Ordered on Count Rapier pointed, backed by Gladstone's Boy. The bird was flushed to order and killed by Short and retrieved by Count Rapier. Gladstone's Boy flushed and Count Rapier flushed. Soon afterward Gladstone's Boy pointed, and moving on scored another point. In the ditch Glad pointed. They were then ordered up and heat awarded to Gladstone's Boy at 4:30. Down twenty-five minutes.

PAUL GLADSTONE AND LADY C.

were cast off in a large bottom at 4:42. The character of the work done by Lady C. in this heat was good, and she proved herself to be one of the most brilliant dogs in the stake. She needs no praise from us, as she beat the crack dog, Gladstone's Boy, Lillian and Bessie, and the character of the work done by these dogs is a sufficient indorsement of her own. She was beaten only once in the race. Working on across a hill and down into a cornfield, Paul Gladstone pointed on the side of a ditch and roaded out into the sedge, and located a bevy, which was flushed to order. Soon after Lady C. pointed a single bird, which was killed by Stephenson and retrieved in handsome style by Lady C. Then Paul Gladstone pointed, and was backed by Lady C. We then worked on, when Paul Gladstone flushed, and soon afterward Lady C. pointed a single bird, and a little further on pointed a rabbit. They were ordered up for the day at 5:10. Put down again at 8:50 in the morning in large sedge and stubble field, Paul Gladstone going down wind flushed a bevy, which were marked down. Both dogs afterward false pointed, and further on Lady C. flushed and Paul Gladstone pointed a single bird; soon afterward Lady C. again flushed, and Paul Gladstone scored a point. They were then ordered up at 9:25, and heat awarded to Paul Gladstone. Down sixty-five minutes. Summary: Gladstone's Boy beat Count Rapier.
Paul Gladstone beat Lady C.

Fourth Series.

PAUL GLADSTONE AND GLADSTONE'S BOY

were put down at 9:42 to decide the heat for first money, in a field where the last brace was taken up and worked on up the hill. When Paul Gladstone pointed backed by Gladstone's Boy, the bird was flushed to order. Moving on Gladstone's Boy flushed a single bird. Then Paul Gladstone flushed. Going round the hill to a piece of high grass, Paul Gladstone pointed, backed by Gladstone's Boy, and the bird was flushed to order. Then Paul Gladstone pointed a single bird, and soon afterward Gladstone's Boy flushed. They were then ordered up and the heat was awarded to Paul Gladstone, and he was declared winner of the first prize. Down thirty-three minutes.

TIRES FOR SECOND PRIZE.

BESSIE A. AND LADY C.

were selected by the judges as the best dogs beaten by Paul Gladstone to run to decide which should contest with Gladstone's Boy for second prize. They were cast off at 10:30 in a sedge field, when Lady C. pointed and was backed by Bessie A. The bird was flushed to order. Down the hedge Lady C. pointed a single bird, and afterward Lady C. flushed another. Bessie A. pointed. The bird was flushed to order, and shot at and missed. Lady C. scored a flush, and soon afterward pointed a single bird. Ordered up and Lady C. awarded the heat at 10:40. Down twenty minutes.

GLADSTONE'S BOY AND LADY C.

were put down at 10:55 to run for second prize. A bevy was flushed by the judges. Working to where the birds had been marked down, Gladstone's Boy pointed a single bird and Lady C. scored a flush. Both dogs made game where some birds had flushed, and moved on. We then swung round up a gully, when Gladstone's Boy flushed a single bird. Lady C. flushed a bird in the hedgerow. Ordered on, Gladstone's Boy flushed, and Lady C. soon afterward scored a point on a single bird. Lady C. pointed in a cotton field; the bird was flushed to order. Ordered on, Lady C. scored a point on a single bird. Gladstone's Boy commenced roading, but the birds were flushed before he located them; but soon afterward he pointed a single bird and was backed by Lady C. Moving on, Lady C. flushed a single bird, and in a few steps dropped on a point. Several birds were flushed. She was nicely backed by Gladstone's Boy. They were then ordered up, and the heat was awarded to Lady C., and she was declared winner of second prize. Down fifty-five minutes.

BESSIE A. AND LILLIAN

were then selected by the judges as the best dogs beaten by Lady C. to contest with Gladstone's Boy for third prize. They were cast off in a cornfield at 12:03, when Bessie A. pointed; the bird was flushed to order. Soon afterward Lillian pointed; the bird was flushed to order and shot at and missed. Bessie A. pointed a single bird. Over the ditch Lillian pointed, and the bird was flushed to order. Lillian afterward scored a false point in the woods. We then worked on over a wire fence, when Lillian roaded down wind, and, getting too close, flushed a bevy. We then worked on down the ravine, when Lillian pointed a single bird. They were then ordered up at 12:45, and the heat was awarded to Lillian. Soon after the commencement of the heat Bessie A. ran against a stump and made considerable fuss over it, as if hurt; but we could not see that it made any difference in her running. Down forty minutes.

GLADSTONE'S BOY AND LILLIAN

were then called to run for third prize, and the handlers having agreed to divide, the third prize and honors were equally divided between Gladstone's Boy and Lillian, and this ended the All-Aged Stake.

Following is a complete

SUMMARY.

First Series.

Bessie A. beat Richmond.
Meteor beat Clay.
Lillian beat Gus Campbell.
Lady C. beat Lady Lee.
Paul Gladstone beat Billy Gates.
Gladstone's Boy beat Medora.
Count Rapier beat St. Elmo IV.

Second Series.

Gladstone's Boy beat Meteor.
Lady C. beat Lillian.
Paul Gladstone beat Bessie A.
Count Rapier a bye.

Third Series.
Gladstone's Boy beat Count Rapier.
Paul Gladstone beat Lady C.
Final Tie for First Prize.
Paul Gladstone beat Gladstone's Boy and won first prize.
Ties for Second Prize.
Lady C. beat Bessie A.
Final Tie for Second Prize.
Lady C. beat Gladstone's Boy and won second prize.
Ties for Third Prize.
Lillian beat Bessie A. and divided third prize with Gladstone's Boy.

THE DERBY.

The National Derby was commenced on Wednesday evening after the finish of the All-Aged Stake and two heats were decided on Thursday. Although it was showery, good progress was made and eight heats were run. Following is a summary of the work.

First Series.

Lillian beat Gem.
Lady Bessie beat Billy Gates.
Richmond (setter) beat Paul Jones.
Lady Lee beat Anne Boleyn.
Roderigo beat Jim Bludo.
Sportsman beat Richmond (pointer).
Morse beat Surrey.
Gladstone's Boy beat Maud B.
Queen Bess beat Annie Morgan.
Medora beat Index.
This finished the work for the day. On Friday the Derby was continued.
Blackstone beat Lexington.
Col. Cool, a bye.
Before the commencement of the second series Queen Bess, who had won her heat, was withdrawn.

Second Series.

Lady Bessie beat Cal Cool.
Lillian beat Richmond (setter).
Sportsman beat Lady Lee.
Roderigo beat Morse.
Gladstone's Boy beat Medora.
Blackstone, a bye.
Third Series.
Blackstone beat Lady Bessie.
Sportsman beat Lillian.
Gladstone's Boy beat Roderigo.
Fourth Series.
Sportsman beat Blackstone.
Gladstone's Boy a bye.

Final Tie for First Prize.

Final Tie for Second Money.

Gladstone's Boy beat Lillian, and won second prize.
Third prize was divided, by agreement of owners and handlers, between Lillian and Medora.

THE COLLIE CLASSES.

Editor Forest and Stream:
I must begin by apologizing for having evidently written my last letter to you so badly, that your printer could not read it, which accounts for the mistakes I appear to make therein that must be patent to any collie man, so I need not enumerate them; but I will try and write better in future.
When I said that "Mr. John Davidson is the only practical judge in America" I only meant so far as has appeared. I verily believe that both in the United States and Canada you could find dozens of canny old Scotch farmers, especially lowland Scotch, who (to use a common expression) "have forgotten more than most of our bench show judges ever knew."
The chief fault of our so-called judges is that they are all for color and coat and nothing for breed. I have frequently seen a dog with a heavy setterish head or setterish ears of a pretty color, and long silk coat given the prize over a pure bred, good serviceable collie of not such a fancy color. I will always maintain that no dog with unmistakable flat setterish ears, such as Hiram, should have a prize, or even a "commend," because of his unmistakable strain of setter blood. I contend, far better give the card to a prick-eared dog, because there are hundreds of pure prick-eared collies, although I do not like them. Again, there is the dome-shaped head. I believe I am borne out by every authority when I say no such dog should even get a card. Mr. S. E. Smiley says: "Ears set high on the head, not dropping like a fox-terrier's but semi-erect, and as small as possible." Mr. W. W. Thompson says: "Head long and sharp, but not snipy in the muzzle or domed in the skull, ears small and semi-erect." Even some of our writers on dogs do not seem to be aware of the variety of strains of collies.

There is the Highland collie, a dog sometimes standing twenty inches in the loin, with a rough, heavy, serviceable coat, not wooly as some of our judges seem to think, but thick and varying in color generally between black, white, tan, red, etc. Then there is the Lowland collie, such as are so plentiful in the Cheviot Hills, in my opinion the most serviceable dog of all, generally standing from twelve to sixteen inches, with a medium but serviceable coat, thick but not so long and heavy as his Highland compeer, but a dog that looks like everlasting good and spring, strong active legs and a perfect symmetrical body, in color generally sandy or red, or a golden tan, but to be found of almost any color and shade. Then the smooth bob-tailed English drover's dog, with its prick ears and ferrier-like coat. Then there is that pretty little Norwegian collie, so hardy and active, that looks like a cross between a Highland and a Lowland collie. Then there is that rough-coated English shepherd dog with its coarse shaggy coat, and head so shaggy that at first glance it looks almost round. Then again there is the German collie, very like its English brother, and many other strains. I would like to ask our booky judges how many of these strains they have seen or even heard of, and again I assert that only a practical man can judge collies. To see an old Scot like John Davidson surrounded by half a score of dogs of these different strains and to see his eye brighten as it picks out the best for work, and then to hear him handle his separate dogs and point out to a booky man, point for point, where his choice beats hollow that pretty colored dog, is a treat, and those booky men who rely upon coat and color soon find their true value—not that I would under ratecoat, but I would like to see universally adopted Mr. Shirley's standard.

Head.....	Points.
Ears.....	15
Coat.....	10
Coat.....	15
Chest.....	10
Shoulders.....	10
Loins.....	10
Feet.....	5
Legs.....	10
Color.....	5
Tail.....	5

The only change I would make is coat 10 and feet 10, as the feet are a most important point.

C. GREVILLE HARSTON.

Toronto, Ontario, Dec. 12.

Toronto, Dec. 13.—I hardly know whether any one is expected to notice Mr. Watson's letter on judging collies, of 8th

inst., but I think the letter I wrote you on the 8th, answers any points that are worth answering, except that he tried to lead your readers to believe that I am writing up my own dogs, which is not so. I may simply say my own dogs are far too old to show, and anywhere they have been exhibited lately have been simply to fill up classes, and to oblige people who don't like to see a show without the veterans. At the Toronto D. C. K. C., I returned the money won in the form of a cup, and at the Toronto O. C. C., I turned the money into the club.
If Mr. Watson was raised in the Cheviot Hills, it is curious that he does not know the Lowland collies. As for Mr. Watson's great point as to who Mr. Stanley Thompson is, I really can't inform him. I thought any man of common sense would have understood so plain a printer's error. I wrote "Messrs. Shirley & Thompson," wherein I put a "p" too much.
C. GREVILLE HARSTON.

THE SOUTHERN FIELD TRIALS.

THE second annual meeting of the Southern Sportsmen's Association began last Monday with the All-Aged Stake, for which there were nineteen entries. The drawing was as follows:
MEDORA.—W. B. Gates's (Memphis, Tenn.) black, white and tan English setter bitch Medora (Gladstone—Carrie J.),
against
LONDON.—J. H. Coleman's (New Orleans) black, white and tan dog London (Gladstone—Clip).

BILLY GATES.—Dr. A. F. McKinney's (Forest Hill, Tenn.) black and white English setter dog Billy Gates (Count Rapier—Kate B.),
against

BESSIE A.—J. M. Aven's (Hickory Valley, Tenn.) white and lemon English setter bitch Bessie A. (Dashing Lion—Armda),
against

METEOR.—W. E. Hughes's (St. Louis) liver and white pointer dog Meteor (Garnet—Jilt),
against

LADY C.—B. M. Stephenson's (La Grange, Tenn.) black, white and tan English setter bitch Lady C. (Coleman's London—Belle of Hatchie).

COUNT RAPIER.—W. B. Gates's (Memphis) black and white English setter dog Count Rapier (Druid—Magnolia),
against

GEN. ARTHUR.—Dr. S. Fleet Spier's (Brooklyn, N. Y.) setter dog Gen. Arthur (Emperor Fred—Wanda).

COLONEL COOL.—W. B. Gates's (Memphis, Tenn.) black, white and tan English setter dog Colonel Cool (Gath—Lit),
against

RUE.—Bayard Thayer's (Boston, Mass.) lemon and white pointer bitch Rue, A.K.R. 401 (Snapshot—Ruby)

CLAY.—W. T. Edwards's (Varner, Ark.) red and white native setter dog Clay (Joe, Jr.—Fannie),
against

RESS.—J. M. Aven's (Hickory Valley, Tenn.) black English setter bitch Ress (Mask—Vic).

ST. ELMO V.—Dr. S. Fleet Spier's (Brooklyn, N. Y.) black, white and tan English setter dog St. Elmo V. (St. Elmo IV.—Countess Louise),
against

SPORTSMAN.—J. W. Murnan's (Keeling, Tenn.) black, white and tan English setter dog Sportsman (Gladstone—Sue).

SLOCUM.—Bayard Thayer's (Boston, Mass.) Gordon setter dog Slocum (Thayer's Turk—Beauty),
against

PAUL GLADSTONE.—W. B. Gates's (Memphis, Tenn.) black, white and tan English setter dog Paul Gladstone (Gladstone—Lavalette).

RICHMOND.—J. E. Gill's (Lancaster, Pa.) lemon and white pointer dog Richmond (Don—Beulah),
against

ST. ELMO IV.—Dr. S. Fleet Spier's (Brooklyn, N. Y.) black, white and tan English setter dog St. Elmo IV. (St. Elmo—Clio).

LILLIAN.—P. H. & D. Bryson's (Memphis, Tenn.) black, white and tan English setter bitch Lillian (Gladstone—Sue)
against

GLADSTONE'S BOY.—Dr. G. G. Ware's (Stanton, Tenn.) black, white and tan English setter dog Gladstone's Boy (Gladstone—Sue).

W. Mallory's Lady Lee and J. K. Renaud's Flossy did not start.

THE DERBY DRAWING.

CANTON, Miss., Dec. 15.

The Derby drawing resulted as follows:
LILLIAN.—P. H. & D. Bryson's (Memphis, Tenn.) black, white and tan English setter bitch Lillian, Aug. 21 (Gladstone—Sue),
against

TRINKET BANG.—Mr. Tillington's liver and white dog Trinket Bang (Croxteth—Trinket).

RICHMOND.—E. M. Usher's (Vincennes, Ind.) lemon and white dog Richmond, Aug. 12 (Sergeant—Eva),
against

FANNIE.—H. Fontaine's black, white and tan setter bitch Fannie (Gladstone—Ossa).

MEDORA.—Gates & Merriman's (Memphis, Tenn.) black, white and tan English setter bitch Medora, July 20 (Gladstone—Carrie J.),
against

ANNIE MORGAN.—J. M. Aven's (Hickory Valley, Tenn.) lemon and white bitch Annie Morgan, (Gladstone—Bessie A.).

INDEX.—J. M. Aven's (Hickory Valley, Tenn.) black, white and tan dog Index, July 10 (Gladstone—Countess Druid),
against

GLADSTONE'S BOY.—Dr. G. G. Ware's (Stanton, Tenn.) black, white and tan English setter dog Gladstone's Boy, Jan. 10 (Gladstone—Sue).

BILLY GATES.—Dr. A. F. McKinney's (Forest Hill, Tenn.) black and white English setter dog Billy Gates, Aug. 21 (Count Rapier—Kate B.),
against

LADY BESSIE.—J. M. Aven's (Hickory Valley, Tenn.) lemon and white bitch Lady Bessie, Oct. 5 (Gladstone—Bessie A.).

COL. COOL.—Gates & Merriman's (Memphis, Tenn.) black, white and tan English setter dog Col. Cool, June 30 (Gath—Lit) a bye.

The running began this morning, the weather being fine and the birds plentiful. Dr. Jarvis, one of the judges, did not arrive and C. B. Whitford was chosen to act in his place as judge of the Derby; Mr. B. Waters was judge of the All-Aged Stake in case he does not arrive to-night. The running for to-day is as follows: Lilhan beat Trinket Bang. Richmond beat Fannie. Medora beat Annie Morgan. Gladstone's Boy beat Index. Billy Gates beat Lady Bessie. Col. Cool a bye.
Second Series—Gladstone's Boy beat Col. Cool. Medora beat Richmond.

A LARGE LITTER OF BEAGLES.—"Buckeye" is to be congratulated on his Katie's litter of eight whelps, but even that is not extraordinary. It has been my pleasant lot on two occasions to see my friend Elmore's Lucy (a fine beagle bitch) giving suck to ten whelps, all her own. She is a good mother, and has repeatedly reared each whelp of these large litters. In the summer of 1882 it was my good fortune to see one of Lucy's ten-whelp litters when about two months old, and it was a sight not to be forgotten. The whelps were all in good care, and very evenly and prettily marked, and they formed a pretty picture either in their play or at rest. In my frequent "rounds" of my friend's large kennel, I was wont to pause at Lucy's pen often and make "long tarrying," and to forecast the future of each whelp. It seemed a pity to separate the happy, playful family, remarkable for number and fine breeding. Such large litters are exceptional, and still more so is the successful rearing and shipment to purchasers, with not a poor or sickly one in the lot.—O. W. R.

Dover, N. H., Dec. 15.—On the 18th day of March, my beagle bitch Belle whelped seven fine, strong and healthy pups (and they are all living and doing well), and on the 18th day of September, 1884, she whelped eight, four dogs and four bitches, and they are all living and are very good specimens of the beagle. She is only 11½ inches high and will be three years old next March.—H. JACKSON.

Rockland, Me., Dec. 15.—On July 4, 1882, my beagle bitch Thorn (Victor—Lucy), now owned by N. Elmore, whelped eight strong, healthy puppies, of which six were males, to Jarvis Williams's beagle Sport (Mint—Jubet).—LINEROCK.

The beagle bitch Gipsy, owned by Mr. A. C. Krueger, of Wrightsville, Pa., whelped a litter of eight strong and healthy puppies.—RAZOR.

ST. BERNARD IMPORTATION.—Mr. Alex. Taylor, Jr., New York, has recently imported the St. Bernard bitch Empress, bred by T. McPherson, England. Whelped June 2, 1884. Her breeding is as follows: Sire—Reg, brother of champion Bayard, by Mr. King's Bosco, by Mr. Garnett's Bruno, Mr. MacKillop's Silverhorn, Juno by Wonder, Mr. Baylie's Juno. Dam—Flora, by Barry VII., Mr. Hall's Dido (K.P.R. 1787), by Mr. S. W. Smith's champion Barry (E.K.C.S.B. 6414), Mr. Hill's Juno, g. s. by Mr. Fisher's Bellair, his Venus, g. d. by Mr. F. Cooper's Barry, imported, and winner first, Berne, 1878, his Dido.

THE LATE CHARLES LINCOLN.—Resolutions of respect for the late Charles Lincoln, and of condolence with his family have been passed by the Illinois Kennel Club, the New England Kennel Club, and the National Field Trials Club.

KENNEL NOTES.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Kennel notes are inserted in this column free of charge. To insure publication of notes, correspondents MUST GIVE the following particulars of each animal:
1. Color.
2. Breed.
3. Sex.
4. Age, or
5. Date of birth, of breeding or of death.
6. Name and residence of owner, buyer or seller.
7. Sire, with his sire and dam.
8. Owner of sire.
9. Dam, with her sire and dam.
10. Owner of dam.
All names must be plainly written. Communication on one side of paper only, and signed with writer's name.

NAMES CLAIMED.

See instructions at head of this column.

Dr. Prim. By Mr. D. B. Wheeler, West Haven, Conn., for black, white and tan setter dog, whelped Sept. 27, 1884, by Pride of the West out of Dashing Primrose.

Dashing Pride. By Mr. O. Washburn, Norwich, Conn., for black, white and tan setter dog, whelped Sept. 27, 1884, by Pride of the West out of Dashing Primrose.

Dashing Count. By Mr. O. Washburn, Norwich, Conn., for lemon belton setter dog, whelped Sept. 27, 1884, by Pride of the West out of Dashing Primrose.

Dashing Vic. By Mr. R. Henry, Centerville, Conn., for black, white and tan setter bitch, whelped Sept. 27, 1884, by Pride of the West out of Dashing Primrose.

Dashing Asteroid. By Mr. A. Hills, West Haven, Conn., for lemon and white setter dog, whelped Sept. 27, 1884, by Pride of the West out of Dashing Primrose.

Dashing Nick. By Mr. S. Thompson, New Haven, Conn., for lemon belton setter dog, whelped Sept. 27, 1884, by Pride of the West out of Dashing Primrose.

Bianca. By the Oakdale Kennels, Hudson, N. Y., for chestnut cocker spaniel bitch, whelped Oct. 1, 1884, by Click (A.K.R. 133) out of Fidget (A.K.R. 308).

Triz. By Mr. Wm. F. Tolley, Kingston, N. Y., for liver, with white breast, cocker spaniel dog, whelped Oct. 1, 1884, by Click (A.K.R. 133) out of Fidget (A.K.R. 308).

Game. By Mr. Henry Van Hoesen, Hudson, N. Y., for liver, with white breast, cocker spaniel dog, whelped Oct. 1, 1884, by Click (A.K.R. 133) out of Fidget (A.K.R. 308).

Wanda. By the Sans Souci Kennels, Philadelphia, Pa., for golden sable, white chest, dark sable tail, collie bitch, whelped May, 1884, by champion Rex (A.K.R. 149) out of Lindsay's imported Jennie Nettles (A.K.R. 1924).

Lilliana. By the Sans Souci Kennels, Philadelphia, Pa., for black, tan and white collie dog, whelped April, 1884, by Drive out of Part Gart.

Prince. By Mr. H. Jackson, Dover, N. H., for beagle dog, by Minstrel out of Nellie.

Twilight. By the Chequasset Kennels, Lancaster, Mass., for stone fawn, with black mask, ears, trace, dark nails, pug bitch, whelped Sept. 17, 1884, by champion Treasure out of imported Pudgie.

Trump. By the Chequasset Kennels, Lancaster, Mass., for stone fawn, with black mask, ears, trace, dark nails, pug dog, whelped Sept. 17, 1884, by champion Treasure out of imported Pudgie.

Treasure II. By the Chequasset Kennels, Lancaster, Mass., for apricot fawn, with black mask, ears, nails, pug dog, whelped Oct. 5, 1884, by champion Treasure out of imported Toddlers.

Countess Molly. By Mr. H. M. Wilson, Baltimore, Md., for English setter bitch, by Count Noble out of Spark.

Slick. By Mr. T. H. Wyman, Sebec, Me., for black, with white breast, cocker spaniel bitch, whelped Dec. 30, 1883, by champion Silk out of Gracie.

White Ranger, Drake Ranger, Jessie Ranger and Queen Ranger. By Mr. S. B. Dilley, Rosendale, Wis., for pointers, two liver and white dogs and two liver, white and ticked bitches, whelped Oct. 23, 1884, by his Ranger Croxteth out of Fanny Faust.

ST. BERNARD KENNELS. By Mr. Henry Miller for his kennel of St. Bernards, at Clifton, Staten Island.

BRED.

See instructions at head of this column.

Bridge—President. Mr. E. W. Bennett's (Blanford, Mass.) bull-terrier bitch Bridge (Paddy—Mona) to Mr. E. S. Porter's President, Dec. 2.

Victoria—President. Mr. E. S. Porter's (New Haven, Conn.) imported bull-terrier bitch Victoria (Randal—Floss) to his imported President (Randal—Minnie), Nov. 20.

Scarlet III.—President. Mr. Frank F. Dele's (New Haven, Conn.) bull-terrier bitch Scarlet III. (Scarlet II.—Young Royal) to Mr. E. S. Porter's President (Randal—Minnie), Nov. 14.

Walkhill Blanch—Hornell Silk. Mr. A. Gordon's (Middletown, N. Y.) cocker spaniel bitch Walkhill Blanch (A.K.R. 1201) to champion Hornell Silk, Nov. 15.

Maud S.—Chief. Mr. Max Wenzel's red Irish setter bitch Maud S. (Larry—Gussie II.) to his Chief (Berkley—Duck), Oct. 15.

Ruby—Chief. Mr. Max Wenzel's Ruby (Elcho—Rose) to his Chief (Berkley—Duck), Nov. 13.

Noreen II.—Chief. Mr. J. F. Dwight's (South Boston, Mass.) bitch Noreen II. (Elcho—Noreen) to Mr. Max Wenzel's Chief (Berkley—Duck).

May—Bon Ton. Mr. J. E. Decker's (Newark, N. J.) pointer bitch May to Dr. A. McCollom's Bon Ton (A.K.R. 1430), Dec. 6.

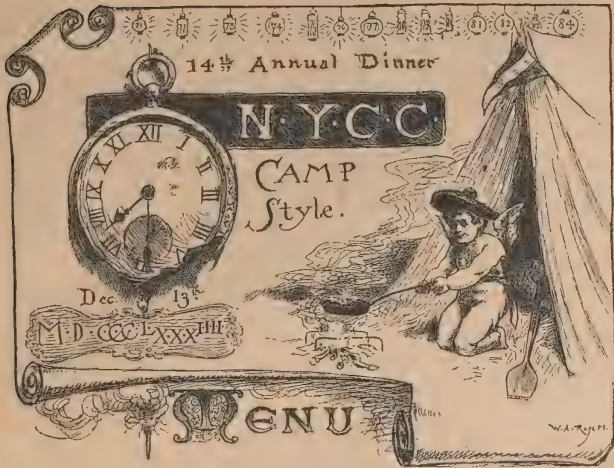
Dot—Diamond. Mr. W. H. R. DuBois's (Westfield, N. J.) pug bitch Dot to Mr. A. Aven's Diamond, Dec. 10.

Belle—Dash. Mr. E. Schalk's setter bitch Belle to Mr. W. H. R. DuBois's Dash.

Egmont—Bannerman. Mr. A. C. Krueger's white, black and tan beagle bitch Pigeon (Ringwood II.—Pan II.) to his imported Bannerman (champion Marchboy—Dewdrop), Dec. 5.

Floss—Bannerman. Mr. A. C. Krueger's white, black and tan

New Bedford.		
	Balls.	Pigeons.
Smith	10101101110101-10	01100001011011-8
Polts	10000000100111-6	00111110000000-7
Barber	11110000001110-9	00100110111000-6
Butts	11111110101113-13	11100011101111-12
Slocum	10111111111110-18	11101001000910-7
Bryant	110110000101001-7	00010111111111-11
	Fall Rivers.	
	Balls.	Pigeons.
Maugham	01010100100011-7	00101101100100-7
Wood	11010110011110-10	00111110000001-8
Chase	10101111110010-10	11001101110000-8
Negus	11011101000010-8	00101101111111-12
Hall	10101110011110-10	11011111110011-12
Brady	11110100011010-10	11000111011100-7



MENU CARD, N.Y. C. C. DINNER, DEC. 13, 1884.



CLEVELAND.—The championship badge of Cuyahoga county is now in the hands of C. A. Calhoun, of the Cleveland Club. The badge is shot for every four months and is open to any member of a county gun club in good standing. The conditions of shooting are 50 glass balls thrown from one Bogardus rotary trap, at 18yds. rise, \$5 entrance. Owing to field shooting being on, but seven entries contested at the last match, Messrs. Calhoun, Powers and Millard of the Cleveland, and Roof and Clossie of the Kirtlands, and Behlen and Phare of the East Ends. The total stood: C. A. Calhoun 47, W. H. Millard 44, Daniel C. Powers 42, C. M. Roof 41, T. A. Clossie 40, H. Phare 40, H. Behlen 40. Since the badge has existed, March 2, 1882, its winners have been as follows: D. C. Powers, Cleveland Club; John Prechtel, Kirtland Club; C. M. Roof, Kirtland Club; J. J. White, C. A. Calhoun (3), R. E. Sheldon (2), of the Cleveland Club.

CLUB SCORES.—Correspondents who favor us with scores are requested to send them in as soon as possible after the matches described. We go to press Wednesdays, and it is necessary that matter for publication should be in hand by Monday, or Tuesday at the latest.

MALDEN GUN CLUB.—The club held its weekly shoot at We lling ton on the 13th. The events were as follows:

1. Five clay-pigeons—Eager first.
2. Five birds, five traps—Sampson first, Dickey second.
3. Three pair clay-pigeons—Eager first, Adams second.
4. Three singles, three pair doubles—Eager first, Dickey second.
5. Five clay-pigeons, 25yds.—Eager first, Adams second.
6. Seven singles, five traps—Dickey first, Sampson second.
7. Three pair—Adams first, Snow second.
8. Three pair clay-pigeons—Nichols first, Dickey second, Sampson third.
9. Seven birds, five traps—Dickey first, Sampson second, Adams and Eager divided third.
10. Seven pigeons, five traps—Nichols first, Dickey second, Snow third.
11. Five blackbirds—Eager first, De Rochemont and Law divided second, Dickey and Short divided third.
12. Seven clay-pigeons—Dickey and Eager divided first, De Rochemont and Law divided second, Adams third.
13. Six clay-pigeons—Dickey and Sampson divided first, Nichols second, De Rochemont third.
14. Five clay pigeons, five traps—Dickey first, Draper and Law divided second, De Rochemont and Draper divided third.
15. Three pair clay pigeons—Dickey and De Rochemont divided first, Sampson second, Adams third.
16. Seven clay pigeons, five traps—Adams first, Dickey second, Nichols third.
17. Five birds, straight arm—Dickey first, De Rochemont second, Adams third.
18. Five clay pigeons—De Rochemont first, Sampson second.
19. Five clay pigeons—Law first, Adams second, Sampson third.

The club gold badge was won by Buffum from Pratt. He was then challenged by Nichols, whom he defeated also.

The challenge match for the State clay-pigeon badge, between J. Buffum, of Melrose, and O. R. Dickey, of Boston, five clay-pigeons, was won by Dickey, who broke 43 birds, Buffum breaking 41.

Canoëing.

CANOËISTS are invited to send us notes and full reports of cruises club meets, information about canoeable waters, and other communications of interest.

Secretaries of canoe clubs are requested to send to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with name, membership, signals, etc. of their clubs, and also notices in advance of meetings and races, and reports of the same. Canoeists and all interested in canoeing are requested to forward to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with logs of cruises, trips, and information concerning their local waters, drawings or descriptions of boats and fittings, and all items relating to the sport.

NEW YORK C. C. ANNUAL DINNER, DEC. 13.

THE dwellers on East Seventeenth street are accustomed to see a sweet young ladies of advanced ideas and high ambitions in the culinary line trip in and out of No. 222, where Miss Parloa presides over a glittering array of pots and pans; but their curiosity was excited on Saturday last, as, at intervals throughout the afternoon, a number of staid and respectable-looking gentlemen strolled up the street, singly or in groups of two or three, looked carefully for the number, and disappeared inside of the door whose plate bore the inscription "School of Cookery." If they could have looked inside, their curiosity would have given place to much amusement at the novel scene. The second floor was arranged as in many New York houses—a front parlor, back parlor, and a square hall between. Each of the parlors was fitted up with a large cooking stove, with a tank at the back for hot water, and a capacious iron sink with two faucets, the wall above being covered with ornamental tiling. In the front room were two large tables, with chairs, and in the rear room were several dressers and cases for dishes, two small tables, a refrigerator, and an endless variety of pots and pans; while outside of each of the windows was a wide shelf.

Seated at one table were three gentlemen of dignified aspect busily engaged over a large dish of sweet potatoes, cutting them into "squares the size of dice." At the same table was an elderly gentleman, whose kindly and benevolent countenance was belied by a pair of gory hands, fresh from deeds of blood. Opposite to him, armed with a ferocious butcher knife, was a well known literary man, who with the help of a young artist, completed the trio deputed to prepare a dozen grouse for the table. Near by two lawyers quarreled over a bowl of striped bass they were trying to convert into filets, while the united efforts of a broker, a doctor and an editor to lard a haunch of venison at the same time only resulted in each partially transfixing the other two on the point of his larding needle. The fact that nearly every one present was addressed, not by his name but by some such appellation as Daisy, Siren, Freak, Psyche, Whim or Guenn, would have probably increased the wonder of any chance spectator, unless he had been informed that when off together it is

the custom for canoeists to call each other by the names of their boats rather than by their proper appellatives.

The occasion was the fourteenth annual dinner of the New York Canoe Club, who had departed for once from the stereotyped restaurant dinners, and, with the aid of Miss Parloa, were doing in the city as they would in camp. The general order designated club uniform, and the green Norfolk jacket and knickerbockers for ones outnumbered the customary dinner dress. In addition each was provided with a huge white apron, which he draped in such a manner as pleased him best. One tall individual enveloped himself in his folds after the manner of the ancient Roman, and might have passed for Barrett as Brutus, while another tied his about his neck, the ends in front making a graceful bow, and with the belt of his jacket confining the lower end looked like a prim young miss in a pinafore. Another draped his like a Spanish mantilla, and a fourth girded himself with a towel neatly fastened at the back with an icepick in lieu of a pin.

When all were ready and assembled in the kitchen, Miss Parloa took up one of a dozen grouse lying in a big bowl on the table and began her lecture. First the bird which was already plucked, was examined and the tail and all the remaining feathers removed, then beginning forward the lecturer dexterously amputated the neck and both wings—cut off close, as in a game bird they are always torn—then going aft both legs were cut off at the first joint. Now for'ard again and the crop was emptied and the entire membrane carefully removed, as it would give a strong taste to the bird. Then all hands were piped aft, and the heart, lungs, and the entire contents of the hold were removed and thrown overboard. Next, proceeding still further aft to that part which would have been the tailfeather, if it had been a boat instead of bird, a little sock of oil, supposed to be provided for the purpose of calming the troubled waters, was found and carefully removed. After this a lashing was put around both legs and the tailfeather, and fiddled with a little marlinspike.

The next process was that of larding. The pork, which must be firm and solid, is cut into slices 3-16in. thick and 3in. long. Only about 1in. in thickness, directly under the skin, is used, and the slices are cut parallel with the skin. Each slice is drawn out into small strips, 3-16in. square and 3in. long. The larding needles are curious affairs, each about 8in. long, sharp at one end, but 1/4in. diameter at the other. They are hollow for almost the entire length, and are used without a palm. A strip of pork, which must be first laid in ice and water, is pushed into the aft end of the needle, and the entire affair is drawn through the sides of the fowl; the strip of pork left in the flesh with its end protruding, then a piece of string is worked into Turke's heads, or Matty Walker, or a herring-bone stitch may be used, giving a neat effect.

Kittiwake, Guenn and two others were left to strive with the fowls. Daisy displaying great dexterity in the matter of larding, while the rest proceeded to the preparation of the fish.

These, which were striped bass, were already scaled and cleaned—the condition in which they usually come into the chef's hands—so Miss Parloa began by removing the fins, skinning, cutting carefully down the back and removing the backbone, then each of the sides was cut into three pieces, to be afterward fried in a pot of boiling fat. A party was detailed to finish the fish, and the rest proceeded to the venison. This was first scraped very clean, a proceeding that would probably be omitted in camp, and under the artistic manipulation of the owner of the Kazoo, assisted by Jersey Blue, a portion of the bone was removed, the edges trimmed up, and the same larding process gone through with. After this it was turned over to the Doctor, who placed it in a pan with a little water, and devoted the rest of the evening to the operations of watching and basting.

By this time another division were well under way with the sauce tartare and head sauce, while several more were busily engaged with the salad and dressing and in breaking eggs.

"Potatoes must be cooked for thirty minutes in boiling water," said Miss Parloa, "the salt being added after the first fifteen minutes," and straightway a stalwart canoeist and wheelman had a kettle on the fire, and was preparing the fruit, while Miss Parloa dispatched Mosquito and Jersey Blue for two large bowls of soup stock.

This she explained, was prepared by boiling the meat in water making a jelly-like mass. From the top of this Miss Parloa skinned a liver, then the stock was ladled into the soup kettle, with great care not to disturb the sediment in the bottom. It was then left to boil, while the bouquet was prepared. A few sprigs of celery was taken, with minute twigs of sage, thyme, and tarragon, and tied in a bunch which was put in the soup, with salt and pepper. When it was boiled sufficiently the kettle was set back on the stove, while the other operations went on, after which the soup was strained through a napkin, and the vegetables, of the canned variety, were also strained and added.

The canoeists contented themselves with preparing the substantial portion of the feast, the duff, ices and manafelins being concocted by Miss Parloa's regular pupils in the lower story of her house. By the time that the roast was well under way, all hands were more than ready, and first the potatoes had to be finished. Two sturdy canoeists, the skillful paddlers of the club, were selected to work the potato mashers, which they did with the grace and skill that has won them reputations afloat, while Guenn, Freak and Jersey Blue put the sweet potatoes, previously cut, into shallow pans, salted and peppered them, and covered them beautifully with butter, after which they were browned in the oven.

At last came the joyful summons. Aprons were removed, and all fled into the dining-room, which had been decorated with flags of the club. The tables had been tastefully arranged, the menu being folded to represent an A tent, the artistic portion being the work of one of the club. Guenn and Psyche graced the heads of the tables, while Whim and Surge were placed at the lower ends, each man's place being designated by the name of his canoe on a card. At the conclusion of each course, the cooks who had prepared it were called on to dish and serve it, assisted by two colored gentlemen. The usual rule, that after cooking a meal, one does not care to eat it, certainly did not hold good in this case, as soup followed oysters; fish, soup, and so on down the bill of fare. Thanks to Miss Parloa's care everything was well cooked, so not at all in camp style.

The only interruptions to the general harmony were caused by Dot trying quietly to bolt the handles off half a dozen of Miss Parloa's best knives; a surreptitious attempt on the part of Freak to cook one of his favorite omelettes in a silver dish cover, and Friday's desire to teach Miss Parloa how to make really good coffee in a tin pail; but none of these well-meant efforts were attended with serious results. Siren, who was appointed to beat the eggs, was also detected in his efforts to lighten the labor by oiling the gears of the egg beater, as a stream of black grease ran down into the eggs, and he was at once sent to the foot of the class.

The dinner, as far as those directly concerned, was a decided success. The canoeists learned much about civilized cookery or which they were previously ignorant, and Miss Parloa also learned something new of the methods of camp cookery, though it is doubtful if she was as much edified as surprised. Whether the wives of those Benedictus who were present will profit as much as their husbands remains to be seen. Of course, they are all used to long lectures in masculine style, on "my grandmother's crullers," "my mother's squash pies," etc., and now a new standard of culinary excellence will be set up for them in the form of "Miss Parloa's soup, fish, or roast," as the case may be. Let us hope that they attain it.

The Father of American Canoeing, being a resident of Garden City, and consequently under the paternal care of the estate, is not allowed to be out by night, and thus was unable to be present at the late dinner of his club. In spite of his absence, however, he ventures on the following criticism of the affair, which we copy from the columns of the New York Times. It is very evident that he is not up to the refinements of modern camp cookery, but is familiar only with the crude and barbarous methods in vogue among the savages of the Richelieu River and the Great South Bay, in which regions he is said to have cruised:

"The annual dinner of the New York Canoe Club last Saturday night was a new departure in club dinners. Instead of sitting down in evening dress, at a table furnished by some eminent caterer, the club cooked its own dinner and wore 'camp dress'—as blue flannel knickerbockers and a shirt with the collar and cuffs turned up, as Miss Parloa kindly undertook to supervise the cooking and to do what lay in her power to permeate masculine cooking with feminine principles.

"Ordinarily the work of cooking for a company of cruising canoeists is done by one man, in consideration of exemption from the duties of going for milk, gathering firewood, and washing dishes. Obviously this system was not adopted on Saturday, since it was announced that all the assembled members of the club were to cook. In such case it would have been the height of absurdity for thirty or forty men to unite in trying to cook a joint dinner. They would not only spoil the broth but everything else, and Miss Parloa could by no possibility have consented to such culinary anarchy. It follows that each canoeist must have cooked his private dinner—and it is hoped he enjoyed it.

"The difficulty in imagining what the average dinner was, and there could have been little difficulty in cooking it. Most of the canoeists probably dined on canned meat warmed over. A few enterprising spirits may have calcined a slice of ham, and others doubtless added eggs to their bill of fare. Coffee was of course made by every one, by boiling, and, as a desert, the more luxurious canoeist enjoyed canned peaches. After dining we may suppose that the merits of the club stretched themselves on the floor for an afternoon pipe, but that they must have washed their dishes the same evening instead of postponing that ceremony until the next morning and would not have been permitted to leave their dishes unwashed, is evident from the fact that they all went home before morning.

"One can imagine the horror of Miss Parloa when she saw a canoeist boil his eggs with his coffee in order to economize water and dilute it. She might have been able to overcome this feminine eccentricity, the carrying of corned beef with a sheath knife and the use of a common spoon for larding out condensed milk and sugar; but she could never have pardoned the canoeist who fried his eggs in one corner of the frying pan while he heated his corned beef in the other. The amiable instructor of the canoeists must have expected them to cook after the feminine manner, with a multiplicity of pans and pots and a scrupulous regard for neatness and order, as a feminine signifier. The probabilities are that she gained more new ideas from her pupils than they gained from her. If one of the canoeists had the forethought to bring with him a large box of sand to represent the usual sandbank so useful in camp cooking, the device of cleaning knives and forks by 'jabbing' them into the sand, must have struck Miss Parloa as something altogether new, and she must have been somewhat astonished when the man proposed that it was to wash the frying pan cleaned for a little sand when with it occur it.

"It is doubtful if the praiseworthy attempt to modify camp cooking in accordance with feminine prejudices can be made successful. A woman when engaged in cooking in a kitchen has plenty of fire and endless pots and pans at her command, but the canoeist is limited in all these respects, and if he is cruising on salt water he is frequently compelled to be extremely economical in his use of fresh water. He has room in his canoe for nothing that is not strictly necessary, and hence his cooking apparatus usually consists of a coffee pot, a frying pan, and a tin pail that can be used to hold water or milk, and also as a pot in which to boil rice or potatoes. How, in these circumstances, he can adopt feminine methods of cooking is not clear. For example, a woman regards a mince pie as a very simple affair, and Miss Parloa would doubtless think it easy for canoeists to make mince pies. She would tell him to chop up his scraps of meat and apples; but he has no chopping bowl and no chopping knife. She would instruct him to stone his raisins and carefully mix his spices; but raisins and spices do not grow in the wilderness. She would teach him how to roll out his pie crust; but he has no roller. And she would give him careful directions as to how hot his oven should be made; but he has no oven. It is useless for a canoeist to learn cooking at all, for he has no means of doing it. He must fry his frying pan by the light of nature, and he will achieve all the success in cooking that is possible to him as a male animal and a canoeist."

CALIFORNIA.—Canoeing is attracting more attention in San Francisco, and new converts are coming in. A new canvas canoe, the work of an amateur, has been added to the fleet, and several new canoeists are about to join it also. This time of year, when we are compelled for the most part to lay up, is the season in San Francisco, and the canoes are afloat all winter.

SPORT FOR CANOEISTS IN WINTER.—As canoeing has stopped for several months throughout Canada and the Northern States, and canoeists must devote their time to some other form of outdoor sport, the suggestion of an iceboat trip to the coast is not altogether new. As the rig is already at hand, and a canoeist will be content with a small craft, the expense will be but trifling. The ice-boat men of the Hudson are now excited over the invention (?) of a new sail, the same, in fact, that was described in FOREST AND STREAM of Aug. 7, 1884, and it would be as well suited for small craft as for larger ones. The crew of the Helena built a good and simple iceboat last winter, perhaps he will tell canoeists how he did it.

ORIVA AND PENGUIN.

the judgment was at the time several miles distant, those aboard saw nothing of the portion of the race in dispute; but the record of what Oriva has done with Vixen and other sloops, as good or better than Penguin, and in weather even less favorable to the cutter, is a sufficient answer to the charge of unfairness. The correctness of Mr. Lee's assertion; and as "Subscriber" has not replied to Mr. Lee's challenge to repeat his statement over his own name, he must not expect it to carry more weight with our readers than usual. The anonymous communication contradicted upon good authority.

CUTTERS ON THE PACIFIC.

At last San Francisco, after watching the fray from afar, is to take a hand in the fight and try its cutter. The dose is a mild one at first, a little 2-tonner to be imported from England and to be built in California, and although the cutters will be praised or condemned by Western yachtsmen, according to the success of these two, the trial will hardly be a fair one. A 2-tonner is too small to be a thorough racing cutter, and will probably be a boat of $3\frac{3}{4}$ to 4 beams, and but a poor sample of a large cutter. The 5-tonner will be a more likely representative of the class, and if successful she will be brought down by rail. Nothing is said of her design or proportion, but as much will depend on her success, we hope those interested will secure a design from some competent designer who has made a study of the cutter. As many here can testify, something more is needed to make a successful cutter, than narrow beam, lead and a heavy keel, for the very character of the design is totally different from that of the sloop, and those familiar with the latter often fail entirely in their attempts to design the narrow and deeper boat, even though the main dimensions and elements may be correct. It is desirable in the interests of yachting that the first cutter in San Francisco shall be the best of her kind, and we hope that the gentleman who is about to put some time and money into the experiment, will secure as a starting point a thoroughly good design.

MIZZEN FOR A YAWL.

The yawl rig is as yet unknown here, and its advantages over the sloop, especially on the numerous cruising craft that never race, and are slow under any rig, as it can be easily handled, the arrangement of masts is far more convenient than in the schooner rig so common on our coast for small vessels, and in reefing, while the center of

BOSTON CUTTERS.

The Tempest is also having five tons, half her ballast, on her keel, all of it having formerly been inside, and the little sloop Meerschaum is also having a two-ton keel added, her ballast formerly consisting of 5,000 pounds inside. The steam yacht Herald is now receiving her machinery, but will not leave until spring. The companion boat, Telegram, is ready for her engines, but they have not yet arrived from England.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

as the other passed the Breakwater, and that in spite of the seas twice filling her punt, and the wind blowing the clew of the mainsail up to the reef cringle. I am quite certain that my old 18-ton Buccaneer would not have looked at it, in spite of her having 4ft. 4in. more water in the hold, and a longer keel. Which of the two boats is the cruiser, the 12-tonner or the 3-tonner?"

The change is constantly going on, some coming out openly in favor of modern ideas, as they see their value, others obstinately proclaiming the old theories and beliefs, even while in their practice they avail themselves quietly of the depth, less sea, lower land, and milder weather, and it avails little what they may say, when their practice contradicts it all badly.

We commend these and similar facts to all who intend to build or alter their boats this season, as a careful consideration of the present practice in the yachting world, and of the latest ideas, will save ex-

CRUISING ON LAKE ONTARIO

[Concluded from Page 375]

About 8 P. M., at the foot of Oak Orchard, we were doing about six miles an hour, which was refreshing after the flat calms we had experienced in the midnight hours. The wind was fresh and the sea was a little rest all around. The waves were tearing through at a splendid rate; but as the night was hazy we held a long way out from shore, probably eight or ten miles, which kept us in quite a little jump of a sea. About 3 in the morning the man at the helm, after cautioning us to be careful, fell very deeply, in fact he was soon snoring, and wakened with a start to find the head canvas shaking. After putting her away again, he shouted up forward to

The meal was almost cooked, and the fish alive. The first one of the cruise, for before the dishes had been stowed a light southwest breeze caught us, which increased, as we went, to such an extent, that when we entered the bay and laid for the club house we were running races with the steamers, and hanging on to them bravely. Thus finished an eighteen day cruise of 600 miles in as fine weather as any yachtsman could wish for, with the one exception that there was an unpractical use, that of wind, and we discovered too late to be of much use, that we were time to sail in warm weather. We were at night, and take advantage of the fresh land breeze that usually prevails after dark.

SCHOONERS IN 1884.

It brought out a display of only 10 sailboats. The week at Newport—promised this year to be an unusually brilliant affair, as the Commodore was to be present with big Namouna, and the prizes were numerous. A large fleet of schooners was present to do honor to the occasion, but only in numbers did it approach the glories of the past. It was a disappointment to the sailors, but they did little to add to their old records, the honors for the most part going to the singletailed Bedouin. The first day's race not only landed the Goetlesloop cup easily in her locker, but saw her home long ahead

of any schooner. In the latter class being Dauntless, Wanderer, Tidal Wave, Gitana, Fortuna, Montauk, Ruth, Varuna, Grayling, Estelle, Halcyon, Nirvana (once Julia) and Chio.

Next day the big ones fared a little better, and in the run to Oak Bluffs, Montauk was only beaten by three minutes by Bedouin, while Grayling and Fortuna were sandwiched in between their larger sister and Mischief. Madeline joined the fleet on Monday's run back, in which Fortuna was first in an even time, but under the consolation handicap, Chio took the prize, as did Athlon in the sloop class. In the last race, the triangular course, was a grand fight to windward at the finish, Mischief and Bedouin coming in together, with Montauk third. Fortuna came in among the pack of sloops, the third schooner, Dauntless, having withdrawn, and Varuna had a sail over in the second class. These contests wound up the schooner racing for the year as far as the larger boats were concerned. The following summary showing the winners in 1894:

	Starts.	1st Prizes.	2d Prizes.
Adrienne.....	4	2	—
Agnes.....	2	—	1
Chio.....	5	2	—
Fortuna.....	8	2	—
Grayling.....	7	4	—
Halcyon.....	4	1	—
Hurlinger.....	4	1	1
Montauk.....	6	4	—
Ray.....	1	1	—
Triton.....	2	2	—
Varuna.....	4	—	—

Of all the famous old racers but one, Halcyon, has a place on the list, as the rest are mostly out of racing, and in their places are those that really represent our racing strength to-day, Montauk, Grayling and Fortuna, and there is no probability of the list being lengthened much at present. The ideas once prevalent in regard to yachting and to which our once numerous fleet of schooners owed its origin, have been materially modified.

A man's standing in the yachting world depends now not on the size of the vessel he owns, but on the number of victories in yachting matters, and the style in which his boat, however small, is kept up, and this is often in inverse ratio to her size. Men have learned that real yachting may be enjoyed in a 30 or 40-ton cutter better than in a 200-ton schooner, and at a mere fraction of the cost. As the number of yachtsmen increases, there will always be some who will build and sail large schooners, and as cruising becomes more general their numbers may increase, but it is not likely that they will ever reach the place they held in the minds of the public, even as cruisers the yawl rig, when once fully tried and its merits recognized here, will to a certain extent supersede the other twosticker.

The smaller classes, once so popular in Eastern waters, are also decreasing in numbers, as the many disadvantages of the schooner rig on small boats become more apparent. A challenge from an English schooner for the America's Cup, would undoubtedly give vitality to the large class, but there is little likelihood of such an event.

If schooner racing were an index of the condition of yachting, there would be much cause for regret in the present state of the sport, but this is far from being the case. Boats of small tonnage have multiplied in all our waters and with the best possible results to yachting. A higher standard of seamanship, a more thorough knowledge of all the things that enter into the design and construction of yachts, and ambition to be master of one's own craft, however small, are becoming more and more matters of course among yachtsmen. A big schooner adds to the list of yachtsmen her owner and those of his guests who sail with him regularly, with no guarantee that any of them are of necessity sailors; but the two or three-tonner in every case is owned and sailed by an enthusiast, with the aid of one or two mates of similar tastes, there being two or three valuable members to the great body of the fleet.

On the Pacific coast schooners of 50 to 70 ft. still represent a large portion of the total tonnage, the balance being composed of yawls, as better adapted to their peculiar local conditions, and the sloop is little used and the cutter unknown. The last addition to the fleet, the Carmelita, now in New York, nearly ready for her trip around the Horn, is a departure from the models in vogue in the West, and it is successful, her advent will pave the way for the same reforms in model, ballast and rig that are so general in our Eastern yachting.

ALARMING SPREAD OF THE "CUTTER CRAZE."

BEGINNING in the columns of *FOREST AND STREAM*, the agitation in favor of the deeper draft and the safer boats found the first results in the keel sloops of Boston, and a little later in the fine fleet of cutters hailing from New York. From these points it has spread first to Lake Ontario, where Verve and Alleen have conclusively demonstrated the merits of the type with great results, as shown in the constantly increasing fleet of deep boats of all sizes. This season Lake Michigan was invaded by a foreign craft, a second Verve, that has already proved its season and has sailed to Chicago, and Chicago yachtsmen. Last year the cutter Surf appeared in the Knickerbocker Y. C., and occasioned much unfavorable comment among the faithful; this year her performances have caused a complete change of sentiment in favor of less beam and keels. Wherever the cutters go, they stay, and like the dead flies, several more come to the funeral—of shoal draft, great beam and lubberly rigs. California is long distance off, and has these days of rail and wire, but the idea has struck there also. Besides the two cutters elsewhere mentioned in *FOREST AND STREAM*, we learn that another small cruiser is now in frame at Oakland, and will soon be ready. She is a little cutter of Eastern model, intended mainly for single-handed cruising. San Francisco is going slowly into cutters, but we know what the West is when a matter is once fairly taken in hand, and may expect soon to see a fleet of these little fellows of 20 to 35 ft. long. In Europe and in the East, wherever yachting is lively, these boats predominate. A class of young men own and handle them who are

active, enthusiastic and in for fun, and they keep yachting matters to the fore. The big yachts are so expensive to maintain that few can indulge in them, and most of those who do, have to hire some one to sail the yachts for them. Much enthusiasm cannot be expected from this kind of yachtsmen. The owners of small yachts who sail their own craft bring others into the sport and keep up the excitement. We ought to start in on a fleet of three-tonners here."

YACHT DESIGNS.

WE call attention to the advertisement in another column of Mr. Wm. Evans Paton, N. A., the designer of the 3-tonner Cunytush and 5-tonner Olga, each the fastest in her class abroad. Mr. Paton, who has made the subject of yacht design a special study, is an expert in the latest methods of scientific designing, and the success of his boats proves not only the value of such methods, but his thorough acquaintance with them, as shown also in the elaborate stability curves of Olga and Cunytush, which lately appeared in the *Field*. The dimensions of Cunytush, as given in the same paper, are:

Length on waterline.....	28.53ft.
Breadth.....	4.70ft.
Draft of water.....	5.50ft.
Area of loadwater plane.....	1.00ft.
Mean draft.....	.978 ft.
C. B. at center of length.....	.08ft.
C. B. below waterline.....	1.63ft.
C. L. R. below L. W. L.....	2.31ft.
Displacement.....	7 tons.
Area of immersed surface.....	260sq. ft.
B. M.....	2.05ft.
G. M.....	45° 3'
Angle at which deck enters water.....	11.1ft. tons.
Stability at that angle.....	102°
Angle of maximum stability.....	22.75ft. tons.
Stability at that angle.....	180°
Angle of vanishing stability.....	790sq. ft.
Area of three lower sails.....	14.35ft.
C. E. above L. W. L.....	2.9
Sail per foot of wetted surface.....	2.9

INTERNATIONAL RACES.

THE rumors of the intention of an English yacht to challenge for the America Cup, that prevail each year when other items of interest fall, are current this season in full force, and while nothing certain is yet known, the possibilities are such that if not too late, it is at least full time that we looked the question square in the face, if we are to make a fight for the retention of the trophy. Two questions arise at the outset, what yacht will come? the answer to which we can at present only guess at; and what will we meet her with? which can be answered more definitely if not satisfactorily.

There is little prospect of a schooner coming over, as Miranda is now for sale. Should she come, we have to meet her either Montauk, Grayling or Fortuna, and the result would in all probability be a surprise to those who base their ideas of the relative merits of English and American schooners on the races of the America, or those of even fifteen years ago. Of the other two-stickers, the yawls are the famous Wanderer, Watson's steel beauty, and the Lorna by Richardson, the former of which has scored six firsts and three second prizes out of sixteen starts with \$355 cash, and the latter nine firsts and seven seconds to twenty-two starts, with \$205. While it is hardly probable that either will come out, they would prove worthy antagonists to anything we could put against them.

The rest of the list is soon numbered, for the flyers of 1894 were not numerous. Samson and Andromeda need not be considered, as the former has not raced this year, and the latter have done nothing that would justify their selection, and although none of these are yet old boats, we must look among a still newer set for the favorites. Of the smallest is Mr. Webb's famous 40-ton Tara. This cutter is of composite build, steel frames and wood planking, and is similar to our Ileen in proportions, being 60ft. on waterline with 13.5 ft. beam. In the past season she has scored 20 races, winning 10 firsts and 4 seconds, and a pot of \$387. There is little reason to doubt that a boat of her dimensions would beat Bedouin, and those familiar with Ileen are firm in the belief that with proper handling she too will prove a match for the beamier cutter, and as the latter has beaten the sloops fairly off the field, it is hardly probable that the centerboards would be able to do anything with the fighting 40. Good as Tara is, however, the chances will be still better with a larger boat which can make more than her head over the 70 ft. sloops.

Next on the list is the new 60-tonner Marguerite, designed by Richardson, and built at Inman's yard, in Lynington, this year. Like Tara she has a steel frame, planked with 2in. pitch pine and teak, with a staidier of 51 tons beneath and 8 tons inside. Her length on waterline is 74ft., beam 13ft. 6in., and she draws 12ft. 6in. Her performances this season have been very poor, netting but 2 firsts and 10 starts, with \$165, and there is no reason to suppose that her keel will part the waters of the western ocean this season.

Next in size to her comes Marjorie, 68 tons, successor to and near relative of Madge of glorious memory, and, like her, designed by Watson for Mr. James Coates. Her length is 79.1ft.; beam, 14.5. In addition to her victories of last season, she scores 10 firsts, 5 seconds out of 35, with \$232. Marjorie has been mentioned before in connection with the Cup, and the well-known spirit of her owner makes her selection possible, in which event the reappearance of Captain Duncan in our waters would no doubt bring joy to the hearts of our yachtsmen who remember him and his tricks of old.

From the Scotch boat to the next is a jump in size, as the last two on the list are the big ones, Genesta 80 and Irex 85 tons. The former is an enlarged edition of the Tara, by the same designer, and was built this year for Sir Richard Sutton, by Messrs. Henderson, of Glasgow. Like the Tara she is of composite build, steel and wood, with a waterline of 81ft., beam of 15ft., and 13ft. 6in. draft, her keel weighing 60 tons. She has been, in the main, the most successful boat of the season, winning 7 firsts, 10 seconds, to 31 starts, with \$775, and in all probability will be in better form in her second season. Much of her success is no doubt due to her designer, Mr. Beaver Webb, and the active interest that he has taken in the question of the

international races makes it extremely probable that Genesta will be the next champion in the lists, and judging from such records as are obtainable here, the selection will be the best possible, as although the allowance of time to a smaller boat may be heavy in light winds, the challenging yacht may be called on to meet a new sloop longer than any of the old ones.

The last boat is Irex, the possessor of the largest lead keel ever cast—72 tons. She was designed for Mr. John Jameson by Richardson, and was built by Fay, of Southampton, last winter. Her length is 84ft., with 15ft. beam. In prizes she falls behind Genesta, having 8 firsts and 2 seconds for 29 starts, with a purse of \$590. Besides these boats already tried, a new 47-tonner is now being built by Fay for Mr. George Warren, of Boston, owner of Maggie. Her wood and lead keels are now ready, and she will doubtless be finished in good time for the season; but the performances of a new yacht are uncertain matters, and it would not be altogether safe to challenge with an untried boat and before she is in proper trim. Whichever of these is selected, the question of what we shall meet her with is a most unsatisfactory one.

We have heard so much for a long time of the superiority of the American sloop that one would suppose there was a fleet ready to maintain their side of the question, but a look about New York dispels the idea. Arrow and Vision have long since had their day, Pocahontas begun and ended her career in the same week, and but four are left to consider—Hildegard, Mischief, Gracie and Fanny. Of course it is out of the question that Bedouin should be selected to meet the coming boat, although an honor to which her record fully entitles her as the fastest single-sticker in America, as such a proceeding would be a complete surrender by the sloop men of the entire question, and would decide nothing as to type. The issue between sloop and cutter has been fought fairly from the time Madge first sailed here, and although now decided, the last battle must be for the Cup next year if challenged.

Of the four sloops now in actual racing, Hildegard has done little during the past two years to sustain her reputation, or to justify her selection, and she is virtually out of the question. Meads, the best of the pack, is too small with her 6ft. length to have any chance against the flyers from abroad, and big Gracie seems from this season's performance to be in worse trim than in previous years. She has won but one race to five starts this year, and has been beaten so often by Bedouin in the past two seasons, that her chances against a still faster cutter would not be worth considering. Her day has been a long one, but she is near the end of it, and it is not likely that she will ever add more victories to her long string.

Besides her there remains but Fanny, and on her the task will in all probability fall in the event of accident. She is the largest sloop except Gracie, and the best we can show in point of size, but like the others, her races with Bedouin do not give much promise of her beating bigger and probably better boats than the latter.

There comes now from Bayonne and regions beyond the rumor of a new sloop, of some 60 ft. on waterline, in the hands of Messrs. Moore, as well as deeper than the old ones. This craft will in all probability be built this winter, and make her appearance in the spring, but under all the disadvantages incident to a first season, we cannot rely on what she can do.

If British yachtsmen are anxious to take home the Cup, now is their time. Yachting in the larger class of sloops is at a very low ebb, and we are in a state of transition from which, in the near future, some power of the pack, is too small with her 6ft. length to have any chance against the flyers from abroad, and big Gracie seems from this season's performance to be in worse trim than in previous years. She has won but one race to five starts this year, and has been beaten so often by Bedouin in the past two seasons, that her chances against a still faster cutter would not be worth considering. Her day has been a long one, but she is near the end of it, and it is not likely that she will ever add more victories to her long string.

Even now the "representative American sloop" hardly exists in our racing fleet. The contamination of foreign ideas, double jibs, lead ballast, and other features, has broken down the broad distinction a few years since existing between sloop and cutter, until now we have centerboard sloops with heavy lead keels and half cutter rig, and the line of demarcation once so clearly drawn between the shoal, wide, low-waisted, over-rigged sloop with iron or stone ballast, and single jib and the six-beam racing cutter, is now a series of very short steps; Vision, Fanny, Mischief, Athlon, Valley, Thetis, Huron, Bedouin, Ileen, the first and last are as far apart, but from one to the other is but a little way. This year the question will be between a sloop and a cutter, next year, if delayed, it will be between American and English cutters.

YACHT BUILDING AT RYE.—Mr. David Kirby, best known as the builder of large sloops, has lately devoted some study to the smaller boats for cruising, especially those in which light draft is a prime necessity, and has turned out several new models. He has in hand now a cabin sloop 27ft. on waterline, and 8 1/2 ft. on deck, with more depth than is usual with boats of her class. She is intended mainly for cruising. He has also completed the models for a sloop of 24 1/2 ft. on waterline, and one of 23 ft.

MODEL YACHT BUILDING.—A monthly paper devoted to the building and sailing of model yachts is now published at Hull, England, the subscription being one shilling and sixpence per year.

HELEN.—The owner of this schooner yacht has enrolled her in the Quaker City Y. C., whose signal she will fly in the future.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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H. R.—Please inform me where I can procure one or two pairs of large steer's horns for an ornament to a club room and method of insulating them? Ans. You had better write to J. Wallace, of 16 North William street, New York city.

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9 Headaches, Sick Headache, Vertigo.....

10 Dyspepsia, Bilious Stomach.....

11 Suppressed or Painful Periods.....

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NEW YORK, DECEMBER 25, 1884.

VOL. XXIII.—No. 22.
Nos. 39 & 40 PARK ROW, NEW YORK.

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CHRISTMAS.

ANOTHER year has passed. Christmas with all its holy memories, its deeds of love, its open handed charities, and its hearty merry-makings has come, and the great heart of the Christian world is warm with the impress of its blessed season. By it men and women are everywhere made better, and more like that model toward whose ideal excellence we should all strive.

We know that the day is not that of the birth of Him whose name it bears; we know that in truth it is the old Roman holiday of the Saturnalia, and the Anglo-Saxon Yule-tide festival, and that it is chosen by Christian people only as a fixed date and season at which all may unite in rejoicing over the birth of the Savior of Mankind. But what do we care for its origin? Whether it be a survival of the pagan rites of luxurious Rome, or a re-enacting of the merry-makings of Oak-worshipping Druids, or typify the natal day of the Christ-child who was to die that men might live—whether it represent any or all of these—the day is one of blessed influences.

Merriment and rejoicing are a part of Christmas time, but beyond and beneath all this there is something far deeper. Throughout the civilized world on this day man's love for his fellow man is the prevailing sentiment; a good will toward all his kind, which is never so sincere, never so universal and never so touchingly and eloquently expressed as on Christmas Day. This widespread kindness makes itself evident in deed as self-abnegation, which cost the deer real effort. The thronged streets, the busy shops, the earnest work in the home circle, hastily put aside at the entrance of some member of the family, all bear witness to the exertion made to give happiness on this day. It is the season at which all men become more like Christ, for it is the day of the sacrifice of self. Its merriment is for the young and the thoughtless. They rejoice at Christmas-tide, and we love to witness their innocent mirth. But those who look beneath the surface, realize that the Christmas season exercises an unconscious influence for good, so blessed and so widespread that we may not measure it in words. In its very unconsciousness lies its chief loveliness. The great army of workers are unaware of their own self-denial.

The father, who after a day of fatiguing labor, spends his evening hours in selecting the presents for the wife at

home and each member of his little brood; the toil-worn mother, calculating with exactest care, in order that the scanty sum saved up for Christmas may be so expended as to bring the greatest amount of pleasure to her babes; the neat-handed daughter, whose will is great, but whose means are slender, and who by her own ingenuity and skill, fashions into tasteful ornaments for father and the boys a few inexpensive trifles of silk and thread; the country boy, who does chores for the neighbor, that he may earn money for a present for mother and the girls; all these are missionaries, whose works speak to him whose ears are opened with an earnestness and a pathos which language could never equal.

And can any one believe that all this is wasted; that such deeds of sacrifice are without their influence? That this thought and care and work, and the love from which it springs are without their effect on the human race? It is not so. The planning and the toil, and the sacrifices made each year in anticipation of this festival have surely an elevating and ennobling effect on those who make them and for whom they are made. Their power for good is great.

Writers may talk as they please of the Christ myth, may strive to break down the religious faith of to-day, but this birthday festival, with all its tender associations and beneficent influences, will outlast men's changing creeds and theories, and will do more to elevate and purify mankind than doctors' dogmas or preachers' fulminations.

There is another thought which in every home comes up at Christmas time with special force. At this season of merry-making it is not often mentioned, but it is always present.

It is in the early morning, long before the household is astir, and even before the children have found their stockings, that the mother, half awake, her thoughts turned back to other days, listens once more for the "Merry Christmas" from lips that will never speak again, or waits for the patter on the floor of the rosy bare feet, which were long since laid away for their eternal rest beneath the little mound, whose outlines are now hidden by wreaths of the winter's snow; and the sense that voice and touch so dear to her loving heart have passed away from earth dims the sight and renews the bitterness of past sorrow. Thoughts such as these throng upon us now as at no other anniversary. Father and mother, son and daughter, sister and brother, in every house in the land, have each some remembrance, sad—but ah, how sweet— which is to them the dearest and the most sacred of those of the Christmas time. With the recollection of former Christmas days comes rushing back the old feeling of bereavement, the inexpressible yearning for the meeting again our beloved dead; and memories of the dear ones gone before, warm and breathing as if they were with us still, come to us to-day, filling our souls with longing and with love.

The sacred influences of Christmas do not pass away with the day. In each life is aroused some worthier sentiment which the dull round of every-day care does not at once harden. The effort made by each loving heart, like the fragrance of some hidden flower, has an influence which extends far beyond its immediate neighborhood. How far-reaching this is no one may know, for we cannot trace the ultimate effect of our lightest action. The word or deed of the humblest of us all may perhaps sink deep into the heart of a wise man and teach him some great lesson. And from seed thus sown may spring a tree whose fruit shall bring relief to many a weary fellow mortal.

DEER ON LONG ISLAND.

THE law passed in 1879, which absolutely forbade the killing of deer on Long Island for five years, went out of force this fall. During this close time scarcely any deer were killed and as a consequence the scrub oak and pine woods of Eastern Long Island are well supplied with deer. Moreover these animals, owing to their long protection, are very tame and easily approached, and therefore many have been killed. Their abundance shows how much good may be done by a law which is observed, and it is to be hoped that the legislative wisdom at Albany may be induced to enact a law again closing the season on Long Island for five years, and then opening it for the first fifteen days of November. Surely one season of good hunting in six years ought to satisfy the Long Islanders, and it is only in some such way as this that the supply of deer can be kept up there. It must be remembered that the eastern end of Long Island is less than one hundred miles from the great city of New York, and unless the deer are carefully protected it will take but a short time to exterminate them. The cover which has so long afforded them protection is being cut away, and each year a considerable area is being added to the farming

land. Ultimately the deer must be driven from here as they have been from so many other localities which were once abundantly supplied with them. Let us put off this evil day as long as possible. It is no small thing to have wild deer within a short distance of New York, and it is worth our while to preserve this stock as long as we may.

ARE WE READY FOR A CHALLENGE?

WHILE it is too early as yet to state exactly what yacht we may be called upon to meet in defense of the America Cup, the news of two preliminary challenges should awaken our yachtsmen to a full sense of the situation. The question of what was done in 1851, or even twenty years ago, has not the slightest bearing on the present issue, and a false confidence in past results can only result in disaster to American interests. To-day American yachtsmen are called on to meet a totally different type of boat from any against which we have previously contended, and arguments based on craft of the past decade are but treacherous guides.

The capabilities of the probable contestant can be gauged with sufficient accuracy to make apparent the necessity of immediate action on our part. One of the few courses open to us—the selection of an old yacht, the construction of a new one, or a further trial of the latest compromise—must be decided on soon, as but a few months remain, and in either case much must be done to meet the coming cutter with even a reasonable show of success. The fact that we have thus far been successful in all contests for the Cup is of little importance in view of the altered conditions of yachting, and may well be laid aside for the present, while we consider what our best sloops have done in this and the previous season against two, or three cruising cutters, and the still more important question of what they can do against the pick of the English racing fleet.

JUSTICE FOR INDIANS.—Last week a delegation from the Indian Rights Association appeared before the sub-committee of the House, which has charge of the Indian appropriation bill. The delegation consisted of Herbert Welsh, secretary; Clement McBiddle, Robert Frazer, C. C. Painter and S. C. Armstrong. They urged the appropriation of \$50,000, to be used by the Indian Commissioner for the relief of the Indians in Montana, and maintained that immediate action was required to prevent actual starvation. They also urged the importance of adequate provision for the support of Indian schools, and said that first-class industrial training might be furnished at the rate of \$175 and transportation per pupil. They also recommended an increase of agents' salaries, so as to make it possible to obtain competent men for agents; increased pay for Indian police and judges of courts of Indian offenses, and more stringent measures for the suppression of the whisky traffic among the Indian tribes. It is a little encouragement for the friends of right and justice that at last some one is found to say a word for the Indians.

WITH SIXTY YEARS BETWEEN.—The express brought to the FOREST AND STREAM office from Tennessee last week a pair of deer's antlers, and a note that came with them told us that we were to accept them as a "token of amity" from our correspondent "Antler." They were the latest trophy of his skill with the rifle. "From the fact that deer have become so scarce here," the note continues, "I seldom hunt them of late, and it is more seldom that I succeed in killing one; and circumstances strongly indicate that I may have killed my last deer. That I have lived to see the frosts and snows of seventy-three winters is to me presumptive evidence that my hunting days are nearly over. Still-hunting has been a favorite pastime from my youth up; and some sixty years have elapsed between the killing of my first deer and this last one."

A CURIOUS COMPLICATION.—Some genius up in New Hampshire has conceived the brilliant notion that if the State wants to control the game on his land it must prove property and remove it. He has posted a notice which reads: "Notice is hereby given to the State of New Hampshire, and to the town of New Ipswich, and also to the Fish and Game Wardens of New Ipswich, to proceed at once, if they have any fish or game on my premises, to prove property and pay charges, and take them away.—DANIEL FARWELL. P. S. Beware of trespass." Mr. Farwell might profit by reading the numbers of the FOREST AND STREAM, which explain the nature of property in game. Meanwhile, there are doubtless scores of men in New Hampshire who will, free of charge, devote their leisure in taking an inventory of the game in question.

FORESTS AND FORESTRY.

I.

AT the early settlement of any wholly or well-wooded country, the heaviest timbered lowlands are soon found to be the most productive, but their value is much impaired in the eyes of the settlers, by the cost of clearing away the timber. Every acre cleared is regarded as a triumph of man over nature; another step in the conversion of the wilderness into a garden, and it takes men a long time to learn that the immediate richness of the soil and climatic conditions of fertility are as much the consequence as the cause of its past vegetation. Every generation of forest, every tree, in the chemical process of organic life, draws its food supply from soil and atmosphere, eliminating organic compounds of much greater efficacy as plant food than the original elements from which they were elaborated; and converting the inorganic earths and alkalis into soluble salts immediately available as food supply.

The axiom that forest land is worth a unit of value minus the cost of clearing the timber on it, is in time supplanted by the axiom that forest land is worth a unit of value plus the value of the timber on it, but long after the changed conditions have stamped the second axiom with truth the traditions of the first continue to influence conduct. The gradual decrease of the timber supply all over the country is not appreciated by the community individually, as long as they severally have no difficulty in supplying their immediate needs. When at length the scarcity of timber makes itself felt, as it does in all cases where the public foresight has not been directed to the impending calamity in time, the costs and delay involved in the growth of fresh forest make the task appear so formidable that it has frequently been given up in despair. The immediate consequences have been a generally degenerate style of buildings, of implements, of everything in fact, for which timber is used; a permanent check is given to the progress of civilization, and slowly but surely the total destruction of the forests is followed by changed climatic conditions, the rainfall is precarious and diminished in quantity, agriculture is at length restricted to the low valleys, the once fertile fields are devoted to pasture lands, a growing civilization is first arrested and then imperceptibly merges back to the pastoral stage. Such is, in faint outline, the history of the once vigorous civilization of Central Asia.

Recent exceptionally destructive floods in the Mississippi, the Ohio and other rivers of this continent have been attributed by writers, who have studied the subject, to the wholesale denudation of forest areas over extensive regions drained by these rivers, and although precise local knowledge is necessary to determine to what extent these floods, or any of them, are attributable to the cause assigned, the problem is as susceptible of as exact determination as a problem in mathematics. The floods are due either to a greater rain or snowfall over the region drained by the rivers in which they occur, or to the greater facility with which the melting snow or falling rain reaches the rivers; but whatever the precise cause of recent destructive floods, the asserted influence of forest clearance in determining irregularities in river flow, has long been transferred from the region of speculation to that of exact science. European nations plant forests for the express purpose of regulating river flow, with as full confidence in the result as the farmer feels when he drains a swampy meadow. The Swiss Government has just made a large appropriation for this object. We have not merely the evidence that wholesale forest clearance is invariably followed by irregularity of flow in all the streams and rivers of the region, exhibiting destructive floods at one season, followed by dry beds or a sluggish flow at another season; but we have the positive evidence afforded by the reforestation of the slopes bordering the Rhone and other European rivers, that with the growth of the forests the rivers are restored to their original regularity of flow; and the fact of the supposed connection having been thus demonstrated by experience, the mode in which forests exert their influence in this direction has been investigated and rendered familiar to all who have made the subject their study.

Forests are far more essential to the general welfare and progress of a nation than is apt to be readily appreciated by a people whose growth hitherto is measurable by the area of forest cleared for cultivation. The maintenance of a permanent supply of timber is essential to material progress. The regulation of river flow, freedom from excessive floods and maintenance of an approximately uniform depth of water throughout the year, are all matters of vast economic importance and directly dependent on the absorptive and retentive capacity of the forest floor. Forests, moreover, exercise important hygienic functions from their quality of absorbing carbonic acid gas, a substance generated by humanity in large cities in quantities sufficient to vitiate the atmosphere, were it not borne away by winds and absorbed by trees which decompose it, convert the carbon into solid wood and give back to the atmosphere the oxygen so necessary to the support of animal life.

To say, as has been already implied, that the destruction of our forests would be the deathblow to all the important industries in which timber is the raw material; that it would cripple our national progress by its direct action; that indirectly it would prejudice the agricultural future of the country by depreciation of the rainfall in the great interior basin of the country, and at the same time devastate the river

valleys by excessive spring floods, and to add to this that the salubrity of the climate would be more or less impaired, is to advance a powerful array of arguments for the adoption of conservative measures, or at least of giving to the problem that immediate and serious consideration which its accepted importance demands.

And this is not all. The material well-being of a nation, as of an individual, is the first consideration—the animal needs must be provided for before man has leisure or inclination to cultivate his distinctive human faculties, his moral sense, his intellectual grasp of abstract problems, his sentiment of the beautiful. And while it is just and proper, in urging the nation to spare and perpetuate the grand old forests, the glory of our country, that the greatest stress should be laid upon their importance as a prime element of material progress and well-being, there is not an American, worthy of the name, so dead to every patriotic sentiment, so callous to the sense of the beautiful in nature, that he could stand by unmoved and see the picturesque fastnesses of the forest-clad mountains stripped of all that renders them attractive, and reduced to desolate wastes producing nothing for the support of man or beast.

Some forest is directly essential to material prosperity, which is to a considerable extent dependent on forest products. Some forest is necessary for the maintenance of the climatic conditions essential to agriculture, in all but the coast regions of the country. The average citizen who aspires to something higher than the mere gratification of his animal needs, wants some forests in whose calm recesses he may at times seek health and peace, and respite from the cares and toils of city life; and the patriotic citizen desires that his fatherland shall compete with the countries of the old world in the beauty of its scenery, in its facilities for healthy field sports, and in all those nameless but appreciable influences which bind man to inanimate nature and give birth to the passionate sentiment of patriotism, always found in its greatest intensity among people at home with nature.

In spite of the enormous importance of forests to our material and general well-being, recent inquiry has elicited the startling fact, not merely that the remaining area of forest is unequal to the permanent supply of our timber needs, but that it is already verging to nearly an extinction, that we have not even a ten years' supply of pine timber at present rate of consumption.

Nevertheless, in the face of an impending calamity, the immediate and remote consequences of which it were hard to realize, the nation is rapidly drifting toward the inevitable without an effort to avert, or even to mitigate, the worst consequences.

The Government is still offering timber land at a dollar and a quarter an acre, which it will be impossible to replace ten years hence at fifty dollars an acre. To the intelligent foreigner it would appear, that the Government is without sense of responsibility, the people indifferent to the future of their country. As a matter of fact, the industrial activity of the American people, resulting, as it does, in a minute division of labor and concentration of the individual intellectual energy on special objects, is unfavorable to the careful consideration of questions affecting the general well-being. The great body of our citizens have no leisure to study the general or specially local climatic influences of forests, no leisure to sit down and calculate the area necessary to the maintenance of a permanent timber supply, no leisure to collect statistics to enable them to determine whether the country possesses a forest area equal to its permanent maintenance or not. Every intelligent citizen knows very well that the maintenance of a forest area equal to the permanent supply of the national timber requirements is essential to our permanent prosperity, but he leaves the adjustment of the problem to the government of his election, whose special province it is to relieve him of responsibility in such matters. But the fact appears to be, that the danger has announced itself so unexpectedly, the problem is so complicated, that the Government, legislative and executive, is completely paralyzed in the face of it.

It is now four years since Professor Sargent, of the Bureau of Statistics at Washington, estimated the standing reserve of pine timber in the United States at about two hundred and sixty billions, leaving us now eight or ten years' supply at present rate of cutting; yet grave as are the consequences involved in the threatened almost immediate extinction of this necessity of national progress, no remedial measures are being taken or even suggested. The fact is, the responsibility is too heavy for one man or one body of men, opposed as they necessarily would be by powerful cliques in possession of the forests, and fearing that their interests might in some sort suffer from measures designed for the national well-being. The threatened calamity is as patent to the general public as to the Legislature, and if the people at large fail to respond to the movement set on foot by the New York Forest League and other associations for the same object, they afford evidence of a national indifference to the future well-being of the country—of such an utter absence of the sentiment of patriotism, that the Government may well be excused from putting its hand to the herculean task, which can only be accomplished by a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether. No popular government can or dare attempt to grapple with so sweeping a measure as is involved in the settlement of the forest question on a sound basis, without the assurance of public support. The direct sufferers from the

evils of reckless forest clearance in the past, the settlers in the valleys of the Mississippi, the Ohio, and other rivers, the merchants and steamboat owners, whose interests are imperiled by the growing difficulties of river navigation, should take the lead; but the evils involved in the neglect of the forest question are confined to no one class or classes. Setting climatic considerations aside, the mere annihilation of our pine timber, which, on the best available statistics, may be looked for eight years hence, constitutes a calamity of such wide-spread national importance, as to involve all other interests in its consequence, and from Maine to California the national voice should be unanimous in its expressed determination to support the national and State legislatures, in well-considered, comprehensive measures to investigate the forest problem, and place the forest administration on a permanent sound footing. The Government at Washington has publicly announced an impending national calamity, it was announced without coloring, without comment; the bare facts were submitted to the sovereign decision of the people. The Government has done its duty, it is now for the people to announce its sovereign will, that this impending calamity must be met by comprehensive measures to avert its worst consequences, remedy the causes which have led to it, and to furnish the Government with the strongest assurances of its support in all well-considered efforts for the inauguration of remedial measures. It is no question of class interest, the welfare of the nation is at stake, and whatever action is taken in the matter must be the outcome of openly announced public sentiment. This question stands out prominently as a crucial test of the merits of representative government. Despotism governments have confronted the problem more or less boldly—Germany and France with eminent success, and it remains for the United States to demonstrate, that the people at large possess as high intelligence, as rare foresight, and as strong a sense of national responsibility as the ruling classes of the old world.

The evil has been neglected too long—is too deep seated to be remedied by any act of the Legislature. Nine-tenths of the forest property of the country has been squandered away, the other tenth is for the most part in the hands of private individuals, who claim their right to complete the ruin within the next decade. No act of the Legislature can redeem the lost nine-tenths for this generation; no act of Legislature, no scientific system of forest administration, can permanently maintain the present output. The nation has been spendthrift of its forests, and all that legislation can do is to provide for a prudent administration of the spendthrift estate. The keynote of reform in such a case is necessarily retrenchment—the adjustment of the output to the yield. Let the last ten per cent. be sacrificed, and the outlook will be a gloomy one. Canada is at least as near the end of her resources in pine timber as we are, and although the Baltic provinces of Russia and the Scandinavian countries are still producing a surplus above their home requirements, that surplus falls below the requirements of England. There is no foreign source from which America can supply herself, and her supplies once exhausted, she will not only have to face the necessity of growing fresh forests, but her resources will be taxed to the utmost, and her material progress be seriously checked by her dependence on high-priced and less suitable foreign timber, while her own plantations are growing.

ALMOST CLOSE ENOUGH.—There appears to be a tendency just now to discuss the old and much mooted question of just what sort of a being that ideal creature the "true" sportsman may be. The consideration now engaging attention is of how many birds a man may legitimately bring to bag. Aside from all ethical points of view, it is certain that sometimes an empty game bag affords more satisfaction than one which bulges out with the trophies of good fortune and skill. A dead buck will never again thrill the heart of the man on the runway, but the buck that gets away to-day may do his share in affording more sport to-morrow. In some parts of the country a deer or a wild turkey or some other like sought game is hunted year after year, and the sportsman who is fortunate enough to get within range for a shot, even though it be unsuccessful, finds more satisfaction in that than he would in securing another deer or turkey. So, too, some shooters have a special desire to bag some particular species of game, and to send a shot after this is a deal more gratification than to fill up the game bag with other more common game. A well-known gentleman, writing the other day, expressed this when he said: "I have done but little shooting, as I take my gun and just loaf through the fields and woods and enjoy myself. I generally kill enough for my breakfast and a few to spare. The best day's sport that I have had I did not fire a shot, but I came near getting close enough to a turkey to shoot."

ADIRONDACK DEER HOUNDING.—We have been obliged to defer until next week the publication of several communications relating to the hounding of deer in the Adirondacks. It is extremely probable that this subject will come up before the Legislature at the next session, and it is therefore greatly to be desired that as much information about it be made available as may serve for a basis for sensible arguments. We repeat the request already made in these columns, that those who are cognizant of the facts will lay them before our readers.

The Sportsman Tourist.

HOW THEY KILLED A DEER.

"WE have had such good practice with that air gun that I am sure we could do it! And Helen you are a very good shot. You hit the bullseye five times this morning."

"Yes, out of fifty shots. I don't think my target looked as well as yours, Meg."

"Still, on the whole, I think we made rather the best shots of the day, don't you, Mr. Furman?"

An odd little smile crept into the face of the gentleman who lay on the grass at their feet, and he pulled his soft hat lower over the laugh in his eyes before he answered.

"You are both good shots, young ladies, and I will gladly take you out to-night if you will only consent to go. I think it very likely you may get a shot, as the deer seem more than plentiful about here."

"Oh I should like it of all things. But what will your mother say, Helen? And my sister? Will they let us go?"

"I think I can manage that," interposed the diplomatic Furman. "Wear the thickest gowns you have with you, take plenty of wraps, and a flask of whisky in case you get chilled, and be ready at 8 o'clock."

"Oh, won't it be perfectly delightful!" exclaimed Meg with a little quiver of ecstasy as she and Helen Heath walked off toward the house. "Meacham is always lovely, but to think of going on a genuine deer hunt with Mr. Furman! Isn't it just too good of him to take us? Do you think he can manage it with your mother and Kate? And what are we to do for guns?"

"Meg Davenport, hush! You've asked me three questions and haven't given me a chance to answer one. I protest. Isn't it too good of Mr. Furman? No, for he will enjoy it as much as we, or he wouldn't have asked us. Do I think we shall be allowed to go by the powers that be? Yes, I do. For mamma and Mrs. Carter both like Mr. Furman, and know he is quite competent to take care of us. What shall we do for guns? Well, I think we may safely leave that detail in our escort's hands. He knows we can't shoot with walking sticks or umbrellas, and as he has invited us to go he will probably get rifles for us somewhere."

"Helen, you are so superior! Do you really think we may get a deer?"

"Why not? It never seemed to me a very difficult thing to row up to a deer and put a bullet in him somewhere. But you mustn't get the buck fever, Meg."

"What's that? Oh, I know. You mean I mustn't get excited just as I am going to fire, and let my hand tremble. No, indeed. I shall be as cool as any cucumber. You will see. I feel in my bones that we are going to get one deer. How do you suppose they look when one first catches sight of them in the night?"

"Well, I believe one only sees the eyes, and they look like balls of fire. Isn't that what they told us?"

"Yes, so it is. Just fancy aiming in the darkness at two balls of fire, Helen! We must keep very cool!"

Meacham Lake is one of the loveliest of the Adirondack sheets of water. Nestled down between the thickly-clad old mountains, its blue waves are forever restlessly whispering the secrets of the wood-creatures that inhabit the side forests, betraying them, or so it seemed, to the cruel knowledge of the lucky hunters, who counted their "bags" each day, and their frequent bucks with never a thought of pity.

All summer a merry party had been gathered at the old-fashioned and comfortable little inn at the end of the lake, and when the deer season opened it found them familiar enough with each other to feel like one big family in the comparative-isolation of the woods' life, with only an occasional mail bringing news from the outside world. Helen Heath and Meg Davenport were two schoolgirl friends who had induced their respective chaperons to take them to the same summer resort, that their friendship begun in school might continue in the mountains. They were bright, attractive girls, with all the vivacity of seventeen years and always ready for what they called a lark. Mr. Wallis and Mr. Rodgers, two juniors from Harvard College, and Mr. Furman, a student of the Harvard Law School, evidently found it worth their while to devote amusement for these compliant young ladies, and the five soon became the center of much sport, which was continued through the long, lazy summer days and moonlit evenings. But when the deer season began the girls found themselves deserted, even their bright faces sinking into insignificance before the huntsman's instinct. For four nights now every Nimrod had been seeking deer, and as yet none had been shot. The return of the gentlemen in the morning had, therefore, become the signal for many jeers and gibes from the feminine part of the household, and Miss Davenport had been heard to observe derisively that last morning that if the ladies could but get an opportunity to go out the long-talked-of buck would be secured and venison would be provided for the table. This was too much for the gallantry of the young collegians, and after a short consultation together Mr. Furman was chosen to deliver the invitation, which was accepted, as has been told.

The day wore on, and evening came at last. No moonlight, but clear and starlit. The girls were ready promptly, and the trio started off in high spirits, having been accompanied to the little wharf by the entire party, anxious Mrs. Heath adding an extra shawl to the boat load already there, laughing Mrs. Carter tying a third silk handkerchief about Meg's throat, which had a reputation for delicacy, and a third friend administering good advice in large quantities.

"Are your guns loaded?" shouted Mr. Wallis as the boat pushed off.

"All right," answered Mr. Furman; and Mr. Rodgers could not resist one parting fling. "Remember, we shall expect a buck at the very least, perhaps two. Don't fail to fire just as soon as you see the eyes, Miss Helen!"

"Are we to fire together, Mr. Furman?" asked Meg, as the increasing distance made any further comments from the wharf useless.

"Yes, I think so. One of you will wear the jack-lantern, and both can be ready to shoot. That will give you a double chance at the deer."

"Oh, how I hope we shall see one! Do you think we will?" cried enthusiastically Meg, giving a little start of delight from among her shawls.

"Not a doubt of it. You know there have been at least a half dozen seen this week. Only we haven't been able to get a good shot at any."

"Pooh! That's only an excuse. Own up, now, Mr. Furman, that you are all very poor shots anyway!"

Mr. Furman laughed. "Well, we are quite willing to give you the honor if you earn it, Miss Meg."

"The worst of it is we must keep so dreadfully still," added Meg sadly.

"Yes, that is a trial for you," answered Helen.

On reaching the mouth of the winding inlet the boat was run upon the shore and the long oars exchanged for a more easily wielded paddle. Then Helen, who was supposed to be the cooler of the two Dianas and least likely to become nervous, allowed Mr. Furman to fasten the lighted jack firmly on her head before she took her place in the bow of the boat. Then their guide took his place in the stern, putting Meg between on a pile of shawls. Each girl had her rifle lying across her lap, but grasped in both hands to be ready on the instant. Thus they started up the inlet in the silence and the darkness, the former broken only by an occasional hoarse-voice bellow, and the latter by the single gleaming thread of light thrown forward on the water by the odd little lantern, which felt so heavy and queer on Helen's head, but which enabled Mr. Furman to steer so quietly up the narrow twisting stream. How ghostly the half-closed water lilies looked as the light fell on them for an instant. How queer and unreal the low bushes where an occasional bird chirped sleepily. How the wind sighed through the tops of the tall pine trees near by, and hark! What was that? A deer whistling in the distance? No, only a hermit-thrush piping his high single note far away. Suddenly a loud "Who-oo-oo" close to them on the bank makes Meg start violently and raise her rifle, until a low whisper behind her says, "An owl," and she sinks back chagrined, for she is sure she hears Mr. Furman laughing, and Helen has been too wise to stir. On again into the darkness, not too much startled even by the lusty water rat who makes a tremendous splash just under their bows, and after that the silence remains so long unbroken that Meg's eyes begin to fall sleepily together, and even Helen thinks regretfully of bed, when the promised signal wakes them both instantly and decidedly. It is one shake of the light boat which the girls well understand to mean. "Look to the right!" They are just rounding a little point. Can it be that their hunt is to be successful at last? And two hearts beat like trip-hammers, so loud they seem audible to the excited owners.

A rustle in the grass—the jack-light is turned by Helen's steady gaze toward the slight noise, and there—yes there are the two burning eyes of the deer!

Neither Helen nor Meg will ever know how they got their rifles to their shoulders and fired, but they did almost simultaneously and the shots were followed by a violent trampling, a startled snort, and the instant disappearance of the eyes.

"We've hit him!" shouted Meg, no longer able to keep silent, "I know we've hit him! Oh, let us go ashore and see, quick, Mr. Furman!"

"Not a doubt about it," said their guide. "No deer ever makes a noise like that unless he is hit. He's probably back in the bushes a little way."

So saying he ran the boat on to the marshy bank and borrowing Helen's jack dashed into the bushes.

His absence seemed an age to the breathless girls in the boat who sat congratulating each other in low tones upon their success and prowess, and each repeating for the hundredth time an account of just how she felt at the critical moment.

"But didn't we aim well, Helen, in spite of our excitement? Oh, I am so proud of us!"

"Wait till we hear if we have really killed him, Meg," added her more cautious friend. "Don't crow too soon."

"Oh, I am sure we must have hit him! You know—but here he comes!" With an entire disregard of pronouns. Then addressing her questions eagerly to Mr. Furman who now appeared.

"Is he dead? Did you get him? Where is he?"

Mr. Furman returned the jack light to Miss Heath and answered in a disappointed tone:

"I am confident that he must have been killed. But it's so dark and the brush so thick in there, that I can't find him in the night. He has, perhaps been able to creep a little way before dying, and I will come back with the guides in the morning and get him."

"Poor thing!" I can't bear to think we must leave him perhaps wounded and suffering! I would rather never have shot him."

There was a slight pause which neither of the excited girls noticed before the gentleman replied. "You need not feel badly about that, Miss Davenport. He is sure to be dead by this time or I should have heard him. We'll have him in the morning."

Their last doubt set at rest, and they themselves only anxious to hasten home and relate their adventures and success, Meg and Helen were in wild spirits all the way, and covered Mr. Furman with admiring thanks for his aid, besides calling upon him to witness that the ladies were evidently better shots and possessed of stronger nerves than the gentlemen who had failed so often to get the deer.

"Yes," said their meek guide, "you shall have all the credit of the first buck."

"I hope it is a buck! Who'll have the horns? You may, Helen, and I'll take the feet for a fishing-rod rack; they are so pretty."

And so aided by wind and current and hastened by the occupants' strong desire to get home and be praised, the light canoe flew over the dark water. But the exultant party reached the house at midnight, only to find that those who had been left to wait had not been eager enough to sit up two hours beyond the primitive retiring time in the mountains in order to hear the result of the expedition.

But this little disappointing delay only added to their pleasure on the following morning, when they found themselves the center of an admiring group, all listening to the detailed account of how the deer appeared, was shot, and disappeared; and congratulations were generously showered upon them by the unsuccessful gentlemen. "Where was it?" inquired Mr. Wallis, with marked eagerness. "Let's go there ourselves to-night," added Mr. Rodgers, quickly.

"Ah, you'll not get another!" cried Meg, and Helen said, "No, we have killed the whole family. He was a widower."

"Well, at least," was the humble answer, "I suppose we may go with Furman to bring home your buck."

"Oh, certainly! And the sooner the better. We are crazy to see him. I wonder where he was shot?"

"In the head, probably. You know we only saw his eyes."

"That's all they ever see, I understand, and the deer is often wounded in the legs, Meg! You seem to think we are regular Creedmoor shots!"

But poor Meg's pride and delight were destined to have a very serious fall, for when the three gentlemen returned from

the inlet just before dinner, instead of a triumphal procession bearing a huge buck with them, they appeared empty-handed to report to the crestfallen amazons that they had hunted far and wide but found no deer.

"But we saw where the grass was trampled down, and where some heavy body had lain. You must have either wounded or killed him, and perhaps he has been dragged off by bears. They say there are lots of them around here, and they're only too glad to get a chance at a dead or wounded buck."

Thus Mr. Furman consoled them, but Helen and Meg were deeply chagrined for the whole afternoon, at the end of which time they agreed to adopt the consoling theory, and went back to New York in the fall confidently announcing to all their friends that they had had the honor of killing the first buck of the season. ("I think it must have been a buck," said Meg to Helen. "And you know that sounds so much grander.") That the bears and not they had enjoyed that venison they did not consider a fact worth mentioning.

The spring holidays found Helen and Meg paying a visit to the latter's aunt in Boston, who kindly included both the girls in the invitation; and the delights of the historic and beautiful old city were more keenly appreciated because the two girls enjoyed them together.

Mrs. Maynard's warm and old-fashioned hospitality brought many people to meet her young guests, and among them all the girls fancied none so much as a certain young and charming Mrs. Ashworth, who was so beautiful, so accomplished, so much of a social light, that Helen and Meg conceived a real schoolgirl's admiration for her and were content to sit in admiring silence whenever an opportunity offered to listen to her conversation.

On one occasion the idle talk of a morning visit turned upon summer life in the woods, and the young ladies were just about to tell of their experiences at Meacham, when their attention was called to a newly-arrived note of invitation demanding an immediate reply and for which they were obliged to excuse themselves for a few moments' consultation. On their return to the room Mrs. Ashworth was saying:

"And the best of it all is that the whole thing was a practical joke. Jack's friends, Mr. Wallis and Mr. Rodgers, had determined to give these boastful little girls a lesson because they had laughed so much at them for their ill-luck with the deer. So when the boat started from the house those two absurd fellows went round by the road, and at some point—the Inlet I believe they call it—pre-arranged with Jack, they stood with their lighted cigars in their mouths and their heads and faces covered with dark veils, so that all the light of the little lantern revealed were these two sparks of fire. These the poor, deluded girls took for deer's eyes, having been previously told to watch for just such an apparition, and then you know they went back boasting of their buck!"

"But I should think, Mrs. Ashworth, it would hardly have been safe to let them fire, though of course I don't suppose they could have hit anything."

"Oh, the gentlemen arranged all that. The rifles were loaded with blank cartridges before the party left the house, so there was no question of shooting, you see, at all. And Jack said it was so funny to hear these girls telling how they felt when they heard their bullets hissing through the air, and knew that they had really killed a deer! He said too that he was almost sorry for the joke at one time, when one of the young deer slayers began to pity the "poor wounded creature." I believe if it had not been for spoiling the others' joke he might have told them then. But he did not, and they never knew and never will. Quite a good practical joke, wasn't it, young ladies?" turning to Meg and Helen, who had suddenly become strangely interested in their embroidery.

Meg did not raise her flushed face, but after an instant of hesitation Helen looked up calmly and replied: "Excellent. Did the young men share their joke with all the others at this place? Were the girls laughed at by everybody?"

"Oh, no, indeed! Jack said they were such nice girls, only a little vain on a few points, and this joke was kept entirely among the three gentlemen."

"I am glad to hear that, for the sake of the poor foolish girls. Perhaps they will learn in time not to be vain any more of that deer they killed in the Adirondacks."

Meg and Helen never relate the story of their deer hunt to any more admiring audiences. They are no longer vain of being "good shots." And they both decline venison on principle.

GENE H. UNDERWOOD.

OTTAWA FIELD NATURALISTS' CLUB.—The winter programme of the Ottawa Field Naturalists' Club for the season of 1884-5 has just been issued. The arrangement for afternoon lectures, to be held in the Museum of the Ottawa Literary and Scientific Society, every Monday afternoon at 4:15, is as follows: Jan. 13, 19 and 26, Prof. J. Macoun will lecture on botany; on Feb. 2, 9 and 15, Mr. Willmott will speak on mineralogy; Feb. 23 Mr. W. L. Scott will devote to ornithology; March 1 Mr. Harrington will lecture on entomology; March 8 conchology will be treated by Mr. Latchford, and March 15 zoology by Mr. Small. These lectures are open to the general public on payment of ten cents, and are free to members of the club and of the Ottawa Literary and Scientific Society. At the meetings for the winter the following topics will be brought up: Dec. 4, 1884, Report of Entomological Branch of the Society by Messrs. Fletcher and Harrington as leaders. Dec. 18, the Canadian Otter, by Mr. Lett, and report of botanical branch by Mr. R. B. Whyte and Prof. Macoun. Jan. 15, 1885, Mr. Willmott will read a paper on the Minerals of the Ottawa District, and Messrs. Scott and G. R. White will give the Report of the Ornithological Branch; Feb. 5, Mr. Latchford will speak on Our Terrestrial Mollusca, and Messrs. Small and Lett will read the Report of the Zoological Branch; Feb. 19, Mr. W. Scott will lecture on Wheat, and Messrs. Willmott and Anderson will report on mineralogy, and Mr. Billings on geology. March 4 Mr. Harrington will read a paper on Our Savanias and Horktails, Mr. Billings one on Our Trenton Fossils, and Messrs. Latchford and Forrier will read the Report of the Conchological Branch. The annual meeting will be held March 16 at 4 P. M. The meetings above referred to, except when otherwise stated, will be held in the Museum of the Ottawa Literary and Scientific Society on the above dates, commencing at 8 P. M. punctually. In addition to the papers advertised, notes for publication, upon all subjects connected with the work of the club, may be read by members at any of the above meetings. There will also be specimens on exhibition and microscopes for the examination of special structures and minute organisms.

A CHRISTMAS DAY IN CEYLON.

IT is Christmas, the day set apart the Christian world over, for fun, frolic and feasting. And here am I, cribbed, cabined and confined, with no prospect of any of these good things, for outside it is raining, and sleeting and blowing, and chilling the very marrow bones, as only a northeast storm can.

I feel restless, discontented and disappointed, too, for if, when the option was presented me a few days ago, I had but selected duck shooting instead of quail shooting, for my holiday's amusement, I might at this minute have been encoined behind a blind, and perhaps warming canvasbacks while cooling myself, for this is glorious weather for Currituck work. But the quail are lying snug in the woods, and if I knew of a dozen berries within a mile, I would hardly care to go for them, and if I did, and found them, I couldn't hit them in this weather. So after all, it's just as well as it is; and as my cabin is warm and cosy, my dinner a good one, and my pipe going well, I'll content myself with less exciting pastime.

I have, when tired of study or reading, a seldom failing resource, my charts and my journals; the former, especially one on which, in a space of five feet by four, the entire world is depicted, are not slightly; ink blots, sea water and coffee stains and others which indicate the former existence of candle grease, adorn them, and faintly remind me of the rough times they have been through; and nearly every ocean is more or less speckled with various colored dots (each dot dated) from and to which radiate connecting lines, in some places in most confusing network. Each dot and the adjacent line represents a day of my life; a day in many cases so completely lost that I can but say, "I evidently was here then." And some of them were undoubtedly long days, too long to lose so many out of one short life. To a certain extent the journals supply the deficiency, for in them I have from time to time for thirty years jotted down something in regard to the countries I have visited, people I have known, and adventures I have met with during the wandering life which it has been my good fortune to live. And the impulse has come to me to review the many—too many—anniversaries of this day whose history is embraced in that pile of weather-beaten, time-worn and soiled volumes, and to see where I was and what I was doing on the many Christmas days between 1850 and 1883.

Two hours have now gone by unnoticed, and the time has not been lost, for I have found plenty to set me to thinking and remembering. There are histories of the day spent at sea and in port, in storms of the Atlantic and calms of the Equator, among the pagodas of China, and the temples of Japan and India; of others in South America, West Indies and Europe; and one in particular stands out conspicuously, for it began with an earthquake, which drove from my side, screaming, "*Madre de Jesu, tiembra!*" the prettiest Meztizoe girl in Manila (so I thought, and a poetic friend described her as an "ox-eyed houri"), with whom I was in exultant happiness, going through the evolutions of the *habenero*. I was but a middy then, and such emotions as most probably influenced my pen, in the record of that pleasant, although rather too warm night, have grown sluggish, and I cannot hope to convey to my friends of the FOREST AND STREAM a realizing sense of that which I find myself no longer able to fully depict even in memory, of the jolly good time I was having (before the earthquake, I mean, that broke us all up); so I will not attempt it.

I select another Christmas and some of the preceding and succeeding days, for it is the "old, old story," and from the day when, over ten years ago, I first overhauled these log books, that I might make good my promise to Hallock, and extracted from them a story of fishing on the African coast, until the present, the same cause has produced the same effect, a letter to my friends of the FOREST AND STREAM. A former letter, after describing the attempt made in a little gunboat to wrestle in the winter time, with the "roaring forties," the inglorious abandonment of this wild attempt, and subsequent pleasant consequences which followed in the Island of Johana, left us safely anchored in the harbor of Point de Galle, Ceylon. That occurred some fifteen years ago, nearly as many before, for it was in 1857, on Christmas Day, I had sailed from this same harbor, and in this letter, after I shall have gotten fairly outside, and with a good offing, take the back track, and tell you of a passage in which the "forties" were successfully encountered, and their winds made to work for us on our voyage from Table Bay to Ceylon. They worked well, too well for the interests of the gunboat, for in forming plans for her voyage, the incidents of the previous one had had their weight. But old time ships and "ninety-day gunboats" differ widely in their sea-going qualities, and when the sloop-of-war *Germantown*, that Christmas morning, sailed out of Galle, a good portion of the Aroostook was still growing in the Maine forests. At early daylight our anchor came up, and in a very few minutes the beautiful ship was fanning her way out of the harbor. I say beautiful advisedly, for she was a rare combination of the beauties of a yacht, a clipper and a man-of-war, good for eleven knots on a taut bowline. But, alas, she has long ceased to be "a thing of beauty," one of the earliest victims of the civil war, she was burned at this navy yard, hardly a stone's throw from where I now sit and recall her, and there, no doubt, some of her charred timbers still lie submerged.

The anchors stowed, sails all set and yards trimmed, and the watch below piped down. I still lingered and sought my favorite lounging place, the jib netting, where very soon my thoughts were disconnected from, and steadily chased by the ship, now dipping her stem into the waves till the dolphin striker touched, then lifting and rearing until the ever-bright copper far below the load-line rose glistening and giving issue to thousands of little rills and cascades; or looking aloft, the eye would take in and appreciate the trim tautness of the spars, the graceful pyramid showing white in the sunshine of the sails, and the polished rows of guns, whose muzzles and part of chase appeared, now in line, then in echelon, as we rose and dipped. And there, too, even in a calm, there was always a bit of a breeze, for at the calmest such canvas as was set, became a great fan, and were we but crawling ahead, we made then our own breeze.

This morning that breeze was particularly grateful; it was the "morning after." I cared little for breakfast that morning, and less for its following smoke and chat. My journal is not copious in notes, but what few there are serve to indicate the cause of this melancholy condition. References to the songs sung, yarns spun, and to Basses ale, pawne, etc., consumed the previous evening (Christmas Eve, mind, and the "first luff" on shore) in the midshipmen's steerage, give me the key. How different things must have looked then and now! I presume I must have thought

well of an answer I made to a toast, for I have it down verbatim, but it don't strike me that way now.

That day, though, had been to me one to be marked with a white stone, for I had enjoyed every minute of it; and small wonder—it had been my first "liberty day" for nearly two months, and my fourth in nearly five. We had left Norfolk, Va., on the 4th of August, 1857, reached Madeira on the 29th, sailed Sept. 11, reached Table Bay Nov. 1, sailed thence Nov. 7, and reached Galle Dec. 22; thus, out of 140 days, spending but eleven in port. Going to sea was something different in those days from in these of steam. With our well-appointed ship the "forties" had no terrors for us, and as soon as we were clear of Table Bay we had struck to the southward, for through the peculiarities in which navigation differs from mathematics and agrees with an old-time saying, "the longest way around was our shortest way home."

Although Ceylon, our first objective point, lay in a straight steamer line about 5,000 miles N. E., we had to traverse two sides of the triangle of which that line was the hypotenuse, to reach it. In the area of that triangle the S. E. trade winds and equatorial calms, and then the N. E. monsoons, were to be encountered, and it was not to be invaded with safety by vessels dependent upon canvas alone; for the "southeast trades" have an uncomfortable way of being occasionally E. S. E. and E. by S. trades, and such a vagary necessitates a long and tiresome beat to windward. An English clipper, the *Ocean Monarch*, whose skipper knew all about it, and was sure he would give the Yankee ship a rare beating, started from Table Bay the same day we did, bound also to Bombay. He tried the direct route, and reached Bombay two weeks after we did, in spite of our three days' visit to Ceylon. He came in nearly empty, too, for his cargo of horses, to be used by the cavalry regiments in India, had eaten all of their fodder, and then starved to death and fed the sharks.

We ran down to 39° south (the Cape is in 34° approx.), then due east over 2,000 miles, then, seventeen days out, and with Ceylon about N. N. E., and still 3,000 miles away, we yielded to the persuasion of a southeast gale, turned her head toward the Equator, and on Nov. 24 began running down our northing. Our gale lasted five days. It was our only one, but it was one to remember. I quote, Nov. 27, "Through carelessness of helmsman a tremendous sea struck us, smashing in the starboard waist and hammock nettings, from fore-rigging aft. * * * Lower deck flooded over a foot deep, and a promiscuous pile of midshipmen, lieutenants, dishes, boots, tables, chairs and everything movable banked up to leeward; many contusions, but no one seriously injured."

Soon warm weather began to come, and Dec. 6, after days of baffling winds, where the trades ought to have been doing us fine service, they came, put our royals to sleep, and as we drew north they strengthened into a twelve-knot breeze; which, however for the *Germantown*, did not have to be so very strong. For I find on this voyage a number of entries of runs exceeding 250 miles in the twenty-four hours, several of over 260, and one between the noons of Nov. 20 and 21 of 278 miles from observation. And here I may say that during the two years' cruise which followed, the *Germantown* had many a lively race, notably with English and American clippers, and she never was beaten. Among the latter I will mention the *Sonora*, the *Uriel* and the *Levanter*, and one fine day in the December following Captain Thorndyke, of the *Live Yankee*, feeling sure that he could show us his stern windows, invited a party on board, and getting underway with us at Hong Kong, ran out with us through the Lena Channel. We deep laden with stores, he flying light, and at first with the light wind he crawled ahead, but as we cleared the land the breeze freshened, and in an hour, both being close-hauled, the *Live Yankee's* position was shifted from our weather bow to our lee quarter. Then we went on to Manila, and Thorndyke and party I hope enjoyed their dinner and the race as much as we did.

But I've jumped an entire year, and that might be fairly called a digression.

Five days of the trades ran us up to 8° south, and left us in the "doldrums." I wonder if many of my FOREST AND STREAM friends realize what this means? A few extracts from my log may show what I thought of them: "Dec. 12—We have lost the trades; run forty-three miles; hot and uncomfortable. Dec. 13—Hot, calm, sea like glass; run seventeen miles. Dec. 14—Worse and worse; fourteen miles flapped ahead; drinking water, and such water, but increases thirst; how long, oh, Lord, how long? Dec. 15—A breeze at last; to be sure it's but a very little one, but it puts new life in us." From this improvement, and from 6° south we averaged over 150 miles per day, crossing the line with a seven-knot breeze, and on the 22d of December the "spicy breezes" wafted us into Ceylon's best harbor, which having safely reached again, I will say something about; that is, about the brightest remembrance I have of it—my liberty day.

This did not occur till the 24th, for my first two days were busy ones. Our captain was one of these old-time, good souls, who on Sunday when reading service advocated doing to our fellow men as we would be done by, and all that sort of thing, but who on week days seemed to enjoy making everybody unhappy. So he took it into his kind old head and heart the holds needed breaking out and restowing, and as I was the master the duty fell on me to squat on barrels and coils of rope, and dance around barefoot on water tanks, enjoying Ceylon as seen from the depths of the fore hold, amid variations of whitewash and coal tar; but early in the morning of the 24th our worthy and slightly beloved chief being absent ashore, visiting the missionaries, I believe, the first lieutenant kindly set some one else to stowing a lot of wood and water, and gave me my liberty.

By special permission I had gone ashore at daylight in the market boat, for I had then a taste I have never lost, and enjoyed strolling about the stalls and observing the new, and to me, strange specimens of fin, fur, feathers, and—I am writing in Norfolk, and must use the vernacular—"truck." But that most all I saw was novel the stroll would not have paid, for the market was small and scantily provided, still the sight of the great sprawling turtles, strange fish and animals, and the heaps of coconuts, bananas, and other tropical fruit, had its charm, after many days of salt horse.

Some magnificently colored and very large fish, which I was told could be caught by trolling, decided me as to the use I should make of my afternoon. Had I known as much then as I do now, I would never have wasted any time anywhere except over a coral bank with a hand line, expecting to take any fish of such gorgeous hues. After doing the market, I enjoyed a short stroll about the streets, taking in the oddities. Oddest of all was the to me, for the first time in any country, difficulty in distinguishing the sexes; both

wore garments of nearly the same pattern, and hair done up in round waterfalls, that is, the Cinghalese proper; and the surest distinguishing mark was that the men were the most effeminate and best-looking. The streets were filled with Malays, Parsees, Hindoos, Chinese and foreigners, by which term all not Indians are known. The houses were mostly bungalow pattern, and built of bamboo with tiled roofs. A wall encircles the town.

After the stroll, a drive, and for four hours two of us had a grand one. We struck back into the country and on good roads, with a good open carriage, enjoyed the scenery. Our route took us through nutmeg and cinnamon plantations and in one of these, at a breezy café which surmounted a hill, we had a most excellent tiffin of dishes peculiar to the land, and from our seat on the verandah, had in one direction a fine sea, and in the other a rural view.

The natives of Ceylon may well be pardoned their belief, that in this fertile island, where the hills teem with precious stones, the valleys with luxuriant vegetation, and the seas with pearls, was the Garden of Eden; that a singular mark on the top of Adam's Peak, is the trace of Adam's first foot step, and that by "Adam's bridge" he crossed to the continent of India, after expulsion from Paradise. This "Adam's bridge" is a continuous reef, which, extending from the northern point of Ceylon to the southern point of India, across the Gulf of Manaar, makes a complete barrier to all navigation, except by small boats, between the Arabian Sea and the Gulf of Bengal, with here and there a jutting rock, for Adam to step on.

We drove some way into a dense forest, where we kept a bright but unrewarded lookout for some one of the many quadrupeds, such as elephants, chetahs, leopards, etc., etc., said to inhabit it. Then back to town for a round of shopping, of which, however, I did but little, although most tempting bargains in jewelry, sandal wood, tortoise shell and ivory boxes, card cases, writing desks, etc., vampo-cheddar and other shawls were offered. On our first arrival I had expended nearly all of my available funds, and I could but look and long.

Hardly was our anchor down and sails furled, when the ship swarmed with peddlers, mostly of "precious stones," whose value contrasted most strongly with the costumes of the men which, in most cases, were simply a turban and a cummerbund, which costume has but slight advantages over the fig-leaf style. The stone peddlers took possession of us; rubies, emeralds, sapphires, catseyes, all of inestimable value, were displayed, and tremendous was the competition. In my notes made that evening I find this: "I feel convinced that whatever else they may be, the stones which are sold at such ridiculously low prices cannot be genuine, so instead of buying a lot of probably glass imitation, I have contented myself with the purchase of two very pretty and undoubtedly genuine sapphires for which I paid (3/)" And thus I made that bargain:

"You wish very fine stones, sar, very fine?" said my friend, the party of the other part.

"No, get out; your stones are glass, and I've got no money."

"Oh, no, sar; my stones genuine, sar. I can show plenty man got false stones, sar; my name Cheap Jack, sar; I got good paper, I never cheat you. American Consul he know me, sar."

"I've got no money, but I'll look at them."

And out from his cummerbund he drew a bag, and from it several paper parcels, each containing "precious" stones.

"How much for these?"

"I can give you good bargains, sar; I Bombay man, I want to go home to-morrow steamer. You take all, I sell you fifty dollar."

"I told you I had no money."

"All right, sar; s'pose you got handkerchief, sar, litty knife, umbrella, tobac; can bargain all same."

The offer was a tempting one, but I felt sure they were imitations, although so perfect that had he charged me ten times the price I might not have thought so.

He saw I suspected, and suddenly rolled up and put away his package; then, with a mysterious, cautious air, looking all around to be sure we were unobserved, he, while saying, "You good judge, sar, that stones not so No. 1; you understand business; now I show you good thing," and again from the mysterious recesses of the cummerbund came treasure; this time a little sandalwood box, in which, on velvet, lay two very pretty and, beyond doubt, genuine sapphires. They were not large, and were within my means; that is, when said means were pieced out with a somewhat worn gripsack, a lot of tobacco and my spare umbrella.

I have no further memoranda about those stones; but if my memory is correct, I some months after, having on Chinese New Year's Day received from my Sampan girl at Macao a "cumshaw" of a dozen cheap rice paper paintings, worth say fifty cents, returned the compliment with these sapphires, which, set in silver, eventually made—for a boat woman—a very fine pair of earrings. But I had not got them at so low a figure, hence my temporary embarrassments.

As afternoon advanced, I became tired of sight-seeing, and I have but one singular thing to relate, and that is, that neither on this nor on two other visits I have made to Ceylon, in one of them going to Colombo, did I see an elephant, and I had expected to see them as common as horses on Broadway. I have often since heard young men who had made the India tour, discourse of the quantities of these animals they had seen in Ceylon. If they went to Kandy, they probably did; if not, they probably—lied.

About 3 P. M. I repaired on board to get ready for my fishing trip, and about two hours before sunset I started trolling. But I didn't get a strike, though I trolled faithfully for over two hours, my line an ordinary cod line, my hook a cod hook, and my bait a strip of whitefish skin; but I did have some sensations and thrills, and so forth, for all of that.

My boat was a genuine catamaran. It was built of two logs lying parallel, and connected by three curved beams about five feet in length at right angles, the larger log, the canoe part, was about fifteen inches in diameter and hollowed out, leaving sides about two to three inches thick, and an inner capacity of about ten inches, the sides being built up, so that while drawing about a foot there was nearly two feet of freeboard. This log was about twenty feet long, the outer log was of about half these dimensions except in length, which was nearer two-thirds, was solid, and slightly arched on the under side, the ends projecting upward like the horns of a crescent. She carried a large, easily reefed bamboo lug sail nearly amidships, and would sail either end first, although generally the outrigger log was kept to windward. When the wind was fresh and squally, one of the boatmen (there were two) swarmed out on to it and trimmed ship. She

was steered by a paddle, and made very good speed. The sensations were certainly odd, sitting squatted on a candle box, which was contributed by myself, and no part of her original outfit, for like my friend "Nessmuk," the islanders have become adepts in sitting on their own heels, and still more odd, when in a fresh puff, it would be, it seemed to me, a close match between the capsize force of the wind and the keel evening weight on the outrigger; odd enough, but not comfortable, and by sunset I had had enough of it, and was glad to get again on board, and join the midshipmen in celebrating Christmas eve.

And now, Mr. Editor, safe back to the ship, and she with a good offing, I'll bid you *prashchika*, which is Sitka Creole Russian for *au revoir*, or in our tongue "I'll see you later." And next week I will ask your readers to finish the voyage with me, one which will take them across the Gulf of Manar, up the Malabar coast into the Arabian Sea, give you a peep at Bombay, and another at the wonderful Cave Temple of Elephanta, with good weather and most of the way a fair wind. PISECO.

CHRISTMAS DAY, 1883.

CAMP FLOTSAM.

VII.—HIEING TO THE LAND OF "PERENNIAL BASS."

THE old camp was reorganized for quite an extended outing in the summer of 1884. While the earth was yet white with winter, the details of a long proposed campaign among Canadian lakes were perfected. The chosen place was three hundred miles away, and the transportation thitherward of tents and all the paraphernalia of a camp seemed no light task. But what toil will not the angler camper undergo for those annual summer days of barbaric life, far from the tides of commerce and the sound of the ceaseless tread of humanity, in the pursuit of its golden bubbles. There was to be an abandonment of the old fished-out places with their throng of anglers; a new crusade had been preached, and we were to set out on a path which had never been trodden by the feet of a camper.

So while "Woodcraft" was still damp from the press, and its precepts fresh in our minds, we hardened our hearts and followed the dispensation which had been delivered to us on mountain heights through twenty years, amid storm and tempest, and set out on our rebellious way. In our carnal minds we ignored the teachings of the book, and deliberately packed three barrels with two wall tents, a table fly and a camp stove, and forwarded them in advance to Kingston, Ont. This done, and it only remained for the party, with the necessary clothing for a two months' camp, and rods and tackle for the campaign, to follow by such routes as might seem best to each. There were to be five in the company; all were more or less experienced in the ways of camp and forest life. Three of the number were veterans, and of these, one was a lady who, since her marriage, had accompanied her husband in most of his annual camps. There was Truthful James, who had already been to spy out the promised land, and had returned, bearing trophies finer to our eyes than all the pomegranates, or the grapes, or figs of Eschol. He was about to lay aside the cares of office, vacate, for a time, the white building at the intersection of Broadway and Park Row, and make his fourth pilgrimage to Canada. There, too, was the Reformer, a companion in three former camps, and an enthusiast over a rod. The Madame, who in those other camps had always managed to score the largest fish, and the writer, who humbly aspired to work himself under the edge, at least, of the cloud of glory in which the party expected to return enveloped. The fifth, and by no means the least important member, was George, the colored factotum of the camp that was to be. An old salt, who had sailed every ocean during years of service on a whaler and in the navy, a graduate of a city restaurant, he had taken a post-graduate course in camp in other years with us, and was skilled in camp cooking and in the performance of camp duty.

We were of the grand army of outers; we were bent on an eight or ten-weeks camp, and we were not going to rough it, but to smooth it. How far we departed—from the way laid down in "Woodcraft"—will become apparent as the history of our outing progresses. We set out with two articles under anathema—the wall tent and the camp stove—of their advantages we will speak later.

As a *vide mecum* for the lone camper or for a party of two or three on a tramp, "Woodcraft" is without a peer, but with parties of five or six and with ladies among them, difficulties will arise, for which it gives no solution; in short makes camping for these an impossibility, or at least a miserable affair and dangerous to the health. We will discuss this more fully when we come to speak of the camp stove.

At the final moment Truthful James was detained by a new rush of official duties, and the balance of the party were forced off with the promise of being soon joined by that worthy. The several members agreed on one route—that by the West Shore & Buffalo Railroad to Middletown, and thence by the N. Y., Ontario & Western to Oswego.

To one shaking off the dust of the city and going a-fishing, whether it be for trout or the beaverkill or for the sport to be had on the Great Lakes or among the Thousand Islands, when he is full of enthusiasm as every angler is on such occasions, no route is more seductive than the one above named. The journey for hours along the N. Y., Ontario & Western is amid scenery sufficient to keep him in a ferment; along streams which rush among the rocks; with here a pool and a riffle where he is willing to swear he could raise a two-pounder; there, just under the ruins of an old log dam, another for all the world like the one where last summer he took eight beauties, meanwhile steadily climbing the mountain ranges of Sullivan with a wall of rock on one hand and dashing waters on the other, the angler is carried through as picturesque scenery as ever unfolded before his vision, and his hand tightens involuntarily upon his rod, and he longs for the hour which is to bring him his first cast.

All this we experienced and enjoyed in our journey over the Ontario & Western. Before starting we had expected to connect with the steamer of the above-named road at Oswego for Kingston, but, it being early in the season, the steamer had not yet begun her trips. The tickets we had purchased were promptly exchanged by the agent at Oswego in obedience to a telegram from Mr. J. C. Anderson, the general passenger agent, and we were furnished transportation via Cape Vincent. The angler bound for Canadian waters or the St. Lawrence will not regret his selection of the Ontario & Western route. Its line of boats, which run in connection with its trains in the summer season to the Thousand Islands, offers extra inducements to all fishermen who wish to cast a line in these famous waters at small expense. Running through the celebrated trout region of Sullivan and Delaware counties, within easy reach of the Willemec and Beaver-

kill, and extending to waters abounding in black bass and maskelonge, it is fairly entitled to be called "the fishing line" of New York State.

At 11 o'clock P. M. our long day's journey was ended, the route arranged for the morrow, and we sought a few hours' hurried rest. In the gray of the dawn we were aroused and were soon gliding out past the old fort on our way to the North. At one of the stations a party, whose array of rods and baskets betokened that they were on the same errand as ourselves, boarded the train. They were barely seated when the mystic sign of the craft was passed between us and the destination of each inquired into and given. They were out for a few days of bass fishing at Mexico Point, on Lake Ontario, and in a few minutes so enthused the Reformer that he was almost ready to lay off and join them. But their good-natured envy over our prospective camp and the prediction that we would have grand sport made him content. We were soon at Watertown Junction, mingled with the crowd of drummers, tourists and local travelers in the hubbub attending a change of cars. Many of these were on their way to Clayton, and rods were visible everywhere. It seemed as if nearly everybody was going a-fishing. Yet there was a host of young people with satchels just up from New York, and old ladies with handboxes, who ran men down in their efforts to find seats. We were glad when the Cape was reached and the throng turned toward the steamer which was bound down the river. We mounted the little boat which runs to Kingston, and felt rejoiced that we were fast getting beyond the jurisdiction of Uncle Sam. The first convention at Chicago had just been held, and our joy was enhanced by the thought that in less than two hours we would be where Stalwarts and Half-breeds would cease from troubling, and we would be at rest. There were few on board, and we took possession of the forward deck with our luggage. Here, as noon approached, we spread our lunch and spoke aloud the thought that within the next twenty-four hours we would regale ourselves among the odors arising from the camp-fire.

By the time we had finished our lunch we were in sight of Kingston, where a team had been engaged to transport the luggage over to Battersea, a hamlet sixteen miles to the north, and at the outlet of Loughbridge Lake, on one of the islands of which, to be located somewhere in its expanse of twenty-three miles of water, we had determined to set our tents. Custom inspection over, the party disembarked and a committee on frying pans, pots and kettles set forth in search of those indispensable. Leaving them to deal with the practical we sauntered off to the point—the Tete Du Pont—to recall the events which have made the spot historic. Here in the old days the view was unbroken, and one could look far over the waters to the east and south. Here we traced the lines of old Fort Frontenac, the ancient triangular walls of which, laid more than two hundred years ago, still crop out and are discernible in the middle of the otherwise smooth parade ground of the modern barracks. What dreams of empire in this Western world filled the brains of the old statesmen of the seventeenth century, and of which these old walls form a part. Yonder on the rock of Quebec, on the river above, with Frontenac here, Erie there beyond, and Du Quesne on the far-off Ohio, stretched that line of posts, even to the mouths of the Mississippi, which was to make French dominion sure. But the hand on the dial of human progress was not to be turned backward; the continent was a blackboard which was to be kept clear for the solution of the problem of self-government. The dream was dispelled, but at what cost! Wolfe in victory at Quebec, Braddock in the gloom of defeat before Du Quesne, and the walls of old Fort Frontenac, which Bradstreet and his New York men carried on that August day a hundred and thirty-six years ago, have crumbled into the same dust as the brains which conceived them and the hands whose might disturbed the peace of the world. Yet what names were lifted into history, and none of them are brighter than that of the young commandant, Gen. Montcalm. From these old walls he went forth to the capture of Fort Ontario, at Oswego, in 1756; the next year Fort William Henry fell before him, in the next he repulsed Abercrombie from before the walls of old "Ti," and the next saw him standing face to face with the avenger on the Heights of Abraham, where he went down with a lost cause, and the dream of a French empire on the Western Continent was over forever. From the shadows of a century earlier emerged the doughty Count Frontenac, that genius who ruled here so long and well for his master, and in whose fertile brain was planned that expedition of French and Indians, which, under the leadership of St. Helene, made the "noche triste" for ancient Schenectady and left that old town in ashes and in blood. It was in fitting recognition of his services, his loyalty and his energetic administration, that his name was given to the town and fort. But with English supremacy the fort disappeared, the name Kingston was bestowed on the town, and all that remains in honor of the old Governor-General is the inscription "Fort Frontenac, 1673," over the arched gateway which opens into the barracks.

While we talked with a young lieutenant and listened to a bit of history, George came to tell us that the committee on camp hardware had completed their purchases and that the teamster was waiting for us, so with a hurried farewell to officer and fort, we started to rejoin the party. The barrels containing the tents were at the express office, and we found that a permit from the Custom House was necessary before they could be delivered to us. So to the Custom House we went, where we were informed that our canvas was liable to duty, the only relief from the payment of which was the deposit of a sum equal to about half the value of the tents, which was to be refunded when we should take those articles from the Dominion. The custom officer, in explaining the reason for the duty, struck the marrow of protection when he said: "It is because you can buy them here." As those same tents cost in Canada more than double the price which we paid for them in New York, we could see the point, and also how, without the duty, a modest profit might have been made on them to the disadvantage of Canadian home industry. We made the deposit, and after seeing our traps safely loaded, we boarded an ancient tallyho which was crammed with rural passengers, and began our lumbering way over the last division of our journey. For a while the old stone houses scattered along the road served to interest us, but these were soon left behind, and after two or three miles we were traversing a monotonous region, along fields burned with the drouth, with houses far apart, and ledges and boulders of rock on either side, denoting an approach to a God-forsaken region. Tired of the scenery, we turned to interview the passengers. Soon we found one who was from Battersea, and him we plied with anxious inquiries concerning the sport to be had on the lake. He "never fished," but the scant information which we

gleaned from him, imparted in five words, was far more alluring than an hour's narration by an angler of his exploits there would have been; it was: "You can get fish enough."

For three or four hours we toiled on with a single stop; this was made for the purpose of feeding the horses and watering the driver, in which latter ceremony we all took part. Then our high-born thoughts turned to what the lone "Kingfisher" would have done under like circumstances, so thronging around the wooden pump we drank cup after cup of the sparkling water in silence and standing. Darkness was fast coming on when we plunged down a steep hill and found ourselves on the border of a morass, which was overgrown with water-flag, bulrushes, and heaven knows what else, and on one side of which was a sluggish Stygian stream bordering with mud and ooze. This was the outlet of Loughborough Lake. The perfume from rotting bogs, decaying vegetation and stagnant pools saluted our olfactories. The malaria-inclined member of the company shuddered—had his trip to escape chills ended thus? A short distance on was Battersea which, stretching along the miry stream, rendered its appearance still more dismal. Here at the door of an extremely modest wayside inn we alighted. Over our heads a sign with the inscription "Queen's Own," reminded us that we were aliens. Never were anglers more cordially greeted and sought to be made comfortable than were we by the host, "Alec," Van Alstyne, and his better half. The supper of ham and eggs was promptly dispatched and then, anxious for rest, knowing that the morning would bring the double labor of searching for a camping place and, when the same should be found, perhaps miles away, the double labor of camp building and carrying luggage thither, we prepared to turn in, not, however, without first taking the precaution to order George to secure a boat against an early morning exploring expedition.

This done we sank on the feathers with a sigh of relief, haunted somewhat though with the thoughts of that marsh across the creek, not twenty rods away. We were fast drifting into slumber, when through the open window came a faint, far-off strain of music, like that from a string instrument or on Æolian harp. We listened eagerly for a moment, wondering whether culture had touched this remote hamlet with her scepter, when nearer it came, a soft, almost spiritual note—*bi-s-z-i-p*. A mosquito, another and another. Holy Moses! a band of butchers! The room was filled with them, outdoors there were more, with a reserve in the marsh. Under the sheets, head and ears, we went; the mosquitoes too. Out! we came and they were there to welcome us. We tried a blanket but they were experts and were soon in with us. Then we formed in line of battle, and there were charges and counter charges far into the night. At last, the deep concentration of mind—of purpose, as it were—with the gentle exercise of the combat, brought drowsiness, and "the balm of hurt minds" at last made us insensible and oblivious of it all, but not until we had fully determined to ship our luggage back to the St. Lawrence and try less bloody and more promising fields.

WAWAYANDA.

Natural History.

HORNS OF THE FEMALE CARIBOU.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I was greatly interested in Mr. Montague Chamberlain's letter on this subject in your issue of Dec. 18, and as my name appears in it you will, perhaps, give me the space in which to reply. If Mr. Chamberlain had quoted from my note he would have seen that it was not written from the standpoint of an observer. The statement was made that "during a recent visit to the home of the woodland caribou, I received some information which, perhaps, gives a hint as to one use of the antlers to the female *Rangifer*," and I then went on to state what this possible use might be. I cannot think, therefore, that the implied charge of carelessness of observation made in Mr. Chamberlain's note is altogether deserved.

The "information" alluded to was given by three intelligent Canadians, the Eden brothers, who had for many years devoted a portion of the winter to caribou hunting. They stated that it was a common thing for the larger and stronger deer to drive away the less powerful ones from the pits which they had dug in the snow for the purpose of reaching the moss below, and from what we know of the habits of many of the deer family, the statement is on its face a probable one. Moreover, one of the gentlemen quoted by Mr. Chamberlain says himself that the old bucks do try to drive the smaller ones in winter and that the latter do defend themselves with their horns; and if the young bucks why not sometimes the females?

The savage, bullying way in which the elk, male and female, treat those weaker than themselves, is well known to all observers. When herding the cows during the rutting season, the bulls make savage lunges at the latter with their horns; and I have frequently seen a large cow drive a smaller one out of her way by lowering her head and bunting at her as if about to prod her with horns. In a private letter to me, written after the appearance of my note of Feb. 18, 1884, Judge Caton says: "You might have enlarged on the brutal disposition of the entire deer tribe. There is an utter want of sympathy by the old and strong for the young and feeble. In this the hog is vastly its superior. If one is in distress the rest all make a fuss."

It is not worth while, however, to argue about the question as to whether the explanation suggested as one of the uses of the horns in the female caribou is or is not a probable one. This will be determined by future observation, and can take care of itself. A far more important question is brought up by Mr. Chamberlain, namely, do the female caribou, or reindeer, usually have horns? My knowledge on this subject amounts to nothing from personal observation, and I am therefore unable to add anything to what has already been published about it. I may, however, suggest to Mr. Chamberlain that if he can show that they are not usually furnished with these weapons he has made an interesting discovery. I did not know that this had ever been questioned, and the testimony of writers on the subject is unanimous that in this genus alone among the *Cervidae* the females are so armed. The testimony of the two gentlemen quoted by Mr. Chamberlain is very good so far as it goes, but it is very far from being conclusive.

The statement "that the female caribou is always or nearly always provided with horns" was made by me on the assumption that writers on this deer, from Sir John Richardson down, were to be trusted. If they have all been wrong, and if horns are seldom seen on the head of the female caribou, it

is quite time that the mistake should be corrected and zoologists set right. I shall, therefore, await with a great deal of interest the evidence which Mr. Chamberlain may bring forward to confute them.

I give below a few citations from authors to which I could most readily turn, to show that, if I have blundered in making the statement criticized, I have at least done so in good company. These citations are, with one exception, from standard scientific works.

Richardson says ("Fauna Boreali Americana," p. 241, London, 1829): "The old males have, in general, the largest and most palmated horns, while the young ones and females have them less branched and more cylindrical and pointed; but this is not uniformly the case, and the variety of forms assumed by the horns of the caribou is indeed so great that it is difficult to comprehend them all in a general description." He further says (l. c.): "By the end of November most of the old bucks have shed their horns. The young males retain theirs much longer, and the females do not lose their horns until they are about to drop their young in the month of May." The implication from this seems clear that the females usually bear horns.

Audubon and Bachman ("Quadrupeds of North America," Vol. III., page 111, New York, 1856), in giving a diagnosis of the genus *Rangifer*, say: "Horns in both sexes, irregularly palmated, bifurcated, and rather long, canine teeth in both sexes, muzzle small." Further on in the same article occurs the following statement: "The female caribou has horns as well as the male, but they are smaller." And again (page 116): "The female of this species has also horns, which are not dropped until near the month of May."

Professor S. F. Baird ("Explorations and Surveys for the Pacific Railroad," Vol. VIII., page 633, Washington, 1857) quotes "Gray's Knowsley Magazine" of 1850, in giving his diagnosis of the genus *Rangifer*. The portion relating to the horns in this genus is as follows: "Horns in both sexes, elongate, subcylindrical, with the basal branches and tip dilated and palmated; of the females, smaller."

Owen ("Anatomy of Vertebrates," Vol. II., page 478, London, 1860) says: "The chief peculiarity in the skull of the deer tribe is the annual development, from the frontals, of the solid deciduous exostoses, which serve as weapons during a portion of the year, in the males of all kinds, and in both sexes of the reindeer."

Captain Campbell Hardy ("Forest Life in Acadia," New York, 1879, p. 120) quotes Dr. Gray's article on the *Ruminantia* in the "Knowsley Magazine" in giving the diagnosis of the genus *Rangifer*. As he refers more than once to the horns of the doe, I may give some extracts from his chapters on caribou hunting. He says (p. 128): "Except in the case of the does and young bucks which retain theirs till spring, it is seldom that horns are seen in a herd of caribou after Christmas. The reason to which the retention of the horns by the female reindeer during winter has been attributed by some speculative writers, namely, in order to clear away the deep incrustated snow, and enable her fawns to get at the moss beneath, is simply wrong. The animal never uses any other means than its hoofs to scrape for its moss; while the thin, sharp prongs of the doe would prove anything but an efficient shovel. The latter and true mode of proceeding I have often watched when worming through the bushes round the edge of a barren to get a shot. Both Mr. Barnard and the author of "Ten Years in Sweden," allude to the female reindeer using her horns in winter to protect the fawns from the males, thus rightly accounting for this singular provision of nature in the case of a gregarious species in which the males, females and young herd together at all seasons." Speaking of a caribou hunt which he made in the neighborhood of Parsboro, Nova Scotia, and of the first animal he had killed—a doe—he says (p. 155): "Though it was still early in December, we had only as yet seen one buck who retained his horns; the does still wore theirs. The one I had just killed had an exceedingly neat little pair, which, but for her untimely end, would have graced her until the ensuing March."

In Judge Caton's work on the "Antelope and Deer of America," allusions to the antlers of the female caribou are frequent, and in his description of the woodland caribou he says: "Antlers of male curved, long and slender, with branches more or less palmated and very irregular in form. Antlers on female smaller and less palmated." Again on p. 89 occurs the following sentence: "The reindeer branch of the family present extraordinary peculiarities in their cornute appendages. The most striking is the fact that the females have antlers, though of less size than in the males." Again he says: "The old males shed their antlers usually before Christmas, but the young males carry them later; the yearlings till spring, and the females later still, and until after they have dropped their young." It seems scarcely worth while to multiply quotations, so I will conclude with a very brief one from "Packard's Zoology" (New York, 1879), p. 609, in which, speaking of the deer family, it is stated that, "with the exception of the reindeer, the females or does are without antlers."

The Eden brothers, to whom I have above referred, spoke of the horns of the does in the same way that they did of those of the bucks, and as if these appendages were commonly borne by the females.

My note was written in the hope of eliciting some new facts, some fuller information than we now have, on the subject of the caribou. Until I read Mr. Chamberlain's letter nothing of the kind had appeared in answer to it, though I did receive a single pseudonymous letter on the subject, which, if it had been signed with a name, I should have asked you to print. I still hope that the discussion of the matter may bring out some new facts, and I shall feel extremely indebted to Mr. Chamberlain or any one else who can contribute anything to my very slight knowledge of this interesting species.

Geo. Bird GRINNELL.

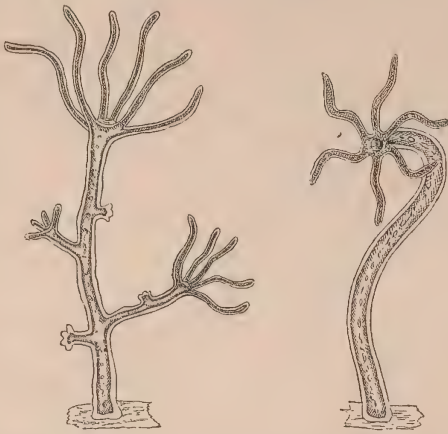
NEW YORK, Dec. 19, 1884.

QUAIL IN CONFINEMENT.—New York, Dec. 15, 1884.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Being asked frequently by letter if quail will hatch and raise their young in a domestic life, you kindly inform your readers through your valuable paper, that such is a fact, as we know of two instances where a brood of five and seventeen hatched last season are still living and in fine condition.—TENNY & WOODWARD.

IMPORTATION OF FOREIGN BIRDS.—It was suggested in a recent number that foreign birds might be successfully introduced into the United States, instead of being put out at the North, they were liberated in the South, where they would not have to contend against the winter's cold. The same correspondent proposes that an experiment of the kind be made, and suggests that a fund be provided for the same.

THE HYDRA.

THE hydra is a very curious and interesting animal, which lives in streams and pools, attached to the stems and the under sides of the leaves of water plants. If one of these plants—as a duckweed, for example—is put in a glass of water and then placed in a window having a good light, but not directly exposed to the sun, in a few hours quite a number of hydræ will be likely to be found attached to the side of the glass, turned toward the light. If one of them near the surface be carefully and gently scraped loose from the glass with a knife blade and then floated out into a shallow vessel, as a watch glass, it will be in a good position for examination. It is quite visible to the naked eye, but of course can be studied to much better advantage with a microscope. A common hand magnifying glass will do very well, however. The animal is very curious, indeed, to look at. At first sight it appears rather like a plant. There is a cylin-



dric trunk, fastened at one end to the glass by a sucker-like disc and at the other end having six or eight branches running out like the rays of a star. The resemblance to a plant is much more striking if you happen to be looking at a green-colored hydra; for they are of two colors, green and brown. But one does not have to look very long before discovering some marks of behavior that make it pretty clear that its kinship is with animals and not with plants. For presently it will be seen swaying itself about upon its long, flexible trunk, and thrusting out its arms as if it were searching for something—food, perhaps. And it is very likely that this is just what the creature is doing, for if some small animal, as, for example, the water flea, happens to come within reach of its arms, it is pretty sure to be seized and eaten. One use, then, of these arms, or tentacles, as they are called, is to seize food and convey it to the animal's mouth, that organ being situated just at the base of the tentacles and forming the open end of the trunk. But the tentacles are not the only organs with which the animal is provided for capturing its prey. Imbedded in the outer surface of its body are many very minute cells, each one having coiled within it a long, barbed thread, and the animal has the power of suddenly uncoiling and throwing out these threads for the capture of its prey. The manner in which it does this is very much as herdsmen capture wild cattle with the lasso, and for this reason these cells have very appropriately been named "lasso cells." As we have said, they are very small and it is only with a high power of the microscope and under favorable circumstances that they can be seen. Visitors at the seaside are familiar with the fact that jelly fishes have the power of stinging pretty severely when taken hold of with the hand. They do this by means of cells identical in structure with those of the hydra.

Having thus noticed the general form of our animal, and having observed how it gets its food, let us look at it a little more closely. It can readily be seen that its trunk is hollow, the cavity extending from the mouth through the entire length of the body and also into the tentacles. We may say then either that the animal has no stomach or that its stomach is identical with the general cavity of the body. At any rate it is in this cavity that the food swallowed by the animal undergoes a kind of digestion. As the walls of the body are transparent it is easy to see what happens to the food after it has been received into this cavity. By a kind of dissolving process the nutritious parts are separated from that which is indigestible, and the latter is expelled from the body by the same path it entered it—the mouth. The particles of food may be seen to float about in what appears to be a thick fluid, and a little careful observation will show that this fluid has a definite motion, that it is constantly moving upward or downward through the whole length of the body and even into the arms. It is by this means that the food is conveyed to all parts of the body, and it therefore answers to the circulation of the blood in the higher animals. It used to be a question of much dispute as to what causes this movement of the fluid. For a long, long time this question remained unanswered, but now it is well known that the movement is due to the vibrations of little hairs, called cilia, which project out from the inner surface of the body into the fluid. These little hairs are constantly in motion, and by moving more rapidly in one direction than the other, propel the fluid along. It is precisely the same wave-like motion observed in a field of grain when blown by a strong wind; the movements of the stems of the plants corresponding to the movements of the cilia. It may be interesting to note in this connection that ciliary movement is very common in all forms of animal life, and is even found in some of the lower plants. Perhaps it may not be generally known that in the human body the exudation of the mucous membrane which lines the cavity of the nose is propelled forward to the opening of the nostrils by means of cilia.

Looking again at the hydra, with a little care it can be seen that the body wall of the animal is made up of two coats, an inner and an outer, and if it is a green hydra we are examining, it will be noticed that the coloring matter is confined entirely to the inner coat. This coloring matter is chlorophyll, the very same substance that gives to plants their green color. It used to be thought that chlorophyll was confined entirely to the vegetable kingdom, and for a long time its presence or absence was used as a basis of separating plants from animals. But we see that this rule does not apply in the case of the hydra.

If while one is looking at a hydra the glass containing it be given a sudden jar, a very remarkable change will occur in the appearance of the animal. Very quickly and very

suddenly the arms will be drawn in until they are reduced to merely little knobs forming a row about the mouth, and at the same time the entire body of the animal is contracted so that it has the appearance of a rounded tubercle or button lying at the bottom of the vessel. If left perfectly quiet, in a short time it begins to expand, and soon attains its original size and form. When fully extended, its trunk is from one-fourth to one-half an inch in length, and its tentacles about half the length of the trunk.

Doubtless the most wonderful quality of the hydra is its power of resisting injury or mutilation. As long ago as 1774, Trembley, a naturalist of Geneva, Switzerland, found that he could cut a hydra in two, or even slice it across into quite thin rings, and each piece would grow into a new and perfect animal. He found also that it could be divided lengthwise and each piece would become a new hydra, or that, if shortly after division the two parts were united, they would grow together again. And most wonderful of all, he found that a hydra could be turned inside out and appeared to suffer no inconvenience from the inversion. It is also said on good authority that if the lower part of the body of one hydra be inserted into the mouth of another the two will grow together into one animal. It is remarkable, too, how quickly the creature recovers from such mutilation. Not more than a few minutes elapse before tentacles begin to appear on the cut end, and when divided lengthwise and the parts united, in an hour or two the animal will take and retain food.

The hydra appears to be a very voracious animal. It feeds only on animal organisms, such as small worms, crustacea and insects. Sometimes two hydræ seize the same worm, and a very amusing struggle ensues. It will also devour bits of meat given it.

Another interesting feature of the hydra is the manner in which it produces its young. If a hydra be watched for a few days in summer, there will be seen to appear on the side of its body a knob or tubercle. This will continue to grow, and in a short time will be a perfect animal. Meanwhile other knobs have made their appearance, so that young hydras in all stages of growth and all attached to the same parent can be seen at the same time. After a while the young hydræ detach themselves, and fastening their sucker to the stem or leaf of some plant, begin a career of their own. It very commonly happens that before detaching themselves another young hydra has begun to grow from their own body, so that for a time three generations of hydræ have a common body. While united in this way, the body-cavity of the main or parent hydra communicates with those of the young animals, and food caught by any one member of the family is shared with all. The method of reproduction is called gemmation or budding, and is very common among the lower forms of animal life. The hydra also has the power of reproducing itself by a sexual process.

If a hydra is examined with a very high power of the microscope, both the inner and outer layers of its body will be seen to be made up of cells; so that the entire animal, in point of structure, is simply an aggregation of cells, very much as a honeycomb is. Now each of these cells is very much, if not precisely, like an amoeba, a description of which lately appeared in these columns. Like an amoeba, each cell is capable of assimilating food and throwing off waste material from itself; it shows irritation when touched, is capable of dividing itself and so producing others, for it is in just this way that a hydra grows; and finally, if a single cell is separated from the others, it will throw out pseudopodia just as an amoeba does. A hydra then may be regarded as a collection of amoebæ. But the animal, as a whole, is more highly organized than the amoeba, for it has several sets of cells set apart to do special work and thereby form organs. Thus some cells are especially employed in grasping, others form a mouth, and still others serve to propel the fluid contained in the body-cavity.

This setting apart of cells to do a special work is what is called differentiation.

JOHNS HOPKINS UNIVERSITY, Nov. 22.

Game Bag and Gun.

THE MYSTERIOUS 'COON.

THIS is one of the coldest and most disagreeable days of the whole year. The north wind, as it comes howling down Mission street, brings with it clouds of sand from the dunes north and west of the city that fills the air like dry fine snow, and collects in drifts upon the plank sidewalks several inches deep in a few hours. The few pedestrians seen upon the streets have their overcoats buttoned close under their chins, and with hats drawn down and heads bent forward, are hurrying along, vainly attempting to keep the sand out of their eyes and from under their shirt collars. Climate is one of our favorite hobbies on the Pacific coast, but we draw it very mild upon occasions like the present.

Sitting in a comfortable chair by a coal fire this morning, I was meditating upon the best way to put in the day. It was too unpleasant for a ramble, and some in-door occupation, therefore, seemed to be the only available means by which to kill time in the most satisfactory manner. While in this dilemma my eyes fell upon a FOREST AND STREAM lying on the table, and the enigma was immediately solved; so here goes for a little chat with your readers.

It was a happy thought of brave old "Nessmuk" and other admirable writers of your journal when they suggested that each of us give some account of the curious incidents and remarkable shots that now and then occur in the experience of all those who spend a large or even a small portion of their leisure hours with the rifle and shotgun, either on the broad prairies of the West, the swamps and tangled forests of the South, or the cloud-capped peaks of the Rocky Mountains and the Sierra Nevadas. Every old hunter can bring to mind incidents so curious in their nature that they are forever after indelibly impressed upon his memory; and oftentimes they are of a class so inexplicable and mysterious that unless fully explained by later developments or a more mature experience, they ever remain a source of wonder and conjecture. I remember a little incident that occurred to me several years ago, which although trifling in itself and almost ridiculously simple when its true character was revealed, is nevertheless a good illustration of what I have said; and with the hope that it will stimulate others to relate their experience, I give it for what it is worth.

The fall of 1866 found me in Portland, Oregon, where I had gone with the intention of spending a few weeks, before the winter rains set in, hunting, fishing and camping in the Coast and Cascade ranges. Our party, with the exception of myself, was composed entirely of old residents of Port-

land, many or all of whom are still living there, and who will probably recall the incident I am about to relate, should it come beneath their notice. There were six in all—"Old man" Knott, who owned and ran the chum ferry over to what is now East Portland; his son Jack; Charley Greene, who ran an establishment for packing dry goods intended for transportation on pack animals to the Idaho mines; Charley Curley, and another whose name I have forgotten, with the writer. The party rode out of town one glorious September morning, surrounded by an atmosphere and scenery such as can be found only in the far Northwest. The outfit consisted of six horses and a light wagon containing the blankets and provisions for the trip, including what seemed to me to be an inordinate supply of what your genial correspondent "Al Fresco" terms "snake antidote," which "Old Man Knott" considered an indispensable adjunct to all enterprises of this description. Four or five dogs, most of whom were of dubious lineage but invaluable in the chase of almost any kind of "varmint," brought up the rear or ranged through the tall firs on either side, as eager to strike a fresh trail as the most enthusiastic biped of our party. Time was no particular object to any of us, and we slowly rode along the narrow trail that had been hewn through the dense forest of Clackamas county, and the pure air with its resinous perfume came down in a great ocean upon us from the mountains, until to me, who for many months had been toiling in the quartz mills of the Comstock Lode, it seemed the very elixir of life.

Nothing of a very exciting nature occurred during the first day's travel. We were still too near the settlements to find large game very abundant in the vicinity of the road; and we restrained every attempt of the dogs to range far into the forest. Just as the sun went down we reached a small stream with steep banks, fifteen or twenty feet high, whose brawling waters were nearly hidden by the thick willows that grew luxuriantly on either side. Here we dismounted for the night, and while a portion of the party made preparations for supper, the remainder attended to the horses. Curley, who carried a shotgun, had secured a couple of blue grouse on the road, which, with bacon, bread and coffee, made a substantial meal. This being disposed of we gathered around the fire to smoke and get a few points from the experience of the elder Knott, who had spent his whole life upon the front. Jack, his son, had just returned from a long expedition into the Spokane country, and his description of that wild, and in those days but little-known, region, also added to the entertainment of the evening, until it was nearly ten o'clock, and the moon was high in the heavens before we sought our couches of blankets and boughs. Conversation, which was continued a short time after we lay down, had gradually ceased, and the stillness of the night and of the forest was closing in about us for the first time since our arrival, when a faint noise, as if some animal were splashing in the water a short distance below us, struck upon the ear of some one of the party; and his exclamation of "Hark!" brought most of us to a sitting position. All listened for two or three minutes, when the noise was repeated, sounding exactly as though some animal had dashed into the water and instantly run out again. "It's a 'coon," said Jack, speaking below his breath; "he is catching frogs."

Curley jumped up, and pulling on his boots (which were about the only part of his apparel he had removed) started for the edge of the bank with his shotgun, closely followed by the writer with a rifle. Looking cautiously over the bank near the spot from which the sound proceeded, we waited patiently for further developments. The stream was running rapidly, making considerable noise, and the opposite bank, where the animal was supposed to be, was shaded by the willows, but about half the width of the stream lay below us plainly visible in the moonlight, and in a moment more a dark object sprang into the water just within the shadow, gave three or four rapid jumps that threw the ripples far out upon the moon-lighted waters, and returned instantly to the bank. "There he is," whispered Curley, "it's a 'coon after frogs, sure." Silently we cocked our guns, waiting for another demonstration, and hoping that his next dash would bring him out into the moonlight. We waited some time, and had begun to think that the 'coon had wandered off down stream, when there was another splash and more jumps, coming this time close to the edge of the shadow, but not quite out of it. "I don't want to stand here all night, and the next break he makes I'm going to shoot and take the chances," said Curley. This time we only had to wait about half as long as before, when he made the next dash, and instantly the roar of the shotgun awoke the midnight echoes of that lonely forest. The dogs, which all this time had been quietly snoozing near the fire, unconscious of all that time sport that was going on, now sprang up, and dashing excitedly down the bank, began nosing around in the willows after the 'coon, while we encouraged them from above. To our disgust, however, they soon began to stand stupidly around, as if wondering what they had got excited over; and failing signally in our efforts to entuse them, we went down ourselves and searched the willows as carefully as the situation and darkness would permit. All to no purpose; nothing could be found; and we returned to the fire to sheepishly endure the jeers of our comrades. Once more quiet settled over the camp, and we were dropping to sleep, when the same noise, apparently in the same place, smote once more upon our ears. Jack burst into a laugh, exclaiming: "I tell you what, boys, when a 'coon gets stuck after frogs he ain't going to be scared off by a few dogs and a shot or two." Curley and I both maintained a dignified silence, but mentally determined that if there was any more 'coon hunting to be done that night somebody else would have to do it, and covering up our heads we were soon fast asleep.

The next morning, while breakfast was being prepared, the subject of the mysterious 'coon was again broached, and I observed Jack quietly leave the fire and disappear down the bank near the scene of our exploit the night before. Shortly afterward he reappeared on top, and beckoning to us, shouted, "Boys, I found your 'coon." Curiosity overcame all other considerations, and, hastening to the bank, we descended to the water's edge, where the mystery was at once elucidated. A long, slender willow, having very few leaves upon it, except on the extreme end, where there was an enormous bunch, hung over the water, bent down like a bow by the weight of the foliage. The water in the stream was probably a little above its usual level, and the swaying top of the willow would occasionally be caught by one of its surges, which sucked it rapidly under and carried it down stream, the top, of course, describing a segment of a circle as it approached the shore below the point where it grew. Sooner or later, however, the strength of the willow overcame the resistance of the water, and in returning to its natural position, not being quite strong enough to lift itself

clear of the water, it went splashing up stream in the manner already described; and as its movements both in regard to time and motion were erratic, the completeness of our deception will be apparent.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., Dec. 7.

SOME REMARKABLE SHOTS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

As accounts of remarkable shots seem of late to be in order, I will give you an item of this sort. The occurrence took place some four miles from this place late in November.

Alf Geary and Pat Sweeney were hunting on the eastern side of Central Lake, when Alf shot at a doe; but having a lighter rifle than he usually carries, he overshot the mark. The doe ran for some distance and took refuge in a dense cedar swamp. The hunters followed on the track, and when near the swamp, Pat went around to head off the game, while Alf proceeded through the thicket on his hands and knees. Seeing a patch of deer's hair among the roots and brushwood some forty yards ahead, he leveled his rifle and fired. The doe sprang from her couch, and in an instant disappeared from view. The hunter followed, and stumbled upon the carcass of a prichhorn, which lay dead a few yards beyond the couch of the doe. After breaking him up, they took up the track, and a short distance further on found the doe lying dead. Had the smaller deer been a sucking fawn, it would not have been as strange; but still, to kill two deer with one bullet is, to say the least, uncommon.

CENTRAL LAKE, Mich., Dec. 11, 1884.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In the line of remarkable shots I wish to contribute my moiety, and although the incident I am about to relate occurred when as a boy of twelve or thirteen I wandered through the woods of my native State with a cur dog and a \$3 gun, I remember nothing in all my later experience (which has been tolerably extensive with both rifle and shotgun), that struck me as being its equal in all its extraordinary features.

There was a large shallow pond a few miles from the town where I was born which was full of pickerel in the summer, and was a favorite resort of wild ducks in the fall. I often visited it in my hunting excursions, accompanied by a black cur, whose strong suit was bringing out muskrats after I had shot them, and who would occasionally—when very good-natured—bring out a duck. It is fair to observe, however, that he was rarely in a good-natured streak at the times when I needed his services most, and upon such occasions I had to retrieve the ducks myself. An old disused cart path ran along through tall and very thick alders on one side of the pond. I usually availed myself of this road in going around the west side, where the ducks most frequently were found. One day as I entered this path, with the dog trotting a few yards in advance, I was startled by the whirr of a ruffed grouse, which I then only knew as a partridge. Now these birds were even then in that locality very scarce and wild, and to secure one was to get a prize of the first magnitude; so I was instantly upon the alert, and straining my eyes to catch a glimpse of him through the alders. The bird had been flushed by the dog or at least by the sight of the dog in the road, for I don't think he was aware of its presence until it arose, when he stopped and stood looking in the direction whence the bird had flown. All at once the whirr suddenly ceased, as if the partridge had treed on one of the alders, about twenty yards in at right angles from the cart path. Stepping up to where the dog stood I peered cautiously through the leaves, which were still as thick as ever, in hopes of discovering his whereabouts, but all in vain. I was not even sure that he had stopped; the whirr had ceased suddenly, but then he might have "scaled" off, as they sometimes do. I did not dare to take one step out of the path into the alders, for I knew if I did so the bird would be off like a rocket. I thought I could locate by the sound the exact spot where he had stopped, but I could not see him, and I had not seen even a leaf move in his flight. Two or three times I raised my gun to fire at random, and each time drew it back. I could not afford to waste much powder and lead in those days, but then there was a chance, just a faint chance, of securing a prize that would make me the envy of all my companions. I must have been two or three minutes weighing in my boyish mind the pro and con of the case, and then I took careful aim at the spot where the noise had ceased, and fired. As the report died away I listened, expecting to hear the bird go hurtling away; but all was still, and I heard not the slightest sound. I then made up my mind that I had been mistaken in supposing that the bird had stopped, and that it had scaled away out of danger. I waited a moment, uncertain whether to go in the alders and investigate, or continue my journey; and then choosing the former, slowly working my way through the alders until I reached a point near where I had fancied the bird had stopped, I began to look around, and there he lay dead. One of the large No. 4 shot I used had struck him just at the base of the skull, on the back of the neck. I heard no death struggle, and don't think he moved after I fired, except to fall the six or eight feet to the ground. I did not hear him strike, he dropped so silently; and finally, the first time my eyes rested upon him was when I saw him dead at my feet.

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 7, 1884.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I ask an opportunity to contribute my mite to the list of remarkable shots. Allow me to premise by stating that I have been an actual hunter for five years or more, as may have been judged by my letters to FOREST AND STREAM. I am a poor shot on quail, an average one on geese, good on ducks and chickens, and first-rate on snipe. Last October a party of five of us were quartered at old man Foote's, on the Platte River, about eight miles north of Kenesaw, on the B. & M. Railroad. Foote's house is on the bank of the river, and our blinds stretched up and down the river three-quarters of a mile away, mine being the nearest and just back of the house. The flight of geese being always insignificant about noon, we went into the house for dinner when that hour arrived, usually timing our departure from the several blinds so as to meet near the point where we left the river and passed into the grove back of the house.

One day, about the time we met, some one called attention to a goose that was sailing in the air beyond my blind, and acting in a way not common to a wild goose sound in mind and body. After circling round a few moments, approaching nearer the earth all the time, it finally struck on a sandbar with a thud similar to a wounded fowl no longer

able to control its motions. Game being scarce, I at once made up my mind that that goose was my meat, and laying off my heavy coat and taking an extra cartridge with me, I started back for my fowl, distant nearly half a mile. I had had experience in often seeing this game rise and fly when approached, and when I got within range of this one I held my gun ready to knock it over if it should attempt the common trick. It was standing up, apparently unhurt, with its back toward me and turning its head from side to side as I approached, as if trying to look at me. When within ten yards of it I saw that it was blind in both eyes from a recent wound. Then I was doubly sure it was my goose; but as I came nearer it grew more restless, and as I put out my hand to grasp it around the neck it rose and flew away. I stood there in my tracks and emptied both barrels of my gun at the departing fowl, and as it rose over me, trying to breast a strong wind, I had time to put in the extra cartridge and get in the third shot at fair range. I knocked out a few feathers with this last discharge, but did not bring down the goose. On the contrary it whirled around, turned down the wind and sailed away beyond the opposite shore, and when over a cornfield began again its maneuvers to alight, when an immense eagle pounced upon its back and both went down in the corn together. And that's the history of a blind goose. A want of prudence allowed me to relate it on my return to the house to my comrades seated around the table, and the chances are that I will never hear the last of it.

BURR H. POLK.

"HUNTING" AND "SHOOTING."

Editor Forest and Stream:

Among the articles which have of late attracted my attention in the columns of the FOREST AND STREAM, was one in the issue of Nov. 20, signed "Aligius." The author seems to be a sort of cross between "Frank Forester" and the Venerable Bede, and I am glad that he has given you the text for an authoritative editorial, giving good and sufficient reasons why American sportsmen need not feel bound in every case to adhere strictly to the usages or nomenclature of Britain, or of any other country. I am reminded by this writer of Mr. Herbert, because of the intensely dogmatic and self-assured tone of his communication. Frank Forester was, in his way, a very good fellow; but he had the peculiarity, not perhaps to be wondered at, considering his nationality, of imagining that the concentrated wisdom of the British islands rested beneath his skull cap. When I was a boy I thought him a most wonderful man, and knew many of his works by heart; but I think that they are seldom quoted now. If he rendered any real service to the cause of natural science or of American sportsmanship, it was, I imagine, in calling attention to the urgent need for sound and effective measures looking to the preservation of American game.

"Aligius" "wants your readers to know" certain things, and proceeds to expound accordingly. The dear old fossil. We do know a whole lot of things; among the rest, that what are called "quail," "partridges" and "pheasants" in America are not like the English birds bearing those names; but we do not feel certain what bird was referred to by your correspondent, when he spoke of a detachment of armed men going forth in belt and mail (or whatever the supposititious outfit may have been), and slaying "robins." Did he speak of English sport? or is there a true, "robin" in America?

As to "Hunting vs. Shooting," let us see if you or he are right. When of yore I found myself, as was often the case, stealthily moving, rifle in hand, through a mountain pass, uncertain whether the next shot would be at a grouse, a deer, bear, moose or caribou, was I shooting? I certainly thought I was hunting, and the lapse of time has served to confirm me in this opinion. But when we—three good shots with three stanch pointers, made the Grand Prairie ring with the quick repeated shots of our muzzleloaders (as I once before remarked in your columns, we loaded quickly in those days), and "knocked down—I shouldn't dare to say just how many grouse, before the dogs broke point, or we attempted to bring one bird to bag—then, indeed, I rather thought I was shooting.

I, in my turn, want "Aligius" and his brethren to know that the game is pursued in this country under very different conditions, for the most part, from those which obtain in the Old World; and there is probably no man in England, who has never shot elsewhere, who could kill one in five of our game birds when flushed in our densest coverts. There are those among us who feel able to do better than this, yet who sometimes, not less from motives of humanity than from a desire to fill the bag, prefer to shoot grouse sitting in such covers, and not to risk the maiming of the bird by a snap shot after the object of the aim has passed out of sight among the cedar boughs.

As to squirrels—are they or are they not to be classed as game? What are the requisites which should entitle a bird or animal to be placed within this category? First of all, I am of the opinion that a "game" creature should be one which requires the exercise of more than ordinary skill for its successful pursuit. It should, in addition, possess a certain value to the sportsman, either as food or to supply some need of humanity, be it what it may, else it is not game. There are no fox squirrels in England, and but few elephants; yet British sportsmen have repeatedly been seen pursuing these creatures in their native wilds, and the skill required to make a good bag of fox squirrels is not inferior to that usually displayed in the capture of an elephant. Both are useful, both are eaten.

I am not writing all this for the exclusive benefit of "Aligius," for I realize that there may be many who would indorse his views, but to relieve my mind of a few thoughts which have chanced to come uppermost this evening.

The fact is that Americans are not averse to learning from those whom they regard as qualified to teach. They are glad to sit under the teachings of that class of Englishmen who are recognized by their own countrymen as competent instructors. They like to know all that is known of foreign customs, ancient or modern; and our sportsmen rejoice to know the way in which Edward the Fourth, Pedro the Cruel, or Juliana Berners have hallooed to their hounds, however antique the phraseology.

Nevertheless, if one of us happens to be sitting in a Minnesota cornfield in October, he does not ordinarily say to his helper: "Is that a gang of Brent or a gaggle of geese?" Because, among other objections, one result of the question would be an indistinct muttering from the helper aforesaid, which, when rendered into the Hoosier vernacular, would read somewhat like this: "What's that doggoned no-count fool a-talkin' ou?"

Just here I will venture to express an opinion which is found

ded upon the reading and experience of a good many years, namely, that as a guide to a thorough practical knowledge of field sports in America, whether with horse or hound, or with gun, rod or rifle, a single volume—I had almost said a single number—of the *FOREST AND STREAM* is worth all the books that ever issued from the English press.

I offer no comment upon the advice given by "Aligius" as to the best methods of taking fish. I see, however, in my mind's eye, old Izaak Walton seated upon a Florida sandbank, from which "Al Fresco" had charitably removed the sand spurs, and instructing that gentleman as to the best method or capturing a tarpon.

I see that "Nessmuk" is bound for Florida this winter. I would like to meet him there, but this is not likely. Yea, verily; I would that I might once more dip my paddle in the waters of the broad St. John. I have not seen it in almost twenty years. Would that I could once more inhale the fragrance of the magnolias while flying past the dazzling sandbanks and the glossy green of the water-oaks before an evening-breeze from the Atlantic, with the straining canvas white above and the rushing keel below. KELPIE.

BLACK DUCK SHOOTING.

ONE November day, with the keen wind blowing down the bay, and the sky as blue as a maiden's eyes, our party of four duck shooters stood shivering on the deck of the good ship Breakwater, bound for Lewes, Del. Despite the cold we enjoyed the sail down to the Hook, and strange to say, after going outside the vessel was as steady as a river steamboat. There was not a particle of motion, the north wind most effectually driving the big rollers down to the smallest ripples. The sunset was magnificent, and so we glided down past Long Branch, Ocean Grove, and the tiny villages between—we could almost throw a line ashore, so close in were we. Hundreds of coots, old squaws and broadbills rose lazily before us; and I could have stopped a dozen or more easily enough as they flew northward, showing darkly against the crimson sky. I felt in my bones that their appearance was a sign of good luck. A sentiment in which all agreed.

At 6 o'clock the next morning I awoke to find the ship alongside of her dock, at the queer little town of Lewes. The wind was howling like a million of hungry wolves, and the bay was one mass of foam. Very little breakfast was indulged in, as the old Breakwater reared and pitched at her moorings like a ten-foot catboat, and the passengers were only too glad to get ashore. We started at last. The cars as cold as an ice box, and all hands stamping and talking to keep warm. Such a poky old train it was, and I so glad to arrive at Georgetown. We had several hours to await the next "express," and wandered over the city, quaint and old fashioned to the last degree. I inspected the whipping post and failed to see anything remarkable about it, save the immense bands or loops of iron which dangle from the sides, to hold the victims' wrists. I tried them on, and upon my soul, if the folks that are whipped in Georgetown fit those bands they must be a race of giants. I am six feet in my stockings and built on fair proportion, but the bands would have gone to my elbows. The ground was stamped hard at the foot of the post, and the court house looming sternly within twenty yards, gave a solemn aspect to the surroundings, even to my not too vivid imagination. The time hung heavily until finally the express came puffing in, car after car, filled with sheep, boxes, and heaven only knows what, and down in the rear was our "Pullman." Such backing and jolting, yelling and swearing I never heard, a dozen coal-black youngsters contributing to the general row. And what a start! I thought the old car would surely go into a thousand splinters. I listened until, for a wonder, I fell fast asleep; and awoke to greet the little town of Berlin, way down in the southeast corner of Maryland. Our good friend, Jim Powell, was on hand, and we bundled in among the furs for our long ride to the sea, and to his home. He gave us the usual news in regard to the birds. Yes. Some birds were trading. The bay very low. Weather a trifle too warm. Geese just beginning to show on the flats.

Point shooting only is permissible here. The bay seemed at least six miles wide to me, and Jim said the best shooting, of course, was across under the beach. He had a big sloop especially designed for gunners, with galley, etc. Of course we would live aboard. In no time Messrs. D. and O. gave their consent, rather doubtfully at first, as the beds and good things to eat at Mrs. P.'s rather overtopped my description of the fare aboard the Ark; but in short order we had the guns, decoys, live geese, provisions, etc., snugly in their places, and with a good breeze from the westward, Charley steered us out into the bay. A pleasant sail and we dropped anchor under the lee of an island, on the best ground, to quote our skipper, on the "Yeast side ob de yarth." A grand good supper that night diversified with the most delicious oysters right out of the water alongside, and we turned in to dream of ducks innumerable. The hour of 3 A. M. found a sleepy lot of fellows trying to eat more oysters and to swallow more coffee. The daylight was "awfully wanting" when we pulled away from the old Ark. Not a dozen strokes did I make and she was swallowed up, mast and all. Charley, who seemed a veritable cat in the darkness, sang cheerily an old darkey song, and led the way with D. and O.; I followed as best I could. A wee bit of a breeze did not fill my soul with much joy at the prospect of killing many birds; but I could hear them going overhead, their sharp wings whistling whee, whee, whee, and the deep bass notes of the old drakes as they jumped up ahead of us made the blood tingle in my veins, and I fairly "lifted" the boat in my excitement.

I must have rowed a mile when Charley sang out: "Go over to that point, you will find a good blind there, and put out your decoys to suit yourself." In less than half an hour Doc and I were seated on the rubbers, and had everything ready for the first "blacky" that should come along. As the first streaks of light came over the water, my heart and eyes brightened likewise. Hush! from Doc. Mark east—whish! into the stool from over our heads, and still too dark to distinguish him. To save me I could not find him. So rising to my knees, he jumped and an ounce of chilled 5s sent him sprawling. Then a pair came whizzing by, just out of range; then a single one, who at the report of Doc's Greener, turned more than a dozen flip-flaps and finally spurted the water a half a mile out in the bay. No time to go after him now! Mark east, here's a big bunch coming. The leaders see the stool and swerve in. The tail birds do not like the looks of things, and sheer off. Only three set their wings, and I miss the first one beautifully, and just scratch the second well enough to make him quack and skip like a bullet for New Mexico; Doc settled the third one calmly. Now a dainty pair of greenwing teal settle

among the stool, and the blood-thirsty disciple of the saw murders them in the water. A single old sprigtail receives the contents of four imported barrels at about seventy-five yards, and merely cocks his eye at us in disdain; a moment later and I wheel and cut an old drake trying to steal by behind, us and Doc praises the little 12-bore.

So the sport goes on. It would be tiresome to tell of every shot—indeed an impossibility—so many good ones, and how many poor ones go to make up the sum total of a day's duck shooting; but let them be good or bad, the enjoyment never lessens to the true simon-pure sportsman. That peaceful evening, as we smoked our after dinner pipes, the goodly pile gladdened our hearts, and we shot them over again. Great big lusty fellows, with the deep green beaks and glossy plumage. What a splendid bag. Looking over the respective bags, I noticed that Mr. D. had secured several "dippers," and I thought it strange that we did not even see one the entire day. I love to stop them, especially when going with the wind. It is difficult work and requires nice judgment. Besides, they are as tough as hickory, and die game. A single sprigtail and a few teal were the exceptions. All the rest were black ducks, and the finest I ever saw. I made up my mind then that the latter would constitute the majority of the flight birds, and so thought of "live decoys" immediately. To my mind, a pair of well-trained domestic black ducks—mated, of course—are worth a hundred wooden or cork stools, and Charley soon procured a pair for me. They worked to a charm, though not trained, and I had only to hide the drake behind us in the sedge to make his wife quack her heart out at his absence. He was noways silent during the separation, and made Rome howl also. It is simply astonishing with what confidence a wary, much shot at old bird will then come in to stool. When shot at a good deal, black ducks soon learn to distinguish even the color of one's decoys if you have out mallards and teal with your blacks, and you cannot get them to approach within a hundred yards, although they desire to do so very much. But a single live decoy will disarm suspicion in an instant. I have often taken up my entire rig of floaters, and had splendid success over my poor little single bird. This manner of decoying is not much practiced on Long Island, where I found it the only thing to do. I believe it is a favorite trick of the gunners on the St. Lawrence and lakes of the North, to not only use live decoys, but to train them so as to fly up and circle around the blind, and return to hand. This I cannot vouch for, but the idea is a good one. How many times, my sporting friend, have you thrown up your cap or shook your boots over the edge of the blind, in the vain desire to attract the attention of the passing flock? I well remember rolling over backward into a delightful pool of soft slush and ice, once trying the same game, and have fished my cap out of ice water many a time. It seems to me the trick of the Northern gunners will bear investigation and practice.

The next morning proved warm as June. There was not a ripple, and the glassy bosom of the great bay shimmered and sparkled like molten silver, reflecting the glorious banks of snow white clouds and the glitter and twinkle of the far-away sails, that seemed for hours to poise and float on a dreamy, golden haze. A stupid, exasperating morning to a gunner's heart, if ever so beautiful, is it not? Away out in the center of the bay long, dark lines of birds were lazily floating and sunning themselves to their heart's content. The decoys before us barely moved. Their gaudy colors and ill-shapen forms looked actually brazen in their deceit. The flies buzzed lazily around our lunch basket, and the leather coats and heavy rubber boots became decidedly uncomfortable. I almost gave up in despair. Toward noon Doc fell sound asleep; sweetly, nay, gently, the rich tones of his "clarionette" rumbled over the quiet waters. It must have reached the ears of the bed of ducks above mentioned, and, whether through curiosity or a desire to investigate, or to become better acquainted with the bird producing such an infernal noise, they rose with many a quack and headed inshore. I silently cocked my Greener and had the extreme satisfaction of killing a nice pair. You can imagine the change in the good Doctor's position, to say nothing of the rude shock to his tender nerves; but when he saw the glossy beauties he forgave me heartily, and soon killed a fine bird, in fact not five minutes later.

The day wore slowly on. Occasionally we had a long—terrible long—shot, but I hate to strain my pet gun; and at 3 o'clock we could boast of but nine birds. A bit of a breeze from the north now kicked up a little swash, and the decoys seemed to awaken to a sense of their duty and importance. In turning to speak to Doc my eyes caught the glint or reflection of a body of large birds away to the north. I watched them attentively; we both did, when, like an electric shock to our straining ears, came the inspiring honk-e-honk-e-honk of a flock of wild geese. Like madmen we changed the shells for BB's and lower in the grass did we hide our excited faces. On they came, as steady as soldiers! I counted fourteen. They were lazily flying not two feet from the surface and must come within range if they would but hold their course. As they swung in closer to our point, the old gander evidently smelling mischief, sheered off, which brought the tail end of the long string within good range. I yelled to Doc to take the last one and we let them have four barrels "to once." Such a splashing and rumpus, one great fellow came down like a castaway windmill; another hard hit with stiffened wings sailed away out a few hundred yards and made the water fairly boil when he struck; another, also hard hit, with feathers streaming, fell somewhere in the direction of the Ark, never to be found. What a revolution in our feelings to be sure! If Jumbo himself had been our prey I doubt very much if we could have felt more elated. The bag that night looked grand, not so much in quantity, but in quality.

We wasted the following day. The weather grew warmer and warmer; so on returning that night we prepared to leave early in the morning. Another summer's day. With the boom well over to port and the jib poled out to catch every breath, we drifted for hours. But despite the sunny weather, a jolly crew made the tedious hours fly by.

One good joke on the Doctor will bear repeating; doubly so, as I remember the night on board of the old sloop, when the villain deliberately placed his mouth close to my ear and squeaked like a rat or mouse. In my horror I struck out like Sullivan, fully expecting to smash the horrid thing, and bruising my poor hand badly for the trouble. A roar went up from the other culprits, fairly raising the roof, and they joked me almost continuously afterward. Now, while we were drifting, I was busily engaged trying to invent a handy sort of "hobble" for the tame duck decoys, on which Doc and the rest of the crew gave no end of sage advice. Charley, seeing our distress, offered to help us out, if some one would steer. Up jumped the festive M. D. and took the tiller. Not a particle of breeze filled the sails and the

work was easy enough, so easy, in fact, that I gave not a thought to the possible chances of an upset or anything else.

We were all kneeling down trying our best to hold the flapping duck, and to rig him in the right fashion, when clear above the din rose Doc's cheery voice. "Whoa! haw! Where the tarnation [blue fire] are ye goin'! whoa, haw, hold on! By gum, there she goes!" Slam-bank-rippy-ter-slim-slam-bang-blunk-ker-swash, came with rattling of tiller blocks and swishing of sheets, and the jangle of tin ware. We scared mortals rushed on deck, falling over each other in panic-stricken haste, to find that the celebrated M. D. had jibed our noble craft (mind you, not a particle of breeze at the time), and with tiller stock in hand and profound amazement depicted upon every feature, stood looking blankly around upon the disaster he had occasioned. Every decoy was swept overboard, also the ducks just cleaned for dinner, also the entire service of tin, no end of buckets, and last but not least, our portable chimney piece, without which the stove could not be made to do its work. If ever I yelled I did that sunny day. It was good as a play to see Doc's face. What a time we had retrieving things, but alas, the tin things were gone forever. "Whoa! Haw!" lingered sweetly, even in the still calm air. It lingers yet in my memory and always will. We dubbed him the "Ellsworth of the Bay," and always addressed him as skipper afterward. The shooting did not improve during the remainder of our stay, and the jolly party of four were soon at home again. J. A. J.

THE MAINE GAME LAWS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

To call the attention of the proper authorities to a most serious defect in the enforcement of the Maine game laws, rather than to discuss when the open season should begin, is the purpose of this communication.

But while upon the subject, a word or two in reference to the latter point may not be amiss.

Not one among the many and able correspondents who in your columns have opposed opening the season on Sept. 1 instead of Oct. 1, have questioned that such change would benefit those dependent on that wilderness for their livelihood, at least temporarily; nor can I see how this can well be doubted. Of course all would rejoice in, and must desire the increased welfare of these most deserving people, unless the sacrifice of greater and more important interests be necessarily involved. It seems to me the wishes and profit of these people alone, should govern in this matter. Still it may well be that they are ignorant of their real interests; and in the hope of immediate profit, lose sight of the future, as did the couple who killed the goose that laid the golden eggs. Such cases are not unknown. No duty nor obligation of a legislator is more important than to foresee the future, and to resist the clamor of those who call for legislation to their own real detriment.

Some of your correspondents virtually assume that the addition of this one single month to the open season, would annihilate the game of the Maine wilderness.

This is tip-top dialectics, but not well calculated to further the result we have in view, viz.: a sound answer to the question what should be done in the premises. Is not the probable effect of the change, the pith of the whole matter? If so, it should not be disposed of by mere assertion of opinion, but by careful, and dispassionate consideration of how much it will really add to the present death rate, and a comparison of that death rate with the present rate of increase. If the then death rate would exceed the rate of increase, the change should not be made. But I repeat this matter should be weighed in a judicial spirit, by the light of reason, and not of sentiment or prejudice.

In a former letter I gave the reasons which lead me to believe that the change would but slightly increase the death rate, and by no means sufficiently to approximate to the present rate of increase; nor do I see how one who is personally and practically acquainted with the region in question at that season of the year, and with the forms of hunting then practicable, can arrive at any other conclusion.

The proof of the pudding is however in the eating. The season has opened on Sept. 1 in New Hampshire for years, and I am recently informed by what I cannot but regard as the very best authority, that, notwithstanding, deer have there constantly increased in number.

But enough of this, which was not the purpose of this letter.

To many of your readers, and to at least one of the Maine Game Commissioners, any statement made by the justly celebrated guide John S. Danforth, will have great weight. These know that in mental capacity and sound judgment, as well as in moral rectitude, he stands second to no guide in that, or any other region; while his opportunities of observation, passing as he does the whole year in the woods, are equaled by few.

It is folly to exercise ourselves over a prospective worm hole in the side of a bucket, out of which half the bottom is already lost. John writes me, omitting personal matter, as follows, under date of Dec. 8, from Farmachene Lake.

"I claim that the people generally know nothing about the observance of the game and fish laws, except on the border of the wilderness in winter, and a little more in summer. All the game wardens can well do in summer is to watch the owners of camps and hotels, the very persons whose interest is to keep the game on the increase, because they know when the game is gone their money will go with it. In the winter the lumbering companies are located in the very center of the fish and game, and each year their employees become more bold, and are unmolested. The largest part of the crews are made up of French Canadians, who can be hired at from \$12 to \$15 a month. These Frenchmen are all hardy men, and instead of resting Sundays, are either hunting or fishing, and during the long winters kill more game and fish than all the sportsmen who come here in summer put together. A sportsman will throw back the trout he cannot eat, but a 'pea-souper' will not throw back the chub even. If the Legislature would put a stop to this crust-hunting and fishing through the ice, they could let sportsmen kill all they could after July 15 and the increase would be double what it is now."

It would be unjust to the writer of this letter, should any part of it be construed to imply the slightest imputation of dereliction on the part of the Maine Game Commissioners. He has so often spoken in praise of their work, that I know he would at once repudiate anything of the kind.

Though foreign to the matter in hand, I may perhaps be excused if I quote another passage from the same letter, since it shows to some extent what kind of a life these men really lead, and how justly they are entitled to our sympathies in every proper case.

"To-day a man was brought here by two Frenchmen who found him in the woods. He is frozen very badly. He is from Pittsburgh [near Connecticut Second Lake] and we must get his friends to carry him out. He will lose both his feet I am sure. When I took his boots off, and I cut them all I could, the flesh came with them. It is a hard sight to look at. His hands are bad, but I guess they will not come off. He lay out two nights without any fire."

But to return to our subject. These Frenchmen come over the boundary from Canada, and return the same way through the woods. They can never be caught in nor near a Maine settlement. Screened by a dense forest blocked with impassable snow, they continue the work of slaughter among the trout and game year after year, and without the knowledge of any, except those who like Danforth, make the woods their home the year round. The remoteness and inaccessibility of the locality either prevents the approach of the officer of the law, or renders him powerless to enforce it in the face of such superior force, and so far from aid.

I am not of those who would add one iota to the burden of any worthy public official (and such are the Maine Commissioners), and then leave him to struggle against an adverse public opinion so aroused, and to surmount the difficulty at his peril. Such knowledge as I have of the circumstances, leads me to believe that proper proof of the offense, to be followed by a raid on the lumber camps and the arrest of the leaders, is utterly impracticable. Could I see no other possible remedy, I should have preserved silence, crying as the evil is.

The lumber companies have their headquarters in Maine. From personal intercourse with the officers of one of these large corporations, I have little doubt that upon proper representations they could all be readily induced to co-operate with the Commissioners, and to issue positive instructions to their agents who employ these men, that an agreement to abstain from illegal hunting and fishing while in their employ, should be a condition precedent to the hiring; and that a violation of the agreement should be followed by immediate discharge. It may possibly be too late to apply this remedy during the present season, but unless a better method suggests itself to the superior wisdom of the Commissioners, it might be tried next fall.

As far as I can see, the remedy, if any, must be applied by those who hire these men. The Commissioners, aided solely by the authority of the law, are powerless under the circumstances. The laws of nature confront those of man, with the usual result. A fair example is here presented of what I endeavored to emphasize in my last communication—that is, how hopeless is a practically efficient enforcement of even the best of game laws in the face of a hostile public opinion. If the laws themselves, and the method in which they have been administered, command the approval of the officials of these companies, as I believe is the fact, the greatest of evils can be reached, and promptly and easily brought to an end—otherwise I fear it is hopeless. Does it not then behoove every friend of game protection to use caution, that he advocate nothing that will not bear the closest scrutiny of cold and impartial common sense.

To throw a man upon his back, pinion his arms and legs, hold his nose, and force a dose of medicine down his throat, may be for his good; but it is little likely to excite his gratitude, or make him a willing and efficient ally in the future, should his services be required. These, and similar considerations, have induced me to advocate adding the month of September to the open season in Maine. Personally I am quite indifferent in the matter. Those dependent on that wilderness are practically a unit in advocating the change. They believe it will work no appreciable injury to any person or thing, while it will do them great good.

As far as a somewhat extended personal experience permits me to judge, I believe their position to be both reasonable and just. But however this may be, I am convinced that it is politic to heed their request, and to accede to their wishes. We may give an inch, but we will thereby gain a foot. The hearty co-operation of these people would accomplish more toward enforcing the game laws, than all that the Commissioners can by any possibility accomplish. It would at once and permanently insure the detection and punishment of offenders. The prospective gain would then no longer warrant the risk incident to a violation of the law, and efforts in that direction would naturally almost wholly cease. Nor is this result altogether hopeless, since nature has not denied these people a fair share of common sense, nor are they blind to self interest. But it cannot be had by flouting what seems to them a reasonable request, nor by refusing concession for insufficient cause. Sound political wisdom demands that they receive a patient hearing; and that either their request be granted, or that reasons appealing to their self interest, and which are satisfactory to their common sense, and not in antagonism to facts with which they are so thoroughly familiar, be given for a refusal. The well known character of the Maine Legislature leaves little room to question that it will act in this spirit, and to it, it seems to me, we may as well leave the question without further discussion.

I was induced to touch upon this subject at all only because it appeared to me undesirable that a paper so widely read as is yours in that community, and so influential for good, should take a position contrary to their interests upon what seemed to me, and I knew would seem to them, insufficient grounds. The general principles which governed the action of the paper therein, are believed in there as firmly as here. But in this particular case peculiar local circumstances rendered them, as I thought and as I was certain they would think, inapplicable.

HENRY P. WELLS.

New York, Dec. 17, 1884.

MAINE GAME COMMISSIONERS' REPORT.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Since writing the above I have read the report of the Maine Commissioners as it appears in your issue of the 18th, as well as "Penobscot's" communication.

The latter pleases me more than the former, and fully accords with what I believe, and have believed to be the facts.

I see the Commissioners oppose any change in the open season, for two years longer at least. I do not say they are wrong; but I do wish they had assigned a little more reason, and a little less rhapsody as the basis of their action. May not the wicked allege this to be due to necessity, rather than choice? I believe I am as firm a friend of protection in that State as either of these gentlemen. But it must not be forgotten that protection is in the nature of missionary labor, where one ounce of persuasion is worth a ton of coercion. Moderation is good in all things, even in official reports, lest

the lukewarm suspect fanaticism, and a possible friend be changed to an active enemy.

Surely those who like myself have visited the Maine wilderness for years, cannot but view with extreme surprise and displeasure the wholesale manner in which they are denounced in this report, knowing as they do how utterly unwarranted it is by the facts. To charge upon a class the misdeeds of a few, is about as reasonable as to call these Commissioners thieves and assassins, because an occasional robbery and murder is committed by some citizen of their State. We pay roundly, yet cheerfully, for all we get in Maine; and though it is true we pay for our own amusement, that imparts no taint to the dollars we disburse, nor does it lessen the benefit the citizens of Maine receive thereby. It may be that the Commissioners, and possibly the residents of the more settled portions of the State, despise this source of revenue, since their share therein is small; but so do not a very large and deserving class of Maine people, to whom it is literally as the manna in the wilderness.

The report admits the importance of this revenue, stating that "it adds millions of dollars annually to the earnings of the people." "Millions of dollars!" "These be big words," and imply enormous possibilities of comfort and happiness to the sparse population who reap this harvest. Has it ever occurred to these gentlemen that possibly some effort may be wise to retain this? Are they aware that other sections of the country are competing for the whole or part of this vast sum, with constantly increasing avidity?

The Maine trip we all recognize is one of the most expensive a sportsman can take; and permit me to inform these gentlemen it is not so much the result in the way of sport that has retained our allegiance, as the assiduity and high personal character of the guides. Do these gentlemen realize the fact that trout fishing—the sole attraction during the only season when ninety-nine one hundredths of those who contribute to these "millions" can be absent from their business—for the three seasons last past has greatly deteriorated throughout a large portion of the Maine wilderness? I assign no reason for this. I hope and believe the change is due merely to fortuitous, and not permanent causes. I but assert a fact recognized by all, guides and sportsmen alike. Are they aware that a new fishing country to be visited at far less expense, and with less sacrifice of personal comfort, has been recently opened up—a virgin country where trout are much more abundant, and average considerably larger than in Maine? Zeal is an excellent thing, but a little business common sense has some good points about it too.

The report bristles with antagonism to visiting sportsmen. This seems to me utterly gratuitous, certainly unless with great qualification; and I find none. In apparent answer to an imaginary challenge on their part, it says "the State of Maine owns all the game of Maine, and alone has the power to legislate and give the right to kill." True, most true! And has any one had the hardihood to controvert this most self-evident proposition, or would he gain anything but ridicule if he did? The "State of Maine," I take it, means in this connection the people of Maine. I say again, as I have said before, no sane visiting sportsman would claim for a moment that his wishes or interests were entitled as of right to the slightest weight in the matter. But if their whims, their caprices, their "pure selfishness," "the license they would not care to exhibit elsewhere," if any folly or weakness you will on their part, gives offense neither to the citizen nor his property, and yet can be turned to the advantage of a large and deserving part of the "State of Maine" in good solid dollars—"the millions" added "annually to the earnings of the people"—may not some of these people (whose interest we suggest with the utmost humility it is the duty of these gentlemen to study and advance), think the matter worthy of a little more care in its consideration, and considerer less acrimony in its determination.

To dismiss "millions" with a wave of the hand in a spirit of firm adherence to principle, especially when that principle involves a question of expediency merely, reaches a height of sublimity as great as it is unusual. But of what kind is this sublimity? "Ay, there's the rub!" Will those whose pockets suffer in the process find consolation in its contemplation, be it never so monumental?

"From the prominent men of our State, of all parts and professions, comes the request for a close time for all our venison for five years." So this is the source of your inspiration. I admit, as will all, that in few of the affairs of life could you have anywhere found a safer guide. But is it so in this case? Let us see.

Though the one has the right and the power to be heard and the other has not, do not sportsmen, whether from Portland or New York, all stand on pretty much the same footing in many aspects of this matter? Whether the hunting of either be attended with greater or less success, their hearth-stones glow with a no less hospitable welcome, and the happy greeting of their wives and children brings with it no taint of diminished comfort or opportunity to these loved ones. It is purely a question of amusement, more important than a disappointment at the theatre, only in that it has cost more of time and money.

Turn now to the little clearing torn with how much bitter toil from the grasp of the wilderness. Look upon the humble cabin half buried in the winter snow, the sole protection of the owner and his little ones from the pitiless cold. The facts which should form the basis of action herein, are a part of this man's every day experience. To him this is no mere matter of amusement, but an important factor in the bitter struggle for life. He has considered the matter long and carefully, weighing every phase of the case, as his narrow resources and great necessities compel him to do those of every possible means of income. What does this man say? You are silent—you do not know? For if you did know you could not have the heart to ignore his appeal without at least a kind and encouraging word. True he knows not how to assert himself in the arena of political strife; but he is none the less a man, none the less one of your constituents. And though fortune has bestowed its bounty upon him with but a biggish hand, still the little that he has is dear to him. The margin for loss is small; and the prospect of such an event cannot but entail a pang at least as bitter to him as that felt by "the prominent men of our State," as they sit by their happy firesides, and relate how the hunt has not been quite as successful as they had hoped.

Listen then to what one of them says to me, a man whose superior in courage, fortitude, energy, sound discretion, personal honor, a generosity that never spares himself to succor another,—in every quality which goes to make a man, except money, a city-tailor, and the polish of the dancing master,—I have yet to meet; and also one of your constituents, gentlemen.

He writes me, "If I could talk in public what I know on

this subject I would be there and explain matters, but as I cannot, I must like the patient ox submit to the yoke."

"For they bind heavy burdens and grievous to be borne, and lay them on men's shoulders; but they themselves will not move them with one of their fingers." When the inclinations of the rich and powerful encounter the interests of the poor and lowly, we may all take this lesson to heart, lest through inadvertence we fall into the condemnation of the pharisee.

When you pose, gentlemen, as the sole barrier between the people of your State, and a horde of vandals swooping down like vultures to destroy the possessions of your constituents, the great tribunal of public opinion, to which you have appealed, will not grant you the honor you claim solely upon your own plea. It will weigh your title by the light of no single candle, but under the broad glare of day wherein the illumination proceeds from every side. No one will accuse you of willful wrong doing, I least of any. But if the stern eye of impartial justice finds that through inadvertence you have done those things you ought not to have done, and left undone those things you ought to have done, it may deny you that commendation which should be the dearest wish of every public official.

"Let the present law, as a modified close time, remain untouched, in full force for two years longer. That will give us time to correct our laws understandingly, and take the position we intend to hold in the future."

This has a strangely familiar sound. Am I deceived in thinking I heard something in the same key at the last session of the Legislature?

Did you ever read that remarkable book "Alice in Wonderland"? Here is a scene from it:

"I'm sure I'll take you with pleasure!" the Queen said. "Two pence a week, and jam every other day."

Alice could not help laughing, as she said, "I don't want you to hire me—and I don't care for jam."

"It's very good jam," said the Queen.

"Well, I don't want any to-day, at any rate."

"You couldn't have it to-day if you did want it," the Queen said. "The rule is, jam to-morrow and jam yesterday—but never jam to-day."

"It must come some time to 'jam to-day,'" Alice objected. "No it can't," said the Queen. "It's jam every other day; to-day isn't any other day, you know."

Jack-hunting occupies but a low place in my esteem, still there are many to whom it affords excitement and pleasure. If they are willing to pay freely for the privilege to the citizens of Maine, may they not at least be tolerated in the open season? A jack-hunter is not necessarily on a par with him who robs the widow and orphan; and the judicious may possibly regard with distrust any conclusion or recommendation of one, who characterizes both even in approximately the same terms. The deer is a noble animal; but whether a man, who by the utmost diligence can scratch but a precarious subsistence from an ungrateful soil, shall be able to clothe and educate his children in decency, or be compelled to raise them in squalor and force them to manual labor at the earliest possible moment, is also worthy of some consideration.

I have always supposed that hunting was graded somewhat by the skill, patience, courage and endurance it required. If in addition the incident destruction fell solely upon the males, I have supposed all these entitled the method to some little respect. But I now shrink with horror from the abyss of my ignorance, when I see the Maine Commissioners (regard for whom, and for whose work, long habit has ingrained within my nature), declare that moose-calling "is as fair and noble and sportsmanlike as to spear fish on their spawning-beds."

Well we live and learn! We never know how totally depraved we are, until some kind friend holds the mirror up before us, and dwells upon the hideous deformity which appears therein. Would that zeal too would learn that there is an intemperance other than that which emanates from the whisky bottle; and that if the eye be occasionally raised from the narrow groove of duty and a comprehensive view of the whole horizon be taken, its subsequent usefulness will not thereby be impaired.

Permit me again to say that whether the recommendations of this extraordinary document are followed or not, is to me personally a matter of absolute indifference. For reasons which no alteration of the law would effect, I have been in the habit of doing my hunting without the borders of that State—a custom I should not change in any possible event connected therewith, short of forbidding non-residents access to New Hampshire and Canada through its territory. But should it be followed, I shall regret it for the sake of a large number of friends and acquaintances, citizens of Maine, who, whether their wishes were heeded or not, deserved, as it seemed to me, something a little better than to be totally ignored in a matter, in which they had more at stake many times over than all the rest of the inhabitants of that State added together.

The report goes on to say, "there is no law that our Legislature will enact that resolute men cannot enforce." It is well! Considering the unbridled license not unfrequently exhibited on the annual drive by the lumbermen within the confines of the settlements themselves, I had thought that it was unreasonable to expect an officer of the law to intrude into their midst with hostile intent, when they were banded together in the wilderness, and he was far from succor. For my part I would about as soon venture into a den of tigers. But I am glad the Commissioners view the matter in a different light—or is this another flower of rhetoric? There is the nut to crack gentlemen, go for it! I should smile to see the effort, but so I fear would not the unhappy man who made it.

I began this in anger, I admit. It was doubtless wrong; but I plead in extenuation the sentiments which the following words of the report could hardly fail to excite: "Every penny expended by our visitors is upon themselves, in pure selfishness, and in an indulgence of license they could not care to exhibit elsewhere." The italics are my own.

But if I began in anger, I conclude in sorrow. I recall the thousand kindnesses and attentions I have so long and so frequently received from so many of those whose interests I have advocated,—kindnesses and attentions for which no money return was asked or expected, and rendered in a spirit of which no pecuniary recompense could wipe out the memory of the obligation. The still small voice of these people, unheeded by their natural and legal protectors, falls upon my ear, and I picture to myself the bitter disappointment which threatens them.

Gentlemen of the Maine Legislature, forgetting all that is distasteful in the report of your Commissioners, and with no personal interest whatever in view, I appeal to you. May not some measure of relief, not inconsistent with their future welfare, be granted to these poor people?

New York, Dec. 20, 1884.

HENRY P. WELLS.

INDIANA THREE YEARS' LAW.

Editor Forest and Stream:

It is currently reported that an effort will be made to procure the passage of a bill by the next Legislature to prohibit the killing of quail in Indiana for a period of three years.

The movement originated with the Marion County Horticultural Society, and will be vigorously pushed by influential men.

It behooves the sportsmen throughout the State to resist the proposed legislation, and a plan of action should be agreed upon without delay. Will those interested in the matter write me immediately, giving in full their views as to the best course to be pursued.

ROYAL ROBINSON.

INDIANAPOLIS, Indiana.

PHILADELPHIA NOTES.

THE West Jersey Game and Protective Society are doing good work. For some time large quantities of game had been shipped from Bridgeton, Cumberland county, which the organization had reason to believe was illegally taken by snares and traps.

Detectives Ore and Pratt were therefore sent to the region named on a scout, and also to the Milleville section on the same railroad. They succeeded in finding and destroying one thousand devices for capturing game, among which were horseshair and wire snares, box traps, figure 4 traps, etc. At Bridgeton they engaged a pilot who was familiar with a tract known as "White Marsh Swamp," near which one Murray dwelt, whom it was suspected was shipping many "pheasants" or ruffed grouse to Philadelphia, all of which were not killed according to law.

Coming to the shanty occupied by the sable poacher Murray, they found he had escaped them. They took up their abode in this cabin for the night, hoping Murray might return, and as they were armed with the proper documents, he would have been taken prisoner on his return; but the cunning negro evidently smelled a rat, for he would not show himself.

In this cabin they found fifty or sixty muskrat skins hung up to dry, and tied in bundles a hundred or so of rabbit skins which, not being perforated with shot holes, showed snares had been used in their capture. All of last Thursday was taken up in search of Murray, but without success. Detectives Ore and Pratt have not yet given the poacher up, and further search will be made until he is captured, as he is considered a dangerous enemy to the game of South New Jersey, and is doing much damage. It is hoped he will be taken and his depredations stopped.

The West Jersey Game Protective Society is a pattern for the many societies who, under the name of game protectionists, have occupied their time and funds shooting matches, when a movement or two of the nature of the above-mentioned would do more to end this illegal snaring and trapping of game than column upon column of newspaper articles.

The cold snap of this week has frozen up the marsh feeding grounds of the ducks on our rivers, and the fowl are frequenting the open water entirely. Many varieties will now go South. There are many brant at Tuckerton and Barnegat Bay, but few are being killed. They seem to have learned every "hide," and keep clear of them, no matter how enticing the bunch of decoys may be. These fowl will in a short time make their way South, especially if we are to have continued freezing weather.

There remains now but about a week of open season for quail and ruffed grouse in the North. Many more birds will be left over this year than last, as the dry season passed has done much to protect both species. It is to be hoped we will have the balance of the winter free from heavy and continued snows, with crust.

HOMO.

Dec. 20.

MONTGOMERY SHOOTING CLUB.—The hunt of the Montgomery Shooting Club was from "daylight to dark" on Tuesday, and extended into nine different counties, and one party went to a neighboring State. Quite a number of hawks were killed, and as each counted five points they materially increased the score, which was as follows: S. T. Westcott, captain, 82 points; F. C. Randolph 29, H. H. Barnes 96, H. B. Metcalf 47, H. D. Long 59, W. R. Taylor 81, T. E. Hanon 34, C. T. Pollard, Jr., 23, J. R. Adams 29, J. H. Leigh 65, John Crommelin 41, Henry Crommelin 39, W. D. Brown 20, W. W. Hill 55, L. B. Hallonquist 30, G. H. Todd 10, W. L. Bragg 100, C. E. Wallin 39, S. T. Alexander 14, J. P. Armstrong 16, Dan Frazer 9, B. Holt 6, C. Gabbett 7, A. T. Cunningham 15, W. B. Armistead 21, E. R. King 13—979. E. D. Ledyard, captain, 53 points; G. M. Marks 39, W. K. Jones 10, C. P. Ball 18, W. S. Reese 77, J. T. Holtzclaw 9, Chas. Spear 17, T. D. Wilkenson 14, F. A. Hall 15, H. C. Davidson 34, J. L. Cobbs 34, H. Gunter 14, R. H. Molton 59, W. L. Hutchings 20, H. Graham 17, C. L. Mathews 2, C. L. Roth 23, W. L. Chambers 20, T. S. Doron 6, M. C. Scott 10, John Metcalf 5, J. T. May 6—507.—W.

MISSOURI HEDGES.—High Point, Dec. 13.—There has been six inches of snow on the ground for the past three days, and an army of men, boys and dogs have been besieging the hedges and calling on "bre'r rabbit" to surrender; and, judging by the number I have seen in the hands of the besiegers, poor bunny evidently succumbs without a struggle and goes to swell the score of the rabbit murderer; for to shoot rabbits while sitting in the hedge is certainly murder in the first degree. The yelping, howling and beating of hedges has nearly frightened the quail out of the county, and scattered them so that it is hard to get up more than two or three in a bunch. The large amount of hedge fence in this vicinity makes bird hunting hard work, unless there are two in the party, one for each side of the hedge, and even then a number of the wounded birds are lost in the hedge. My dog hates hedge-hunting more than I do myself, but some days I can find birds only in the hedges.—OSAGE.

GOLDEN GATE GUN CLUB.—San Francisco, Dec. 11.—At a meeting of the Golden Gate Gun Club, held Dec. 9, the following officers were elected: Edgar L. Forster, President; Henry Mangles, Vice-President; Edwin L. Forster, Secretary; Rudolph Schleuter, Treasurer; John Foley, Sergeant-at-Arms. The club was organized July 17, 1884. The members are composed of young men from 19 to 22 years of age. A series of glass ball and clay-pigeon matches have been arranged for next season, and are looked forward to with great interest by the members. It is hoped that before long the Golden Gate Gun Club will be ranked among the leading sporting clubs of the State.—E. L. F., Sec'y G. G. C. (626 Shotwell street, San Francisco, Cal.)

WITH THE COLTS.—Mr. A. G. McAusland, formerly with the Winchester Repeating Arms Company, takes the road early in January for the Colts Patent Firearms Company, of Hartford, Conn. Mr. McAusland will travel through the West and Northwest and on the Pacific coast, and will be absent three or four months. He has a wide acquaintance throughout the region into which he is going, and his many old friends will be glad to see him again. He carries with him samples of the four styles of shotguns, the pistols and the new lightning repeater manufactured by this company.

SILVER LAKE, Mass.—There has been some tip top shooting this fall within thirty miles of Boston, at the gunning stand of H. McLaughlin at Silver Lake, Plympton, Mass. The score so far is 120, mostly Canada honkers. He uses about forty tamed decoy and can handle them so as to draw most any flock, although there are four other stands at the Lake. The second flight has not amounted to much this fall, so far, but there is still a chance yet, as it is so near Boston it would be a good place for city sportsmen to take in.—SOUTH SHORE.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 16.—Quail, rabbits and squirrel have been in great abundance this season. Last week Messrs. W. Woods, of Alexandria, and Thos. Taylor, of Four Mile Run, having Tom's old Drift and youngster Don, made a trip of about sixty miles down the river (Potomac), leaving Alexandria on Tuesday about 10 A. M., on board the Matano and returning Friday about 3 P. M., bagging on their trip 80 quail, 15 rabbits and 18 squirrels—quite a success. Let us hear from Maryland now.—SPOT.

BARNEGAT.—Perth Amboy, N. J., Dec. 20.—In a letter just received from Barnegat Bay, lower part, the writer says: "Ducks are very plenty, but few killed. Decoys of no use; rather a hindrance, as the fowl move in large bodies and have good feeding everywhere on the flats. There will not be good gunning until we have ice sufficient to drive them off the flats."—K.

Sea and River Fishing.

ECHOES FROM THE TOURNAMENT.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I wish to say a few words about the value of long casting I have cast but three times in tournaments, but have been a fisher for trout and salmon for over half a century, therefore I may speak on this subject from the standpoint of personal experience.

In fishing I have found that the more water I could cover the greater would be the success, in other words the longer casts the more fish, and usually larger ones, for the latter do not approach the shore or boat. In trout fishing I have seen waters where a cast of less than eighty feet was useless, and I have caught hundreds with the fly at that distance, while in salmon fishing I have seen pools where a cast of less than one-hundred feet would not come within the sight of fish. What could be done on such waters by men who can only cast forty-five feet with a trout rod or eighty feet with a salmon rod?

I am satisfied that the tournaments have done more toward making anglers than is generally believed, and long casting is, in my opinion, of more importance than either delicacy or accuracy, for an angler who saw a trout rise eighty feet away would naturally wish to reach it, and would feel badly if he could only cast half that distance. As for delicacy, I believe it to be a delusion, to speak plainly, a humbug, for my experience has been that in throwing a fly, either for salmon or trout, sharply and clearly in the water I could take five fish per one cast delicately. I have often thought that if some movement of the reel could be invented which would make the fly dance on the water it would take ten for one. Some writers in FOREST AND STREAM have doubted the practical use of casting eighty feet for trout, claiming that there is not one trout caught in a thousand casts at a distance of seventy feet. The fact is that not one fly-fisherman in five hundred can cast seventy feet, therefore they never had the pleasure of reaching a trout at that distance.

I have fished beside hundreds of gentlemen who could cast but sixty feet, and have filled my creel with fish taken at eighty feet while they took ne'er a fish. There are many gentlemen now in New York city who will vouch for the value of long casting, having seen what I state above. In fishing for either salmon, trout, or even tomcods, the man who has his creel full has the laugh, while those who catch nothing feel sorry that the other fellow has to carry such a heavy basket.

While fishing out of a canoe on the Restigouche River, where some fifty-eight men who considered themselves the greatest salmon fishers in the world were fishing, I found that they ridiculed the idea of a New Yorker, who had no salmon river near him, coming there to fish. They were Canadians, English, Irish and Scotch, and did not see how a man not brought up on a salmon river could hope to take a salmon, and I hadn't anchored in the Restigouche over five minutes before I hooked the finest salmon I ever saw, while an English gentleman of sixty years' experience in salmon fishing, who had been casting over the same water, had not been favored with a rise. Just before I struck the fish this gentleman offered me the gratuitous advice that the way I was casting would never take a fish, and before the words were fairly out of his mouth I had the salmon fast. He then said that this upset his whole sixty years' experience, and I think that those old forty-five-foot trout casters are in the same boat with him. Should any person doubt this statement they may write to Mr. Frazier, at Matepédia Station, Province of Quebec, who will give them information on this point. In fishing with dozens of expert trout fishermen—and I took my first lessons from as good a salmon and trout fisher as ever lived—they have all agreed that, as I have said, delicacy was a humbug, to speak plainly.

Often in fishing from the shore or dam of a pond, the trout have risen further than I could cast, and if I could have cast as far when a boy, fishing the Wye River in England, as I now do, I could have taken ten trout to the one that was caught, and of larger size, too. Then I was only a 60-foot caster.

I would like to advise young anglers to throw their flies on the water as sharply as possible, and they will have better success than those who try to imitate the falling of a snowflake; that's bosh. I would like to have some of these 40-foot, snowflake casters come with me next spring on a

Long Island pond and I will show them that they don't know anything about fishing. That may be putting it strong, but I mean it. Should one of these wonderful short casters like to take a lesson in accuracy, I will take pleasure in showing him what accuracy really is, for few of them understand it.

Perhaps some of the short casters may consider this as brag, but it is an old adage that "the longest pole knocks the persimmons," and there is no doubt but long casting "takes the cake"—that is, the fish. If this is doubted, let the doubters come and fish with me for fun or anything else.

HARRY PRICHARD.

No. 90 FULTON STREET, NEW YORK.

Fishculture.

SALMON AND TROUT OF MAINE.

FROM the report of the Commissioner of Fisheries and Game of the State of Maine for 1884 we take the following:

At the date of the first appointment of Fish Commissioners in Maine, the Kennebec still yielded quite a large number of salmon. The period of the building of the dam at Augusta was the final blow to the destruction of the far-famed "salmon of the Kennebec." The fish were slaughtered at the dam; the fish were slaughtered in the canal or sluice-way or outlet of the factory by closing the gates and stranding them; no breeding fish could ascend the river to their spawning grounds. The Commissioners were forbidden to enforce the law by enactments obtained from the Legislature. After eight years of hard fighting the Commissioners were enabled to defeat a renewed attempt to suspend their action through the Legislature, and were able to enforce an order to build the present fishway. The salmon were virtually exterminated, hardly a remnant left. The people, knowing nothing of the habits of fishes, had supposed that by opening the fishway myriads of salmon would rush in like birds seeking a new resting place. The fish that are bred in a river will return there, but none others. Salmon, after depositing their spawn, remain for a given period in the river and then return on the spring floods to the ocean, to again revisit the place of their birth when the instinct of breeding recurs and points it out. This period is now supposed to be every two years. If in the meantime a dam be erected and their pathway interrupted, they will not seek a new spawning place, but continue to make fruitless attempts to reach the river where they were hatched until they are exterminated. That river is then vacant to salmon until a new family of salmon fry are planted there. Fish rarely make any mistakes; unlike birds, they will not seek a new nesting river when that in which they were born is shut to them. There are too few salmon now in the Kennebec River to breed from. If the river is to be restocked, if the destruction caused by the dam and the too amiable Legislature is to be remedied, the Commissioners must be allowed the means to plant not less than a million of salmon fry in the Kennebec for the next five years. There is no other remedy. To stock a river requires many fish. Will 100,000 grains of wheat prove sufficient to sow a prairie and send a day's food to Augusta? Will 100,000 salmon fry restore the work of centuries destroyed on the Kennebec?

Dennysville River. Here is a field, a scene of senseless wanton waste and ruin. This river is naturally one of the most productive salmon rivers in the State. It is not within the jurisdiction of the State Commissioners, always excepting their right to order fishways. The fishways are simply used as traps, and persons are allowed to stand upon them and dip out the unfortunate fish that attempt to pass up. At the mouth of the river there are five weirs constructed in such positions as to intercept and catch, as far as possible, all salmon passing up on the tide. A few fish do succeed in escaping up the stream, and rise readily to the angler's fly, and might afford some inducements to visiting sportsmen, were not all the waste and slabs and drift of the sawmills thrown into the river bed, where it fouls the line of the angler and drives every sportsman from this beautiful village.

For the last two years the Commissioners have supplied Mr. Benjamin Lincoln with 40,000 salmon eggs, who has hatched them and turned the fry into Denny's River. Could all fishing on this stream, excepting with baited hook or fly, be prohibited, the throwing of drift into the river forbidden, an efficient warden be commissioned, Dennysville would become one of the most frequented and fashionable places of summer resort in the State.

The St. Croix is another productive salmon river. Here, also, the Commissioners have no jurisdiction, excepting of fishways on the American side of the stream. The dividing line between Maine and New Brunswick is the middle of the channel. Some 500,000 salmon eggs have been contributed to this river by the Maine Commissioners; 380,000 of these were hatched and distributed in those waters at the expense of Mr. Frank Todd, the efficient Dominion officer at St. Stephen. A very fine large fishway has been built on the Dominion side of the river at the extensive new cotton mills, the plans and engineer work furnished by the State of Maine. This river has great capabilities, is full of salmon that rise readily to the fly, and may be made of much value to both New Brunswick and Maine. Under the present system, or rather no system, it had better be abandoned as at Dennysville. If deemed worthy of preservation by the respective governments that own it, it should be placed under a co-operative code of laws, viz: No salmon fishing in tide waters after July 15; no nets used above tide waters at any time; fishing with baited hook or artificial flies until 1st of September; an equal number of wardens to be furnished on the respective sides of the river.

Saco River is deemed by the local inhabitants worthy of being restored to its original place among the productive salmon rivers of Maine. Good fishways have been built after plans furnished by Mr. Harry Buck of Orland. The stock of salmon fry is now only required. The Legislature will please remember that stocking a river is like seeding a section of a State. Estimate its area, or its number of acres, and then decide if 100,000 grass seeds will prove sufficient. Generous seeding for several years is requisite if a good crop is expected.

On the Androscoggin, our poverty of resource has ever prevented our properly stocking these waters. We have two very important and valuable fishways at the mouth of the river at Brunswick. Obstructions multiply on the river more rapidly than our ability to cope with them. Manufacturing enterprise not only obstructs the river with its monstrous dams, but, by the criminal neglect of the Legislature in providing no restrictive laws, the bed of the river is covered with waste matter that destroys both the spawning ground of the fish as well as the productive field of fish food. Poisonous matter from the Brunswick factories destroyed the spawning ground of the shad and drove them away.

The Penobscot is the only River now left on the Atlantic coast of the United States where there is sufficient number of salmon to supply the requisite fish for the works at Orland, where the eggs are taken for distribution, both for the United States and the several associated States that subscribe.

Maine's subscription to the works at Orland in 1883, for salmon eggs to be hatched and distributed to her rivers in 1884, was \$1,000. Our return from this sum was 702,000 eggs. Professor Baird, the United States Commissioner of Fisheries at Washington, afterward gave us 20,000. By letter of February 15, he gave 840,000 more eggs, upon condition that the

hatched product be all put into Penobscot waters. It will be perceived that our whole stock of eggs to be hatched and distributed this year of 1884, was 1,242,000.

These were distributed as follows: 702,000 at Enfield, consigned to Penobscot and tributary streams; 300,000 at Norway, for Penobscot and Saco waters; 200,000 at Weld, for Androscoggin and Kennebec waters; 40,000 to Mr. Benjamin Lincoln, at Dennysville, for Denny's River. The run of salmon on the Penobscot River this year is reported to us as exceeding in number that of last year, the size of the fish as less. Good judges were of the opinion that, owing to the long continued high stage of water this last spring, an unusual number of the fish made their way directly to the upper waters of the river. As netting above tide water is forbidden by law, we have been unable to ascertain any facts from local residents. That the upper waters of the river are very full of young salmon of various sizes seems to be the universal testimony. The Ousaticook, a small tributary, is every year infested by miscreants, taking the salmon on their spawning beds. There seems to be no remedy for this destructive method of taking salmon but by increasing the penalty, by adding imprisonment at hard labor. At one period all methods of fishing for salmon on the east branch of the Penobscot River were abandoned, not from any spirit of reform on the part of the local inhabitants, but simply that there were no fish to be caught. So few were left that it did not pay longer to set their nets or traps, the last venture yielding as a dividend but one salmon for the whole year. Now that salmon have been again restored to the river, the work of destruction has been prosecuted on the east branch and on the Ousaticook with renewed vigor and to a greater extent than ever. Traps have been used, set-nets have been used, dynamite has been used. It is for the Legislature to answer the question of the destruction of the breeding salmon of the great salmon river of Maine by a few abandoned scoundrels on the upper Penobscot. At Rockland they may be of some service to the State; at large, they are an active blight, and curse, and canker upon industry and prosperity.

Other destructive influences are at work on the Penobscot, as on other rivers. New dams, new industries, poisonous chemicals turned into the river; river bottomed with waste; decreased volume of water in the river, caused by destruction of forests; long continued droughts, necessitating economy of water by dams to the numerous mills and factories, leaving no place of descent to the young fishes but through the machinery, where they are crushed. There is no more sense or justice to the people in allowing the product of our waters to be destroyed by the waste of factories turned into our rivers and brooks, than giving other industries the same rights to cover our roads and pastures or cultivated fields with their refuse, and thus destroy agricultural crops and impede transportation. We are constantly receiving complaints from Lincoln and Olanow and other sources, of chemicals from the pulp mills killing the fish; from Aroostook of the starch factory waste and washing destroying the trout and other fishes.

LANDLOCKED SALMON.

This fine fish is indigenous to several lakes of the State, for instance, the Grand or Schoodic lakes, Sebago Lake and tributary ponds and streams; Reed's Pond, a tributary of Union River; Sebago Lake and tributary streams, headwaters of Presumpscot River. The salmon of Reed's Pond and of Sebago Lake, both in the vicinity of the ocean, are of large size. Those of Grand and Schoodic lakes, more remote, are smaller, averaging about one-half the weight of the former, and are more readily taken with the fly. The salmon of all these lakes, without any distinction, have been very rapidly diminishing in numbers, and mostly from like causes, the persistent use of net and spear on the spawning ground, and killing at all times without regard to season, whenever accessible. The increased number of months to feed adds to the demand for fish, and the inducement to poachers, but not to the area of production. On the Grand and Schoodic lakes the number of fish has very much fallen off since the establishment of the tanneries on Grand Lake Stream.

The stream is now bottomed with hair and tan bark, and produces no food for young or old fish, and is now but sparsely frequented by them. Much nonsense is talked and written about the United States Works on Grand Lake Stream being the cause of diminution, by squeezing the eggs out of the fish (we use the local term of the poachers in philosophically discussing this question), and causing the death of the parent fish. The same number of squeezed fish may be found in proportion to the number of fish taken in any pond where these fish are bred. The facts are that these fish, like the sea salmon, spawn every second year. The spent fish of the sea salmon return to the sea and are not caught. The spent fish of the land-locked salmon remain in what to them is their ocean home, the lake, and are caught before they are in condition, and are supposed to be squeezed fish that are sick and pining away. While fishing this last spring at Sebago Lake, where no fish are squeezed for eggs, as many squeezed fish were taken as of the class of fish that were in perfect condition, and that would not be ready to spawn until the next season or in the autumn of 1884. Other and destructive causes are of course working and adding their mite to the diminution of our fishes. The clearing away of forests from the banks of our rivers and brooks, which, among other things, destroy the black fly that has so much profanity to answer for. The incipient black fly is the main dependence of the baby trout and other young fishes; it is the milk that nurses their infancy. Pulp mills, shingle mills, tanneries, starch mills, etc., etc., are all destroying our fish nurseries. The idle talk about the diseased or weak progeny of artificially-taken eggs; about the want of worldly wisdom of the young fry, making them too easy prey to other fishes or to starvation, is silly nonsense. The planting of landlocked salmon, hatched from the eggs taken by Mr. C. G. Atkins, at Grand Lake Stream, has been a marked success in Maine. The fish are yearly taken at Moosehead Lake of from two to four pounds weight, the result of the very sparse contribution we have thus far been enabled to make to that inland sea. At Webb's Pond, in the town of Weld, fish of from two to nine pounds have been taken within the last two years. At Rangeley, salmon have been taken for several years past of varied weight, from two to nine pounds. Salmon of ten pounds were taken this autumn while the trout for spawning purposes were being seined. At Auburn, like success has attended our work with this invaluable fish. Mr. Luther Hayes of New Hampshire, reports a fish of ten pounds taken in a lake of his State stocked with Schoodic salmon fry. From other States equally favorable reports are received. Our subscription to Grand Lake Stream Works in 1883 for this year, 1884, distribution, was \$500. Our return from this sum was 133,500 eggs. Professor Baird, with his usual liberality to our State, gave us 50,000 more, making a sum total of 183,500. The supply of spawning fish at Grand Lake Stream is as limited as its waters, hence the greater cost of the eggs. At the Orland Sea Salmon Works the supply of fish is only limited by our means of purchase. A part of these eggs were intended for Moosehead Lake, but we have been engaged in stocking as rapidly as our slender resources would permit for the last five years. The burning of the Kinco House prevented Mr. Dennen giving any attention to the fine fish hatchery that he has fitted up, and we made the assignment for the State as follows, omitting Moosehead this year: 55,000 to Rangeley; 75,000 to Webb's Pond in the town of Weld; 55,000 sent to Enfield and the fry divided between Cold Stream Pond, Nicasious Lake and Island Falls.

TROUT.

Nearly one-half of the State is removed by special law from the jurisdiction of the Commissioners, viz.: "all that part of St. John's River and its tributaries lying above Grand

Falls in New Brunswick." We refer to this because numerous complaints are made to us from the local residents, of the inhabitants of the neighboring Province coming over into our State and sweeping the trout from their spawning beds and carrying the plunder back to their homes in the Dominion. We can afford no redress. Such protection as we have been able to afford within our own defined limits has led to increase of our stock and lessened exportation to Boston markets. The fifty-pound law of the last Legislature, and allowing no transportation of fish but when accompanied by the person who caught them, has proved of great benefit to the State. The fame of the two great angling centers, Moosehead and Rangeley, now require the protection of new laws to prevent their being depleted by the monstrous number of fishermen from the whole Union, indeed from every quarter of the globe. As we have before stated, no amount of fair angling can ever entirely exhaust a lake, pond, or stream, for the instinct of fishes can be educated to the verge of reason, and is coeval with the cunning devices of anglers. But our open season for catching trout extends too far into the spawning season. As it approaches, the fish begin to crowd up into certain streams and are slaughtered when in a semi-stupid state, oblivious to all surroundings, to fear, to all but the instinct of breeding. There are other streams to which the young fry resort, away from the danger of the larger fishes that feed on them. These also should be protected from being angled on at any time. The saccatien and Misery rivers, at Moosehead, should be closed by law for at least five years. The outlet of Moosehead Lake should also be protected for a distance to be decided upon and staked out, from the first day of September until the following May. Good, true and faithful wardens should be provided, and paid to see the law rigidly enforced. No fishing should be allowed at any time on the outlet of Rangeley Lake, from the dam on the outlet to a line running directly across the stream at its point of junction with the Kennebec, near Indian Rock, and the same law should be extended over the Kennebec Stream. These two streams should be held sacred as nurseries of that splendid breed of monster brook trout to which the world has yet shown no equal. We also ask protective laws from Sept. 1 to all the spawning grounds below the respective dams of communication between the several lakes, to be defined hereafter. At all these places provision should be made for the services of tried and faithful men to enforce the law at all times. There is too much money in these great places of resort to allow the sources of attraction to be destroyed by either the Anglo Saxon love of butchery, or the rum and tobacco craze of the poaching slouch.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

Dec. 30, 31 and Jan. 1, 2, 1885.—Bench Show of the Meriden Poultry Association, Meriden, Conn. Joshua Shute, Secretary.

Jan. 10 to 14, 1885.—World's Exposition Bench Show, New Orleans, La. Mr. Chas. Lincoln, Superintendent.

Jan. 27, 28, 29 and 30.—Annual Bench Show of the New Brunswick Poultry and Pet Stock Association. Mr. H. W. Wisson, Secretary, St. Johns, N. B.

Feb. 1 to 11, 1885.—New York Fanciers' Club, Third Annual Exhibition of non-sporting dogs, poultry and pigeons at Madison Square Garden, Feb. 1 to 11, 1885. Chas. Harker, Secretary, 62 Cortlandt street.

March 3, 4, 5 and 6, 1885.—Second Annual Bench Show of the Cincinnati Sportman's Club, Cincinnati, O. Charles Lincoln, Superintendent.

March 18, 19 and 21, 1885.—Second Annual Show of the New Haven Kennel Club. E. S. Porter, Secretary, New Haven, Conn.

April 7 to 10, 1885.—First Annual Bench Show N. E. Kennel Club, Music Hall, Boston. J. A. Nickerson, Secretary, 152A Tremont street, Chas. Lincoln, Superintendent.

A. K. R.—SPECIAL NOTICE.

THE AMERICAN KENNEL REGISTER, for the registration of pedigrees, etc. (with prize lists of all shows and trials), is published every month. Entries close on the 1st. Should be in early. Entry blanks sent on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope. Registration fee (50 cents) must accompany each entry. No entries inserted unless paid in advance. Yearly subscription \$1.50. Address "American Kennel Register," P. O. Box 2882, New York. Number of entries already printed 1907.

TAUNTON BENCH SHOW.

THE Southern Massachusetts Poultry Association held their third bench show at Taunton, Mass., Dec. 16 to 19. There were 110 entries, comprising a large number of bench show winners. The superintendent, Mr. Chas. T. Brownell, was as successful as usual in the by no means easy task of pleasing both exhibitors and spectators, everything being clean, orderly and comfortable throughout the hall. All classes were judged by Dr. Geo. Walton, of Boston. We give below the

AWARDS.

ENGLISH SETTERS.—CHAMPION—Blackstone Kennels (Foreman).—*OPEN*—Dora; 1st, Blackstone Kennels (Mack B.); 2d and 3d, H. B. Richmond (Pindie and Sport). *Bitches:* 1st, Blackstone Kennels (For est Dora); 2d, E. F. Rose (Belle Berwyn); 3d, W. E. June (Star). *Puppies:* 1st, G. W. Lovell (Bill); 2d, C. W. S. Hart (Prince); 3d, E. Bosi (Prince).

IRISH SETTERS.—Dogs: 1st, C. W. Hoesdenburg (Chip); 2d, Mrs. H. Edwards (Dash). *Bitches:* 1st, G. T. Lincoln (Juno).

GORON SETTERS.—CHAMPION—Hillside Kennels (Argus).—*OPEN*—Dogs: Quinnebag Kennels (Gem); 2d, E. A. Pratt (Ben Butler). *Bitches:* 1st, E. A. Pratt (Rhoda); 2d, Quinnebag Kennels (Gypsy). *Puppies:* 2d, Quinnebag Kennels (Bobolink).

POINTERS.—Dogs: 1st, J. B. Woodward (Pug); 2d, G. L. Smith (Coronet); 3d, S. A. Lincoln (Bingo). *Bitches:* 1st, Blackstone Kennels (Dora); 2d, J. B. Smith (Bessie); 3d, S. A. Lincoln (Fan). *Puppies:* 1st, G. F. Lincoln (Trim).

SPANIELS.—OTHER THAN BLACK—OVER 28LBS.—1st and 2d, G. W. Lovell (Romp and Jockey).—UNDER 28LBS.—1st, W. H. Moore (Daisy).—BLACK—OVER 28LBS.—1st, W. A. Partridge (Critic).—UNDER 28LBS.—1st, W. A. Partridge (Helen); 2d, B. Pardom (Young Bob).

FOXHOUNDS.—Dogs: 1st, A. F. Sprague (Rover); 2d and 3d, A. H. Dore (Spot and Pilot). *Bitches:* 1st, J. F. Paine (Belle); 2d, W. West gate (Flora). *Puppies:* 1st and 2d, Pike & Fuller (Captain and Pilot); 3d, W. H. C. Pike (Tom).

BEAGLES.—1st, G. Bosi (Rock).

BOY-TERRIERS.—1st and 2d, Hillside Kennels (Raby Tyrant and Jaunt); 3d, J. O. Dean (Basil).

GREYHOUNDS.—1st, F. S. Keith (Scott); 2d, J. Welch (Bill); 3d, H. A. Woodward.

SCOTCH DEERHOUNDS.—1st, 2d and 3d, Hillside Kennels (Bran. Lorna and Lance).

MASTIFFS.—Dogs: 1st, Shaw & Bates (Duke of Kent). *Bitches:* 1st, Shaw & Bates (Delph Viva). *Puppies:* 1st, Shaw & Bates (Dictator).

ST. BERNARDS.—ROUGH-COATED—1st, Chequasset Kennels (Her mit).

NEWFOUNDLANDS.—1st, J. H. McCool (Prince); 2d, A. Dexter (Jeff); 3d, E. W. Morris (Pink).

COLLIES.—Dogs: 1st, F. L. Fish (Laddie); 2d, A. B. Wordell (Roscoe). *Bitches:* 1st, W. K. Tallman (Queenie); 2d and 3d, A. B. Wordell (Fanny and Jennie). *Puppies:* 1st, J. H. Wordell (Captain); 2d, J. D. Falconer (Maidie).

BULLDOGS.—1st and 2d, Hillside Kennels (Tippoo and Romulus). *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, Hillside Kennels (Bellissima and Juno).

BULL-TERRIERS.—Dogs: 1st, T. R. Varick (Dutch, Jr.). *Bitches:* 1st, S. Withers (Reel).

PUGS.—CHAMPION—Chequasset Kennels (Treasure). *OPEN*—Dogs: 1st, Chequasset Kennels (Young Toby). *Bitches:* 1st, G. A. Pratt

(Dido); 2d, Forest City Kennels (Dolly); 3d, Chequasset Kennels (Tan-rums). *Puppies:* 1st, Forest City Kennels (Almah); 2d, Chequasset Kennels (Tra la-la).

SKYE TERRIERS.—1st, W. J. Comstock (Souter Johnnie).

YORKSHIRE TERRIERS.—OVER 5LBS.—1st, D. H. Rothwell (Dan)

ROUGH-HAired TERRIERS.—1st, A. Priestly (Sir Garnet).

TERRIERS.—EXCEPT YORKSHIRES.—UNDER 5LBS.—1st, A. G. Francis (Prince).

KING CHARLES OR BLENHEIM SPANIELS.—1st, W. Mason (Dotlet).

POODLES.—1st, E. P. Motley (Imp).

SPECIAL PRIZES.

Best setter of any breed, Foreman.

Best setter dog in open class, Mark B.; bitch, Forest Dora.

Best kennel of English setters, Blackstone Kennels.

Best Irish setter dog, Chip; bitch, Juno.

Best Gordon setter dog in open class, Gem; bitch, Rhoda; puppy, Bobolink.

Best pointer dog, Pug; bitch, Dora; puppy, Trim.

Best spaniel over 28lbs. Romp. Under 28lbs. Helen.

Best foxhound dog, Rover; bitch, Belle; puppy, Captain.

Best beagle, Rock.

Best fox-terrier, Raby Tyrant.

Best greyhound, Scott.

Best deerhound, Bran.

Best mastiff dog, Duke of Kent; bitch, Delph Viva; puppy, Dictator.

Best rough coated St. Bernard, Hermit.

Best Newfoundland, Prince.

Best collie dog, Laddie; bitch, Queen; puppy, Captain.

Best bulldog, Bellissima.

Best bull-terrier, Dutch, Jr.

Best pug dog, Treasure; bitch, Dido; puppy, Almah.

Best Skye terrier, Souter Johnnie.

Best Yorkshire terrier, Dan.

Best rough-haired terrier, Sir Garnet.

Best King Charles spaniel, Dotlet.

THE NATIONAL FIELD TRIALS.

THE DERBY.

THE National Kennel Club Derby commenced on Wednesday evening, and was concluded on Friday evening. The running throughout was good and some of the heats were very close and exciting. There were twenty-three entries, twenty-two setters and one pointer.

THE DERBY DRAWING.

GEM.—Dr. J. N. Maclin, Keeting, Tenn., lemon and white English setter bitch, April 16 (Gladstone—Gazelle),

against

LILLIAN.—P. H. & D. Bryson, Memphis, Tenn., black, white and tan English setter bitch, Aug. 21 (Gladstone—Sue).

BILLY GATES.—Dr. A. F. McKinney, Forest Hill, Tenn., black and white English setter dog, Aug. 21 (Count Rapiet—Kate B.),

against

LADY BESSIE.—J. M. Avent, Hickory Valley, Tenn., lemon and white bitch, Oct. 5 (Gladstone—Bessie A.).

RICHMOND.—E. M. Usher, Vincennes, Ind., lemon and white setter dog, April 22 (Sergeant—Eva),

against

PAUL JONES.—Major J. W. Renfro, Atlanta, Ga., black, white and tan English setter dog, Dec. 3 (Baden Baden—Daisy Royal).

LADY LEE.—W. B. Mallory, Memphis, Tenn., black, white and tan English setter bitch, June 10 (Gath—Juno II.),

against

ANNE BOLEYN.—Roe Reising, Meadville, Pa., black and white bitch, March 30 (Dash III.—Isabelle).

JIM BLEDSOE.—Major J. W. Renfro, Atlanta, Ga., black, white and tan English setter dog, Dec. 3 (Baden Baden—Daisy Royal),

against

RODERIGO.—Gates & Merriam, Memphis, Tenn., black, white and tan English setter dog, April 11 (Count Noble—Twin Maud).

RICHMOND.—John E. Gill, Franklin, Pa., lemon and white pointer dog, July 27 (Vandevort's Don—Beulah),

against

SPORTSMAN.—J. W. Murnan, Keeling, Tenn., black, white and tan dog, Aug. 21 (Gladstone—Sue).

SURREY.—W. B. Mallory, Memphis, Tenn., black, white and tan English setter dog, June 10 (Gath—Juno II.),

against

MORSE.—Rogers & Dalton, N. Albany, Miss., black and white dog, Oct. 10 (Gladstone—Nellie),

against

MAUD C.—Dr. Otto Moerber, Rowland, Ala., black, white and tan bitch, June 1 (Rollo—Morgo),

against

GLADSTONE'S BOY.—Dr. G. G. Ware, Stanton, Tenn., black, white and tan English setter dog, Jan. 10 (Gladstone—Sue).

QUEEN BESS.—B. F. Price, Memphis, Tenn., black, white and tan English setter bitch, June 28 (Gladstone—Donna J.),

against

ANNIE MORGAN.—J. M. Avent, Hickory Valley, Tenn., lemon and white bitch, Oct. 5 (Gladstone—Bessie A.).

MEDORA.—Gates & Merriam, Memphis, Tenn., black, white and tan English setter bitch, July 20 (Gladstone—Carrie J.),

against

INDEX.—J. M. Avent, Hickory Valley, Tenn., black, white and tan dog, July 10 (Gladstone—Countess Druid),

against

LEXINGTON.—W. B. Mallory, Memphis, Tenn., black, white and tan English setter dog, June 10 (Gath—Juno II.),

against

BLACKSTONE.—L. F. Patterson, Bainbridge, Ga., black, white and tan dog, June 3 (Roy—Gretchen).

COL. COOL.—Gates & Merriam, Memphis, Tenn., black, white and tan English setter dog, June 30 (Gath—Lit) a bye.

Gem was handled by owner, Lillian by H. M. Short, Middleton, Tenn.; Billy Gates by Short, Lady Bessie by J. M. Avent, Hickory Valley, Tenn.; Richmond (setter) by B. Waters, La Monson; Paul Jones by Chas. Tucker, Staunton, Tenn.; Lady Lee by Short, Anne Boleyn by B. Waters, Jim Bledsoe by Chas. Tucker, Roderigo and Richmond by Short, Sportsman by Tucker, Surrey by Short, Morse by A. W. Titus, Cherry Creek, Miss., Maud C. by Titus, Gladstone's Boy by Tucker, Queen Bess by N. B. Nesbit, Cedar Grove, Miss.; Annie Morgan by Avent, Medora by Short, Index by Avent, Lexington by Short, Blackstone by Titus, Col. Cool by Short.

Wednesday.

GEM AND LILLIAN

were put down at 1:30 in the open. In pace, style and speed the advantage was decidedly in favor of Lillian, who showed to much better advantage than in the heats she ran in the All-AGED Stake. A good bit of ground was drawn blank, and we then worked over to a thicket of briars and small trees, when Lillian pointed an old hen setting. Sent on around the edge of the woods and across a ditch, Lillian flushed a single bird and afterward pointed a single bird in the sedge, which was flushed to order and killed by Short and retrieved by Lillian. Gem scored a false point, and then down the drain pointed, and two birds were flushed to order. Gem pointed a

single bird and was backed by Lillian. Lillian scored two flushes and Gem one. We then worked over to a piece of woods, where Gem flushed, and a little further Lillian pointed. To order the birds were flushed and two were killed by Short and one of them was retrieved by Gem. Lillian scored two flushes in the edge of the woods, and soon afterward made a beautiful point on a large bevy. In the cornfield Gem pointed a single bird, and was backed by Lillian. Gem flushed a single bird, and soon afterward scored a point, then flushed a single bird in the ditch. Over the ditch false pointed, but soon afterward got a nice point on a single bird; afterward in some plum bushes pointed a single bird. They were then ordered up, and Gem should have had the heat, in our judgment. They were, however, put down again, when Lillian pointed a single bird. Some distance up the drain Gem commenced roading down wind on the side of the hill in a gully. Lillian swung round ahead of her and pointed at the head of the gully. Gem roading up the gully flushed the bevy. They were then ordered up at 3:35 and the heat was awarded to Lillian. Down two hours and five minutes.

BILLY GATES AND LADY BESSIE

were put down in the open field at 3:45. They moved off briskly, Lady Bessie in the lead, and soon both scored a false point. A bevy was flushed and marked down, and the dogs were worked on toward them, when Lady Bessie pointed a single bird and was backed by Billy Gates. Both dogs soon after scored a flush. Up the hollow Billy Gates pointed, and was honored by Lady Bessie in a nice back. Working on Billy Gates false pointed. Up near the head of the hollow Lady Bessie pointed and a large bevy was flushed and marked down over the fence and road. We then crossed over into the adjoining field, when Bessie pointed, neatly backed by Billy Gates, and the bird was flushed to order. Soon afterward Billy Gates scored a point and a false point, backed by Lady Bessie. They were then ordered up at 4:25, and the heat was awarded to Lady Bessie. Down forty minutes.

Thursday.

RICHMOND (SETTER) AND PAUL JONES

were put down at 9:30 on Thursday morning in a large open field. Richmond runs in these trials for the first time, and is large for his age. Paul Jones is an inexperienced puppy and was easily beaten by Richmond, who scored two points and two flushes, while Paul Jones failed to get in a point, but made two bad flushes. They were ordered up at 9:55, and the heat was awarded to Richmond. Down twenty-five minutes.

LADY LEE AND ANNE BOLEYN

the next brace, were cast off at 10 o'clock in the open, and worked over to a piece of woods. Lady Lee was greatly superior in speed, size and pace, Anne Boleyn scarcely leaving her handler. She seemed to be very timid, and appeared in public in these trials for the first time. After a short and uninteresting heat, Anne Boleyn having done no work, Lady Lee was declared the winner of the heat at 10:30. Down thirty minutes.

JIM BLEDSOE AND RODERIGO

were cast off in open sedge field at 10:35. Roderigo is a very fast and stylish dog, ranging and quartering his ground well, while Jim Bledsoe is a heavy moving, awkward puppy of little experience. Neither of them have been run before. We worked over into a piece of woods, where Roderigo pointed false. Moving on out into the open, Roderigo pointed. The bird was flushed to order and killed by Short. Ordered on, Jim Bledsoe false pointed and was backed by Roderigo, who, a little further on, pointed and to order roaded on, but failed to locate the bird, which was afterward flushed. His point was neatly honored by Jim in a back. Jim Bledsoe pointed in the branch a single bird. They were then ordered up, and at 11:30 the heat was awarded to Roderigo. Down fifty-five minutes.

RICHMOND (POINTER) AND SPORTSMAN

were cast off in the open field, where the last brace was taken up. Richmond ran in the All-Aged Stake, but was not placed. Sportsman appears in these trials for the first time, and was greatly the superior of Richmond in both style and speed. Making their way up a hedge, Sportsman false pointed and was neatly backed by Richmond, and soon afterward scored two more points, both of which Richmond honored. Ordered on, Sportsman pointed through the fence, but failed to locate the bird, which was afterward flushed. We then went down into a ravine, where some birds had been marked down, when Richmond flushed. Sportsman then pointed. The bird was flushed to order and killed by Tucker, and retrieved by Richmond. We have seldom seen a neater retriever than Richmond. Sportsman pointed, and then roaded on to some distance, when Richmond coming up, both took the point, and a nice bevy was raised; one was killed by Tucker and retrieved by Richmond. They were then ordered up, and the heat awarded to Sportsman at 12:15. Down thirty minutes.

SURREY AND MORSE

were put down at 12:20 in the open and worked over a large tract of ground without finding any game. Surrey taking the lead in speed, they tired down and were taken up at 1:20. [Gladstone's Boy and Maud C., the next brace, were then put down, and after their heat was finished.] At 2:22 they were again cast off in the open. Working over to a fence Surrey pointed; to order three or four birds were flushed. Morse pointed; and a little further on, both dogs scored a doubtful flush. Soon afterward Surrey scored two bad flushes and Morse a point on a single bird. They were then ordered up and the heat was awarded to Morse at 2:50. Down in all one hour and twenty-eight minutes.

GLADSTONE'S BOY AND MAUD C.

were put down in a ravine at 1:20. Moving across the field Maud C. flushed a single bird down wind. A large bevy was put up by Avert with one of his dogs and marked down. Working to them Gladstone's Boy pointed false on the edge of some brush, and a little further he flushed a single bird; then he pointed, and to order two birds were flushed. He again pointed and was backed by Maud C. Both dogs then scored a false point. We moved into the woods, when Maud C. pointed and Gladstone's Boy scored a false point; and a little further on Maud C. scored a false point. They were then ordered up and the heat was awarded to Gladstone's Boy. Down fifty-five minutes.

QUEEN BESS AND ANNIE MORGAN

were cast off at 3:47 in a large field. A bevy was soon flushed by the judges and the dogs worked up to where they had been marked down. When Queen Bess pointed, the bird was flushed to order and killed. Annie Morgan flushed a single bird; over a ditch she again flushed. We then swung round over the hill into a patch of sedge. Queen Bess pointed a single bird, and soon afterward flushed a bird and scored a nice point. Neither dogs had ever appeared in public before, and the heat was over before Annie Morgan seemed to be aware of what was wanted of her. They were ordered up at 4:28 and the heat awarded to Queen Bess. Down forty-two minutes. Queen Bess was then withdrawn by her handler.

INDEX AND MEDORA

were put down in a cotton field at 4:30 and worked around the hill into the woods, when Medora pointed. The bird was flushed to order. Ordered on over the fence into a piece of corn, Medora pointed a single bird. We then swung back into the woods, where Medora came to a point and broke in and was punished by her handler. Fortunately the birds had been flushed or she would have scored a flush and probably a chase. They were then ordered up at 4:55 and the heat was awarded to Medora. Down twenty-five minutes.

Friday.

LExINGTON AND BLACKSTONE

were put down at 8:40 in a field near the mill, and worked

down into a ravine, where Blackstone pointed a large bevy, backed by Lexington. We then worked up an old railroad bed, where the birds had been marked down, when Blackstone scored a false point, and soon afterward a flush. In the tall grass Lexington scored two flushes. We then crossed over into the open field, where some birds had been marked down, when both dogs scored a doubtful flush. After drawing a good deal of ground blank, they were ordered up, and the heat was awarded to Blackstone at 9:20. Down forty minutes. This ended the first series. Summary as follows:

Lillian beat Gem.

Lady Bessie beat Billy Gates.

Richmond (setter) beat Paul Jones.

Lady Lee beat Anne Boleyn.

Roderigo beat Jim Bledsoe.

Sportsman beat Richmond (pointer).

Morse beat Surrey.

Gladstone's Boy beat Maud C.

Queen Bess beat Annie Morgan.

Medora beat Index.

Blackstone beat Lexington.

Col. Cool, a bye.

Second Series.

COL. COOL AND LADY BESSIE

were cast off at 9:35 in the open field, when Lady Bessie pointed false, backed by Col. Cool, where some birds had been marked down by the spectators. Col. Cool pointed a single bird, and then Lady Bessie pointed a single bird, backed by Col. Cool, who coming to another bird flushed, and a little further on Lady Bessie pointed a single bird. Col. Cool false pointed, and soon afterward scored a point, backed by Lady Bessie. Ordered on, Col. Cool false pointed and Lady Bessie scored two points. They were then ordered up and the heat was awarded to Lady Bessie at 10:55. Down twenty minutes.

LILLIAN AND RICHMOND

were put down at 11:00 in the woods, where Richmond flushed, and a few paces further on flushed again. Ordered on, Lillian pointed neatly a single bird. She again pointed, and soon after flushed a large bevy. Ordered on, Richmond scored two flushes and Lillian pointed a single bird. They were then ordered up and the heat was awarded to Lillian. Down twelve minutes.

SPORTSMAN AND LADY LEE

were put down at 11:25 in the woods, and Sportsman pointed a single bird, Lady Lee refusing to back. They were then worked out into the open field, where Lady Lee made two flushes, and working down to a branch, Sportsman pointed. They were then ordered up, and the heat was awarded to Sportsman at 11:55. Down thirty minutes.

RODERIGO AND MORSE

were cast off at 12:00 in a cotton field, when Roderigo pointed, and Morse coming up, flushed a bevy. Ordered on, Roderigo pointed a single bird, and soon afterward scored two more points on single birds. Ordered up and heat awarded to Roderigo at 12:20. Down twenty minutes.

GLADSTONE'S BOY AND MEDORA

were put down at 2:25 in a ravine. Up the hill Gladstone's Boy swung off to the right, and when found was pointing staunchly in a plum thicket on the side of a gully. He had evidently got the scent as he climbed up the bank, and pointed with his hindlegs hanging over the gully. If he had moved any further on he would have flushed the birds, and a few inches back would have thrown him in the ditch. A large bevy was flushed and marked down. We swung around to the ravine, where the other dog was working. He again pointed a bird in the sedge. Both dogs pointed a single bird. Medora false pointed, and in a few minutes scored two more false points. Both dogs scored a point each on single birds. Gladstone's Boy flushed and dropped to wing. Both pointed; the birds were flushed to order. Then Medora pointed false, and a little further on Gladstone's Boy pointed, and at the same time Medora dropped to a point. Both dogs were unsteady to wing. Gladstone's Boy scored a point, and soon afterward a flush. They were then ordered up, and the heat was awarded to Gladstone's Boy at 1:00. Down thirty-five minutes. Summary:

Lady Bessie beat Col. Cool.

Lillian beat Richmond (setter).

Sportsman beat Lady Lee.

Roderigo beat Morse.

Gladstone's Boy beat Medora.

Blackstone, a bye.

Third Series.

LADY BESSIE AND BLACKSTONE

were put down at 1:30 in the open field, where Blackstone soon found and pointed a bevy, and was backed by Lady Bessie. Lady Bessie pointed a single bird, and Blackstone failed to back and flushed. Ordered on, Blackstone pointed; the bird was flushed and he turned and pointed again. They were then ordered up, and the heat was awarded to Blackstone at 1:37. Down seven minutes.

LILLIAN AND SPORTSMAN

were put down at 1:40 near a branch, where Lillian flushed a single bird. Sportsman pointed a single bird, and soon after scored another point on a large bevy, and was backed by Lillian. Lillian scored a bad flush. Sportsman pointed, and the bird was flushed to order. Lillian pointed, and was backed by Sportsman. Up the hill pointed a single bird. They were then ordered up, and the heat awarded to Sportsman at 1:55. Down fifteen minutes.

GLADSTONE'S BOY AND RODERIGO

were then cast off in open field at 2:00, when Gladstone's Boy flushed a single bird. In the woods Roderigo false pointed, and afterward he pointed true; and a little further on Gladstone's Boy pointed. Soon afterward Roderigo scored another point, and Gladstone's Boy coming up, flushed the birds. Roderigo pointed, but was ordered on, and the bird was afterward flushed. Gladstone's Boy pointed, and Roderigo scored a false point. We then worked into the woods, when Gladstone's Boy rapidly scored two points on single birds and one on a bevy, and Roderigo scored a point on a single bird. They were then ordered up, and the heat was awarded to Gladstone's Boy at 2:44. Down forty-four minutes. Summary:

Blackstone beat Lady Bessie.

Sportsman beat Lillian.

Gladstone's Boy beat Roderigo.

Fourth Series.

SPORTSMAN AND BLACKSTONE

were then put down at 2:50 in open field, when Blackstone pointed. The birds were flushed to order. Over the ditch, both dogs scored a point; and soon after Blackstone false pointed, then pointed a single bird, and was backed by Sportsman. Ordered on, Sportsman pointed in the edge of the woods, and the bird was flushed to order. Moving across a ditch into an adjoining piece of woods, Sportsman pointed a single bird, which was flushed to order. They were then ordered up, and the heat awarded to Sportsman at 3:30. Down thirty minutes.

FINAL TIE FOR FIRST PRIZE.

SPORTSMAN AND GLADSTONE'S BOY

were put down to run for second money at 3:40, and after a short heat in which Sportsman scored four points and no errors, and Gladstone's Boy four bad flushes, they were ordered up at 3:50 and the heat and first prize awarded to Sportsman. Down ten minutes.

TIE FOR SECOND PRIZE.

Lillian being selected as the best dog beaten by Gladstone's

Boy, to run with him for second prize, they were cast off in the woods at 4, when Gladstone's Boy pointed a bevy of birds in the edge of the woods and moved up and the birds flushed, for which he should have had a flush. Lillian backed in nice style, and working on up the hedge row, Gladstone's Boy pointed but again moved in and flushed. Moving on Gladstone's Boy scored three points, but for some reason had become very unsteady. Lillian pointed a single bird. We then swung round into a ravine and across into a piece of woods and out into an adjoining field, when Gladstone's Boy flushed and was followed by Lillian. Ordered up the hill, Gladstone's Boy pointed in the sedge. They were then ordered up and the heat and second prize awarded to Gladstone's Boy at 4:30. Down thirty minutes.

TIE FOR THIRD PRIZE.

Medora was then called as the best dog beaten by Lillian to contest with her for third prize, and the handlers and owners having agreed to divide the third prize, the honors were divided between Lillian and Medora, and thus ended the National American Kennel Club field trials.

SUMMARY.

First Series.

Lillian beat Gem.

Lady Bessie beat Billy Gates.

Richmond (setter) beat Paul Jones.

Lady Lee beat Annie Boleyn.

Roderigo beat Jim Bledsoe.

Sportsman beat Richmond (pointer).

Morse beat Surrey.

Gladstone's Boy beat Maud C.

Queen Bess beat Annie Morgan.

Medora beat Index.

Blackstone beat Lexington.

Col. Cool, a bye.

Second Series.

Lady Bessie beat Col. Cool.

Lillian beat Richmond.

Sportsman beat Lady Lee.

Roderigo beat Morse.

Gladstone's Boy beat Medora.

Blackstone, a bye.

Third Series.

Blackstone beat Lady Bessie.

Sportsman beat Lillian.

Gladstone's Boy beat Roderigo.

Fourth Series.

Sportsman beat Blackstone.

Gladstone's Boy a bye.

Final Tie for First Prize.

Sportsman beat Gladstone's Boy, and won.

Final Tie for Second Prize.

Gladstone's Boy beat Lillian, and won.

Third prize was divided between Lillian and Medora.

SOUTHERN SPORTSMEN'S FIELD TRIALS.

THE Southern Sportsmen's Field Trial Association's trials commenced at Canton, Mississippi, on the 16th of December, 1884. The sky was bright and everything promised well for a good week's sport. The interest in the trials, however, had decreased very much, and very few persons besides the handlers and owners of dogs and the judges and reporters were present.

THE DERBY.

Dr. Jarvis, one of the judges, not having arrived, C. B. Whitford, of Chicago, Ill., was elected by the handlers to take his place and judge the Derby. There were eleven dogs started in the Derby, nine setters and two pointers. The running was as follows:

LILLIAN AND TRINKET BANG.

P. H. and D. Bryson's black, white and tan setter bitch Lillian, handled by H. M. Short, and Tillington's Trinket Bang, liver and white pointer dog, by Croxeth out of Trinket, handled by N. B. Nesbit, and now run in public for the first time, were cast off in an open field of weeds and sedge grass at 9:20. Considerable ground was drawn blank, when in a hedgerow Lillian pointed false. We then swung round into a cornfield, when Bang pointed a bevy, neatly backed by Lillian. They were then ordered on to where the birds had been marked down, when Bang flushed a single bird, and a little further on Lillian pointed; the bird was flushed to order and killed by Short, and retrieved by Lillian. Passing over the hill, Bang pointed a bevy in the side of a gully; keeping on down the gully Lillian flushed a bird, and dropped to wing. Moving on both dogs scored a flush; ordered on around the hill both scored a false point. We next proceeded up a branch, where a bevy was flushed, and marked down, and the dogs worked on to them when Lillian flushed, and soon afterward scored a point. A little further on, Short walked up some birds near the head of a gully in some plum bushes, and claimed a point for Lillian, who had stepped in front of him at the head of the gully, but she had simply stopped as he came up and had not caught the scent of the birds, but dropped to wing. Working up the ravine, Bang pointed staunchly. A bevy was flushed and the dogs worked in the direction they took, when each dog scored a point on single birds, one of which Short shot at and killed. In pace, ranging and quartering the advantage was greatly in favor of the pointer and he should have had the heat. They were then ordered up at 10:40, and the heat awarded to Lillian. Down eighty minutes.

RICHMOND AND TANNIE.

Richmond, a lemon and white pointer, handled by Short, and Tannie, a black, white and tan setter bitch, by Gladstone out of Flossy, owned and handled by H. Fontaine, Magnolia, Miss., were next called, and put down at 10:45 in the field where some birds had been marked down. In speed the latter was greatly superior to Richmond, but she has had little experience, and worked without much judgment. Richmond soon scored a point, backed by Tannie. The bird was flushed to order, and killed and retrieved by Richmond. Ordered on up a ditch, Richmond false pointed, and soon afterward scored a flush on the side of the hill, going down wind, and immediately afterward a bevy rose and were marked down. Soon afterward Richmond pointed, and the bird was flushed to order. He then flushed a single bird, and a little further on pointed one and soon afterward pointed where some birds had just been flushed. When ordered on across a gully Tannie pointed, and, moving up a little, Richmond roaded on and pointed the same birds which were flushed to order. Working up to a hedgerow on the top of the hill, Richmond pointed a single bird, and soon afterward he false pointed, and in rapid succession Tannie scored three flushes. They were then ordered up, and the heat was awarded to Richmond at 11:57. Down fifty-two minutes.

MEDORA AND ANNIE MORGAN.

Medora, handled by Short, and Annie Morgan by Avert, were next called, and put down at 11:46 in a sedge field. Both of these dogs ran in the N.A.K.C. Derby. In speed and style the advantage was in favor of Annie Morgan. Working up into a piece of woods, Annie Morgan pointed, backed by Medora. When ordered on Annie Morgan flushed. Moving through the thickets Medora pointed, and then broke her point, but dropped to order. The bird was flushed to order, shot at and missed. A little further on, Medora pointed a single bird, and soon afterward on the edge of the thicket scored a point, a flush, and a false point. While crossing a field, Annie flushed a bevy in some plum bushes.

and in a short time Medora pointed a single bird. They were then ordered up at one o'clock, and the heat was awarded to Medora. Down one hour and fifteen minutes.

INDEX AND GLADSTONE'S BOY.

Index, handled by J. M. Avent, and Gladstone's Boy by Chas. Tucker, were put down at 1:45 in an open field. Both of these dogs ran in the N.A.K.C. Derby, and Gladstone's Boy won first, and divided third in the All-Aged Stake. Working across the field to a piece of woods, Index pointed false, and soon afterward Gladstone's boy pointed a large bevy. A little later Gladstone's Boy pointed a single bird, and soon afterward Index flushed. Ordered on Gladstone's Boy pointed a bevy, and Index broke shot but dropped to order. They were then ordered up, and the heat awarded to Gladstone's Boy at 2:20. Down thirty-five minutes.

LADY BESSIE AND BILLY GATES.

Bessie, handled by Avent, and Billy by Short, were put down at 2:30. Both ran in the N.A.K.C. Derby, and in pace, style and ranging there was not much to choose between them. Passing down into a hollow, Billy Gates pointed a large bevy, which were flushed to order and marked down. Soon afterward Lady Bessie scored two points, backed both times in nice style by Billy Gates. They were ordered on and Billy Gates false pointed, backed by Lady Bessie, and in a short time Lady Bessie flushed a single bird, and a little further on both dogs scored a point. Lady Bessie next pointed, and Billy Gates coming up and not seeing her also pointed the same birds, which were flushed to order. Soon afterward in a piece of woods, near the edge, Billy Gates pointed, and in a short time scored two more points. They were then ordered up at 2:55, and the heat was awarded to Billy Gates. Down twenty-five minutes. Summary:

Lillian beat Trinket Bang.
Richmond beat Tannie.
Medora beat Annie Morgan.
Gladstone's Boy beat Index.
Billy Gates beat Lady Bessie.
Col. Cool a bye.

Second Series.

COL. COOL AND GLADSTONE'S BOY

were put down at 3:50 in sedge field, and worked over a hill across a ditch, when Gladstone's Boy pointed, and the birds were flushed to order. Soon after this Col. Cool flushed a bird in a gully, and when they were ordered on, Gladstone's Boy pointed a single bird, which was killed by Tucker. We then swung round the hill and up a ravine, when Gladstone pointed a bevy, and soon afterward scored a flush, and then a point on a single bird. They were then ordered up and the heat was awarded to Gladstone's Boy at 3:40. Down thirty minutes.

RICHMOND AED MEDORA

were put down at 3:50 in a thicket and worked through and over a piece of woods, where Richmond scored a false point. Moving on, Medora false pointed, and a little further on she pointed a single bird, and soon afterward scored two points on single birds and a false point. When ordered on, Richmond pointed a single bird, backed by Medora. We then worked across a cotton patch, where Medora flushed a single bird. Moving on into the woods, both dogs going down wind, flushed several birds. Richmond did a pretty piece of roading up a path on running birds, but failed to locate them, and Medora soon afterward scored two false points. It being very late, they were ordered up at 5:10, and after consultation that night, the heat was awarded by the judges to Medora. Down one hour and twenty minutes.

LILLIAN AND BILLY GATES

were cast off on Tuesday morning in a large field at 9:10, where Billy Gates pointed a bevy in a patch of weeds, neatly backed by Lillian. Crossing the fence to where the birds had settled in a ditch, Billy Gates, going down wind, flushed a bird, and soon afterward Lillian pointed and two birds were flushed to order. We then worked across the hill to a branch, where Lillian pointed, nicely backed by Billy Gates, and a little further on both dogs scored a point, and soon afterward Lillian again pointed a single bird, backed by Billy Gates. When ordered on, Billy Gates pointed a single bird, backed by Lillian, and some distance further on he scored two more stylish points, and they were ordered up, and the heat was awarded to Billy Gates at 10:07. Down fifty-seven minutes. Summary:

Gladstone's Boy beat Col. Cool.
Medora beat Richmond.
Billy Gates beat Lillian.

Third Series.

GLADSTONE'S BOY AND MEDORA

were put down at 10:20 in an open sedge field, and considerable ground worked over, when Gladstone's Boy pointed a bevy, which flushed some distance off. Ordered on, Gladstone's Boy pointed in a ditch; and soon afterward both dogs flushed, and a little further on Gladstone's Boy scored another flush. After beating over considerable ground, Gladstone's Boy pointed a bevy on the side of a gully. They were then ordered up, and the heat was awarded to Gladstone's Boy at 11:00. Down forty minutes. Summary:

Gladstone's Boy beat Medora.

Billy Gates a bye.

Fourth Series.

GLADSTONE'S BOY AND BILLY GATES

were put down at 11:25 in the open, and worked over a hill, when Gladstone's Boy pointed a bevy, backed by Billy Gates. The birds were flushed, and Tucker killed three. Going on, Billy Gates pointed, and then both dogs roaded and pointed false. Ordered on, Gladstone's Boy pointed and was unsteady to wing. Working over the hill, Gladstone's Boy pointed a bevy on the side of a gully. They were then ordered up at 11:45, and the heat and first prize was awarded to Gladstone's Boy. Down twenty minutes.

TES FOR SECOND PRIZE.

MEDORA AND COL. COOL

were put down to decide which should contest with Billy Gates for second prize, and after a short run Col. Cool was selected by the judges.

BILLY GATES AND COL. COOL

were cast off at 12:30, and Col. Cool soon scored a false point, backed by Billy Gates. Then Billy Gates pointed, backed by Col. Cool, and the birds were flushed to order. A little further on Billy Gates pointed a single bird, backed by Col. Cool, and soon afterward Col. Cool pointed, backed by Billy Gates. The bird was flushed to order, shot and killed by Short, and retrieved by Col. Cool. Soon afterward Billy Gates pointed a single bird. They were then ordered up and the heat and second prize was awarded to Billy Gates at 1:40. Down fifty minutes.

LILLIAN AND COL. COOL

were then called to run for third prize, when the handler announced that he would divide, and third prize and honors were equally divided between Lillian and Col. Cool.

FINAL SUMMARY.

First Series.

Lillian beat Trinket Bang.
Richmond beat Fannie.
Medora beat Annie Morgan.
Gladstone's Boy beat Index.
Billy Gates beat Lady Bessie.
Col. Cool a bye.

Second Series.

Gladstone's Boy beat Col. Cool.

Medora beat Richmond.

Billy Gates beat Lillian.

Third Series.

Gladstone's Boy beat Medora.

Billy Gates a bye.

Fourth Series.

Gladstone's Boy beat Billy Gates and won first prize.

Tie for Second Prize.

Col. Cool beat Medora.

Billy Gates beat Col. Cool and won second prize.

Third Prize.

Divided equally between Lillian and Billy Gates.

SUMMARY ALL-AGED.

First Series.

Medora beat Coleman's London (absent).

Billy Gates beat Bessie A.

Ress beat Clay.

Sportsman beat St. Elmo V.

Paul Gladstone beat Slocum.

Lady C. beat Meteor.

Gen. Arthur beat Count Rapier.

Col. Cool beat Rue.

St. Elmo IV. beat Richmond.

Gladstone Boy beat Lillian.

Second Series.

Ress beat Medora.

Billy Gates beat Sportsman.

Paul Gladstone beat Lady C.

Gen. Arthur beat Col. Cool.

Gladstone's Boy beat St. Elmo IV.

Third Series.

Ress beat Billy Gates.

Paul Gladstone beat Gen. Arthur.

Gladstone's Boy a bye.

Fourth Series.

Ress beat Gladstone's Boy.

Paul Gladstone beat Ress, and took first prize. (Ress withdrawn after heat was partly run.)

Fifth Series.

Gladstone's Boy beat Billy Gates.

Gladstone's Boy beat Lady C. and took second prize.

Billy Gates and Lady C. divide third.

Amateur Races, Lady C. beat Gladstone's Boy.

THE LINCOLN FUND.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The following subscriptions have been received for the Lincoln fund to date:

Edward Dexter	\$ 25
Geo. H. Hill	10
Turf, Field and Farm	25
F. B. Greenough, M. D.	15
Members Westminster Kennel Club	410

Total.....\$485

ELLIOT SMITH.

No. 59 WALL STREET, New York, Dec. 22.

DEERHOUNDS.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Seeing some time ago an inquiry about deerhounds in FOREST AND STREAM, I beg to inform your readers that I know of no one in the old country who knows better where to lay his hands on the real article than Mr. Rotherham, V. S., Royal Canine Surgery, 55 South Molton street, London. I have known him for over twenty years as a gentleman of honor, and any American sportsman calling at the above address will receive every kindness and information regarding any breed of the canine. —A ROVING HIGHLANDER.

LARGE BEAGLE LITTERS.—Granby, Conn., Dec. 19.—Lucy has had larger litters than the ones mentioned, once having eleven and once thirteen, by Flute. Her daughter Queen has whelped ten.—N. ELMORE.

BIRMINGHAM SHOW.—Owing to the pressure on our kennel columns this week, we are compelled to defer our special report of the Birmingham (Eng.) Dog Show.

CHARLES LINCOLN.—The Baltimore Bench Show Association has adopted resolutions of respect for the late Chas. Lincoln, and condolence with his family.

WORMS IN DOGS.—One dose a cure. "Scafold, near Melton Mowbray, Jan. 7, 1872. Keeping as I do so many valuable mastiffs—probably as many as any breeder in England—I have used Naldris's Powders, and consider them an effectual, speedy, and safe remedy. The friends of the muzzleloading system had attempted to ridicule those who defended the breechloader, on account of its alleged high curve at 200yds. A number of tests have been made and reported in your columns. In no case has the muzzleloader shown the superiority claimed for it. I wish to call attention to the very careful tests made by Mr. M. H. Cryder, of Morris, Ill. Three breechloaders and one muzzleloader were used, and all showed practically the same curve. The muzzleloader with a proportion of powder and lead of one to 3.25+ made a curve of 10 1/4 in., while the Maynard with a proportion of one to 4.44+ made a curve 10 1/4 in. The breechloader with 11 grains less powder and 30 grains more lead, shows a curve only one-quarter of an inch higher than the muzzleloader. The Sharps and Ballard rifles with proportions of one to 4.07+ and one to 4.38+, showed about the same curve. If the muzzleloader is capable of making a flatter trajectory, the standard of the system have had ample time to test and report it. The other question, that of accuracy, I think has been pretty thoroughly discussed, but I have a very interesting target which I think will be very instructive. It was shot by L. C. Tolles, M. D., of Central City, Col., Dec. 20, 1883. I have had it in my possession for the past ten months, and make it public now partly for reasons which will appear further on.

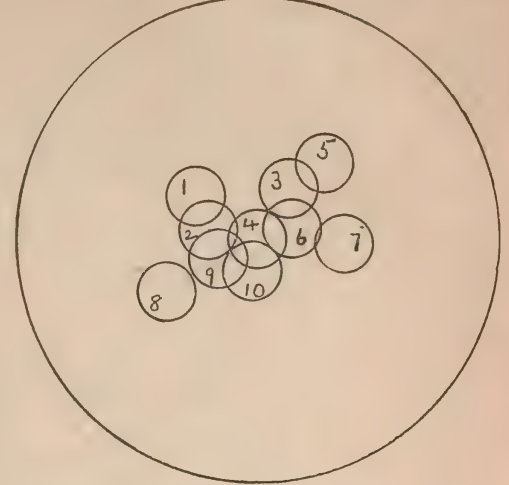
Rifle and Trap Shooting.

BREECHLOADER TESTS.

ABOUT a year ago, during the muzzle vs. breechloader controversy, I requested that tests of the two systems be made with a view to the determination of the comparative trajectories at 200yds. The friends of the muzzleloading system had attempted to ridicule those who defended the breechloader, on account of its alleged high curve at 200yds. A number of tests have been made and reported in your columns. In no case has the muzzleloader shown the superiority claimed for it. I wish to call attention to the very careful tests made by Mr. M. H. Cryder, of Morris, Ill. Three breechloaders and one muzzleloader were used, and all showed practically the same curve. The muzzleloader with a proportion of powder and lead of one to 3.25+ made a curve of 10 1/4 in., while the Maynard with a proportion of one to 4.44+ made a curve 10 1/4 in. The breechloader with 11 grains less powder and 30 grains more lead, shows a curve only one-quarter of an inch higher than the muzzleloader. The Sharps and Ballard rifles with proportions of one to 4.07+ and one to 4.38+, showed about the same curve. If the muzzleloader is capable of making a flatter trajectory, the standard of the system have had ample time to test and report it. The other question, that of accuracy, I think has been pretty thoroughly discussed, but I have a very interesting target which I think will be very instructive. It was shot by L. C. Tolles, M. D., of Central City, Col., Dec. 20, 1883. I have had it in my possession for the past ten months, and make it public now partly for reasons which will appear further on.

The muzzleloader target, published in your issue of July 12, 1883, has a total string of 4.02 in. It was shot with a rifle weighing 45 pounds, built expressly for target shooting. The author of the article in question says: "Now I will give the breechloader the balance of the year 1883 to surpass the target." It was surpassed nearly sixteen years ago. I wish to say a few words in regard to the recent snare-bore craze. I refer more particularly to the .33-caliber rifle. I am not convinced that the .33-caliber is as accurate as the larger bores,

even at short range. I have a settled conviction that it will not win at 100yds. Some one has said that experience is the best teacher, and my experience has taught me that extreme small bores are not calculated to win at 100yds. Of course, a mass of testimony to the contrary might convince me; but it must be of a different character from what has appeared in FOREST AND STREAM during the past year or more. The targets published are mostly "dude" targets, according



to Major Merrill's description of the term, which I heartily indorse. They have no mark showing the center of the bullseye, and no string. The test of excellency of any target is its string. This kind of measurement does not suit some targets, because the bullets did not strike where they were intended to strike. The object in shooting is to hit something. In hunting, the expert marksman does not fire carelessly into a flock of turkeys or other animals, depending on chance to hit one of them in a vital part. He selects a vital part and uses his best skill to hit that part. In target shooting he endeavors to strike the center of the bullseye. Failing in this, the string measure will exactly show the extent of this failure.

The published targets are calculated to deceive the uninitiated, who would naturally suppose that the center of the group exactly coincided with the center of the bullseye shot at. It is a comparatively easy thing to make a group of shots in a target, especially if the target be a large one. It is manifestly unjust to take such a group and draw a circle around it, whose center does not correspond with the center of the bullseye, and present it as an illustration of the accuracy of the rifle and ammunition and the skill of the shooter, and make no mention of the fact that the bullets did not strike where they were intended. I am explicit on this point, as more than one-half of the diagrams of targets which have graced the pages of FOREST AND STREAM recently are decidedly "dude." I would not have it understood that I class the shooters as duds. I am speaking of the targets only, not the shooters, who no doubt did the best they could. Now, in regard to the small bores, I would like to have a comparison of the accuracy of those who have used the improved .32 caliber. How does its accuracy compare with the larger bores? Let us have a faithful and unbiased record of its performance. String measurements are always to be preferred if they can be obtained. I believe the small bores are sufficiently accurate for off-hand target shooting at 100 and 200yds in good weather, but will they win in ordinary weather at 100yds. when shot from a dead rest or in the back position without artificial rest. As I said before, I believe they will not. E. A. LEOPOLD.

NORRISTOWN, Pa., Nov. 22.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

DENVER, Col., Dec. 16.—The rifle team of the Breckenridge Military Company are entitled to the claim of the best military marksmen in the State. The contest for the championship lay between that team and Route Rifles of this city, and the final contest took place Saturday, Dec. 14, and was won by the Breckenridge team. The trophy was the Lower prize rifle, presented by John P. Lower. Each team had previously won it twice, and the match Saturday was the deciding one. The following are the official scores:

Breckenridge Team.	Route Rifles.
J F Rider.....433544354-40	A G Schaefer.....4434444445-42
S Jones.....433454344-33	C J Kelley.....454434454-41
E Campbell.....454444444-42	J Anderson.....445545454-45
E Devol.....335444454-40	C S Robbins.....4402334525-33
J C Eckland.....443345423-39	W Anderson.....444454444-41
F Coan.....444444334-39	P M Lessley.....444453354-41
E W Scott.....345444354-40	George Still.....455433434-39
E Thompson.....454444440-37	William McGuire.....345444344-39
R Hamilton.....545444555-45	A V Peterson.....45454334-41
G Bressler.....354545455-44	Thomas Stone.....544454444-42

M. S. Noah, Judge for Route Rifles. J. S. Sullivan, Judge for Breckenridge Rifles.—THAT OFFICE BOY.

NEWARK, N. J.—At a recent meeting of the Newark Rifle Association it was decided to change the shooting in the coming winter tournament. The following rules will be strictly observed: 1. The teams will consist of five men each. 1. Clubs may enter as many teams as they see fit; providing a man does not shoot in more than one team during the match. 3. The prizes will be for average shooting, 50 per cent. for all twelves made, 25 per cent. for all elevens, 10 per cent. for all tens. 4. The shooting will be on the Zettler ring target. 5. The tournament to commence on Monday evening, Jan. 5, at the Frelinghuysen Range. Entrance, 50 cents. Time for shooting not to exceed one hour and twenty-five minutes per team. Clubs will furnish scorers and referees as heretofore. Clubs shooting two or three teams may shoot in one night. A suggestion is offered by the N. R. A. that all amateurs use the Zettler ring target for practice during the tournament. New clubs now organizing may enter the match at any time by notifying the secretary. Clubs will referee and score as follows: Domestic—Referee for Western, score for Celluloid; Celluloid—Referee for Domestic, score for Plymouth; Plymouth—Referee for Celluloid, score for Essex; Essex—Referee for Plymouth, score for Warren; Warren—Referee for Essex, score for Frelinghuysen; Frelinghuysen—Referee for Warren, score for Western; Western—Referee for Frelinghuysen, score for Domestic.

RIBS ON RIFLE BARRELS.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Why can we not have ribs on our rifle barrels as well as the English on theirs. I lately saw an English single-barrel rifle with a rib on top of the barrel something like a Smith & Wesson revolver barrel, and it beat anything I ever saw or had hold of for quick and fine sighting. The back sight was so arranged as to slide on the rib, and could be set so as to fit the eye of the shooter. The barrel was a round one with the rib soldered on. I would like to hear an expression of opinion about rifle barrels and ribs from older readers of the FOREST AND STREAM, and with more experience. I think the rib an improvement.—RIM.

BOSTON, Dec. 20.—The attendance at the Walnut Hill Range to-day was too small to warrant contest. J. Halsey, of Lowell, made 77 in the deer and match, and H. Cushing a 76 in the victory medal match.

BULLSHEAD RIFLE CLUB, Dec. 18.—Twelve-ring target, possible 120: G. Zimmerman, 130; H. Guuther, 109; J. Sheridan, 108; S. F. C. Weber, 105; J. Campbell, 98; J. Lowzki, 86; H. Miller, 98; H. Zubiler, 94; G. Wendelkin, 88; J. J. Wettje, 83.—A. LOBER, Sec'y.

THE TRAP.

Correspondents who favor us with club scores are particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only.

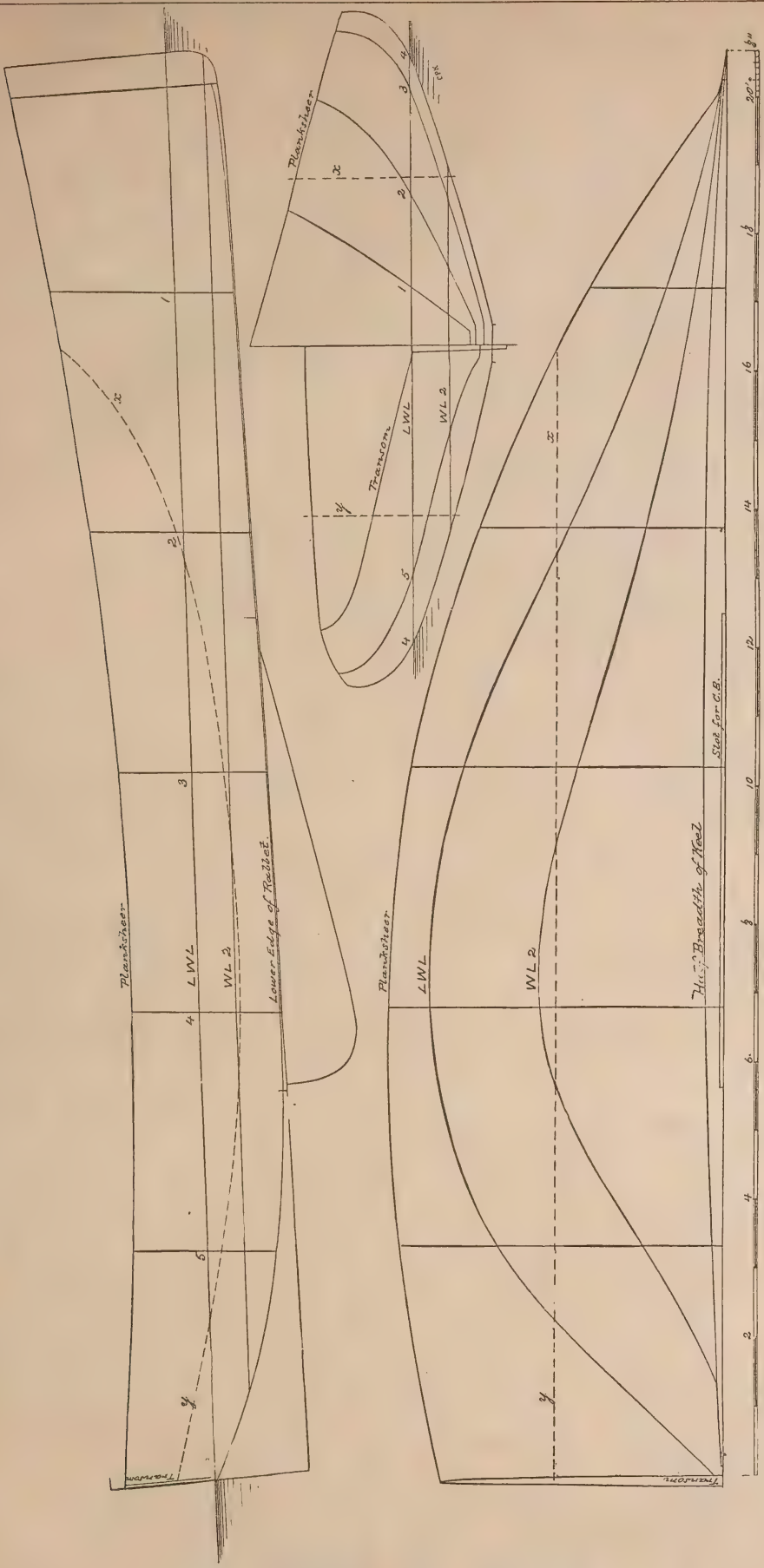
THE SPANGLER ARM.

Editor Forest and Stream:

One of our local trap shooters, A. E. Spangler, has invented a meritorious device for throwing the tongueless Ligowsky clay-pigeon. The invention consists in a simple lever arm suitably constructed to throw birds of various sizes; it can be attached to any Ligowsky trap now in use, being interchangeable with the projecting arm; does not require any attention and can be readily understood by a study of the arm itself.

For the reason that the Ligowsky bird rarely breaks when it strikes

Editor Forest & Stream:
Judging from the cruise of the Helena in January, Outing, the owners of small yachts seem still to be troubled towing their dinghies in a rough sea. The Helena lost her boat in the usual fashion. The painter parted and away went the yawl and the crew overboard. I have been troubled by the use of an intermediate rubber spring which cushions all shocks and the sudden tension which is bound to part any painter in time or pull the stem from the boat. A spring or buffer to ease the snub when riding in a heavy sea is one thing, but to cushion the shock of the boat on the snub principle, I have used a stout rubber strap or grummet lashed to the traveler. The tight of a long painter is hitched to this grummet and the end also belayed as a preventer in case the rubber strap should give away. Such a simple arrangement I found in the boats of the principal boat builders of the country. It is a collapsible boat to stow snugly in the gangway or on the cabin floor? A variety of such boats are in the market and only a want of enterprise in trying something new interferes with their becoming generally recognized as a boon to the owner of a small boat. I have seen a boat stowed on the deck of a tender or ship in such fashion as to stow on deck in some way. There is a wide field for experiment 'anyway in this matter of yacht tenders. The boats now so commonly in use are about the worst which could be devised, cranky, poor carriers, no swamps, and the like. I have seen a boat with a hull so heavy that in every way can be built than the \$40 copy of the Whitehall wherry. C. P. K.



OPEN CENTERBOARD BOAT "CRUISER."

CRUISER.

THE long warfare which FOREST AND STREAM has waged against the blind worship of the sandbag model that has so long prevailed among American yachtsmen, is well known to our readers. This model, the joint outcome of local surounding in the shape of mud flats, and the narrow and illogical rule of length measurement, has made its influence felt throughout the entire yacht fleet, many even of the boats of greatest tonnage being simply enlarged caricatures of the 16 to 20ft. open boats in model, ballast, and as nearly as possible in rig. Almost all types of boats, however, have some use for which they are specially fitted, some purpose, usually the one for which they were first designed, which they fill better than any other craft can, and it is only when diverted from this end to one for which they were never intended, that the harm begins.

Thus it has been with the type in question. Intended first for speed in shoal water, regardless of an occasional capsize or of the size of crew required to man them, they have won a place among the fastest light-weather craft in the world, being widely known in England under the name of Una boats, and on the Continent by the curious, but appropriate title of "Bobfish." They are special machines, as much so as a trotting sulky or racing bicycle, and as such have a well-earned place; but when they are, as they long have been, adapted to other uses, the trouble begins. In the hands of any but experts, or as a boat for family use or pleasure parties, she is a most dangerous trap; and for all the purposes of a cruising craft she is entirely unfitted, the defects being increased, rather than diminished, as she advances in size. As a model on which to build large yachts, the shoal, open boat has worked an injury to yacht design in America which it will take years to repair, while the type is directly responsible for the absurd ideas on displacement, weight and depth even now prevalent in many quarters.

The boat whose lines are reproduced herewith is one of the be

samples of the type of open racing boat, as her record for the past fourteen years proves. She was built in 1868, by C. A. Willis of Cove Bay, for Mr. C. S. Lee, who, after sailing her successfully for several seasons, sold her to Mr. W. S. Alley, now owner of the Schemer, who in turn disposed of her to Mr. A. B. Alley, her present owner. In Mr. Alley's hands she has fully sustained her previous reputation, winning most of the races in her class in both the Seawanhaka and Larchmont clubs. Several seasons since, the Boston cat Fancy was brought to New York to beat the local boats, but was defeated by Cruiser, and this season Mr. Alley determined to repay the visit, and try the Eastern boats in their home waters.

Cruiser had already begun a successful season here, having won first prize in both the Larchmont and Seawanhaka matches, and in July, Mr. Alley sent challenges to eleven Boston yachts: Rebic, J. S. Poyen, Jr., Hoiden, Hornet, Black Cloud, Thisbe, Viva, Queen Mab, Amy, Spider and Seabird. Six of these accepted the challenge, and early in August Cruiser was taken to Boston, Messrs. W. T. Alley, Scott and Fisher accompanying her owner. The first race was on Aug. 16, that of the Hull Y. C., in which Cruiser was beaten by Black Cloud one minute, but took second prize from a fleet of fourteen. Two days later she met Viva in the morning, in a very light wind, and beat her six minutes over a course of 5 1/4 miles. On the afternoon of the same day she met Thisbe for the second time, and beat her in a light wind. In the Hull race, Cruiser was rigged as a jib and mainsail boat, but in the other two races was cat rigged. Wednesday, Aug. 20, was set for a match with Hornet in the morning and Hoiden in the afternoon, both cat rigged; but a dense fog prevented the first race. In the afternoon she met Hoiden in very light weather and defeated her, the latter giving up, as the latter part of the race was a mere drift.

On the next morning the race with Hornet was sailed in a strong S. W. wind and rough water, with the result that Cruiser won by twelve minutes. The match with Queen Mab was to have been sailed this morning, but a disagreement in regard to the course made

some delay. Finally Mr. Alley agreed to sail the course selected by Queen Mab's owners, and the race was started, but not until the wind had gone down to a mere breath, and Queen Mab decided to forfeit the race. The finest race of the series was on Aug. 22, when Cruiser, under jib and mainsail, met the sloop Seabird in a strong wind. The race was sailed with stationary ballast, under the New England Y. R. A. rules, boats to carry mainsail, jib and topsail, Cruiser of course not being able to set the latter sail, having only the usual open rig of jib and mainsail without topmast. Seabird led over the course, but was beaten by one and one-quarter minutes on corrected time, she being 1ft. 3 1/2 in. longer than Cruiser.

On Aug. 23 Cruiser sailed in the Beverly regatta, at Nahant, against Cricket, Countess, Bessie, Rita, Hornet and Spider, she being rigged with a jib, while some of her opponents were cat rigged. Cruiser won again, taking first prize and one leg of the pennant. On Aug. 30 Cruiser entered again in the Beverly sweepstakes, the wind being strong from S. W. She was, however, overpowered and only captured fifth prize, there being 16 boats in her class. On Sept. 6 she was home again, at Larchmont, and in a very light wind, beat Ada, Eclipse, Fairy, Skibbereen, and Nymph, winning the class pennant, and Commodore Munroe's cup. On Oct. 9 she was in the regatta of the New Jersey Y. C., on New York Bay, defeating 11 boats in her class, and winning easily, making a total of 14 races sailed in 1884, with 10 prizes.

While much of Cruisers' success must be ascribed to the boat, it is largely due to the thorough manner in which she is handled, to the skill of her owner and the care taken in picking and drilling her crew. Mr. Alley has this season set an example which we hope to see followed by the owners of large yachts, in not being content with a few races at home, but putting his boat on all the contests about New York, and also taking her into new waters, with well deserved success. The custom of making the rounds and taking part in all the matches possible is one which we are glad to see is growing among our yachtsmen, and its influence will be of the greatest benefit, widening the field of competition, doing away with many local prejudices and ideas as boats of different types, and from different localities, are brought into competition.

Cruisers' dimensions are as follows:

Length on deck and waterline.....	30ft. 10in.
Beam (extreme).....	9ft. 8in.
Beam (waterline).....	8ft. 6in.
Depth.....	2ft.
Draft.....	1ft. 4in.
Draft (with board).....	6ft.

SLOOPS AND CUTTERS IN 1884.

THE two decisive victories of Bedouin over Grace at the end of the season of 1883, following after the brilliant performances of Wenonah, and Oriva's victories, served to convince all but the most extreme sloop men of the superiority of the cutter, and even forced unwilling confessions from the latter; but a badly sitting mainsail on Bedouin in the third race of the series, gave them an excuse for still prolonging the controversy, and a flag on which to hang absurd claims of the sloop's supremacy. Though the question was not finally set at rest by the results of the season's racing, the performance of four cutters against the entire fleet of American sloops, was such as to leave no doubt as to what it would be when the odds were less uneven, and the season of 1884 was looked forward to for a final settlement of the lengthy dispute in favor of the cutter.

The building of last season's sloops has stopped, none having been added to the fleet since Mischief's advent in 1879, except Pocahontas, whose career was more brief than brilliant, and last winter no one was inclined to put money in such a venture. The advocates of the compromise, however, had more faith in their theories, and three new boats were built during the winter to test them. The first and least extreme was Dr. Barron's racing sloop Athlon, built by Mumm at Bay Ridge, a deep centerboard boat of relatively large displacement. Her length on waterline was 62ft., beam 17ft. 4in., and draft 6ft., with plumb stem, high round bowsprit and high side, but with the ugly sawed-off stern necessary under the Atlantic Y. C. measurement. The second new boat was built by Smith, of Boston, for Mr. Henry Bryant, and was a radical departure from the orthodox sloop. Her dimensions were 72ft. over all, 64ft. waterline, 19ft. beam, 8ft. 6in. draft, and with board, 18ft. 6in., mixed rig, and a lead keel of 15 tons, making the most progressive compromise between the two extremes.

The third yacht was really a cutter of moderate beam, the design of her owner, an amateur, and was built at Poillon's in Brooklyn. With 62ft. over all, 51ft. on waterline, 13ft. beam, 9ft. draft, and a keel of 16 tons, the new boat might well be classed as a cruising cutter, in spite of her laced mainsail and American bowsprit. Ileen also, although launched late in the previous fall, was to make her first essay as a racer this season, and much was expected of her performance compared with the different type of cutter represented by Bedouin and Wenonah. Little change was made in the old boats during the winter, except that Bedouin and Wenonah both had more lead added to their keels, and the former increased her sail area, adding 2 1/2 ft. to mast and hoist. Thistle was altered and rebuilt, and Maggie had more lead added to her keel.

The opening sails on Decoration Day served to inaugurate the season and nothing more, as there was no wind for racing, and the first race, the ladies' day of the Atlantic Y. C., on June 2, amounted to little as a trial. Athlon scored her first victory, however, beating Thistle, her only competitor, in a light wind, and on the next Saturday, in similar weather, she was beaten by Eclipse 2 1/2 minutes over the 22 miles of the Larchmont course, the latter winning the class pennant. The real work of the season did not begin until regatta week, which opened with the races of the Atlantic Y. C., on June 10. The weather was very light in the morning, with some wind as the yachts came outside the Hook, and blowing a good breeze when they ran home under spinnakers. Mischief took the laurels, beating Fanny by five minutes, with Athlon one minute later, both Thistle and Grace being a quarter of an hour astern, and Fanita beating Roamer and Enterprise in her class. Two days later all the big ones except Thistle were in again for the New York Y. C. regatta, with Ileen, Hildegarde, and Whilaway besides in the first class, and Vixen, Oriva, Eclipse, Isis, and Espirito, with Fanita in the second class.

The race opened with a drift, in which Ileen went to the fore, taking first place until off Coney Island Point, where a shift of wind, the breeze having by this time come up, made her the leeward boat. For the next two or three hours flukes were in order. The day finished as it began, with fog and calms, the result being that the finish was not reached within the time limit of eight hours, so there was no race.

All but three—Isis, Whilaway and Espirito—were ready in the rain next morning to try again, and off they went with a light breeze that soon, however, proved to be all that was wanted. Outside the Hook was a lively sea and a tearing blow, and with Ileen started off for the Lightship, which she turned at 3:00:38, ahead of her class; all but Fanny, Grace, Oriva, Vixen, Wenonah, Hildegarde and Eclipse having turned back to chase a chailate. Ileen led home as far as Buoy 10, but her crew, being short-handed, were not able to get her sheet in promptly, and both Fanny and Grace passed her, the former taking first prize and also the Bennett Cup. In the second class Oriva beat Vixen, Wenonah retired, having parted her shrouds on the return; no others finishing.

The day was one of the hard-weather ones of the year, and only nine out of sixteen starters finished, four giving up and one retiring, none and three others being disabled. On the part of the cutters, Ileen did some splendid work for a time, but was hindered by not having a regular racing crew; Wenonah was disabled, and Oriva, sailed of course by her owner and his Corinthian crew, defeated Vixen.

Nearly all were entered for the Seawanhaka C. Y. C. races next day, as well as for the Long Island races on Monday, and on Saturday morning, with great slack, crews tired and plenty of work to do for Monday, few were disposed to risk their spars in a beat to the Lightship against the stiff lake blowing. Only Grace and Athlon started in the first class, and Oriva and Isis in the second, both the new boats giving up when once outside the Hook and in the thick of it. Grace, behind at the start, was still two minutes behind Oriva at Buoy 10, but here the cutter stopped for a reef, and was not until way again until the sloop had rounded the point of the Hook, and held a lead of several minutes. From here to the Lightship was a grand battle, both vessels well manned and handled, a steady wind, equal for both, no flukes, accidents or chances of any kind, but hard windward work. Fifty feet against 70, narrow beam against wide, keel against centerboard. While the flat sloop tottered about on the sea, the little cutter went steadily about her work, gaining on every tack, until at 2:40 she was within 100 yards of the Lightship, and here she rounded the point of the Hook, and gave the sloop a lead of several minutes. Unfortunately the times at which both passed the Hook going out were not noted, and the time at Buoy 10 was deceptive, as Oriva, although she passed there first, laid to, as stated, to reef, and Grace went on, gaining at least three or four minutes' lead, so that Oriva's time over the seven miles from the Hook to the Lightship was fully four minutes faster than the larger boat's, and the statement lately given that Grace was the winner on the round trip Buoy 10 to the Lightship gives a very false idea of the race, as the latter passed the Hook first. Home with free sheet, length, of course, told more, and Grace led by three minutes at Buoy 10, and nine minutes at the finish. Taken all in all Oriva's work was remarkable, and a conclusive proof of what a cutter can do when properly handled, her elapsed time over the course being but nine minutes more than Grace.

It was expected that the race around Long Island on June 16 would be a test of the various boats, and eight of the single stickers started,

our light summer weather"? And her keel "it ain't so good as a board now." And then she has not got all her head-sail "in one." And there is no now on her decks "for to manage her sails." And, goodness gracious, only to think of it, she has "got no bottom for to sail on," and she has got "no beam for to stand up on or for to carry sail onto her." Awful! And still worse, she goes down deep, deep into the water, "where more resistance is found." And in a sea "she ain't got no buoyancy for to rise over it," and the poor thing has to go the submarine passage. And to top it all, she is an invention of the naughty fellows across the water, bucking along in their bull-headed way without once asking our permission.

Do not falter, gentlemen. Build "that" sloop, bring on Fanny, Gracie, Thetis and the whole family to the funeral. Your flat-bottom lighters, whittled at the ends; your half-heeled half-breeds which would like to be cutters, but didn't dare to. The whole tribe of traps and hermaphrodites should be on hand for the slaughter. And pray, what have ye to fear? Is not the sloop of light weight "for our light winds"? Does she not "sit on top of the water" and "skim along the surface," where "the least resistance is found"? Has she not all her head-sail "in one." And a centerboard "for to hang on better with"? And a waste of beam and a whole pasture of bottom "for to stand up with and for to carry sail onto her"? And big sails too? And she doesn't heel over and "therefore" doesn't "just slide off to leeward" and there is no chance for the wind "just to blow over her." And she "rides" over the waves "with lots of spare buoyancy." And any quantity of room—on top of her bare roof—"for to manage her sails"? And then is not your sloop "patriotic"? Real up and down Yankee? That alone is enough to secure your side the victory.

Then why falter, gentlemen? Heave ahead with your vaunted traps. The cutters will be there. Show up "that" new sloop. We all want to see just one real good sloop. She does not exist. Never has, and never will. Let us have her now. Let us see how many miles a real sloop "can take out of such a well-known failure" as the Fanny for example. I will put shakels on the Fanny, you can back your new contraption. Stick to the "real sloop." Give us no half-breed, more cutter than sloop. Go the whole business while you are at it, gentlemen. If you are right, the wholer you go the business the righter of course you will be. Throw her together in the good old style with the "choicest of material," nice sappy, heavy yellow pine from way down in Georgia. Build her good and strong. Tons of cross-grain wooden knees. Spike down the beams and huge wooden floors with great big nails. But don't, don't let the galley interfere with the stepping of the mast! Let the cooking "for a large party of guests" go for the nonce. The chances are the sloop will do all the cooking of your goose that need be. Give her slack rigging so that she may be "elastic." A cockpit to hold all the water and spray from the wind and the sucking tars who groan for "comfort." A tenement shanty to occupy the decks and cut the hull in twain. Nice light gossamer for sails, you used to tell us, was best in our light winds. Tie them down tight all round to sticks and booms, and whisks, and like clamboato devices. And, gentlemen, don't forget to win all her races on paper before she is launched, for she will never do it afterward.

You have heard of the saving of our country with a trap, don't falter now, don't disappoint an expectant public. Let them see for

once what a sloop is like anyway, though she be the last of the Mobeicans. You "were not in a hurry to build that sloop." Now let us hope you have been aroused by the challenges received, and that the preliminary blowing of the "prominent" yachtsman in the *Herald* may be followed "in a hurry" with something more truthful in fact and more creditable to the great body of American yachtsmen.

Since your spokesman has gone on record, let me do likewise. Bar fluke and accident, with the barely possible exception of a nice topsail breeze and a great deal of reaching over the course, put your shining ducats on the coming cutter every time. And in the exception above noted, don't be very much afraid to do the same thing.

C. P. KUNHARDT.

HOW THE WIND BLOWS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

All good yachtsmen thank you kindly for the neat way you put things last week as to the general trend of the seas now making their way throughout the world of yachting in America. More depth, more draft, more lead keel, in short, "more cutter" at every step. This seems to be the war-cry of the times, and to this all sailormen will heartily grunt "amen." The play days in imitation of the sport are coming to an end, and a healthier, manlier, and more dignified pastime is gathering strength, to be measured by the rapid increase in cutters and the general modification of our sloops in the same direction. Let me add to your evidence still another little paragraph, bearing upon the tendencies of the times. In a nice little sketch of a cruise from Boston to "The Shoals," in the January number of *Outing*, occurs this passage, full of meaning, as an index of the sentiments now prevailing and percolating even the conservative old salts and long-shore relics originally brought up under the fallacious light draft dogmas of the now antiquated school.

"Five feet." (The boat was only thirty feet long. Just fancy the sensation and adverse predictions the announcement of such draft would have made upon the mind of an old shellback five or six years ago! Now he has learnt to value draft in the true light and extolls the possession thereof.)

"How much have ye on her keel?" continues the old-time tar. Here again imagine any of his class approvingly asking such a question before the cutter agitation in your columns! Why, the old-style nautical critic would have been taken flat aback, perfectly aghast, and blessed his eyes if he would go to sea in a boat with ballast outside. Not so the same individual to-day. For the answer comes back: "Twenty-four hundred."

And the sea dog of fifty years exposure to the winds and hard knocks of his profession smiles willing approval and pronounces his dictum: "A man that knows his business need never fear for himself in her."

So the American yachting world progresses, and steadily approaches that mark of perfection in the planning of our pleasure vessels which you first had the good sense and courage to promulgate through *FOREST AND STREAM* in the face of the fiercest opposition. And when the tide has come in at its full, I venture the prediction that the sloop will have entirely disappeared by a change so gradual

that her replacement by the out-and-out cutter will have been quietly accomplished, without wren-h or jar upon our natural and excusable national sensibilities. We will be able to delude ourselves pleasantly with the notion that we have not copied from abroad, but that we have all by ourselves made a discovery in yacht building parallel with the outcome of our British cousins' experience. May you carry on your good mission in the future as you have in the past, is the wish of all level-headed yachtsmen in this country. HAPPY-GO-LUCKY.

ORIVA AND PENGUIN.

THE following statement makes it evident that one side or the other is very much mistaken as to the relative positions of the yachts, as their statements are diametrically opposite. Only the crew of the three yachts witnessed the portion of the race in dispute, and in corroboration of the testimony of any one of them there is but the knowledge of what the two boats have done previously, which certainly favors the side of Oriva:

Editor Forest and Stream:

As I am the authority for the statement by "Subscriber" in your paper concerning late race of S. C. Y. C. I hereby certify that the said statement is correct. The Penguin did outsail Oriva at least one mile to windward in that race upon one tack, and until her sails gave out, the harder the breeze, the faster she gained upon her, and did place her under her lee before breaking down. I was on board the Penguin and know when a boat is outsailed. The Penguin tacked for Athlon before Oriva had overtaken Athlon. The time of rounding Lightship by the three boats can be taken from the record of race.

New York, Dec. 17, 1884. PHILIP ELSWORTH.

A SHOAL DRAFT STEAM YACHT.—Messrs. Poillon will shortly lay the keel of a new steam yacht, modeled by Mr. Phillip Elsworth, for Mr. John A. Morris, to be used about New Orleans. Her dimensions will be, length on waterline 122ft., on deck 137ft. 6in., beam 22ft., depth of hold 11ft. 2in., draft 7ft. She will be built of wood, with frames of white oak and chestnut, the planking of yellow pine. The engines will be compound, 15 and 24 by 18in., and steam will be supplied by two steel boilers. The yacht has just been laid down, and the keel will shortly be in place.

CARMELITA.—Mr. Coleman's schooner was run down on the ways on Saturday last, but the water was too low to float her, so she will lay until next spring tides. Her spars are on end and her rigging set up. The joiners are now at work in her cabin which is nearly completed.

STEAM LAUNCH FOR THE ATALANTA.—A very fast steam launch has lately been completed by the Herreshoffs, for Mr. Jay Gould's steam yacht Atalanta. Her length is 98ft., beam 7½ft., and she has shown very high speed on her trial trip.

SOME OTHER MAN is always the one you think will get hurt by accident, and the "other man" thinks it will be you! If he is right, you will be sorry you didn't insure in the Travelers, of Hartford—or your family will.—*Adm.*

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101 & 103 Duane Street, New York.

A RARE CHANCE!



The American Arms Co., manufacturers of the Fox patent double guns, are now running their entire gun machinery on the single semi-hammerless guns and their new double-action extracting pistols, and will make no more double guns at present, except on orders, at full prices. The undersigned, having purchased all their stock of Fox guns, some 300 in all, of the various grades, No. 5 list and above, will offer them to sportsmen—"first come, first serve"—at 25 per cent. discount from the regular list while they last. Here is an opportunity to purchase a fine gun at an unprecedentedly low price. They are all warranted of the finest qualities in every respect, and cannot be duplicated when this lot is exhausted. Orders may be sent as usual to the **AMERICAN ARMS CO.,** or to **F. H. RAYMOND, Treasurer, 103 Milk Street, Boston.** Will be sent C. O. D. for trial and examination.



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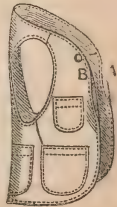
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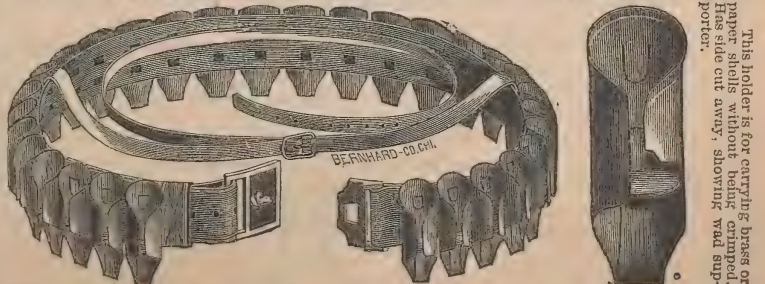
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Explanatory and Suggestive.

FOR THE CASUAL READER.

Arma virumque cano—"Arms and the man I sing." And, indeed, it would take the genius of a Virgil and the roll of Latin hexameters fitly to tell the deeds of this man, whose arms are shotgun and fishing rod. Go where you will, he is there. You run into him on the crowded city street, encounter him on cars and steamboats; he perches atop the country stage, bestrides the burro, and doubles up like a jackknife in the kanim. Seek out the most distant, most tortuous streams, his line has been wet in their waters; penetrate into the wilderness, the tin can of the sportsman's camp is yet further on. He goes for game—if the fates shall send anything within reach of his ammunition; for fish—if by good fortune a trout shall rise to his fly or descend to his worm. But, good luck or bad luck, game or no game, fish or no fish—fun always, fresh air, ozone, quicker pulse beat, brighter eye, more elastic step, all the multitudinous rewards, which, after all, outweigh the biggest "bags," and tip up the longest "strings." Is it not true that only a poet could tell his deeds as they ought to be told? Perhaps so. Perhaps not. He can usually tell them himself. And he does, with a thousand different pens, in a thousand different ways.

You may read it in the *FOREST AND STREAM*. And that is better than if it were put into verse between book covers. One who does not understand these things might imagine that after being told so often, this story of the man—him with the rod and gun—might in the end become hackneyed. But it is not so. Why? Well for pretty much the same reason, we venture to say, that the fields themselves and the woods and the lakes and the streams never become hackneyed. However that may be, one thing is certain. Our columns every week, and month after month, give ample proof that there is still an abundance to tell of what is seen and what is done afield and on angling waters; and that hosts of people still delight to read the telling, our subscription books show with ever increasing emphasis. The *FOREST AND STREAM* is in the best sense

A Journal of Recreation.

It tells of the recreation found by busy men, in out-door, open-air life. It is recreation to these same men and to others. Explain it how you will, this recreation found in the pages of the *FOREST AND STREAM* is different from the diversion afforded by other papers. Why? Because (it may be answered again) the recreations of field and stream are always ten times more potent for good than are those found in almost any other way.

Look through the pages and you will see that the departments include a pretty large field. It is a wide scope of subjects. But if you look carefully you will see that the paper, from front cover to back cover is homogeneous. What is in it belongs in it. There is not the mistake of trying to foist upon the reader, who is interested in angling and shooting, a lot of stuff about horse racing or base ball or prize fights. There is no sawdust-ring odor. Everything is redolent of the woods. There are plenty of other papers devoted to the other subjects. If you are interested in them, you need hardly spend time to read the rest of this explanatory advertisement. The *FOREST AND STREAM*'s field is broad, but it is not broad enough to take in all creation. The editors are perfectly contented with the scope of the paper as it is at present. And now

A Word About 1885.

For fifty-two weeks of the year 1885 we propose to publish the *FOREST AND STREAM*, and to fill each number with the same rich abundance and variety of reading that may be found in this present number or in any one of the five hundred numbers that have gone before it.

There will be the same delightful accounts of the adventures and misadventures of the *Sportsman Tourist*, and whether the "tour" be across a continent or only across the pasture lot into the woods beyond, the story in either case will be well worth the time it takes to read it. We shall have, now and then, a description of such excursions in foreign lands, but for the most part these columns will deal with what is seen and done in our own country, for that, after all, is what the readers of *FOREST AND STREAM* are rightly presumed to be most interested in.

The *Natural History* columns will give attention to varied forms of animal life, more particularly such as may come under the observation of sportsmen in their rambles. This department of the *FOREST AND STREAM* we believe to hold a place altogether unique. It is neither the dime-museum sort of un-natural history affected by the newspapers, nor the abstruse, fine-spun and terribly dry lucubrations of the scientific associations. It is intelligent talk about animal life, intended for intelligent readers.

In the *Shooting* and *Angling* columns (we need hardly say it) will be accounts of hunting excursions and fishing trips—with luck, good, bad and indifferent; discussions about matters mechanical, ethical, sentimental, fanciful and practical; some, after much debating, will be settled; others will be left (and the reader with them) at the end just where they were at the beginning.

The *Kennel* will give in 1885 (as it has given in 1884) the earliest, most accurate and the only unbiased reports of shows and trials, and it will be the endeavor of the editors to maintain for the *FOREST AND STREAM* in this special branch the position it now holds away in advance of anything else published in this country.

The *Yachting* columns are in charge of an expert, whose highest ambition will be to keep these departments in the place already won for them in the recognized lead of journalism. Though the *Canoeing* interest of the country is of comparatively recent growth, the *FOREST AND STREAM* fully appreciating its importance, has provided for those who sail or paddle a (pretty generous) corner, which is so full of practical suggestions and recountings of cruising experiences, that a canoeist might almost as well try to get along without a paddle as without the paper in his mail every week.

In a word—this is what we started out to say—in 1885 the *FOREST AND STREAM* will be newsy, bright, wholesome—a journal of out-door recreation.

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NEW YORK, JANUARY 1, 1885.

VOL. XXIII.—No. 23.
Nos. 39 & 40 PARK ROW, NEW YORK.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. Communications upon the subjects to which its pages are devoted are respectfully invited. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. No name will be published except with writer's consent. The Editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

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Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

Nos. 39 and 40 PARK ROW.

NEW YORK CITY.

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BATTERY SHOOTING.

ONE of the commonest and most successful methods of killing fowl along the seaboard is from batteries. The box which holds the shooter is invisible at a short distance, and as it is anchored over the favorite feeding resorts, it is directly in the line of the birds' flight, and the decoys are thus sure to attract their attention and they are brought within range.

Sooner or later, however, the use of these engines will drive off and render wary the birds from any grounds where they are much used. This has been exemplified on the south shore of Long Island, where, although fowl are often abundant, there is no such shooting as there was before the use of batteries became so general. The same cause has played its part in the Virginia broad waters, where now, as related by a correspondent within a short time, there is but little shooting compared with what was once to be had. It is stated that in the Chesapeake waters this cause has had much to do with the diminished flights of birds, and it was only by reducing the number of shooting days here to three each week that the alarming reduction in numbers was checked. South of the Chesapeake the first great body of water met with is Currituck Sound, and here the birds are still found in great numbers. But they are shot there from batteries by residents at such a rate that it does not seem that the supply could long endure this drain. It is for the interest of every one that this method of killing birds should cease, and we believe that the day is not very far distant when every one who uses the gun will see this.

The practice of shooting fowl from batteries has an undoubted tendency to break up the birds, and, because the batteries are always anchored over the feeding grounds, where they chiefly congregate, the result is to drive them away from any locality where it is much practiced. It would be a good thing for the State of North Carolina, and for every other State in the Union, if they would pass and enforce laws forbidding the shooting of fowl from batteries by any one. The constant harassing and driving away of the birds does vastly more harm than what killing

is done, and if those who gun in Currituck Sound expect to keep the shooting there as good as it is at present, they should see to it that the batteries are abolished.

Those who have the deepest and most immediate interest on the subject are the people whose homes are in the neighborhood of grounds where fowl are still numerous. They derive a revenue from the birds sold, but especially from the money spent by men who come from other sections of the country to obtain here the sport that they cannot find nearer home. The money thus brought into a section amounts each year to a considerable sum, but whatever it is, it will be cut off as soon as those who spend it find that they can no longer receive an equivalent in the shape of good shooting for the time and money which they are quite willing to expend for this pleasure. It would probably be regarded as a misfortune by those who dwell on the shores of—let us say—Currituck Sound if all the members of the various ducking clubs should cease to visit that region in winter, for the amount of money which they spend there is probably quite equal to the value of the birds killed and sold by the home gunners.

It should not be a difficult matter to show the residents of the shores of this Sound who, to a great extent, get their living from its waters, that it is more for their interest than for that of any other class that the fowl should be protected here, and that when they are killed it should be in such a way as would be least likely to cause the others to desert the locality. The services of the residents once enlisted, the work of protection would be made much more easy, and Currituck Sound would long remain what it has been for centuries, the winter home of a great body of our wildfowl.

If, however, something of this kind is not done, it is apparent that other means of protection must be sought for. A "three days' law" would be unwelcome to all gunners, whether residents, club men, or transient visitors, but it would give the birds some rest, and that is what they need. It would be far better, however, to decide upon some plan of action by which battery shooting should be wholly done away with. This can only be accomplished by the concerted action of those most nearly interested, and it is to be hoped that movements in this direction may before long be inaugurated by the residents of several of the Southern States along the Atlantic.

What we have said applies to all waters along our Southern seaboard, and should be considered by all who reside near them.

The matter is one which should be taken in hand before long, and pushed through with vigor. We believe that the entire prohibition of shooting from batteries and would relieve the birds and answer all present purposes.

THE WITHDRAWAL OF RESS.

THE withdrawal of Ress for a pecuniary consideration while running off the final tie for first prize in the All-Aged Stake of the Southern Sportsman's Association Field Trials, at Canton, was the cause of considerable comment.

Unfortunately, the rules of the National Association, under which the trials were run, are faulty in this respect, and there was no remedy. The rules of the Eastern Field Trials Club cover this point, and provide that in such case both dogs shall forfeit all prizes won.

The rule should go further, and make it obligatory on the judges to order both dogs out of the race when it is proved to their satisfaction that the owner of a dog, or his representative, has induced a competitor to withdraw for a consideration or bribe of any nature.

Field trials were instituted mainly for the purpose of testing the actual merits of different dogs by competitive trials, in order that we may have a guide to assist us in the improvement of the different breeds and strains. Money prizes, while necessary in order to stimulate a competition and bring out the best work of handlers, are in reality but secondary rewards in these contests, and the true prize to the owner of the winning dog is the glory of the record. It can readily be seen that unless our field trials are kept free from the taint of money getting and gambling, they will soon sink into disrepute, and every effort should be made to keep them what they have usually been up to this time, races between the dogs. No blame attaches to the handler who withdrew Ress, for he was doing what the rules did not forbid, and with him it was merely a matter of business, but no dealing of this kind can be countenanced. May the best dog win is the motto of every one who has the true interests of field sports at heart, and we trust that those who have the matter in charge will see to it that in the future the buying and selling of field trial honors shall be impossible.

FORESTS AND FORESTRY.

II.

THE regulation of the rivers' flow, freedom from excessive floods, and maintenance of an approximately uniform depth of water throughout the year, are all matters of vast economic importance and directly dependent on the absorptive and retentive power of the forest floor; and over the great continental areas lying between the Eastern and Western coast regions forests exercise an important, although not as generally well understood an influence, upon the amount of rainfall.

The mere fact that once fertile regions have been rendered arid by the destruction of their forests has been verified by an abundance of evidence; but many authorities, attributing rainfall solely to its primary source—the oceanic moisture-laden currents—have been slow to commit themselves to the decided expression of opinion, that the creation of fresh forests would restore the original rainfall. The action of forests in this direction is nevertheless clearly traceable; they do not operate in the direction of attracting more moisture from the ocean, but they economize the rainfall from primary sources, store it up in their retentive floor, utilize and evaporate it to be reprecipitated locally as rain or dew, instead of allowing it to be at once borne back to the ocean by the rivers, as it would be in the absence of forests. It is a wonderful provision of nature that every plant, every animal drawing its nourishment from the earth, both in life and death, returns to the soil all that it draws from it, with liberal interest. There must be a certain amount of plant food in the soil and moisture in the air to originate forests, but the forests, once started, create food and economize moisture to provide for their expansion.

Some plants appear to want little more from the soil than the mechanical conditions favorable to the penetration of their roots, and support of their trunks in an upright position. Among forest trees the pines are especially notable for their capacity to flourish on the bare rock or barren sand. All plants and animals derive almost the whole of their substance directly or indirectly from the atmosphere. The bones of animals consisting mainly of phosphate of lime, are derived primarily from inorganic nature, but the trunks of trees, and, in fact, the whole cellular substance of the vegetable world, is derived from the atmosphere. Decaying vegetable matter presents the atmospheric or organic elements, in combinations much more readily assimilable by plants, than the original uncombined elements; and soils covered with humus or decaying vegetable matter, are capable of supporting cereals, and other food crops, incapable of drawing their sustenance directly from the air. Forests are hence on certain soils an essential preliminary to agriculture, and of essential benefit on all soils. Their function is to elaborate the organic elements in compounds readily assimilable by plants, which cannot draw them directly from the atmosphere; and to decompose certain insoluble forms of lime and potash into soluble salts, the presence of which in the cereals is necessary to the support of man and beast.

Forests, too, afford food supplies for myriads of insects, which in life and death return to the soil not only all they take from the forest as food, but they return it in higher combinations, enriched with nitrogenous compounds of high value as plant food for the cereals.

As regards the influence of forests on rainfall. The primary sources are oceans, seas and lakes, from the surface of which water is being constantly evaporated by the sun's rays—the annual measure of evaporation is estimated to vary from two or three feet in high latitudes to eight or ten feet in the tropics. This vapor, borne along by ocean currents in their prescribed courses, is in part precipitated as rain on the ocean, in part borne landward, where the extent, locality and direction of the mountain chains, are mainly instrumental in determining the distribution of the rainfall over the land. Islands of no great area, and free from high mountain chains, are uniformly well watered, but even on islands having a high mountain chain, the eastern slopes of the mountain are invariably visited with a more liberal rainfall than the western; this is because the eastern currents, sweeping up from the tropics, pass through a region of greater evaporation than the western currents, which sweep down from the north.

The great bulk of the moisture borne in by ocean currents on this continent is stopped by the Appalachian coast range in the East, and the Sierra Nevadas in the West, and precipitated as rain or snow along their respective sea faces. Comparatively little passes on to the great internal basin of the continent, which would be an arid region if its rainfall were not supplemented by other sources; an

important but still inadequate source, is the water evaporated from the great lakes, the needful balance is contributed by the evaporation of the moisture from the forest-clad coast region, and by direct contribution of the vegetation within the region, or the economy of the latter in maintaining in constant use the moisture already there.

The influence of vegetation in contributing to the rainfall needs only a little explanation to render it apparent. Taking first the forest belt of the coast ranges; these are covered in winter with snow to a depth equal to from one to two feet of water, and in consequence of the spongy character of the mass constituting the forest floor—a mass made up of the decomposing leaves, branches and trunks of untold generations of past trees—the melting snow, instead of being immediately carried away by the streams to the river, sinks gently into the floor, and in part slowly percolates away to the streams which it maintains in perennial flow; the other portion is being constantly pumped up by the tree roots, and evaporated from their foliage, with precisely the same effect as if evaporated from the ocean, the spring and summer showers inborne by the sea serving to maintain the spongy floor in a greater or less degree of saturation all through the summer. Whenever the slightest breeze is borne inland, and the greater heat of the interior basin tends of itself to create a breeze inland, there is a constant inward flow of vapor which in time condenses as rain. Within the basin, we have first the evaporation from the whole river system, which alone covers a considerable area, and wherever the banks of the river or other low lands, with the subsoil water at easy depth, are clothed with forest, the trees by means of their roots pump up the subsoil water, and appreciably—if the area of such forest is considerable—enlarge the surface of continuous evaporation, with a proportionate increase of rain; finally, the whole vegetation of the central region, even although its roots do not penetrate to the subsoil waters, pumps up the water from the soil and subsoil, evaporates, and receives it afresh as rain or dew in continuous succession. From this it will be seen that the fertility of the great central zone of this continent may be due, in small measure only, to the moisture inborne by oceanic current, and that by no means the least important source of its fertility is the economy exercised by its vegetation in maintaining a constant circulation of the moisture proper to the region, and preventing its being drained off by the rivers as it falls. It will hence be readily inferred that an existing vegetation can maintain itself in vigorous growth, with an amount of extraneous aid, in the matter of rain supply, that would be unequal to the origination of a new vegetation, if the old were cleared away.

This continent in the progress of its upheaval was accompanied with exceptionally favorable conditions for the establishment of an interior vegetation. Long after its general features were outlined by the upheaval of its mountain chains to near their present height, the great interior basin was an inland sea; an extension of the present Gulf of Mexico, a condition which secured to the whole region all the advantages of insular climate. But for this reason this continent could hardly have failed to have its great interior desert region, similar to those in Asia, Africa and Australia.

Having now seen the importance of the forests as subsidiary aids to oceanic currents in increasing the amount of rainfall, and their special function in economizing and redistributing it, there will be little difficulty in appreciating the consequences which would necessarily flow from their complete destruction.

As regards the coast regions of the continent, the destruction of the forests would exercise no appreciable influence on the rainfall, and consequently but little on its fertility; the measure would nevertheless be followed with some very appreciable and important consequences. The mere felling of the timber does not necessarily involve the destruction of the forest, excepting on steep hill slopes. In such localities a clean sweep, by leaving the forest floor exposed to the unbroken force of the rain, results in its being completely carried away down to the bare rock or compact subsoil, which becomes baked in the sun. The falling rain or melting snow now rushes off at once, swells the brooks and rivers, creating floods, devastating in proportion to the area laid bare. When the slopes are less precipitous the capacity of the land to reforest itself depends on many conditions. If the forest floor is open to the light it will generally be stocked with a young growth, which will spring up immediately after the clearance. Sometimes the floor of a pine forest will be found occupied with hardwood seedlings, which die down and send up fresh shoots year after year, until a clean sweep of the pine timber gives them the start and changes the succession. In compact pine forests the seedlings die almost as fast as they germinate for want of sufficient light for their development, and the prospects of the forest restocking itself after a clean sweep, depends in great measure upon whether the felling follows a good, bad, or indifferent seed year.

The general consequences of reckless felling over a mountain region are that the steep slopes are rendered valueless for all further purposes; of the gentler slopes and plateaux, some portion is thoroughly restocked, some partially, with the same or other class of timber, and some remains bare, losing its soil and having its subsoil so baked that the rain runs off it as it falls. When whole forest regions are cleared for agricultural settlement, as in the Eastern States, the retentive character of the soil is impaired to an extent that ne-

cessarily involves sharp alternations of flood and drought in the streams and rivers, for which the only corrective is re-planting of the heights and deep ploughing of the cultivated lands.

Even on the Eastern seaboard the wholesale forest clearance renders the summer showers somewhat precarious and dries up the once perennial streams, but the evil under this head is trifling compared to the consequences of similar action in the interior basin of the continent. The great rivers of this region drain enormous areas, proportioned to their respective lengths, and flow through rich valleys in great part but little above the level of the rivers at normal flood. The destruction of the forests along their course, facilitating the flow of rain and melting snow toward the rivers, would, even if confined to their head waters, result in heavy floods; and when these conditions are multiplied all along their course, the destructive character of the floods is augmented to an extent, which in the absence of proper remedies can hardly fail to render the lowest and richest valleys unsafe for human habitation. What has occurred once will continue to occur periodically, as long as the causes are in active operation.

And this is not the whole of the evil. The very considerable subsidence of the rivers after the floods have been borne off, is accompanied by a steady drainage of the water in the subsoil drifts; the great internal reservoir which, under the influence of vegetation, is continuously utilized in supplementing the rainfall due to external causes, recedes further and further from the surface. The tendency of the gradual exhaustion of the subsoil reservoirs in broad valleys is certainly, at first, to temper the violence of floods by providing for the lateral expansion of the rivers underground; but while this one evil is being redeemed, the gradual diminution of rainfall over the whole region will slowly, but surely, render it unfit for cultivation. A few figures will render the influence of forests in the maintenance of rainfall over the great central region of this continent strikingly apparent.

Supposing the rainfall of this region dependent directly on ocean currents, amounts to a general average of twenty inches; if there were no forests nor other vegetation creating a retentive soil, the rivers would annually discharge a volume of water equal to the rainfall; but if it were dotted with forest, the floor of which retained only one inch of the twenty, the river discharge would be reduced to nineteen inches, a saving which, if it could be maintained, would be equal to more than eight feet of water over the whole region in a century. Of the water thus retained by vegetation, a portion is employed in keeping the soil constantly moist, and another portion is constantly suspended in the atmosphere, falling as rain or dew, and being continuously re-evaporated and reprecipitated. Forests may thus raise the rainfall to double or three times the amount due to ocean currents, and following their destruction, the whole surplus is borne into the rivers, which overflow their banks in their efforts to discharge it into the sea. Every great flood reduces the interior reservoir, thus inducing a gradually diminishing rainfall with a gradual diminution in the violence of the floods, until finally the region is dependent on ocean currents only for its moisture, and it may be safely argued that when the great region lying between the Appalachian and Rocky Mountain chains, shall have its rainfall limited to the supply inborne by ocean currents, it will cease to be an agricultural country.

The Sportsman Tourist.

CEYLON TO BOMBAY.

FROM Point de Galle to Bombay is but a thousand miles, and on the schedules of the fast passenger and mail steamers of the Peninsular and Oriental, and Messageries Impériales lines, less than three days are allowed for the voyage. But the Germantown, clipper as she was, more than trebled the time, although making but little over the distance; for after we got fairly started, such winds as we had, namely, the alternate land and sea breeze, were fair; but they were never very strong, and the intervals between them were sometimes long, and always dead calm.

We placed our dependence upon the land and sea breeze, and when fairly by Cape Comorin, the southernmost point of India, it was not misplaced; but for some forty-eight hours after we got clear of the harbor, it seemed somewhat problematical whether we would ever get out of the Gulf of Mannar, into which a northeasterly current had drifted us. For with open sea on both sides, to the westward the Gulf of Hindostan, to the eastward the Bay of Bengal, there was no starting point for a land breeze, and the light sea breezes neutralized each other and caused calms.

It was pleasant enough for those who, with no care or responsibility, had but to exist and enjoy the delightful weather; but to the navigator it was *otro cosa*. About here the pages of my journal are disfigured (no pun intended) by problems in navigation, time sights, and equal altitudes of the sun by day, and of Capella, Betelgeuse and Jupiter by night, all results agreeing, and all showing an inward set. Tacking or wearing to every favorable puff, we at last, just as we were expecting, as a possibility, an interview between our keel and one of the stepping stones by which Father Adam crossed over from Ceylon (one of the original gardens of Eden) to the mainland, we caught, close in to Cape Comorin side of the gulf, a nice little land breeze which, with our starboard studdingsails full, soon carried us out of the gulf and of danger.

The voyage up the Malabar Coast was from the beginning to the end a season of uninterrupted enjoyment. Even during the calms, generally so very tiresome and productive of ennui, we had abundant resources. Hardly a watch passed that the word was not passed that some odd fish or other denizen of the deep was to be seen; sharks were caught, a whale shot at, a porpoise harpooned, and great turtles, devil-

fish and drumfish seen floating or swimming near—near enough to make us accept with bad grace the refusal of the permission we asked, to lower away and try for them; and at all times we had in company native craft of all descriptions, junks, dhows, prahus, catamarans and canoes. And as we jogged along over and past the many fishing banks of the Laccadive Archipelago and others, fleets of anchored boats were encountered, and as many more in pairs, dragging a net between them. And we had many a treat, first in the spectacle of exciting and well-contested canoe races from the native craft, the goal being our ship, the prize our trade, and then in choice fresh fish and turtles, sold to us at prices that seemed wonderfully low, especially when paid in trade of tobacco, rice or hard tack, two or three cents' worth of the latter buying a good-sized fish. Closer in to the land the interest was even more varied. In the background, the high peaks of the Ghaut Mountains, which as a single range borders the sea coast for over a thousand miles, nearly north and south, then in the Central Provinces, to the northward of Bombay, radiating and spreading out like a fan from N. E. to S. E. in many minor ranges, between which lie the fertile valleys of Malwa, Patna and others, where grow, shielded from the north winds, millions of acres of poppies. In the foreground, long stretches of grassy beach, dense forests and denser jungles, from which at night issued strange sounds, which in the morning, however they may have differed, were all credited to tigers. There were many small fishing villages, and several towns of more importance. Of one—I think it was Mysore—we had a most beautiful view, for we passed it as the sun rose, and shining full upon it, gilded every minaret and spire, and turned the mosque cupolas into domes of flaming gold. And over the water, from many of the spires came the sound of sweet-toned bells, calling upon the faithful to adore—the Musselman with his face toward Mecca, the fire-worshipping Parsee to turn to the greatest symbol of their god, the Sun, the Hindoo to prostrate himself before his god, and, in short, every human being of that "benighted land" to spend in devotion to his idea of the Deity a portion of time that in Christian nations is, to a great extent, consolidated into one weekly event.

That voyage has left upon my mind a remembrance like that of a pleasant dream.

On the fourth day of January, 1858, we entered and anchored in the spacious harbor of Bombay, spacious but crowded to its utmost capacity, for at that day the great Indian mutiny was at its height, and in addition to the ordinary fleet of traders, a squadron of English war vessels flying the St. George's cross, many more there of transport and store ships with English ensigns, and scattered among them the cruisers of various nationalities, French, Russian, Austrian, Holland, Spanish, and with our own, the United States. War makes sometimes gay scenes as well as ghastly.

"There was a sound of revelry by night"

when Belgium's capital had gathered on the eve of Waterloo, and in this harbor all was life, gayety and bustle. From the various ships the guns thundered in salutes to arriving or departing admirals and generals. Three transports were disembarking troops, and long lines of cutters, launches and barges loaded down with the soldiers, whose scarlet jackets, snow-white belts, and polished black knapsacks gave a lively bit of color to the scene, which harmonized well with the inspiring music of the bands of the various frigates, and cheered them until they landed on the Apollo Bunder and formed for inspection, when, with their bands and colors flying, they were marched off to the barracks for a little rest, or in some cases direct to the railway stations, to be hurried off to the interior or "up country."

Busy little steamers flitted about in all directions, and great house boats passed by filled with natives in holiday array, who were out for an evening's sail and sight-seeing. Everything seemed to proclaim a gala day rather than what it really was—the preliminary of war; and it was hard to realize that we were on the outer edge of a whirlpool whose center was so deadly. But during our stay there was but little to remind us of the great struggle that was going on so near us.

Our flag was a novelty, for many years had elapsed since last a United States Government vessel had displayed it in this harbor, and we became the recipients of most distinguished attentions. The Governor gave us a ball and a dinner, the Ceylon Rifles, the 81st Royal Irish, and the Hussars each a dinner "at the mess," and the officers of the English war ships vied with each other in hospitality. Unaccustomed as we were to "pegs," champagne punch and late hours, it became soon a question to be decided only by lot in the morning as to which of us, and how many, should represent the mess that night, each and every one having a good excuse for claiming a night's rest. And "pegs" * before breakfast became quite fashionable on board the Germantown, for in those days they had not as yet

"Raised our pay,
Five cents a day,
And stopped our grog forever."

Two events, however, which impressed me very unpleasantly, served to remind me that all of this gayety was but a thin crust covering hot fires. The first of these occurred when, on my first trip ashore, I witnessed a review of the troops in the square, when four brass field pieces were pointed out to me, standing on the same spot where, but a week before, four mutineer Sepoys had been blown to atoms from their muzzles. Standing by them, my informant, an eye witness of the tragedy, described to me how they, standing back to and against the muzzles, were bound to wheels and trunnions; how the men met their fate, and how it met them. Then and there I revolted at the deed. But later, before I left Bombay, I was firmly convinced of the propriety and necessity of the act, which I have often since heard criticised and condemned as cruel and barbarous. Simple death had no terror for these men. Their religion taught them that dying for its sake was but a speedier entrance into paradise, where they would again inhabit the body which they temporarily left, and this body would be identical in condition. Without this body the spirit would wander homeless and unblest. Hence to them, this death which shattered the body into fragments, was a most terrible one, worse by far than annihilation; and an execution of this nature spread terror throughout the country, and undoubtedly prevented the necessity of numberless executions. As for the victims, it is probable that the destruction was so instantaneous and complete, that they did not suffer a physical pang.

* Pegs, which word I have twice used, in East India parlance means, primarily, brandy and soda, and in general terms anything of that nature taken before breakfast, it being a shortening in of the phrase, "Peg in your coffin," which is supposed to be furnished by the act,

The other incident was of a most painful nature. Sitting in the billiard room of the principal hotel, the Bombay House, I was watching a game of pool played by English army officers, and chatting with a young captain of cavalry who sat by me.

Naturally the conversation drifted into the engrossing subject of the day, the mutiny, and some items that had appeared in the daily paper in regard to a massacre of English. Suddenly, without warning, beyond that, which afterward I remembered, evidences of intense excitement, the young fellow sprang at me, seized me by the throat, and began shaking me violently. I naturally resisted, but the fight was quickly interrupted by the pool players, some of whom hurried him out of the room, while others restrained me, by a story quickly told, that turned my anger into pity and chagrin. I had unwittingly fired a mine, and the profuse apologies of the brother officers were not necessary, except to excuse their own neglect of duty, or rather that of one of them, a surgeon, who had been detailed to escort the young captain to Bombay, and thence to his home in England. They had been two weeks in Bombay, and the young fellow had so far recovered from acute mania, that the doctor had grown somewhat careless, insanity developing itself only when allusions were made to the tragedies incident to the mutiny. This subject would at once drive him wild. And no wonder. But a few weeks before, held bound and helpless, a prisoner to a gang of Sepoy mutineers, he had seen his young wife subjected to nameless suffering, and her throat cut; and his child tossed into the air and caught on spears and bayonets. He had escaped the clutches of the Sepoys, he could not tell how, nor what he had done between that dreadful day and the time when a body of British soldiers, on their route to relieve the beleaguered post to which he was attached, found him naked in a tank (large ponds are so called in India), endeavoring to hide under the great fly pads—a maniac.

While at Bombay we were not altogether dependent upon the resources ashore for enjoyment. There were American clippers in the harbor, and on several of them the families of the captains were living. I remember now only the Flying Scud and Captains and Madams Condon and Dey. Tea parties and little home-made dances were very pleasant.

And one evening, on board the French frigate *Catinat*, there were high doings. Until 11 P. M. we witnessed amateur theatricals by officers and sailors which were intensely good. After the play came supper, and at 1 A. M. the cavalry charge took place.

"And then arose as wild a yell,
As though the very fiends of hell," etc.

The First Lieutenant stood in the ward-room door with a bugle sounding the charge. Astride of every available chair, the arms of many broken off for the occasion, some forty light men went galloping forward, around the foremast and back, each and every cavalrman giving out all of the noise of which he was capable, and some, as they went down wounded and others charged over them, yelling if possible a little stronger.

During our stay the Governor invited quite a party of the *Catinat's* and our officers to make a visit to the famed Cave Temples of Elephanta; and on the morning of the 15th of January the Governor's steam yacht, the *Gulnare*, steamed out and took us all aboard. The distance to Elephanta Island is but seven or eight miles, and would have been quickly run over but for delay at Beecher's Island, where, under the command of a one-legged retired lieutenant, an artillery school was located. The sailors were called to man a gun, and did some firing at a target moored about a mile off, which was so abominably poor that the lieutenant, much mortified, apologized to our party in general and to a post captain, who was with us, in particular, assuring us of the excellent character and good conduct of the captain of the gun, and his mortification was not lessened at the laugh which the captain's answer produced. "All right, old boy, don't worry yourself. I've no doubt but he's a perfect gentleman, but you must admit he's a poor shot."

About 1 P. M. we reached Elephanta, our time on board having been again prolonged by a sumptuous tiffin, arranged during our visit ashore, and which most of the party, who had been there before, did not seem inclined to leave. We anchored some fifty yards from the beach, and the water was so shoal that we had first to avail ourselves of the services of old Hassan, a boatman, and then to be carried on the shoulders of natives picturesquely and airily attired in turbans and strings. Safely landed, our troubles began. The sun was broiling, and before us to be surmounted was a long vista of white stone steps, actually half a mile in length, apparently unending.

At last reaching the summit, a sharp turn to the left brought us to the first cave, but we wasted no time examining it, for a large tree outside furnished us with a shady rest, and there was still a mile of tramping to reach the great temple.

My description of this temple in my note book is embraced between quotation marks and credited to "encyclopædia;" therefore if any one recognize a passage or so I stand acquitted of plagiarism. My first impression was that the term "cave" was misapplied and deceiving, for there was no gloom nor descent into the earth, no torches nor candles required, except to explore one small inner dark room, in which there was a large basin or tank hewed into the rock floor, and a large flat-surfaced stone, in the top of which were cut grooves, from which fact legend pronounces it a sacrificial altar. In the basin, which contains fresh water, several women, who fled at our approach, were washing either themselves or garments.

"The great temple is an excavation in the side of the hill, 133 by 130 feet, thus nearly square, the ceiling flat, and about 16 feet in height, supported by 26 pillars and 16 pilasters. There are three entrances, one each on the north, east and west sides; that on the north being the principal. * * * Immediately fronting this entrance stands a remarkable three-headed, gigantic bust fifteen feet in height, the center face having a placid expression; that on the left, apparently that of a female, with pleasant features; the one on the right having an angry, repulsive aspect. The figure had originally six arms, each hand holding some object, but all are now greatly mutilated."

However mutilated they may have been at the date when the encyclopædia man saw them, all were not gone when I saw them; for in one hand of the figure on the right, is held an unmistakable cobra—as you may judge from the inclosed sketch. Nor did the encyclopædia writer mention that this figure was possessed of three eyes, as was also the center one.

I was told that the three represent Brahma, the Creator (in center); Vishnu, the Preserver (the left); and Siya, the Destroyer (on the right).

Our French friends did not seem at all awed by the grandeur of this triad; for in a very few moments they had scrambled to its summit, and hanging in grotesque attitudes to the head of Brahma, the nose of Vishnu and the neck of Siya's snake, they chanted airs from an opera comique, and drank our healths in a bottle of wine they had taken up, coolly inviting us to join.

A great number of the pillars were broken, and I was told that this had been done by the shot from English gunboats practicing. All were covered with carvings of figures, and must once have been very beautiful.

While one of our party was making some drawings I strolled outside, and started on a little tramp through the surrounding woods or jungle, following a trail which was somewhat overgrown, and showed signs of little travel.

But a short distance from the cave I was startled enough by seeing flash up directly in front of me, not more than five yards away, a snake, which I at once recognized as a cobra de Capello, the most dangerous of all Indian reptiles. It seemed that its head and its curiously marked neck stood at least a yard above its coil on the ground; undoubtedly they did at least half of that height. By instinct I almost immediately and with hardly an aim, fired at it with my revolver as fast as I could pull trigger, for it was an old-fashioned self-cocker, and at one of my shots—I think my very first—it dropped its head and squirmed away into the bushes, leaving behind it a bloody spot and trail, and a thoroughly excited young man. This was, and still is, the first and only time during my life that I have (hunting and fishing included) encountered a dangerous snake, and this adventure, now that I write it, doesn't seem, in comparison with some snake stories, much of a one, but I can assure you that it was to me a very interesting one after it was all over.

On our return from the cave we made a side trip to see the remains of a colossal stone elephant, from which the island received its name. Although once a remarkable sight, for it was over forty feet high, and large in proportion, we were but poorly paid for our trip, in seeing but two large, rounded stones, which we were told were once part of the legs.

A sleepy trip back to Bombay by starlight, a good-night and good-bye to our friends and the next day we were off again for China.

Piseco.

THE END OF THE YEAR.

AS a life-weary pilgrim sinks to his last repose,
The old year, pale and pulseless, swoons o'er the drifting snows;
He's gone to join the ages, in the past years laid away,
To sleep in time's mausoleum, until the judgment day.

When he wav'd his fairy spring wand, the airs grew balmy sweet,
There op'd the blue-ey'd violets, in every dusk retreat,
Then snow white bloom of orchards, and floral offerings rare,
Illumin'd all the landscape, and perfum'd all the air.

His magic wand touch'd tree and shrub, touch'd arbor, sprig and spray,

And quick, suffusing smiles of green would o'er the tendrils play,
They blush'd with joy, as all their buds their folded lips unclas'd,
And their virgin pearly leaves, and petals red disclos'd.

Then all the painted butterflies enjoy'd their little hour,
They flew like winged blossoms, from flower to flower,
In honeysuckles dipt the bees, to sip from hidden wells
The sweet, ambrosial nectar, and bear it to their cells.

We saw thee in thy summer prime, in all thy bravery drest,
Thy woods in wealth of foliage, by gentle airs caress'd,
Thy limpid lakes reflecting the colors of the skies,
And all the dales and mountains made gay with flowery dyes.

Ah, pleasant the wide landscape, in your bright summer prime,
The clear, swift, shaded brooks, with their unceasing chime,
Where droop'd the birch and alder, the willow's tresses green,
And oaks and elms on upland slopes, a pastoral, fair scene.

Thy luminous day-skies, the moonlit shades of night,
When sweetest sounds of nature are a blessing and delight;
When chants and hymns of bird life, of blackbird and of thrush,
Entrance with soothing melodies the universal hush.

We welcom'd thee in autumn, o'er all the harvest plain,
Thy forehead thick enwreath'd with chaplets of the grain,
When the orchards drop the fruit, and purple grapes hang sweet,
And the sportsman's shots are ringing in field and wood retreat.

And in this winter season, when icicles, like gems,
Adorn each twig and bush with twinkling diadems,
We welcome the New Year, for o'er the falling snow,
The sounds of merry laughter and jocund carols flow.

To all who love the transports of forest and the stream,
To hunt the deer, to take the fish that in the waters gleam,
To seek the duck and partridge, the woodcock and the quail,
We send a New Year's greeting, we say to them "All hail!"

May the New Year rejoice you, with all delights of life,
Prosperities, endearments, of home and child and wife,
May the lights of love and friendship, burn ever pure and clear,
No household glooms, no shades of death, to darken o'er the year.

GREENPORT, L. I.

ISAAC McLELLAN.

CAMP FLOTSAM.

VIII.—CAMP BUILDING VERSUS WOODCRAFT.

AFTER the night spent at the hamlet yclept Battersea, we rose with the proud consciousness of being victors. We had fought our Armageddon and had won a famous victory. The foe had retreated with all his cohorts to "the mash," and we were in possession of the field. It was 4 o'clock when we awoke, but we found George already astir and engaged in examining the tents, which had arrived sometime during the night. Our pluck had returned with daylight, and we determined to see something of the lake before deciding on a return to the St. Lawrence.

The boat which George had secured over night was housed some forty rods away, and it was but the work of a few minutes for him to put her in the water and bring her up at the landing, when we embarked, and with the old tar at the oars, started up the stream. On either side the shore was low and miry, and fringed with tall flags, but within and along the edge of these long white waterlilies lay in beds before and around us, almost closing the channel in places and making the morning fragrant. After half a dozen turns up the windings of the stream for nearly half a mile we entered the lake. Here the marsh and fen came to an end, and low rocky shores on either hand broke upon our gaze, stretching away in front and to the right, with a back ground of high granite hills. A half mile distant in front lay a charming island of some six acres in extent, well wooded with young timber, and having a beautiful beach of

white sand on its southern edge. As viewed from the water, it seemed almost the counterpart of another island far away to the south in the States, where through summer nights for years in the past, the pines had thrown back the radiance of the camp-fire on bronzed and stalwart anglers, on fair and peerless women, and from which, in this year of grace, the song of the siren, in the form of Truthful James, had allured us with promises of such sport as our brains had never conceived. We put the helm to starboard and ran upon the beach. We found a fair spot for a camp, but there was hardly enough shade, and the island was rather low, so after exploring it thoroughly we again embarked and pushed toward the west. Before us a chain of islands with high rocky shores and narrow channels between completely shut out the view up the lake, and gave the portion over which we had passed the appearance of a rock-bound lake by itself.

On a point of the mainland on our port side, we spied a low, rudely constructed cabin, toward which we turned, prompted by curiosity to learn who its occupants might be, and to gather what information we might as to a good camping place. Upon the beach was an Indian dugout, and beside it an old heavy skiff. A large box was floating in the water a couple of rods from the shore, and kept in place by stakes driven in the mud. As we approached, a tall, unkempt, long-bearded native made his appearance, and after a single glance at us, stepped in the dugout and pushed out to the box. We pulled alongside the latter, and holding on to the stakes, invoked him to tell us what he knew of camping places. He named McLain's Point, a bluff a mile and a half up the lake, and remarked it as being well shaded, having a good landing and a good spring. Then we broached the subject nearest our hearts—the fishing. "The fishing, ah, ycs, the fishing was good; here were some he caught yesterday," he said, and he lifted the top of the box. We leaned over and took a look. Great Washington and—Truthful James, the boy who could not, and the angler who did not, tell a lie! their faces ought to look down from the walls of every three dollars a day—boat, bait and guide extra—house at every fishing resort in this broad land. In that box were more than forty bass, of which there were at least a dozen four-pounders, with lots of them of three pounds weight, and but few under a pound and a half. The bass were mostly small-mouths, and had been taken on perch bait. Just then we were sorely tempted to let the party on shore enjoy the hospitality of the "Queen's Own" for the day, while we "played hooky" and went a-fishing; but the thoughts of another Acelandia, which the legions in "the mash" might give us, should we pass the night on shore, made us hasten off. So after engaging Sabatis—the reason for cognomen we will shortly explain—to meet us at Battersea at noon, and help transport the luggage to the place which we should select for a camp, we started for the point.

As we rounded the headland beyond the cabin, the lake opened into a broad expanse some four miles in length. Islands were on every side, reminding us of the natural scenery, of ten years ago, between Clayton and Alexandria Bay. Passing under the lee of Griffin Island for a mile, we headed off to port and were soon at the point. Here we found the shore well wooded, but too open back from the water, with no protection from the afternoon sun. Then we turned to the north, and after scouring two more islands, concluded to settle on the one which we had first visited. So back we pulled, steering for the side opposite, and across the island from where we had landed. When a quarter of a mile from its northerly shore we caught sight of a white sandy beach at the foot of a bluff on our left. It looked inviting and we pulled to it and landed. It was in a broad cove and we could see the sandy bottom a hundred feet away from the shore; besides, there was a good landing. Upon the bluff we found a smooth spot well shaded, with an outlook of a couple of miles across the water to the south. A group of pines were moaning in the breeze, hard by, and remembering our nightly music about the old camp of the past ten years, we cried, "*Alabama*—here we rest." An hour brought us back to the starting of the morning. When we arrived it was 10 o'clock, and we had not tasted food, but Van Alstyne's larder withstood the shock.

By the time we had finished breakfast our friend of the morning was on hand, prepared to boat our baggage to the camping place. His son, a half-breed, accompanied him, and we loaded their boats with sufficient lumber for flooring the tents and building a table, added the tents to the cargo and started them off. After they had gone we learned that the father was married to an Indian woman, and with her and their four children, occupied the cabin on the point where we had seen him that morning. We followed our employees and were soon at camp. There is no great mystery attached to the pitching of a wall tent. Our two were soon up, the flooring laid four or five inches from the ground, and we were secure against any kind of weather. The bed making was next in order. For each bed four pieces of wood, three feet or so in length, were cut for bed-posts; to these side, head- and foot-boards were nailed about eighteen inches from the bottom, and we had a frame which would stand alone. Across the head and foot, on the inside of this frame, a strip was nailed about fourteen inches from the floor to support the slats. The latter were cut and fitted in a few minutes, and we had a spring bedstead. An empty tick in our luggage was filled with straw from the shore, the blankets were spread and our sleeping arrangements were complete. Such a bedstead can be constructed in the woods with the aid of an axe and nails; the latter can be dispensed with and bark lashings used instead. Straw, hay or dried grass can usually be obtained, if not, the tick can be filled with browse. A thick layer of the latter upon the slats under the tick is an addition in the way of luxury. If the bed-tick forms no part of the impedimenta, a bed of browse can be built on the frame. If the tent is without a floor, the bed-posts can be cut longer and their ends sharpened and driven firmly in the ground. With such a bed you are secure from the dampness of the earth, the air can circulate freely underneath, there is a place below to stow away loose articles, and you are not liable to awake with a rattler or other reptile at your elbow. Had "Nessmuk" built his bunk with four bed-posts driven in the ground that night on the Tiadaghton, he would not have lain a prisoner, with guard-mounting performed over him by a crawler.

We will speak right here of the superior advantages of what is called in "Woodcraft" the worst kind of a tent—the wall tent. For tramps through the woods and over carries, stopping where night overtakes one, the less there is to carry the better. "The Indian camp," the "brush shanty" or the "shanty tent" is undoubtedly the best for the sort of business. But the majority of the grand army of outers will be found in camps located for a stay of from ten days to three weeks, where ample space and a home-like

air within are, to a certain extent, desirable. Besides, parties of four or five are the rule, and often a wife among these. For such the "shanty tent," pronounced "the perfect camp" by "Nessmuk," will hardly answer.

We write from the standpoint of the average outer—from the ranks of that grand army in which we have so long served—from the standpoint of FOREST AND STREAM, which has hitherto stood alone in its proud devotion to the "inculcation in men and women of a healthy interest in outdoor recreation," and in whose free parliament we venture to assert that, in any form of camp other than a wall tent, the average woman will find camp life unendurable. The wall tent, with its flaps thrown back at each end, is cool and comfortable in the hottest weather, by day or night. In cool weather, with one end closed and a camp-fire at the open end, the interior is kept warm, dry and cheerful. There are no dark corners, no openings which cannot be closed; in wind or storms one can stand upright and walk about, and there is plenty of room. True, they are a little bulky to transport, and useless on a tramp, but the average outer, especially if there be a lady or two in the party, goes in camp to stay. But we imagine that the genial author of "Woodcraft" did not give much thought to these in the preparation of his book. To him the camper is a man, perhaps one or two, here to-day, there to-morrow, but always on the move. For such an one, lightness of baggage is, above all things, essential. But for him whom we call the average outer—and we include woman—the "shanty tent" will not answer for a fixed camp. One or two hardy men may get along in it, though with much discomfort, through a four days' nor'easter. We have undergone such weather in camp, when to keep up a fire in the driving rain was almost impossible, and when cooking outside was out of the question. Under such circumstances, and a "shanty tent," were a woman added to the camp, we opine that "Nessmuk" would feel like shouldering his knapsack and striking out for the clearing; we should.

With a wall tent a party, include ladies if you will, can weather a week's storm in comfort and with much of enjoyment. As narrating the how will call for the description of a little "sheet-iron fiend" called a camp stove, we will speak of this along with our experience during a rainy day in camp.

After the tents had received a finishing touch we turned our attention to the construction of a dining room and kitchen. A table was soon built, the fly stretched over it, and we had a lounging, talking and writing place around the dining-room table, another table for the cook was built, and it only lacked the range to make the camp complete. As to this latter important adjunct we have tried all sorts. We modestly offer the following described as the best for a fixed camp: The top of an abandoned cooking stove, having four holes with lids, though if a couple of the latter be wanting they will be little missed, is laid upon a foundation of stones built to a proper height under the sides and back end. The interstices between the stones are filled with wet clay or by banking up the earth around the stone work. A single length of pipe or a stone chimney, to give a draft, and the cooking range is complete. On such a range you can boil coffee, potatoes, fry, have a kettle of hot water always ready, and broil over the coals below—all at the same time. All your dishes can be served together and hot. The only objection to this kind of a range is that it is somewhat cumbersome to transport, but for parties intending a two or three weeks' stay in a fixed camp it will repay all the inconvenience it causes. Such an article can be found, as a general rule, at the last village or farmhouse on the way to camp. We found the necessary stove-top on shore and built such a range.

It was now 5 o'clock and the camp was, in all its essentials, complete. A few of ceteras in the shape of a bench without for toilet purposes, and a table within, some seats, and we were settled for a two months' camp. The fire was soon burning brightly in the range, the coffee and bacon were blending their fragrant odors, and the water was bubbling in the potato kettle. By the time dinner was over it was getting dark, and lighting the lanterns, all assembled in high conclave in the tent of the Madame, where the camp journal was opened in due form. It lies before us as we write. We turn to the last entry and read, "Sixty-second day, Monday, Sept. 1, 1894." A few reminiscences of last year's camp were being indulged in, when some one started the subject of the fishing. When we described our visit to the point, made that morning, and the sight which had met our eyes in the fish box, there was a sensation which threatened a sleepless night. All turned in, and soon everything was quiet and still, save when the silence was broken by the call of a whip-poor-will behind the tent, the alternate shrieks of two or three loons upon the lake, and the bark of Sabatius's dog on the point below. And here comes the explanation of that individual's cognomen. While we were building the camp, we spoke of Long Lake and its famous guide, and he broke in with "Mitchell Sabatius! Why, he's an uncle to my woman," and so, in honor of his wife and the name she bore in her maiden home on the St. Regis, he was dubbed Sabatius, and from that time so called by all save George, who always called him "Santiago." For some reason he took no offense at the liberty we indulged in of christening him anew, but bore his new name with meekness. We were fortunate in securing his good will, and many and liberal were the supplies of perch bait with which we were furnished by him and his son David, and the interchange of courtesies between the cabin and the camp were frequent.

WAYWANDA.

ESCAPED.—The little ground squirrel (*Spermophilus tridecemlineatus*) of which I wrote you some time ago, after sleeping from Sept. 20 until the middle of January did not once thereafter pass into a dormant condition, and now I have to report that he has escaped. The little creature had been unusually restless for a week or two, trying in every possible way to make its escape by gnawing, and I hardly know whether I was glad or sorry when, one bright beautiful day in June I found his cage empty, the open door of which told plainly the manner of his exit. I was sorry because I should never again see the pretty creature which I had cared for so long, and to which I had become insensibly attached, but glad for its own sake that it was once more at liberty to sport with its mates in the bright sunshine.—VIOLET S. WILLIAMS.

OLD BLINK REPLACED.—I have recently added a fine specimen of *Bubo virginianus* to my collection which, to all appearance, is Old Blink to the life. These birds are quite numerous here. Not long since a daring old fellow made us a visit in the "wee sma' hours," and alighting on the roof of the house gave us a delightful (?) serenade.—VIOLET S. WILLIAMS (Coralville, Iowa).

Natural History.

BIRD MIGRATION IN THE MISSISSIPPI VALLEY.

WINTER BIRDS OF SOUTHERN ILLINOIS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

As the present winter promises to be rather mild, it is probable that many species of birds will, throughout the cold months, remain somewhat further north than is their usual custom. Such occurrences are always interesting to note and record, but in addition to this they have another and more valuable use in the present connection. In order to understand more intelligently their movements in migration next spring, we should know which species have been influenced by the warm weather to stay north of their customary limits.

The systematic study of "Bird Migration in the Mississippi Valley," as also throughout the United States, will be continued the coming spring, being, for the Mississippi Valley, the fourth year of these observations. As in former years, a large corps of observers is the prime requisite to success, and it is both hoped and expected that the many observers, who last year contributed the most voluminous and valuable set of notes that have ever been gathered on this subject, will again give us their aid, and even surpass their last year's good record.

One can always make fuller, better and more interesting notes when he has the experience of others to guide him. Should one wish to make notes on winter birds, he stands a much better chance of success if he knows what species others have found in his vicinity, and later, when he has completed his work, a comparison with the work of others will enable him to tell which of his notes are new, which old, which are every-day occurrences, and which from their uncommonness are worthy of special mention.

For the study of the winter habits of birds, few places in the United States are better adapted than the bottom lands of Southern Illinois. He who studies birds during the winter in Florida, Mexico, or the West Indies, studies them in a warm climate, where food is plentiful, and the struggle for existence is scarcely if at all greater than the same birds had experienced the previous summer; but the birds which spend the winter in Southern Illinois are brought face to face with cold, hardships, and almost starvation; many must materially change the nature of their diet, and nearly all desert the uplands and prairies, and crowd together in the thickets of the bottom lands.

It might naturally be asked why do they not pass further south; and to this no perfectly satisfactory answer can be given. We may say that birds dislike to go any further than necessary from their breeding grounds, which are to them their real homes, or we might say that the *vis inertia* would naturally make their migrations as short as possible, but neither answer would be complete. Still the fact remains, that large numbers of birds habitually pass the winter in Southern Illinois, while it takes but a little extra warmth in a winter to more than double the usual number. Hence, the records of this region will furnish an excellent basis for comparison with winter avifauna of other districts. Fortunately, we are in possession of very full notes from this part of Illinois, furnished by Mr. Cyrus W. Butler, supplemented from those given by Mr. Ridgway in his excellent "List of the Birds of Illinois" (1881). Mr. Butler says of his own opportunities for observation: "During the past winter, 1882-'83, I have been in the woods at least one-third of the time, and have been surprised to see how many small birds winter on the thickety ridges that abound in the bottom lands. These thickets are a great protection during cold weather."

In the following list, those species preceded by a star have been observed by Mr. Butler during the months of December and January in the vicinity of Anna, Ill., latitude 37° 30', mostly in the bottom lands of the Mississippi. The rest of the species are included on the authority of Mr. Ridgway as having been taken in the southern part of the State. The biographical notes under the starred species are taken from Mr. Butler's notes.

The number before each species is its Smithsonian Catalogue number.

50. *Hermit Thrush.—During the past winter I repeatedly found this bird wintering in thickety ridges on the Mississippi bottom lands. Saw from five to twenty per day every day that I was collecting in said thickets, regardless of the weather.

7. *American Robin.—Although this bird winters here in far greater numbers than it breeds, they will sometimes disappear for a week or two at a time. They confine themselves mainly to the bottom lands, where their favorite winter food (wild grapes) is to be found in abundance throughout the winter. In the hills I have occasionally seen them eating sumac berries. I have passed days in the woods without seeing a single specimen, while again I would meet with thousands in a single flock.

11. Mockingbird.—This species is growing more abundant every year, but I saw only one specimen during the months of December and January, and he was sitting in a brush heap with his feathers on end, evidently trying hard to keep warm, when everything was covered with sleet and the ice was two inches thick.

12. *Catbird.—Occurs very rarely as a winter species in mild winters, but I have never seen it until spring really began; and the people in general consider its presence to indicate the approach of spring.

13. *Brown Thrush.—A few remain in winter, but they are very uncertain, and are never numerous during cold weather.

23. *Bluebird.—Is sometimes absent for a week or so, but is likely to be met with any week during the winter, and in far greater numbers than during the summer months. When the ground is soft large numbers of them may be found in meadows picking around the roots of grass as if searching for hidden insects. Sometimes they eat sumac berries.

30. Ruby-crowned Kinglet.—"Winters in Southern Illinois."

33. *Golden-crowned Kinglet.—I met this little fellow almost every day that I was in the bottom lands. I would see on an average twenty-five per day; often associated with the tufted titmouse. No weather seemed cool enough to cool his spirit.

36. *Tufted Titmouse.—One of our most abundant birds during the winter. Often see them picking away at an acorn. They occur in scattered groups of ten to fifteen individuals.

41. *Black-capped Chickadee.—Common in winter, but I do not know whether or not it is a resident.

42. *Carolina Chickadee.—Common and resident.

51. *White-bellied Nuthatch.—Resident; saw from five to ten per day.

52. *Red-bellied Nuthatch.—A winter resident; saw from twenty to fifty per day.

55. *Brown Creeper.—Winter resident; saw from none to ten per day.

60. *Carolina Wren.—Resident; most common around brush piles and fallen timber; always present in about the same numbers. I usually see about twelve per day. They sing throughout the year, their song somewhat resembling that of the cardinal grosbeak.

61. *Bewick's Wren.—Resident; not nearly so common as the last.

67. Long-billed Marsh Wren.—"Occasionally winters in Southern Illinois."

68. Short-billed Marsh Wren.—"Winters in Southern Illinois."

95. *Yellow-rump Warbler.—Scattered over the bottom-lands in large numbers throughout the winter. Plumage much plainer than in spring. Usually hunting around the bark of large trees as if looking for insects.

111. Pine-creeping Warbler.—"A summer sojourner in Illinois, occasionally wintering in Southern Illinois."

113. *Red-poll Warbler.—"Sometimes winters in Southern Illinois."

116. Small-billed Water Thrush.—"Winters sometimes in Southern Illinois."

149. *Loggerhead Shrike.—Not very common here. Do not see more than one per week.

151. *Cedar Waxwing.—Winter resident and remains until June.

168. Purple Finch.—"Winter resident in Southern Illinois; breeds sparingly in Northern Illinois."

172. American Crossbill.—"Occasional winter visitant."

173. White-winged Crossbill.—"Occasional winter visitant."

179. *Common Redpoll.—Rare winter visitant. I saw but one flock during the past winter.

181. *American Goldfinch.—Resident; I saw them but twice during the winter, the first time about the middle of December, and the second time about the last of that month; weather cold; ice two inches thick; saw about twenty each time; plumage very plain.

185. Pine Goldfinch.—"Occasional winter visitant."

186. Snow Bunting.—"Very rare winter visitant."

187. Lapland Longspur.—"Winter visitant."

193a. Savanna Sparrow.—"Resident."

197. Grass Finch.—"Resident."

198. Yellow-winged Sparrow.—"A few winter in Southern Illinois."

199. Henslow's Sparrow.—"Sometimes wintering in Southern Illinois."

206. *White-crowned Sparrow.—Winter visitant; common throughout the winter; usually twenty to forty per day.

209. *White-throated Sparrow.—Winter visitant; about as common as the preceding and usually associated with it.

210. *Tree Sparrow.—Winter visitant; about as numerous as the last.

211. *Chipping Sparrow.—Resident; have noticed perhaps twenty during the winter.

214. *Field Sparrow.—Resident; quite common, but have never counted them.

217. *Black Snowbird.—Our most common bird during the winter.

231. *Song Sparrow.—Winter resident; saw from ten to fifty per day.

233. *Swamp Sparrow.—Winter resident; common; saw from ten to fifty per day.

234. Lincoln's Finch.—"Sometimes winter in considerable numbers in Southern Illinois."

235. *Fox-colored Sparrow.—Winter visitant; saw from one to ten per day.

237. *Chewink.—Resident; common throughout the year. Saw from five to twenty per day, almost every day that I was in a suitable locality.

242. *Cardinal Grosbeak.—Resident; always here regardless of weather; usually see about a dozen per day.

258. Cowbird.—"Resident."

260. Yellow headed Blackbird.—"Occasionally winters in Southern Illinois."

261. Red-winged Blackbird.—"Resident in Southern Illinois."

263. *Meadow Lark.—Resident; met them in flocks of from ten to one hundred.

273. Rusty Blackbird.—"Sometimes winters in Southern Illinois."

278b. *Purple Grackle.—Resident; in flocks ranging from fifty to one thousand.

282. *Common Crow.—Resident; spending the winter in the bottom lands, and especially in the vicinity of swampy lakes. While I was camping out last winter, every morning long straggling flocks would go over camp, that would take an hour to pass over. They were feeding largely at that time on pecan nuts.

289. *Blue Jay.—Resident; one of our most familiar birds, both around civilization and in the woods. Like the crow, they are fond of pecans and I think that they sometimes store up food in crevices in bark and in old trees. They pick open large numbers of acorns, to get both the kernel and the worms which so often are within.

300. *Shore Lark.—Resident; sometimes occurring in immense numbers, but most commonly in flocks of from ten to twenty.

315. Phoebe.—"Winters in Southern Illinois."

360. *Hairy Woodpecker.—Resident. Like all of the family quite evenly distributed over the woods; saw from ten to twenty per day. During the past winter most kinds of our winter birds have been unusually abundant, and the ever busy woodpeckers seemed to be more busy than usual, storing up food in the cracks and crevices. In the hills that adjoin the bottoms, they were so numerous that their various noises were almost continuous, until darkness gave both them and us a rest. They not only store up mast, but where corn is planted in a "deadening" they do considerable damage to the corn, as the old trees afford convenient store-houses.

361. *Downy Woodpecker.—Resident, rather more common than the preceding.

369. Yellow-bellied Woodpecker.—"Winters in Southern Illinois. Not known to breed in the State." [In summer of 1884 was found breeding near Danville, Ill.]

371. *Pileated Woodpecker.—Resident; saw from five to

fifteen per day. Stomachs of most that I killed were filled with ants.

372. *Red-bellied Woodpecker.—Resident; less numerous than the preceding.

375. *Red-headed Woodpecker.—Resident, the most common of the family and a great enemy of the squirrel, who often steals his stores.

378. *Yellow-shafted Flicker.—Resident, excepting the last, the most numerous of the family, occurring in flocks of from ten to thirty. Feeds largely on ants and mast.

382. Kingfisher.—Resident; common throughout the year.

W. W. OORKE.

MOOREHEAD, Minn., Dec. 17, 1884.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

ADVANCE OF THE FOREIGN HORDES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

A little flock of birds has been staying about my place for several weeks. There were about five at the start, but they are now, I think, for whatever reason, reduced to two. I believe that they are English sparrows, as they resemble those which I have had pointed out to me in Massachusetts; except that these have on, of course, their winter dress. They are the first I have observed in this town. Remembering the universal clamor against these foreigners, I realize that I may yet find it advisable to destroy them, but at present I feed them, as I cannot see them starve. In view of the possible necessity of turning my batteries against these birds, I would ask of your correspondents, first, what are the leading grounds of complaint against them; and second, what sort of artillery is best adapted to their destruction. I do not think that I at present possess any weapon specially fitted for this purpose. At any rate, if I must kill them, I wish to compass their destruction with as little racket as possible. Last summer I first observed meadow larks in this region, and the small song birds appear yearly in greater numbers than before. They are welcome.

KELPIE.

CENTRAL LAKE, Mich., Dec. 19, 1884.

[There is a very extensive and complete bibliography of *Passer domesticus* in America, but to publish all the letters would fill several pages of FOREST AND STREAM. Back files of this journal contain charges and specifications against this species which appear to be proven, but the fiat of extermination has not yet gone forth.]

NOTES OF THE WOODS AND WATERS.

VI.

COLLECTING ON CONEY ISLAND.

WHEN taking an outing, one of my favorite grounds for collecting marine specimens during the winter months is the outer shore of Coney Island from Norton's Point to the iron tower. After a heavy storm such as occurred last winter, when the marine life of the ocean was piled up on the beach to the depth of two and some places three feet, collections of thirty and forty varieties can be made. The great advantage of visiting the island during the winter months is that what is thrown up by the sea remains undisturbed by the visitors, who, during the summer time, flock there by thousands, thoughtlessly walking over and crushing with their feet many very interesting and often rare specimens, or else carry them to their homes and cast them out as soon as they begin to take on a big odor, for as a rule very few of these collectors know or care to learn the method of preserving them. Among the most common, and at the same time the most puzzling, of marine

of the backbone of some huge fish. (Fig. 2.) The eggs are contained in leathery or parchment-like translucent capsules of a light yellow color, varying in size from a nickle to an old-fashioned cent. These are united together by a continuous ligamentous string from two to three feet in length. Each capsule contains from twenty to thirty eggs. At the point of each of the capsules is a small circular spot of lighter colored material than that of the capsule. This the young winkles cut through with their lingual tongues when strong enough to make their escape. The winkles that are earliest out of the egg feed on a thick gelatinous substance contained in the capsule, and when this is exhausted they turn their attention to their tender brothers and sisters who were borne later; these having none of the jelly-like food on which to exist, become impoverished and weak, in which condition they fall an easy prey to their stronger relations.

Thus it rarely happens that more than twenty from a single capsule, and very often considerably less, ever enter the



Fig. 1.—SMOOTH WINKLE (*Sycotypus Canaliculata*).

ocean world. As soon as they touch the soft and shifting sand they immediately bury themselves beneath it, and move about in search of minute marine life. It is not known what length of time is required by the winkle to exude the long string of capsules, but the great wonder is where or how so large a quantity of material can be contained in so small an animal, and when one considers the large muscular foot which has also to be taken into the shell house of the winkle and securely packed away, the mystery becomes still greater. Professor Coles states that the string of capsules is gradually projected upward as fast as formed by the winkle, which all the while remains buried in the sand, but he does not give any idea as to the length of time required to form and exude the string of capsules. Even should the capsules become buried in the sand a few inches

much thicker than of the smooth winkle. During the spawning season in summer time, the winkles leave the deep water and betake themselves to the bars and shallow tide pools to deposit their egg cases, the females being unaccompanied by the males, but during the winter months they spawn in deep water. I know it to be a fact that clean and bright-colored, newly laid strings of eggs can be obtained throughout the entire year on the Coney Island beach, which goes far to prove that these two shellfish have no particular season for spawning.

The inhabitants of these two shells are seldom eaten, though I have seen the common or smooth winkle (Fig. 1) sold in the poorer quarters of New York city, but the foreign born inhabitants looked at them very suspiciously, while the denizens of the negro quarters eagerly purchased them at three cents a piece.

On the back outskirts of Keyport, N. J., is a locality known as "Winkletown," which is populated by negro fishermen that work on the oyster and clam vessels of Prince's Bay. To these negro fishermen fall all the winkles that come up in the dredges and rakes, who pronounce these tough winkles toothsome and highly nutritious. I have eaten them, but I was very, very hungry at the time, and there was nothing else to fall upon. First I boiled them for an hour, after which they were removed from the shells without any trouble, then I boiled them again in fresh water in which two onions were sliced to improve their flavor. After cooking, the foot of this snail is very suggestive of crude India rubber. This part of the animal I grated on a coarse grater, the rest of the body, being soft, was chopped fine, and dressed with melted butter, was very palatable, perhaps because I was so very hungry. The flesh of these two shellfish is largely used by cod fishermen, and also for chumming blue fish; and from the shells the North American Indian used to make his white wampum.

In the cottages of Zetland, a closely-related variety of the winkle is used for a lamp by being suspended horizontally by two strings, the cavity of the shell is filled with oil, and the lighting end of the wick is passed along and rests in the spout or canal of the shell.

The young shells of the smooth winkle, when empty, are favorite homes for the little hermit crab, and the full-grown smooth winkle shell when empty for that of the large hermit crab, though the *Fulgur* or rough winkle shell is never inhabited by these interesting crustaceans, on account of its being too heavy to carry about. I know of a friend who has had several very fine cameo portraits of the sea-horse and other oddly-shaped fish carved on the shell material of the winkles. Of all the abominable uses to which these shells have been put, that of combining them with the shells of the surf clams for borderings of flower beds is perhaps the worst. For this they are entirely out of place, and out of harmony with all nature.

The range of these two shellfish is from the Eastern coast, and southward to Northern and Western Florida. As fossils they are found in the Post-Pliocene of Virginia, North and South Carolina and Northern Florida, also in the Pliocene of South Carolina and Miocene of Maryland.

A. W. ROBERTS.

PERHAPS NEST AND EGGS OF *REGULUS SATRAPA*.—In the spring of 1879 I found a nest near Lennoxville, Canada, which I am confident belonged to this species, although I did not capture the bird. I have never before written anything concerning it, and would like very much to have this printed, and hear the opinions of some of our ornithologists concerning it. While returning home through an open pine woods, one day in the first part of June, I found the nest. It was placed in a black spruce tree about twenty feet from the ground. When my companion ascended the tree, the bird darted out from the nest. It was very small, and as far as I could see was of this species, as it was exactly the same size, etc. The nest was placed at the extreme end of a slender spruce bough. It was pensive and small, hanging from the under side of the limb, and shaded by several sprays of spruce needles. Outwardly it was composed of beautiful green moss, shaped into a round ball, and was lined warmly inside with a thick bed of fluffy white down. From the outside the nest looked like a large round ball of mosses with a little hold in the top. In the warm bed of soft white down eight extremely small eggs were cosily laid and one cowbird's. They were almost exactly the same size as those of *Trochilus colubris*. The color of the eggs was a dirty white, marked with a fine ring of light red dots around the larger end, but so faint as to hardly be discernible. The eggs were perfectly fresh. I have carefully looked the subject up and have come to the conclusion that it can be nothing else than that of the golden crested or ruby crowned kinglet. The plate representing the nest and eggs of *Regulus satrapa* in Gentry's "Nest and Eggs of Birds of the United States," is the image of the nest which I found in shape, construction, etc., and the description also agrees with my nest to the letter, except as to the height from the ground, which he gives as only a few feet, but for that matter chickadees usually build within ten feet of the ground. But I have met with their nests as much as thirty-five feet high, so I don't think that that has anything to do with it. Moreover, I presented the nest and eggs to Mr. F. W. Ritchie, of Ottawa, Canada, who has had great experience with Canadian birds, and he, after looking it up carefully and consulting several naturalists concerning it, has come to the same conclusion. I would be deeply obliged to any ornithologist if he would give his opinion on the subject through your paper.—W. T. EMMET (Concord, N. H., Dec. 14).

"Rod and Gun in California," by T. S. Van Dyke, is the best thing on the game of that country. For sale at this office. Price \$1.50.—*Adv.*



Fig. 2.—EGG CAPSULES OF SMOOTH WINKLE (*Sycotypus Canaliculata*).

objects cast upon the shores of Coney Island are the "sea-ruffles" and "sea-necklaces," which are strings of egg capsules of the two largest shells found on the Eastern coast of North America, and which have received various names by fishermen on the different parts of the American coast, such as winkle, wrinkle, periwinkle, smooth winkle, rough winkle, conch, and ladle shell; but the scientist and naturalists know them by the names of *Fulgur carica* (the rough winkle) and *Sycotypus canaliculata* (the smooth winkle). As a rule the latter is the larger of the two shells, and by many of our fishermen is known as the "bull" winkle.

These shells often measure from eight to ten inches in length, and are pear-shaped, being provided with wide openings which, in the case of the smooth winkle (Fig. 1) is lengthened out into a narrow channel or spout. Fishermen have taken advantage of the peculiar shape of this shell, and utilize it when running hot tar into the seams of their boats when caulking them, from which fact they are often called ladle shells. The strings of egg capsules of both these shells are very curious, and it is not to be wondered that to the casual observer they are suggestive of the vertebra of some marine monster, so nearly do they resemble the articulations

below the surface, the eggs will hatch out and the young winkles will make their escape. This I know from experiments that I have made when connected with several public aquaria. Though I was never able to raise them, this was probably due to the fact that the sand in the bottoms of the tanks was entirely deficient in either animal or vegetable life.

The first few capsules at the beginning of the string are small, imperfect, and barren. But the size gradually increases till the middle of the necklace, when they begin to diminish in size till the end is reached, which is terminated with several abortive capsules. These capsules, when placed in a flame, give off an odor exactly like that of burnt horn or hair, though in all probability they consist of the same material as the beard of the mussel, which is known as byssus.

There are two forms of these strings of capsules found on the Coney Island beach, those of the smooth winkle being the most numerous and largest in size, but not so thick as those of the rough winkle, and having thin, sharp outer edges. Their sides have radiating ridges or raised lines, while those of the rough winkle are nearly smooth and are

Game Bag and Gun.

THE BEAVER DAM CLUB.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

The following comprises the organization and complete list to date of the members of the Beaver Dam Duck and Fishing Club:

R. W. Mitchell, M. D., President; W. B. Mallory, Vice-President; W. A. Wheatley, Secretary and Treasurer; Mr. Hutchison, Club House Keeper; James Phelan, Sam P. Walker, D. H. Poston, Dr. D. D. Saunders, R. D. Jordan, W. H. Carroll, W. L. Clapp, Chas. F. Farnsworth, John Overton, Jr., Bun F. Price, J. S. Menken, W. A. Williams, D. W. Lake, John T. Willins, W. D. Bethel, E. F. Adams, H. L. Guion, George Gillham, Robert Galloway, George Mitchell, L. B. McFarland, A. C. Treadwell, F. T. Edmondson, T. S. Davant, W. F. Bowdrie, C. P. Stewart, W. M. Sneed, M. L. Selden, Dr. G. W. Overall, U. W. Miller, W. J. Crawford, R. T. Cooper, Dabney M. Seales, Minter Parker, W. W. Alsbrook. Honorary Members—Capt. Sam T. Carnes, Lieut. John Kerr, Hon. Holmes Cummins, Dr. Richard J. Owen, John D. Ussery, J. M. Edwards, Charles W. Reagan, Capt. J. A. Grant, C.E., E. P. McNeal, Judge A. M. Clayton, James S. Davant, John Bradley, Dan Shelby, Tom Devine.

Limited to thirty-eight active members; the list is now full, and five applications on file.

The president of this club, Dr. R. W. Mitchell, has been identified with sportsmen's clubs and matters in this section during the last twenty-five years. During the past fourteen years he has been president of the Arkansas Prairie Club, the famous records of which have a world-round name. The Doctor has always been an earnest and enthusiastic worker in these matters, and is as bright and full of vigor and energy as he was when he first pulled trigger and bagged game.

The gentlemen whose names comprise this organization, are among the first and most prominent business and professional men in this city. Hence its *personelle* alone would make it remarkable for the singular worth and fame of the individuals in the lists of social and business life, if they had no other prominent feature to make them notable. But as hunters and excellent shots, many of them have made records that any sportsman may well be proud of. With the prestige of good name for hospitality, generosity, and fondness for field sports that these gentlemen have exhibited and enjoyed for a long time, their kinship of disposition and habits have led them to form this club, in whose genial ranks and pleasant associations there is more pleasure to a true sportsman than we have found in any other organization of the kind in the West. The club has leased a vast preserve for hunting and fishing, at a point on the Memphis & New Orleans Railway, forty-five miles south of this city. There they have erected a handsome, large, roomy club house, and provided it with every convenience and appliance that luxurious and aesthetic taste can desire. It is really more than a comfortable place, for it has the details of fine hotel arrangements, elegant camp equipage, storage and kitchen rooms, large and well provided pantry, extensive commissary stores, the best of cooking apparatus, and in every detail of attention to the wants and enjoyment of the members and visitors, it is completely provided. The station is a private platform for the club only.

The location of the house is on the edge of Beaver Dam Lake. At the front of the house there is a large platform, to which are moored in safe pockets the numerous boats which belong to the club. The beautiful sheet of water extends westward about seven miles, and its clear and wide bosom presents so placid and safe an appearance that vast multitudes of ducks, geese, brant, swans and all sorts of water fowl are tempted to stop and harbor there. For many years the place has been famous among hunters for the large quantity, fine quality and variety of game found on these waters and in the vicinity, and hence, when the new club went into organization, the members promptly contracted for a lease to continue during ten years, and longer if desired after the lapse of that period, at the pleasure of the parties mutually interested.

At the western end of the large lake there is a bayou passageway leading to a smaller lake, and in the sharp and rapid current of this connecting stream there is found the largest quantity and variety of fish of which we have any knowledge in the South. The fishing members of the club are among the most famous anglers in the West, and they report such marvelous catches that I will not attempt a record for the present, but can promise that it will be hard to beat. The feeding grounds of the fish in these waters are inexhaustible, and hence there will always be unsurpassed sport here in this line.

The present season has thus far proved remarkably enticing to the ducks and shooters, and large bags of luscious fat fowls have been bagged by the members. The food area is provided with unlimited supplies of native materials, but to make everything as sure as possible the club sowed a large quantity of wild rice on the rich feeding grounds of the lake, and thus provide very luxurious and luxuriant incentives to the wildfowl that harbor in vast numbers in these preserves. There is also a large area of wild mast and grass nuts, floating moss and other vegetation, the assimilation of which gives remarkable flavor to the meat of the game.

The club also controls several thousand acres of forest bordering on these lakes, in the recesses of which there are large numbers of bear, wild turkeys, squirrels, deer, beaver, quail, etc., in sufficient variety and quantity to gratify the wishes and ambition of hunters of every kind and degree. There is a very considerable area of open plantation land in the vicinity, so that those who desire to shoot in the fields and thickets can find variety to their satisfaction. My own decision with regard to the Beaver Dam Club preserves is that the place is hardly equalled and not excelled by any other on this continent.

Capt. W. A. Wheatley, the secretary and treasurer of the Beaver Dam Club, has a famous name for his fondness for sport with dog and gun. He is one of the most enthusiastic gentlemen in the lists of sportsmen, and with his affable, genial and generous ways, is justly entitled to the reputation he bears. Those who are entitled to the courtesies and kindly attentions of the club will find treatment such as a royal host always accords a favored guest.

With regard to new shooting grounds, there are several lately-developed places where the game is just too enticing for a description to do justice to the subject. In North Alabama, in the vicinity of Tusculumbia and for seventy-five miles west along the line of the Memphis & Charleston Railroad, the country lying along the Tennessee River and the hills on the south of the line, abound with all kinds of field and water

game. Throughout all of that region there are immense quantities of mast and food, and quails, ducks, turkeys, wolves, squirrels, pigeons, etc., have accumulated during the past few years in vast quantities, that invite sportsmen to make the biggest kind of bags of a variety of game. The people of the country are hospitable, and the young men are generally very genial and welcome strangers who are fond of hunting, and disposed to show them every kind of courtesy and kindly attentions.

On the battlefields of Shiloh a wonderful large amount of various kinds of game attracts those who are fond of sport that requires quick sight and sharp attention in shooting among the thickets and sedge grasses of those old fields.

From Memphis the best shooting grounds in the South and West are those lately opened and made accessible by the Louisville, New Orleans and Texas Railway, which goes through the rich bottom lands lying along the Mississippi River. A few miles south of the lodge of the Beaver Dam Club, which is located on this new line of railway, there is game of all kinds incident to this country. Several officers of the road are members of the Beaver Dam Club, and as they are a most enthusiastic organization, those who go down that line to hunt will find very sympathetic men to deal with. Every facility that is within reasonable bounds is extended to hunters, and those parties who desire to try their quality and capacity in slaying bears, wildcat, catamounts, deer, turkeys and smaller game will find all they want all along the line, so they will not go astray by stopping off at any point on the road. There are numerous stations along the line down through Sunflower and Yazoo county, such as Clarkesdale, Yazoo, Pass, Greenville and Swan Lake, where hunters can be accommodated, housed and furnished with cooking apparatus, or stop with the planters, whose hospitality is proverbial, or parties can take camp equipage and find easy access to shooting grounds where the supply of game is inexhaustible. The railway furnishes quick transportation, and at low rates to those who wish to send their game to the North.

In the vicinity of Vicksburg and Natchez there are illimitable quantities of small game, the working of which in the fields will test the best qualities of amateur shooters. Club men and shots who have reputation will find genial companions and hearty welcome at all points in this fine hunting region. I do not know of any other section that offers so many pleasant inducements to those who love field sports than those places which I have mentioned.

MEMPHIS, Tenn., Dec. 10.

DR. I. E. NAGLE.

EXPERIENCE AND ADVICE.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

As the season has been unusually favorable for late shooting, and having a young dog which I was anxious to develop as far as possible this fall, I extended my shooting rambles a little beyond my customary limit, and have only to-day cleaned and put away my guns for the year. I look with pleasure at the three as they stand side by side, and recall the past season's work done with the little 12-gauge 28-inch cylinder bore, and wondered if "M. D." is so very wild in his suggestion regarding a gun for early shooting, as set forth in your issue of Dec. 4. I think not.

My next gun is a 12-30, 74 pounds, full choke, and I have only used it twice this season, and for no other reason than because I have fallen very much in favor of a 28-inch cylinder bore. The next gun is a 10-32, 104 pounds, is only used in duck shooting and has been aired but once this fall, consequently it has but a small record for this season—five blue-winged teal and two yellowlegs. I have used the cylinder bore gun in all my field shooting the past season, and I have come to believe that for our game bird shooting we have no use for chokebored guns. In three clay-pigeon matches (the only ones in which I have ever participated) I held my own against chokebores at 24 yards rise. I also killed with this gun eleven out of twelve live pigeons at 21 yards rise, using 1 ounce No. 8 shot. The wind was blowing a gale from the shooters, and some of the birds were killed at 65 yards. I have also killed many ducks with this gun, and give these little experiences merely as points in favor of cylinder guns for field purposes. The recoil is also less from a cylinder bore than from a chokebore, and it also does not clad at the muzzle, making it much more easily cleaned.

I load with 3 drams powder, 1 ounce No. 9 shot, for early shooting; later in the fall 3½ drams and 14 ounces No. 8 or No. 7. After trying a great many experiments in loading shells, I have found none more simple or effective than to use the first grades or powder (the higher brands of any of the manufacturers are good). I use Orange, as it is convenient for me to get and gives good satisfaction; put a pasteboard and two pink-edge wads over powder, and a pasteboard wad over shot. The cardboard wad I cut myself. I always use chilled shot, as they give better penetration and do not lead the barrels as much as the soft.

I think cylinder guns are gaining in favor every season, and I know of several sportsmen about here who have discarded chokebores entirely.

For five seasons I used a full choke gun in field shooting, and am not sorry I did so, for it taught me to "hold on" to my birds more closely, and I am much the better shot for it. "M. D." made a good record, and I have also had some of my most pleasant and successful days' shooting in the New England States, where I have hunted and fished nearly every season until the present, when business matters prevented me from leaving home for any length of time, so I was forced to take my outings nearer home, in Dutchess and adjacent counties. Perhaps the bags were not so large, but game was much more abundant about here than usual, and a good bag was often the result of a day's tramp, and the rambles through forest and field were as enjoyable as ever.

"M. D." has given some very good advice, and although I should put a little more than 2½ drams powder behind 12 ounces shot, and prefer shooting game birds over a dog, I shall not dispute anything in his most interesting little sketch, for "M. D." has had more experience than myself, and evidently knows of what he is writing.

As I said before, I have three guns, two with laminated steel barrels and one with Damascus; two I have used seven years and one two years, and to-day they are all as bright and free from rust as the day they came from the factory, and never have they had a particle of rust on them. I have used them on the salt marshes duck shooting, and in rain and snow, and when away from home having run short of loaded shells, have used the most inferior ammunition.

I never use anything for a rust preventer but plenty of soft, dry rags and the best sperm oil, which I buy by the quart. When I hear of the trouble others are always having with their guns rusting, I can't but think they are not properly cleaned. If all the foulness is not first removed, a

point of oil will not prevent the rust spots from making their appearance. I always clean my gun after a day's shooting, first wiping out the barrels with a soft, dry rag, then with a rag dampened with a little cool water. This will take all the burnt powder which may be caked to the barrels out; then wipe dry with soft rags made to fit the barrels tightly, and changed two or three times until you are sure there is no dampness left; then with another rag and a little oil wipe them out and they are finished. In a chokebore the barrels will often lead at the muzzle after firing many shots, as in clay-pigeon and other matches. Then the wire brush used with plenty of oil, and used only at the muzzle will remove the lead without any injury whatever to the gun. The locks I only take off once a year, unless the gun has in some way become so wet as to damage them. In taking apart the locks, have a spring clamp and a screw driver that exactly fits the small screws, and use it for nothing else; clean each part with benzine and an old tooth brush (kerosene will do in place of benzine), then wipe with a soft cloth. Now take another cloth with a little sperm oil and wipe each piece, and as you put the lock together, oil the working parts, and where there is any friction with a very little watchmaker's oil, and your lock is good for a year. All this can be done in a very few minutes, and after once having become accustomed to cleaning a gun thoroughly, it can be done as quickly and as easily as to half do it. Your gun will then last longer; shoot better and be a pleasure to look at. G. F. A.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

I've read a great deal on the choice of guns in your columns lately, and as I said once before there, I believe the craze for high-priced foreign made guns has about run its length. I used for two years a fifty dollar 12 bore Colt, with all the new improvements. When in Virginia last season I loaned it to a young and ardent sportsman to go out after quail. It pleased him so much that he gave me no rest until he bought it. The following paragraph from the *Warrenton True Index*, of Dec. 13, relates to the same gun and sportsman:

"Jas. K. Maddux killed 23 partridges on the wing in 25 shots one day this week and wants the veteran sportsman, Col. Judson, to know that the reputation of his gun is being kept up."

When one knows the rough, hard cover they have to shoot through in that section, no better proof of gun and good shooting can be had. I own an English gun now, but I'll part with it the first chance I get. NED BUNTLINE.

SOME REMARKABLE SHOTS.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

Colonel Alexander's article, "A Louisiana Deer Drive," brought to my mind an experience that once happened to myself and a friend, some twenty miles north of Minden, La. The home of old Col. F., whose hospitable residence stood on the main road, nearly midway between Minden and Magnolia, was a general rendezvous of all the noted hunters in that section of the country. He was the owner of a pack of some of the best deer dogs that ever answered the long, shrill blast of a huntsman's horn, while the old gentleman, who had been born and raised in the mountains and glens (valleys) of the Cherokee purchase in Northern Georgia, was one of the best marksmen in that section of the State, and the owner of as fine a rifle as falls to the lot of man. He had become so skilled in the use of his pet rifle that he could place his bullet in any desired spot of a squirrel, a turkey or a deer, generally nicking the latter in the back of the head so as to cut the cord behind the ears, when he could get a side shot. Turkeys invariably came home minus the head—he always contended that it spoiled the flavor of the meat to shoot them through the body.

For years it had been the height of my ambition—in a sportsman sense—to be as good a marksman as my old friend; and he, knowing my desire, had taken much care and pains to teach me the secrets of the rifle, and many were the leisure hours we spent in the woods together, snuffing off the heads of the squirrels, from their perches on the tall hickory trees of Horsehead Bottom. His rule was to count out ten, fifteen or twenty bullets for each of us, so that there could be no dodging when the spoils of the hunt were reckoned. This made me very careful not to waste ammunition, as the merits depended wholly on the number of successful shots, not on the amount of game; so that if I had received ten bullets, and brought home three squirrels minus their heads, and seven bullets, that was satisfactory, and gave me a full score; while his ten squirrels proved that he had sharper eyes than mine.

Thus the years passed on until I was—under his instructions—considered a fair shot. One day, while spending a month's vacation at the old plantation, I had started with my rifle to hunt around the cornfield that bordered the edge of the creek bottom. Moving slowly along the outside of the fence, I started the finest gang of turkeys I ever saw in a wild state; they were feeding in the edge of a field, and being disturbed, took wing and flew in every direction, two alighting on a dead tree a hundred and fifty yards from where I stood. To approach nearer was impossible, and I hesitated to risk a bullet, as the old man knew how many I had in my pouch, but the shot was so tempting that I touched the hair-trigger; when, to my surprise and pleasure, the bird fell, the other craning its neck and looking after its fallen comrade. I reloaded slowly, drew a bead on it, and, beyond all expectation, it fell to the ground. Returning to the house in time for breakfast, displaying my trophies, I noticed that the old gentleman eyed me with a jealous glance when I told him the spot where I stood and the tree, which he knew well. After counting my bullets, he grunted, "Ahem; good shots," and turned off apparently dissatisfied.

For ten days after this his actions were full of mystery; he would slip quietly off with rifle in hand, directing his steps toward the cornfield and bottom, without as much as "Alex, my boy, get your gun and let us go to the woods," his usual hearty salutation; and day after day he came home empty-handed, hung up his gun, his sour face precluding questioning. Taking grandmother into my confidence, I queried the cause, when that good old soul said: "Let father alone; he feels sore at you killing those turkeys, and fears you are going to beat him."

I kept my own counsel, but determined to follow him the next day, keeping well out of his sight, but near enough to observe his movements.

Sure enough, the next morning found him on the move by the first peep of day. Watching his course from the window, I was soon on the trail, down around the cornfield fence, then off on a tangent into the bottom. Stealing stealthily close after him, along a hog path for a hundred yards, at last I spied him safely ensconced behind a brush

blind built right in the path, rifle in hand, intently gazing through the narrow opening in front. Posting myself behind a large tree at one side, determined to see it out, I watched him for three long hours, during which time he hardly moved; and getting weary myself, I fell asleep, sitting as I was, my head resting on the tree, dreaming of deer and turkey, ambushes and a thousand other wild things, when a hand was laid on my shoulder and the query, "You here?" aroused me from my slumbers. As I had found his lair, mutual explanations followed, which were these: He had determined to kill some of the turkeys I had found in the cornfield, but they were wary and had eluded him every time. He finally set to baiting them, selecting a straight piece of the hog path that led to the field. He had strewn corn for one hundred yards along the path, built his blind, and had been watching it for the past week, all to no purpose. The bait was regularly eaten and replaced, turkey tracks and signs plenty, but not a shot could he get; they were too wide awake for him, and he was in the dumps over his bad luck. I proposed a partnership with him, which he readily agreed to.

"No fine shots about that!" I think I hear some impatient reader exclaim, and down goes the paper with a thump. Patience, my dear friend, and you will hear of two of the most remarkable shots ever fired. Fact! The FOREST AND STREAM wants the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth in this "Wonderful Shot" business, and I propose to give it.

After holding a council of war, it was settled that I was to devote a few days to watching the movements of the turkeys, and no shot was to be fired until they were located and their habits accurately marked. Procuring a lunch, I selected a convenient tree, in whose branches I held watch and ward for the next three days. On the evening of the second day my eyes were gladdened with the pleasant sight of seventeen full-grown, sleek, fat turkeys strewn in a straight line along the path, picking up the corn. How my fingers twitched to single out that large gobbler and bag him; but I had promised, and so I forbore. The second day, about the same hour in the evening, they were on time again; they were permitted to pass unmolested both times, and the bait renewed. Now was our time, and the third evening found Col. F. and myself lodged behind the blind, our two rifles so arranged as to sweep the path, confidently calculating to bag every bird. We had not long to wait, when cluck, cluck, cluck announced the approach of the birds. We were both perfectly cool, our nerves calm, our eyes clear, and both rifles carefully loaded. I was to take the first bird, calculating to bore through at least half of them, while the Colonel was to take them about the center and take in the balance. I was prone on my face, my rifle resting on a chin, the Colonel resting on one knee, his gun in a fork. Both took deliberate aim. I never was more deliberate in my life, the nearest bird less than twenty feet distant. At the word "ready," the birds raised their heads, and were still as mice, when "fire!" both guns belched forth at the same instant, and we kept still until the smoke lifted; and what a sight! We looked at each other in speechless amazement; not a bird was to be seen; we had both missed. I consider these the most wonderful shots I know of, and cannot account for them to this day. CAPE ROCK.

CAPE GIRARDEAU, Mo.

Editor Forest and Stream:

One of your "Remarkable Shots" reminds me of the following circumstance: My brother and I were in our boat, behind a blind, when I heard a pair of greater yellowlegs plover going by, and getting up on my knees, I began to try and whistle them in near enough to get a shot at them.

They began to circle around, and when they started straight toward us, I brought my gun up, and just as I was intending to pull on one of them I saw, off to the right and just within the circle of vision, a large bunch of what I at first thought were lesser yellowlegs, that were possibly attracted by the whistling. I turned to give them a reception, and saw they were blue-winged teal, and just in the act of fighting among our live decoys. When I turned they saw me move, and of course wheeled all in a bunch to leave, making a beautiful chance, as they were within twenty-five yards. We gave them four barrels, and killed none—not even a feather.

LENOX, Ontario.

Editor Forest and Stream:

When a lad, I made a shot with a rifle at a woodchuck, sitting at the mouth of his hole, and on picking up my game was surprised to see another 'chuck lying just behind him, both having been bagged by the same bullet. A friend, while aiming at a pigeon on a low tree, near a stream, saw a bittern rise from the reeds, and holding his arm tight both were in line, let go, and got them both. C. J. T.

DETROIT, Dec. 15, 1884.

MICHIGAN ASSOCIATION.

Editor Forest and Stream:

A special meeting of the Michigan State Sportsman's Association was held at Jackson on Dec. 9 and 10, 1884. The attendance was not large, but "business" was the motto. Mr. E. S. Rogers, the secretary of the Association, having tendered his resignation and the same having been accepted, the undersigned was elected in his stead. The meeting was called to take action, in the name of the Association, as to amendments to the game and fish laws of the State, to be obtained from the coming (1885) session of the Legislature, and also to direct the efforts of the Association toward obtaining the passage of a law appointing a game and fish warden for the State.

Dr. J. C. Parker, one of our Fish Commissioners, Mr. C. W. Higby, of Jackson, and the subscriber, were appointed a committee to draft a bill for the appointment of the game and fish warden, and we now have the same in preparation.

It was further resolved that the Association endeavor to have the present game and fish laws amended so as—

1. To prevent the use of explosives, spears and continuous nets in the waters of the State.
 2. To make possession of game or fish out of season *prima facie* evidence of a violation of the law in all cases. (It is so now in some cases).
 3. To make the close season for deer from Dec. 15 to Oct. 15 in both peninsulas; to make "shining" illegal; and to prevent the employment of special hunters by lumber camps.
 4. To repeal the present law protecting English sparrows.
- The president was authorized to employ an agent to attend the session of the Legislature for the purpose of laboring with the members in favor of the passage of the acts recom-

mended by the Association, and funds were appropriated for the purpose of paying him.

Resolutions of respect for the memory of Mr. A. H. Mershon, a prominent member of the Association, recently deceased, were adopted. The meeting then adjourned.

The annual meeting of the Association will be held in January, 1885. MARK NORRIS, Secretary.

MAINE DEER LAW.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Recently kind fortune placed in my way several copies, in which was discussed the proposed change of the game law, allowing deer to be hunted from Sept. 1. The writer has studied the habits and characteristics of deer and caribou, and believes all fawns are dropped by May 20; and at three months will thrive without sustenance from the dam. The young of all herbivorous animals in a domestic state do well weaned at that age; and none I think can doubt that wild animals are hardiest. Does no doubt give suck longer than three months, but it does not follow that it is necessary to the existence of the young. It is true the young of deer, moose and caribou remain with the dam until about a year old, and doubtless secretion of milk after weaning. Instances are known of does shot in October with milk in the udder, yet the dugs were filled with a waxy secretion indicating long cessation from suckling. It requires no little courage ("gall" if you will) to state the foregoing in the face of editorials and other ably-written articles on the opposite side of the question. I can well understand and appreciate the laudable motive, which, I think, prompts that course; for, without a conservative power to check, public opinion would exact too great license. Give us the change, for game is plentiful, and as neither heat nor flies in September drive deer to water, they will be in no danger of jack-shooters by night or ambush gunners by day. The change will not decimate the game perceptibly, but will add a spice to the enjoyment of legitimate sport. UMCULOUS.

RELOADED SHELLS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I believe most makers of shells incline to caution the users of the same overmuch. I shoot a shotgun, and I shoot a .38-caliber rifle.

To reload a paper shell, first I decap and recap. To accomplish the former I use a dentist's excavator, the point of which had been broken off, and which I afterward ground to a smooth blunt point. To decap I set the shell mouth up on a countersunk block of lead, of the proper size, and setting the tool mentioned against the primer, a quick blow with a small hammer drives the primer out.

To recap, I invert the shell over a stick of pine wood, so shaped as to fit the bottom of the shell, and a single blow with the same hammer seats the primer. I use Wesson copper primers. As to reloaded rifle shells, the claim is made by all the manufacturers that no cast bullet can be as perfect as their bullets swedged by heavy machinery. I fully grant that no pure lead bullet can be cast perfect. Lead contracts on cooling, and hence every man who has cast many bullets has also cast many defective ones, so defective that they were recast. As I cast my bullets very often, it became a point with me to find a material that would either expand a little, or at least not contract on cooling. Tin and lead were fully as bad as lead. I recently thought of type metal. I went to a friend, proprietor of a paper, and asked him if he could sell me half a pound of broken stock. He replied: "No, but you can go to the hell box and get all you want free of charge." I went to the "hell box," saw one "devil," a very small one, too, and came away with what I wanted.

The first bullet I cast of pure type metal. It was so hard that the necker of the Winchester bullet mould broke the neck off down into the bullet. I saw this would never do. I took this hard bullet and melted it with five others, and I obtained what I wanted, an alloy that does not shrink from the mould, and that is hard enough. I then weighed ten ounces of pure lead, and two ounces of the broken type, and cast bullets. I found one difficulty that I could not overcome, viz., the bullets cast when the run was nearly exhausted were a little harder than those first cast.

Another difficulty in reloading shells is, that one cannot place the ball so that it and the shell be concentric, and I claim that no reloading tool which is worked by pressing together levers can perfectly reload a shell.

I had a gunsmith make me a set of reloading tools out of cast steel rods. The cartridge is set in a countersunk base, and I drive a hollow rod down to a shoulder with a mallet. The driven rod contains a die of the exact size of a Winchester shell that fits my rifle. I have no trouble with swelled shells. I decap my rifle shells in the same manner as I decap shot shells. But I recap with the company's tool for the purpose.

I recently had a round bullet mould made, the bullets being just enough elongated so that they would not roll in more than one direction. I mean they would roll like eggs, not like billiard balls.

I loaded shells with these bullets and fired them, using my gun as a single breechloader. I tried them simply greased, patched with new fine muslin, greased and patched with leather cut from an old kid glove forming the outside of the patch ungreased. I regret that I cannot send you targets, but if any difference was discernible it was in favor of the muslin. I think a round ball preferable to 200 yards, while the same length of shell gives a greater ratio of powder to lead. Special shells could be made to work through the magazine, giving still more powder, as they would be longer.

SOMERSET, Pa., Dec. 13, 1884.

AMATEUR.

A NEW SHELL.—The new brass paper-lined shells, now manufactured by the Union Metallic Cartridge Company, are said to comprise in many respects the advantages of both brass and paper shells. The objection most commonly urged against the brass shell is that it is too heavy and does not hold its wad fast, while the paper ones too often allow an escape of gas at the base, and if exposed to moisture get wet and swell, either sticking in the gun or failing to enter the chamber. By a happy combination of brass with paper it is claimed that all these objections are overcome. These new shells are gastight and have the shooting qualities of the old-fashioned brass shells, while they can be crimped like a paper shell and yet are perfectly waterproof, and will never swell or stick in the chamber. They are also very light in weight, and can be reloaded many times.

Sea and River Fishing.

TROUTING ON THE BIGOSH.

THE JOURNEY.

A TRAIN stood near the wharf where the steamer landed, and it was quite well filled when Jack and I got on board. He found a seat with an elderly lady, while I shared the cushion with a fat man who chewed tobacco and flooded the floor with the juice. He seemed to enjoy it; they all do; but whether the taste of the weed or the delights of expectoration pleased him most was impossible to tell. He seemed to be following some geographical thought, and was evidently forming a large sea with surrounding lakes, and then connecting them by rivers. I thought at first that he might be M. de Lesseps, and that I recognized the Mediterranean, the Red Sea and the Suez Canal, but the knowledge that a Frenchman has better manners than to spit in the presence of others dismissed the thought. I envied Jack his seat by an elderly lady, for she certainly would not offend in this way, and turned my head so as not to witness the disgusting exhibition. Good grief! The man on the other side of the car was spitting over the aisle toward me, and I went to the rear end of the car and sat on the wood box near the stove. Opposite sat a poor German with his wife and child. He did not spit, and therefore his company was enjoyable. Jack missed his companion, and came aft to know why a seat on an uncomfortable wood box was preferable on a warm day to one in the center of the car, and I told him that at White Oak Junction I proposed to have some breakfast without being so thoroughly nauseated that it could not be retained. "Jack," said I, "there are some forms of ignorance that are worse than crimes. I would prefer to share my seat with a respectable and self-respecting burglar to sitting with a man who did not know that he was offending his better bred neighbors by hawking and spitting."

"This is necessary at times," said Jack, "and few or none can get along without it."

"Certainly, but there are some other things which are equally necessary that no one would think of doing in public or in the presence of others. This is peculiarly an American vice, and some day a missionary will arise who will declaim against it. If at the next election an anti-spitting candidate is in the field he will have my vote, a drunken man is preferable to a spitting one."

"Well," said Jack, "this may be so, but how about the man who whistles in the car, the man who eats peanuts and gives his neighbors the fragrance, the man who has decided opinions on politics, religion, temperance, or other questions and loudly vents them so that all may be instructed in what he believes to be right, or the idiot who, on the eve of a presidential election, goes through the car gathering votes which he publishes as 'straws' if they favor his own side?"

"Petty annoyances, Jack, mere annoyances that do not disgust. The men you name should be mildly thrown through the car window, if any humanitarian would volunteer to do it, but the spitter should be tied hand and foot and placed under the wheels in front of the engine. That is the class of spitters, for there are classes, who don't know any better, but those who know better should be let off by merely being thrown into the engine furnace."

"How do you tell who knows better than to defile a place where others sit or to disgust them by expectorating in their presence?"

"Jack, my boy," said I, "some one has said that 'a hole is the accident of a day and excusable in any gentleman, but a patch shows an act of premeditated poverty,' and verily I say unto you that when you ride in an American street car and see a man spit where men walk and ladies' dresses trail and then rub his foot in it to obliterate it, mark him, Jack, he knows better. Get out at the next corner after he does, to throw the police off the scent, and hurry around the block and kill him at the first opportunity, and if you are not hanged for it then a grateful people will rise up and call you blessed."

"Ever killed many yourself?" asked he.

"No, Jack, not one; the thought that the offender might be somebody's darling, if not mine, has saved many a man. We are a patient and long-suffering people, witness how the passengers in this car bear with that train-boy who insists on their buying preparations of plaster of Paris, which he calls lozenges. Here is Sandwich Junction, with twenty minutes for pie and four hours for indigestion afterward. We will get off and forage for a broiled chicken and cup of coffee. The latter is sure to be bad but warm, while the chicken will no doubt be good though not gigantic. The railway sandwich has furnished the journalistic funny man with food for jokes in almost as great a degree as the goat, the plumber, the mother-in-law, and the stovepipe. Let's leave it to him and take chicken or oysters. If Connecticut and Vermont is 'the region of perpetual pie,' then we may call Indiana the land of unceasing hot biscuit, and the railway restaurant the oasis of perennial sandwich. Leave your satchel in your seat to secure it while we go."

To our surprise the chicken actually had flesh between the skin and bone, the coffee was good, and by some mistake the strawberries were of some variety other than the sour Wilson's seedlings so popular with market gardeners, because of its bearing qualities and its hardness of flesh, which admits of severe transportation. The conductor shouted "All aboard," the bell rang; the whistle tooted, and away we went without a pang of indigestion because the proprietor of the restaurant was not in league with the doctors.

Nothing of note occurred until we reached Smithtown, where we took a stage for Innovation, a distance of fourteen miles. The so-called stage was a two-seated covered spring wagon and carried the mail, when there was any to carry. A lady already occupied the right hand of the back seat and Jack took a place beside her while I mounted with the driver. The latter had been at the station for two hours before, but before gathering up the reins lit his pipe, utterly ignoring the question whether the lady immediately behind him enjoyed it as much as he. I, in a moment of Quixotic lunacy, turned and asked her if the smoke disagreed with her, thinking that it might convey a hint to the driver, and *mirabile dictu*, she did not support me, Jack said afterward that she "went back" on me, whatever that may mean, but she said "not at all," and the driver smoked on. This is entirely characteristic of the rural driver, who will refrain from smoking until he gets passengers behind him and then he enjoys his pipe or cigar. Why people submit to it is a mystery.

The road soon entered a valley through which ran a riotous stream known as the west fork of the Dugong, a pretty brook, but containing only suckers and small cyprinoids.

Jack ventured the opinion that suckers were only good for hogs to eat, or bait for better fish, but the driver held that they were quite good in the spring of the year, while the water was cold and were "a heap better than no fish." I rather agreed to the latter proposition but did not consider it worth arguing. We crossed the stream at a good ford, and while the horses were drinking a kingfisher dashed headlong into the water within a few feet of them and took a "red-fin" almost under our noses. The bird did not sound his click-reel as it flew up to a limb with its prey, and this afforded me food for wonder if that sound is an indication of disappointment, and only made to score a miss. This is a matter on which I have been undecided for many years. The bird is so quick that it does not often happen that one can tell whether its dive has been successful or not.

To Jack it seemed proof positive that the kingfisher expressed its sentiments in Halcynonic profanity when it failed to strike his prey, because he had seen one go to a limb with an empty bill and give vent to its feelings after a miss, while this one, as he said, "had his mouth full and couldn't chirr." "Very true," said I, but is it an absolute rule? One or two instances will do to form a theory on, but it takes many to prove it." The driver was appealed to but said he "didn't never take no notice of them kind of things," and intimated that such questions were below the range of his thought. He gave the off horse a flick with the whip, remarking that "that there roan would stand and drink all day out of pure laziness," and we rolled on to the little settlement called Innovation, where we knew a warm supper and a good bed awaited weary travelers.

FRED MATHER.

LANDLOCKED SALMON.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I find an article from a Bridgton correspondent, in FOREST AND STREAM, going the rounds in our Maine papers, giving such a dreary outlook for the future of "the royal fish," that a few facts on the subject may not come amiss at this time, for I do not feel reconciled to having such a wholesale slaughter with pen and ink go on without a remonstrance. I think if the correspondent referred to had waited a few days he might have softened down some of his closing paragraphs; or, if he had been more familiar with the habits of the *Salmo sebago*, this might not have been written at all.

I do not doubt that "six salmon" got away from him, but from what I can learn of the facts, and what I knew of them at the time, I am of the opinion that the fish are safe to-day. For some reason that gentleman has interested himself in salmon this season. It seems that he visited the brook for several days with different results. One day he found in certain pools thirteen salmon, which, I think, he says were nearly all females. The next day he found seven only, and I believe the third day only four. I was knowing to some of his visits to the brook from other sources, and awaited results. About the fourth day a friend of his came to me, with a discouraged look in his face, and informed me that somebody was stealing the salmon, and gave me the result of their researches. I told him that the fish had probably gone up or down the stream, as they are in the habit of doing—most likely up stream. The next day I saw said correspondent and a companion coming down the street, armed with a tin wash boiler and a dip-net, and to my inquiry if they were "going a-fishing," replied that they were going to the brook to put back into the pond what salmon they could find, to keep them from being stolen. I smiled inwardly and joined the procession, when, arriving at the brook, but two salmon were to be found. These were netted and duly conveyed to the pond. The correspondent gave a sigh of relief, and said, "Two of them at least are safe." I remarked that there was danger that the fish would come back the first warm day, and that I thought it worth some risk to have them spawn in the stream. Finding no more fish to conquer we came home.

Within a day or two I went to a section of the brook some distance above where the "lost tribe" had been seen, and found a goodly number of salmon on their spawning grounds, paired off, and apparently happy and contented. None had been found in the lower section for a day or two, and only a few at this time. And I conclude that the females that so mysteriously disappeared were on their way to join the males; which I understand usually, if not invariably, take the lead by several days. These pools serve as resting places for the fish as they pass up and down the stream, and during the spawning period the tenants are as changeable as the lodgers at a wayside inn. As the fish do not all go to their beds at the same time, passengers from both up and down trains may occupy one pool at the same time. The number of fish in any stream will vary, or seem to, from day to day. I doubt if any two persons following that brook carefully, within one hour of each other, would record the same number of fish. Twenty-two salmon, ranging from one and a half to twelve or fifteen pounds each, were counted in that little brook, in a single day, and that since the article in question was written. So it seems that they are not all dead yet. The stock does not appear to me so limited, that the loss of "six salmon" of any given weight, would materially endanger the whole family, even if there was good evidence that any had been taken. I found plenty of spawning beds far up the brook, and have watched the fish on them by the hour. One fine pair of ten or twelve pounders had their bed where it was so shallow that the backs of the fish and part of the caudals were out of water. Such a rubbing of sides, rolling and twisting as they made was curious to witness. Some of the fish are as wild as Comanches, others perfectly stupid. I found them in the eddies, apparently as stiff as a stake, with little or no perceptible motion to gills or fins, and perhaps asleep, and would tickle their sides roughly with a stick before they would move; but when they did start it was like a flash, and as though they had "just waked up."

The poacher is the bane of the business, and it puts our Commissioners to much trouble and expense to guard our streams properly, or as well as they do. Few wardens get sufficient compensation to put in all their time, even when it is all needed. So the work goes on, the best we can do, and the fish continue to thrive, and are increasing in numbers from year to year, as I can testify after nine years' service on our local streams.

The fact that a dog collar was found by the stream, though indicating that some fisherman's bark had gone to pieces on that shore, is hardly sufficient evidence that six salmon weighing fifty pounds had been taken by the owner in a single night. Nor can any facts be sustained to show that the time is not far distant when not a landlocked salmon will be found in these lakes. The contrary would, I think, receive the unanimous vote of those best able to judge.

Each year more people are getting interested in the matter

of protection, and I can see no reason why our landlocked salmon have not a bright future before them. And may their shadow never be less.

If one goes away and carelessly leaves both ends of a brook open, he should not be too much surprised if he finds that any salmon that he may have left in a certain pool has availed itself of the opportunity to start out on business, in whichever way that may call him, is the moral I drew from the latest sensational chapter on this wily fish.

Nor is it best to be over hasty about arraigning everybody and the cook on "the matter of protection," when there is no law in the State to prevent our *Salmo sebago* from running up or down stream at his own sweet will and pleasure, for you may get left.

NORTH BRIDGETON, ME., DEC. 18, 1884.

JNO. MEAD.

PECULIARITIES OF RAINBOW TROUT.

UNLIKE Eastern trout (*Salvelinus fontinalis*), the McClood River trout of California (*Salmo trutta*) feeds off the bottom of the stream. Their method of looking for food is peculiar and wholly unlike that of their Eastern cousins. Every trout fisherman in the Eastern States has noticed that the speckled *Fontinalis* is always looking upward for food, as if expecting, as he really does, that his food will come from above. He is also generally evenly poised in the water, and sits in it like a well-trimmed ship on a quiet day at sea. The California trout, on the contrary, roams about his watery hunting grounds partly on his side with one eye directed to the bottom. He is quite as dependent, and probably more so, upon the supply of food that is beneath, as for the supply that falls from above or floats on the surface. Consequently he spends as much of his time looking down for food as he does looking up for it. He has another peculiarity also about feeding. When he sees any food on the bottom that looks to him out of place, or has from any cause a suspicious appearance, he wheels past it, and as he passes the suspicious object he strikes it a vigorous blow with his tail and then turns to observe its movements. If there appears to be anything "crooked" about it he will not touch it, and will, after striking it once or twice more, perhaps, with his tail, abandon it altogether. This we have occasion to notice very often on our fishing grounds, because before setting the lines at any particular spot we "salt" the ground for two or three days before, by freely strewn bait about the place where the lines are to be set. When the trout first come up and see the bait—usually salmon eggs—scattered about so lavishly in such an unusual place, they seem to suspect at once that there is something wrong about it, and they knock the eggs about vigorously with their tails, and watch the bait very cautiously and suspiciously, and it often happens that they will repeat this a day or two before they will decide to swallow this unexpected but tempting food; and unless the trout had had their suspicious set at rest by this false and harmless bait, they sometimes could not be persuaded, except with difficulty, to take the real bait in which is concealed the fatal hook.

From this last mentioned peculiarity of the California trout I have been led to think that possibly the speckled trout of the Eastern States has the same end in view when he strikes with his tail the fly-hook that he sees lying on the surface of the water. I do not think that he tries to toss the bait into his mouth with his tail, as was held by some in the much-written about controversy on the subject, but it seems to me that the cautious fish hits the suspicious-looking thing a rap with his tail to see if it is all right. If he thinks it acts as a harmless piece of food on the water ought to act on being rapped, he undoubtedly takes it with his mouth when he feels satisfied that it is safe. On the other hand, if the result confirms his suspicions, he doubtless abandons it, or returns to some sheltered nook to watch it at his leisure.

LIVINGSTON STONE.

FISHING THROUGH THE ICE.

I HAVE too much age on my shoulders and, I hope, too much sense in my head to fish through the ice at any time. If there is sport in it, I am too blind to see it.

Yet, yesterday (Dec. 20) three members of our gun club, three of our best wing-shots, and two or three other citizens, went out on Tanner's Pond and in the Delaware River, near Eagle's Nest, to catch suckers through the ice.

The thermometer was 12° below zero and a northwest gale was blowing fresh and sharp. The ice was clear as crystal and about four or five inches thick.

The *modus operandi* of catching suckers through the ice is novel, if not comfortable. The party cut holes every rod or two, in as straight a line as possible, along the channel. To every hole a man is stationed, with a hook fastened to a stick about three feet long. Men strike the ice above and below these holes heavily with the back of the axe. The jar or the noise, if fish have ears, scare all the fish in the vicinity, and they swim past the holes. Bass dart past the holes so swiftly it would be impossible to hook them. Trout the same, even if they were in season. But the suckers are a lazy fish; they take the scare easy and are captured—hooked out by the hundred without trouble, so far as getting at them is concerned.

But in such a cold snap every drop of water from axe, or hook, or fish freezes when it touches you. In half an hour these fishermen were a sheet of ice from head to foot, but they had a bushel basket full of large white suckers, and felt happy. All but one, "Handsome Ben." He froze his hand, and the probability is he will lose one finger and long be a sufferer.

And this is fishing through the ice as in vogue just now. By and bye, with live bait, the same parties will go for pickerel in deeper waters, and I may talk about that.

NED BUNTLINE.

The Hartford Times reports: The ponds are frozen over and pickerel fishing will be in order within a few days. Several Hartford gentlemen are well prepared for business. A tobacco dealer has several thousand minnows for bait in the cellar of his State street store. Captain Sherman generally has a good supply. A north end gentleman has 10,000 at least in tanks in his cellar, captured out in the Blue Hill road section. The little fish sell at \$1 per hundred usually. Mr. Lane, "Ted" Naedde and several other gentlemen have fine lots of tip-ups of improved models. A well known dentist has had fifty new ones made this winter. Favorite places in this section for pickerel fishing through the ice are Wethersfield Cove, Bolton Reservoir, Snipsie Lake, Shuttle Meadow Lake, Cranberry Pond and Farmington River. Pickerel will not bite on Sundays. Down New London way there is good sport "jigging" frost fish on the Thames. The fisherman uses no bait. He takes a couple of sticks two feet in length. Upon the end of one he ties a cluster of oak leaves

and at the end of the other a sharp hook, making a miniature gaff. He takes his "bushed" stick and puts it down in from eight inches to a foot and a half of water, and begins to oscillate it patiently, and the frost fish come to it. They swim slowly beneath it, rubbing against the leaves, when the "jig" is lowered, and they are jerked out with a suddenness that must astonish the fish. The fish do not seem to get frightened, but continue to swarm beneath the leaves and be "hooked up" as long as the jigger has patience to pull them.

THE MOST KILLING FLY.

Editor Forest and Stream:

"Kokomo" asks, in the FOREST AND STREAM for Dec. 11, what is the best fly at all seasons for trout. I have kept an accurate account for several years of the fly with which I have caught each trout, and I agree with "Kokomo" that the coachman is the fly for the Colorado trout (*Salmo virginalis*). My fishing was done in Colorado and New Mexico. I find the coachman to be by far the best fly at all times of the day and in all weathers. Out of all the trout caught by me in five seasons' fishing (up to date) 53 per cent. were caught by the coachman. The next best fly was the black hackle with peacock body, which caught 14 per cent. (The common black hackle with black body was way down the list, catching only seven-tenths of one per cent.) The list is a long one, as I have tried a vast number of flies and have pushed my inquiries as to flies to what may seem to some anglers the verge of folly; for I have often, when the trout were rising freely to a fly, changed it merely to experiment with another.

In most books on fishing the coachman is recommended for the Eastern brook trout (so-called, as it is not a trout but a charr), *Salvelinus fontinalis*, toward nightfall, and after dark. But I find for the Colorado trout, that it is the best fly at any time of day, morning, noon or evening. We have but few cloudy days in this section. The sun is generally shining, but it never gets too bright for the trout to rise to a coachman. The coachman I refer to is the plain coachman, not the royal.

I use larger flies (No. 8) than "Kokomo," and only two on a cast. The majority of the trout are caught on the stretcher or end fly.

CYRTONYX.

FORT STANTON, NEW MEXICO.

ADIRONDACK FISHING.

OUR reports from different parts of the Adirondacks show that the past season was a very fair one in those parts where there are trout left. In the Brown Tract the trouting was good about the Fulton Chain, and very fair in parts of Raquette, in spite of the black bass. North, the fishing varied much, the St. Regis waters have not yielded many fish for years, the Saranacs gave the usual amount of sport, while the fishing at Meacham improves yearly by reason of the hatching operations of Mr. Fuller and his enforcement of the fish and game laws. The Blue Mountain region shows no sign of improvement, but on the southwest side the trout brooks of Oneida county have furnished as much sport as usual, if not more. The West Canada Creek has given better fishing than in years before. The lakes owned or protected by clubs will always give the members of the club good fishing, for they are protected from unreasonable fishing.

Speaking of trout protection, Gen. R. U. Sherman, of New Hartford, Secretary of the New York State Fishery Commission, said: "The destruction of small trout injures the fishing probably more than any other one thing. Men go into the woods and fish the little brooks, and of course catch nothing but very small trout. These young trout when fried crisp are very palatable, but it takes a hundred or more of them to make a meal for a hungry man. They are, however, about the only ones served at many of the hotels, and when we consider the number thus consumed, it is no wonder that the fishing is not improving very rapidly. There have probably been enough small trout consumed at Trenton Falls alone to stock all the waters of the country."

Of the fishing at the Bisby lakes, General Sherman said: "The fishing last season was better than any previous year since the club took charge of them. Previous to 1877 there were no brook trout in the Bisby lakes, but in that year 5,000 young fry were placed in the waters by the club, and others have been put in every year since. This year 100,000 brook trout spawn were taken from the spawning beds within a few rods of the hatching house. These were put in the troughs, and as soon as the young trout are large enough to take care of themselves they will be returned to the lake." The General says he does not know of a more marked instance of successful hatching and stocking. Only seven or eight years ago there were no trout in the lakes, whereas now there are tons of them.

THE RESTIGOUCHE SALMON CLUB.—The famous Restigouche Salmon Club, whose membership comprises Gen. Chester A. Arthur and many of the eminent fishermen of the country, held a meeting last week, at which the annual reports of the treasurer, superintendent and board of directors were presented. The board of directors reported that in March Messrs. Daniel T. Worden and Oliver K. King, the secretary, visited Fredericton and took a lease for three years of twenty-two miles of the Upper Restigouche, and a lease of the Patapedia Branch for one year. New leases were also taken above and below the club house, the latter controlling the fishing on Willie Belle Island, for terms of three and five years, so that at present there is fishing in that neighborhood for from nine to eleven rods, while the upper waters, including Indian House and Tom's Brook, and exclusive of the Patapedia Branch and Cross Point, will afford angling for from eight to nine rods. The board also reported that Messrs. Sage, Lawrence, Rogers and Drummond had very kindly given the club the use of their waters during the latter half of the past two seasons, and that about fifteen members and guests availed themselves of these privileges during the last summer. The board recommended the purchase of that portion of the Restigouche River in New Brunswick between Toad's Brook and Tom's Brook, including the Kedgwick and Patapedia rivers, which will probably be offered by the New Brunswick Government for sale next spring, if it can be purchased for a reasonable sum. It was announced that a reciprocal arrangement had been made with Sanford Fleming for next year that will allow members of the club to fish in his waters, thus affording additional angling for four additional rods. Steps are now being taken to purchase, if possible, Mr. Drummond's valuable waters at the mouth of the Patapedia with one or two

pools lower down, and if this negotiation is successful the board is of the opinion that there will be waters for angling for all members who visit the river next season. The number of members who visited the club house last season was twenty-six, and the angling guests numbered twenty-two. These killed 322 salmon and 124 grise. During last winter an act was passed by the New Brunswick Legislature, at the request of the club, authorizing the club to hold real estate in that Province. Resolutions were adopted that the directors be authorized to make such purchases of lands and fishing privileges and make such leases as shall, in their opinion, be advantageous to the club, and that the annual assessment be placed at \$250. The following directors were elected for the coming year: Chester A. Arthur, A. Lawrence Mason, John L. Cadwalader, George E. Pollock, Oliver K. King, James C. McAndrew, Wirt Dexter, Henry W. De Forest, William Hall Penfold, Daniel T. Worden. The directors elected the following officers: President, Chester A. Arthur; Vice-President, A. Lawrence Mason; Secretary and Treasurer, Oliver K. King; Executive Committee—John L. Cadwalader, A. Lawrence Mason, George A. Pollock and Henry W. De Forest.

THAT TWENTY-FOUR-POUND TROUT.—Indiana University, Bloomington, Ind., Dec. 22.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Permit me a word in regard to the twenty four-pound trout mentioned by "Knickerbocker." While it is true, as Professor Agassiz is allowed to have said, that there is "nothing to the contrary to show that the brook trout will not grow to the weight of the very heaviest ever claimed," I know of no positive record exceeding the eleven and a half pounds of Mr. Page. There is nothing in the letters published to show that the big trout caught by Mr. Heath at Mount Vernon was a brook trout and not a lake trout or togue. The latter is found in Maine, and often reaches twenty-four pounds. I may also note that your correspondent confuses another fish in his English references. There is nothing much like our brook trout in England; the fish referred to being about as different from ours as a prairie chicken is from a partridge. The great Incho trout lives not in Maine, but only in the Danube. Jerome Van Crowninshield Smith's "Fishes of Massachusetts," ranks as a scientific work much as the "Travels of Baron Munchausen," among treatises on Geography. We will admit the size and edible qualities of the Mount Vernon trout. Now let us have a word as to the species.—**DAVID S. JORDAN.**

INJURIES TO TROUT.—Paterson, N. J., Dec. 23.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In the FOREST AND STREAM issue of Oct. 16, 1884, your correspondent "W. G." asks the following questions: "How much of an injury from a hook will a trout ordinarily recover from? Is a wound in the gills necessarily fatal?" In reply you say that the dry hand touching the trout ever so gently is fatal. Your correspondent "Knickerbocker" states, last week, that many years ago a quantity of brook trout were put back in Kennebec, each furnished with a metal tag showing the weight individually. Some two years after one of these victims of fate was again caught, etc. When fishing I always return to the water such trout that are under weight, thinking that they would again recover, increase in size and multiply, but was sorry to learn that a dry hand is the only hindrance. What are we going to do about the luckless fingerling which gets hooked?—**G. A. M.** [Fishcultivists always wet their hands when either stripping trout or affixing metal tags to them. The removal of the slime from the fish is followed by a fungus growth after a few days, and this is fatal. A clean cut easily heals, but a bruise will not. Hooking is seldom fatal, but the fish should not be handled with dry hands.]

Fishculture.

RE-STOCKING THE ST. LAWRENCE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The question of restocking the St. Lawrence River is one that is deserving of immediate consideration. How shall it be done? With what shall it be done? When we consider the unknown amount of fish annually taken from this, the noblest of North American rivers, which forms one of our most noted summer resorts, we should look forward to some plan of replenishing these waters, not only with black bass, but with such other game fish as are adapted to its waters. Doing away with gels will assist to a certain degree, and throwing back small fish that are taken is, of course, something in the right direction, but the important point is how to keep up a supply for the many thousand visitors of this region. From my observation and experience I feel safe in saying that unless artificial hatching is resorted to and proper protection given to the young during their infant stages, the St. Lawrence River will soon be deprived of its most agreeable feature, devoid of all game fish.

As a rule, the public know little or nothing of artificial propagation. Some may ask, why not allow the fish to hatch themselves, and let the river stock itself. It is not sufficient to supply the coming demand, because the enemies of fish life are numerous. They devour the eggs and young with equal voracity; and in the natural way but a small percent of spawn get vitalized, the sperms being washed away by the current before they have time to enter the spawn, and of the few that receive life, a large portion are destroyed before they have sufficient time to hatch. The time required for hatching ranges from thirty days to three months, according to the temperature of the water and variety of spawn. When the young fry make their appearance they are nearly helpless and a prey to every passing spoiler. They are encumbered with the egg-sack on which they subsist for nearly forty days. At this stage of development every shiner, dace and minnow is his master. Cruelty is the superiority exercised, for mercy does not exist in the watery kingdom. The predacious insects are also on the alert, doubly gratified at his increased size. They attack suddenly by thousands. These are the perils which surround our fish on the way to development. In the natural method they have full scope and free exercise.

Is it astonishing then that not one in five hundred ever reaches a marketable size or attains the dignity of parentage? Moreover, at this point, man steps in with net, hook and spear, making yearly larger demands as the human race increases, extending his machinery as the fish diminish. So the whole system of nature is disarranged. In the above I have given a true illustration of the natural increase of fish, now I will give a correct account of my experience in the artificial method. The first point in pisciculture is to obtain the spawning fish in proper condition. When in a perfectly ripe condition the eggs lie free in the ovaries and may be extruded by a gentle pressure downward, along the sides of the fish. I take the spawn in an earthen dish, or a bright tin pan. The spawn are vitalized by stripping the milk of the males over them. The dish is dipped in water before the operation. No water must be left in the dish, as dry impregnation is

much superior to the old way. On the earlier plan not more than forty per cent. were vitalized, whereas now ninety-five per cent. are capable of producing fish and out of this number I can save nearly ninety per cent. every time. In the natural method not more than one in five hundred spawn, hatch and mature. By the artificial plan and at lowest calculation fully eighty-five per cent. are saved and developed. Here is the gain in pisciculture. It is in the primary stages that the advantages are secured. See the enormous difference in its favor. Yet these are facts, for I speak from a practical knowledge and other good authority. The results indicated above can be obtained with reasonable certainty by fishcultivists who understand their business.

I will now give my ideas and experience with the California mountain trout, which I consider the coming fish for the St. Lawrence River. My reasons for this opinion are briefly these: They will live and thrive in any waters where black bass will live; they grow larger than the black bass; they are very hardy and easy to propagate; they possess better game qualities than any fish of their size; they will rise to the fly or trolling spoon readily; they are not excelled by the brook trout as food; they have mottled rainbow stripes and are perfectly beautiful; they also grow very fast. I have them two years old that are eighteen inches long and will weigh nearly two pounds. They are the fish for our bright running waters, and prefer rather deep water; they will live where water is shallow, but will not grow so large.

I have tested the California trout in vats with black bass, and in every case they stood as high a temperature as the bass and generally the bass would suffer first and jump out of the vat, which most fish will attempt when the temperature gets too high. I have kept them with bass all summer where a brook trout would die in five minutes if compelled to remain in the vat. These are practical tests and there are no doubts about the California mountain trout thriving and increasing if suitable numbers are planted in the St. Lawrence River.

CLAYTON, N. Y.

M. B. HILL.

SALMON CULTURE IN MAINE.

SCHODDIC SALMON EGG CROP OF 1884.

THE work performed at Grand Lake Stream this season has been almost wholly of a routine character. The nets were placed in the stream as usual in September to prevent the escape of the breeding fish from the lake, and late in October the pounds were arranged for capture. The manipulation of the fish began October 31 and was completed November 22. The total catch was 1,179 Schoddic salmon, of which 378 were males and 801 females. The eggs taken from 775 of the latter weighed in the aggregate 773 pounds 3 ounces, and are estimated to count about 1,727,000.

In number of fish taken, in their size and in the fecundity of the females, this season leads 1883. The gain in size of both sexes during the past nine years is extraordinary. In 1875 the average weight of the males was 1.6 lb., and of the females 1.9 lb.; in 1884 it is 4.06 lbs. for the males, and 3.98 lbs. for the females, a gain of 150 per cent. on the part of the males and 110 per cent. on the part of the females. The increase in fecundity is still greater, the yield per fish being 753 eggs in 1875 and 2,228 in 1884, a gain of 196 per cent. Possibly some allowance should be made for the greater waste of eggs that occurred in 1875, the arrangements for prompt capture and manipulation of the fish seeking the spawning grounds being much better now than at that time, but after all such allowances are made the fecundity of the female salmon will still appear to be 175 or 180 per cent. greater than in the early days of these operations. The gain, moreover, has been gradual and almost constant. The increased size of the fish is a fact familiar to the sportsmen who frequent Grand Lake Stream in spring and summer, and has been not a little discussed. The cause of such a phenomenon is not evident. I think it most reasonable to connect it with the food supply. The fish probably grow larger because they are better fed. But why are they better fed? Well, we do not know how this has happened, because we do not know all the essential facts about the food supply, what it consists of, whether any species composing it have become more abundant, whether any competing devourer has become scarcer, etc., but it might come about in such a way as this. If some other predatory fish, the togue, for instance, should by overfishing be thinned out, the small fish upon which they feed would increase, and if the salmon eat the same species they would thus have a larger supply than formerly, and would grow faster. Some maintain the view that the decrease in the numbers of the salmon themselves accounts for the increase in size. While this may possibly be the case, there are some considerations against it. Should the increase of numbers from 1883 to 1884 be maintained in the future, it will be very interesting to observe whether the fish decrease again in size.

Last year some of the lots of fry hatched from the Schoddic eggs in the West and South perished utterly before the alluvial stage was passed, and in other years there have sometimes been at certain stations similar large mortalities in fry from eggs transported long distances, while those hatched at the Grand Lake and other not very distant stations from eggs taken at the same time and subjected to the same treatment have come through without loss. The practice has prevailed for several seasons of developing those eggs to be sent to warmer climates in the comparatively warm water of the main house at Grand Lake Stream, that they might be shipped early enough to secure their hatching and distribution at a favorable date in the spring. This year the entire stock of eggs has been placed in another house which is fed exclusively by water taken from the streams immediately after it leaves the lake. This water is very cold, and the eggs will not be ready to ship so early as usual, but it is hoped that when sent south and west they will hatch healthy fry. Should such be the result, it will add another to the indictments against spring water, though the water used in the main house at Grand Lake Stream is exceptionally aerated, thanks to the favorable location of the house. This house is used for the hatching out and developing of the fry destined for Grand Lake, but in the spring of the year the character of the water is wholly changed by the melting snows and spring rains, which increase its volume many fold and lower its temperature many degrees.

PENOBSCOT SALMON EGG CROP OF 1884.

The large percentage of deaths among the salmon impounded at the Buckport-Orland establishments, which amounted in 1883 to 33 per cent., led to an experiment this season, looking toward a larger inclosure. Eastern River (or Narramissic, the aborigines called it) to which Dead Brook, the site of the main inclosure, is immediately tributary, is a small stream draining perhaps 300 square miles of country. At the head of the tide, at Orland village, is a dam with a lock. Some two miles further up, at Orland Falls, is another dam. The stretch of water between the two dams is quiet and deep, with a muddy bottom, wholly destitute of spawning ground except for a few rods near the falls. The only points of egress for fish are at the lower dam, and at Dead Brook which is commanded by the inclosure. Barriers at the dams, which, owing to the extensive lake surface of the valley would be nearly safe against serious freshets, rendered this basin a tolerably safe inclosure for salmon. At the spawning season it was held they would move up stream in search of spawning ground and would then easily fall into our traps either at the falls or in Dead Brook. With a more extensive range, greater depth of water, and consequently access to lower temperature, it was hoped that a larger proportion of them would survive the summer season. Accordingly 50 salmon were placed here in June. The result answered the anticipations but indifferently. Out of the 50 there were found dead during the summer 6, and 39 were re-

captured in the fall, leaving 5 to be accounted for; total loss 22 per cent. Known to have died 12 per cent. In the Dead Brook inclosure out of 472 inclosed 66 were found dead and 13 were not accounted for. Total loss 17 per cent. Known to have died 14 per cent. The watching over fish in so large an inclosure and the recapture in the fall involved a good deal of work, so that if a second experiment does not give better results the fish will hereafter as heretofore be confined in Dead Brook. The aggregate losses were little more than half as great as in 1883, possibly owing to the smaller size of the fish.

One interesting fact in connection with this experiment was the greater relative number of males among the fish received at the end of the season. It has been a matter of theory that among the salmon caught early, say from April to the middle of June, females were in greater proportion than at a later date, but there has been no opportunity of obtaining data at the establishment until this year. The salmon inclosed at Dead Brook were received between May 21 and July 1; those placed in the river between June 30 and July 5. The survivors of the former were 42 per cent. males, 38 per cent. females. Of the latter 62 per cent. males, 33 per cent. females. These data, it will be seen, strongly confirm the theory which finds its practical application in the purchase of breeding salmon early in the season, so as to secure a large proportion of females. No attempt has ever been made at this establishment to distinguish the sexes at the time of purchasing. They resemble each other so closely that it would be clearly impracticable to do so. All that are caught by the fishermen engaged to furnish salmon are received at the inclosure. Yet it has always turned out that the majority are females, though there is some fluctuation in the proportions. In 1883 there were 78 per cent. females, a very unusual proportion, in fact the greatest in our experience. In 1884 there were but 55 per cent. females, which is less than the usual proportion.

Another observation, which it would have been pleasanter not to have made, was that the salmon were very much smaller than in 1883. In that year they were the largest ever known in the Penobscot River; such was the universal testimony of the fishermen. The average of those bought in for breeders was 15.28 lbs. This year they averaged 12.53 lbs. The latter is about ordinary size for Penobscot salmon, but after the experience of 1883 they seemed very small indeed.

The fish were manipulated between Oct. 27 and Nov. 11. Eggs were taken from 240 female fish and 817 pounds 2 ounces obtained, estimated to count out 1,880,000. This is an average of 7,833 per fish—three and one-half times as many as the landlocked salmon yielded. Another comparison is suggested by the weights recorded. The landlocked eggs count out about 3,234 per pound of eggs, and the sea-going salmon 2,621 per pound—the latter being thus a good deal smaller though the fish is so much larger, two and a half times as large at the spawning season this year.

The stock of eggs have had warmer water for their development than usual, and will be ready for shipment in January probably.

CHAS. G. ATKINS.

THE UNITED STATES WORK IN MICHIGAN.

THE stations of the United States Fish Commission in Michigan, in charge of Mr. Frank N. Clark, are now in full operation. The receipts of eggs at the Northville and Alpena stations thus far this season, in round numbers, are as follows: Whitefish, 150,000,000; lake or salmon trout, 425,000; brook trout, 400,000.

About 50,000,000 of the whitefish were taken from Lake Huron fisheries and placed in the Alpena hatchery, and 100,000,000 from Lake Erie for the Northville house. The brook trout eggs were taken from the breeding stock at the Northville station, and the lake trout from the trout fisheries off Alpena. The latter were forwarded to Northville, as the hatchery at Alpena is equipped only for whitefish work.

On the American side of Lake Huron the catch of whitefish during the spawning season was rather light, owing to the heavy northeast gale which washed the entire west shore from November 4 to 6, and damaged or destroyed a large amount of twine and drove the runs off the coast reefs. On Lake Erie, however, the weather was more favorable, and the catch larger than for several years.

The water used at the Alpena hatchery is drawn from Lake Huron; temperature during the hatching season, from 33 to 35 deg. At Northville the trout eggs are held in spring water varying in temperature during the season from 33 to 44 deg.; and the whitefish eggs are kept in river water of a mean temperature of 34 to 35 deg.

McCLOUD RIVER.

THE heavy blasting operations of the Central Pacific Railroad Company, at the mouth of Pit River, during the summer and fall of 1883, almost entirely prevented the salmon from coming up the McCloud River, which is a tributary of the Pit. One of the results of this was that only one million salmon eggs were taken by the U. S. Fish Commission on the McCloud River that season, against an annual average of eight millions during the preceding ten years. In consequence of this Prof. Baird concluded to intermit the salmon breeding operations on the river this year (1884) and accordingly nothing was done there by the U. S. F. C. in taking salmon eggs.

On the other hand, the trout breeding station four miles further up the river, gave a good account of itself in 1883 and has been kept in uninterrupted operation ever since. The time for taking and distributing the rainbow trout eggs from this station is close at hand, and those desiring to secure any of these eggs should make application at once to Prof. Baird, U. S. Commissioner of Fisheries, at Washington, D. C. The trout will probably begin to deposit their eggs in a week or two, and it is hoped that nearly half a million will be taken.

NEW YORK OYSTER COMMISSION.—The fourth examination of oystermen before Commissioner Eugene G. Blackford, was held in Stevens Hall, Northport, L. I., at 12 o'clock, Dec. 22. The general drift of the testimony given seemed to be in favor of some control of the property by either the State or town in the direction of deeding the land to the oystermen for oyster purposes, and thus making the industry permanent and of more value than under the present irregular system of leasing. It was shown that the oysters in this locality take from three to five years to grow to a marketable size, and, with this time required for the growth of the oysters, an enlarged territory seemed to be necessary in order that the oysterman may have sufficient land to keep them fully occupied. Since it seems necessary to "rotate the crops" more, it is claimed that an oysterman here should have from four to five sections upon which to plant his oysters; one section for the spat, and an additional section for each year's growth up to marketable size. This, then, would necessitate at least ten acres or more, in proportion to the ability of the individual to work his land. The principal points upon which any legislation is desired by the Northport oystermen, besides what has already been mentioned, are, that no natural ground should be leased; that no working shall take place upon the beds from sunset to sunrise, and that there should be a closed season in which no oysters should be taken during the months of August, September and October.

WANTED.—500 black bass for stocking purposes. Address Russell Thayer, Superintendent, Fairmount Park, Philadelphia.—*Adv.*

The Kennel.

FIXTURES. BENCH SHOWS.

Dec. 30, 31 and Jan. 1, 2, 1885.—Bench Show of the Meriden Poultry Association, Meriden, Conn. Joshua Blatte, Secretary.
Jan. 27, 28, 29 and 30.—Annual Bench Show of the New Brunswick Poultry and Pet Stock Association. Mr. H. W. Wisson, Secretary, St. Johns, N. B.
Feb. 1 to 11, 1885.—New York Fanciers' Club, Third Annual Exhibition of non-sporting dogs, poultry and pigeons at Madison Square Garden, Feb. 1 to 11, 1885. Chas. Harker, Secretary, 63 Cortlandt street.
Feb. 10 to 14, 1885.—World's Exposition Bench Show, New Orleans, La. Entries close Jan. 31.
March 18, 19 and 20, 1885.—Second Annual Show of the New Haven Kennel Club. E. S. Porter, Secretary, New Haven, Conn.
April 7 to 10, 1885.—First Annual Bench Show N. E. Kennel Club, Music Hall, Boston. J. A. Nickerson, Secretary, 159A Tremont street.
May 5, 6, 7 and 8, 1885.—Second Annual Bench Show of the Cincinnati Sportsman's Club, Cincinnati, O.

A. K. R.—SPECIAL NOTICE.

THE AMERICAN KENNEL REGISTER, for the registration of pedigrees, etc. (with prize lists of all shows and trials), is published every month. Entries close on the 1st. Should be in early. Entry blanks sent on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope. Registration fee (60 cents) must accompany each entry. No entries inserted unless paid in advance. Yearly subscription \$1.50. Address "American Kennel Register," P. O. Box 2832, New York. Number of entries already printed 1907.

ENGLISH KENNEL NOTES.

XX.

NOTICE that the *Field* takes the same view of the Honley case as I do, not that I think much of its opinion, except when it happens to agree with my own. If a show committee make a rule that all exhibits should be in their places at a certain hour, the rule should be enforced; the penalty is close at hand and it is a sharp one—no admission!

The great mastiff sale that has been awaited by the fancy with such interest, took place at Dr. Forbes Winslow's house on the 20th inst. It was a great event, and I felt bitterly disappointed at not being able to attend. I got the prices the dogs fetched from the *Shooting Times*, which I can again felicitate on its enterprise. One is sure of finding in its columns the very latest news up to the time it goes to press. This is accounted for by the fact that the editor is a man of his business, a journalist. That the prices were not published in the *Live Stock Journal* goes without saying, although the two papers go to press at the same time. I wonder how much longer Messrs. Gilbey & Thornton will be content to have this important department of their journal so slovenly neglected.

I have before mentioned the name of the man who, when he was formerly kennel editor of the *Live Stock Journal*, worked up his department to such a degree of interest that doggy men forgot to renew their subscriptions for other papers. Mr. Vero Shaw, for of course it is of him I am writing, also started a register which, I dare swear, supplied the Kennel Club with some ideas, and they can do with a few.

There are not many kennel organs at all, and we should be glad when we meet at the various shows to be able to discuss news. We are sick of repeating: "There's nothing in the *Live Stock Journal*," but we shall search in vain for news, entertainment or instruction in its pages, so long as they are framed by a man whose dense ignorance of kennel subjects and incompetence to keep pace with the times, prove him pitifully unfit for the post.

A friend of mine has shown me a letter in which the writer gives him a description of the sale and a humorous account of its surroundings. The letter having been put at my service, I prefer to give it intact, omitting names.

My Dear — I did go to Winslow's sale, so I am able to tell you all about it. My going was quite an accident. — called for me on his way, and as he knows everybody and everything that is doggy I thought I should be sure to amuse myself. — seemed sorry for Doctor Winslow, and from the conversation I overheard it seems to me he must have been a pleasant gentleman, and not at all the ogre I have pictured to myself from the newspaper reports. He was everywhere spoken of as a "good fancier." The auction took place in the grounds of the Doctor's private asylum. I couldn't resist a little shudder as I passed through the heavy gates from the road into the garden. A long dreary lawn with some sad-looking tennis courts, and then we came to the kennels where an auctioneer's stand has been improvised with a plank and two garden seats. We are early it seems, and to add to our dismal feeling, it begins to rain. I wish I had gone to the club instead of this. — points out to me some of the men by name as they arrive. "That little chap leaning against the palings" he says, "is Billy Graham; nobody knows how old he is, but he's awfully wise. 'How are you?' he cries, as the little Irishman smiles at us with a curious twinkle in his quick terrier-like eyes. 'Is he a mastiff-man?' I ask. 'No,' replies —. 'I suppose he is attending the sale with some American commissions; but we shall see.' He also points out Dr. Turner and Mr. Thornton, who afterward makes some purchases. Mr. Beaufoy was also there intent on finding a tenant for his vacant kennel. Here comes Mr. Nicholls, called Coaly Nicholls by his pals; that is little Mr. Whittle, a smart man, probably once a gentleman's coachman, then a fox-terrier breeder. He has managed a show or two. His first, — tells me, was at Eastbourne, and then he managed a Crystal Palace for Mr. Stephens, when the latter was honorary manager, which generally means you get the money and t' other chap does the work. Mr. Whittle now calls himself a veterinary surgeon, and I dare say knows a good deal more about the ailments of dogs than those who have a claim to the title; for he has none. Anybody over here can call himself a veterinary surgeon and administer bread pills, but he must not add the letters M. R. C. V. S. to his name—that's the difference. It is, however, no distinction to find old maids who can't be expected to strain their eyes, to catch these letters over the small practitioner's shop. Ladies and gentlemen with their wheezing, overfed pets are the vet's best customers. [If I were writing for English readers I should expect a remonstrance next week from one of the profession for calling his "clients" customers. There are no customers now; the tinker and the tailor and the cat's meat man all speak of their "clients." Of course it isn't English, but 'tis nice," they say. Pardon my interrupting the letter, so close me in with a bracket, Mr. Printer.] Mr. Whittle is probably here on the same errand as Mr. Graham, and their judgments of a dog are about equal. Among other celebrities, I am shown Mr. Lee, the *Field* reporter; Mr. Ralf, the owner of the collie Sly Fox; Mr. Pirie, Mr. Krehl, and Mr. Stephen, the secretary; also Mr. Thomson, the collie judge, besides these, — says among the crowd are a few of the Doctor's harmless patients, but I positively could not distinguish them from the others. The auctioneer now arrives, a Mr. Cook, — says he was on the mastiff inquiry. Mr. Cook makes me savage by keeping us shivering while he doles out commonplace observations prepared for the occasion. He at last puts up the first lot, which is a collie, and not a bad little beast, I thought. In fact, I was on the point of starting him at a sovereign for the fun of the thing, when one of the collie men offered five shillings. That quite crabbled the sale; there was no advance, so poor King Clyde, who seemed to be better known here even than "in Wales," was led away with his tail between his legs,

Buyers seemed a little ashamed of themselves over this, and made up for their neglect by running an Esquimaux, Livingstone Franklin, up to twenty guineas. He is a Crystal Palace first prize winner, so perhaps he was not too dear. The first mastiff put on the board was Lord Byron, breeder and pedigree unknown, but, for all that, the voluble salesman got thirty guineas for him—a first-rate yard dog, nothing more. Bal Gal, a roomy bitch, was meekly disposed of to Mr. Graham, who, as proved later on, secured in her the bargain of the sale; she will realize a thumping big profit on £8 10s. The same buyer also secured a very fair St. Bernard bitch, Viola, by Bonivard, for £4 10s. The brindle Vaga, fetched two guineas, which cannot be its value, as Vaga has won a first prize at Bristol, and "is the dam of several prize winners." Black Peter, a big black and tan dog, found a home at £9 10s. Mr. Thornton bought the next lot, Prussian Princess, and got her cheap for twenty-six guineas. She has won two first prizes, and is by Crown Prince. She is a beautiful bitch and a most worthy daughter of this illustrious sire. I noticed a stiffness in her gait, and the same peculiarity in the next lot, Prussian Prince, which was to me suspiciously like rheumatism. Mr. Beaufoy made a most judicious purchase when he obtained Prussian Prince for £22. He is the fashionable strain, a winner and a proved stock getter; his appearance is thick and he lacks size, but there is tremendous substance about him. The auctioneer grew indifferently eloquent in his points, and assured us he had "legs like bars of iron and hindquarters like a Dutchman's—er, ship!"

Champion Maximilian now offered himself for bidders' competition. This was the biggest dog of the sale, a magnificent animal, though perhaps with less mastiff character than some of the others. He advanced briskly to £65, at which price he was knocked down to—nobody. In fact, I don't think the price was bid. Mr. Cook heard what his inclination told him. There was no other course but to put him up again, on which nothing further could be obtained than £50, at least three bids below the first knock-down. This was unaccountable. Still the buyer, a Mr. Portier, had no reason to rue sticking to his price, for before he quitted the ground he made a "pouy" out of him in selling him to a lady who was faint-hearted during the bidding, but plucked up courage and paid £25 for her indecision. Not a bad day's work for Mr. Portier. I don't think the dog was dear even at his ultimate price of £75. Now we all closed up to see the beau of the fancy. The champion was not in show-fettle, and suffered in size by comparison with the previous lot. Crown Prince was also patched up a bit, and showed a few of the kennel sores that disfigured most of his mates. He was not long in reaching three figures. It was anticipated that he would reach £300, but after a hundred had been offered Mr. Cook had to "talk up" every fiver. A less energetic and able auctioneer would have failed to get even the prices that were realized out of such an apathetic audience. He gradually advanced to £150, and by this time it had become clear that there was one determined bidder who did not mean to be stalled off; this was a Mr. West, said to have come from the United States to take away our monarchic mastiff. It was no use; he would not be shaken off, and at last, after a prolonged delay, the auctioneer knocked Crown Prince off the English showboard at £180. This figure must have caused a pang in Dr. Winslow's breast if the auctioneer's tale is true, that he was once, when crossing the Atlantic, offered £600 for this dog. Several of the onlookers now went home, feeling the interest had been exhausted, but they were under a delusion, for all the fun was to come. Four pups in succession were now put up for sale, and realized respectively amid the astonishment of the bystanders, 10, 20, 35 and 10 guineas each. One buyer secured the lot, and that was the Yankee again, Mr. West. Evidently he had expected to give more for Crown Prince, and so freely expended the difference. The pup that was knocked down at the marvellous price of 35 guineas was certainly a most promising bitch, but it is money indeed for a three months old puppy. They were by Prussian Prince, so Mr. Beaufoy had reason to congratulate himself on owning the sire who thus got the best and cheapest of stud advertisements. But imagine the delight of Mr. Graham, who had bought the dam Bal Gal for £8 10s., 30 shillings less than her cheapest puppy. I should think he would put her again to Prussian Prince. — tells me the Doctor was not on the scene. I can appreciate the feelings that prompted his absence. As soon as it was over I was off. — laughed at my anxiety to get away, and could hardly keep up with me as I hurried down the path, past the ominous house, out of the gates, and into freedom again, but you know what a nervous chap I am, and you have no right to ridicule me after my writing you all this. My fingers ache, so good bye; how's my pup; don't sell it, you know? Write me your opinion of the sale, and tell me how you get on in the North.

Yours truly,

Thank you, Mr. Blank Blank, for a few not inconsequential pages of "copy," if ever Mr. — should disregard your admonition not to "sell your pup," Lilibulero will present you with a Manx kitten, but it will not come to you from its birthplace no ches, Mr. Blank Blank.

I have a few remarks to make on this important sale. Firstly, should any of my readers wish for particulars not published, I have no doubt inquiries will receive polite attention from the auctioneer, Mr. Cook, 1 Adelaide Building, London Bridge, E. C. Mr. Cook being a member of the Mastiff Club, will have more than a professional interest in obliging. Another incident of the sale mentioned to me by a correspondent and not referred to by Mr. Blank Blank, may have added a double excitement to the latter's departure. I am told that the secretary of the Mastiff Club after the sale was over, announced to those present that the Mastiff Club had vacancies for a few more members, and if anybody wanted to join, now was their time, but nobody held up his hand in response to this novel form of touting.

There is so much of his stock in this country that I think the breed will not much miss Crown Prince, but he will be a great acquisition to breeders your side of the pond. For pity's sake please take all the surroundings and belongings with him, take his nose and take his paternity, don't drink the wine and leave us the pigskin.

I should like to know what "the difference" in the price was that Mr. West was prepared to give. Will you oblige Mr. West, it can't do you any harm, you know, now you've got him.

Two well-known dogs have joined the majority; Mr. Dockrell's collie bitch Flurry and Beau, the mastiff, Triumph, Mr. Royle's bloodhound, I am glad to learn, is pulling through.

As another example of the careless editing of the *Live Stock Journal*, I must point to a letter in its columns headed: "An Appeal to the Canine World." This heading, which is editorial, seems to suggest that the subject of the appeal is a friend of the editor, which is not unlikely. He has reason to be proud of his "high connections." The letter relates that "William (better known as Bill) Page, late of Lendenhall Market," is about to leave England, and the writer is most solicitous for Bill's health, and seeks subscriptions to enable him to stop at home. Mr. Ellis, who keeps bulldogs, and lives in the Hackney Road, will probably be disappointed in his philanthropic purpose. My recollection of Bill Page (some six years ago, when I lived in a London suburb) does not fill me with any wish for that person's presence in our midst. Why this interest in a person who, during the honestest period of his life was a dog dealer, and at a later period carried his admiration of another man's dog to an illegal excess. Why should not Mr. Page go abroad? Has he not been before? True, it was not for his health, and though he was not aided by eleemosynary subscriptions, the trip cost him nothing. Her Majesty, Queen Victoria, I think paid his traveling expenses that time. I re-

member when this occurred, some wrong-headed but well-meaning members of the Stock Exchange signed a petition on Page's behalf; but the evidence was too strong for it to have any effect. I also remember that the complainant himself, a coachman, was accounted "no better than he should be," but still that was no reason why Mr. Page should have "conveyed" away his dog. The animal was a rough-coated St. Bernard, named Avalanche, a son of Thor. Mr. Ellis may not be cognizant of these particulars in the career of his protégé, I hope he may discover the imprudence of his advocacy, and atone for his initial error by removing all impediments to Mr. Page's intended cruise in search of "position."

May the proprietors of the *Live Stock Journal* also have their eyes opened to the fact that the man who admits appeals of such a nature in their columns is lowering the tone of their own journal and degrading the character of the press. Lendenhall Market is the haunt of the dog-stealer. When a Londoner loses his dog that is the first spot the detective visits to make his inquiries. It would be repugnant to subscribers to see the *Live Stock Journal* made the organ of Lendenhall Market.

A letter is published this week on "Ordinary Veterinary Surgeons," by which I imagine those who have no right to the name are intended. This letter is signed "F. W. G." but the author is a tomfool. He devotes a whole paragraph to misquotations from Pope. The joke is that "F. W. G." reprimands an opponent for his little learning, and has himself only sufficient to misquote. This is his version of the hackneyed lines,

"* * shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
Whilst largely drinking sobers us again."

Meter is of no consequence to "F. W. G." Leave it alone, "F. W. G.," you'll be in good company. King George "hated boetry and bainting." Meanwhile, here are two more lines from your favorite poet; they seem to fit you:

"The bookish blockhead, ignorantly read,
With loads of learned lumber in his head."

The *Scottish Fancier* has issued a special show (Dundee) number. It gives the origin and history of the undertaking, and portraits of the promoters. If they are likenesses, I trust I may never meet any of them in the dark. It contains also a gushing letter from Mr. H. Wyndham Carter. He seems to be hugely delighted that the committee deliberately broke their rules to oblige him. I wonder if the other exhibitors shared his satisfaction. Altogether the arrangements seem to have met with this gentleman's entire approval, a fact that must have inspired intense relief and gratification. I wonder if Mr. Carter's compliments extend to Scotch printers, because, as he is a man of education, I cannot believe him guilty of *bon camaraderie*.

Bravo, "Wildfowler!" I take your word for it that the St. Bernard Club have secured a club house for themselves, though the news has not been confirmed to me; but bravo to your sentiment. "What a pity it is there should not be a club house for all." I have already expressed my opinion at considerable length in these columns to this same effect.

Our *Stock Keeper* maintains its vivaciousness. Mr. R. Erskine, the Belfast show secretary, seems to be freely advertising himself in its columns. He "trusts there is enough of the gentleman about him," etc., etc. It has to be taken on trust, as neither his manners nor his language can be said to prove it.

In the same paper I read a very sensible letter on worms in puppies. "Old Turk" states that all puppies have worms from their birth, and it is the truth. He advises us to treat for them before the pups are weaned; I agree with him, and I swear by one treatment—Spratt's.

The *Stock Keeper* often does me the honor to quote "Lilibulero's" notes, hence his partiality. The *Stock Keeper* is generally the medium of Mr. Hugh Dalziel's thoughts on dogs and their owners, and as he is the only writer left with any courage or "go" in him, hence my admiration.

Birmingham dog show opened triumphantly yesterday. The committee considerably benched only as many dogs as they could accommodate.

The show was inconveniently crowded in the afternoon with visitors, but Mr. Geo. Beech, the secretary and factotum, did not seem displeased with the crush. It represented half crows.

The dogs were, as usual, judged privately, and whatever exhibitors may think about this custom, the judges themselves certainly prefer it to public performance. It is only a few short-sighted, selfish exhibitors who object, but this opens up a large subject that I prefer to deal with more copiously on another occasion.

This year's success is a renewed popularity due to the committee's wise concession of publishing the names of the judges before the close of entries. There is one desirable step still left to take, and that is registration, on a fair footing to Birmingham. This will be possible when the Kennel Club are prepared to divide the turkeys equally; up till now they have offered Brum the turkey buzzard.

All the old faces were at the hotels and on Monday in the show. It was like old time again, running up against familiar forms at every step. The Southern division of the fancy this time showed up as prominently as the broad-tongued Northerners. I put up at a friend's house a little way out of the town. My friend tells me that he heard from residents in the town that some of the exhibitors enjoyed themselves immeasurably, especially a festive group from the south, who facetiously described themselves as the variety class. These gentlemen appear to have formed the impression that Birmingham stands on the site of an old Saxon city, and so they devoted a whole day to a Schlemmer sort of search for remains of the cakes that were allowed to burn through the carelessness of that king whose thankful subjects surnamed him the Great.

I passed Monday afternoon in the poultry show, where the judging does not seem to have given as much satisfaction as in the dog exhibition. I am, therefore, not ready with any particulars for this letter, but shall send all Wednesday with the dogs to collect materials for my next batch of notes.

With regard to the Wyndham Carter and Kennel Club secretary affair, I hear that the latter brought the objectionable article under the notice of his committee. I don't know what they did in the matter, it does not appear in the account of the meeting. As no public steps have been taken, I presume they did nothing, and if Mr. Stephen is satisfied with that I don't suppose anybody else has a right to complain. This is a form of dignified inaction that seems to be coming in vogue, but if such charges had been printed against me it is not quite the course that would have satisfied LILIBULERO.

Nov. 2, 1884.

P. S. Erratum in Notes No. XVIII.—When writing about the fox-terrier Result, I described him as "that wonderfully luck dog." I have not forgotten that "adverbs modify verbs, adjectives, or other adverbs." The schoolmaster is not abroad. L.

THE CINCINNATI DOG SHOW.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

Will you kindly give notice that the bench show of dogs, to be given under the auspices of this club, is postponed from March 3, 4, 5 and 6, to May 5, 6, 7 and 8, 1885. This is rendered necessary in order to secure a suitable hall. The show will be held in "Power Hall," of the exposition buildings. This hall is one of the best in the country for this purpose. It is on the ground floor and is 92 feet front by about 275 feet deep, centrally located, well lighted and ventilated. This exhibition will, without doubt, be one of the best ever given in this country. Premium list and full details will be published as soon as practicable. C. W. PARIS, Sec'y and Treasurer, CINCINNATI, O., Dec. 27, 1884.

BIRMINGHAM BENCH SHOW.

THE National Dog Show Society held their twenty-fifth annual exhibition of sporting and non-sporting dogs in the Curzon Hall, Birmingham, Dec. 1, 2, 3 and 4, the total entry being 966, which was in our opinion a considerable number over what there is sufficient room for. However, taken altogether, it was as a show one of the most successful ever held, and as usual at Birmingham the management was all that could be desired; in fact the management of Birmingham shows has always been much superior to any other it has been our lot to attend. The quality of the setters, pointers and spaniels were about the best classes of these varieties we have ever seen together, while bull, white, and black and tan terriers made a good show; and Airedales were a good lot, one of which was claimed at £30, a pretty high figure for an Airedale terrier; £300 was refused for the black spaniel dog Solus, and we believe the spaniel bitch Coy changed hands at £120, while Carol, her own sister, was claimed at catalogue price. In collies Mr. Bodington's Matchless, by Rutland, was claimed at £100, certainly a long price for a nine-months puppy.

Bloodhounds as a collection were moderate and few in number, only six in three classes.

In champion deerhounds Mr. Hickman had three entries, Lord of the Isles winning. He was rather light in flesh, but is a good dog, very deep in chest, but short of neck and straight in shoulder. Warwick, first in dogs, a good specimen. Second prize, Corrie II., another good one, a trifle light in color. We think Gunnar, c., ought to have been further up. First in bitches, like the winner in the dog class, was bred by the Rev. G. F. Hodson, and a credit to her breeder, second prize going to Mr. Hickman's Barra, rather fine and leggy. This class was a very large one, but contained a lot of very moderate animals, the majority of which were five-months puppies.

Only one entry in greyhound champion class and it was removed by the veterinary surgeon. Memnon, well-known, won in the open dog class, a black and white coming second, with Cassells, unnoticed, which certainly seemed strange, as he was in grand form and a well-known good one. Acalia won in bitches, Lancashire Witch, c., rather hard lines. Rose Maria, vhc. reserve. This bitch keeps up well, considering the number of puppies she has reared, and no doubt either as a show bitch or a brood bitch, she has few equals. Duchess of Albany was absent.

Beagles, four entries, only two turning up, Abigail winning easy.

Five entries in champion fox-terriers; Brokenhurst Rally once more winning, with Lady Grace vhc. reserve. Rally was looking in his best form, but were it not for Lady Grace being rather short in coat, we don't know one we fancy more, always looking well and such a good one to show herself. Large-sized fox-terriers were a poor lot. Fox-terriers, under 18 pounds weight; first, Raby Nailor, which we have reported on before. We consider Mr. Clarke's Reckoner and Forest ought to have been mentioned here, but what seems strange, Reckoner won first in puppies, and after won special cup for best in show, beating all the dogs in the class where he was unnoticed. He is a good stamp, his appearance being a little interfered with owing to his head being all black. We also think Raby Mixture should have been noticed, as he is one of the best of terriers, bar his head which, when examined closely, is much better than it appears at the first look. In the next class, Meersbrook Model, which in our opinion is one of the best bitches living, won first and cup, closely pressed by Richmond Patchwork, who was looking well. This bitch is heavily marked hound tan in color which, to our mind, does not give her the character derived from a properly-marked black and tan head. Wire-haired fox-terriers moderate. A brindle-marked dog, rather full in cheek, first, and was afterward beaten by the first prize bitch, which we think was not correct. As a class they were very deficient in coat, difficult to find two with the same kind of coat.

Pointers, as usual at Birmingham, a grand display, nevertheless we believe the English setter classes really excelled the pointers. However, we seldom see such a collection of sporting dogs as we do at Birmingham, and we consider the gathering of 1884 the best yet brought together. Champion pointers, four entries, two of which were absent. Graphic, often reported upon, winning, his opponent being too short and thick of head, otherwise a good dog. Open class, dogs, Duke, unnoticed, is a good liver and white, rather fine of bone, but we preferred him to the thick-headed Joe, vhc. Don Pedro was badly shown, but he ought to have been mentioned. Lake, second prize, a very handsome dog, might show more quality in head. Don IX., first, is a dirty lemon ticked dog, which gives him anything but a taking appearance; nevertheless, when he is reckoned up he is certainly a grand made dog, standing on extraordinary feet and legs, with a good skull and well set on ears, but might be better before the eye. We consider, if he was a well-marked liver and white, he would be most difficult to beat. Zeus, vhc., is another good specimen. Large size bitches, Belle of Bow, well-known, a grand bitch, looking her best. Second to Mr. Norris's lemon and white bitch champion Beryl. Small-sized dogs brought out no new ones. Dick, plain in face, Devon Sam, a heavily marked liver and white, came third, and we preferred him to the second prize, Romp, which struck us as being light of body and altogether a plain specimen. Small bitches, Flotsam and Jetsam, two blacks, show quality, and shown in wretched condition. Negress, c., another black. Jenny of Homestay, third, a very nice, sweet little bitch, and certainly a bargain at catalogue price, £10. First, Beau Ideal, we have reported on former occasions, and was improved since we saw her last. Puppies; nothing good in the class; the winner was catalogued at seven guineas and sold. In the class for field trial winners, Bow Bells, looking well, won.

In setters the field trial winners made a show. Eleven entries, no less than ten of which were the property of Mr. Llewellyn, while he was actually the breeder of them all. Count Wind'em was awarded first, which position he was certainly entitled to; while the others were all good dogs and shown in good coat and condition. Count Wind'em also won in the champion class, beating Royal Rock, Novelty and Royalty. In the open dog class the first and second prize winners were good, well-made dogs, rather large of ear and lack character about head. We preferred Mr. Frane's Young Rock to either of the winners, while we considered Mr. Llewellyn's Moss Wind'em equal to any in the class; this dog was heavily marked on one side of the head. However, there was scarcely a dog in the class that did not possess merit enough to win in any ordinary company. The bitches were, as a class, not so good as the dogs, Novel and Novlette, both in wretched condition. Third prize a sweet, pleasant face, good in body, etc., and shown in good coat and condition; if anything, rather heavy in flesh.

In black and tan setters, champions, Czarina won, having no opponent, but good enough to win even in the keenest competition. In open dogs we noticed the judge went in for dogs more of the old type, and selected dogs possessing substance and stronger in head than what we have been in the habit of seeing in Scotland lately—where dogs more of the type of Irish setter (for color) have been winning. Beaumont's appearance was more or less spoiled by his ears being too high on his head, while the second prize winner was broad in skull and as large in the ear as a spaniel. Third, dark in color and wavy in coat. In bitches Weather Beauty won. She was here looking better than when we saw her at Dublin.

In Irish setters Garryvoun won, and as usual in the pink of condition. Bob possesses a good head of the true Palmerston type, but is showing age, and his quarters were always his weak point. Open dog class, Roden, vhc. wants bone, Samuel, second prize, a good, strong, useful dog not possessing enough of quality. King Billy, he, might have been further up; he

is a good color, good head, stands well up on his legs but shown rather thin, which gave him a leggy appearance. Lisimore, the winner, is good in body, feet, legs and coat, but would be improved by being darker in color and ears being set a little lower down. Bitches, Frog, second prize, rather coarse. Wee Kate looking well and won correctly; we reported upon her at Dublin. Setter puppies contained nothing good, nor likely to be heard of again.

In Irish water spaniels, dogs, Young Larry Doolan, second at Dublin, won; and in bitches we preferred the well-known Young Hilda to the winner.

In champion Clumbers, only one entry, and she was looking well for her years. In open class, dogs, we think the vhc., should have been second, and Barney vhc., Physcho being properly first, but his condition was not quite up to the mark. In bitches we consider the winner the worst in the class, bad in head and ears, also color. We consider Hilda, c., and the second prize winner by a long way the best in the class. The Duke of Portland exhibited his Clumbers not for competition. In Sussex and liver-colored spaniels we would have placed Guy first, the winner being bad in eye and expression while the second prize was leggy and very short of coat. Bitches, Brida II. won, the other prizes being withheld for want of competition. She was shown too fat but won easily.

In spaniels, black and other, Wan black Squaw and Solus were again placed equal first. We cannot see how they are equal, as we consider Solus ought to win and especially upon this occasion, for by the same judges they were placed equal first at the Crystal Palace, both dogs looking well, while here Solus was looking better than we ever saw him and Squaw not near her old form. However, we saw £300 refused for Solus. In open class black spaniel dogs all the winners were well known, and we would have placed Royster first, the winner being sour in head and crooked of his legs. Bitches were the best class we have yet seen. The winner is rather strong in head, but for lowness of leg and length of body she is extraordinary. Coy, second, is another good one and might be sweeter in head, however, we believe she changed hands at £130, while her sister Carol, vhc. reserve, was claimed at her catalogue price £36 5s. Of the two we consider the latter about equally as good as the former, being better in head if not so low in leg, as at present we have rather more low-legged spaniels than we have good headed ones. In other colored spaniels equal first were Sir Garnet and Eastern's Bruce, both well known and often reported upon. In bitches the pretty colored Fanciful, also well known, first. Mr. Lort's cup was won by Mr. Jacob's team of seven.

In champion mastiffs only Crown Princess entered. Open dogs, Montgomery, still improving, first; yet he will never be on his legs what we would wish him, and he is certainly too much undershot. King Canute, lame, removed from the show. Bismark, brother to the Prince, ought, in our opinion, either to have been first or second. He is a large, powerful dog, good body and good skull, not so short in face as the winner, but squarer in muzzle and larger, with better quarters. Only one bitch put in an appearance; good body and very plump head.

Champion St. Bernards, three entries, Bayard winning and looking well. Open dogs, not so good as what we see at the Crystal Palace, but yet the winners are well-known good ones. Valentine, first, reported on several times; while the second prize went to his kennel companion, Merchant Prince, who is a large young dog, white, with orange markings. Although he wants the strength and squareness of muzzle possessed by Valentine, he is a dog possessing considerable head qualities. First in bitches, also went to the same kennel, followed by a very moderate lot, the h.c., St. Bride, just as good as either the second or third prize winners. In smooth-coated dogs, the well-known Pedro won easy. Except being a size or two on the small side, Pedro is one of our best. Only a second was awarded in the bitch class.

In Newfoundland dogs, King Bruce, first, is a trifle large of ear, but so good in body, legs, feet, size and coat, in fact such quality all round, that we consider him one of the best going. Courtier, smaller, of more pleasing type, but size and coat was so much in favor of King Bruce we quite endorse the decision. In bitches, champion Lady Mayoress, second prize; we understand the judge withheld first for want of merit, seems strange and her a champion, however, she was certainly much out of coat. In Landseers, Charlemagne had no opponents, he was looking well and fit to win even in good company.

Sheepdogs commenced with Charlemagne taking first in champion class. Then came bob-tailed sheepdogs, the winner being quite too large in ear and wanted character in head. In the bitch class we preferred the unnoticed, Gwendolyn to any in the class. Open class sheepdogs, Time, vhc., black, white and tan, large of his ear. Scotch Laddie, black and white, very little tan, this dog carries a deal of coat, looks the worse of his age, and also seems deaf. We think Glencoe, unnoticed, might have had a card. Rutland, looking well, won. Romulus, vhc. reserve, small red dog, very little white, trifle large of ear. Clover, h.c., might have been further up. Sandy, a good color, color, dark sable, not in good bloom. Charlatan, vhc., too fine. Bob Bruce not quite Mr. Bissell's form; his coat is getting too wavy and open. Bitches: Matchless, by Rutland, won first, but was afterward beaten in the puppy class. However, she was afterward claimed at £100, catalogue price. She is a most beautiful bitch, black and tan in color, good coat, etc., yet we can't see that she can improve, and owing to her age, no doubt she will alter; if so, the question arises, will it be for the better or worse? Matchless was second in puppy class. Bertha second in open bitches and third in puppies, is a grand upstanding young bitch, looking well, and with plenty of room for improvement; in fact, we considered her the best bitch in the show, and expect to see her again. Daisy, a daughter of Eclipse, was successful in winning first in puppies, beating both Matchless and Bertha, first and second in open class. Daisy is a small red bitch, beautiful head and ears, good coat, etc., but shown so fat that she looked more the stamp of a shorthorn than a collie.

In two classes for Dalmatians, only six entries, Mr. Fawdry sending four, and as usual, taking all the money.

Bend Or, without an opponent, was first in champion bulldogs. Open class, first, Rustic King, not quite in the condition he ought to be in, and we consider he was closely pressed by Black Prince, who, although long of his back, is a very good all round dog. Third, white dog, marked face, about the best bodied dog in the class, but falls off before the eyes. Lord Nelson, vhc., often reported upon. Princess Ida, first in bitches, another daughter of Bend Or's, is a good brindle and white, good bone, head, etc., and cheap at her catalogue price, £20, second prize falling to a moderate red bitch with no wrinkle. Monarch III., well known, won in small-sized dogs. White Ridotto, full sister to Rustic King, won in small-sized bitches. The cup for best bulldog in the show was won by Mr. Raper's Rustic King, who we think ought to have stood aside in favor of his father, Bend Or, who in our opinion is still equal to his son, and on this occasion his condition was very much superior.

Bull-terriers were the best classes we have seen for some years. The winners in large-size dogs are well known, and we quite agree with the position of the three first—Cairo, Max Marx and Count. The same may be said of the large-sized bitches. Nevertheless we think Maggie May II. worth more than h.c., and no doubt she is equal all round to the second prize winner, Kettering Maggie, who is decidedly thick and short of face, although her body is really good. Little Victor won well in small-sized dogs, as also did Florence in bitches. The latter is about the best we know, but we would prefer her better before the eye.

Leading Star won once more in a good class of white English terriers. The second prize is also well known, but too fine all over. The winner in the bitch class is a fair good one, and is

sired by the same dog as Florence, winner in small bull-terriers.

In champion black and tan terriers Burke once more beat Wheel of Fortune and Empress. His head, we believe, is better than when we saw him first. The first and second prize dogs in the open class, Ben and Sir Edward, are both sired by him; the former is a clinker, might be better in eye, while the latter is well known. He and Debonair, vhc. and reserve, might be better in shoulders. Very little to choose between first and second prize in bitches; both good ones and well marked. No less than seventeen entries in the small-sized class, first going to a very handsome little bitch, uncropped, who also won the special cup offered by the Black and Tan Terrier's Club. She is very good in marking, good body, legs and feet; might be better below the eyes, in which point the second prize winner beats her, while the latter is not so good in quarters or general make-up.

Skye terriers, prick-eared dogs, first to Kingston Roy, well known, and in the bitch class, Kingston Queen, from the same kennel, won. Scottish Queen being absent. The winner in the drop-eared division was reported upon at Edinburgh, where he was second, and we were not surprised to see him turn up first here or anywhere he may be shown.

In Scotch terriers, Capt. Mackie, as usual, won all before him. No denying his exhibits.

We heard considerable amount of grumbling in the Bedlington classes, and no doubt the judge was heavily handicapped in giving his awards, as we consider this a most difficult dog to judge except where there is plenty of room and a large ring is never to be had at Birmingham.

Fish terriers, very moderate classes, and except in bitches, the quality was not up to what we expect to see at Birmingham. However, the bitch class was remarkable for quality, the three at the head being all well-known good ones, Pretty Lass looking better than we have seen her for a long while.

Yorkshire terriers, Conqueror one more first; second to a small-sized one, the property of Mr. Foster, whose well-known Bradford Hero was vhc. reserve; the latter's color is going away, otherwise he is looking as well as ever.

Only three Pomeranians put in an appearance, two white and a black, the latter winning, and we believe was afterward disqualified for being deaf.

Poodles as a class indifferent, and we noticed most of them changed hands during the show. No entries in Maltese.

Italian greyhounds were a good lot, the winner looking as well as when we saw her first here about five years ago; second, another good one, showing age.

Blenheim spaniels, about the best class of this variety we have seen for years. The winner is a good dog with a very distinct spot and not much markings on body, his eyes are too small, and he might be better in nose. We preferred the second prize, Flossie II., to anything in the class. True, she has no spot, but what a face and skull for a bitch.

King Charles, first to Jumbo II., well-known, Mr. Baggs out of the way this time. The second and third are both good specimens, good coat and color but quite too large.

Smooth-haired toys. We see Sybil entered here in Mr. Swinburn's name and, of course, absent, having died suddenly at Hull, where she was equal first with a Yorkshire. Not much to choose between Dolly and Dinah, first and second here.

In broken-haired toys Lady Bective had no opposition; yet we see the Conqueror entered and marked absent, although he won first in Yorkshires.

We print the principal awards as follows:

BLOODHOUNDS.—CHAMPION—Prize, J. C. Tinker (Duncan).—OPEN—Dogs: 1st, J. Harrison (Dorset). Bitches: 1st, C. Hulton (Helen II.).

DEERHOUNDS.—CHAMPION—1st and Spratt's cup, G. W. Hickman (champion Lord of the Isles).—OPEN—Dogs: 1st, Mrs. A.A. Corder (Warwick); 2d, F. Dugdale (Corrie II.). Bitches: 1st, W. Gordon (Beatrice); 2d, G. W. Hickman (Barra).

GREYHOUNDS.—OPEN—Dogs: 1st, H. P. and P. J. Charles (Memnor); 2d, T. C. (Colonist). Bitches: 1st and brood proprietors' cup, H. P. and P. J. Charles (Acalia); 2d, R. Lloyd (Chancery).

OTTIERHOUNDS.—1st, J. C. Carrick (Danger); 2d, E. H. Wilson (Buglerman).

BEAGLES.—Dogs: No entry. Bitches: Prize, C. H. Beck (Abigail).

FOX-TERRIERS.—SMOOTH.—CHAMPION—Prize, A.H. Clarke (Brokenhurst Rally).—OPEN—EXCEEDING 16LBS.—LARGE SIZE—Dogs: 1st and 2d, and withheld; 3d, J. H. Shore (Whatey Viper).—EXCEEDING 16LBS.—Bitches: 1st, G. C. Edwards-Ker (Ferryhurst Venom); 2d, A. H. Clarke (Becky); 3d, G. Solory (Milkmaid).—NOT EXCEEDING 16LBS.—Dogs: 1st, J. T. Openshaw (Raby Nailor); 2d, Miss A. F. Serrell (Danube); 3d, J. Parkin (Marsden Bitters); 4th, Hill and Ashton (Meersbrook Manager).—NOT EXCEEDING 16LBS.—Bitches: 1st and Hon. T. W. Fitzwilliam's cup, Hill and Ashton (Meersbrook Model); 2d, J. T. Openshaw (Richmond Patchwork); 3d, J. Terry (Belle II.); 4th, A. H. Clarke (Rosebloom).—WIRE-HAIRED—Dogs: 1st, W. Carrick, Jr. (Carlie Bruce); 2d, H. Price (Trafford).—Dogs: 1st, C. H. Mithews (Mack). Bitches: 1st and Lord Dartmouth's collar, E. Powell, Jr. (Finish); 2d, A. F. Moor (Water Lily); 3d, M. P. Lucas (Warwickshire Gipsey); 4th, Carlisle Gipsey).—PUPPIES—1st and Mr. O'Grady's cup, A. H. Clarke (Reckoner); 1st, J. Terry (Alice); equal 2d, I. Everitt (Musa) and J. Terry (Little Biz).

POINTERS.—CHAMPION—Prize and Spratt's cup, E. C. Norrish (champion Graphic).—OPEN—55LBS. AND UPWARD.—Dogs: 1st, Mrs. Graham (Don IX.); 2d and 3d, B. Field (Lake and Young Dick).—50LBS. AND UPWARD.—Bitches: 1st, B. Field (Belle of Bow); 2d and 3d, E. C. Norrish (champion Beryl and Revel III.).—NOT EXCEEDING 55LBS.—Dogs: 1st, B. Field (Dick III.); 2d, B. Lewis (Romp); 3d, J. L. Bullied (Devon Sam).—NOT EXCEEDING 50LBS.—Bitches: 1st, E. C. Norrish (Beau Ideal); 2d, B. Field (Pardon); 3d, T. E. Is and (Jenny of Homestay). Puppies: 1st, W. C. Whiskin (Rake); 2d, R. L. Aslin and H. Bowman (Bunks II.).

FIELD TRIAL WINNERS.—POINTERS—Prize, R. J. L. Price (Bow Bells). SETTERS—Prize and J. H. Whitehouse's cup, R. L. P. Llewellyn (Count Wind'em).

ENGLISH SETTERS.—CHAMPION—Prize, R. L. P. Llewellyn (Count Wind'em). Reserve, J. Shortthorpe (Novelly).—OPEN—Dogs: 1st and 2d, R. B. Jackson (Dingle); 3d, J. F. Fremre (Young Rock). Bitches: 1st, R. L. P. Llewellyn (Dashing Beauty); 2d, J. Shortthorpe (Novelly); 3d, W. Foster (Dimple Daisy, late Dapple Daisy).

GORDON SETTERS.—CHAMPION—Prize, T. Jacobs (champion Czarina).—OPEN—Dogs: 1st, E. L. Parsons (Beaumont); 2d, P. Bullock (Shot); 3d, R. Parnell (Satan). Bitches: 1st, R. Chapman (Heather Beauty); 2d, A. R. C. Richings (Kate XI); 3d, J. Shortthorpe (Nell).

IRISH SETTERS.—CHAMPIONS—Prize, J. G. Giltrap (champion Garryvoun).—OPEN—Dogs: 1st, P. A. Beck (Lismore); 2d, E. S. Snow Samuel, late Carol); 3d, J. Yates (Nob). Bitches: 1st, L. F. Perrin (Wee Kate); 2d, C. Macdonna (Frog); 3d, J. Kennedy (Bella Kate of Omeath). Puppies: 1st, G. Ryall (Young Tam o' Shanter); 2d, J. Shortthorpe (Prince Victor).

RETRIEVERS.—CHAMPION—Prize, J. Kreme (Young King Koffee).—OPEN—CURLY—Dogs: 1st and Spratt's Cup, S. Darbey (champion Wonder); 2d, H. Skipworth (Smiles). Bitches: 1st, withheld; 2d, R. Chapman (champion Black Pearl).—SMOOTH OR WAVY-COATED—Dogs: 1st and 2d, Lord Brock, M. P. (Chelmer and Friday); 3d, Col. C. J. Cotes (Monk). Bitches: 1st, W. Downes (Belle III.); 2d, R. J. L. Price (Ridwlas); 3d, Capt. G. Mouzely (Bramble).

SPANIELS.—IRISH WATER—Dogs: 1st, C. J. Doyle (Young Larry Doolan); 2d, withheld. Bitches: 1st and 2d, G. S. Hockey (Colleen Bawn, late Kate and Young Hilda).—CLUMBERS.—CHAMPION—Prize, R. S. Holford (Ruby).—OPEN—Dogs: 1st, H. P. and P. J. Charles (Barco); 2d, H. P. and P. J. Charles (Barney). Bitches: 1st, C. Allen (Dob); 2d, R. S. Holford (Phyllis).—SUSSEX AND LIVER-COLORED—Dogs: 1st, T. Jacobs (champion Bachelor III); 2d, Holley Brothers (Horatio); 3d, Capt. S. M. Thomas (Guy). Bitches: 1st, J. Partridge (Brida II.); 2d, withheld. —CHAMPIONS: Equal 1st, T. Jacobs (champion Squaw) and J. Royle (Solus).—OPEN—BLACK—Dogs: 1st, J. Jacobs (Newton Abbot Nigger); 2d, H. B. Spurgin (Roysterer); 3d, J. H. Hussey (Lord Bute). Bitches: 1st, R. C. Haworth (Sensation); 2d, H. C. Spurgin (Coy); 3d, A. H. Eastern (Eastern's Busy).—ANY OTHER VARIETY—Dogs: Equal 1st and 2d, A. H. Eastern and T. Jacobs (Eastern's Bruce and Sir Garnet); 3d, T. Jacobs (Newton Abbot Boss). Bitches: 1st and 2d, H. B. Spurgin (Fanciful and Freda); 3d, T. Jacobs (Newton Abbot Lassie). —TEAMS: Prize, T. Jacobs (field spaniels, champion Squaw, Newton Abbot Nigger, Newton Abbot Negress, Newton Abbot Bess, Newton Abbot Boss, Sir Garnet, Newton Abbot Lassie).

DACHSHUNDE.—CHAMPION—Prize, W. E. Litt (Olympian).—OPEN—Dogs: 1st, H. Jones (champion Jabin); 2d, Capt. S. M. Thomas (Boo

dies). *Bitches*: 1st, H. Jones (Grafflin II.); 2d, A. Homfray (Zinnia). Very high com. and reserve, W. E. Litt (Lyra).

BASSET HOUNDS.—*Champion*.—Prize, G. R. Krehl (Pallas II.).—*Open*.—*Dogs*: 1st, F. W. Blain (Bourbon); 2d, G. B. Northcote (Eino). *Bitches*: 1st and 2d, G. R. Krehl (Artemis and Pallas). The Basset Hound Club prize, W. B. Shepard (Yerme).

BOARHOUNDS.—*Dogs*: Prize, F. Friedrichsen (Leo). *Bitches*: Prize, F. Friedrichsen (Lady Whelan).

FOREIGN SPORTING DOGS.—C. Macdonia (Russian wolf hound Czar), Miss E. Bodley (Fynsian wolf hound Bruno), Rev. A. G. Brooke (Russian spaniel Charlie).

MASTIFFS.—*Champion*.—Prize and Spratt's cup, J. Royle (Crown Princess). *Dogs*: 1st, T. W. Allen (Montgomery); 2d, D. L. Buchanan (Spartacus); 3d, J. Shaw (Bismarck). *Bitches*: A. H. Taylor (Hilda II.).

ST. BERNARDS.—*Champion*.—1st and Mr. J. H. Dawes's cup, C. Macdonia (champion Bayard).—*Roughs*.—*Open*.—*Dogs*: 1st and 2d, W. Smith (Valentine and Merchant Prince); 3d, A. Ward (Landgrave). *Bitches*: 1st, S. W. Smith (Duchess of Leeds); 2d, C. E. Shirre (Lady Jane); 3d, Mrs. King-Patten (Lady Wimmeraleigh).—*Smooth*.—*Dogs*: 1st, G. S. Ball (Pedro); 2d, W. Nixon (King Victor). *Bitches*: 1st, withheld; 2d, C. Macdonia (Beulah).

NEWFOUNDLANDS.—*Black*.—*Dogs*: 1st, R. W. Moll (King Bruce); 2d, T. E. Mansfield (champion Courtney). *Bitches*: 2d, T. E. Mansfield (champion Lady Mayoreess). *Other than black*.—*Dogs*: Prize, M. W. Moll (Charlemagne).

SHEEPDOGS.—*Champion*.—Prize and Mayor's cup, J. Bissell (Charlemagne). *Open*.—*English Old-Fashioned Short-Tailed*.—*Dogs*: Prize and Mr. Bagnall's prize, G. O. Edwards (Sir Lucifer). *Bitches*: Prize, R. J. L. Price (Belle of Ranelagh).—*Rough*.—*Dogs*: 1st, A. H. Megson (Rutland); 2d, H. Skipworth (Scotch Laddie); 3d, J. Freme (Sandy); 4th, W. W. Thomson (Prince Charming); 5th, J. Bissell (Dob Bruce). *Bitches*: 1st, S. Boddington (Matchless); 2d, J. and W. H. Charles (Bertha); 3d, E. Collings (Lady Eva); 4th, A. H. Easton (Frisill); 5th, G. H. Mills (Gypsy).—*Smooth*.—*Dogs*: 1st, G. Raper (Rectory); W. Gilbert (Scot). *Bitches*: 1st, S. Boddington (Sweetbread); 2d, Dr. W. A. G. James (Lady Help).—*Puppies*.—*Dogs*: 1st, D. Mitchell (Byron); 2d, Mrs. R. S. Sadler (Bruce); 3d, O. Reeling (Lancashire Hero). *Bitches*: 1st, H. C. White (Daisy); 2d, S. Boddington (Matchless); 3d, J. and W. H. Charles (Bertha).

DALMATIANS.—*Dogs*: 1st and 2d, J. Fawdry (Nelson and Boss). *Bitches*: 1st, J. Fawdry (Treasure); 2d, withheld.

BULLDOGS.—*Champion*.—Prize, J. Henshall (Band Or).—*Open*.—*Exceeding 40lbs.*.—*Dogs*: 1st and Spratt's cup, G. Raper (Rustic King); 2d, C. R. King (Gypsy).—*Smooth*.—*Dogs*: 1st, G. Raper (Rectory); W. Gilbert (Scot). *Bitches*: 1st, S. Boddington (Sweetbread); 2d, Dr. W. A. G. James (Lady Help).—*Puppies*.—*Dogs*: 1st, D. Mitchell (Byron); 2d, Mrs. R. S. Sadler (Bruce); 3d, O. Reeling (Lancashire Hero). *Bitches*: 1st, H. C. White (Daisy); 2d, S. Boddington (Matchless); 3d, J. and W. H. Charles (Bertha).

BULL-TERRIERS.—*Exceeding 25lbs.*.—*Dogs*: 1st, A. George (champion Cairo); 2d, E. C. Haworth (Max Marx).—*Exceeding 20lbs.*.—*Bitches*: 1st, A. George (champion Mistress of the Robes); 2d, W. Wright (Kearney Magpie).—*Not exceeding 25lbs.*.—*Dogs*: 1st, F. Allen (Little Victor); 2d, E. A. Burley (Shrewsbury).—*Not exceeding 20lbs.*.—*Bitches*: 1st, A. George (Florence); 2d, C. F. Copeman (Pearley).

SMOOTH-HAIRED TERRIERS.—*Except black and tan*.—*Dogs*: 1st, C. F. Copeman (Leading Star); 2d, Mrs. M. A. Tougher (North Star); 3d, C. F. Copeman (Lucky Star). *Bitches*: 1st, G. Darby (Puss); 2d, J. Rickards (Mito); 3d, W. Bruton (Floss).

BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS.—*Champion*.—Prize, J. Royle (Burke).—*Exceeding 15lbs.*.—*Dogs*: 1st, J. Royle (Ben); 2d, W. Fenton (Sir Edward). Very high com. and reserve, G. Lodge (Lebanon). *Bitches*: 1st, J. Royle (Florence III.); 2d, F. Steade (Kenwood Queen).—*Not exceeding 15lbs.*.—1st, and Black and Tan Terrier Club prize; G. Lodge (Lustrum Lady); 2d, C. Whitehouse (Witch). Very high com. and reserve, Hill and Ashton (Meersbrook Ross).

SKYE TERRIERS.—*Prize*.—*Dogs*: Prize and silver collar, Rev. T. Nolan (Kingston Roy). *Bitches*: Prize, Rev. T. Nolan (Kingston Queen).—*Other than black and tan*.—*Dogs*: Prize, W. W. Mackie (Strathmore). Very high com. and reserve, H. H. Holmes (Ike). *Bitches*: No competition.

DANDIE DUMMOT TERRIERS.—*Dogs*: 1st, W. A. F. B. Coupland (Border Prince); 2d, Mrs. A. F. G. Tooth (Silver King). *Bitches*: 1st, W. Carrick, Jr. (Alma); 2d, W. E. Easton (Border Queen). Very high com. and reserve, J. Paterson (Zephyr).

BEDLINGTON TERRIERS.—*Champion*.—1st, D. Ross (Clansman).—*Open*.—*Dogs*: 1st and Bedlington Terrier Club Prize, A. N. Dodds (Hairdresser); 2d, J. Cornforth (Sentinel); 3d, D. Paton (Faint of Kilt). *Bitches*: 1st, J. W. A. Foster (Maggie); 2d, J. Cornforth (Violet); 3d, J. Cornforth (Copper).—*Irish*.—*Dogs*: 1st, J. Cornforth (Copper).

IRISH TERRIERS.—*Dogs*: 1st, C. M. Nicholson (Nobbler). *Bitches*: 1st, C. M. Nicholson (Poppy); 2d, W. Graham (Gaily).—*With Uxot Ears*.—*Dogs*: 1st, H. A. Graves (Play Boy). *Bitches*: Prize, A. E. Park (Nell).

AIREDALE OR WATERSIDE TERRIERS.—*Dogs*: 1st, W. Tatham (Fritz); 2d, E. Suckling (Jock). *Bitches*: Prize, W. Tatham (Lancashire Lass, late Lucy).

SCOTCH TERRIERS.—*Hard-haired*.—*Dogs*: Prize, W. W. Mackie (Dundee). *Bitches*: Prize, W. W. Mackie (Glenogry).

YORKSHIRE TERRIERS.—1st, Mrs. M. A. Trougher (champion Conqueror); 2d, Mrs. M. A. Foster (Effie).

POMERANIANS.—1st, J. Hinks (Pride of Germany).

POODLES.—1st, Mrs. C. J. Paget (Brigand); 2d, S. Forbes (Sabot).

PUGS.—*Champion*.—Prize, Mrs. L. Booth (champion Boffin).—*Open*.—*Dogs*: 1st, W. L. Sheffield (champion Singo Stiffles); 2d, Mrs. M. A. Foster (Bradford Ruby); 3d, Mrs. M. A. Trougher (Lord Nelson). *Bitches*: 1st, Mrs. M. A. Foster (Maggie); 2d, J. Drew (Darey); 3d, Mrs. F. W. Topham (Aunt Dina).

ITALIAN GREYHOUNDS.—1st, J. Royle (Bankside Daisy); 2d, G. Wellings (Minnie); 3d, W. Bruce (Bankside Flower).

BLENNIE SPANIELS.—1st, Mrs. L. Booth (Earl of Chester); 2d, Mrs. L. E. Jenkins (Flossie II.); 3d, F. Keelner (Sir Garnet).

KING CHARLES SPANIELS.—1st, W. W. Forder (Jumbo II.); 2d and 3d, Mrs. Finch (Grand Duke and Olivette).

TOY TERRIERS.—*Smooth-coated*.—1st, Mrs. M. A. Foster (Dolly); 2d, Mrs. A. F. G. Tooth (Dinah); 3d, W. N. Last (Prince).—*Broken-haired*.—1st, Mrs. M. A. Foster (Lady Bective).

THE NATIONAL FIELD TRIALS CLUB.

At a meeting of the National American Kennel Club, held on the 8th of December, 1884, in Canton, Miss., Col. Tresevant, vice-president, in the chair, the following resolution was adopted: "Whereas, the National American Kennel Club was formed for the general improvement of all kennel interests as provided in its constitution; and, whereas, a part of the work which came within the province of the National American Kennel Club, when it was formed, has since been successfully carried on by associations formed especially for such purpose; and, whereas, there is no further need for much of the present constitution; Resolved, that its by-laws and constitution be revised to conform to the requirements of a field trial association, and all sections relating to other functions be stricken out, and that the club be known in the future as the National Field Trials Club, and that all members of the National American Kennel Club be recognized as members of the new club."

The following committee was appointed to revise the constitution and by-laws: Maj. J. M. Taylor, P. H. Bryson, Maj. Renfrew, W. B. Gates and F. I. Stone.

The following new members were elected: Dr. Otto Moebes, Rowland, Ala.; T. E. Venable, Atlanta, T. M. Brumby, Marietta, E. S. Gay, T. A. Robinson, Atlanta, Ga.; Chas. Tucker, J. T. Moody and W. A. Dent, Staunton, Tenn.; W. Bedford, Horn Lake, Miss.; Dr. W. A. Strother, Lynchburg, Va.

C. B. Whitford, S. T. Hammond and Maj. Taylor were appointed a committee to draft suitable resolutions on the death of Chas. Lincoln and D. C. Sanborn.

Adjourned to night of the 9th.

The club met again on the night of Dec. 9, 1884, W. B. Gates in the chair.

Report of committee on constitution and by-laws received and adopted. Striking out all matters in the old by-laws and constitution not pertaining to field trials.

Committee on resolutions on death of Messrs. Lincoln and Sanborn granted further time to report.

On motion ordered that 500 copies of the by-laws and field trial rules be printed for the use of the club. Adjourned to Dec. 10.

Club met on night of the 10th, Major Renfrew in the chair.

The following-named gentlemen were elected members: Judge J. M. Thompson, Covington, La.; J. H. Renaud, New Orleans, La.; G. R. Kemp, Canton, Miss.; T. Priestley, Canton, Miss.; Samuel Devine, Canton, Miss.; N. D. Wallace, New Orleans, La.; B. Waters, Lamar, Miss.

Committee on resolutions on death of Messrs. Lincoln and Sanborn reported suitable resolutions, which were ordered to be spread on the record of the club and printed in the sporting papers.

The by-law in regard to the payment of dues was suspended, and the following officers elected: Gen. W. B. Shattuck, Cincinnati, O., President; J. W. Renfrew, Atlanta, Ga., and N. D. Wallace, New Orleans, La., Vice-Presidents; J. K. Renaud, New Orleans, La., Secretary and Treasurer; Executive Committee.—Judge J. M. Thompson, G. R. Kemp, E. S. Gay and P. H. Bryson; Board of Appeals.—Luther Adams, Boston; Patrick Henry, Clarksville, Tenn.; J. M. Taylor, Lexington, Ky.; E. F. Stoddard, Dayton, O., and Dr. Wm. Jarvis, Claremont, N. H.

Resolved, that the Executive Committee be empowered to arrange for suitable and proper grounds on which to hold the next trials to be held on the first Monday in December, 1885, and to arrange the several stakes.

On motion the president was empowered to apply for the admission of this club into the American Kennel Club.

On motion, the thanks of the club was voted Mr. D. Bryson for his faithful service as secretary and treasurer, and to the Madison County Gun Club for the many courtesies extended to this club during its trials.

Resolved, that no member shall be allowed to enter his dogs in the stakes of the field trials who is in arrears to the club for entrance money, unless said arrears are paid, and that no person shall run a dog in these trials unless the entrance money is paid.

Adjourned till Friday night.

At the adjourned meeting on Friday night, a committee was appointed to notify N. Rowe that unless the contract for the publication of the second volume of the American Kennel Club Stud Book be fulfilled in ninety days, that the same shall be considered forfeited, and the committee authorized to let the same to some other party.

The club then adjourned to the first Monday in December, 1885.

SOUTHERN FIELD TRIALS.

THE All-Aged Stake of the Southern Sportsman's Field Trials Association was commenced after lunch on Tuesday. Mr. B. Waters, of Lamar, Miss., had been elected by the handlers on Monday night, to judge in place of Dr. Jarvis, who had not arrived; and Mr. Humphries, another judge appointed by the Association, was taken sick and Mr. R. M. Brown, Jr., of Amherst Court House, Va., was elected by the handlers to judge during his indisposition. There were twenty starters in the All-Aged Stake, seventeen setters and three pointers. The running was as follows:

MEDORA AND COLEMAN'S LONDON.

This brace being called, and London not being present, Mr. H. Fontaine stated that he was authorized to withdraw him from the race, and the heat was awarded to Medora.

BILLY GATES AND BESSIE A.

Billy Gates, handled by H. M. Short, and Bessie A., owned and handled by J. M. Arent, were cast off in a weed and sedge field. Both these dogs ran in the National Field Trials for 1884. They went off at about an even gait as to pace, quartering and ranging, but Bessie A. soon showed that she was not herself. Working into a piece of sedge with scattering oak trees, Bessie pointed, backed by Billy. The birds were flushed to order and Arent killed one which Bessie retrieved. Ordered on Bessie scored a flush, and soon afterward in a thicket Billy Gates scored two points, backed by Bessie. The birds were flushed to order, shot at and missed by Short. We then worked over a large field without finding game and swung round the hill to an old orchard where both dogs commenced making game, but before they located the birds they were flushed and marked down. Moving on over to a fence Billy pointed, backed by Bessie. Short flushed to order and killed the bird, which was indifferently retrieved by Billy. Moving on Billy flushed, and a little further on Bessie pointed indifferently and soon afterward scored a flush. We then worked up to the top of the hill when both dogs made game but the birds were flushed by the judges and handlers before they established a point. They were then ordered up and the heat was awarded to Billy Gates at 3. Down one hour and fifteen minutes.

CLAY AND RESS.

Clay, handled by Mr. McKay, and Ress, a black setter bitch handled by J. M. Arent, were put down at 3:10 in the sedge near some plum bushes, where the birds had been marked down, but they failed to find them and they were flushed by the spectators. In speed and ranging they were about equal but neither showed any style. Ordered on over the hill Ress pointed three birds, which Arent flushed to order and killed one which was retrieved by Ress. We then swung round over the hill, when Clay was found dropped on a point. Ordered on both he and Ress roared for some distance and located the bevy at about the same time; they were marked down in a ditch bordered by thick bull grass and cane. Moving on Clay flushed two birds in quick succession in the tall grass, and a little further on scored a point on a single bird. Working on Ress pointed in cane, the bird was flushed to order and soon afterward she scored another nice point. The bird was flushed, shot at and missed. They were then moved on over the hill and down the branch, when Clay was found dropped on a point. Ress brought up, backed, and then both roared on but failed to locate the birds. They were then ordered up and the heat was awarded to Ress at 4. Down fifty minutes.

ST. ELMO V. AND SPORTSMAN.

St. Elmo V., a black, white and tan setter dog owned by Dr. S. Fleet-Speir, and handled by E. H. Haight, and Sportsman, a black, white and tan setter dog, by Gladstone out of Sue, and handled by Chas. Tucker, and owned by Maj. J. W. Newman, were put down in the open flats near a ditch at 4:10. Crossing the ditch we swung round to the right, when Sportsman dropped to a beautiful point, but in a few minutes broke his point, swung round to the left and put up the birds, and broke in, but stopped to order. Moving up the ditch Sportsman pointed a single bird, and soon afterward both dogs scored a flush. Ordered on, St. Elmo in the hollow pointed a bevy; Sportsman coming up swung over the ditch and pointed the same bevy. They were flushed to order by Haight and one killed which was indifferently retrieved by St. Elmo. Ordered on up the hill, where each dog scored a point. They were then ordered up for the day at 5:10. They were put down again at 9:10 on Wednesday morning, in a large rag weed field. Both went off well, Sportsman taking the lead in pace, style, range and quartering, which advantage he maintained to the end of the heat. A considerable extent of ground was drawn blank when on the edge of the woods St. Elmo pointed a small bevy, which were flushed to order. Then working on toward the branch where the birds had been marked down, Sportsman made a beautiful point on a single bird across a wide ditch. Ordered on St. Elmo flushed a bird between himself and his handler. Moving on up the drain St. Elmo pointed a single bird, which was shot at and missed; he dropped to shot. We then crossed the branch and worked up the hill where both dogs roared but failed to locate the birds. Ordered on St. Elmo pointed a single bird; then working out into a cornfield Sportsman swung round into the sedge and was found on a point. St. Elmo being

ordered up to back; came up on the opposite side of the hedge and pointed. Tucker failed to find the birds, and Haight to order flushed a bevy in front of St. Elmo. Moving on a little further Sportsman pointed a single bird. They were then ordered up and the heat awarded to Sportsman at 9:30. Down in all seventy minutes.

SLOCUM AND PAUL GLADSTONE.

B. Thayer's Gordon setter Slocum, handled by T. M. Aldrich, and Paul Gladstone, handled by Chas. Tucker, were put down at 10 in sedge on some scattered birds. Slocum soon scored a flush and dropped to wing. Moving on in the sedge grass Paul Gladstone pointed and the bird flushed wild before his handler got to him. Moving on Paul false pointed and was backed by Slocum. We then worked on through a cornfield into a thicket, where Paul pointed a bevy. He was held some time for Slocum to come up and back, and the birds ran. He roared on and pointed again, and Slocum coming up, flushed the bevy. We then swung over into an open field, where Paul showed wonderful speed and style, while Slocum potted along in front of his handler. Paul was seen some distance ahead, pointing a bevy near a wire fence, but they flushed wild before the handlers came up. Working on down the fence, Slocum pointed and roared behind his handler for some distance, Aldrich finding and putting up the bevy in front of him, he shot and missed. Ordered on over the fence into the woods, Paul pointed a single bird; Slocum coming up, flushed a bird near the judges. Paul roared on and pointed again; to order the bird was flushed and killed by Tucker and retrieved by Paul. Ordered on, Slocum pointed a single bird in the woods. Paul swung around in the woods and also pointed a bird. Moving on Slocum pointed a bird which Aldrich killed and Slocum retrieved nicely. Soon afterward Paul pointed and Slocum refused to back and was dropped by his handler. The bird ran and Paul roared on and pointed again. The bird was flushed to order. They were then ordered up at 10:32 and the heat was awarded to Paul Gladstone. Down thirty-two minutes.

METEOR AND LADY C.

Lady C., winner of second in the National American Kennel Club Free-for-All, owned and handled by B. M. Stephenson, of La Grange, Tenn., and W. E. Hughes's pointer dog Meteor, handled by H. M. Short, were cast off at 10:50 in a large sedge field; both dogs showed up well, Lady C. rather the faster and more stylish. Considerable ground was drawn blank, and we worked into the woods, where some birds had been scattered, and Lady C. was found dropped on point, but no birds were flushed. Ordered on, Lady C. after reading in nice style for some distance, pointed a lot of chickens near a cabin. Moving on into the field and down a ditch Lady C. pointed a bevy on the side of the ditch in some high grass, backed by Meteor. They were then flushed and marked down near a hedge row. Moving on over the ditch Lady C. pointed and Meteor coming up backed, caught the scent and turned and pointed. Stephenson, to order, flushed and shot, and winged it. Sent to retrieve Lady C. could not find the bird; ordered on Lady C. flushed, and a little further on Meteor flushed. Moving on down the hedge Meteor pointed a single bird and Lady C. backed. Down the hedge Lady C. pointed, then roared on and flushed the bird, broke in and dropped to order. A little further on Meteor pointed, roared on and pointed again. Short to order flushed the bird. Lady C. flushed down wind, and several birds were flushed by the handlers, and the dogs ordered on into a large field which was drawn blank. They were then ordered up at 12:05, and after lunch put down again at 1:20 in sedge field, and worked over to the woods, where Meteor made a wide cast, and was found on a point; before the handlers and judges came up the birds flushed wild. Moving on in the woods, Meteor pointed a single bird, which was flushed to order and killed by Short, and retrieved by Meteor in a very slovenly manner. Ordered on again, Meteor pointed, the bird was flushed to order. Moving on, both dogs were found pointing a large bevy. Working on in the high grass, Lady C. pointed, and her handler ordered her on and she flushed the bird. They were then ordered up at 2:30, while the judges consulted, and were ordered on again at 2:48 and a field drawn blank, and they were again ordered up, and after a few minutes' consultation, ordered on again, and in a short time ordered up, and by consent of the handlers a bird was thrown and shot at, and nicely retrieved by Lady C. They were then ordered up at 3:30, and the heat awarded to Lady C. Down three hours and seven minutes. Mr. Short, on behalf of Mr. Hughes, the owner of Meteor, entered a protest against the decision of the judges.

COUNT RAPIER AND GEN. ARTHUR.

Count Rapier, owned by W. B. Gates, of Memphis, and handled by H. M. Short, and Gen. Arthur, owned by Dr. S. Fleet-Speir, and handled by E. H. Haight, were put down at 3:40 in the woods. Count Rapier ran in the All-Aged Stake of the National American Kennel Club's trials, and Gen. Arthur won first in the Robin Island trials of this year. They both went off well, about equal in speed, style, quartering and ranging. Running on in thick woods Count Rapier pointed and the handlers coming up down wind, flushed the birds before the judges got up, and both shot. A bird was killed and retrieved by Gen. Arthur. Then down the branch Gen. Arthur pointed, backed by Count Rapier; the bird was flushed to order and killed by Haight, and by consent of the handlers was retrieved by Count Rapier. Ordered on, Gen. Arthur pointed and the bird was flushed to order. Moving on, Count Rapier, going around a briar patch, commenced drawing toward Short, who moved in and flushed the birds and shot but missed. Count Rapier steady to shot and wing. Ordered on, Gen. Arthur pointed a single bird and a little further on Count Rapier pointed a single bird. Ordered on, both dogs pointed and roared on, and the handlers flushed two birds. Soon afterward Count Rapier false pointed on the edge of the ditch. Swinging round on the side of the hill in sedge grass, Count Rapier made a beautiful point; Gen. Arthur coming up backed, and ordered on by the handlers Count Rapier held his point and Gen. Arthur roared on and flushed the bird near his handler. Working in on the edge of the woods Count Rapier flushed, and in the edge of a cotton patch Gen. Arthur pointed and Count Rapier backed. Gen. Arthur commenced roading, and Count Rapier roading in front of him flushed the bird, which was killed by Haight and retrieved nicely by Gen. Arthur. Moving on, Gen. Arthur scored a false point; ordered on, Gen. Arthur pointed but roared on. Haight claimed a rabbit. We then moved on over the hill, and the handlers stopped and requested the judges to take up the dogs and decide the heat. Their request was granted, and at 4:05 the heat was awarded to Gen. Arthur. Down twenty-five minutes.

COL. COOL AND RUE.

Col. Cool, who divided third in the Derby, owned by W. B. Gates, and handled by H. M. Short, and Bayard Thayer's lemon and white pointer Rue, handled by T. M. Aldrich, were put down in a sedge field at 4:10 and worked over the hill, when Col. Cool false pointed. Ordered on Col. Cool showed fair speed, style and range while Rue showed poor speed and range but more style than Col. Cool. Crossing the ditch Rue false pointed; ordered on to where some birds had been marked down, Col. Cool pointed, Rue coming up refused to back, roared on and was dropped by her handler, the bird was flushed to order and killed by Short, when Rue broke shot and did not stop till she passed the bird and was stopped by her handler seizing her by the collar, carrying her back and severely whipping her. Col. Cool, to order, retrieved the bird well. They were then ordered up and the heat awarded to Col. Cool at 4:20. Down ten minutes.

RICHMOND AND ST. ELMO IV.

Richmond, a lemon and white pointer, handled by Short, and St. Elmo IV., handled by E. H. Haight, were cast off at

4:25. Both these dogs ran in the National American Kennel Club Free-for-All, and Richmond in the Derby of both trials. Soon after they were put down a severe storm came up, and they were ordered up for the night at 4:30. They were put down again Thursday morning at 11:41 in a sedge field. Considerable ground was worked over, when a bevy was flushed and marked down. The dogs were worked down to where they had settled, when St. Elmo pointed, and the bird was flushed to order. Ordered on, St. Elmo again pointed a single bird which was killed by Haight and retrieved by St. Elmo. Moving on, St. Elmo scored a nice point down wind in some tall grass, and the bird was flushed to order. Working on across the hill and up a ravine, both dogs pointed a bevy, one of which Short shot and killed, and Richmond retrieved it well. Moving on Richmond pointed; the bird was flushed to order and killed, and retrieved by Richmond. Ordered on St. Elmo pointed a single bird. They were then ordered up at 12:50 and the heat was awarded to St. Elmo IV. Down seventy-four minutes.

LILLIAN AND GLADSTONE'S BOY.

P. H. and D. Bryson's black, white and tan setter bitch Lillian, handled by Short, and Dr. G. G. Ware's black, white and tan setter dog Gladstone's Boy, were put down at 1. Lillian was placed in both the Free-for-All and Derby in the National trials, and in the Derby of the Southern trials, dividing third in each case. Gladstone's Boy won the Derby at High Point, N. C., divided third in the Free-for-All at the National trials, and was first in the Derby at the same trials, and was first in the Derby of the Southern trials. They were cast off in the woods, when going down wind Gladstone's Boy flushed a bird, and Lillian also flushed one. Moving on Gladstone's Boy pointed, backed by Lillian. The bird was flushed to order and killed by Tucker and retrieved by Gladstone's Boy. Ordered on Lillian pointed, backed by Glad. Working on both dogs pointed single birds, and one was killed by Short and retrieved by Lillian. Ordered on Lillian pointed a single bird, and a little further on she false pointed, backed by Glad. Working on both dogs scored a point, and soon afterward Lillian false pointed, backed by Glad. Moving on in the edge of the woods Glad pointed a single bird, and soon afterward Lillian pointed a woodcock, which was shot and killed by Short. Ordered on Lillian flushed on the side of the branch in a ditch. They were then ordered up at 2:10 and the heat awarded to Gladstone's Boy. Down one hour and ten minutes. This finished the first series. Following is the summary:

Medora beat London (withdrawn).
Billy Gates beat Bessie A.
Ress beat Clay.
Sportsman beat St. Elmo V.
Paul Gladstone beat Slocum.
Lady C. beat Meteor.
Gen. Arthur beat Count Rapier.
Col. Cool beat Rue.
St. Elmo IV. beat Richmond.
Gladstone's Boy beat Lillian.

Second Series.

MEDORA AND RESS

were put down at 3, and worked over the hill where some birds had been flushed and marked down near a ditch. Ress made game but moved on, and Medora flushed. Working on into a patch of rag weeds both dogs pointed; the birds were flushed to order and one killed by Avert, and retrieved by Ress. Ordered on in the woods, both dogs commenced roading, and Medora roaded to a flush and soon afterward pointed, and a little further on both dogs scored a point. Working on in the woods, Ress false pointed, backed by Medora. Working on, Ress pointed, and the birds were flushed to order. They were then ordered up and the heat awarded to Ress at 3:35. Down thirty-five minutes.

BILLY GATES AND SPORTSMAN

were put down at 3:40 in the woods and worked out into a piece of corn, when Billy Gates made a nice point on a bevy, backed by Sportsman. The birds were shot at and missed. Moving on Sportsman pointed, backed by Billy Gates. Ordered on, in quick succession Sportsman scored two points, and Billy Gates, after some beautiful roading, established a point. The bird was flushed to order. Moving on in woods, both dogs pointed single birds. Short shot and killed a bird over Billy Gates, and to order he retrieved it nicely. Working on in the woods Billy pointed, backed by Sportsman. The bird was flushed to order, but not shot at. We then swung round through a cotton patch to a piece of wood, where Sportsman flushed. Moving on some distance, Billy pointed a bevy, which were flushed after he had roaded past them and pointed another bevy. Ordered on, Billy flushed and soon afterward Sportsman roaded up and pointed a bevy. Working on, Billy Gates scored a point. They were then ordered up at 4:55, and upon consultation that night the judges awarded the heat to Sportsman. Down seventy-five minutes.

LADY C. AND PAUL GLADSTONE.

Friday morning was clear and cold with a fresh breeze from the northeast. We did not get a very early start and it was 9:45 when then dogs were put down. They were cast off in an open field about two miles from town, and worked south. Paul had the legs of the Lady and also ranged the widest. Both went at a clipping gait and beat out a large extent of country without a find, finally at a hedge row along a fence Lady dropped on a point, and a second later Paul, who was further up the fence, also pointed. Stephenson, to order, put up a bevy in front of Lady and scored a miss. We then went to Paul but his bird had run away, he roaded it out, however, and Tucker, to order, flushed and killed it, and Paul retrieved it nicely. We then crossed a branch to where they settled, Lady dropped on point but nothing was found, a little further on she flushed one going down wind. They were then taken round to get the wind and Lady again dropped nicely to a single which Stephenson flushed to order and killed, and Lady retrieved it well. Paul and his handler coming up flushed a bird, and one got up near Lady, but as they were not under judgment these did not count. We then went on and a single bird was flushed by a spectator and marked down. Working the dogs toward it both of them threw their heads in the air and turned back to where it had got up, Lady was called back but Paul went on and made a nice point to the rest of the bevy, and Lady came round and backed him. Tucker, to order, put up the birds and killed one that Paul retrieved. We then turned back to the single bird which Paul pointed, but horses and handlers were close up and the bird would not lie. The dogs were then worked toward the bevy where Paul got in three nice points in quick succession, and Lady made an excusable flush. They were then ordered up just as Paul pinned another one, and the heat was awarded to Paul Gladstone. Down one hour and two minutes. This was a capital heat with scarcely a mistake.

GENERAL ARTHUR AND COLONEL COOL.

This brace was put down at 10:53 and given a spin in the open, and then worked back to where the last brace were taken up. They were nearly equal in speed, although near the finish Col. Cool had a trifle the best of it. None of the last birds were found, except one that was flushed by Haight. We then turned up a branch, and the General pointed where a bird had been marked down in some sedge, but it had run and he failed to find it. A bird was flushed by the handlers, and it settled near a fence, when General dropped on a point to it, and Haight to order flushed and killed it, and General retrieved it nicely. The Colonel then pointed and General backed him, but was not steady, and he was dropped to order. Nothing was found, however, and Colonel scored a false point. The judges flushed a bird some distance behind him, which may have been the one that he pointed, but as he did not read

in that direction, we thought it very doubtful. We then worked over considerable ground without result, except that Colonel pointed where a quail had been eaten by a hawk, and General refused to back, and was dropped to order. Soon after General dropped where a lark had got up. We then went into some woods where General made a nice point to a bevy. Colonel came up but could not see him, and went a few feet in advance of him and also pointed. Short flushed the birds and killed one, but it fell in thick briars and was not retrieved. Following them up, one got up near Haight and his dog, and then Colonel made three flushes in quick succession, although one of them was excusable. They were then ordered up and the heat was awarded to General Arthur. Down fifty minutes. This heat was not very satisfactory, and no brilliant work was done.

ST. ELMO IV. AND GLADSTONE'S BOY.

This brace was put down at 12:12, and given a turn in the open. St. went at a fair rate of speed, but not nearly so fast as his competitor. Turning back, Glad made a wide cast out of sight over a knoll and found a bevy, which he pointed and held until found by his handler. When the judge came up the birds had run, but Glad drew on about thirty yards and again pointed in grand style. Tucker, to order, flushed them and killed one that Glad retrieved. The dogs were then worked toward the birds, and St. found one in a deep gully and pointed it in capital style, and Glad backed him nicely. Haight, to order, flushed and killed the bird, and St. retrieved it in good form. This was a very pretty piece of work. We then worked down to a branch, where Glad flushed one, and then got in a good point to a single, which Tucker flushed to order but did not shoot. Then turning back, both dogs ran through the rest of the scattered bevy, which flushed as the judges came up. Following them up St. made a point to a single, that Haight to order flushed, but did not shoot. Soon after St. again pointed, but nothing was found. We then went into some woods, where Glad made a very stylish point to a large bevy, which ran away from him, but he drew on and located them in capital style. Tucker flushed them to order and missed. They were then ordered up, and the heat was awarded to Gladstone's Boy at 1:04. Down fifty-two minutes. We then went to lunch. This ended the second series, with the following result:

Second Series.

Billy Gates beat Medora.
Ress beat Sportsman.
Paul Gladstone beat Lady C.
General Arthur beat Col. Cool.
Gladstone's Boy beat St. Elmo IV.

Third Series.

RESS AND BILLY GATES.

This brace was put down at 1:44 in a cornfield. Both started off well and were very evenly matched as to speed, Billy having the best of it in style. We beat out a large tract of open field without result until we came to a branch, which Ress crossed and went out of sight. Just then Billy ran up the branch and made a stylish point some distance from a bevy. When we came up Ress was found under the bank pointing the same bevy. The birds were flushed, and both handlers shot. One fell to Short and Avert scored a miss. Billy retrieved the bird nicely. Following them up, Ress made a long point to a single that flushed as the handlers came up. One then got up near Billy. We then crossed the branch and worked toward a part of the bevy which had settled in some tall grass. One flushed near Ress, and then Billy put up one and Ress dropped just as the rest rose. Working toward them, Ress pinned one that Avert to order flushed and killed and Ress retrieved it. She soon had another one fast that Avert, to order, flushed. One or two were then put up by the handlers, and then Ress again pointed a single that was flushed to order. She then scored a false point. Billy then pointed where a hawk had eaten a bird, and soon after he flushed one near a fence that he should have pointed. They were then ordered up, and the heat was awarded to Ress at 2:31. Down forty-seven minutes.

PAUL GLADSTONE AND GENERAL ARTHUR.

This brace were cast off at 2:33 in the open. Paul had the best of it in speed and style. Working down to a thicket, Paul flushed a single bird and stopped to wing, and as the judges came up a part of a scattered bevy got up. Paul went a short distance and made a point to a single that Tucker, to order, flushed and missed, when the rest of the bevy got up singly. We then worked up the run, where General scored a false point. We then crossed a branch and beat out some likely looking ground without result, except that both dogs half pointed and made game two or three times, but nothing was found. Finally Paul pointed a single at the edge of a thicket, and Tucker to order flushed it, but did not shoot. We then beat toward some woods, where Paul was lost, but soon found on point to a bird that Tucker flushed to order and killed, and Paul retrieved it. They were then ordered up, and the heat was awarded to Paul Gladstone. Down fifty-five minutes. This ended the third series, with the following result:

Third Series.

Ress beat Billy Gates.
Paul Gladstone beat General Arthur.
Gladstone's Boy a bye.

Fourth Series.

GLADSTONE'S BOY AND RESS

were cast off in some sedge at 3:36 and worked along a hedge and through a cotton field. Glad had the best of it in speed and range, although Ress put in her best licks and went better than in the previous heats. Working through to some woods, Glad found and pointed a large bevy, and as Ress came up on the other side of the thicket she also pointed the same birds, which were flushed to order. They settled in the woods, Glad was the first to find, pointing a single bird just in front of and facing the horses, which were so close that the bird soon flushed itself. Ress then pointed and Glad backed her nicely. Avert, to order, killed the bird, and Ress retrieved it well. She soon had another one, which flushed as Avert went to her. Both then pointed one that flushed as the handlers came up. Glad then made a good point to a single that Tucker, to order, killed, and Glad retrieved it. Both then pointed where birds had been, but soon went on. Ress then pointed and Glad backed her, but nothing was found. She soon had another point, which Glad honored in fine style. Avert flushed to order, but did not shoot. Ress then pointed another one at the edge of the woods, which was put up to order. We then beat out a thicket, where both dogs challenged, but the handlers were close up, and the birds flushed before the dogs had a chance to locate them. One then got up near each dog, and soon after Ress pointed one that flushed as the handlers came up. Glad then pointed and Ress came up and also pointed the same bird, which was flushed to order. A part of the bevy settled in a cotton field on the bare ground. Glad went there and stopped and half pointed, either at sight or to order, we could not tell which. Ress forged ahead and made a capital point, and Avert, to order, put up the birds. She then went on, and one got up near her. She then turned into the thicket and nailed one in capital style. They were then ordered up at 4:32, and we started for town. In the evening the judges announced that they had awarded the heat to Ress. Down forty-six minutes. This was a rattling good heat, and Ress showed that on single birds she is a very hard one to beat. This ended the fourth series, with the following result:

Fourth Series.

Ress beat Gladstone's Boy.
Paul Gladstone a bye.

FINAL TIE FOR FIRST PRIZE.

RESS AND PAUL GLADSTONE

were put down at 10:00 in a large field of weeds and sedge, and worked over to the woods, where Paul, swinging off at a tremendous pace, pointed a bevy in a thicket, which were flushed to order. Ress coming up, they were ordered on, and both dogs pointed single birds, one of which was shot and killed by Avert and retrieved by Ress. At 10:10 Mr. Avert withdrew Ress, and the heat and first prize was awarded to Paul Gladstone. Down ten minutes.

GLADSTONE'S BOY AND BILLY GATES

were put down at 10:30 to decide which should run with Lady C. for second prize. They were cast off in a sedge field, which was drawn blank, and we worked into the woods, where a large bevy flushed wild, and Glad coming up, pointed where the birds had been put up. A little further on Glad pointed a single bird, and Billy being brought up to back, pointed on the other side of the brush heap. Moving on, both dogs pointed a rabbit. We then swung round into the brush, where Billy pointed a single bird, backed by Glad. Ordered on, Glad pointed, broke in and flushed. Moving on, Glad pointed, backed by Billy. The birds were flushed to order. Moving on, Billy pointed a single bird, backed by Glad, and a little further on Glad pointed, backed by Billy, but moved on as Tucker came up. Soon afterward he pointed, backed by Billy. The bird was flushed to order, shot at and missed. They were then ordered up while the judges consulted as to the rules, and put down again in a large field and worked down to where some birds had been marked down, when Glad pointed in the sedge, backed by Billy. Working on down the ravine, Glad pointed a large bevy and was nicely backed by Billy. They were then ordered up, and the heat was awarded to Gladstone's Boy at 11:55. Down one hour and twenty-five minutes.

FINAL TIE FOR SECOND PRIZE.

GLADSTONE'S BOY AND LADY C.

were next called and put down in a sedge field at 11:45 to decide second prize, when Glad pointed and Lady coming up, also pointed, and the birds were shot at and one killed by Tucker and retrieved by Glad. Moving on, Lady false pointed, backed by Glad. Ordered on, Glad made a beautiful point on the side of a gully in some plum bushes, backed handsomely by Lady. The birds were flushed to order. On a little further, Glad again pointed a single bird, backed by Lady. We then worked on across a ditch and up the hill, where Glad made a sensational point on a lark. Moving on a little further, a bevy flushed at the head of a gully, both dogs being out of sight of the judges. Ordered on to where they had been marked down across the ditch, Glad pointed on the side of the ditch, when several birds flushed wild. On up the ditch Stephenson called a point for Lady, but failed to put up the bird. A little further on Glad pointed a single bird. They were then ordered up, and the heat and second prize was awarded to Gladstone's Boy at 12:10. Down twenty-five minutes.

LADY C. AND BILLY GATES

were then called to contest for third money, and the handlers having agreed to divide, the honors and third prize were equally divided between Lady C. and Billy Gates. This finished the All-Aged Stake.

Following is a complete

SUMMARY.

First Series.

Medora beat London (withdrawn).
Billy Gates beat Bessie A.
Ress beat Clay.
Sportsman beat St. Elmo V.
Paul Gladstone beat Slocum.
Lady C. beat Meteor.
Gen. Arthur beat Count Rapier.
Col. Cool beat Rue.
St. Elmo IV. beat Richmond.
Gladstone's Boy beat Lillian.

Second Series.

Billy Gates beat Medora.
Ress beat Sportsman.
Paul Gladstone beat Lady C.
Gen. Arthur beat Col. Cool.
Gladstone's Boy beat St. Elmo IV.

Third Series.

Ress beat Billy Gates.
Paul Gladstone beat Gen. Arthur.
Gladstone's Boy a bye.

Fourth Series.

Ress beat Gladstone's Boy.
Paul Gladstone a bye.

Final Tie for First Prize.

Paul Gladstone beat Ress (withdrawn) and took first prize.

Ties for Second Prize.

Gladstone's Boy beat Billy Gates.

Final Tie for Second Prize.

Gladstone's Boy beat Lady C., and won second prize.

Final Tie for Third Prize.

Lady C. and Billy Gates divided third prize.

THE AMATEUR STAKE.

There were only two entries in this stake, B. M. Stephenson's Lady C. and Dr. G. G. Ware's Gladstone's Boy. They were handled by their owners, and it was decided by the judges to run them one hour. They were cast off at 1:30 in a large sedge field, and were soon both lost, and Lady was after some little time found by one of the judges on a point. The birds flushed as he came up. Working on into the woods, Lady pointed and the birds flushed wild. Moving on, Glad pointed and the bird was flushed to order, shot at and missed. Moving on, Lady C. pointed, but moved on. Ordered on around the edge of the woods, both dogs pointed in tall sedge grass. To order, Dr. Ware flushed a bird and killed it, and it was handsomely retrieved by Glad. Working on, both dogs, after a beautiful piece of roading, scored a flush each. Working on, Lady pointed, backed by Glad. The bird was flushed by Stephenson and killed, and to order, Lady retrieved it in handsome style. We then swung round across a large field of sedge and weeds, when, near a hedgerow, Lady dropped to a point, backed by Glad. The birds were on the opposite side of the hedge, and the dogs were worked around the hedge, when, after a good deal of roading, several scattered birds got up. We then swung down a ravine and across the hill and up a deep gully. Both dogs disappeared around a plum thicket at the head of the gully, when a large bevy rose, presumably flushed by the dogs. They were worked down to where the birds had settled, when both dogs pointed a bird each. Dr. Ware shot one, which Glad retrieved. The time having expired, they were ordered up, and the heat and Amateur Cup awarded to Lady C. Down one hour. This ended the trials of the Southern Sportsman's Association.

THE NEW YORK FANCIERS CLUB'S SHOW.—The annual exhibition of the New York Faniers Club will be held at Madison Square Garden Feb. 4 to 11. There will be eighteen classes for pet dogs, with prizes of \$10, \$5, and club certificate in each. Dr. George Walton, of Boston, will judge the dogs. Entry blanks may be had by addressing Mr. Chas. Harker, 62 Cortlandt street, New York.

BENCH SHOW ENTRIES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have received numerous letters inquiring as to proper construction of A. K. C. rules 8 and 9, and how to make entries in coming bench shows.

All dogs, of whatever breed, that have won "first prize" in the open class, at the bench shows of any organization now recognized as a member of the American Kennel Club, should be entered in the champion class; dogs having won two first prizes in the champion class, regardless of former competition, should be entered in the extra champion class.

This will properly adjust the status of past winners according to intention of A. K. C.

In future winnings dogs will be advanced strictly in accordance with rules 8 and 9, and no awards will be recognized except those made by members of this Association.

It is desired that all persons making entries will state when and where their entries won first prizes, in open or champion classes, as it will prevent confusion and fix a record for, or against, their entries. Entry blanks should set apart space for this purpose to call attention of all making entries.

J. M. TAYLOR, President A. K. C.

LEXINGTON, Ky., Dec. 25, 1884.

THE HANDLERS' ASSOCIATION.—Canton, Miss., Dec. 16.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The handlers held an informal meeting Dec. 10, at 8 o'clock, for the purpose of organizing a handlers' association for the purpose of supporting, promoting and perpetuating field trials to the extent of the ability of the members; to establish and maintain a strict performance of all contracts between handlers of the Association and dog owners, and also, that it might be known to all members if a handler was unjustly dealt with in connection with dogs by any owner; to establish a uniform and correct method of handling dogs at field trials, the aim being to eliminate all jockeying and erroneous methods; and to promote good fellowship and courteous deportment at all times. The meeting then adjourned until the following night at 8 o'clock. At the appointed time the handlers met and organized with the following membership, namely: N. B. Nesbitt, E. H. Haight, W. F. McKay, H. M. Short, W. A. Ellison, J. M. Aven, J. N. Maclin, W. V. Titus and B. Waters. E. H. Haight was elected President, J. M. Aven Vice-President, and B. Waters Secretary and Treasurer. Executive Committee—H. M. Short, W. A. Ellison, J. N. Maclin, N. B. Nesbitt and W. V. Titus. The organization adopted the name of The National Association of Field Trial Handlers. J. M. Aven, N. B. Nesbitt and B. Waters were appointed a committee to draft a constitution and by-laws, to be submitted at an adjourned meeting of the Association to be held on the following Tuesday. At the time appointed the committee submitted a draft of the constitution and by-laws drawn in accordance with the purposes of the Association, and which, with some alteration and amendment, was accepted. The meeting then adjourned sine die.—RECOIL PAD.

DOG LOST.—On Saturday, Dec. 3, my young setter dog was stolen from me, and I would be glad to have any brother sportsman who may come across him to notify me. He is an Irish setter; color of body, orange or lemon, has white face and breast, all four feet are white, small patch of white on back of neck, end of tail is also tipped with white. The dog is six months old, answers to the name Dan and stands sixteen or seventeen inches high at the shoulders. I bought him through the FOREST AND STREAM and consider this the best medium to find him again, as he has been shipped on the railroad from this point to some other part of the State. Any one knowing of him will please address G. M. TAIT, 61 Sturges avenue, Mansfield, Ohio.

THE NEW ORLEANS DOG SHOW.—*Special dispatch to Forest and Stream.*—On account of the death of Mr. Charles Lincoln, the New Orleans Dog Show has been postponed until Feb. 10. The entries will close Jan. 31.—S. S. McQUEEN.

KENNEL NOTES.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Kennel notes are inserted in this column free of charge. To insure publication of notes, correspondents MUST GIVE the following particulars of each animal:

1. Color.
2. Breed.
3. Sex.
4. Age, or
5. Date of birth, of breeding or of death.
6. Name and residence of owner, buyer or seller.
7. Sire, with his sire and dam.
8. Owner of sire.
9. Dam, with her sire and dam.
10. Owner of dam.

All names must be plainly written. Communication on one side of paper only, and signed with writer's name.

NAMES CLAIMED.

See instructions at head of this column.
Count Winden II. By J. Lewis, Cannonsburg, Pa., for black and white blue belton setter dog, whelped Nov. 3, 1884, by Count Noble out of Nellie.

Count Dick II. By J. Lewis, Cannonsburg, Pa., for black, white and tan setter dog, whelped Nov. 3, 1884, by Count Noble out of Nellie.

Count Rattler. By J. Lewis, Cannonsburg, Pa., for black and white setter dog, whelped Nov. 3, 1884, by Count Noble out of Nellie.

Nellie Bly. By J. Lewis, Cannonsburg, Pa., for black and white setter bitch, whelped Nov. 3, 1884, by Count Noble out of Nellie.

BRED.

See instructions at head of this column.
Althea—Ober. Herbert Flint's (Haverhill, Mass.) black cocker bitch Althea (A. K. R. 842) to the Cummings Cocker Spaniel Kennels' Ober (A. K. R. 855).

Lily—Gulliver. T. W. Mills's bull bitch Lily (Jack—Venus) to his Gulliver (A. K. R. 871), Oct. 27.

Dashing Belle—Glen Rock. E. W. Jester's (St. George's, Del.) English setter bitch Dashing Belle (A. K. R. 814) to his Glen Rock (A. K. R. 1616).

Fawn—Galleard. H. Dain's (Baltimore, Md.) Irish setter bitch Fawn (Elcho—Ereen) to his Galleard (Snap—Vic).

Ohnoa—Otho. E. R. Hearn's (Hermitage Kennels) St. Bernard bitch Ohnoa to Mr. Fred. W. Rothera's champion Otho.

WHEELPS.

See instructions at head of this column.
Gretchen. Mignon Kennels' (Cortland, N. Y.) bitch Gretchen, Oct. 30, 1884, five (four dogs), by Chief (Bob III.—Mignon); the bitch since dead.

Kate. E. Bond's (Lincoln, Neb.) lemon and white setter bitch Kate (Yorki—Daisy), Dec. 2, nine (six dogs), by his Guido (Sweepstakes—Missouri).

SALES.

See instructions at head of this column.
Larrie. Black, tan and white Scotch collie dog (champion Lorne—champion Lassie), by Fred. W. Rothera, Simcoe, Ont., to H. Ward, Cambridge, Eng.

Laura. Black, tan and white Scotch collie bitch (champion Lorne—champion Lassie), by Fred. W. Rothera, Simcoe, Ont., to Mr. Cowdry, Regina, Northwest Territory.

Dumps. Apricot fawn, black points, pug dog, whelped Sept. 17, 1884 (Treasure—Pudgie), by Geo. W. Dixon, Worcester, Mass., to Geo. Sutton, same place.

Smut II. Stone fawn, black points, pug dog, whelped Sept. 17, 1884 (Treasure—Pudgie), by Geo. W. Dixon, Worcester, Mass., to W. H. Grisdel, same place.

Betena. Stone fawn, black points, pug bitch, whelped Oct. 5, 1884 (champion Treasure—imported Toodles), by Geo. W. Dixon, Worcester, Mass., to Miss May Schofield, same place.

Gloss. Black field spaniel dog (Bub—Jenny), by the Mignon Kennels, Cortland, N. Y., to F. Hotchkiss, New Haven, Conn.

Chisp. Black and white ticked spaniel dog, whelped April 13, 1884 (Bob III.—Mignon), by the Mignon Kennels, Cortland, N. Y., to Miss B. Gardner, New Haven, Conn.

Gretchen II. Spaniel bitch, whelped April 16, 1884 (Gloss—Gretchen), by the Mignon Kennels, Cortland, N. Y., to F. H. Howe, New Haven, Conn.

Maud. Black cocker spaniel bitch, whelped Aug. 16, 1884 (Gloss—Gretchen), by the Mignon Kennels, Cortland, N. Y., to W. J. Rainey, Cleveland, O.

Pat. Liver cocker spaniel, whelped April 16, 1884 (Gloss—Gretchen), by the Mignon Kennels, Cortland, N. Y., to S. Bullard, same place.

Dash III., Jr. Black and white English setter dog (Dash III.—Roberto Laverack, A. K. R. 1071), by Dr. J. R. Housel, Watsontown, Pa., to Fred. W. Scholcraft, Myr, Dr. J. R. Housel, Watsontown, Pa.

Wilson's Don. Black and white English setter dog, whelped July 21, 1884 (Dash III.—Roberto Laverack, A. K. R. 1081), by Dr. J. R. Housel, Watsontown, Pa., to Thos. Blyth, Peale, Pa.

Tipton—Gyp whelps. Red Irish setters, dog and bitch, whelped July 21, 1884 (Tipton, A. K. R. 1058—Gyp), by Dr. J. R. Housel, Watsontown, Pa., to E. C. Payne, Beechwood, Pa., and bitch to Thos. Blyth, Peale, Pa.

WORMS IN DOGS.—One dose a cure. "Scalford, near Melton Mowbray, Jan. 7, 1872. Keeping as I do so many valuable mastiffs—probably as many as any breeder in England—I have used Naldirre's Powders, and consider them an effectual, speedy, and safe remedy for dogs." W. B. Waxes. "Naldirre's Worm Expellers, the great British remedy, are sold by McKesson & Robbins, 91 Fulton street, New York. Price \$1. Manufacturers: Wright & Holdsworth, 3 Spur street, London, England.—Adv.

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

REVOLVER SHOOTING.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I am glad that "Thirty-two Short" brings up the subject, and agree with him, and wait and long for the proper weapon. I would not use a heavier cartridge than the .32 short, but find all .22 and .32 revolvers which I had the chance to shoot, much too short in the barrel, and the .38 caliber too light.

Editor Forest and Stream:
The letter of "Thirty-two Short," in your issue of Dec. 13, in regard to revolver target shooting, meets my views exactly. Nearly all whom I know agree in saying that accurate shooting cannot be done with the revolvers generally made. I have experimented some with pistols and find the difficulty to lie in the excessive amount of the powder charge in connection with the lightness of the weapon and the uncomfortable handles. As to whether rim or center fire cartridge is best I have not knowledge enough to express an opinion, but if the manufacturers continue to use as much powder as they have heretofore done I would advocate center fire, as then one could load to suit his individual taste.

There are many men who are good shots with a gallery pistol, but few of them can do work with a revolver which is at all satisfactory to him. The reason of this is, I think, correctly stated by "Thirty-two Short." He says that "the pistol should weigh at least 16 ounces." In that opinion I differ. A pistol with 4½ or 5-inch barrel and a handle of sufficient size should, in my estimation, weigh not less than a pound and a half. This may seem heavy to those who are accustomed to carry a pistol for protection, but they rarely if ever shoot a pistol, and in a civilized land this matter of weight as to revolvers for target use won't trouble them any. Like "Thirty-two Short" I should be pleased if any of your readers would give us their views about this, whether they agree in what has been said or not.

SCHENECTADY, N. Y., Dec. 19.

EVERETT SMITH.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your issue of Dec. 18 there appears a communication from "32 Short" in reference to a revolver best adapted to target shooting, and as I have owned some forty odd revolvers, I could not withstand the temptation to say a word.

I fully agree with "32 Short" that, as yet, there is no perfect revolver made. The hammer on the Smith & Wesson being of such a shape that it is liable to slip through the fingers in cocking the arm, and the extractor is too complicated; but for workmanship and general set up, as well as for accuracy, it is perfect. I have taken the hammer off a catbird at 32 measured feet with a .32-cal. Smith & Wesson.

In regard to the Colt, would say that I think the rear sight, as now made, is a very objectionable feature, it being nothing more than a groove cut in the top strap over the cylinder, and through which it is difficult to catch a clear sight.

I think if the Colt Company would make a rear sight similar to the Smith & Wesson, and make the revolver to take the same kind of ammunition as the .32-cal. center-fire Smith & Wesson, with a 4-inch barrel and extractor, it would be nearly perfect.

In regard to the .32 short rim-fire cartridge, advocated by your worthy correspondent, allow me to say that I most emphatically disagree with him. I think a rim-fire cartridge, of whatever caliber, is a delusion and a snare, and is only a shade better than loose powder and ball. The charge of powder in a rim-fire cartridge is so heavy that several grains, which would make a very appreciable difference in the shooting, to say nothing of the vexation of spirit when, as is often the case, they miss fire.

They are so exceedingly bad that a shooting gallery in this city which has several thousand on hand will not use them, and offered them for sale at a very low price.

Surely "32 Short" makes a grave mistake when he asserts that there is no more power in a .32 long than in a short, on account of the unburned powder. I thought that that theory had been exploded long ago.

Allow me to suggest to Mr. "32 Short" that he take a long and short cartridge and fire them from the same arm, and he will find that there is a very considerable difference in the penetration in favor of the longer cartridge, though may be it will be at the expense of accuracy; at least such has been my experience.

I do not see how the .32 Smith & Wesson can be improved upon very much. The charge of powder can hardly be called excessive, as it is about 8 or 10 grains, as nearly as I can remember, and they are very sure fires. If they were fired over 2,000, and as yet have not had a miss fire, and if they had been rim fire they would have averaged five or ten miss fires to the hundred.

No, surely we don't want to go back but forward. If "32 Short" will take the trouble to compare the prices of the center and rim fire he will find that there is comparatively little difference in the price, which to my mind is more than counterbalanced by the superiority of accuracy; at least such has been my experience.

I hope to hear from others who are better informed on the subject than I.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 22.

CENTER FIRE.

WESTERN RIFLE RANGES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

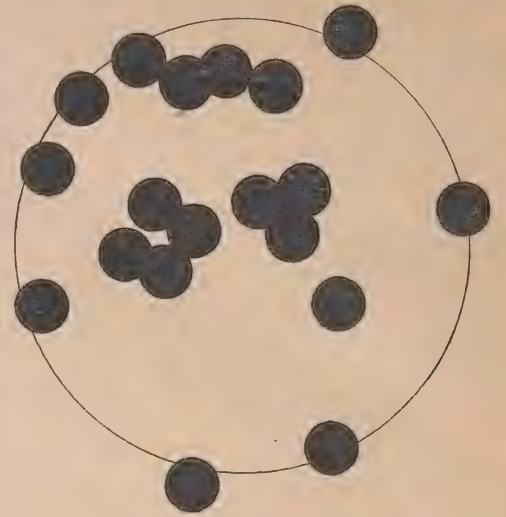
Referring to your recent editorial in regard to covered ranges, and the remarks of correspondents from the East, the question naturally suggests itself: Why is there not more interest taken in long-range shooting here in the West, where no such trouble exists? Ranges can be had in almost any locality. I do not refer to California or Nevada, for in both of those States a lively interest is taken, and each year the interstate militia match is shot, and they are the only States represented in the competition for the "Pacific Coast Trophy." The result has been the bringing out of some of the best, if not the best military shots of the United States, especially at 200 and 500 yds. In Oregon they have several military companies, but target practice is neglected, and no shots of any note in the State. One club exists in Portland, Oregon, among which are a few good shots, the range being poor. In this Territory not a single rifle club exists, and I doubt if a long-range match ever took place in the Territory (I except, of course, the regular army practice at military posts). Here, where every third man is the owner of a rifle, no effort is made to establish clubs and ranges. The old story of our grandfathers is still in vogue, viz.: 40 to 50 yds. off-hand, or 60 with a rest; or some V-shaped mark, no rules or regulations to govern.

Taking into consideration the interest taken all over the East and in California and Nevada in the international matches, etc., why is it not so here, where the mild climate permits of practice nearly all the year round, where no high winds prevail, where ranges can be had anywhere with but little trouble? This place with a population of over 6,000 cannot claim a shooting club of any kind, yet nearly every one shoots. Seattle, with a population of over 7,000, has I believe one shooting club, but no rifle club. I sincerely hope that it will be taken up this winter, ranges established, and by next fall our local military companies be able to send a team to San Francisco to compete in the Pacific Coast interstate match. Oregon with four or five companies should certainly be able to do so. Game is abundant here, deer, bear, elk, grouse, pheasants, ducks are in abundance, and perhaps herein lies the secret of the non-establishment of shooting clubs and ranges. Those who have a few days to spare occupy the time in hunting, still they should not neglect it, especially the militia, who should remember that rifle practice is perhaps of more importance than drilling. Should any of your readers in this Territory care to read this I hope it may have the desired effect. The writer has tried repeatedly to establish a shooting or rifle club, but without success. Perhaps coming through your valuable and influential journal more attention will be paid to the matter.

NEW TACOMA, W. T.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

WORCESTER, Mass., Nov. 25.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I send herewith a copy of a target, which, should you transfer it to your columns, might awaken a passing interest in some of your readers. So far as I know it is equal to the best reported scores made under the same conditions. As an elderly man's contribution to the inspiration of young marksmen, let it pass for what it is worth.—J. J. F.



Shot by J. J. Putnam, Worcester, Mass., Nov. 22, 1884. Whole number of shots fired 19, from rest, 200 yds. Remington-Heppburn rifle, .40 cal. 50 grains powder, 330-grain bullet, actual diameter of bullet 53 grs.

SARATOGA SPRINGS.—Dec. 22. The Saratoga Rifle Club is this winter in a better condition, both as regards numbers and money matters. There are about twenty active members and total membership of about thirty-five including honorary members. We have pleasant club rooms, with a range ninety feet long, also billiard and card rooms. Two shoots were held last week, but the attendance was small, chiefly on account of the bad weather. On Wednesday the wind blew a gale, and the snow storm at times made the target invisible. On Saturday the conditions were more favorable, and good scores were made. The Massachusetts target was used, distance 200 yds., off-hand. The following are the highest scores of each competitor for the week:

T Davis.....	12 11 10 11 12 13 12 9 9 10—100
Re-entry.....	12 11 11 11 10 12 12 9 9 10—107
F A White.....	8 9 12 11 12 12 11 12 10 10—106
Re-entry.....	11 9 12 10 10 11 11 10 12 10—104
H Wellington.....	10 10 8 11 9 11 11 10 10 10—101
Re-entry.....	11 8 10 11 10 11 9 9 11 11—101
W H Gibbs.....	10 9 12 9 10 10 8 12 11 10—101
Re-entry.....	10 12 9 12 9 9 11 9 9 10—100
A F Mitchell.....	10 11 11 8 11 9 9 9 10—97
I D Roads.....	9 9 9 9 9 10 10 11 8—92

WORCESTER, Mass., Dec. 25.—The series of matches at Pine Grove Range ended to-day with the following results:

Credmoor.	
C A Allen.....	32 31 33—96
J N Freeman.....	29 32 29—90
I C B Smith.....	32 32—90
T Leighton.....	31 31 31—93
R B French.....	32 32 32—96
S C Clark.....	31 31—94
A L Rice.....	33 32 33—98
M Carter.....	32 32 29—93
A C White.....	34 31 34—102
American Decima.	
A C White.....	34 63—103
I C B Smith.....	49 62—165
A L Rice.....	50 52—163

SPRINGFIELD, Mass., Dec. 13.—The shooting at the Lake Lookout range to-day showed some excellent work. The contest for the bronze plaque was waged by members who have joined the Rod and Gun Rifle Club since September, and had not previously been used to rifle shooting. George E. Day was the winner, the scores being as follows, 60 is the possible score:

George E Day.....	12 10 11 11 5—49
John Neeson.....	9 10 9 8 7—43
S H Hindley.....	10 9 9 12 10—47
James Fisher.....	6 5 11 10 6—38
T T Wright.....	9 8 7 10—44
W E Morse.....	10 0 2 2 7—21

Only four entered for the first-class marksmen's record match which, after a close contest between Talbot and Knox, was won by the former with a score of 100 out of a possible 120, as follows:

Z C Talbot.....	11 10 10 9 9 12 11 12 11—106
S W Knox.....	10 10 10 12 11 8 11 9 11 12—105
Geo E Day.....	12 10 11 5 11 9 10 10—87
S K Hindley.....	6 10 9 12 15 5 9 8 6 7—92

A sweepstake match, 5 shots each, for 4 money prizes, was won by Lieut. Henry McDonald, with the score of 46 out of a possible 50, using a Springfield rifle.

WORCESTER, Mass., Dec. 11.—The following scores were made by the members of the Rifle Club at the Pine Grove range to-day, Credmoor target:

A C Brown.....	55 45 55—31
T Leighton.....	54 54 45—31
A L Rice.....	45 55 35—32
C A Allen.....	54 45 45—31
S Clark.....	54 45 45—31
A Mills.....	55 45 45—39

The Sportsmen's Club will probably be represented in the great trap-shooting tournament at New Orleans in connection with the fair.

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 21.—The final shoot of the year of the California Schutzen Club took place at the park at Alameda to-day. The competition was for the five class prizes, valued at \$125. The champion prize was won by Philo Jacoby with 430 rings, A. Stretcher following close with 415. The first class was won by T. Freeze, with 385 rings; second class, by M. Krahman, 370 rings; third, George Helm, Jr., 440 rings; fourth, O. Bremer, 345. The shooting of all the members of the club was excellent, and, notwithstanding the rain, the attendance was large.

BOSTON, Dec. 27.—There was a very good attendance of riflemen at Walnut Hill to-day and some good scores were made. The day was a fine one for shooting, the sun standing out prominently in the gray light and the wind not being troublesome. During the day one of the gentlemen had the misfortune to get his cleaning rod, a small, wooden hickory stick, about one-third of an inch in diameter and about thirty inches long, fouled in the barrel of his gun. Mr. J. Francis, an experienced shooter, took the gun, and putting in a shell containing about fifteen grains of powder, took aim at a spruce post, two and a half inches square, discharged the gun, and the rod was sent through the post and projected at least six inches on the other side, where it now remains. The best scores of the day are given below:

Credmoor Practice Match (possible 50, 200 yds.).—A. J. Kempton 44, H. A. Lewis 38, S. W. Hall 38.

Decima Match (possible 100, 200 yds.).—R. Reed 73, E. B. Souther 71, T. Barton 70, J. Haynes 70, G. Marshall 69, J. Kinsman 63.

Rest Match (possible 100, 200 yds.).—H. Cushing 96, C. Andrews 95, G. T. Peck 94, S. Wilder 91, H. Compton 91, S. Sylvester 91, C. T. Boutwell 91, J. Burd 91, A. Knowlton 89, E. Knowles 84, E. B. Souther 82.

CHRISTMAS SHOOTING.

LAWRENCE, Mass.—The prize shoot of the Lawrence Rifle Club was held at the range in Riverside Grove, and was well attended. Two matches were open, a military match for members of the local militia, divided into three classes, and a Credmoor handicap match, open to all comers. The weather was clear and cold with a strong wind blowing across the range, and this, together with the dazzling light caused by the snow, made high scores very difficult to obtain. A total of 106 entries were made in both matches.

The matches were shot at 200 yds., five shots. In the military match three scores were shot to count as one: while in the Credmoor match four scores were necessary. Competitors in the military match were divided into three classes, according to scores previously made, and one prize was offered to each class. They were won as follows: First class—M. W. Daulton.....21 21 21—63
Second class—L. N. Duceyney.....19 19 19—57
Third class—H. B. Dennett.....15 15 15—45
The Credmoor match was open to all comers, with any rifle. There was considerable competition in this match, and the following were the best scores made, the first four being prize winners:

precipitous. But the change came before morning. It blew a living gale from N. W.; the rain fell in torrents. I never saw more vivid flashes of lightning, and the thunder shook the entire earth. After a time the rain ceased, the wind increased, and it became very cold. My friend had been standing in a corner, knee-deep in water, wet to the skin, and covered to the eyes in salt hay. He had not spoken a word since we entered the shanty. He was asleep. At last the water began to subside, the wind lulled somewhat, and best of all, day began to break. Ho for the yacht, Ye ho, ye-ho. It was a hard pull and troublesome to keep the shifts free. Arrived on board at 9:30 A. M. Home, decked the whole vessel, and the crew, and her best before. I have been in some pretty severe storms, fought the ice and been cut through, have passed the night in salt marshes before, but I shall ever remember this night as the most appalling of all my experience. And yet my friend calls it a most delightful event. We have had two Sundays in succession since then, and arrived home the next day.

R. G. W.

IS LEAD A "BAD CARGO"?

TRENCH after trench has been taken from the enemy, and now we find him gasping his last breath in the only ditch remaining before the final submission set down to occur next spring. I opened this fight with the first gun and from the Bourbon has been wrenched point after point as fast as opportunity has been offered in the actual trial of yachts to substantiate each and every claim set forth in behalf of the cutter and sailor yachting. With the echo of the first fire, a few years ago, came the verdict from the most important major that I and the few of my thinking were "cranks" to presume that aught abate could rival our vaunted light drafts in the items of speed, beauty, accommodation, equipment, rig, comfort or seagoing qualities. And now how does the tally stand at this hour? What a reversal of former doctrines and rubbishy opinions! For it is admitted on all sides that the score falls up on every count in favor of the Bedouin, the most perfect specimen of design and build in American yachting. No one but who chants loud praise in behalf of her style, plan, beautiful pose, and her impressive and noble appearance. No one who would any longer lift his voice against her perfection in rig and all her belongings. No one who has not granted her more liberal credit and accommodations below than Fanny or Gracie, of same length. No one who does not concede the table cutter by far the ablest and most powerful in a sea, safe and huge comfortable from the standpoint of the regular cruiser. And last, though not least, the Bedouin's speed in our winds and waters has been put beyond the realm of speculation or controversy by her brilliant career last season, which has seen the enemy vanquished and put to flight from the line. All the predictions concerning such yachts have been ruthlessly demolished. It has been discovered by the veridants in the yacht club rooms, by the ill-informed nautical critics, by the great million in general, that the Bedouin and her sisters refuse with a most disagreeable perversity to slide off when they heel, or to dive through the seas, or to be slow because heavy in light winds. It has been discovered that such vessels are stiff as need be in moderate weather and even suffer than the sloop in strong winds. It has gradually dawned upon the masses that depth contributes to comfort and accommodations more rapidly and to better advantage than a useless extravagance in beam. That double headsail and the peculiar arrangements of the cutter's rig in detail are "complications" most devotedly to be wished and that the nearer you approach them in your copy, the nearer perfect your own vessel will be. It has at last soaked through the intelligence that all the dogmas upon which we had pinned our faith in the construction of shoal sloops, were, without one exception, the worst lot of rubbish and insipid rot, which ever held sway in this generation and that the promulgators and promoters of the sloop heresies were the most ignorant pretenders and the champions of cant and quackery now classed as positively grotesque. It has been discovered, placed as fast as the average yachtsman and yacht builder in America could grasp a new thing, that, so far from being a "crank," the undersigned was first to publicly turn on the bright light of common sense and experience, to expose in all its nakedness the wild absurdity, the evil influences and the baneful tendencies in practices of the ridiculous balderdash in behalf of light weight, light draft, beam, bottom, board, single jibs, loose ducks, and the whole class of sloop claptrap which had bloomed into rank luxuriance with the ignorant class in the ascendancy on all topics connected with yachting, and which, in consequence, had obtained sway over the young and verdant yachting people of this country as completely as snakes conjured up by the toper bereft of his own proper reason in answer to the insidious tirades of bad whisky. So far from continuing to remain "cranks," we and our countrymen are ready to admit that the sloop faction of finding in the fulfillment of all we had guaranteed for the cutter, in the recognized ascendancy of the Bedouin as the smartest singlestick in these waters, a change in popular sentiment, and with it a change in the programme which shifts us to the head in the race, no longer the defenders of a defamed class of vessels, but the leaders in a potent widespread reform and the avengers whose vengeance upon the Bourbon will fall with a killing blow, who will see smoke clear from the gun which sends grand Genesta, narrowest, deepest, heaviest, most ultra and "utterly utter" of cutters, flying on the dash for victory and the championship bumble whose loss to us rounds up forever the era of the ancient in naval architecture the world over.

Driven from their stronghold in regard to cutters in general, there is on every particular the issue has offered, what are the Bedouins now doing to save their vanity yet awhile on paper? Why! catching on straws like the drowning man, to be sure. Straws are few and hard to find any more; but to hunt up some kind of consolation, airy, mythical, fraudulent though it be, you can depend upon your Bourbon being pulled to the eleventh hour and fifty-nine minutes. With cutters of 4½ to 4½ tons, no longer open to attack, the Old Guard will fall with a killing blow, who will see it has died real dead, now concentrates its last shots upon a trifling difference of a few inches in beam. The truly loyal are beguiling themselves into the belief that Bedouin and Oriva are vessels of great, great beam, immensely wide vessels, and the difference of a few inches, which would bring them down to narrow five-beam vessels, is wrought into the pleasing deception that the triumphant notes in your waters are no cutters at all, while the real Simon pure, the Genesta, Tara, and their tribe, are animals of a very different breed, to be judged by a separate standard altogether. Gentlemen, you are doomed to a sad disappointment. If you board such a silly notion, that perfect, buoyant, and full of life as Bedouin may be, a few inches off her beam wipes out her type and qualifications and causes the pronounced Genesta to be a downfall of the noble yachtsman, who sees in the Bedouin to an execrable "racing machine" of Tara or Genesta stripe, wet, uncomfortable, without room, and possibly incapable of crossing the Atlantic for lack of enough buoyancy in hull, you are building castles upon the slipperiest of slipping quicksand. You, who have been found exactly and radically wrong in all your original estimation of such cutters as we now have in our waters, you, who have recently been obliged to fly around on the other side and take back every item in your first bill of indictment drawn up against Bedouin, Oriva, and their sisters, what right, pray, in your own minds even, have you to condemn in advance that of which you know absolutely nothing? That which you have possibly never seen? That which you deny even a hearing? How can you venture to prate about Genesta's power and speed, when you have not seen her, and of your kind have not even faced the sea off soundings? You, who have not set foot aboard cutter of any kind? You, green as the greenest grass, who know less than nothing, for you drink in, you swallow with avidity the poisonous fabrications dealt out by newspaper scribblers and club rattlers as veridant as yourselves? You, who talk of the back end and front of your vessels, whose heads are not yet clear from the two sides of the world, who have been sailing will listlessly dawdling up the Sound, then back again?

So now you put forth your profound judgment, boiled down from trivial club gossip, that "I ad is a bad cargo," and "therefore" it is doubtful in your little inexperienced brains whether Genesta, Galatea and the others who thrall in the routine of your elegant self-sufficient composure and the selling value of the old boxes and traps you happen to have on hand, can cross old ocean to disturb you in your dull slumber!

I know how hard and difficult the task of bringing about conviction on anything technical from men who lack the rudiments of accurate training, and whose logical bumps may scarce be perceptible. But, none the less, once more let me harness to the job. A short time ago I became a contest of the past.

You deem "lead a bad cargo," and with that dictum would fain fill yourselves into a false sense of security from the cutter's visit you instinctively dread. You think it doubtful if Genesta can accomplish the passage. You will be startled at my proposition, which is nothing less than this: A finer, abler, more buoyant type of yacht than Genesta could scarcely be built. I am bold to meet your notions, because on my side I have to back me experience in narrow vessels and a vast amount of unimpeachable evidence to boot, besides inferences of logical derivation.

I have sailed in a modern five-beam cutter enough to form correct judgment. I have also sailed in yachts of every kind. I have never met a drier, cooler, more buoyant, and more comfortable than the five-beam cutter. She rose to every sea and not a green one did she board. She exhibited life beyond all expectation, fairly jumped herself high out clear of all, and gave evidence of buoyancy to spare in any quan-

tity to suit the most exacting. Instinctively I realized my safety from any such dire disaster as being "swallowed up" by turbulent waters, the fate you predict for the Genesta. It is true that this statement relates to a design of "only five beams, while the class of cutters we are expected to count about five and one-half. If you choose to quibble on this difference, I cannot offer personal experience as an offset. But, if you consider an imaginary vessel of five beams, say 50 ft. by 10 ft., you will see at a glance that scant 6 in. off each side will reduce your example to a 5½-beam craft, and surely, if 50 by 10 be a success, then 50 by 9, compensated, perhaps, a trifle in freeboard, cannot be a common logic, be hounded down as a "bathing machine," and the cutter who nevertheless would accept to her radically different qualities as a seaboat, and go so far as to predict her incapability of accomplishing what such boats have, in full equivalent, at least, already accomplished thousands of times in European waters, is—well, I set him down as not worth contradicting.

As to testimony from reliable sources, not mere anonymous paragraphs in newspapers, I have personal letters from Mr. Dixon Kemp, in which the Samana of 5 beams is described as an able and dry vessel in a reefing breeze. I have a letter from Lieutenant Saefkow, naval architect at the great German yards of Kiel, a gentleman of ripe scientific attainments and a very extensive experience in building and sailing yachts of every conceivable kind. In this letter he explicitly mentions his 5½ beam cutter Anna, as by far the easiest, driest and best seaboat he ever constructed, having passed her through one of the worst storms in the Baltic with the greatest success and satisfaction. I have letters from the owner and passengers aboard the fleet of 5½ beams, in which her dryness and ability as a seaboat is extolled. Innumerable communications over the signatures of owners of narrow vessels have been published from time to time, and, without number, the numerous views, current and giving authentic information, invariably strongly in favor of the modern idea. And these gentlemen are not the mere green club blunders and gossip mongers as with us, but hardy mariners who know a good boat and have no axes to grind by misrepresentation and no pot-house patriotism to air. The history of English yachting bristles with such notices of the hard weather passages and qualities of the Juliana, Samana, Yachting, and the other yachts of the Chitrys, Starleys, and like, of the two and three tons only. Likewise are numerous sea passages on record in the public prints. Passages across the Channel, across the Bay of Biscay, up the Baltic, etc., brought to successful finish by big and little cutters of racing dimensions, in which all the risks of heavy weather are accepted without the faintest hesitating as to want of buoyancy to carry their lead through all the safety.

Now let me make an admission. These racing cutters are wet, very wet at times, but it is in wind and weather which no other type of yacht could face to any advantage. When the sea is so high that your beamy craft of chubby men shirks her work and snappily puts in her chains in a harbor awaiting a shift in the wind for a fair or until an equally sea quieted down, it is the time you and your cutters put in her grand licks to windward. This is the time of all others when you learn to appreciate the value of big displacement, the momentum it engenders, and then you admire at her best the narrow beamed ship which takes her cue therefrom like unto the engine taught uniform motion by the controlling influence of the balance wheel. And then the cutter may likewise be wet and get a washing fore and aft with nearly every sea. But this is a favor of the sea. It is the natural consequence of driving in trying times under the most adverse of circumstances. And it is better to have a ship which will go and get somewhere in good shape, even though half under water, than a toy and an object of compassion which has to take it out in looking on from a place of refuge. As the modern cutter is often found forcing a passage which other types shirk, so, too, a reflex of their performance in contemporaneous public records us the picture of a wet boat, swept fore and aft, reaching her destination upon passing through a terrible battle with the elements. From this we are apt to conclude such craft inherently wanting in buoyancy and divers of first quality, forgetting the while that it is a 5-ton narrow beam essaying what an old-fashioned 15 or 20 would not care to attempt, or a modern 30 put at it were a 40 of the good old times would have plugged into the same hole so often and jumped off to leeward at such a rate that nothing but squaring away for port saved her from threatened jeopardy. Yes, the lean racer of the day is a wet boat, but only when the sloop twice her size collapses altogether and is no boat at all, but a bill skulking it out at an anchor.

Once I looked out the companion of a much maligned narrow beam in these waters and found it blowing green seas with a heavy sea in the open, doubly harassing by a weather-going tide. The owner was obliged to fetch the city that day, and we faced what we would not have dreamed of undertaking in a sloop. The cutter made most excellent work, and under reefed main and second jib clawed out from a lee shore in wondrous shape. Our professional crew had seen much of a sea, and the half the length of the narrow beam was a smart and knowing hand. He confessed his surprise adding that the big sloop he used to have in charge could have done nothing in the jump and her owners would have gone home by rail. This was a case where time was money, and the cutter established herself particularly suited to the requisites of business men.

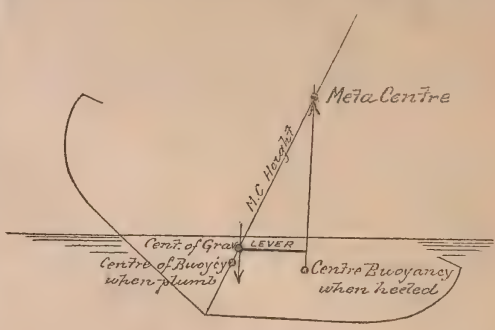
Granting all this, you may say, is it not true that dissension and rivalry exist among the racing cutters, and among the English journals given to yachting affairs? True enough, I answer. But the change from the old to the new has been so rapid that we cannot wonder if some of our British cousins, always slower and more conservative than ourselves, should hesitate to cast off from one love and gobble another without the growling and grunting every effort toward change is certain to bring forth. Besides, vested interests fairly detect a pecuniary loss in the revolution and refuse to adjust themselves readily to a fresh order of dancing. There are people in England as little familiar with the merits of the narrow beam and quite as prejudiced against them in their blindness as any people in this country, and a mighty slow team the two lots make to drive up to the latest developments. Of this, though, you may rest assured. Not one soul who has ever tried the narrow beam who ever refused to his old-time, round-sided bouncer. Not one but who confesses an unbounded joy at the possession at last of a vessel of the highest order of naval design, a tool which can more fully accomplish the ends of true yachting than any other yet devised.

That narrow beam is not merely an adjunct of the out-and-out racer, but a most desirable feature in every good vessel intended for cruising, can be inferred from the war pronounced tendency in the practice of the period abroad. Out-built racers, once dubbed machines, unfit for yachting purposes, are eagerly bought up, rig sometimes cut down, and then blossom forth all of a sudden as staid cruisers with ample beam, though they may differ from the latest edition of the "machine," only by the trifle of a few inches. Thus, one popular type of racing cutter was described as "nothing but a machine." Yet 5 beams came into vogue and the 4½ fellows were shelled, but quickly gobbled as "fast cruisers," and ranked a little better for cruising than the old 4. Then 5½ beams came to the fore, whereupon the 5 at once received recognition as the best kind of a cruiser, away and ahead of the lubby 4½, which was relegated to the gloriously antique. And the story goes, just as fast as a fair trial is made, the victor is never long in being proclaimed a machine. As the 5 beams came into vogue, one boat before him. And now your genuine cruising man, scouting all notions of racing, deliberately lays down his "comfortable cruiser" with 5½ and 5½ beams without the least compunction, convinced that he is to have a more serviceable and effective boat than anything wider could ever hope to be. And he is right. The 5 beam is the best racer is also the best cruiser. I was gauged by her performance as a sailor and with the oblique vision of old women, who confound a floating hotel kept for the edification of landmen, who are everything first and yachtsmen last, with a regular yacht in their identity. For the truth of the foregoing, vide the last London Field, in which details of a new cruiser are given, said vessel being laid down as the most perfect of its kind, and the only one of its kind in the world. It proposes to ballast the new craft with iron at that. There will be no more wide beam "in his," and his conclusion all hands are working up to as fast as they get a chance to find out for themselves. That chance we will have with the appearance of Genesta in these waters. One thing more in this connection. The Maggie in the East is very early a 5½-beam vessel. Will any Eastern man who has followed her doings, who has seen her in her element, in her best, fancy the unanimous verdict from "around the Cape" will be to quite contrary effect. On the other hand, has not the sloop Vixen been "raised upon" because she squatted and threatened to run herself under?

Let me bring this testimony of fact to a close. A volume in substance might be written, but the foregoing is quite enough to establish my point by actual example, that the modern narrow beam is a seaboat of great power and plenty of buoyancy to boot, so that her outside ballast of lead "is not a bad cargo." I will now endeavor to make the same thing clear upon theoretic investigation, confining the exposition to popular form within the comprehension of every reader without his being versed in naval science.

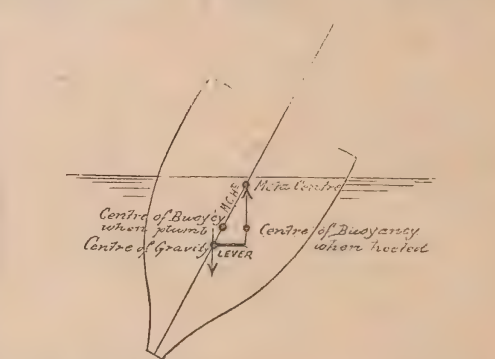
Now, about this point, how far from the sea level form under water very rapidly by immersing much width on the lee side and taking out less to windward. The center of her immersed body, called the Center of Buoyancy, shifts onboard a great deal in the altered form in consequence. A vertical drawn through this point until it cuts the inclined mast indicates at the intersection the location of a point known as the Meta Center, sufficiently correct for the present purpose. A vertical through the Center of Buoyancy when shifted in heeling further down. The distance between this center and the general center of weight of hull, ballast and equipment, called the Center of Gravity, and found usually below the loadline, and always, of course, in the

vertical middle plane bisecting the vessel fore and aft, is denominated the Metacentric Height. The desire of the boat to return to the upright is brought about by the upward pressure of the buoyancy of the water acting vertically through the Center of Buoyancy, and the drag of the vessel's weight acting downward through the Center of Gravity. The further apart these two points are in a horizontal direction, the greater will the leverage be with which they force the yacht to return to the plumb. Furthermore, the Metacentric



Height affords a measure of this leverage, for the further to leeward the Center of Buoyancy is, the higher will the Meta Center climb up the mast, and the reverse, the nearer the Center of Buoyancy approaches the Center of Gravity, the lower the Meta Center will drop on the mast. Hence, a vessel known to have a high Meta Center has a long lever upon the ends of which the two righting forces act, as the accompanying sketch will make clear. A boat with a long lever will have a stronger tendency to right herself than another with a shorter arm. Such a boat will fly back quickly. She will be comparatively quick, short, jerky, hard in her motions, and known as a "stiff boat."

On the other hand, a narrow boat like the modern cutter, when heeled over, will shift her Center of Buoyancy only a small distance, because she scarcely immerses more width and only a little volume of water. The desire of a narrow boat to return to the upright is less disturbed. A vertical through the Center of Buoyancy when shifted to the center of the body heeled down, will cut the mast low; that is to say, her Meta



Center is low, and the distance between that and the Center of Gravity will be small. She will have a small Metacentric Height by comparison with the first example. The lever upon the ends of which the two righting forces act, will be short, and her tendency to fly back correspondingly moderate. She will be easy, measured and complacent in her behavior, and known as a "tender or cranky boat," at least at the beginning of her heeling as long as the lever remains short.

It is manifest that like results can be produced in both the cases cited, if we conceive small forces acting at the ends of the long lever in the sloop, and large forces at the ends of the short lever in the narrow boat. But we have seen that these forces consist of the boat's weight at one end and the buoyancy of the displaced water at the other. In relation to the question before us, this means that the cutter, being a vessel of large displacement, has a large volume of displaced water, and hence a large buoyant force. Hence, the displacement of a cutter, brought about by large amounts of lead ballast operating upon a short righting lever, will bring about just the same results as the light displacement of a sloop working upon her long lever, so that the same behavior can be expected from both types at least to the degree that this equality exists.

Now turning to practice, we find that the modern racing cutter carries near enough the same area of canvas as a racing sloop, but she also heels down to a greater angle in moderate breezes before finding stability enough to equal the sloop. From this it follows that in spite of her excess in weight the modern cutter is not as hard and quick as the sloop in the character of her stability. Interposed in relation to the question before us, this means that the cutter will carry her large cargo of lead with less violence at sea than the sloop will pull through with a much smaller dose of lead in her bottom. That is the point I have been seeking to demonstrate by induction. To those who have sailed in the two types the truth of all this is self-evident, as such persons know that the easier behavior of the cutter, with all her lead cargo, is one of her chief recommendations as a "comfortable" cruiser, for a very decided comfort such case really is.

The foregoing includes only a consideration of thwartship stability and behavior. Precisely the same train of reasoning applies in fore and aft motion. The sloop has a round full water line plane of large area and a wide body above, flaring forward, and with heavy quarters aft to appreciate the evil. As she pitches either on the lee or the normal level a large volume of boat is immersed at the end, and the fore and aft lever is long and the Metacentric Height is very great. This the reader can clear in his own mind by drawing a fore and aft section, and remembering that the volume immersed by the pitching of a wide light displacement boat bears a much larger proportion to the whole immersed body than the volume of a narrow boat of big displacement at a like angle of pitch. Hence the Center of Buoyancy will shift forward or aft further in the sloop than in the cutter, and the effort of the former to return would be in excess of that of the latter. Again the sloop would be much quicker and shorter and jerkier than her sister. This is, however, in part made up by the greater weight and displacement at the ends of the cutter's fore and aft lever.

To expert critics, I need not point out that the above involves only a consideration of statical stability. I have not referred to dynamical effect, to avoid mixing up the reader and also because the key to behavior at the moderate angles we have to review is to be found in statical stiffness. The use of lead and wide keels enables us to counteract the effects of the wind and waves, and to maintain a steady minor account and though it will to some degree affect a cutter's performance, practice demonstrates that ordinary care in locating ballast obviates what otherwise would deserve serious attention.

The general conclusions the argument leads up to are these: As you decrease Metacentric Height, so, too, you can afford to increase displacement without incurring penalty in the behavior of the boat.

To the narrowest of boats properly belongs the greatest displacement and to the widest the smallest weight.

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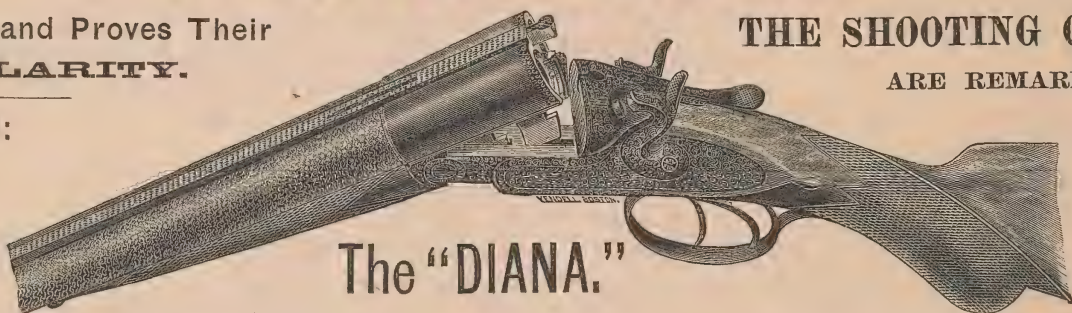
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Explanatory and Suggestive.

FOR THE CASUAL READER.

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And that is better than if it were put into verse between book covers.

One who does not understand these things might imagine that after being told so often, this story of the man—him with the rod and gun—might in the end become hackneyed. But it is not so. Why? Well for pretty much the same reason, we venture to say, that the fields themselves and the woods and the lakes and the streams never become hackneyed. However that may be, one thing is certain. Our columns every week, and month after month, give ample proof that there is still an abundance to tell of what is seen and what is done afield and on angling waters; and that hosts of people still delight to read the telling, our subscription books show with ever increasing emphasis. The FOREST AND STREAM is in the best sense

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It tells of the recreation found by busy men, in out-door, open-air life. It is recreation to these same men and to others. Explain it how you will, this recreation found in the pages of the FOREST AND STREAM is different from the diversion afforded by other papers. Why? Because (it may be answered again) the recreations of field and stream are always ten times more potent for good than are those found in almost any other way.

Look through the pages and you will see that the departments include a pretty large field. It is a wide scope of subjects. But if you look carefully you will see that the paper, from front cover to back cover is homogeneous. What is in it belongs in it. There is not the mistake of trying to foist upon the reader, who is interested in angling and shooting, a lot of stuff about horse racing or base ball or prize fights. There is no sawdust-ring odor. Everything is redolent of the woods. There are plenty of other papers devoted to the other subjects. If you are interested in them, you need hardly spend time to read the rest of this explanatory advertisement. The FOREST AND STREAM's field is broad, but it is not broad enough to take in all creation. The editors are perfectly contented with the scope of the paper as it is at present. And now

A Word About 1885.

For fifty-two weeks of the year 1885 we propose to publish the FOREST AND STREAM, and to fill each number with the same rich abundance and variety of reading that may be found in this present number or in any one of the five hundred numbers that have gone before it.

There will be the same delightful accounts of the adventures and misadventures of the *Sportsman Tourist*, and whether the "tour" be across a continent or only across the pasture lot into the woods beyond, the story in either case will be well worth the time it takes to read it. We shall have, now and then, a description of such excursions in foreign lands, but for the most part these columns will deal with what is seen and done in our own country, for that, after all, is what the readers of FOREST AND STREAM are rightly presumed to be most interested in.

The *Natural History* columns will give attention to varied forms of animal life, more particularly such as may come under the observation of sportsmen in their rambles. This department of the FOREST AND STREAM we believe to hold a place altogether unique. It is neither the dime-museum sort of un-natural history affected by the newspapers, nor the abstruse, fine-spun and terribly dry lucubrations of the scientific associations. It is intelligent talk about animal life, intended for intelligent readers.

In the *Shooting and Angling* columns (we need hardly say it) will be accounts of hunting excursions and fishing trips—with luck, good, bad and indifferent; discussions about matters mechanical, ethical, sentimental, fanciful and practical; some, after much debating, will be settled; others will be left (and the reader with them) at the end just where they were at the beginning.

The *Kennel* will give in 1885 (as it has given in 1884) the earliest, most accurate and the only unbiased reports of shows and trials, and it will be the endeavor of the editors to maintain for the FOREST AND STREAM in this special branch the position it now holds away in advance of anything else published in this country.

The *Yachting* columns are in charge of an expert, whose highest ambition will be to keep these departments in the place already won for them in the recognized lead of journalism. Though the *Canoeing* interest of the country is of comparatively recent growth, the FOREST AND STREAM fully appreciating its importance, has provided for those who sail or paddle a (pretty generous) corner, which is so full of practical suggestions and recountings of cruising experiences, that a canoeist might almost as well try to get along without a paddle as without the paper in his mail every week.

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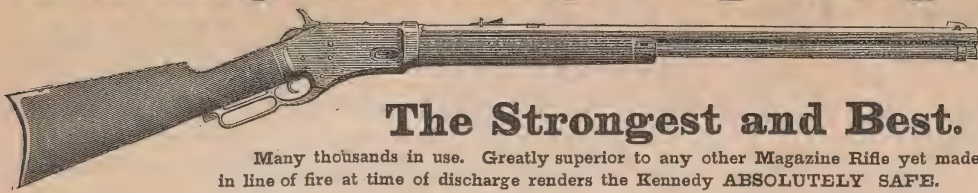
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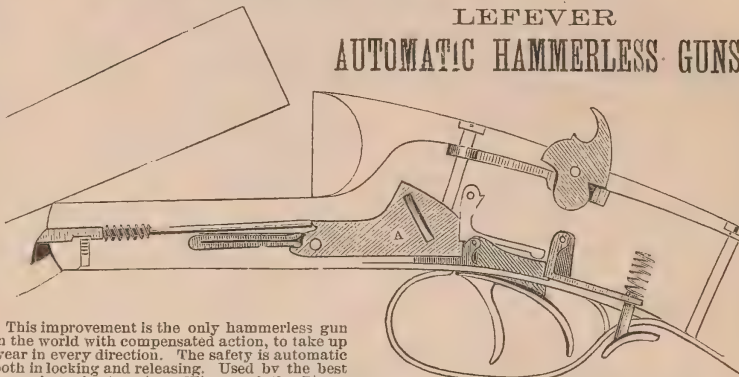
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VOL. XXIII.—No. 24.
Nos. 39 & 40 PARK ROW, NEW YORK.

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THE FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. Communications upon the subjects to which its pages are devoted are respectfully invited. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. No name will be published except with writer's consent. The Editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

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May begin at any time. Subscription price, \$4 per year; \$2 for six months; to a club of three annual subscribers, three copies for \$10; five copies for \$16. Remit by registered letter, money-order, or draft, payable to the Forest and Stream Publishing Company. The paper may be obtained of newsdealers throughout the United States, Canada and Great Britain. Newsdealers in the United Kingdom may order through Davies & Co., No. 1 Finch Lane, Cornhill, London. General subscription agents for Great Britain, Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston, Searles and Rivington, 188 Fleet street, London, Eng. Address all communications,

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LAST SEASON IN THE PARK.

THE daily papers contain an interview with the new superintendent of the Yellowstone National Park. The substance of it is, on the whole, rather favorable.

The superintendent said that the Park had been visited during the past season by a large number of tourists, but not by as many as had been expected. There had been several causes which had tended to keep visitors away—the Presidential year, the hard times and the lack of hotel accommodation. The Improvement Company's hotel had been open during the season, but the financial embarrassments of the company had interfered with its complete success. A great many foreigners, mainly English and German, had been attracted to the reservation, and its beauties and wonders were becoming famous abroad. The Park Branch Railroad, running from Livingston, on the Northern Pacific, has been completed to Cinnabar, a distance of fifty-three miles, the latter point being distant from the hotel but seven miles. Lieutenant Kingman, United States Army, with a force of about one hundred men, had been working on the roads and trails, and had about finished the road to the lower geysers so that wagons could pass in.

There had been some little trouble with squatters and trespassers, but all except two or three of the former had been ejected, and the latter had been kept off by the patrol, consisting of a force of ten men, who maintained a strict watch on intruders of that character. Under the system of game preservation, the smaller game is increasing in number, and the same may be said of the larger, though owing to the migratory character of the latter, wandering out of the boundaries and seeking lower latitudes during the cold season, it could not be equally guarded. Cinnamon and black bears, elk, deer and antelope and Rocky Mountain sheep are numerous in the Park, and a small herd of buffaloes, about a hundred in number, has passed the summer within its borders. The season closed about the 15th of October. There is now about a foot of snow in the valleys

and from two to three feet in the mountains. An appropriation of \$100,000 will be asked of Congress this winter to continue the improvements and keep Lieutenant Kingman in the field.

Most of this reported statement is no doubt true, though the assertion that smaller game is increasing in the Park is somewhat amusing. There never has been any lack of small game there, and probably there is just about as much now in the Park as there always has been. The law in relation to shooting this small game is not enforced—cannot be with the present force of game protectors—and people kill hares, squirrels and birds whenever they can. We know that there was considerable goose shooting done last summer on the lake, not far from the mouth of Pelican Creek.

That portion of the public which is especially interested in the Park will watch with a great deal of interest the course of the new superintendent, Mr. R. E. Carpenter. He is a man as yet essentially untried, though he appears to have manifested considerable energy in expelling squatters and trespassers from the reservation. We hope that he may prove to be the right man in the right place.

FIREARM IMPROVEMENTS.—The patent office reports for the year just closed, show that in these quiet times of peace there are many ingenious minds pondering over the problem of how best to remedy some of the many points of confessed inferiority in our present makes of small arms. In both sporting and military weapons may be seen the evidence of this thought directed toward the production of the coming arm. In the large makes of machine guns the changes have been within a very short time past of a most interesting character, and with a gun in which the recoil from the first cartridge sets the second in place and brings down the striking pin, making really an automatic weapon, would leave, it would seem, but little more to be done. Of course, much that is sought after in the light mitrailleuse is not at all desirable in the class of sporting or personal arms. Yet there are points of similarity on which ingenuity might fairly be expended. There is an immense amount of encumbering respect for old notions which must be swept away before the small arm gets to be what it should be. The general plan is to work upon an improvement of an already existing model rather than start out with only a clear notion of the results to be reached, with such guidance as may be derived from a thorough knowledge of the then existing arms. It would seem as though some of the later inventors were indeed working in this direction. A tour through the model room of the patent office, or a careful perusal of the reports made from time to time, and an examination of the plates of detail would bring ample payment to a trained mind in the suggestions from efforts made by workers of the past. The newer models which we have seen of improved weapons, opens up the prospect that the near future will see a marked change in the character of weapons used, and that in accuracy, cost and ease of transport, the coming arm will be in every way more desirable than any now in use.

SHOOTING CHALLENGES.—For some weeks past the air has been full of challenges and paper defiances have been rushing back and forth in liberal clouds. Champion No. 1, in New Orleans, is very anxious to do all sorts of wonderful things with the gun before the trap, while champion No. 2, away off in the New England section, is equally anxious but with a difference in some trifling point, and so the pair never meet. Each goes off with an untrodden coat tail and full of the notion that he is the champion shot of the world, and so announces himself in and out of season. In fact there are so many sorts and styles of shooting that it is difficult to say what shall stand as the measuring scale of a good marksman. In instituting a comparison between two feats of shooting, every detail and condition under which the work was done should be considered. If in one essential there is a difference ever so slight, proper allowance must be made for it in reaching a final verdict. It is just here that the difficulty comes in, for no man can say as yet precisely what weight should be given to each and every variation. So it happens that No. 1 and No. 2 may go on each after his own heart piling up startling records in fair and trick shooting, and yet meeting on no common ground where comparison would be possible. It is then after all a sort of farce to have these paper declarations of war sent back and forth, each man knows his own strong points and his weak points as well, and this knowledge shows itself in the guarded wording of the challenges. If there were an honest desire to have a contest, a meeting would be quickly arranged, but so long as there is more profit in talk than in fight so long will the present style of warfare continue.

FORESTS AND FORESTRY.

III.

THE timber trade of this country has grown to gigantic proportions. The pine timber cut alone is estimated at twenty billion feet of lumber per annum. Then we have shingles, staves, headings, etc., etc., running up to nearly ten billion more, representing a total value of approximately two hundred and fifty million dollars. Then comes the fuel consumption, computed by Prof. Sargent for 1880 at one hundred and forty-five million cords, with a market value of three hundred and twenty-two million dollars, besides charcoal to the value of over five millions. These are very suggestive figures. It is not too much to say that very few people have any intelligent conception of billions; of the enormous area of land which it would be necessary to conserve as forest for the permanent maintenance of this enormous output, or of the shock which the nation would experience by the sudden extinction of all the industries depending on timber, the raw material of which amounts to six hundred million dollars annually.

On the continent of Europe, where forest culture is an industry recognized as scarcely secondary in importance to agriculture, it is found that an acre of closely stocked pine forest, thinned out as required, and systematically and scientifically treated for the promotion of its growth, will under fair average conditions produce three thousand cubic feet of timber—say thirty thousand feet of lumber in a century. This is equal to three hundred feet of lumber per acre per annum, or two hundred thousand feet per square mile. These are well-ascertained data, and safe figures to base our calculations on, and at this rate it will be seen that we require a hundred thousand square miles of well-stocked pine forest under systematic management for the permanent maintenance of the present annual output of twenty billion feet of timber. For the supply of this vast mass of material it would be necessary to effect a total clearance of one thousand square miles of well-stocked pine forest annually, and when we consider that over all the pine forests of the country (excepting on the Pacific coast) the average crop falls below five thousand feet—that is one-sixth of a full crop—we reach the conclusion that six thousand square miles of country is being stripped annually to keep our mills going, and no steps whatever taken to restock it.

The available stock on which these heavy annual drafts are being made was computed by Prof. Sargent in 1880 at two hundred and sixty billion, of which more than eighty billion was Southern pine, thus leaving about one hundred and eighty billion of white pine subject to an annual drain of twenty billion; and this was four years ago.

The question suggests itself here, If so large an area of country is being stripped annually, does it not restock itself with young timber which will be ready for the axe ten, twenty and thirty years hence, as required? To this we answer, twenty-five or thirty years ago the national stock of pine timber was assumably a thousand billion feet of lumber, counting timber of all ages. Since pine timber requires a century to reach maturity, such a capital stock could have borne a drain of ten billion feet annually without prejudice, providing the felling had been conducted systematically, and that the necessary measures were taken to secure restocking of the stripped area. As a matter of fact a systematically managed forest with a capital stock of a thousand billion is equal to an annual drain of twenty billions, because in such a forest we are able to cut out not only one per cent. of all we see before us, but an additional one per cent. of the growth of the century, which is or should be equal to the original stock. The forests of twenty-five or thirty years ago were not equal to the strain of twenty billions per annum, because for want of systematic management, gradation in age classes, and requisite thinning, the loss from decay generally counterbalances the gain by increment. The stock of twenty-five or thirty years ago would have borne an annual drain of ten billion for a century. If during that century the forests had been brought under systematic treatment, and reproduction provided for, they would have been rendered thereafter permanently equal to the strain of twenty billions. The opportunity has been lost; the nation has been blindly spendthrift of its grand inheritance.

It is an elementary axiom among foresters, that if a forest be subjected to double the strain it is capable of maintaining permanently, it will be exhausted in about two-fifths the period of rotation. If the area is conserved and reproduction secured, it will recover itself at the close of the rotation, but for the latter three-fifths it must have rest. In our case unfortunately the forest area has been contracted, reproduction

unprovided for, and we have to confront a more formidable difficulty than a temporary hiatus.

Pure pine forests are found almost invariably on poor soils, not because the pine will not flourish in rich soils, but because from the moment it has enriched the soil with humus to an extent sufficient for the support of hardwood trees, the seeds of those trees will assuredly be borne in from somewhere, trees of all classes will dispute the floor with the pine, coming up in openings made by fallen trees, crowding out the young pine seedlings, which make slower growth the first few years, until in the course of centuries the last of the pine giants pass to decay, leaving the floor in possession of the hardwoods, which enrich the soil at a much more rapid rate than the pines did.

As a consequence, whenever the lumberman strips a pure pine forest, he leaves a floor which has every chance of restocking itself, because the soil is too poor to tempt the settler to bring it under cultivation.

But the great bulk of the white pine is distributed through hardwood forests, and following the removal of the pine, the settler comes in and clears up the land for cultivation. In stony, gravelly and sandy regions the humus, or decaying vegetable matter, gets used up in a few years, to the impoverishment alike of soil and settler, but this does not prevent its occupancy, and the consequent contraction of the forest area from which the timber of the last thirty years has been drawn.

Pure pine forests, when stripped and left to nature, do not restock themselves with the same vigor as birch, maple and a host of other trees, among which may be enumerated the worthless jack pine of Northern Michigan, which only too generally usurps the pine area laid bare by lumbermen or forest fires. In the first place, the pines have only an occasional good seed year; in the next, their seed is edible and greedily carried away by squirrels in the cone before it is ripe. There is, moreover, a measure of irregularity in the natural reproduction of both the white and Norway pines for which it would be difficult to assign a reason. The writer has been through whole townships of pine forest open enough for the growth of a young forest on the floor at their feet—in fact, presenting exactly the conditions which the forester would produce by thinning for the purpose of fostering a fresh growth—and scarcely a plant of any age was to be seen, while other townships, a few miles removed, had their floor thickly stocked with young plants ready to spring into vigorous growth on the removal of the old forest.

Fires are a further obstacle to the restocking of pine clearances. The floor is left strewn with branches and trunks, and if a fire encroaches on it, the heat generated by such a mass of dead fuel dried in the sun entirely destroys the young crop. Maple and other hardwood seedlings may be burned down year after year and will send up fresh shoots; but although after a light fire creeping along the floor with little to support it, a young pine seedling from five to ten years old if scorched above ground will sometimes send up fresh shoots from the axes of the lower branches below ground, the general experience is that fires destroy the whole crop, leaving the ground bare until a few stray seed get wafted in on the wind, take root, and at a later period scatter their seed over the desert around them. Of the thousands of square miles which have been stripped of their pine within the last twenty-five years, probably less than 10 per cent. is restocked with young forest, and of this a large proportion has been too thinly and unevenly stocked to admit of the trees growing to tall, clear timber.

The pine forests of twenty-five or thirty years ago were unequal to the strain that has been imposed on them. If they had been reserved and improved, they could have been rendered equal to the support of such a strain; but now that the greater portion and the best of the area has been diverted to agriculture, and the remaining cleared area left to restock itself as it best could under unfavorable conditions, the second growth, as it is called, may suffice to delay the evil day a year, perhaps, after the removal of the last of the old timber, but can hardly be taken into account as a source of future supply.

It is sometimes argued that after the destruction of the pine forests, the nation must manage to rub along with other timbers as substitutes. The only tolerable substitutes for the general purposes to which pine is applied, are the other conifers, hemlock, spruce, tamarac, balsam, etc., and of these the supply is a very limited one—probably short of fifty billions—even the hardwood forests are fast passing to extinction.

A hundred and fifty million cords of fuel annually, represents seven millions of acres of land cleared for cultivation; for nearly all the fuel sent to market is produced by settlers in clearing land. This estimate of Prof. Sargent's, reaching to a consumption of three cords *per capita* of the population, appears a high one; but the timber burnt on the ground to get rid of it must be fully equal to three times the amount sent to market.

An acre of fair hardwood forest will grow twenty cords of fuel in sixty years—say one-third of a cord per annum, on which calculation nearly four hundred and fifty million acres, or seven hundred thousand square miles would be required for the permanent maintenance. Fortunately in the present fuel consumption, we have coal to take the place of wood fuel as the supply becomes contracted; but when to this rapid clearance of forest, estimated by the amount of wood fuel sent to market, we add the drain necessary to

maintain the industries of casks, barrels, and other wooden ware, we must be prepared to see the timbers most in demand—walnut, hickory, butternut, oak, ash, elm—disappear one after the other, until at no distant day a hardwood log will possess more value in the Atlantic States than it ever has on the prairies.

It is quite true that over all the Atlantic States there is a great deal of hilly or stony land, which will never be taken up for settlement, or which, if taken up, will be abandoned in a few years; and this area, amounting to several hundred square miles in the aggregate, may be relied on for a supply of timber of some sort. Some of these areas may be conserved and administered at trifling expense; but without some sort of systematic conservancy, the yield will decrease and the soil be impoverished, until it is incapable of supporting anything but stunted types. From such neglected areas the nation can never draw a permanent supply of necessary hardwoods for all the many industries depending on it. Forests can only be kept in condition by maintaining them fully stocked with growing trees.

REVOLVER PRACTICE.—Recent attention to the subject in the newspapers would seem to indicate that more than usual attention was being paid to the use of pistols as weapons of accuracy. Every year sees the crowding out of sight of the "guns" formerly so proudly carried by the braggart and rowdy of the West. In the East there is still a tremendous battery of mischief carried about in the aggregate hip pocket of the foolish minority of the male population. It is safe to say, however, that this is not a growing habit, and that in the near future we shall see the pistol put to its proper use, as a weapon of sport in times of peace, and in times of war a weapon whose uses have never yet been fairly appreciated by military men. There are now most interesting matches going on in the city in this line of marksmanship, and the rather over-confident French pistol experts had better beware.

MINNESOTA VENISON is shipped to the Chicago market in great quantities, and we presume much of it finds its way to New York. The shippers are confirmed in their systematic evasion of the non-export law, and the Chicago marketmen encourage the dishonesty. Why does not Minnesota take pattern after Maine, and organize a game detective force? So long as the enforcement of the law is left to private and unofficial activity, it will not accomplish its end.

THE MICHIGAN ASSOCIATION will hold its annual meeting at Lansing February 3. We hope to chronicle a full attendance.

The Sportsman Tourist.

CAMP FLOTSAM.

IX.—FISHING BY PROXY.

WE slept until it was quite late in the morning of the second day in camp and were roused by the rapping of George on the tent pole at the door. His greeting was "Well, Captain, they're here," at the same time holding up a string of bass averaging two pounds apiece. He had taken them in an hour's time just in front of the tents with a spoon. The camp turned out to inspect them, and while breakfast was being prepared and the fish were cooking, there was an unpacking of tackle boxes and a jointing of rods. It was the only vent to the excitement, as fishing was out of the question without bait, and no one would use the spoon. We longed to try the fly, but a six-ounce rod ordered of Mitchell was unfinished at our departure and we would use nothing else, preferring to await its arrival, which we expected that day. So the camp subsided and took breakfast with a normal pulse. No one seemed in a hurry to fish, but all turned in to put some extra touches to the camp by clearing a lawn in front of the tents. Then some letters were written, a cigar indulged in and after that some loafing.

The camp was settling about its enjoyment in a very leisurely sort of a way, and really there was no reason for haste. We had some weeks before us and we knew that whenever we felt inclined to take a fish we had only to pull out from shore and cast, and besides, there was an individual in the party who positively declined to begin his record with any rod save his Mitchell, and the rest were waiting for him. The day glided away to our 3 o'clock dinner, when every one answered to the roll call. After dinner we all went down to the outlet hoping to get the last issue of *FOREST AND STREAM*, which the office of that publication had been notified to forward to us here, and to bring the expected rod. We found neither, and at nightfall returned despondent. We pulled up the creek through the dark shadows, getting aground a couple of times, and then burst into the flood of moonlight which lay in rippling splendor upon the lake, lighting up islet and cove, and through which, more than a mile away, we could see the tents standing out in sepulchral whiteness against the black background of forest which covered the hill behind. We sat long before the tents enjoying the dim far off landscape, until each had burned his fourth pipe into ashes, when we said good night.

The next morning, with a dogged determination not to fish without that rod, we set out to cruise among the islands and ended by turning in at Sabattis's. Having seen that we were heading for the point, he stood awaiting us by his canoe. A half-breed girl of eighteen peered at us from around the corner of the cabin, while a pretty doe-eyed, brown-skinned child of ten ran down to the water's edge for a closer view of the strangers. The Indian mother was sick, and the Madame, who was with us, landed and entered the cabin to perform what kind offices she might. The sick woman, with all the stoicism and taciturnity of her race, would not speak; but at last, touched by the kindness of her white sister, turned on her rude pallet with her face to the wall to conceal her tears. She had a high fever, and the Madame, returning to the boat, told David to come with us to the camp for some medicine. Sabattis, with guileless fear of a doctor's bill, mildly protested, saying: "We are short of money down here." But David followed us in the canoe.

A dose or two of pills, followed with quinine, restored the patient after a few days. During the remainder of the camp court was paid to the Madame. David brought her birds of beautiful plumage for their wings, and skins of minks which he had killed; the mother made her quaint and delicate baskets, while to us David and his young brother Alonzo brought live minnows by the hundred.

Another day and another trip to the outlet followed, still no rod. Our bait can was alive with fine perch, a grand ripple was on the water, the Madame was anxious to fish, the rest were aching for a tussle. So we reluctantly yielded to their entreaties, and consented to go out for "only an hour" and show them how to strike and play the fish the correct way by taking two or three and then leaving them to get along alone. At the end of an hour we returned to camp with eight large bass. These the Madame took, while we aided her by coaxing the fish about the boat. We did this by dangling a lively bait on a hook in the water, first on one side of the boat and then on the other. As we watched her draw in one after another, we resolved more firmly than before to wait for the new rod before taking a hand in the game.

On our return to the camp we found a native, from a couple of miles down the lake, who was awaiting our arrival to contract for some supplies. He had brought a jar of fine sweet butter and half a dozen spring chickens nearly full grown. These were soon disposed of, and the latter turned loose to forage about the tents, where they soon became accustomed to their new surroundings. As night came on, the selection of a roost seemed for a time to be a matter of serious deliberation. The senior rooster called the group to order and a discussion began at once. Three were in favor of a small oak, upon one of the lower branches of which these perched themselves, but there was a bolting delegation, of which one was in favor of the adoption of the cook's table, but the Madame interposed a veto. Then one left the tree and joined the rest, and an independent party seemed about being formed, but the minority came over, the split was healed, and all mounted into another tree. During the brief lives of those roosters we were awakened every morning before daylight by their attempts at crowing, and many a time, when roused from our slumbers, we wished them *en masse* on the gridiron, but relented with the day-break, for their doom was fast approaching.

Whether viewed in the light of economy, luxury or sociability, every camp should have its poultry yard. There will come times when every one is tired of fish, ham, bacon and salt pork; at such times a "briler" or two will fill the gap most wonderfully. The game is always at the door, keeps until needed, and is well nigh self-supporting. The member who sometimes gets tired of fishing and stays in to keep camp, soon learns to appreciate the company of the bright-eyed cacklers, which are always scratching about the tents.

And now came the first Sunday in camp. Who that has passed a summer in the woods cannot recall one by one those beautiful quiet days, when guns and rods were left untouched and nature held sway over all; when in her vast cathedral of moving trees and boughs and sun-lit waters, and amid her eternal rocks the great Mother opened her arms in benediction over her children and breathed upon a peace, like unto that greater one, which passeth all understanding. Every camp takes with it some sort of literature; the sort depends on the tastes of its individual members. Our library consisted of Tennyson, a volume of Dickens and "Woodcraft." On that Sunday morning we drew the latter from our camp kit, and leaving the rest to write and gossip, we set out to follow the blazes which marked the path that the old woodsman has laid out for the children of the summer. "Woodcraft" is itself the gospel of relaxation, the apostle of a new life; but it is the voice of one crying in the wilderness; it is the enthusiasm of the hermit and the song of the recluse. For a party embarked on an extended outing its precepts are incomplete. Its methods of camp construction are for the few. The enchanting picture of a night in camp and that resumé of the five days' outing of the party of four with the old woodsman are the experiences on the one hand of a lone camper, and on the other of a company occupying a shanty for a few days in the woods. The out-of-door methods are, in every way, worthy of all acceptance for a fair weather camp, but of the indoor life of the camper through a week of storm—which every outer some time will encounter—when it is useless to try fly or bait, when there is no place of enjoyment or comfort other than the camp, of this part of the outer's experience we find nothing in "Woodcraft." It is a phase of camp life which has, doubtless, often fallen to the lot of "Nessmuk" and it is a matter of no little curiosity to know just how he manages it with his open shanty tent.

The recipes given in "Woodcraft" are a revelation to many who go into the woods expecting to do their own cooking. We modestly offer a suggestion on the subject of camp bread. We never carry yeast powder with us into camp, but cream-tartar and soda instead. Stir one teaspoonful of soda and two of cream-tartar in a pint of milk; pour this into sufficient wheat flour to make a light, not very stiff dough; add a lump of butter half the size of a hen's egg with a half teaspoonful of salt, mix lightly and flatten out on the griddle to about a half inch in thickness; bake until one side is brown and then turn. When done you will have a light, delicious short-cake, which will be almost daily in demand by your companions. If no milk be at hand, condensed milk thinned with water is as good as the fresh article.

"Nessmuk" has rendered an invaluable service to every one who camps, be he a veteran or a tenderfoot, and "Woodcraft" should have a place in every camp library. Many have been the thoughts concerning the old woodsman which have crowded the brains of the toilers while building their summer camps. In our camp hung a pair of tongs—a new "kink" to us—constructed after his model, an ever present reminder of the veteran outer who wields the hatchet, the paddle and the pen with the same masterly skill.

Sunday is never a long day in camp, and the camper who passes its hours in fishing makes a great mistake. Those days of blissful rest are fraught with hours of peace and dreamy meditation which come not at other times, and he who loves the woods and waters will hail the day which brings more to him than all the rest. The next day was one destined to be the red-letter day of the camp. The long expected rod reached us from its maker, and the camp gathered about to inspect the treasure. It was a thing of beauty, an artistic conception, a masterpiece of the cunning hand that had fashioned it. A lithe and lively rod of lance-wood, with extra joints of shad-blow and a patent butt, without which no rod is a rod, it was passed around, handled in mimic casting and pronounced perfection. It weighed just seven ounces, and after that number of weeks of almost daily use, and after being caught once or twice in a short

corner through carelessness, when nothing but its own inherent strength saved it from being smashed, we brought it home intact and without having had occasion to use any of its extra parts. After its summer test we will put it, as its veteran maker, William Mitchell, said we might, without fear as to the result, we will put it "ounce for ounce and foot for foot against any split bamboo rod in the hands of any man." Of its adventures we will tell hereafter. When Truthful James had seen and handled it its duplicate was forthwith ordered and soon arrived, and often we watched with admiring eyes the perfect arch and nearly completed circle made by the other's rod while holding in check a large and vigorous fighting small-mouth. There only remained certain expectant deeds to be performed to enshroud our camp in a halo which through coming winter nights would gleam from afar and make the aurora brighter as we imagined it flashing over the scene of our triumphs. So from the ancient Sabatis we extorted a promise to guide us on the morrow to his favorite bass ground, six miles to the westward from camp.

WAWAYANDA.

ONLY A DREAM.

LAST night I dreamed I walked with three very gentlemanly strangers to the bank of a lake in Northern Michigan.

"The skies they were ashen and sober,
The leaves they were crisped and sere;
It was night in the lonesome October
Of my most immemorial year.

* * * * *
"And now as the night was senescent,
And the star dials pointed to morn,
At the end of our path a luescent
And nebulous lustre was born."

And I asked the cause of this strange luminary, and one of my companions, answering in a low voice, said, "That is our Nimrod with a bullseye lantern, and he seeketh the unsuspecting deer," and while we gazed a doe and two fawns passed in front of the nebulous light and disappeared as quietly as they had come; and while I wondered much, my companions, speaking together, said, "He desired a large quantity of meat, but while waiting for them to get in range waited until they were out of range."

When the light had disappeared around a projecting point of land, I asked why others in the party did not hunt in the same manner, and again, speaking in one voice, they sorrowfully answered, "We have but one lantern fit for such heavenly sport, and our friend of the nebulous lustre has nightly appropriated it since he broke his own." "But," said I, "does he do all of the shooting and none of the paddling?" And they said, "Yes, he considers it satisfactory to the others to see him wound one occasionally." Much interested, I inquired if he willingly divided the spoils when a deer actually insisted upon being impaled on the gun barrel, and they replied in chorus, "Never; no, never; it is sufficient honor for us to help carry it to camp."

While yet we lingered, a loud report was borne to us from across the waters, and presently a radiant form came from the mists and deposited at our feet an empty shell; simply an empty shell.

Then the scene changed; it was morning in camp. Forms were briskly moving about preparing breakfast, mending our locks, moving luggage, etc., but nowhere could I see the radiant form of the night before. Noticing my look of inquiry the others paused, and pointed to a placard which had escaped my notice over a couch. It read:

HE SLEEPS THAT OTHERS MAY WORK.

Then the forbearance and humility of this man rushed upon me, and I prostrated myself and bumped my head three times upon the hard ground to do him homage. While yet I bumped the scene again changed, and down a pleasant vista I saw four stalwart forms, buoyant and in Indian file, with the Knight of the Firefly Lamp at the head. I was told they were proceeding to a district known to only a few mighty hunters who, having discarded fire-arms, walked carefully through the woods in search of deer, with a few grains of salt in the left hand and a club in the right. On all such excursions, the much abused Knight of the Nasal Headlight always took the lead to secure the first shot and charm the game until the others could arrive. I meekly asked if their thoughtful Nimrod never missed his aim, and was told with much spirit: "Never—when alone." It was only when with company that he took a standing shot, forty rods and running was his favorite shot.

Then I was transported to the shores of that lake where there is said to be room for only one more fish; and the irrepressible knight was there with the same halo of glory about him I had noticed elsewhere. He held a spear and a form that I recognized a paddie. When four-fifths of the circuit of the lake had been made and the shallow water of the inlets left behind, he of the trident, being weary, generously traded places with the plebeian at the stern, and through the fog, which now floated on the water, I saw the plebeian had no use for the spear; but he made no comment.

And when I had again traversed the path which led to camp I asked why the plebeian made no protest, and was told that he was a gentleman in disguise and did not wish to break the peace of the camp, and that his aggressor was a thumper who had pulverized more men in the far West than ever Sullivan in the East, the noticeable difference being that Mr. Sullivan's subjects were usually able to walk home after the discussion.

Noticing two antlered monarchs, hanging a little apart from the others, I unwisely asked the nebulous hero if they were also the fruits of his skill. In frigid tones of sarcasm he replied that they were two fools that had tried to run over one of the other boys, and had been killed in self-defense. Looking to the others for a reply, I saw they were pointing to a transparency near the tent which read:

"Think you we look for headed wheat
From a small plot of garden ground?"

Just as I was about to inquire why so disagreeable a person had been permitted to join the party, I saw that the four had withdrawn to a distance from the lustrous figure, and were singing:

"Well I know now this dim lake of Auber,
This misty mid region of Weir."

And then the breakfast bell broke in upon my dream, and I remembered I had read "Ualume" before retiring.

C. A. C.

TOLEDO, O.

Natural History.

NORTH AMERICAN BIRDS.

WATER BIRDS, VOL. II.

SIX months ago the first volume of the "Water Birds of North America" was issued from the press, and recently the second volume has appeared. This is in fact, though not in name, the fifth and concluding volume of the great work on North American birds by Baird, Brewer and Ridgway, a portion of which made its appearance in 1874, more than ten years ago. In our notice of the first volume of the "Water Birds" we spoke of the history of the work, the difficulties, and the consequent long delays, encountered in bringing it out, and said that the work was monumental in character. It has engaged the attention of our first ornithologists; it is the best that we can do. Dr. Brewer's death left the biographical notices of the species in very incomplete shape, for they were by no means brought down to date; but except as regards this portion of the work, it may be regarded as representing the best effort of American workers in this science. Taking this view of the completed work, we may ask ourselves if it is satisfactory; are American ornithologists contented with the production and willing to be represented by the work? To these questions an affirmative answer must be returned. The second volume of the "Water Birds" carries out the promise of the first. It begins with the green-winged teal and concludes the subject. The descriptions and comparisons of the different species are remarkably full and clear, and all questions of seasonable difference, or those pertaining to age or sex are treated in great detail. This detailed and systematic study of the characters of the species is an important feature of the work.

It is well known that the collection of North American birds brought together during many years by the Smithsonian Institution is unequalled for completeness by any other collection in the world, and Mr. Ridgway's entire familiarity with this collection, and with North American birds in general, not only in collections but in the field as well, is equally well understood. Qualified by his experience and study for the task he undertook, he has now given us the result of his labors upon this superb series of our birds, a result which is quite what we have looked for.

As a critical study of North American birds, based upon the collections of the National Museum, the work is, in all respects, what might be expected from a gentleman of Mr. Ridgway's well-known attainments. It is in this that the great value of the work lies, and in this respect it must long stand without a rival. Since there is nowhere any collection of North American birds at all comparable to that in the National Museum, and only one or two men in the world so well acquainted with them as Mr. Ridgway, this work may fairly be considered to represent very nearly the sum of our knowledge on this subject.

The biographies of the species are unsatisfactory, partly because of the untimely death of Dr. Brewer, who had them in charge, and also from the fact that this author lacked the faculty of writing of the life of our birds in the free and spirited style that has distinguished those whose histories of bird life have been most attractive. Dr. Brewer's biographies, while extremely interesting and valuable, as bringing together all that was known about the different species up to the time they were written, are still nothing more than compilations, which give succinctly the observations of various authors on the species under consideration, but are themselves without life or animation. They are like the stuffed specimens in a museum case rather than the living bird which we see moving among the treetops, or winging its way over the waves of the sea.

The number and beauty of the illustrations in this volume are deserving of high praise. Each genus has a full length figure of one of its species, and almost every species two or more figures of some characteristic part, usually the head. The value of these drawings to every student is very great; for no description can ever supply the place of a picture—of something that appeals directly to the eye—and the plan adopted in "Water Birds" of having the drawings accompany the articles on the different species is a great improvement on the old one where all the illustrations were collected together at the end of the book.

The two volumes of this work devoted to the water birds recommend themselves strongly to all sportsmen. No intelligent man engages in the pursuit of any wild animal without a desire to know as much as possible about it. Such knowledge is interesting and valuable in itself, and besides this, the closer one's acquaintance with any creature the greater the probability of success in its pursuit. The two volumes on the water birds comprehend most of the species of birds sought for by those who use the gun, and it would seem that a large proportion of the men who take their recreation in this way should find pleasure and reap profit by a study of this work.

The appearance of this volume marks the completion of the greatest modern work on the North American ornithology, a work which in its epoch far excels in importance all others.

ARIZONA QUAIL IN OHIO.

WHEN I received two pair of the Arizona quail (*Lophortyx gambelli*) in October last, I confess to feeling not a little apprehension regarding their ability to endure our vigorous climate. If any one will glance at the map he will see that the difference between Southern Arizona and the northern border of Ohio is more than half as great as between Lake Erie and the Gulf of Mexico, although the difference in elevation will without doubt effect some modification of the difference in latitude. But immediately on their arrival the quail were given an outdoor coop, three-fourths of which has no other covering than a coarse wire netting. The last two weeks they have been subject to a temperature ranging from zero to 12° or 14° below, with an accompanying six inches of snow. So far they appear to enjoy the situation, and have every appearance of vigorous health and appetite. It may be that I am premature in expressing an opinion, but from what I have seen, I incline to the belief that the *Lophortyx* will go through any climate, *per se*, that our native quail can endure. The only qualification of such an opinion might arise from such a difference in the food and habits of feeding of the Arizona birds, as would make it difficult for them to adapt themselves to the situation in this latitude. But assuming that this test of which I write is a reasonably fair one, there seems to be sufficient encouragement to warrant a more extended attempt to introduce this dashing cavalier of the West into Ohio and latitudes to the

southward. Perhaps it might be treason to say that they could hardly fail to prove more desirable for stocking and sporting purposes than their Messina cousins.

B.
TOLEDO, O., Dec. 23, 1884.

BIRD MIGRATION IN THE MISSISSIPPI VALLEY.

WINTER BIRDS OF SOUTHERN ILLINOIS—(CONCLUDED).

394. Barn Owl.—"Probably resident, but very rare."
395. Long-eared Owl.—"Resident."
396. Short-eared Owl.—"In Illinois chiefly a winter visitant, but breeds in the northern counties."
397. Barred Owl.—Resident; our most common owl; found mainly in the bottom lands, especially around water.
401. Saw-whet Owl.—"Common resident in Northern Illinois; rare winter visitant in the rest of the State."
402. *Screech Owl.—Resident, common.
405. *Great Horned Owl.—Resident; not very common.
414. Duck Hawk.—[Probably resident].
417. Pigeon Hawk.—"Resident."
420. *Sparrow Hawk.—Resident, common.
425. *Fish Hawk.—Resident, but rare.
430. Marsh Hawk.—[Resident].
431. *Cooper's Hawk.—Resident, common.
432. *Sharp-shinned Hawk.—Resident, common.
436. *Red-tailed Hawk.—Resident, common.
439. *Red-shouldered Hawk.—Resident, and more common than the last.
449. *Golden Eagle.—Winter visitant and I think resident, rare.
451. *Bald Eagle.—Resident, not uncommon. I have killed three during the past year.
454. *Turkey Buzzard.—Resident, very abundant.
455. *Carrion Crow.—Resident, but local and rare. I saw my first one in the State last year.
459. *Passenger Pigeon.—Resident, but irregular.
460. *Mourning Dove.—Resident.
- 470a. *Wild Turkey.—This noble game bird has held its own in numbers in this and adjoining counties for the past twelve years. The last day of the open season I brought down a fine old gobbler on the wing with a rifle. They feed on acorns, beech nuts and corns.
473. *Ruffed Grouse.—Resident, but rare. I occasionally hear of their being seen in this county, but have never seen one myself.
480. *Quail.—Resident; not very numerous this spring.
- 480a. Florida Quail.—According to Mr. Ridgway, this species is resident here, but I have failed to find it in spite of prolonged efforts under favorable opportunities.
487. *Great Blue Heron.—Resident; remain only in mild winters.
495. Black-crowned Night Heron.—"Winters in Southern Illinois in mild winters."
497. American Bittern.—"Resident in mild winters."
516. Killdeer.—"Winters in Southern Illinois."
525. *Woodcock.—Resident.
- 526a. *Wilson's Snipe.—Resident, but irregular.
569. *King Rail.—Resident, but uncertain.
572. Virginia Rail.—"Resident."
574. Carolina Rail.—"Resident in Southern Illinois."
575. Little Yellow Rail.—"Resident in all of Illinois except the northern parts."
576. Little Black Rail.—"Resident in all of Illinois except the northern part."
579. Florida Gallinule.—According to Mr. Ridgway, this species is resident in Southern Illinois, but I have failed to see or hear of it during the winter in fourteen years of hunting and collecting in places suitable for it.
580. *Coot.—Winter resident in this county, but nesting fifty miles north of this place.
588. Whistling Swan.—"Occasional winter resident in Illinois."
589. *Trumpeter Swan.—Winter visitant.
590. Blue-winged Goose.—"Winters in mild seasons in Illinois."
591. Snow Goose.—"Winters occasionally in Illinois."
- 591a. Lesser Snow Goose.—"Also occurs in Illinois with the typical."
- 593a. White-fronted Goose.—"Winters in mild seasons in Illinois."
594. *Canada Goose.—As much as I have hunted ducks the past winter, I can say very little of the geese, as I have killed none but this species, and was not able to identify the others at the height at which they usually fly. The Canada geese were here all winter, and when the lakes were frozen over to the depth of four inches, flocks of fifty or more would be standing on the ice, when not feeding on the wheat fields.
595. Brant.—"A rare winter visitant in Illinois."
601. *Mallard.—A winter visitant. It arrives here shortly after our first frost and remains until about the first of April. Feeds on wild rice when obtainable, and its next choice seems to be acorns, with which they sometimes fill their crops so full as to cause them to extend half way to their heads. They also eat many kinds of aquatic plants and roots. They are our most common duck.
602. *Black Duck.—Winter visitant in company with the last, but rare. I have never seen more than one at a time except once when I saw a flock of ten.
604. *Gadwall.—Winter visitant, but does not occur during cold weather, and this year was not at all common until after the middle of March.
605. *Pintail.—Winter visitant, about the same as the last.
607. *Widgeon.—Sometimes winter, though I myself have seen them only during their migrations; almost always in flocks of twenty-five to one hundred.
608. *Shoveller.—Winter visitor; is usually found around the mouths of creeks, outlets of lakes, etc., associated with teal.
609. *Blue-winged Teal.—Winter visitant.
612. *Green-winged Teal.—Winter visitant.
613. *Wood Duck.—Resident; in about the same numbers the year round. They mate and begin searching suitable places for nesting by the first of March. The young live largely upon aquatic hemiptera; the old on acorns, etc.
614. Scaup Duck.—"Winter resident in Southern Illinois; transient in Northern Illinois." I have never killed any myself south of the northern part of the State.
615. *Little Blackhead.—Winter visitant, common.
616. Ring-billed Blackhead.—"Winters in Southern Illinois."
617. *Canvas-back.—Winter resident, rare.
618. *Redhead.—Winter resident, more common than the last.

620. Golden Eye.—"In Illinois only in winter."
 621. *Butter-ball.—Winter visitant, not uncommon in spring.
 622. Harlequin Duck.—"In Illinois, only in winter throughout the State."
 623. Long-tailed Duck.—"In Illinois only in winter, occurs throughout the State."
 634. Ruddy Duck.—"Resident in Southern Illinois."
 636. *Sheldrake.—Winter visitant, rare.
 637. Red-breasted Sheldrake.—"Winters in the whole of Illinois."
 638. *Hooded Sheldrake.—More common than either of the two preceding.
 643. *Double-crested Cormorant.—Very rare in winter, and I have only seen them as migrants, coming during the month of March and remaining three or four weeks.
 666a. Herring Gull.—"In Illinois a winter sojourner throughout the State."
 669. Ring-billed Gull.—"In Illinois mainly transient, but a winter sojourner southward."
 675. Bonaparte's Gull.—"In Illinois chiefly transient, but sometimes winters."
 732. Horned Grebe.—"In Southern Illinois winters."
 733a. Eared Grebe.—"In Illinois a winter sojourner."
 735. *Thick-billed Grebe.—Resident, common as long as the water remains open.
 736. Loon.—"In Illinois chiefly winter sojourner."

The above list contains the names of one hundred and forty-one species which have been taken by various persons in Southern Illinois during the winter. One of the most valuable uses of such a list is as a basis of comparison between different localities, and as such we desire that it be used the present winter. Especially desirable is this for the country west of Illinois. The winter notes, so far as contributed, and those which I collected myself while in the southern part of Indian Territory last winter, indicate very strongly that for many of the migratory species the winter range tends rapidly southward as we go west. In some other species no difference is apparent; so that we can formulate no general rule, and it becomes highly important to know which species are influenced and to what extent.

The gist of the matter is, then, that we desire each one who is interested in the study of birds to note those species which are seen this winter, with their relative abundance, etc., that by a comparison and compilation of these notes we may judge accurately of the winter range of our birds. These records may be sent to me here, and the writer may use either Latin or English names or Smithsonian numbers.

We are also in need of new observers for next spring's migration, especially in Arkansas, Louisiana and South-eastern Texas. All who are willing to aid will please send their address and I will forward circulars of instruction.

W. W. COOKE.

MOOREHEAD, MINN., Dec. 17, 1884.

HORNS OF FEMALE CARIBOU.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your issue of Dec. 25 Mr. Grinnell has cited a most formidable array of writers, and given extracts from their works, to prove that he had good authority for stating that "the female caribou is always, or nearly always, provided with horns." I will not presume to say that these writers have blundered, but I will repeat that this does not apply to the caribou found in New Brunswick; here it is the exception and not the rule to find the female with horns, and I have the very best authority for making this statement—the caribou themselves.

Nor will it be so difficult, as Mr. Grinnell seems to think it, to reconcile these apparently conflicting statements, when we take into consideration the possibility of "geographical variation," accounting for the discrepancy, for it is quite probable that most of the observations upon which the opinions of the book men have been based, were made in the more northern and western sections of the continent where the facts may justify the conclusions arrived at. Sir John Richardson is quoted by most writers on the subject, and it is obvious that he did not frame his diagnosis from southern specimens. Professor Baird copies from the "Knowsley Menagerie" and from Dr. King's "Narrative," and adds (page 635) that he has not the means of presenting any satisfactory diagnosis of the genus *Rangifer*. Just where Dr. Gray obtained his information I cannot say, but Dr. King's examples were taken in the far north. Judge Caton admits that his "opportunities for a personal study of this species has been very limited" and quotes from Richardson, "I have not access to Audubon and Bachman's work and cannot tell where they studied the species. Perhaps Mr. Grinnell will kindly throw some light upon this."

The published testimony of several gentlemen who have written of the caribou of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia is, I have to confess, adverse to my opinion. Mr. Grinnell has mentioned Capt. Hardy's "Forest Life in Acadia," and, as I am more anxious to get at the facts of the case than to prove myself right, I will add to the list Dr. Gilpin's "Mammals of Nova Scotia," Rowan's "Emigrant and Sportsman in Canada," and Dr. A. Leith Adams's "Field and Forest Rambles." Mr. Rowan and Dr. Adams lived in New Brunswick a short time, and did considerable hunting here. They both make mention of the female caribou carrying horns as if it were the rule and not the exception; but they refer to it merely incidentally and in a general way, and it is open to question whether this opinion was based upon their own observations or was derived from Richardson's work, from which both of these authors make quotations.

But opposed to all these writers I have the evidence of my own eyes and the testimony of some twenty persons who have had extensive opportunities for becoming informed upon the subject, and who are unanimous in the opinion that it is the exception and not the rule to find a female caribou with horns.

In my previous letter I gave extracts from letters received from two gentlemen who are students as well as sportsmen. I regret that I have not permission to give their names, but I may say that one is a leading railway official and the other a mining engineer and manager of a coal mine, and I have reason to know that they are close and careful observers.

The professional hunters agree with the sportsmen naturalists on this subject. Mr. Henry Braithwaite, of Fredericton, a man of superior intelligence and exceedingly well informed, who, from love of a hunter's life, has spent several years as a professional trapper, and who has killed between 300 and 400 caribou, and examined a great many more, considers that not more than one of every twenty-five females he has seen have had horns. Gabe, an old Melicete, the best hunter in his tribe, and of such intelligence and reliability that he was selected to take charge of the Indian

department in the Canadian section of the Fisheries Exhibition in London, has told me that "female caribou sometimes carry horns, but not often." Joe Martin, an old French-Canadian trapper, used a similar expression, and several other hunters I have talked with on the subject spoke in much the same terms.

Nor am I the only one who, in the columns of FOREST AND STREAM, has dissented from the opinion of the books. In your issue of Dec. 18, on page 404, "Penobscot" writes: "Some sportsmen seem to have the impression that all female caribou have antlers. I have never yet seen a living female carry them, and I have had several opportunities to inspect bands of six and eight animals."

I hope other readers of this journal will publish the result of their observations, that we may discover over what extent of country this deviation from the general rule may occur.

MONTAGUE CHAMBERLAIN.

St. John, N. B., Dec. 29, 1884.

HYDRA AS A FISH EATER.—Editor Forest and Stream: The article on the hydra in your issue of Dec. 23 calls to mind an incident related by Prof. Parker of the University of Pennsylvania which may be of interest, as it bears upon the question of fish propagation. Having placed some of the common green hydra (*H. viridis*) in an aquarium containing recently hatched goldfish, he soon found the latter were disappearing in a remarkable manner. Close examination showed that each little polyp had secured a prize. The fish, though quite young, were strong, free swimmers and could not have been clasped in that tentacular embrace, but for the numbing or paralyzing effect, which hydra cause by shooting out the fine barbed darts from their thread cells. A man who has suffered from a jelly fish sting will appreciate the power of this weapon. As your correspondent "S." states, these hydræ are present in all streams and pools, and if generally feeding upon such large game might be quite a factor in the question of fish culture. It is possible that in their free state they prefer the minute animal organisms assigned them by the text books, only taking to a fish diet under stress of circumstances.—T. M. W. (Philadelphia, Dec. 29, 1884).

QUEER PLACE FOR A BIRD'S NEST.—In the spring of '83, as I was passing through an orchard in search of birds' eggs, my attention was attracted by a fluttering in the grass about a yard in advance of me. I followed very cautiously, and whenever I stopped the fluttering also discontinued. On entering a field of short grass I saw that the bird which produced the sound was a little chipping sparrow, which was endeavoring to entice me away from its nest, after the manner of a quail or woodcock, by pretending to be wounded. The bird's cunning failed in this instance. Returning to the orchard I retraced my steps, the grass being quite long, and found the chipping sparrow's nest, with three eggs in it, built directly on top of a field mouse's nest, which was also inhabited, as the little paths leading in different directions showed. A week later, as I chanced to pass the same orchard, I bethought myself of the nest, and on visiting the place I saw the field mouse's nest, and about two yards from it I found the chipping sparrow's, with two young birds. How one nest became separated from the other I cannot tell, except by supposing that the wind had something to do with it.—CHAS. C. TRUESDELL (Syracuse, N. Y.).

WHAT IS THE "BLACKCAT"?—In your issue of Dec. 18, page 404, "Penobscot," in speaking of the cry of panthers, etc., says he has never heard the cry of the fisher. Don't he make a mistake in classing it among the cats and lynxes, being, perhaps, misled by its common name of "blackcat." I supposed it belonged to the weasel family. Am I right or wrong?—E. H. N. (Litchfield Co., Conn.). [You are right. The fisher or blackcat is a true weasel, and has no special relations with the *Felidae*.]

Camp Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

144.

A YOUNG man was telling a friend how well he was getting along with training a young pointer. His friend said he would like to see the young Crotchett perform. So the young man took from the kennel his pup, saying, "Charge! Hold up! Come to heel!" and then drew from his pocket a leather money pouch. From it he took two bills, a \$5 and \$10, saying to his friend, "I guess I won't let him put his teeth through these, as he is a little hard-mouthed yet." He then threw the pouch about fifteen yards and spoke to the pup: "He on. Steady, steady. Whoa. Fetch." All this was done as well as could be wished for. As the pup came in with the pouch he told him to "sit," then told him to "drop it," but the pup refused, and shut his jaws on it. The youth proceeded to open the pup's jaws. After a tussle he got it opened, but there was no pouch there. The young man turned to his friend: "What in the Old Harry did he do with it?" "Dropped it," said his friend. "But where did he drop it?" "Down his throat." The young trainer then made the remark he was about \$15 in by taking the bills out of the pouch, and was about thirty-five cents out by leaving some silver pieces in the pouch. When asked what he would have done with the pup if he had swallowed the \$15, the amateur trainer's answer was, "I would not kill him for the sake of getting the pouch and money, but I would value him \$15 higher."

ROCKLAND, Me., Dec. 15.

145.

Some fifteen years ago there lived in Bedford county, Va., a character known as "Simple John Crawford." In his wanderings about the country among relatives and friends he always carried a loaded gun, but was never known to "fire it off." Being much in the forest, he would give many accounts of the amount and kinds of game seen, but when asked why he did not shoot it always made some excuse. One spring evening, while stopping with a brother, he went out to the orchard—which bordered on the wood—and concealed himself behind the fence to watch pheasants as they came to feed on the apple buds. Shortly afterward he was aroused by a heavy thump, and looking about him saw a deer standing within fifty feet. Taking in the situation for a few minutes, he broke for the house on a run, and commenced giving his brother an excited description of what had occurred. When Bill saw through the "mist," he

said: "John, why didn't you shoot it?" John suddenly cooled down, considered a moment, and then looked and said: "Why, Bill, I was afraid the gun would snap."

J. L. R.

HANCOCK, Md.

146.

Twenty years ago we were living in Illinois. The country was pretty wild, with small game abundant and comparatively tame. Father owned a light double muzzle-loader, with one nipple broken off. It was a lovely Sunday morning, and father, who, though a deacon in the church was not over conservative, was at home, when a flock of prairie chickens lit in the grass right in the yard. Father saw them, and unmindful of the fact that it was the prescribed day of rest and that the chickens considered themselves safe anywhere that day, took down his gun and sallied forth. He didn't read the FOREST AND STREAM; besides meat was scarce at our house then, and seeing what he supposed were four or five prairie chickens in the tall grass, he got in line and gave them the contents of the only barrel that he could fire. With a rush and roar the flock departed, and father walked up to pick up—no, not the birds, but an old knotty log that was doing better in the way of game protection than many of our constables do now. The roar of laughter that greeted him from the rest of the family made that day the saddest of his life. CHOKE AND CYLINDER.

WATERBURY, Conn.

New Publications.

"OLD SAINT AUGUSTINE."

STIRRING and eventful are the scenes depicted in this "Story of Three Centuries." Old Saint Augustine has a history more varied and changing than many a city of far older date, and it is with no ordinary interest that we look back upon those scenes and actions now so far away in the past. From the first landing of the Spaniards in Florida, down through the years when it was possessed by the French and English, and on almost to our own times, there has been a succession of fierce struggles and bloody warfare around the old town.

The book opens with a brief account of the efforts made by the Spaniards to penetrate into the wildernesses of the New World, and their determination, after repeated failures, to return once more and rescue their possessions from the hands of heretics and heathen. The heretics, whom they found on their arrival in Florida, were the French Huguenots who, for little more than a year, had lived in peace in the land. Then comes the founding of San Augustin, the dark story of the bloody massacre, and the return of the Spaniards to their encampment. Once more the French revisit Florida, and accomplish a mission of revenge. A short account of the execution of the Spanish prisoners is taken from the old black-letter chronicle of Hakluyt, and is very interesting.

Saint Augustine enjoyed twenty years of quiet before the arrival of the English Seakings. Then Francis Drake and Martine Frobisher visited the city, destined to pass into the hands of so many nations. Then follow the sad story of the Franciscan Fathers and the stirring tale of the bold Buccaneers; and after many years, the British, through a treaty with Spain, obtain possession of Saint Augustine. The chapter recounting the history of the Minorcan colonists, and their sufferings and final release from servitude, is followed by one entitled "Rangers and Liberty Boys," and tells of the loyalty of the city to the king during the Revolutionary War. But nothing was gained by this fidelity, and soon afterward Saint Augustine passed again into the hands of the Spaniards. Then it last came years of peace, and in 1821 Florida is ceded to the United States.

The next chapter is perhaps the most pathetic in the book. It tells of the struggle of the Seminoles to retain possession of the land, which for generations had been their home. This story excites our strongest indignation at the injustice, treachery, and cruelty, which was constantly practiced toward this tribe, and our admiration for the chiefs Osceola and Coacoochee, struggling to the last to preserve the inheritance of their fathers. We next read of years of quiet for the ancient etadel. Then comes the War of the Rebellion, which disturbs but little the venerable city by the sea.

The final chapter of the book is a description of Fort Marion, with its parapets, bastions, and dungeons. Could they but speak, what tales of deepest sadness and profoundest interest would these walls reveal.

The book presents throughout evidence of close study and research, and the author shows an enthusiasm for his subject that is not without its effect upon his readers. As he relates the deeds of those days, we are carried along with him, and can almost see the grim old fortress as it holds its own against fierce assaults and heavy cannonading.

The story is told in a simple, straightforward way, which is very impressive. It is not intended to be a detailed history of the city, but each chapter represents some phase of its eventful past. The style in which it is written is clear, graphic, and very forcible. It brings vividly before us each event that is portrayed. It is concise and strong. There is no droid language, but in few words the author tells his story, and we are impressed with it and his manner of narration. The illustrations are very attractive; some of them are from drawings by artists who were present at the scenes they depicted, and these are most quaint and curious. The later ones, artotypes from photograph negatives, show the town as it is now, and the massive wall of the old fort with plants and vines clinging to its gray sides. The garden overlooking the plaza, and the fine old cathedral, all assure us that there is much that is beautiful and attractive in the Saint Augustine of to-day.

The mechanical execution of the book is excellent. L. G. G.

*Old Saint Augustine. A Story of Three Centuries. By Charles B. Reynolds. St. Augustine, Florida: E. H. Reynolds. 1885. Pp. 144, fifteen illustrations. Price, \$1.50.

THE FLORIDA ANNUAL FOR 1885. Impartial and unsectional, with large, new township map, revised to date. Edited by C. K. Munroe. Published at 140 Nassau street, New York, 1885. Price, 50 cents; by mail, 60 cents.—We have examined this admirable handbook with great care, and take pleasure in very cordially commending it to those seeking information about Florida lands, industries, resources, and prospects, and the various resorts. There is a surprising store of facts between its covers, the plan is comprehensive and the details have been prepared with an evident conscientious endeavor to tell the truth about Florida. "Al Fresco" contributes a chapter on hunting and fishing. Mr. Munroe writes a compact guide to Florida travel, which, with the map, is amply full; and R. C. Long describes the several sections of the State in relation to agriculture and other industries. There are all sorts of directions, statistics, legal hints, and odds and ends enough to answer almost any sensible question one can ask about the subject.

THE CRUISE OF THE MONTAUK.—Nearly a year ago the schooner yacht Montauk, N. Y. C., left New York for a cruise, having on board her owner, the late Rear-Commodore S. R. Platt, his brother, Mr. John R. Platt, Mr. Thomas B. Asten and Gen. James McQuade, the latter having written the account of the cruise now published. A three months' yachting cruise, four the West Indies should have afforded material for a volume that would commend itself to all yachtsmen to whom Montauk is so well known, but the yachting portion of this book consists of the design on the cover, a paragraph giving the dimensions of the yacht, and a page devoted to a description of the sideboards, chandeliers, cut glass, silverware and electric bells in her cabin. The route taken was from New York to Bermuda, calling at St. Pierre, Martinique, Cuba, and Jamaica, Cuba, and Florida, and while the descriptions of the places visited are interesting, the main portion of the book is devoted to the doings and sayings of the party of four in the cabin, and as far as yachting is concerned, it might have been written as well in Utica as on the Atlantic. The publishers, Messrs. Thos. R. Knox & Co., have done all in their power for the book, making a handsome octavo volume of some 400 pages, illustrated with views of the yacht and of many of the places visited. The book will have special interest for the many friends of the lamented owner of the Montauk.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

ORNAMENTAL GARDENING FOR AMERICANS.—A treatise on beautifying homes, rural districts, and cemeteries. By Elias A. Long. Illustrated. New York: Orange Judd Co. Price 32.

THE BRITISH AND AMERICAN ASSOCIATIONS.—Reports of the meetings of the Scientific Associations recently held in Montreal and Philadelphia, as given in Science, Cambridge, Mass. The Science Company, 1884.

Game Bag and Gun.

SOME REMARKABLE SHOTS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Most of your readers have probably heard the yarn, among many miraculous stories, related by a certain hunter, how he had shot a deer through the foot and heart with a single bullet from his rifle. His incredulous listeners demanded to know how such a thing could be possible. The hunter turned to his old servant and said, "Pompey, do you remember how I made that shot?" "Yes, massa, de deer was scratching his ear. But for heaven's sake put your bullet holes a little closer together de next time," he added in an undertone. I record a shot quite as remarkable, but requiring no such ingenious explanation. I once shot a four-prong buck in the right hind leg, about six inches above the foot, and the ball lodged under the left ear, close to the skin. The deer was in air, jumping a pile of brush with outstretched limbs, while I was kneeling and below the mark. The ball struck the hind leg, entering the flesh close to the joint, passing through the ham, the entire body, and lodging as I have said. The deer showed no signs of being hit, and it required another shot fifteen minutes later to bring him to bag. SYCAMORE. BALTIMORE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

At the age of thirteen I "treed" with a cur red squirrel in a tall tree in the "open," which I wished to kill with a flint cavalry pistol, the property of the State of Vermont. Holding the arm, loaded with shot, in one hand, I threw a stone into the tree with the other. The red sprang from the treetop, and I fired. The pistol recoiled against my head, felling me to the ground. Things seemed to have turned to smoke. Recovering soon I found a large gray squirrel on the ground, killed by that shot, and saw the cur chasing the red, which was on a distant stone fence. Though bleeding, I was happy over my success, and confident that I should by practice become a crack shot. ATHEN.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I was hunting ruffed grouse. The foliage was very thick. My setter ran a gray squirrel up a densely thick foliaged maple tree. The squirrel sat on a limb in plain sight. I fired at him, and down he came dead. While I was slipping another shell in my gun, another gray squirrel fell dead at my feet. At another time I drove a black squirrel up a very dense foliaged tree. I could not see the squirrel anywhere in the tree, so I got right under the tree, and shot almost straight up even with the body of the tree, to see if I couldn't drive him out. Imagine my surprise when two fat black squirrels fell almost on to me. One was dead, the other wounded.—I. S. W.

Editor Forest and Stream:

This occurrence actually happened. Two friends of mine were hunting woodcock on the west bank of the Hudson. One was in a vale while the other worked along the ridge. The former flushed a longbill which, as it flew directly toward No. 2, he did not fire at. No. 2 raised his gun when the bird was very near to him, so as to take it when it went past. The woodcock struck the muzzle of his gun and dropped dead at his feet. This may seem to be a remarkable story, but is perfectly reliable in every respect. NIGHT HAWK.

HUDSON, N. Y.

Editor Forest and Stream:

A friend of mine was hunting squirrels one day this fall, and saw a black squirrel feeding in the top of a hickory tree. He pulled up his gun and fired, and down came a gray squirrel. Somewhat surprised he picked it up to see if it had turned white from fright, and as he stood, a large black squirrel fell at his feet. PARK. ATHENS, Pa.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Here is another "Remarkable Shot" for your columns, and may they continue to come, as they are quite interesting reading.

Some years ago, when shooting from a blind on Hanlon's Point, Toronto Island, I saw a flock of merganser or sawbill ducks flying about in the bay. Shortly they took a turn and came directly toward me, lighting among my decoys. Not caring much whether I shot such ducks or not, I watched them for a time, but several coming together in a bunch, I could not resist the temptation for a pot shot, so turned loose my right hand barrel among them, and when the smoke cleared away there were six lying on the water to all appearances dead. One that had been off to my right was a little tardy in getting away, flew across in front of me, and it being a nice shot, I gave him the other barrel, bringing it down; but immediately on striking the water it dove, as did all the other dead (?) ones, and I never as much as saw a feather again. MC.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I went one evening in October from Terre Haute, Ind., to Charleston, Ill., to spend a day quail shooting, my father-in-law of sacred memory saying as I started: "Send me some quail, old boy." Next morning early I set out with a young pointer. There was a fresh two inches of snow on the ground, and I had hardly reached the first fields when my dog came to a pretty point at a small bush covered with snow. Peering cautiously ahead, I caught sight of one quail sitting on a twig just over a bunch of dead leaves. At the same moment I saw a town dog, a setter that followed every man who carried a gun, coming blunderingly up to my dog. Fearing he would make him break his point, I fired at the sitting quail, and lo! the two dogs plunged into the bush and brought out thirteen quail, which went by the 9 o'clock express to Terre Haute, and were served up for dinner that day.

At another time, while hunting ducks in the Wabash bottoms, I shot at a sandhill crane at the end of a small pond, where I had crept behind a log, when to my great surprise, I saw a white crane tumble at the further end of the pond, 200 yards away. Both were killed.

Once while standing in a marsh under the cover of some dead trees, near the Kankakee River in Northern Indiana, I drew on a mallard that came sailing by, and fired. At the same instant a flock of blue-winged teal came from the opposite direction, passing at the exact line of aim, and I got four of them, also the mallard. The same day I fired at a duck that rose from the swampy shore of a bayou, and

besides getting that, killed two woodducks that were sitting on the branch of a fallen tree that lay in the water a few yards beyond.

Once while hunting quail in a cornfield where the stalks were still standing, I fired at a covey that rose near the fence, and to my great alarm shot a tramp who was sunning himself in a corner. Inasmuch as I used No. 10 shot there was no great damage done, but I apologized and gave him a quarter, whereupon he said I could blaze away again for another contribution of that nature. J. C. B.

WASHINGTON CITY.

Editor Forest and Stream:

A foot of light snow had fallen in the night—the first in the season—but the ponds were all frozen over. I started in the morning on a three mile tramp to Metalluk Pond, to tend otter and lynx traps, and took my gun along. Arriving at the outlet of the pond which ran through an open bog, I found there were open places in the brook, and on a hassock near the water I saw a single black duck. I crept within range, under cover of the short brush, and fired No. 6 shot from a muzzleloader and saw three ducks fly away. I made up my mind I had missed my bird, but what was my surprise on going to the spot to find five large black ducks dead on the other side of the hassock. On a critical examination I found I had undershot the bird aimed at, and the shot going through the snow, struck the main flock, which were huddled together in an open hole beyond. J. G. R.

BETHEL, Me.

ILLINOIS NOTES.

THERE has been a flock of geese hanging about since October, flying into and out of Lake Michigan to and from their feeding grounds on the prairie twice a day, but about two weeks ago they left for the south, and since then the weather has turned very cold. Indeed, up to that time the farmers were plowing, but all the plowing that is being done now is with a snow plow.

One mild winter a flock of sixty geese remained here until spring, and perhaps these are their descendants or the old flock, for I don't know how long they live. I wonder if the waterfowl, like some fishes, return year by year to the old nesting places. It has long been my belief, and that they pursue the same route going and coming, and have the same resting places and feeding grounds, only changing them for cause, and that with great reluctance. No doubt they take up the same old winter quarters south year by year. But how do they find their way, flying, as they do, mostly at night, and how do they know the old places? What we are pleased to call instinct in the lower animals is certainly a wonderful thing.

Rabbit shooting is good, or rather was until it became too cold for the comfort of the shooter; but there are few part-ridges and no quail. Foxes are numerous and troublesome to the farmers, and I propose to make a raid on them when this weather lets up.

A party of seven have just returned from Northern Michigan, bringing home twenty-one deer. One gentleman was so unfortunate as to get lost in a cedar swamp, where he spent forty-eight hours without food and came near perishing with the cold. Isn't it funny how a man will get rattled sometimes and forget whether it is the blue or the bright end of his compass needle that points north?

I expect to read old "Nessmuk's" obituary notice in some Florida newspaper before spring. He can rustle around in a canoe made of chair splints if he wants to, but you bet I don't want any of it in mine. A good sneakbox, with air-tight compartments in each end, will do me.

Two or three of your correspondents want to make us come down to small-bore guns, but a 10-gauge will answer my turn. The smallest bore I ever owned was a 14, and it was a good shooter, but I prefer a 10, and one that weighs 10½ lbs. at that, and then I am ready for anything that comes along—4 drams of powder and 1 ounce of shot for woodcock, snipe, etc., 4½ and 1½ for grouse, and 4½ and 1½ for ducks and geese. One of my friends—until he had used shells of my loading—claimed my charges were too light. There is powder and powder.

For cleaning a gun I use no water, either hot or cold, but two parts of olive or cottonseed oil and one of kerosene. If this mixture is used and the gun kept in a dry place, the barrels will show no rust or "measles," and will be as bright in ten years as the day they left the maker's hands. HARRY HUNTER.

HIGHLAND PARK, Ill., Christmas.

NOTES FROM GEORGIA.

OWING to a very open season and drouth of nearly one hundred days' duration, we had a very fair supply of quail, many coveys being very late. Everything was so parched up, and frost falling so late, the birds were mostly fully grown before many of them could be killed. I did not attempt any shooting till after Oct. 15, and have had some very fair sport. I have been eight times with company, and killed respectively 7, 45, 25, 32, 26, 29, 14 and 28. Out of this number I secured 138, or two-thirds of the birds. A brother sportsman says I always select the poorest shots to take along with me, so that I can come out ahead. I enjoy hunting with a congenial companion and generally give my friends the advantage in the shooting, but must admit, that those with whom I have shot this fall can't shoot as well as I. I usually bag, on the average, half of my shots, and as we have so much brush shooting in our section we think this very good shooting. I have had two other shoots besides the ones mentioned, hunting alone.

I have a very finely bred young setter, Irish and Laverack, and took him out for the first time in company with my old dog. The youngster ranges well and will make a very fine dog if properly handled, but is a little gunshy, though I think he will get over that. Greatly to my disappointment, I had to send him in the country in charge of a friend who could break him for me. I killed only seven birds on the aforesaid hunt. On December 9 I took the 7 A. M. train, ran over to first station in an adjoining county, and walked six miles to Clinton to spend the night with my brother (Judge R. J.), who lives at the homestead, the place of my birth. The Judge has had the misfortune, in the last several years, to lose two fine dogs, one by poisoning, a red Irish and the other Gordon and Irish, and as fine a brace of setters as I have ever shot over. The last named was hanged by jumping over a picket fence, having on a block at the time. The loss of these dogs has had a very unhappy effect on my brother, and he is temporarily off on possessing one of the canine family. I had a quiet walk over to Clinton, and bagged twenty-one quail, killing my last five shots in

sight of the Judge's home. I had sent some shells ahead of me and family were looking for me.

After a very pleasant evening with the family I retired, and getting an early breakfast, I took a buggy, drove part of the way to second station on railroad, by agreement with my eldest brother, sent the buggy to station after him, and awaited his coming. We entered the fields about 9 o'clock and walked through the country by circuitous route to the station, having had a very pleasant day, and bagging twenty-seven quail, one woodcock, one lark and two rabbits. Brother killed only six quail and the lark, the rest falling to me. Brother has not shot any birds in ten years until this fall, and being rusty, together with having a very close-shooting gun, it is natural that he should not shoot as well as I. My friend and partner in business killed recently one wild turkey across the river and in hearing of our city clock (the wind being favorable), and having baited the turkeys regularly for a week afterward, went early one morning in company with a friend, and succeeded in killing four more. It seems strange that we should have turkeys so near us, but below the city the swamps are extensive, and afford a safe retreat for most of the year. We anticipate some more shooting during the season, and will likely take a duck hunt down the Oconee. I. H. J.

MACON, Ga.

A SHOT FROM EVERY HILLTOP.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The sporting season has fully opened here in Western Texas, and our markets are being continually supplied with an endless variety of wild game. The country tributary to Colorado City (the queen city of the West), and great grazing belt of West Texas, abounds in wild game, and the sportsman finds this a rich field for those in search of pleasure.

Of the feathered tribe we have in great abundance the wild turkey, duck, goose, Bob White and Mexican quail, prairie snipe, plover, curlew and Mexican pea fowl, besides innumerable birds of smaller variety; in fact, everything the sportsman could wish. Of the animal kingdom we find in easy access of our city, deer, antelope, jack rabbit, badger, beaver, wildcat, catamount, Mexican lion, cougar, panther, coyote, loafer wolf, and black bear. One hundred miles north of this city on the plains may be found in great numbers the buffalo, and the buffalo hunters keep the market well supplied with juicy steaks.

Hunting parties are very numerous this season, and the supply of game, such as birds, antelope and deer, are greater than usual. In addition to our market supply, from fifty to seventy-five antelope are shipped East by express from this place. For the pleasure seeker who delights in roaming over the many hills and valleys, getting a shot from every hilltop, we know of no country in America offering so many good inducements as the country about here. I. H. T. COLORADO CITY, Mitchell County, Texas.

ADIRONDACK DEER HUNTING.

Editor Forest and Stream:

You ask ought deer hounding to be forbidden throughout the entire Adirondack region. In my opinion it both ought to be and can be done; and if done now future generations will be able to shoot deer in those woods.

If, however, the passage and enforcement of such a law is long delayed, the men who come after us will find nothing left in that territory which may be called game larger than a hedgehog.

Since 1865 I have made whenever possible annual trips to some part of the mountains, varying my journeys from Aug. 1 to Dec. 1, and I am obliged to note each year that the deer are steadily growing less in numbers.

It is not that the hounds drive them away or worry the bulk of them to death, though they kill more than many people will believe, but those hunting with the dogs shoot them.

I personally know a goodly number of guides in one section, and they are by all odds the best of those living there, who just as soon as it grows cold enough to ship the meat, take their dogs and start for the woods, and there they stay just as long as a bound can run, and the worst of it all is that as long as they stay they will average a deer killed a day for each man of the crowd, and often do much better than that. The number of the deer killed also is not the only bad feature about it. The proportion of does to the bucks among those killed in this way is more than double that of a like number killed in any other, and more than ten times greater than that killed in the manner some of your readers seem to despise—floating. Any hunter is well aware of this fact, and when you commence as they now do, Aug. 1, with their hounds, does and fawns are peculiarly liable to suffer.

I say Aug. 1, for each year of late I have found dogs in the woods on that date, put out, not of course, then for the benefit of the market-hunter, but to help out the tourist who has not patience, skill, or eyesight enough to kill one by floating, but thinks he can succeed in his high ambition if he can have his game driven into some pond and be himself paddled up to within fifteen feet of the head of his poor victim, whose agonizing struggle for life under such circumstances has always, when I have witnessed it, chilled my ambition to kill so effectually, as to destroy all pleasure in such so-called hunting.

Add to all this the fact that the meat after you get it in this way is, in most cases, unfit to eat, and it would seem to me that you have reasons enough why hounding should be stopped. There would be less difficulty in enforcing a statute which should have this for its object, than in causing people to live up to any other game law.

In St. Lawrence county, as far as I have been able to learn, there are no dogs used and the local law on that subject is universally respected. Yet in a trip through that section of the country three years ago, during the second week in August, I found plenty of evidences of the presence of successful hunting parties fully two months before my advent upon the streams and ponds which I visited, and learned from the natives whom I met that at least one hundred deer had been killed in the vicinity during June and July, and I have often heard people living there speak of having been in the woods as early as the middle of May, and at that time no man comes out without bringing meat. In fact it is the only time when some of them are able to kill a deer at all, unless it be when the dogs are on hand.

I have talked with many guides about the matter, and they all agree in wishing there was not a dog in the woods, but excuse themselves for using them by saying that if they don't some one else will, and they might as well take the deer while they are going; and going they are. Let the

Legislature of the State of New York pass a law prohibiting hounding, and I don't know of a guide in the woods who would not assist in its enforcement; and if enforced along with the other laws now on the statute books of the State on that subject, in less than five years there would be four deer where there is one now, and in less than ten, twenty would stand in their tracks.

I say enforce the present law, for in many localities where I am acquainted the bulk of all the deer that are not killed before the dog, are killed in June and July, and that, too, not by visiting sportsmen, but by people living in the surrounding towns. Stop this and drive out the dogs, and deer would be plenty enough.

Much has been said about floating, but I have never seen anything to warrant the belief that that is a very destructive method of hunting if practiced only after Aug. 1. In the first place, the average tourist doesn't care for a great while to undergo the fatigue necessary in order to get a shot; and in the second place, if he does, after he gets it the chances are at least six to one that he will score a clean miss. Then, too, there is another fact which seems to be lost sight of almost altogether by all who have expressed views upon the subject—very few of the deer so killed are does; certainly not one in ten if the shooting is done in August, and not a much larger percentage in September.

The reason for this is perfectly obvious. While caring for their young the does are more than usually cautious and withdraw to some little swamp hole or bog, where there is no danger of being interrupted either by their natural foes or the big bucks, who ought to be their friends, but with whom they are not on the best of terms at that time. These then have a monopoly of the open streams and lakes where the floating is done.

A word as to the Maine question. In common with hundreds of others who take but one vacation in the summer I don't go there any more. Not because fish are not plenty and deer too, but because I can't get both on the same trip without breaking the law. Would I go there if the law were changed so as to allow both in September? Certainly. And so would my many friends. Would we kill off all of the deer? I think not, but if we are so very destructive and deadly, take off the last month on the present law, for I know that I pay more for every deer I kill to the inhabitants of the State where it falls, three times over, than they can realize out of one slain by themselves. Should I slay the maternal doe with her udder distended with milk and her little ones bleating in their starvation upon the adjacent hill side? In my judgment for ten years we might float up and down the best of her rivers for each night of our annual two weeks of summer outing, and never paddle our boat over a drop of water that had at any time during the two months immediately preceding wet a single teat which was moist from the mouth of its owner's offspring, unless perhaps some maternal muskrat had postponed her family cares some months later than she ought to have done.

This would be especially true in the early part of the month, for the nearer you hunt to the time now allowed by law in the State of Maine the greater your chance to kill the future hundreds with the single shot from your rifle.

But the nearer you get to Oct. 1, the better your chances of counting the does among your slain, for there comes a time when her maternal cares cease to be the pleasure to her that they once were. The gentle tender-mouthed fawn of early June has grown into the sharp-teethed aggressive youngster of September.

She dissolves the partnership between them not before his appetite for the good things of this life has increased rather than grown less with the added weeks.

He isn't contented now to remain behind some old log, where in the early summer she left him covered up in the bushes while she took the hasty meal which the thick grass of the bog, near which she always locates at that time, affords; but he follows after her, and the moment she attempts to lower her head for a bite, he attacks the receptacle from which he formerly fed so peaceably with teeth like chopping-knives and butts from his head like unto those delivered in olden times from the classic battering-ram. Does she admire this kind of attention? If you could see the way in which she retaliates by wheeling right about face and rolling him over on his back in the bushes with a vicious butt from her hard pate, you would hardly think so. After a little of this kind of intercourse she tolerates him, certainly if he will keep a respectful distance and give up a milk diet, but she ceases to be filled with that high solicitude for his welfare which controlled her every step in July, and she too then takes herself to the country about the open rivers and fords, whose tender feed has been monopolized up to this time by the yearlings and bucks.

The time when she ordinarily does this is not far from the commencement of the open season as it now exists in Maine, and from this time on, either with the hounds, or later on the snow, hides without horns will be in the great majority in the hunters' camps.

It is the death of does that lessens the future supply, and whether she falls in June or December the result is at the worst only different by one or two deer the less or more. So long as a time is chosen to hunt, in which the bulk of deer killed are does, and so long as you employ methods which will bring them rather than bucks to your rifle, so long will the deer find themselves waging an unequal struggle for existence with the daily increasing army of hunters.

If your doe is shot in August, however, I doubt if in the vast majority of cases you have done any more harm than the same shot would have caused in November. It is true that the chances will be that the fawn is suckling, but he doesn't die because compelled to shift for himself at the age which he will then have reached. Deer are like our domestic cattle in this respect. Both will allow their young to suckle just as long as it can be done without too much pain and discomfort to themselves, and this will be long after the youngsters are able to live without it.

The calf will willingly follow the cow for four and even five months before she will wean it herself; but nobody thinks of accusing the farmer of infanticide when, at the expiration of three weeks, he steals half of the milk, and at the end of six takes the mother away entirely, leaving the younger chip of the old block to a couple of days of bleating and his own resources in the future for a means of picking up a living. The calf don't die by any means unless the butcher gets hold of him, and neither will the fawn after the same length of time.

He will perhaps be a trifle smaller the next spring than he otherwise would have been at that time, and the hunter will perhaps have a trifle less fat to pick from the bones of the mother when he chances to catch her at that time than he would have had if he had waited until November, but what there is of it will be worth three times the like amount taken

from her hide during the latter month after she has been run to her death by the hounds, or even after she had spent a week leading the bucks a chase up and down the hillsides.

Now I say in conclusion, if your object is to protect the deer, make the open season two months, and let those two be August and September, and keep out the dogs. Then you will kill bucks almost entirely. You will attract the tourist who is ordinarily not very dangerous to the game, but generally free with his money. You will destroy the market to a large extent, as it will be too warm a good share of the time when you get out of the woods to ship your meat, and you will give the local hunters just the same show in the woods that others who live a little further away have, instead of leaving to them almost alone the month of November with its deadly tracking snows. Not that I don't for my own part enjoy the excitement of the particular style of hunting then in vogue, but in common with the bulk of others living out of the woods, I can't be there often at that time, and the month is practically left to the market-hunter, who spares neither age nor sex.

Horns with him don't count, meat is all that he cares for, and he is much more apt to outwit the fawn or mother doe in this style of hunting than he is to get a shot at the wary old buck. This in my judgment is the conclusion of the whole matter, that system of hunting and that season in which to do it that bring down the smallest number of does among the slain is the only one which the advocates for game protection ought to demand.

The countries across the water understand this and do what we cannot enforce—legislation which spares the females. All that we can do is to fix upon an open season when the chances are against the bucks and forbid a system of hunting which carries the balance the other way.

August and September are the months when does are least likely to be found, unless the dogs are used. So I say give us these two months and keep out the dogs. If the reform is a little too sweeping and can't be carried out in the cutting off of the last two months, leave the law as it now is in the Adirondacks in respect to time, and even then with the hounds out and Aug. 1 observed as the time to commence hunting, I think the deer will not materially decrease in numbers for a long time to come.

THREE-BARRELS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

During the past three years, I have spent my summer vacation in the same locality on a certain watershed in John Brown's tract. And after the four or five weeks of freedom from desk, dust and digests, I have never failed to return with a feeling of profound gratitude that this beautiful region, with all its possibilities, has yet been spared to those whose spirits so frequently rebel against the everlasting brick and mortar. Three times I have built my little shanty and prepared my camp fire, in perfect confidence that sooner or later a good fat saddle should be hanging hard by. But in view of what I heard and saw (as well as what I didn't see) last August, together with the supine indifference of the law makers at Albany as to the fish, flesh and feather in the woods, it was with but comparatively slight regret that I read in a letter from my guide two days ago: "Our friend Babcock has torn down our shanty, to build him one further up, in drivin' time." And these are a few of the reasons thereof:

Two years ago, in the region of which I speak, deer were fairly plentiful. One year later, I counted thirteen deer in four weeks, during the month of August, and killed enough to supply four hungry men. During the same month of the present year I saw only three deer and as many fawns—of which latter I shall speak again—although my opportunities for seeing game were much better during this season than during that of the year before. Of the many different parties with whom I conversed in the woods, none had secured more than a single deer up to the 15th of August; only one man had had a daylight shot; all reported venison to be very scarce; all agreed that "hounding" did most of the work—and anything that remained was cared for by the jack in June and July.

The daughter of one of my guides—an intelligent young girl—told me last June that she had "kept count up to four hundred deer that were killed ahead of the dogs on — River in the fall of 1883. One gentleman (?) who some weeks before had descended in glowing terms to a friend of mine on the beauties of nature and the primeval forest, and the shame and outrage of desecrating it with axe and railroad, had passed out with thirteen noble animals in a wagon. They were sold in a market at the place where he lived on an income of three or four thousand a year.

Scarcely half a mile from my camp is the shanty of an old hunter who passes fully one half of his time in the woods. His forte is still-hunting, which he considers to be the only satisfactory way of killing a deer. When I reached my little paradise I found him on the ground, but although a week had passed since his coming, he had not seen a deer. He remained four weeks in camp, and during that time saw one deer, which was crouching in the water, half dead with fatigue (dogs). After an exciting tussle the deer escaped him! Last year on the same ground he killed two or three in as many weeks, without any difficulty. This time he was glad to share my buck, in order to take a little jerked meat "to the children."

One afternoon my guide and I paid a visit to old O. H., who has lived in the wilderness over sixty years. A skillful hunter and thorough woodsman, he is in every way competent to speak intelligently upon the question in interest. In answer to my inquiries he made the following statements:

"From ten to fifteen years ago, you could come up here and kill your venison by daylight with a rifle; now you must either hunt at night, early in the summer, or have a dog, if you want meat. Six years ago, when I first built this shanty, you could walk out any evening and see eight or ten deer on this 'burning'; this season I saw only one deer in three weeks. There is not one deer now to ten that there were six years ago, and it is only by chance now that a deer is killed in the open season without dogs, or at least a jack. What has done it? Well, the dogs mostly. One party up here last fall killed some forty deer. They had a lot of dogs, and brought in three or four deer—mostly yearlings—every day. If they keep on hounding at this rate, three years more at most, will kill every deer in the woods."

These are the words and ideas of a man who is, and always has been, on the ground, and has watched the progress of this thing all his life. Are not his opinions entitled to weight?

One morning while I was on the river within a quarter of a mile of my camp, two beautiful fawns stepped out of the woods and down to the water just below where we were casting. Under Charlie's skillful management of the paddle, we dropped down the current until I could have almost

touched them with my fly-rod. They were well grown—dropped in April, as Charlie thought—and apparently well able to care for themselves if they had a fair chance. For five minutes we watched them, and as the timid little things curiously turned their great liquid eyes upon us, and half in fear, half in frolic, stamped the mud with their small hoofs, every now and then moving away a few steps, but invariably turning back for another look, I wondered if there could be found a man who, in my place, would have taken advantage of their innocence, and cut them down as they stood there. A sudden clap of the hands, a flash from two little white tails, a twinkle of small hoofs, and they were gone.

A day or two later, while enjoying our post-prandial loaf, we heard a dog running in the woods to the east, and in a few moments I saw a deer coming down the river. Just before we had noticed a boat, containing two men, below the bend, and putting two and two together, we made up our minds that the little deer—it was a fawn, somewhat smaller than the two we had seen—should escape. When it came opposite our landing, I stepped down to the shore, shouting and waving my hat, whereupon it made for the opposite bank, and creeping half way out of the water, crouched beneath a small shrub. The river was only thirty feet wide, and I could plainly see that the little thing was tired out. A plunge in the water above announced that the enemy was at hand. The animal could not stir, however, until, in desperation, I jumped into the boat and pushed out into the river, when it crawled up the bank and disappeared in the woods. When the dog came down I caught and tied her. In the course of the day a message came from below: "The old dog has broken loose; please send her home." This was on the 12th of August.

One week later, after a few days' absence from camp, I returned with my wife, to initiate her into the delights of perfect freedom. From the still-hunter I learned that a party of five who had been camping on a small pond in the vicinity had killed two spotted fawns, and a third had been killed in the river—all driven in by dogs. When I thought of the tired creature whose life I had saved, and of the beautiful picture of ten days before, which I had fondly hoped to conjure up again for the delectation of the little enthusiast who was then with me, and then thought of these slaughtered innocents—hunted to death by five brawny men and as many yelling, club-nosed dogs—I prayed for vengeance upon both kinds of brutes.

On the second day we took a long journey through a lovely chain of lakes, to a spot where a white woman had never been before. Crossing a carry some four miles from camp, we stumbled upon a large fawn lying in the trail, with its legs tied. It was pitiful to witness its struggles when we approached, and the tears which dropped from its eyes were not the only ones which fell that day. "Dogs again," I muttered, and just then came the report of a gun. When we reached the landing we found four men, two huge dogs, and a magnificent buck, which later, after a long and gallant race for life, had at last met an ignominious death in the water.

"Charlie," said I, "how much longer will this last?" "O, not long," said he. "Two or three years more and there won't be any bucks left, or fawns either."

"Unless—" I ventured.

"Unless," he replied emphatically, "dogs are shut out of the woods altogether—at least, for some years. Why, dogs are running in these woods every month in the year. One took a doe right through the sugar camp last April. (Nice thing for a doe at that time!) And it ain't only what they drive in and kill, but it's what run themselves to death in hot weather (they'll run ten times as far in August as they will in October before they take water), and what they drive away from sucking fawns. I picked up one little fawn on Burnt Creek that was just starved to death; it died in my arms."

"What is your idea of a law for protection?" said I. "No doggin' to begin with, no takin' venison out of the woods, a big fine for killin' out of season, and sock it right to 'em for killin' or ketchin' a fawn."

"How about the jack?" said I.

"Well," said he, "the most harm done with a jack is in June and July, when the deer are tame, and anybody can kill one, with any old gun. If the dogs were out, and no floating done until August, there would be venison enough, but no shotguns ought to be allowed behind the jack."

Judge Caton, in his interesting work on the deer, confesses to a personal and repeated knowledge of floating, or "jack" hunting. I am another. And I want to say right here that all these stories about slipping up to within six feet of a deer behind a fire pan, and butchering them so that they fall right into the boat, are fables to me, at least as applied to our Adirondack region to-day. In June or July, as Charlie intimates, it may be possible. My experience does not include killing a deer out of season. But in the months of August and September, when the nights are cold and foggy, the deer wary, and the lily pads so thick and tough that it requires a cunning hand at the paddle to bring the boat within range or sight, at least, without alarming the quarry, it is another matter. I know a guide who has paddled two seasons, without a deer having been killed from his boat. I myself have heard many more deer go out than I have had an opportunity to shoot at. The last time that "I was there," as Judge Caton puts it, the jack light was completely swallowed up in a combination of moon and fog, which latter came rolling up in clouds, as we approached the spot where two deer were feeding. The deer that I was obliged to take was standing head on, and although the moonlight enabled me to see his outline at six rods, I could not find the sights of my gun, a .40-60 Marlin, and the first shot was a clean miss, but the second broke him down in the midst of a jump. One inch higher and the ball would have gone clear. He was a fine three year old buck.

Now if there are those who think that any tyro can kill a deer with a rifle at all time behind a jack, let them try it. After sitting for five or six hours all cramped up in the bow of a boat until one fairly shivers with cold and fatigue, it is no easy matter to calculate the vital spot in an indistinct gray patch almost on a level with the water, cover with the front sight, guess at the back one—which can never be seen—or hold directly between two small red spots, and do execution, especially if the deer be run upon suddenly and the man's nerves tried by that startling hub-hub-hub, before anything can be seen.

Still I confess that floating is held in bad repute by many, and although with me a favorite and perhaps the most exciting mode of hunting, I will cheerfully give way to the opinions of others and endorse a law prohibiting jack hunting at any time and with any weapon, if only the dogs too are eliminated. As it stands to-day, however, and speaking only as to the strictly open season in regard to each, from all

that I can gather from my own experience, as well as from those who ought to know, I consider that in the matter of destructiveness floating is to driving as one is to six. In June or July the jack unquestionably is far the deadliest; but those who, "jack" then would undoubtedly continue their nefarious warfare at those times, even if strictly prohibited altogether.

Finally, if the dogs must run, keep them in the kennels six weeks or two months longer—when the crying evil will be much mitigated. Perhaps, after all this is a more feasible plan. In discussing this subject last summer with two gentlemen who, between them, control about 125,000 acres of land in the locality of which I have written, I learned that an effort had already been made to secure legislative relief. One of these gentlemen (who had labored personally at the Capitol in this behalf) remarked their arguments could not prevail against those of a gentleman who is opposed to them and described in eloquent language the delights of hearing "the silvery tones of the hound's voice when he roused the noble quarry from his hiding place in the forest." The gentleman was right; it is a delight and a most inspiring one, but humanity—as well as policy—demand that the delight be either foregone entirely or be less frequently experienced, otherwise the dogs will very soon be kept out of the woods in a way that their owners and abettors have not apparently considered—by the complete destruction of that which now tempts them there.

SEYMOUR VAN SANTVOORD.

TROY, N. Y., Dec. 25, 1884.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Our law as it now stands is some means of game protection, but not near what it ought to be, and the enforcing of the present law is almost a dead letter. It also gives one month in the year it should not. That is August; it might as well give June and July. The fawns are not all large enough in this month to support and protect themselves, and are not weaned by the does. I have found plenty of milk in their udders in October, which proved to me that the fawns are not weaned at that late date, and this month, August, also gives the jack or night-hunter a chance to pepper their hams, legs and neck full of buckshot. Limit the time to October and November 15 or December 1 only, and make a penalty large enough to amount to something, say \$300 for killing a deer out of season, \$200 to be given to the complainant and \$100, the remainder, to county treasurer to be used for the protection of all kinds of game birds, animals and fish. Killing of fawns, spotted coat or not, should be unlawful. Traps, spring or set guns, salt licks and hounding deer should be unlawful the year round, with heavy penalties attached.

Jack or night-hunting has long been practiced among all classes from the 1st of June to September, and is one of the meanest kinds of slaughter of our deer. It is done for private use as well as for the table of some of our summer hotels to please the palates of city boarders and to gratify their desire to kill a deer. The result is not only sure death to the doe, but death also to the fawns that are not strong enough to sustain or protect themselves. I have been told by more than one good hunter and guide that not more than one in five deer shot at night-hunting are ever taken or killed outright, and I have come to the conclusion that one-half of those fired at night hunting are mortally wounded and go back into the woods to die, fawns and all. About three years ago I was fishing at Ragged Lake in Franklin county; it was the 4th of July; and smelling a strong stench near there, I landed and found about four or five rods from the shore a fine large doe with two fawns, dead, and one of them with its nose at the udder of the doe. The doe's neck was full of buckshot and showed signs of great agony in death. This is only one of many such examples of night-hunting slaughter or peppering deer with buckshot. A friend of mine, a guide and hunter, who I know would tell the truth, went fishing to Plumadore Pond, if I remember right it was in June last. He said, "I went down to the outlet of the pond to fish at the lily pads, and on the shore among the woods I found the paunches and intestines of seven full grown deer and one-half of a deer left on the ground to rot; and its shoulder and breast were riddled with buckshot." For night-hunting the gun generally used is the shotgun with loads of buckshot; and I have often heard of finding deer with their bodies full of shot from this kind of hunting. I was hunting with a party one fall in October and one of our party shot a very nice doe, which was found to have a charge of buckshot in her ham and udder. She had been wounded some time in the summer, and the wound had not healed up entirely. We had to throw away a quarter of what would have been the best of steak in season. This kind of hunting is going to exterminate our deer and that soon. I hope every sportsman will take up this matter at once and try and get laws passed this winter with penalties large enough to make it a give-away to any man that breaks it. I might say something about hounding, but will let some one open the case. But I will say I hope it will be stopped entirely, for it is death to deer. Let us use the hound on fox and hare. And spare the deer with our cats.

ADIRONDACKS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Beginning with November, 1879, I have still-hunted deer in the Adirondacks each fall since. Prior to that time I had hunted in Potter, McKean and Cameron counties, just south of us in Pennsylvania, where, up to 1860, deer were very plenty, but with still-hunting and hounding they had in 1878 nearly disappeared. Having a brother living in Lewis county, N. Y., I concluded best to join him and his friends in the Adirondacks, and have hunted there since.

Our party consists of four, two guides and hunters who were raised in Lewis county, their father being a guide and hunter before them, my brother and self, both having hunted with shotgun and rifle since boyhood.

In 1879 we camped on Independence River; in 1880 we had a log house built at Sunday Lake in the Beaver River Valley, and hunted there two falls. Then we had another log house built at Fifth Creek Lake, cutting a road five miles through the woods to it, and have hunted there three falls. We go into camp right after election, and come out generally during the last week in November, and at latest on Dec. 1.

Below I give table showing the number of days in camp, including going in and coming out each year, the number of guns, the number of deer killed, showing the proportion of bucks and does, after which I wish to state some facts as regards the running of deer by dogs out of season, and also some matters that from information I believe to be true. Also some information relative to the increase of deer in

Potter, McKean and Cameron counties, Pa., the past five years, during which time hounding has not been allowed in that section.

Year.	Days.	Guns.	Bucks.	Does.	Total.
1879.....	22	4	6	1	7
1880.....	21	4	9	2	11
1881.....	22	4	8	1	9
1882.....	24	4	10	2	12
1883.....	17	4	4	1	5
1884.....	23	3	9	2	11

A total of fifty five deer, of which seven were fawns, and the bucks forty-six against nine does, including old and young. Why so many more bucks than does? Simply because there are many more bucks than does left. How came this to be so? One reason, because of hounding, does frequent the rivers and lakes from spring until into the winter, nearly all hounds are started around the lakes where, as a rule, more does than bucks remain from Sept. 15 to Nov. 1. The bucks are further back on the ridges and mountains, consequently from two to three does are run in by dogs and killed to one buck.

I think hounding should be prohibited in the State of New York for the following reasons: 1. It is brutal. 2. It results in the killing of many more does than bucks, thus doubly augmenting the decrease. 3. Venison so killed is wholly unfit for eating. 4. Dogs are not only used for killing deer during the six weeks allowed by law, but are used nearly every month in the year. 5. Unless driving deer with dogs is stopped, ten years will see the woods destitute of game.

During the summer months a show is made of keeping the dogs chained, but from Sept. 1 until April 1 dogs are used in the Adirondacks to kill deer to a more or less extent. I know that deer have been run by dogs up to the very last of November the past six years in the Beaver River section, when the law does not allow it after Oct. 31, and am informed by parties who have a chance to know, that for each deer killed in that section still-hunting, there are from five to six killed by dogging. I also know that deer are decreasing very fast in that section. What venison our party gets is for the use of our friends and ourselves, and we would not take a "run" deer as a gift, as it is not fit to eat.

I still fish for trout in Potter, McKean and Cameron counties, Pennsylvania (open season closes Aug. 1), and am informed by old hunters that the deer are as plenty there now as in 1860, and the increase is wholly attributed to the fact that dogging is not allowed and has not been for five years past.

I know that our markets have been more than supplied with venison the past two years; also am informed that more venison has been killed during the past two years than had been during the ten preceding years in those counties. The open season in Pennsylvania is from Sept. 1 to July 1. Thus, with four open months for still-hunting, the deer have increased very fast; still I think the open season should close Nov. 30, the same as in New York. From talking with guides, hunters and hotel men in the Adirondacks, I am satisfied that the most of them are in favor of a non-hounding law, that they would kill their dogs and do their best to enforce such a law, because they see the deer are decreasing very rapidly, and know that their occupation decreases in proportion.

Make a law so there is no excuse for keeping dogs, and I think the deer will increase.

C. L. PARKER.

WELLSVILLE, N. Y., Dec. 29, 1884.

Editor Forest and Stream:

You call for suggestions, etc., in regard to game laws, more especially referring to hounding deer. It is the old story, and ever will be—much talk, many suggestions, and nothing accomplished, for there is too much of politics and red tape mixed up even in what ought to be a clean record from this curse. Facts, *pro bono publico*, for and in behalf of the "dear old woods," as a friend has appropriately named the Adirondacks, speak for themselves. Our game laws are well enough, with very slight alterations, if they were strictly enforced, but they are not, and cannot be with an inadequate force of game protectors. We need at least fifteen or twenty game protectors, distributed in appointment resident near the woods, and whose sworn duty would compel them every fortnight to visit different sections, taking turns, and by appointment in these different sections, from May 1 to Dec. 1, when sportsmen are in the woods, and have authority to make arrests on the spot, and to be required to report to some chief officer the result of every trip; and if arrests are made, to give names, places, what for arrested, and to deal summarily with offenders, and to be dealt summarily with if they are derelict in duty. By the above requirements guides and sportsmen would not dare even to seek remote ponds for slaughtering deer and trout.

As to hounding, I would allow only one month, say October, and no transportation of venison or trout from the woods for the next five years, under a very heavy penalty. Guides are very oftentimes at fault for transgressing the laws, but in many cases they are induced to transgress by special liberal offers. During August, 1881, a so-called sportsman from our city killed five deer in one day on Hitching's Pond, all driven in the water by dogs. I have talked with Dr. Romeyn and Messrs. Winant at Bartlett's, Thompson Smith at Smith's, all well-known and esteemed as thorough sportsmen and with many years experience, and I think they would corroborate what I have written. Jack-hunting ought to be forbidden under a heavier penalty. I have seen venison on tables at the hotels in June and July for the past three years. Parties even taking hounds in camp ought to be liable to arrest as it would be *prima facie* evidence of intent to run them. I do trust there will be no misguided tinkering with the game laws unless for the better, and decidedly so.

NEW YORK.

WEBSTER, MASS., Dec. 27.—As a well-known Webster hunter was hunting near "Long Branch," close to the Connecticut State line, a day or so ago, he noticed a large black hawk swooping down to earth. He fired at his audacious foe, but never touched a feather, the monster fellow lighting near by. He carefully advanced toward the hawk and discharged his rifle, this time killing the hawk. Upon investigating the unexpected visitor he found a partridge beneath the hawk with his head picked just enough to kill it, though the bird was quite warm. It seems that this hawk had caught the bird, fastened it in its talons, and flew to his death with it, and was eating it when killed.

THE MAINE DEER LAW.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I am one of the interested ones wishing for a change in the law, for I believe it will make more business, circulate more money, be an advantage to the whole State in general, and not decrease the game. This region has always been my home. With a strong passion for the woods from my earliest remembrance and with but little home restraint, as soon as I was large enough to do anything I worked in the woods. For some years I passed most of my time hunting, trapping, fishing through the ice, logging, driving and guiding. As the Rangeley Lake trout began to attract attention and bring more sportsmen, warranting a business in that line, I began to invest the little that I had saved up, and now after fifteen years have passed I have many dollars invested, which I know, having worked for them, are worth one hundred cents apiece. Naturally I want to see all the inducements that the region contains held up; and quite likely I know by this time about what color the goose is that is expected to "lay the golden egg," and about what she can do if she gets the chance.

While the deer in this region are very plenty, and would be very valuable were the law changed so that they could be sold when there was a demand for them, but almost worthless as it now stands, is it unreasonable that we should ask for the change, especially when we are almost certain that the change will work as a protection? A longer open season suggests to some who are not thoroughly acquainted with the deer as they are in the woods and man as he is in the woods, that a great many more deer are to be killed; that men and boys are going to rush in from all sides, and without trouble indiscriminately shoot down everything that looks like a deer. This is not the case. Getting a deer in this region by a sportsman will mean work; it will mean the employment of a skilled guide. The guide handles his man, and self-interest, common sentiment of the other guides, hotel keepers and all interested, handle the guide, while honor goes a good way with both sportsman and guide. It is for the guide's interest that his man gets a deer, and but one, unless more are actually needed. No guide wants to be looked upon as a game waster, and they understand their interests too well to be such. Let any one who has lived or been familiar with the Rangeley region, since it was found out that there was money in the trout and that it was for our interest for the sportsmen to come here and catch them, see how it has worked. The men that used to find pleasure and profit in using the spear and gig on the spawning beds in the fall and fishing through the ice in winter have forgotten all about it. Why should it not be the same with the deer? After all the best way to make a man of a man is to treat him like a man. You can coax a woodsman much better than you can drive him. How would it work to try to cure a "cruster" by treating him well? Let a hotel or camp keeper give him a good job guiding (most woodsman remember a favor as long as an injury), then when he had got his money and was feeling well, talk to him a little; tell him the advantage of letting the sportsmen have the deer, both to himself, as well as others interested in the business. Would not this be a better way than to put a warden on his track and have him taken down river and fined? By the first way you not only awaken his self-interest and reason, but you bring out his honor. By the last way you deaden his honor, blind his reason, and send him back into the woods swearing vengeance on both law and game. With deer in the woods all around him he sees no justice in the law that says he cannot have one except at just such a time. Perhaps that meat that you say is not fit to eat may taste very sweet to his scantily-fed family.

I think that a great many writers on the habits of deer create wrong impressions by their limited knowledge of what they are writing about. Having had some experience with deer in one section of the country, they tell their story, giving one to understand that the habits of all deer are the same and all should be hunted in the same way. This is a great mistake. Three of the senses, namely, hearing, seeing and smelling, were surely not denied the deer; but these vary in their keenness according to circumstances. There is as much difference in deer, according to their surroundings, as there is in the dumpy steer that the small boy teams around in the State of Maine and the wild steer of the Far West that never heard the cowboy's voice. Take the deer in Southeastern Maine, born and reared in a level, open country, within the sound of the woodsman's axe, the barking of dogs, the sound of human voices and the rumbling of passing wagons. He grows up to look at the main road running through the woods as his beaten path, the cattle and sheep in the back pasture as his friends, and the back field as a place he has a perfect right to jump into, tread down the mowing and lie down in the oats at his own sweet will, or till the farmer's dog gets after him; even then he makes sure that he is the one wanted before he does much heavy running, and as soon as the chase is given up, back he goes into the oats if he feels so disposed. That same deer, reared among the mountains and densely wooded country of Northwestern Maine, would be a very different animal.

The so-called sportsmanlike ways of getting deer may be varied a good deal in my estimation according to the natural advantages or disadvantages of the region, where they are to be hunted. If it requires work, patience and skill to get one with a jack, (and that is about the only way of getting one when they are wanted in Northwestern Maine) I fail to see why it is not just as sportsmanlike as it is to stand in the main road, or pasture, or open ground of Southeastern Maine and shoot them down. It seems a pity that two sections of country so differently situated as regards interest as we are, cannot be governed by different laws, though I fail to see why making September an open month would seriously affect that part of the State accessible from about all points by good roads. The local hunter and sportsman drives his team into the heart of the hunting country, he does not care to go until cool weather, when he can get his deer home or to market. Then they go at it with a vengeance. Looking over quite a portion of that country the other day from a tall tree on the top of Picked Mountain, between the head waters of the Machias and Mopang rivers, and a day later another portion on the Narragansett River from the top of old Hump Back, and judging from the sights I saw in the wood and what the hunters told me of the numbers being killed and what had been killed in years back, I should say that the stock was up to the full extent of the pasturage and was standing the drainage well. Should sportsmen from without the State kill as many deer yearly in the whole State of Maine as are yearly killed in that one country by local sportsmen and hunters, the State would realize more benefit from them than any one is aware of.

As far as fawns being dependent on the mother in Septem-

ber is concerned, of course this is sometimes the case. There are exceptions to every general rule, even in nature; while the fawn is depending on its mother for its sustenance it is not looking elsewhere for it. By September, with us, the forest herbage has ripened and withered, and is it probable that nature intends for the tender fawn to go from its mother's milk on to the ill-nourishing twigs and buds, and meet our early and severe winters in its spotted coat; I think it is much oftener the case that there are both late and early fawns born in a warmer climate or where the temperature is more uneven, as it is near the coast. I also believe that the deer in the southeastern part of this State mate as a general thing not less than two weeks later than they are with us, and are much more irregular in their heats.

In writing this article, I have an eye on my own interest, it is true, but I have tried to tell it as I believe it is; and let it be remembered that what is for my interest, is for the interest of every railroad, stage line, hotel and camp, farmer and mechanic, and in fact not of a small portion, but the whole State of Maine. If Maine could but show her southeastern fall hunters a better price for fewer deer, and keep down dogs and crusters, even with no deer law at all, her forests would not be thinned of deer by visiting and local sportsmen combined.

CAPT. F. C. BARKER.

P. S.—Dec. 27.—Your issue of the 18th inst. is at hand, and the extract from our Fish and Game Commissioners' report read with interest and much surprise.

I am not going to attempt to overhaul it; it speaks loudly for itself, and since it is written I hope it will be carefully and impartially read by all parties—men who have hearts and common sense, and understand the nature of the game in question as well as the selfishness of men, and the difference of circumstances between the ones asking for the change and the "prominent men."

Is the tone of this report to be the ruling power in handling an interest as important as the sporting travel to Maine is getting to be? The game laws of Maine have been broken no doubt by the visiting sportsman; but very few indeed are the cases but what they were aided and not discouraged, if not encouraged, by a citizen of our State, who received a good price for his services. Then accuse the guilty party and not a benefactor.

F. C. B.

BENNE CAMPS, Rangeley Lakes, Me.

Editor Forest and Stream:

A recent item of attraction in the Boston market was the arrival Saturday of two moose. Both were cows, but one was large enough to have weighed some 500 pounds when alive. It seems almost shameful to kill such noble game animals for a purpose so mercenary and trivial as obtaining less than \$50 per head, especially when we consider the great danger that the moose may yet follow the bison to utter extinction. The receivers of these moose are honorable marketmen, and they claim that the animals were not from Maine, but from the Provinces. They came by St. John steamer, and the parties claim that they paid duties on the venison. It is fortunate for the steamboat company that it is out of the jurisdiction of Maine, else the law of that State forbidding the possession of more than one moose in a season, would be enforced.

Your correspondent "Penobscot" claims that there is no law on the Maine statute books against the transportation of venison from that State. In his statement of a fact in the abstract he is correct, but the law forbidding the possession of more than one moose, two caribou or three deer in a season has been decided to apply to transportation companies as well as individuals, hence the effect has been the same as a positive statute forbidding transportation. It is well understood in Maine that "Penobscot" or any other man could take his three deer, two caribou or one moose in his own sleigh and drive out of the State of Maine with them, but transportation companies will not take them; for, following the admirable example of Mr. Payson Tucker, superintendent of the Maine Central Railroad, they have, the most of them, issued positive orders to their employees not to take and forward game at all. This construction of the law has kept a flood of game out of the Boston market at least. But very few Maine deer have yet been received here this season, which ends on Jan. 1, and last year there were very few.

If such writers as "Penobscot" and Mr. Wells would turn their talents toward aiding the most worthy efforts of the Maine Commissioners and friends of game protection, they would accomplish more of good for themselves and their fellow sportsmen than they can by picking flaws and showing up to those who would kill game out of season or unlawfully some loopholes or methods of escape. If the Maine Commissioners have been successful in even starting a system of game protection which is likely, if carried out, to preserve moose, caribou and deer—almost exterminated in other sections of the country—to a single corner of this great domain, then let them have their way for ten years instead of two, as they so modestly ask for in their admirable report.

The season has been very favorable for the preservation of the larger game in Maine thus far. There has been little snow as yet, and up to the very cold weather of the 19th and 20th of December the larger ponds, lakes and streams were not frozen over. In this relation moose, deer and caribou have certainly gained a month's respite from the hunter, who waits for snow and the lakes to be frozen. It is often that the ground is covered with snow in Northern Maine as early as the 15th of November, and then the hunting most deadly to moose and deer begins. It is also well understood by hunters that the caribou delights in the early frozen surface of the lakes. This year he has not found the ice to play on, and has saved his skin thereby. Parties from all sections of Maine, and even Massachusetts and Connecticut, have put off their deer hunting trips till the present time; and now it is probable that they will fall through altogether, the season is so late and the annual close time—January 1—is very near. The gain to the larger game of Maine can only be estimated in thousands.

The deer hounders, or rather their poor dogs, have fared hard this year. The Maine game law not only forbids hounding, but provides for the destruction of the dogs. By the game wardens a war to the death has been waged. A great number of poor dogs—or perhaps good dogs with unworthy masters—have been destroyed. If one apothecary would tell his story, pounds of poison would be accounted for. Repeating rifles have also been employed by the wardens. A pack of four valuable hounds were taken by their owner from a Massachusetts town to Maine the other day. At his hotel, near the backwoods, he made considerable brag and bluster. He was going to "hound some deer in spite of the law." His bluster was quickly conveyed to the local warden's ear. That functionary learned the course the dog-hunter proposed to take from his guide, and he was

early on the ground, armed with repeating rifle. Two of the dogs fell before its bullets. The hunter himself came up, saw the state of affairs, and drew his revolver upon the warden, with a "D—n you, I'll teach you how to shoot my dogs!" The warden raised his rifle in response. The hunter put down his revolver. He swore he would lick the warden before he left the State. He would call off his dogs and leave. On second thought—"No! I'll be d—nd if I will! I'll run a deer, and you may shoot another dog if you dare." The warden called the attention of his assistant to the fellow's statement, which was a confession from his own lips that he was hounding deer. The hunter saw the trap into which he had fallen, and concluded to give up the hunt. Before he got out of the State a warrant was served upon him for hounding deer, and he concluded to settle; but it was a hard blow to bear when he was obliged to surrender his two remaining dogs to the merciless warden. He goes back home a humbled man, with a wholesome respect for the Maine game laws. The baying of hounds is dangerous music for the poor creatures in Maine.

SPECIAL.

Editor Forest and Stream:

We expect at the next session of our Legislature an attempt to repeal, or to so change our fish and game laws that it will amount to the same, and it is proper for us to give at this time our views freely, especially as you have so generously opened your columns to us. One reason why I avail myself of this privilege is because your paper is so generally read in Maine.

Facts are stubborn, and I intend to show by them that we shall not be justified in changing our laws that are now doing so much to replenish our depleted forests and streams. We know that poachers once had their way, and destroyed in a few years all our moose, caribou, and nearly all the deer, as well as small game. I am now talking of the central part of Washington county, or that which is drained by the St. Croix, Denny's, East Machias, Machias, Chandler's Pleasant and Narraquagus rivers.

At the close of the war small game, as ducks and grouse, was plenty, and large game was giving indications of slight increase, but crust-hunting was doing its work. It was evident that unless crust-hunting and the use of dogs could be stopped, it was useless to talk of restocking our forests. Laws were enacted forbidding the use of dogs and crust-hunting; poachers opposed them, and visiting sportsmen continued to come with their hounds, giving no heed whatever to our efforts at protection. Laws were changed from year to year, insufficient money was appropriated to enforce them, and what was worse, our wardens were worthless, nor could they have been else, for the courts would not sustain them in the performance of their duty. The country swarmed with dogs, from the meanest cur to the bloodhound, all trained for one purpose, the hunting of deer, regardless of law or season, the little mean cur upon the crust and the hound to drive.

Thus the destruction continued until the just indignation of the better part of the community was aroused, and then commenced the growth of game protection in Eastern Maine. The dog was taxed and legislated against for hunting purposes, but to no benefit to the game, for the poachers and visiting sportsmen still persisted in setting at defiance all laws. In this portion of the country other means were used, perhaps not commendable, but the true sportsmen and hunters were determined to stop the slaughter. Then commenced the war of extermination—the farmers to save their sheep, the sportsmen to save the game, and the hunters to restock for the market. Our best hunters shot, poisoned and destroyed the worthless curs and unlucky hounds, whose masters and not the poor brutes deserved punishment. It was soon found that deer were rapidly on the increase, not only from the natural multiplication, but by immigration from the surrounding country, which was infested by dogs. Market hunting began and there was a chance in it for a large number of idle men, who were only living from hand to mouth, and cared less for the future; in short, the improvident in this community are as dependent upon their employers as children upon their parents. Middlemen saw their chance, and then another and more certain destructive agent threatened the extermination of all the gain of years of hard work in trying to restock our natural game region.

We then petitioned our Legislature and had the anti-shiping law passed, and then came the howl about "the poor man's rights, the robbing children of bread," etc., but the enemies of the law found a chance to evade it, on the ground of claimed unconstitutionality, and it was changed. Market-hunting increased tenfold each year, and our preserve swarmed with market-hunters from all parts of the State. It was evident that two more years would settle the question of the extermination of the deer, and we asked for relief and obtained our present fish and game laws; and the astonishing gain during the last two years in our large game, deer in particular, proves their worth.

I admit there are imperfections; one I would like to see changed, if it could be done without opening the way for the market-hunters, and that is to allow our friends the right to take home their game by the usual means of conveyance, steamboats and railroads. We who live near the hunting grounds do not feel this deprivation, for we can take our own teams into the very center of the game region. Let the friends who are lawyers help us out of this dilemma.

It must not be supposed for a moment that this good work goes on without much hard work and cost. The poacher is the same to-day as he was years ago, and is to be found plentifully among the market-hunters. The market-hunters and middlemen comprise all the enemies of game protection in this State. Our guides, enemies of the law, may kick at this, but I do believe, deep down, this is the truth even with them.

Public opinion is changing in favor of the present laws rapidly, and our wardens can do at the present time what could not be done a few years ago. The most important requisite is an appropriation sufficient to enable the commissioners and wardens to carry out their work, for to depend upon the fines of law breakers is sheer nonsense; the law can be forced in no such way. I know it from years of experience. One great reason why the wardens have been so efficient during the last two years is that the appropriation made at the session of the last Legislature was more ample than usual.

It is found in Maine that in order to restock our forests and keep them up to a certain standard with the yearly increase of hunters and sportsmen, we must have restrictions, the most important I will enumerate. Natural laws must be observed; dogs are not to be used for any purpose where deer abound; market-hunting and jacking must be strictly prohibited; still-hunting is the only legitimate method, and the length of season restricted to suit the amount of

destruction so as to insure increase rather than a decrease. The great abomination, crust-hunting, is one of the worst evils and most difficult to stop. Now that hounding is checked the deer are near the settlements and yard near the dwellings of these improvident people, who can in a few minutes go into their yards, shoot or more often with dogs and snowshoes, destroy the whole herd and hide them away in the night before the wardens even suspect mischief. This miserable business is continually going on every spring in spite of the best efforts of our wardens. It would astonish the citizens of Maine not residents of the game regions to know the amount of destruction of deer in this way, and the cussedness of this class of poachers. Here comes in the use of the miserable curs, for nine out of every ten deer killed during crut time in Maine are killed by dogs or with their aid, the smaller and lighter the dog, the better if he will only follow.

For the future we must not step to the rear but must continue to expose a bold front. We know that nothing short of a repeal of our present laws will suit the market-hunters. Not a single deer has been unsold in this town that has been for sale. This has been so for the last two years, nor can I learn of a single instance in any other town in this county, but the middleman has lost his profit. The limitation of numbers of deer to each man would be a dead letter if shipping was allowed, for dummy shooting would take care of the "one moose, two caribou or three deer" clause. The refusal of the transportation companies to convey game is the teeth of the law, and is just what we must not change. The market hunters can market their three deer and three times three if allowed to kill at home. We all, every citizen of Maine, claim a share of our game, and we do feel that a few market-hunters and middlemen have no right to demand or expect more than an even snare, which we claim should be limited about as at present. We all pay taxes, we all protect and our friends in our cities and large towns have the same rights as we, and we intend to give them the first chance for their vacations, and more, we are willing to share with our friends from other States provided they agree to eat what is set before them and not dictate to the cook or grumble at the proprietor.

We understand that we have one of the best health resorts on the coast of the U. S. We expect some day the whole coast from Quoddy Head to Old Orchard, will be dotted with cottages for summer visitors, and that one of the great inducements, both for our own people and those of sister States to remain into the autumn and fall, is the game we intend to preserve. Can we afford to pass laws the coming winter that will insure the extermination of our game? Is it in good taste for our friends from other States to dictate our legislation? We are not fools, and when our visiting friends threaten to leave for others and more congenial "play grounds" because we will not kill the goose that lays the golden egg, we are pleased, knowing well when our grounds are well restocked they will come back with their jacks.

Another important point, should our present laws be repealed, protection would be dead and nothing would save the utter extermination of the whole. I speak advisedly, for I know the feeling of game protectionists as well as any man in the State of Maine. That the deterioration of trout fishing in this State is due in great measure to over fishing I believe and know, for I have been satisfied for several years that September should be a close month.

I do not wish what I have said to be construed as a thrust at visiting sportsmen. I hope all our friends in all parts of the State will see, we must have laws and money to enforce them—that laws to benefit a few cannot be enforced—that market-hunting cannot be allowed in any shape. The interests of the whole State require strict protection of both fish and game. There must be a strong will to enforce the laws in the game regions which we now have, and is increasing. A step back at this time would be suicidal to the interests of game. Let us all be reasonable the coming winter, for let us remember that, had the Legislature of 1882 not enacted our present laws, we should have no game to quarrel over this winter. Let us preserve the fish and game as long as possible; but its utter extermination is not far in future.

OLD TUG.

MACHIAS, Dec. 30, 1884.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Having been born and reared in Maine, having spent more years in traversing her forests than Mr. Wells has spent months, numbering hundreds of her guides and hunters as my acquaintances, among them many of the best friends I have, my business interests being closely connected with their interests, it would seem natural that I should be as much concerned for the welfare of my native State as one belonging to another State who has only occasionally visited it.

In his article of Nov. 13, Mr. Wells tells us in speaking of the northwestern corner of the State: "It groans under the burden of a climate not inaptly described as nine months of winter, and three months of very late in the fall. Except in a few favored localities, the most careful farming will produce only the barest necessities of life. On lumbering in the winter, and on the money left by visiting sportsmen at other times, the very existence of those humble dwellings which dot the margin of the wilderness depend, and on the latter far more than on the former." Never having visited that remote corner of the State, I cannot speak from personal knowledge of its productions, but if Mr. Wells has visited any large portion of our State he ought to know that all through that large region which lies north of the tract he describes, the climate is sufficiently mild to produce everything the inhabitants need. Should he visit Aroostook county, where but little, if any of the sporting money has ever been left, he will find thousands of homes on the edges of this wilderness, where the people have not only the necessities but abundance of the comforts of life. His statement that the inhabitants of the remote portions of the State depend more on the money left by visiting sportsmen than on that obtained by lumbering is entirely at variance with the facts. The thousands of visitors who annually throng our seaside resorts as well as the many who visit our inland lakes for fishing or recreation, leave a great deal of money which to some extent benefits others besides railroads and hotels. But the sportsman who comes here to kill large game, except the small amount he pays the hotel, literally benefits no one but the guide. His business is beyond the settlements, and he makes as short a stop as possible; most of his outfit and provisions he brings with him. To prove this take Mr. Wells's own statement of expenses. "Staying at hotel—in and out—where guide meets him, five dollars. Wages of guide, seventeen and a half dollars. Board of self and guide while absent (which board he furnishes himself and the materials for which come

from outside the State) twenty-one dollars." Now every one knows that not one man in ten in our remote settlements even, is a guide or is in any way benefitted by this; but from long acquaintance with guides I am convinced that the guide himself is not benefitted. There may be a few exceptions where men save their money, but the majority of guides while waiting at hotels between jobs, and in loss of time before they go at any steady employment, are not as well off as they would be to work steadily at one dollar per day. I have a good many times had to lend some of our very best guides who had been receiving three dollars a day, money enough to get them into the woods for their fall hunt. One who stands as high and has as much employment as any guide in this State, was for twenty years never able to leave Bangor without borrowing money of the writer.

The main object of Mr. Wells in writing his articles, though he has tried hard to conceal it, is evidently to have the month of September left open for killing of deer and moose. Besides the reasons given by the editor of *FOREST AND STREAM* and our Game Commissioners—which I believe to be valid and sufficient—there is what I regard as a much stronger reason why this should not be done, the fact that almost all of the large game killed in September will from necessity have to be wasted. I believe that Mr. Wells and others greatly overstate the amount of game in Maine. If the game ever increases so as to be an impediment to travel, or to be dangerous, the great majority of the people in our State would greatly prefer to have January instead of September added, as every pound would then be saved.

Whether the opening of September would materially decrease the deer or not, it is certain it would soon exterminate our moose, as the Canadian French and Indians would have the same rights as other strangers, and with every one killing them for the hides, as they used to thirty years ago, the end of the moose in a few years would be a fixed fact. Having handled more than half of the hides of moose killed in Maine for the last forty years, which have been brought into Maine for a market, and knowing when and how they were killed, I consider that to open the month of September for moose would be nearly as disastrous as to open the month of March for crust-hunting. Certainly much more wasteful, for much of the meat taken in March would be used.

Mr. Wells quotes a letter from John S. Danforth who says: "In the winter the lumbering companies are located in the very center of the fish and game, and each year their employees become more bold, and are unmolested. The largest part of the crews are made up of French Canadians, who can be hired at from twelve to fifteen dollars a month. These Frenchmen are all hardy men, and instead of resting Sundays are either hunting or fishing, and during the long winters kill more game and fish than all the sportsmen who come here in summer put together."

My own observation has been far different from this. In all the time I have been in Maine lumber camps I have never tasted fresh fish or game of any kind. But not wishing to give my own experience merely, I have taken pains to see a large number of our principal lumbermen, and those who have worked for many years as headmen in the camps. Mr. C. A. Green reports having been in twenty-eight winters, mostly in Penobscot and Arnoosook; never knew but one moose killed by any lumbermen; thinks half a bushel of fish would be as many as seen in all taken by his crews. Rodney Sutherland has been in some twenty-five winters; a few fish and one caribou are all he has ever known to be taken; his two crews of sixty men last winter did not catch a fish. Mr. Eben Thissell says his crew last winter had no gun, caught no fish; never in all his operations knew of a moose being killed by his men. Mr. Buzzell of Lincoln, who employs large numbers of men, says three deer and perhaps fifty fish would cover all ever taken by his crews. Mr. John Ross, who has charge of more men, in the woods and on drives, than any other man in Maine, states that he has known but very few moose killed by lumbermen in all his life. In his judgment lumber crews do not, on an average, have enough fish for a mess once in a winter. Had seventy-five men last winter; killed no game and caught few fish; has not known a moose killed by any lumbermen for ten years. He now has eighty men, Yankees, French and Indians; they have not killed even a rabbit this year. Many others whom I have seen, made essentially the same statements. Lastly, to be certain how it was on the exact ground from which Mr. Danforth writes, I saw Mr. E. S. Coe, who is well known as one of the largest timber owners in that region, and a gentleman who personally visits his operations. He states that his men operating on his lands kill very little or no game, and catch very few fish. It will be remembered that the experience of most of these men covers from twenty to thirty years each and till within ten years there has been no attempt made to enforce game laws, so that their not killing game was simply because they took no interest in the matter. Most of these men have bought for their crews some game killed mainly by hunters who have acted as guides in the summer time. As Mr. Wells's article refers entirely to camps in the remote wilderness, I have made no reference to camps near the settlements, in which it has usually been customary to kill a few deer for camp use. Almost every one of the above mentioned gentlemen before answering my questions said: "Our men are too tired Sundays to want to hunt. It would be no object to them either if they did, as they would get nothing for it. They have all they can do Sunday to wash clothes, shave, mend clothes, mittens, moccasins, etc., without doing any hunting. In all the hides I have ever bought, amounting sometimes to five hundred in a season, I have never bought one that I knew was killed by a lumberman while he was employed by the month. Most of these gentlemen speak of the great destruction of timberland, caused by visiting sportsmen who go beyond the settlements. They estimate this destruction to amount to more than all the money paid out by this class. If Mr. Danforth and Mr. Wells knew of any such destruction of game by lumbermen, why in the name of common sense have they kept silence all these years instead of notifying Commissioner Stanley of Dixfield, or Detective Wormwell of Bethel, who were close by them?"

Mr. Wells states in his article of Nov. 13 in speaking of trout: "This change would work an injury to the human residents of that region out of all proportion to the slight reduction in number of the trout which the proposed change would save—a saving by no means necessary as yet, at least since the supply is still superabundant." In his letter of Dec. 20 he says: "Do these gentlemen realize the fact that trout fishing * * * for the three seasons last past has greatly deteriorated throughout a large portion of the Maine wilderness? I assign no reason for this. I hope and believe the change is due merely to fortuitous, and not permanent causes." I do not attempt to reconcile his two statements

which seem to be at variance with each other, but will speak of the latter, which is the truth. Our trout fishing in many places has deteriorated, and it has been due mostly to the manner in which they have been wasted for a long series of years by visitors from outside the State. As far back as 1858 I saw two gentlemen waste fully three hundred pounds in one day at Kinco. The keeper of the house on being asked how many he thought were wasted at his house in a year gave his estimate as two and a half tons. He said it was an everyday occurrence for two to three hundred pounds of fish to be wasted. If space permitted I could give pages of evidence, giving names and dates to prove how our fish have been wasted. Many guides even do not consider it for their self-interest to check this waste even if they could, which is very doubtful. I overheard a lot of guides discussing the waste of fish about as follows. Said one: "At this rate the fish soon will all be gone and we shall have nothing to do." Another rejoined: "The sooner they are gone here the better, as now we only get short jobs, but these men will have fish, and after they are all gone here, they must go further for them and it will be better for us."

This waste has been made mainly by non-residents, as the greater part of the fish caught by the people of our State are caught to eat. Among our numerous visitors are many who will not catch to waste, but who unhook and let go all uninjured fish for which they have no use. And in this connection let me say, speaking of what visiting sportsmen do, I do not, as Mr. Wells has very unfairly charged our Fish Commissioners with doing, include all who visit us in one class. While we have many of all professions who come both to hunt and fish, who are strictly temperate, do not waste our game, and who observe our laws, it is a painful fact that we have those of most professions who visit us, who conduct themselves in a very different manner. Mr. Wells takes exception to what our Commissioners have said respecting the conduct of this class. I would say squarely that they are justified in every word that they have said. If this statement is challenged a large amount of proof, with names and dates of those who have violated our laws, and particulars of the manner in which it was done, can be given. Mr. Wells also takes occasion to speak of our lumbermen in the following manner: "Considering the unbridled license not unfrequently exhibited on the annual drive by the lumbermen within the confines of the settlements themselves, I had thought that it was unreasonable to expect an officer of the law to intrude into their midst with hostile intent, when they were banded together in the wilderness and he was far from succor. For my part, I would about as soon venture into a den of tigers." Considering the outrageous statements he has made about them, I scarcely wonder that he feels so, and would dread being seen alone by the many he has slandered. It is true that when the drives are near settlements where rum can be obtained, our river drivers are often disorderly; but in all I have been among these men when in this condition, I have never received an uncivil word, which is more than I can say for visiting sportsmen. When in the woods, where no liquor can be obtained, there is no more peaceable and well behaved set of men in the United States than an average lumber crew. An officer going into a crew to arrest a man for cause, would have no more reason to fear violence in taking or carrying out a prisoner, except from the prisoner himself, than he would in doing the same in any church in our land. Every lumberman I have conversed with has laughed at the idea of a man's being afraid to go into a lumber crew.

Speaking of men when under the influence of liquor, let me say I have met with a much greater proportion of drunkenness among sportsmen outside of the settlements than I ever did of lumbermen inside. Lumbermen rarely carry liquor into the woods; a great many of our visiting sportsmen do, in large quantities. I have a copy of the kinds and quantity of liquor—amounting to three gallons—drank by three men in three days of September, 1882, at Gassabe Lake. On the same trip I met with two men and three guides who, by their own statement, had started with four gallons of liquor and used it up in nine days. The trip before I met four men who said that with the aid of a shanty keeper whom they had met, they had drank a gallon of rum in one night. I have seen worse actions by men who, when sober, were perfect gentlemen, than ever I saw among any Penobscot lumbermen. Names and particulars given if requested. Mr. Wells gives a touching picture of the sorrow of wives and children of guides if the month of September is closed. If he had seen the sorrow occasioned by the intemperance of guides who had learned it from visiting sportsmen, and had seen his best friends, as I have, degenerate from the best of men to common drunkards from the same cause, he would draw a very different, though not a less pathetic picture.

Mr. Wells represents that the larger part of our State favors such a change. Speaking in behalf, and at the request, of a large number of our citizens of all classes, including hunters, I will say that the only changes I have ever heard asked for in this section are that the time on caribou and perhaps moose may be extended; that people be allowed to catch fish at legal time in winter, with set lines, under the same restrictions in quantity as in summer; that those having killed game in legal time be allowed to remove the same by railroad to their homes. Those changes we hope in time to see made.

MANLY HARDY.

A FOX ASLEEP.—Swanton, Vt., Jan. 1.—One October day I was hunting squirrels along a rocky ridge, covered with timber, when I saw something red on a rock. On nearing it I concluded it was a fox curled up fast asleep. I fired and killed a fine large red fox. The wind was blowing quite strong directly from where the fox lay toward me, or I should not have caught him napping. This was not a very sportsmanlike way of shooting game. But there are some kinds of game I feel justified in shooting if one can catch them asleep, such, for instance, as foxes and weasels. I would like to know if any one else has ever caught a fox asleep and killed him.—N. D.

TWO POT SHOTS.—Macou, Ga., Dec. 30.—While out turkey hunting on Dec. 26, in company with two friends (R. H. B. and R. H. K.), we found several coveys of quail. The day was very damp, cold and disagreeable, and the birds were little disposed to run. R. H. K. having an opportunity to potshot a covey, killed eight on the ground and one more as the residue rose to fly. Having found a covey afterward, and no turkeys having been bagged, I took occasion to outshoot my friend, and followed his unsportsmanlike example, but killed only six. I have never known two more successful shots in one day, and this is the first ground shot for me this season.—I. H. J.

THE NEW SHELL.—Poughkeepsie, Jan. 8, 1884.—My attention has been called to the U. M. C. Co.'s "combination shot shell, paper lined." Being favorably impressed by what I read of the shell I obtained samples for examination and trial. The proper trial I cannot give for some time to come, owing to circumstances. But I am pleased with the examination I have given it in every particular except one, and that may prove to be a decided benefit in guns of a certain make. Its interior diameter being less than that of ordinary brass or paper shells, may in a measure destroy the effect of chokebore in the gun, which to my mind would be a great gain. I am no friend to chokebored guns, except when they are kept as curiosities, to be used on rare occasions, and am glad to see that this error has about had its run. My fear of the new shell is that it may injure the shooting of the good old-fashioned cylinder gun, causing it to shoot too scattering, thus destroying the "happy medium" it possesses between the ancient blunderbuss and the "too too" modern chokebore. Therefore I hope the new shell may have a fair target trial by several disinterested parties as to pattern and penetration, and that they will report through the *FOREST AND STREAM*.—J. H. D.

PHILADELPHIA NOTES.—Our river is full of floating ice, and duck shooters below Wilmington are taking advantage of its presence, and can paddle very close to the small flocks of fowl that remain with great success. The ducks that are being sent to the Philadelphia markets from this bay are in poor condition owing to the scarcity of food, as the marshes are frozen up. As the 15th of January draws near, after which date it will be illegal to offer quail or ruffed grouse for sale, many birds are being put upon the market. Good quail can be now purchased at \$1.75 to \$2 per dozen. Ruffed grouse are correspondingly low, and a good supply of both pinnated and sharp-tailed grouse are awaiting purchasers. Notwithstanding the law expires Jan. 15, all varieties of game can be readily procured until spring, and the bills of fare of the leading hotels and restaurants will openly offer it to their patrons even though it is finable to do so. We sadly miss the active work of the once flourishing Philadelphia Game Protective Society, and it is hoped that the Philadelphia Kennel Club will in the near future extend its work, procure the old charter of the Game Protective Society, and protect the game interests of our State.—Homo.

WEST VIRGINIA.—Beverly.—Editor *Forest and Stream*: Deer have been rather scarce the past season, hunters meeting with but limited success. Wild turkeys are plentiful, yet, strange to say, but few indeed have been killed. They are by far the most difficult game to approach in the mountain ridges, for upon the least alarm they will fly from one ridge to another. The ground has been either dry or frozen or both most of the season, the worst possible condition for still-hunting. Small game is not so plentiful as formerly, grouse especially being scarce where they formerly swarmed. They have not been killed off by the hunters. I can only account for the scarcity upon the ground of the alarming increase for a year or two of foxes, hawks and other "varmint." My eldest boy, who is just large enough to begin to swing a single B. L. 12-bore this season, has a great tact for outgeneraling these prowling gentry, and the way he has decimated their ranks about home is quite refreshing.—BACKWOODS.

USE FOR THE TIN CAN.—A large black cat, a pet in the house where I live, was found dead this morning frozen stiff, with a common tin salmon can drawn tightly over his head. A small quantity of salmon remaining in the bottom of the can, the marks of numerous scratches on the sides of the can, and a swollen head told the story of temptation and ruin plainer than any amount of eloquence. He had evidently been attracted, during his nocturnal wanderings, by the smell of the remaining fish in the can. Thrusting his head, with no thought of the "spring locks" in the shape of inverted ragged edges of the tin, and being unable to withdraw that very necessary feline appendage, strangulation and this obituary were the result. Perhaps this may suggest a plan which might with profit be introduced into more than one cat-haunted back yard, as well as a way of utilizing the omnipresent tin can.—C. E. I.

SQUIRREL AND WOODCHUCK OIL FOR GUNS.—Of the eight fox squirrels which we killed in November last during our two days' hunt on Spoon River, Fulton county, Illinois, two of them weighed two pounds six ounces each, and gave over an ounce each of tried oil, of which there is none better to protect the gun against mist and rain. Woodchuck oil is also very superior for this purpose. Both of these oils have great body, and gum just enough, when well laid on, to form an impervious coating to rain or moisture. They give a fine gloss to the wood or metal, and this remains till worn off by use. The best investment a hunter can make is to kill a fat clover-fed woodchuck, from which he can get near a pint of tried oil, and if into this a charge of shot or some pieces of lead be thrown and left, the oil will become very pure indeed; none equals it for durability in guns, as it does not evaporate away like other oils, but sticks.—H. W. MERRILL.

REYNARD IN TOWN.—While out squirrel hunting a few days ago, Mr. G. P. Morosini, Jr., spied a fox near the top of a tall cedar, and gave him the contents of his shotgun in the side of his head. Reynard tumbled to the ground, but led the hunter a lively chase before being captured, and not till one of his legs was disabled by another shot did he surrender. The animal was found near Mr. Morosini's residence, on the bank of the Hudson River, a few hundred yards north of the dividing line between New York city and Yonkers.—C. L. S.

CARIBOU IN NEW HAMPSHIRE.—Colebrook, N. H., Dec. 20.—I reported no caribou killed in the State this year. The reason is not on account of the absence of the animal, as eight or nine made Second Lake a visit recently. Four of them seeing a team crossing the lake turned from their course and followed it some distance, giving the driver playful exhibitions of their curiosity. The winter is a rapid succession of changes of over 70 degrees in this valley.—NED NORTON.

WILMINGTON, N. C., is to have a gun club. A committee, consisting of W. R. French, J. C. Loder, B. G. Empie and Wm. H. Bernard has been appointed to prepare a constitution and by-laws and report at a meeting to be called by the committee. Much interest is manifested by the sportsmen, and the prospects of the club are highly encouraging.

A COSTLY BIRD.—Mr. Kramer, a shoe dealer in Iowa City, obtained a ruffed grouse recently, which cost him some \$45. He was standing in the front of his store, when the frightened bird came dashing against one of the plate glass windows, shivering it to atoms, and fell dead on the sidewalk. The glass was five-sixteenths of an inch thick, some forty inches broad, and nine feet long. The bird struck it about twenty inches from the top and near the center of the width. Mr. K.'s store is in the central business portion of the city.—VIOLET S. WILLIAMS (Coralville, Iowa).

LOCKWOOD, N. Y., Dec. 13.—Rabbits are killed in large numbers. One party killed eighteen the other day in a few hours. While out by a cornfield a few days ago ten grouse were flushed; they were the largest sized birds of any covey seen in years. Fire and the lumberman have taken all of the large timber; and the thick growth of bushes is the natural abode of the grouse and a hindrance to the sportsman, therefore the birds increase every year.—J. H. A.

PENNSYLVANIA WILDCAT.—Athens, Pa., Dec. 26, 1884.—Frank Hoose, while hunting foxes on Christmas Day, about three miles from here, found the tracks of a wildcat, which he proceeded to follow up and kill. It measured 38 inches in length. I have it mounted, and it attracts considerable attention, as it is the first one killed here in a great many years. There is still another in the vicinity.—PARK.

HORNELLVILLE, N. Y., Dec. 27.—Deer have been quite plentiful this season; I have a record of sixteen killed within five miles of here. When after grouse Dec. 2, I saw two fine ones, a large buck and doe. I believe there is a strain of large foxes here, one was killed last season that weighed twenty and a half pounds, one the 18th that weighed nineteen pounds.—J. OTIS FELLOWS.

MICHIGAN ASSOCIATION.—Grand Rapids, Mich., Jan. 1, 1885.—Please notice that the next annual session of the Michigan Sportsmen's Association will be held at Lansing, commencing on Tuesday, Feb. 3, 1885, and accept the compliments of the season from yours truly, E. S. HOLMES.

Sea and River Fishing.

THE MOST KILLING FLIES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

As any fisherman's experience may be of some value, I give mine regarding trout flies.

I have fished the John Brown's Tract—that is, the southwestern part of the New York Wilderness—for many years, and a large majority of my trout have been taken with four flies, in about this order: Red ibis, B. A. G., grizzly king and golden spinner.

I have fished largely in the small mud-bottom lakes or ponds of this region, where the water is very dark, and have almost invariably found the ibis the most taking fly. Though I have kept no accurate account, I have no doubt that at least three fifths of the trout I have taken in these ponds were taken on this fly.

Regarding the B. A. G.: It was partly to introduce this fly to your readers that I commenced this letter. It was invented in this part of the country, and as it had no name, one of our tackle dealers, who first kept it in stock, gave it one.

It has white wings, dark red hackle legs and a red body; in fact, a coachman with a red body, if such a thing is possible.

I have found it very taking when used as a stretcher in the West Canada Creek and similar streams, and strongly recommend your fishing readers to try it, especially if they have a large, clear, rapid stream to fish. B. A. G.

UTICA, N. Y.

ECHOES FROM THE TOURNAMENT.

WHILE the tournament was in progress Mr. W. Gould Levison, director of the Cooper Union Chemical Laboratory, took a series of instantaneous photographs of the contestants by means of the new Brainerd hand cameras of which two sizes were used. Some of the pictures were taken from the shore and some from a boat anchored off the stage. Owing to the poor quality of the lights, partly because of hazy weather and partly because of the lateness of the season, the pictures are not evenly good and the small ones average the best. They illustrate in a very interesting way the characteristic styles of the contestants. Two sizes of pictures were made, 2x3 inches and 5x7 inches, only three of the latter, however. The negatives were given to Mr. W. T. Gregg, optician, 77 Fulton street, New York, who has printed from them. The pictures include the following:

1, Building the platform, President Endicott giving directions; 2, measuring the line, Mr. James Benkard in the foreground.

Class A.—Amateur single handed fly-casting, small pictures taken from a boat, looking toward the shore: 3, Samuel Polhamus at the score; 4, Wallace Blackford casting with his left hand; 5, C. A. Rauch, forward throw; 6, C. G. Levison, delivering his flies; 7, taking a photo from shore.

Class B.—Amateur single handed fly-casting, small pictures taken from the shore: 8, C. G. Levison recovering the line; 9, the same on the forward stroke; 10, the same delivering the flies; Dr. A. D. Leonard recovering, with rod curved back at an angle of 45 degrees; 12, E. G. Blackford sitting on box watching his son cast; 13, F. Mather and E. G. Blackford in foreground of audience looking at the casting; 14, Prof. A. M. Mayer, Rev. H. L. Ziegenfuss and M. Bissett, discussing the situation.

Class D.—Expert single-handed fly-casting, small pictures from shore: 15, R. C. Leonard at beginning of forward cast, with rod straight at angle of 45 behind; 16, Tom Prichard in the rolling or "Wye" cast, with rod well behind and hand above the head; 17, the same delivering the flies with tip of rod on water; 18, Thos. J. Conroy, beginning of cast with rod curved far behind and hand in front and above the hat; 19, the same reeling off more line before recovering; 20, the same starting the line from the water, James Ramsbottom kneeling behind him; 21 (large picture), W. W. Abbott reeling off line before retrieving; 22, Thomas Prichard with hand above head and tip of rod on the water behind; 23, the same leaning forward with tip of rod in water in front.

Minnow casting for black bass: 24, H. W. Hawes deliv-

ering the minnow; 25, Prof. A. M. Mayer practicing from a rock; 26 (large picture), Prof. Mayer practicing from bridge.

Salmon casting: 26, Thos. B. Mills raising the flies from the water, with Ira Wood crouched behind him; 27, H. W. Hawes making the cast; 28, a stranger in the foreground on bench, next him F. Mather and Mr. J. C. McAndrew making up the score; E. G. Blackford and F. A. Walters standing near; 29, President Endicott talking to a group; 30, Mr. Endicott putting the gold medal on Mr. Hawes; 31, "Two of the Finest."

Heavy bass casting: 32, Thos. B. Mills checking the run; 33, Mr. J. A. Roosevelt, "away she goes;" 34 (large picture), the same with group among whom is the veteran, William Mitchell, watching the flight.

The pictures are instructive, and they show one of two things, either the rule laid down to stop the rod when it is about perpendicular on the recovery is not a good one, or that our crack casters do not believe in it. That they do not follow it the photograph shows. It also shows some very ungraceful positions, which naturally follow attempts at long casting. This latter is not at all important, but some of the casters threw the rod further back than either the spectators or themselves were aware of. In fact, several of the photographs show a total disregard of all the rules laid down for handling the rod. It is to be remembered, however, that all the pictures were taken when the men were exerting themselves to cast to the greatest distance. They are curious and instructive in a certain way, but we do not care to reproduce them to show the youthful caster how to handle his rod. There are some exceptions to the general back slashing, but as the photographing process was instantaneous, it is impossible to say but what a second later would have seen the tip of the rod in the water behind. To the youthful angler some of the views might serve as "awful examples" of back slashing.

WILLIAM BLAIR LORD.—Many of our readers will be pained to learn of the death of Mr. William Blair Lord in this city on Sunday, Dec. 21. Mr. Lord was a well-known angler, and a member of the National Rod and Reel Association. He was about sixty years of age, and thirty years ago went to Washington as a stenographic reporter. Until the *Congressional Globe* was started, in 1858, he reported the House proceedings for the *Union*, a newspaper of that day which published verbatim reports. With the determination of Congress to give official weight to the reports, for which purpose the *Globe* was started, Mr. Lord was attached to the House corps of stenographers, retaining that connection until his death. The work of these men, in comparison with which the demands on ordinary court or speech-taking stenographers are trifling, brings them into frequent and intimate contact with members of the House, and makes friendships that are not often paralleled, but which stand on a basis of sincere respect. Such relations existed between Mr. Lord and bluff Ben Wade. He was on cordial terms also with Stephen A. Douglas, Garfield, Blaine, Fernando Wood, Samuel J. Randall, and hosts of others. During his vacation seasons he met friends whom he had made at Washington, wherever he went, and his travels, official and unofficial, took him to all parts of the country. Possessing in a high degree the faculty of anecdote and reminiscence, Mr. Lord had intended to put in book form many of the incidents that had come to his notice in connection with public men, but he never found time to do it.

HOOKS ON GIMP.—Sing Sing, N. Y., Dec. 22.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In a late issue Mr. H. P. Ufford asked if some of your clientele could give him some points on tying the snell to the hook, and what were the best materials. I have had some experience, and will tell him what I use. In buying gut get moderate size, and judge it more by the quality than by the size. I use shoemaker's wax in preference to beeswax, as it holds much better. In winding heavy hooks I use button-hole twist, and light hooks common sewing silk; and in buying hooks I buy Limerick Sproat hooks (I think that's the name). Commence winding about a quarter of an inch from the bend and wind toward the top; fasten with three sniple knots and varnish with shellac. The color of the silk makes very little difference, but I think a light buff is the best. Barbless hooks are not worth a cent, for you lose your fish every time if the line should get slack. I cannot inform him of any good hunting place in Minnesota, as I always go to Canada for mine; but if he will go to Montreal, and go up the river on the northern side till he comes to a small town by the name of Yamaceleiche, and go directly north, he will find good bear, grouse, caribou and moose shooting in season.—PETE.

PROFESSOR DAVID STARR JORDAN, well-known through the country for his extensive works on ichthyology, has been unanimously chosen president of the Indiana State University, at Bloomington, of which he has occupied the chair of professor of zoology for some three years. The honor came entirely unsought, as at the time he was desirous that Dr. Coulter, of Wabash College, should be selected to the position, and there were forty other distinguished names presented for the position. For some time past there have been rumors that Prof. Jordan was about to spend a year in London to rearrange and classify the collection of American fishes in the British Museum at the request of Dr. Guenther, the ichthyologist of the museum. Prof. Jordan is now thirty-five years old, and a graduate of Cornell University in the class of 1871. While his reputation as an ichthyologist is world-wide, he is distinguished in many other branches of learning. We congratulate Prof. Jordan on his promotion, and also congratulate the Indiana State University on its selection of so thorough a scholar for its president.

STE. MARGUERITE SALMON RIVER.—The season for leasing salmon rivers has come round, and the Canadian streams now offered are numerous. The Ste. Marguerite is said to be one of the best of these in the number and size of its fish. Of this stream Mr. J. M. LeMoine says in his "Chronicles of the Lower St. Lawrence": "This river has all the rugged beauty of the Saguenay on a smaller scale. Hidden amidst the silence of the forest primeval, far away from the haunts of civilized man, it rejoices in some of the most magnificent scenery on the continent—its eddies and roaring rapids, wheeling occasionally around perpendicular capes as lofty as those of capes Eternity and Trinity, are varied by a succession of deep, quiet pools, in which the lordly salmon, fresh from the briny billows of St. Lawrence, disports himself at leisure, carefully guarded from poachers by vigilant overseers."

THE LATE LAWRENCE S. KANE, the financial editor of *The Times*, who died at No. 173 Garfield place, Brooklyn, on the 24th ultimo, was a keen and fair sportsman, one of a class that is unfortunately rare. In moments of leisure and in the strict line of journalistic duty he wrote many sensible and faithful articles on sporting matters, and he had a general and correct knowledge of sporting dogs. He wrote several exhaustive and agreeable reports of the bench shows of the Westminster Kennel Club. He was an enthusiastic fly-fisher, and the waters of New York State and North-eastern Pennsylvania can bear testimony to his skill and success as a fly-caster. He was *au fait* in Florida fishing and did his angling for black bass at Henderson Harbor on Lake Ontario. Mr. Kane was a charming, unaffected and whole-souled companion in the field and by the water, and those who this year will visit the haunts he loved so well will miss him.—AMATEUR.

Fishculture.

LOCH LEVEN TROUT EGGS IN AMERICA.

THE steamer *Furnessia*, of the Anchor line, arrived on Jan. 1, with six cases containing 100,000 eggs of the famous Loch Leven trout for Prof. S. F. Baird, Commissioner of Fisheries for the United States. The eggs were taken to the Cold Spring Harbor hatchery, on Long Island, and were there repacked, 10,000 being shipped to the Bisby Club, in the Adirondacks, of which Gen. R. U. Sherman, of the N. Y. F. C., is president, and the remainder to the U. S. hatchery at Northville, Mich., care Mr. F. N. Clark. The packages were made with great care, and the moss packing was fitted by machinery and arranged with a tray for ice on top. The eggs arrived in excellent condition, few dead or injured.

The Loch Leven trout are famous throughout Scotland and England, and are described by Dr. Guenther, Catalogue of Fishes in the British Museum, as *Salmo leuvenensis*, and their dental formation is figured to show the differences between them and the European brook trout (*S. fario*). We are not familiar enough with the fish to express an opinion on this matter, and have never heard that there had been any doubts cast on the validity of *S. leuvenensis* as a species. Therefore, we read the following from the *London Fishing Gazette* with surprise:

"The Loch Leven trout is a pure *Salmo fario*, and one of the very best strains that can be obtained for stocking purposes. We have had ample proof that it has done well when transplanted to our slow South of England trout streams, though, of course, it loses somewhat of the superb flavor of the fish which are bred in Loch Leven."

If this is the case, then the fish will be a valuable addition to our streams as well as lakes, for we believe that the *fario* is not second to any trout, either for sport or table.

THE MENHADEN QUESTION.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I wish to present a few more facts in regard to our coast fishery.

First.—It is well known that menhaden migrate to our coast for food and proper places for reproduction, and many other kinds of fish follow, feeding on them.

Second.—Menhaden as mackerel bait and feed. I will cite what I have seen while fishing for mackerel on George's Banks in the year 1853. When approaching the fishing ground we met a school of menhaden going a westerly course and it took the vessel five hours to sail through it, estimated by the skipper to be twenty-five miles in length. Feeding on these fish at the surface were whales, sharks, and swordfish; hovering over the school were thousands of sea birds gathering the bits that floated on the surface. After passing through this body of fish, to the east the vessel was luffed to for mackerel by lowering the jib and foresail, and guying off the mainsail, and if the wind was west the drift was due east. Salted menhaden was ground fine and thrown into the water, as this bait sinks. If there are any mackerel near they soon come to the surface and side of the vessel. At this trial they were soon alongside, sixteen men were in position with two lines each. The catch was from five to ten fish of the largest size to each man. Then the fish left, and this was the average of many trials that day, in the rear of that large school of menhaden. The splitting knife proved that they were feeding on the pieces that sunk from the massacre at the surface, and they preferred fresh menhaden to the salt. Follow this great body of fish for a few days and you would find it divided into many schools and they would be found along the shores and in the bays and rivers, from Cape Cod to Eastport, Maine, other large schools being off shore at the same time, and a large portion of these filling the water with their spawn that will soon fill these waters with live feed that all of the hook fish eagerly seek, from the fry to the full grown fish. There could be seen more large mackerel than in one week's cruise than can now be found in a whole season. The hook fish and lobsters have disappeared seventy-five per cent. from these shores since the menhaden has been gradually used up and annihilated from these waters. The bluefish have disappeared from Vineyard Sound to Rhode Island fifty per cent. since the menhaden have been crowded off shore.

With a gradual decrease of hook fish, and a growing demand for the same, the shore fishermen have adopted trap-fishing till nearly every favorable locality along our coast is occupied with the most improved traps. For weeks together these traps will hardly catch fish enough to pay for their care, then there may be a rush of fish to the shores and all get good hauls and all ship them to market at once, when there may be a glut in the market. The consumer gets no benefit from this rush of fish, for the next week the dealer pays double its value it he gets any at all.

Third.—In 1873 Mr. E. M. Stilwell, Fish Commissioner of Maine, wrote to Prof. Baird, asking his opinion as to the probable cause of the rapid diminution of the supply of food fishes on the coast of New England, and especially of Maine. Extract from Prof. Baird's reply: "In the early spring the alewives formerly made their appearance on the coast, crowding along our shores and ascending the rivers in order to deposit their spawn, being followed later in the season by the shad and salmon, returning when their eggs were laid. These fish spend the summer along the coast, and in the course of a few months were joined by their young which formed immense schools in every direction, extending outward in some instances for many miles. It was in pursuit of these and other summer fish that the cod and other species referred to, come to the shores, but with the decrease of the former in numbers the attraction became less and less and the deep sea fishing has now, we may say, almost disappeared along the coast. It is therefore perfectly safe to assume that the improvement of the line fishing along the coast of Maine is closely connected with the increase in alewives, shad and salmon. All of these fish were but 'a drop in the bucket' compared with the mighty host of menhaden that existed in these waters thirty years ago. It is my opinion that if this fish had not been used up for its oil, it would have become so numerous long before this that it would have crowded itself along the North Atlantic till it reached the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and migrating southward in the fall of each year it would have flooded most of the New England shores with line fish from these waters."

Fourth.—How large bodies of fish are cared for on the European coast. The herring fishery has been protected by

Parliament, from Edward I., 612 years ago, to the present time The pilchard or gypsy herring comes on the coast near the straits of Gibraltar and some of them go as far north as Scotland. The catching of this fish is protected by law the whole length of this coast. Fish these schools with equal energy and skill, with no law to protect them, and they would soon be caught and driven from the shores. There would be a scarcity of all kinds of fish that new follows feeding on them.

Fifth.—Steam power has a monopoly of the menhaden fishery to the great injury of the North Atlantic coast States, and it has no respect for the rights of others. From the growth of population, and the increase of consumption of fish, the public rights should be protected, without any regard to "the price of porgies in the New York market." As the public ship goes on the off shore tack for the next four years with new officers, it is my opinion that a commission will be appointed to investigate this subject and report to Congress that the menhaden should be protected. FISHERMAN. WESTPORT HARBOR, MASS.

FISHCULTURE IN SCOTLAND.—We learn from a paper recently published by Mr. J. Barker Duncan, Secretary of the Scotch Fisheries Improvement Association, that there are seven important hatcheries now in operation in Scotland. These are the Howietown Fishery, Sir J. R. Gibson Maitland, Bart.; the Solway Fishery, Mr. Joseph J. Hrmistead; the Stormontfield Ponds; the Dupplin Aatchery, Tay District Board; the Loch Leven Hatchery, Loch Leven Angling Association; the Linlithgow Palace Loch Fishery, Mr. A. G. Anderson; and the Marquis of Ailsa's Hatchery at Culzean, in Ayrshire.

SHAD IN THE UPPER HUDSON.—Last June the U. S. Fish Commission planted a spawning shad, which seldom get above Albany, and cannot pass the dam at Troy. The plant was made high up in order that the young might find feeding grounds not foraged on by other young shad. Early in December the workmen engaged in cleaning the rack in the flume of the paper mill at Glens Falls found a shad four and a half inches long. This was evidently one of the fish planted there last June.

SALMON IN AUSTRALIA.—The experiment of introducing salmon into Australia has been watched with interest by fish-culturists in all parts of the world. After weary waiting the Australians have at last succeeded in raising salmon in their rivers, thanks to the persistent energy of Sir Samuel Wilson. A number of fish have lately been caught in the river Yarra, near Melbourne, which are believed to be some of the California salmon introduced by him several years ago.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES. BENCH SHOWS.

Jan. 27, 28, 29 and 30.—Annual Bench Show of the New Brunswick Poultry and Pet Stock Association. Mr. H. W. Wisson, Secretary, St. Johns, N. B.

Feb. 1 to 11, 1885.—New York Fanciers' Club, Third Annual Exhibition of non-sporting dogs, poultry and pigeons at Madison Square Garden, Feb. 1 to 11, 1885. Chas. Harker, Secretary, 62 Cortlandt street.

Feb. 10 to 14, 1885.—World's Exposition Bench Show, New Orleans, La. Entries close Jan. 31.

March 18, 19 and 21, 1885.—Second Annual Show of the New Haven Kennel Club. E. S. Porter, Secretary, New Haven, Conn.

April 7 to 10, 1885.—First Annual Bench Show N. E. Kennel Club, Music Hall, Boston. J. A. Nickerson, Secretary 159A Tremont street.

May 5, 6, 7 and 8, 1885.—Second Annual Bench Show of the Cincinnati Sportsman's Club, Cincinnati, O. W. A. Coster, Supt.

A. K. R.—SPECIAL NOTICE:

THE AMERICAN KENNEL REGISTER, for the registration of pedigrees, etc. (with prize lists of all shows and trials), is published every month. Entries close on the 1st. Should be in early. Entry blanks sent on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope. Registration fee (50 cents) must accompany each entry. No entries inserted unless paid in advance. Yearly subscription \$1.50. Address "American Kennel Register," P. O. Box 2832, New York. Number of entries already printed 1907.

THE ST. JOHN DOG SHOW.

THE list of rules, regulations and prizes for the proposed bench show at this place is now out, and all interested may receive a copy of it, and obtain all other information required by addressing the secretary, H. W. Wilson, St. John, N. B. From present indications the show will prove the most successful yet held. Mr. James Mortimer, of New York, will officiate as judge. The show will be held Jan. 27, 28, 29, 30, 1885. The rules as adopted by the National Kennel Club will govern this show, which will be the first held under them. No cash prizes are offered in the regular premium list, but there is a large and valuable collection of special prizes offered. The competition is open to all, and arrangements have been made with the Customs Department to allow all dogs from the United States in free of duty. The American Express Co. has consented to return free all dogs exhibited, as there is a strong and growing interest in the breeding of good dogs at this place. We think it would pay if some of the principal exhibitors in the United States would make an exhibit at this show. From a show of seventy-three dogs three years ago at this place, it had increased to such an extent, that at the show last year there were two hundred and seventeen dogs. The entries close on Jan. 20.

THE COLLIE CLASSES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I beg to state that I entirely coincide with your correspondent, Mr. Harston, in his description of what a collie ought to be, and he quotes a very good man as an authority, Mr. W. W. Thomson, of Morden, in Surrey, than whom a more honorable or consistent judge does not exist, but let me inform your readers and Mr. Harston (for he has made a slight mistake about the Highland collie) that the Highland collie is almost always of a pepper and salt color, dark gray or nearly black, with a long, shaggy coat about six inches in length; his eyes are covered with long hair also, and he has an under jacket of short, fine hair which completely protects him from the cold. Some years ago an engraving of a Glenlivet collie appeared in the London *Live Stock Journal*, perhaps our editor recollects it, if so, he will be able to state the difference 'twixt it and the black and tan collie. I saw two splendid animals of this breed some years ago when shooting at Baldoon Castle in Aberdeenshire, and this year, when traveling through the Highlands of Scotland, I came across several of the good old breed in the possession of Highland shepherds. If Mr. Harston will consult his friend John Davidson, he will find I am correct. In judging collies, or in fact, any breed of dog, the show committees ought to make it a *sine qua non* that the judge had a practical knowledge of the breeds he was to adjudicate upon. Unfortunately this is not always the case, and a correspondent of yours some time ago hit the nail on the head in an article "How Dog Judges are Made," or a heading to that effect. I, too, could a tale unfold of gross incapacity and perhaps of something worse, but such outspoken honesty generally brings a nest of hornets about one's ears, yet your

correspondent was right to the letter. I have been one of the best-abused men living on Scotch, Skyes, Dandies and others of my native breeds, but I have lived to see those who were most virulent in attacking me, at last come round to my way of thinking. Let us only have thoroughly qualified judges, men who have made a speciality of the breeds they profess to judge, and I'll show you some Scotch dogs on the American benches. A ROVING HIGHLANDER.

THE BULL-TERRIER CLUB.

Editor Forest and Stream:

A meeting of gentlemen interested in the breeding and improvement of bull-terriers, was held at the Winthrop Hotel, Meriden, Conn., on Friday afternoon, Jan. 2, 1885, and a club was organized to be known as the Bull-Terrier Club. The following gentlemen were elected officers of the club:

President, —; Vice-President, Mr. Frank F. Dole of New Haven, Conn.; Secretary and Treasurer, Mr. T. R. Varick of Cambridge, Mass. Executive Committee—Mr. E. S. Porter of New Haven, and Mr. Livingston of New York, acting in conjunction with the other officers. It was suggested by the gentlemen present that a cup be offered for the best bull-terrier puppy bred in the United States in 1885 by a member of the Bull-Terrier Club; the breeder to be the owner of the bitch at the time of whelping. It was voted to adopt Stonehenge's scale of points as the standard. THOS. R. VARICK, Sec.

ENGLISH KENNEL NOTES.

XXI.

HOW very soon the best of news gets stale. The Birmingham dog show seems to me to have taken place months ago instead of only a few short days. I have just experienced a most provoking disappointment. I got up from my desk to reach down the Birmingham catalogue, which is full of my notes from class I to the last, and saw that it was not on the shelf with the others. I have just recollected having lent it to a friend early in the week. "You shall have it back this evening, old chap," said the fiend (No, I have not made a slip, printer; I mean fiend, not friend!) as he put it in his pocket. The next thrifty cur who begs the loan of a catalogue will probably feel astonished at the forcible if unpolished tone of my reply. Oh, Edgar Allan Poe, whatever may be the hidden meaning of your weird poem, that raven's one idea is good enough for me. "Wanted, a bust of Pallas, damaged or second-hand not objected to. Also a raven that can croak, 'Nevermore' and nothing else; age and pedigree no object. Further particulars and price to be forwarded to 'Lillibulero,' care of the editor of FOREST AND STREAM." My Hooky Beak II, if I get him, shall have two cues, "Lend" and "Oh, I say," for whenever the book fiend comes on borrowing intent he commonly preludes his requests with "Oh, I say" ("can you lend me—?")

Well, I must get along as best I can with only the prize list before me and my memory to serve.

In addition to the wise innovation of publishing the names of judges before close of entries, it was said the committee intended to make another concession to public opinion this year by having the dogs exercised daily. I heard that a yard adjoining the building was hired for this purpose, but that these good intentions were frustrated by the dreadful weather. It could not have benefited the dogs to take them out of the warm hall into a cold slushy yard. That the decisions of the judges in some classes were far from correct I am disposed to attribute less to incapacity than to the unfavorable circumstances under which the judges were constrained to act. It seems to me as desirable that the judge should have a fair chance as that the dogs should receive justice. It is impossible for a man to perform his duties even to his own satisfaction unless he can have all the exhibits of one class around him at the same time. This is not feasible at Birmingham within the building. The authorities, I am aware, guarantee that each dog is taken off the bench, but they are unable to assure us that the whole class is taken off at the same time.

With well-filled classes I understand that the process is as follows: The judge walks down the bench, notebook in hand, accompanied by keepers, who take down five or six dogs at a time and run them between the benches. In skillful comparison lies the art of judging. It will be seen that this plan offers but a half and half opportunity for practicing the art, and the difficulty is increased tenfold in the case of "double" entries, which means that when you are judging the open class one of the entries has to be fetched up from the puppy bench.

There was a marked falling off in the numbers of some breeds, and my beagle friends will be sorry to learn that their hobby has dwindled down to four entries, two of which were absent. This is most lamentable, and presages a not distant extinction. If Englishmen are so callous to the merits of one of our most charming home breeds, I trust that the inherited sporting instincts of our American cousins may insure the merry beagle an appreciated future. Of the two that were sent, Abigail, a well-known winner, easily took the prize from her shelly competitor.

There was little to note in the bloodhounds. The winner in the open class, named Dorset, is unfortunate in being such a bad color, as he is all a hound, and a credit to his noble breeder, Lord Wolverton who, it will be remembered, used to hunt a pack of these grand creatures. I believe his lordship found the best bench type of hound rather heavy and slow for hunting. I remember seeing his pack, and the hounds did not possess enough substance and showed too much daylight to satisfy a fancier.

The Scotch deerhound formed a noble sight. I am reluctant to stigmatize off-hand the decisions, because I had not the advantage enjoyed by the judge of seeing them off the bench, and I might easily commit an injustice by forming conclusions at variance with Col. Cowen's awards from even the most careful bench scrutiny. I will only say, therefore, that as far as I could see, the judge was very successful in displacing the dogs in the open class. I must also confess my aversion to the washed-out fawn colors. I don't think these colors are ever so hard as the sandy or steel-blue, the last named being in my opinion far the most typical of all. There was a fine class of pups, all belonging to one litter; they were the color I don't like, but promise to make up into noble animals. I cannot give their exhibitor's name, not having my catalogue.

Danger won again in other hounds, but not so easily as usual, as the rest in the class were the best I have ever seen, even here, and one expects to see other hounds at Birmingham. I have often been amused at the ignorance of the non-doggy public on the appearance of this breed. They imagine them to be short-legged and long-bodied dogs. I can only suppose that they have latched the fallacy out of this line of reasoning: The dachshund they now know well by sight, they are common enough in the streets of large towns. The public have found out that the word means badger dog (they pronounce it dash-hound instead of dachshound; this pronunciation has been given to me by a native, so please don't jump on me, you learned linguists). They say "the dog is shaped like a weasel, and then, of course, badgers, weasels, stoats and others are all the same, don't you see? So an other hound is something like a German turnip, there you are!"

Mr. Carrick's noble hounds impress one as having far more substance than our sturdiest bloodhound; though built on the same lines, the harsh, broken coat seems specially designed to protect the body from cold and the after-effects of long immersion in water. The grizzled head, with its low-hanging ears, makes an impressive picture to the sportsman. I have hunted with most shapes and breeds of dogs, but I can compare no form of sport to other hunting. You are so absolutely dependent upon nobody and nothing but yourself. It is your own legs that must carry you, your own pluck inspire you, your own constitution support you. For a healthy, invigorating, lung-opening, inexpensive sport none compares to a day with

the otter hounds. I must confess that a blank day is depressing; but less so than it is to the fox hunter, who never hears of the view-halloo with the same strained intensity of feeling that we scan the surface of the water for the pearls that float up from our breathing quarry.

There was, I am surprised to say, a division of opinion on the award in the fox-terrier champion class. Lady Grace is a great favorite of mine, she is *par excellence* the perfection of neatness; but I must concede the winner, Brokenhurst Rally, more a terrier character. In fact, when the two are side by side, I think he makes the little lady look toylike. There was some bitter grumbling with the action of the judges in withholding first and second prizes for want of merit in the big dog class. I have seen classes that almost deserved the snub, but it is a serious step and one that should not be taken without the very strongest grounds in its favor. It almost always breeds vexation, and this time the "disappointed exhibitors" seemed to have reason on their side, for among them were winners at this show on former occasions. Messrs. Fitzwilliam and O'Grady seem to have muddled up firmness and bravado, and made a regular Irish mess of it when they came to the puppy class.

Graphic had no trouble in securing the pointer championship and cup for best of all classes. A dog that I liked very well, looking at him for the purpose I should use him, was Grandee, in the large-sized class. I can understand showmen saying he is coarse, but a workman withal. Lake was well-placed; though he pressed the winner very hard, his throatiness turned the scale against him. There was a good deal of fuss made about the win of Bunks II., because he has a black nose. Perhaps it is a little unsightly for a lemon and white pointer to have a black nose, but it is also trifling to attach so much importance to such a point in a field dog. The field-trial winners were labeled by the judges "a grand class," and I enthusiastically indorse that sentiment. It was a treat to walk up and down a bench of dogs that had all distinguished themselves as workmen. Everybody seemed pleased with the success of Bow Bells; old age cannot disturb her harmony. The judges were not in accord over this award; in fact they disagreed whenever they saw a chance. That is the result of dual judging. Mr. Lort was the referee in each case.

The field trial setters made another magnificent class. I should like to have had them photographed for my gun-room. With one exception they all came from Mr. Llewellyn's kennel. People may prattle about pedigrees and relate obscure rumors of the "collie taint," but where was the sporting dog in the show fit to run with the veteran hero Count Windem? Sir Alister must be litters ahead the most successful stud-dog of the breed, two of his produce were among the winners in the open class. Birket Foster is a grand dog, it is miming criticism to quibble about his bone and color; they are nearly as good as they can be, and beyond his spaniel ears there was little to cavil at in him or his blue belton brother. Birket Foster has an uncommonly well-formed body. Mr. Llewellyn's Dashing Beauty beat Mr. Shorthose's well-known Nover. My particular attention was drawn to the Gordon setter Beaumont; it will not be an easy job to lower his colors. One of the most promising pups I have seen is young Tam o' Shanter; blood will out and he'll rumple the coats of the best when he is "made up." The little bit of excitement with the setters came in when Wew Kate was chosen before Garroymore to compete for the cup. Mr. (late the Rev.) Macdonald showed a nice bitch in the Irish division and won a second prize with her, but where did he get the name Frog from? The would-be-learned ex-clergyman was a great feature in the building; from his robust appearance should suppose that he had already started "eating his dinners." He was as usual in "fancy dress," a curious cross between a black poodle and an obese hussar.

I enjoyed a long look at Mr. Jacob's level team of spaniels, I should not hesitate in any choice if I were offered his lot or the Duke of Portland's clumbers. I heard of several important sales in the spaniel fancy, but I received no particulars. Figures were mentioned in my hearing that a few years ago would have raised my hair.

Bayard easily led the St. Bernards. Landgrave, of whom I have already spoken well, should not be disheartened; the dog that ousted him out of second honors will make a great name. I would sooner have Merchant Prince now, green as he is, than Valentine.

The collies were a pleasing sight. I am sorry I can't go into details, being without notes. My present impression is they were all good. I know I had serious thoughts of claiming a very handsome black and tan dog that looked as if he could gallop behind me till the horse stopped. I know his coat was silky, but such a lot of it, and his eye was too large; but it is curious how in a show of 600 dogs, and say 300 human beings, two of you will fall in love at first sight. The moment our eyes caught we understood one another, and he turned his nose round to me, and leaned to one side as he gracefully pawed at my book. Every time I came round that way he jumped to the end of his chain and shouted to me.

Great wagging of heads and cackling of toupees prevail in the bulldog world over the cup decision. I believe that more breeders approve the award and care to speak their minds. I hope to see the three celebrities together again at the Palace, where, I suspect, however, the order will not again be Rustic King, Bend Or, Monarch III.

Upon my life this is all I have to say about the great Birmingham show that the whole kennel world looks forward to each year. Looks forward to with widely different feelings, of course. I, and many others, I am glad to state, look forward to its arrival with feelings akin to affection, the attachment that I as a good old Tory bear to Birmingham—its dog show, be it understood, not its caucus—is founded upon a feeling of respect for existing institutions. In politics we do not care to see old forces abolished until we have offered to us something better to put in their place. The Kennel Club is so fatuous as to suppose that they are "something better," but thank you, Cleveland Row, your measures may be good but your men want weeding. The kennel world is not yet educated up to the ethereal truthfulness of your Murchisons, the honest English love of fair play that illuminates your Percy Reids, the Chesterfieldian manners of your Longmores, etc.

There are, of course, among you some who have not joined your ranks for the sake of gaining a spurious respectability, for the sake of using your note paper, for the sake of increasing their trade in dogs, but how constrained and uncomfortable they must feel at times in your chaste companionship.

There are also a few men on the press who have not been swayed out of their independence, witness thereto the following extract from the Birmingham report in the *Field*: "On going down the prize list, one cannot fail to remark the absence of animals belonging to members of the Kennel Club, but when in their places come the grand setters, pointers and spaniels, belonging to such good sportsmen as the president, the Duke of Portland, Mr. Barclay-Field, Mr. Lloyd Price, Mr. Llewellyn, and others, the public suffer little from such small-minded absenteeism." It is also an act of justice to offer a word of congratulation to the few, not inconsequential, members of the Kennel Club who manfully asserted their independence by exhibiting and judging at Birmingham. This, no doubt, shocked the smug black frocks in the Row, but a few more such healthy shocks might have a beneficial effect upon the Kennel Club's unhealthy system.

Give me "old friends, old times, old manners, and old shows," and let me pass pinchbeck on the other side of the road.

In the club room, the hotel, smoke room and the show ground, good men and true are complaining of the attempted tyranny of the nose-led few, who seek to suffocate the struggling specialist clubs with their impudent condescension. There is a great body in the dog world wholly unrepresented;

but that only waits for organization to make a move that would be irresistible.

It is seldom that I find myself at variance with the generally practical ideas of Mr. Hugh Dalziel, but his suggestion that judges should be compelled to give the reasons for their decisions would very soon land us in a hopeless muddle, and set the whole exhibiting community by the ears. Oh, no! It is bad enough at times to have to put up with their idiotic awards, but save us from their puddle-pated explanations! There is already a gentleman writing to *The Field* wanting to know the reasons that induced two judges to pass totally different opinions on his dogs.

The "latest" is that the mastiff Crown Prince has been re-sold, and remains in his native country, having been purchased by his breeder, Mr. Woolmore.

The question of his paternity is very far from being settled, no further light has yet been thrown upon the subject in the angry letters that are appearing in the papers. "Methinks the Mastiff Club doth protest too much," and I am still inclined to back Mr. Dalziel. The club is trying to bully the inquiring division. This tack has not created a good impression.

THE LINCOLN MEMORIAL FUND.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The Lincoln Fund—

Amounts previously acknowledged.....\$485
FOREST AND STREAM.....25
Member W. K. C.....40

\$550

ELLIOT SMITH.

JAN. 3, 1885.

GREYHOUND JUDGING AT NEW YORK.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The peculiarities of the judging of the greyhounds at the last October show of the Westminster Kennel Club having been noticed in your able criticism as well as by myself, I would ask Mr. Pierson, who acted as judge on that occasion, to kindly state the grounds which caused the reversion of his decision from the spring show. In order to refresh Mr. Pierson's memory, I would state I refer to the fact that at New York, May, 1884, my Bouncing Boy, after a two weeks' ocean trip, in rank bad condition, poor coat, a slight skin surfeit, and no muscular development, beat Friday Night, who was shown in the very pink of condition. At New York, October, 1884, this decision was reversed, when Bouncing Boy was well shown. Again, at the May show, the second prize was withheld from my Begonia for "want of quality," first prize going to my School Girl. At New York, October, 1884, School Girl, in good show form, was placed behind Begonia who, in May, 1884, possessed "no quality." I have waited patiently for two months for an answer, and no reply having been made to the FOREST AND STREAM's queries, I cannot see the occasion for further delay. Construing Mr. Pierson's silence into the interpretation that such awards are to be continued under his judging, I wish to state that I seriously contemplate withdrawing my entire kennel of some eighteen dogs from such inconsistency of judging until a satisfactory explanation is given.—H. W. HUNTINGTON.

THE BEST GREYHOUND.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Not long ago, Dr. Van Hummel, of Denver, in his sketch entitled "Greyhounds in the West," says that he hopes that Messrs. Smith and Huntington will bring their greyhounds to Chicago in the spring. As there will probably be no Chicago show, I should like to offer, in order that Dr. Van Hummel and all other greyhound breeders may prove the superiority of their greyhounds, silver plate, value \$50, to be given for the best greyhound in the show to be held at Boston in April, by the New England Kennel Club, the plate to be awarded by the judge of greyhounds at that show.—H. W. SMITH (Worcester, Mass., Dec. 28).

STYLE VS. POINTS.—Nashville, Tenn., Dec. 21.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In reading the reports of the field trials just closed at Canton, Miss., I am prompted to make a suggestion to the gentlemen who manipulated matters on the occasion of said trials, to wit, that in their future announcements of their proposed trials they will offer the first premium to the dog possessing, in their opinion, the most "style" and show in doing nothing in the way of finding game, and give the dog finding game a back seat, notwithstanding he possesses all the other qualities required of a grand field dog except the "grand style," as they term it.—FIAT JUSTITIA.

BISMARCK.—One of the Prince's characteristics is his love for some large dog, which he makes his constant companion, and feeds himself—a dog, for instance, like the one that so terrified Prince Gortchakoff. The dog follows the Chancellor into his dining room and stretches itself on the carpet. In the course of the meal the butler brings a large piece of boiled beef on one plate and bits of soaked bread on another. The Prince in person cuts up the beef and prepares the food for the dog, which stands by, grave and attentive, pending the solemn preparation of its food. The Prince's dog is never fed in any other way.

KENNEL KEEPER.—The gentleman who advertises this week for a situation as kennel keeper, comes well recommended by prominent persons in Great Britain as to his fitness for the place. He has had a large experience with dogs both in the kennel and field, and if a suitable engagement offers he will devote his whole time to the care of a kennel.

CINCINNATI DOG SHOW.—Cincinnati, O., Jan. 5.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I am glad to inform you that this club has made arrangements with Mr. Washington A. Coster to superintend the show which will be given under the auspices of this club in Cincinnati, May 5, 6, 7 and 8, current year.—W. B. SHATTUCK.

A MASTIFF CLUB.—We are requested by a breeder of the mastiff to suggest to owners of this noble dog that measures be taken to form a mastiff club. We should be pleased to hear from those interested in the matter, and will render all the assistance in our power to forward the good work.

IMPORTATIONS.—The Clovenhook Kennels has recently imported two deerhound bitches, two fox-terrier bitches, a bulldog and a pug puppy. All of them are well bred, and their owners expect them to give a good account of themselves at the spring shows.

"F. AND S." AND "A. K. R."—The FOREST AND STREAM and the American Kennel Register are two distinct publications. Correspondents, who may desire their kennel notes to appear in both, are informed that it will be necessary for them to address each separately.

PEDIGREES WANTED.—Can any one send us the pedigree of the dam of the water dog York? He is about five years old and was sired by Coin. Also that of the liver and white pointer dog Clipper, once owned by Mr. Frank Curtis, of Portland, Me.

NELLIE.—Mr. Jos. E. Lewis writes us that his English setter bitch Nellie, through mistake of the printer, was put in the catalogue of the Philadelphia Kennel Club's show as Mollie. She was winner of h.c. and the special prize G.

KENNEL NOTES.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Kennel notes are inserted in this column free of charge. To insure publication of notes, correspondents MUST GIVE the following particulars of each animal:

1. Color.
2. Breed.
3. Sex.
4. Age, or
5. Date of birth, of breeding or of death
6. Name and residence of owner, buyer or seller.
7. Sire, with his sire and dam.
8. Owner of sire.
9. Dam, with her sire and dam.
10. Owner of dam.

All names must be plainly written. Communication on one side of paper only, and signed with writer's name.

NAMES CLAIMED.

See instructions at head of this column.

Peg. By Thomas F. Russell, Calvert, Tex., for English setter bitch, 3 yrs. old (Felton—Jessie Turner).

Flourish. By W. A. Faxon, Dorchester, Mass., for black, tan and white collie bitch, whelped May 7, 1884, by Kilmarnock Kennels' Ratler (Tweed II.—Lassie) out of Annie Laurie (A.K.R. 1218).

Phuff. By W. A. Faxon, Dorchester, Mass., for black, tan and white collie dog, whelped Nov. 28, 1884 (Bruce of the Fyde—Annie Laurie).

Tony Sensation and Countess Bang. By F. E. Fengar, New London, Conn., for lemon and white pointers, dog and bitch, age not given, by Craft (Bang—Jean) out of Countess Helen (Sensation—Lass).

Wanda. By Millbrook Kennels, New York, for smooth-coated St. Bernard bitch, 2 yrs. old, pedigree not given.

Clerk. By W. P. Kelly, Corsicana, Tex., for black and white pointer dog, age not given (Tony—Vick).

Peer, Prince, Paris and Puritan. By Riverview Kennels, Clinton, Mass., for mastiff dogs, whelped Dec. 10, 1884, by their Agrippa (A.K.R. 449) out of their Pride (A.K.R. 1516).

Hubert and Helena. By Riverview Kennels, Clinton, Mass., for mastiffs, dog and bitch, whelped November, 1884, by Duke of Kent (A.K.R. 1507) out of Hilda V. (A.K.R. 1432).

Brunie. By Lucian T. Chapman, Angelica, N. Y., for black and tawny, with white markings, collie bitch, whelped October, 1884, by Bruno (Angus—Brunette) out of Lassie (Scott—Wait).

Var, Vir, Royalist II., Venus, Vashiti, Velveteen and Valetta. By Millbrook Kennels, New York, for smooth coated St. Bernards, three dogs and four bitches, whelped Dec. 5, 1884, by Royalist (A.K.R. 550) out of Snowball (A.K.R. 416).

Yanna. By the Hornell Spaniel Club, for black cocker spaniel dog, whelped May 20, 1884 (Hornell Rattler—Tiny).

Obo III. By Mrs. R. L. Bowers, Saco, Me., for black cocker spaniel dog, whelped Oct. 17, 1884, by Obo II. (A.K.R. 432) out of Daisy Zulu (A.K.R. 381).

Rhona G. By D. A. Goodwin, Jr., Newburyport, Mass., for Gordon setter bitch, whelped Jun. 12, 1884, by Lock (Bailey's Tom—Pansy) out of Nell (Rupert—Rhona).

Rock Bondhu. By D. A. Goodwin, Jr., Newburyport, Mass., for black, white and tan English setter dog, whelped Feb. 27, 1884, by Gus Bondhu (Dashing Bondhu—Novel) out of Countess Mollie (Count Noble—Spark).

Rock Windem. By D. A. Goodwin, Newburyport, Mass., for black, white and tan English setter dog, whelped December, 1882, by Roderick II. (Roderick—Norma) out of Jennie (Carlowitz—Rose).

Chloe. By Geo. D. Macdonald, New York, for black pointer bitch, whelped June, 1884 (Peter Black—Maud S.).

Spice. By Charles G. Kendall, Brooklyn, N. Y., for black spaniel dog, whelped Aug. 30, 1884, by Jock (Dandy—Spider) out of Nancy S. (Dandy—Spider) (A.K.R. 416).

Chip, Bido, Style, Pet and Garnet. By F. J. Mills, North Attleboro, Mass., for red Irish setters, three dogs and two bitches, whelped Nov. 26, 1884, by champion Nimrod (A.K.R. 631) out of his Romaine (A.K.R. 638).

Gail Hamilton. By H. D. Ward, Newton, N. C., for red Irish setter bitch, age not given, by Rory O'More out of Gay.

Harvy T. By H. B. Topping, Green Village, N. J., for Russian ticked pointer dog, whelped June 12, 1884, by Glenmark (Rush—Lomp) out of Gail (A.K.R. 697).

Ruby III. By L. K. Mason, Hastings, Ia., for Chesapeake Bay bitch, whelped Oct. 31, 1884 (Foam—Ruby II.). (A.K.R. 143).

Sir John. By Bernard Peyton, Richmond, Va., and Birmingham, Ala., for mastiff dog, whelped April 9, 1884, by Major (Lee—Leona) out of Nellie (Jack—Clie).

Ideal Kennels. By Irving M. Dewey, New Haven, Conn., for his private kennels.

Doc and Muse. By Edmund Orgill, Bond's, Tenn., for black and tan beagle dog and bitch, whelped Aug. 14, 1884, by imported Rambler out of Beauty (Briton—Waxy).

Jet. By Wm. H. Hawkins, Fall River, Mass., for black pointer bitch, whelped July 10, 1884, by Nat (Pete—Mab) out of Daisy (Pete, Jr.—Kate).

Brayn. By W. St. John Jones, Cincinnati, O., for mastiff dog, whelped July 23, 1884, by Hero II. (A.K.R. 545) out of Madge (A.K.R. 548).

Arabella. By C. L. Hanson, Charleston, S. C., for liver and white pointer bitch, whelped April 1, 1884 (Thomas's imported Arab—Skinner's Old Belle).

NAMES CHANGED.

See instructions at head of this column.

Orta. Miss Orta. Rough-coated St. Bernard bitch, whelped Nov. 7, 1884 (champion Otho—Novice), owned by Fred. W. Rothera, Simcoe, Ont.

BRED.

See instructions at head of this column.

Chica. Dashing Berwyn. W. B. Peck's (Central Falls, R. I.) English setter bitch Chica (Royal Blue—Diana) to Dashing Berwyn, Oct. 1, 1884.

Spinaway. Croxeth. E. F. Stoddard's pointer bitch Spinaway to A. Godfrey's Croxeth, Dec. 10, 1884.

Queen Alice. Count Noble. Howard Hartley's (Pittsburgh, Pa.) English setter bitch Queen Alice (Druid—Cubas) to Count Noble (Count Windem—Nora), Nov. 23, 1884.

Daisy Queen. Royal Ranger. Howard Hartley's (Pittsburgh, Pa.) English setter bitch Daisy Queen (Rock—Meg) to his champion Royal Ranger, Dec. 23, 1884.

Dashing Jest. Rock. E. W. Jester's (St. George's, Del.) English setter bitch Dashing Jest (A.K.R. 1614) to his Rock (A.K.R. 1610), Dec. 21, 1884.

Liddersdale. Dick Laverack. T. G. Davey's (London, Ont.) English setter bitch Liddersdale (A.K.R. 592) to champion Dick Laverack (Thunder—Peers).

Genevieve. Phœbus. T. G. Davey's (London, Ont.) English setter bitch Genevieve (London—Dawn) to his Prince Phœbus (A.K.R. 597).

Ruby. Turk. Charles S. Fitch's (Fort Washington, N. Y.) Gordon setter bitch Ruby (A.K.R. 1625) to champion Turk (A.K.R. 717), Dec. 30, 1884.

Pearl. Puck. E. W. Jester's (St. George's, Del.) Italian greyhound bitch Pearl (A.K.R. 758) to his Puck (Silk Socks—Naughty), Dec. 23, 1884.

Beauty. Napoleon. The City View Kennels' (New Haven, Conn.) pug bitch Beauty (A.K.R. 1360) to their Napoleon, Jan. 2.

Fan Fan. Bang Bang. J. O. Donner's (New York) imported pointer bitch Fan Fan to the Westminster Kennel Club's Bang Bang (A.K.R. 394), Jan. 5.

Mercia. Mac. The Clovenhook Kennels' (New York) deerhound bitch Mercia (Warwick—Minnie) to their Mac (Paddie—Lassie), Dec. 13, 1884.

Critic. Obo II. W. O. Partridge's (Boston, Mass.) black spaniel bitch Critic (A.K.R. 303) to J. P. Willey's champion Obo II. (A.K.R. 432), Nov. 17, 1884.

Helen. Obo, Jr. W. O. Partridge's (Boston, Mass.) black spaniel bitch Helen (A.K.R. 654) to J. P. Willey's Obo, Jr. (A.K.R. 1481), Dec. 9, 1884.

Miss Nance. Obo, Jr. S. R. Hemingway's (New Haven, Conn.) black cocker spaniel bitch Miss Nance (A.K.R. 1313) to J. P. Willey's Obo, Jr. (A.K.R. 1481), Dec. 5, 1884.

Black Gem. Obo, Jr. G. H. Haseltine's (Boston, Mass.) black cocker spaniel bitch Black Gem to J. P. Willey's Obo, Jr. (A.K.R. 1481), Dec. 20, 1884.

June W. Obo II. J. P. Willey's (Salmon Falls, N. H.) black cocker spaniel bitch June W. to his champion Obo II. (A.K.R. 432), Dec. 17, 1884.

Smut. Obo II. H. C. Bronson's (Boston, Mass.) black cocker spaniel bitch Smut (A.K.R. 558) to J. P. Willey's champion Obo II. (A.K.R. 432), Dec. 19, 1884.

WHEPERS.

See instructions at head of this column.

Daisy. G. T. Wells's (Boston, Mass.) English setter bitch Daisy (Lelaps—Jessie), Dec. 5, 1884, eight (three dogs), by Dexter (Pindsee—Nina); five black and white and three orange and white.

Rena. A. C. Krueger's (Wrightsville, Pa.) beagle bitch Rena (Ringwood II.—Spider), Dec. 15, 1884, four (one dog), by his imported Bannerman (Marchboy—Dew Drop); Rena and two puppies since dead.

Romaine. F. J. Mills's (North Attleboro, Mass.) red Irish setter bitch Romaine (A.K.R. 638), Nov. 26, 1884, five (three dogs), by champion Nimrod (Elcho—Lorna).

Suwanee. A. C. Wilmerding's (New York) black spaniel bitch Suwanee (A.K.R. 658), Dec. 19, 1884, ten (three dogs), by his Black Prince (A.K.R. 62); eight black and two liver.

Snowball. The Millbrook Kennels' (New York) smooth-coated St. Bernard bitch Snowball (A.K.R. 416), Dec. 5, 1884, seven (three dogs), by Royalist (A.K.R. 580).

Susan. Samuel Thorne's pointer bitch Susan (Sensation—Whiskey), Dec. 18, 1884, seven (four dogs), by the Westminster Kennel Club's Bang Bang (A.K.R. 394); all liver and white.

Pride. The Riverview Kennels' (Clinton, Mass.) mastiff bitch Pride (A.K.R. 1516), Dec. 10, 1884, eight (five dogs), by their Agrippa (A.K.R. 449).

Clie. Irving M. Dewey's (New Haven, Conn.) cocker spaniel bitch Clie (A.K.R. 439), Nov. 14, 1884, four (two dogs), by J. P. Willey's champion Obo II. (A.K.R. 432).

Leah. S. S. Board's (Elkton, Md.) English setter bitch Leah II., Jan. 1, five (two dogs), by E. W. Jester's Glen Rock (A.K.R. 1516).

Daisy II. The City View Kennels' (New Haven, Conn.) pug bitch Daisy II. (A.K.R. 1361), Jan. 3, six (four dogs), by their Napoleon.

June II. Edmund Orgill's (Bond's, Tenn.) pointer bitch June II. (Sensation—June), ten (nine dogs), by his champion Rush (A.K.R. 357).

Melody. Edmund Orgill's (Bond's, Tenn.) beagle bitch Melody (Rally—Lill), Oct. 5, 1884, six (three dogs), by his Charley, Jr. (Charley—Fly).

Jet W. J. P. Willey's (Salmon Falls, N. H.) black cocker spaniel bitch Jet W. (Obo II.—Darkey II.), Dec. 23, 1884, five (two dogs), by his Obo, Jr. (A.K.R. 1481); all black.

SALES.

See instructions at head of this column.

Pete, Jr.—Daisy whelp. Black pointer dog, whelped Sept. 19, 1884, by E. C. Alden, Dedham, Mass., to T. F. Durrant, New York.

Mac B. II. Lemon belton English setter dog (Mac B.—Chica), by W. B. Peck, Central Falls, R. I., to Theodore Reibe, Providence, R. I.

Foreman. Pet Berwyn whelps. English setter dogs, age not given, by B. Peck, Central Falls, R. I., one to C. Fred. Crawford, Pawtucket, R. I., and one to J. A. Rockwood, West Medford, Mass.

Herzog. Rough-coated St. Bernard dog, whelped March, 1884 (Caesar, A.K.R. 22—Nun, A.K.R. 24), by Millbrook Kennels, New York, to Lewis C. Cassidy, Philadelphia, Pa.

Julien. Rough-coated St. Bernard dog, whelped March, 1884 (Caesar, A.K.R. 22—Theon, A.K.R. 94), by Millbrook Kennels, New York, to L. M. Palmer, New York.

Courage. Rough-coated St. Bernard dog, whelped May, 1884 (Bonivard, A.K.R. 31—Abess), by Millbrook Kennels, New York, to Walter Hatfield, Philadelphia, Pa.

Nankin. Rough-coated St. Bernard dog, whelped May, 1884 (Bonivard, A.K.R. 31—Abess), by Millbrook Kennels, New York, to H. W. Dutton, Philadelphia, Pa.

Bertha. Rough-coated St. Bernard bitch, age not given (Bonivard, A.K.R. 31—Theon, A.K.R. 94), by Millbrook Kennels, New York, to Geo. W. Schenk, Burlington, Ia.

Joeyux. Rough-coated St. Bernard dog, whelped March, 1884 (Caesar, A.K.R. 22—Theon, 94), by Millbrook Kennels, New York, to W. H. Husted, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Joris. Rough-coated St. Bernard dog, whelped March, 1884 (Caesar, A.K.R. 22—Theon, A.K.R. 94), by Millbrook Kennels, New York, to W. Parsons, same place.

Royalist. Smooth-coated St. Bernard dog (A.K.R. 580), by Millbrook Kennels, New York, to J. S. Clarkson, Des Moines, Ia.

Mentor. Smooth-coated St. Bernard dog, whelped June, 1884 (Prince, A.K.R. 23—Snowball, A.K.R. 416), by Millbrook Kennels, New York, to P. DeWitt Cuyler, Philadelphia, Pa.

Duncan. Rosy whelps. Collies, whelped September, 1884, by Millbrook Kennels, New York, a dog each to Geo. B. McClesley and Chas. R. Harker, and a bitch to E. T. Hopkins, same place, and one dog and two bitches to L. F. Haviland, Wyckoff, N. J.

Duncan. Rosy whelps. Collie bitch (sweyed), whelped June, 1884, by Millbrook Kennels, New York, to R. O. Morse, same place.

Rosy. Collie bitch, imported, by Millbrook Kennels, New York, to L. F. Haviland, Wyckoff, N. J.

Ion. Smooth-coated St. Bernard dog, whelped March, 1884 (Caesar, A.K.R. 22—Brunhild), by Millbrook Kennels, New York, to E. Harley, same place.

June. Cassie whelps. Cocker spaniel bitches, whelped Aug. 8, 1884, by Sterling M. Allen, Peckskill, N. Y., one black, one liver and one black, white and tan to Wm. Dunphy, same place.

Jersey Belle. English setter bitch (A.K.R. 1589), by F. E. Fengar, New London, Conn., to J. S. Brown, Montclair, N. J.

Countess Helen. Pointer bitch, age and color not given (Sensation—Lass), by J. S. Brown, Montclair, N. J., to F. E. Fengar, New London, Conn.

Craft. Countess Helen whelps. Pointers, age, color and sex not given, by J. S. Brown, Montclair, N. J., to F. E. Fengar, New London, Conn.

T. B. Liver and white pointer dog, whelped April 17, 1884 (Tory—Belle), by W. P. Kelly, Corsicana, Tex., to J. E. Whitesell, same place.

Match—Belle whelp. Lemon and white pointer dog, whelped Sept. 18, 1884, by the Westminster Kennel Club to Spencer Kellogg, Buffalo, N. Y.

Donald. Mastiff dog (A.K.R. 1505), by Riverview Kennel, Clinton, Mass., to Alex. Olcott, Corning, N. Y.

Kaiser. Black and tan dachshund dog, whelped May 27, 1884 (Warden—Phœbus), by Wm. Loeffler, Preston, Minn., to John Lukas, Jefferson, Wis.

Cora. Black and tan dachshund bitch, whelped July 6, 1884 (Waldman II.—Babette), by Wm. Loeffler, Preston, Minn., to Joseph Werfel, Ithaca, N. Y.

Brunette. Chestnut and tan dachshund bitch, age not given (Waldman K. Wally), by Wm. Loeffler, Preston, Minn., to J. H. Van Norden, New York.

Queen. Red Irish setter bitch, whelped August, 1883 (Don—Kosmid), by Wm. Loeffler, Preston, Minn., to Frank Sintes, New Orleans, La.

Yanna. Black cocker spaniel dog, whelped May 20, 1884 (Hornell Rattler—Tiny), by the Hornell Spaniel Club, Hornellville, N. Y., to David W. Blanchard, Boston, Mass.

Obo II.—Daisy whelps. Black cocker spaniels, whelped Oct. 17, 1884, by I. Dewey, New Haven, Conn., a dog to Geo. J. Metzger, Buffalo, N. Y.; a dog to H. W. Fuller, Hartford, Conn.; a dog to Mrs. R. L. Bowers, Saco, Me., and a bitch to C. A. Hazletine, Haverhill, Mass.

Obo II.—Clie whelp. Black cocker spaniel dog, whelped Nov. 14, 1884, by Irving M. Dewey, New Haven, Conn., to J. P. Willey, Salmon Falls, N. H.

Clie. Liver and white cocker spaniel bitch (A.K.R. 439) by J. P. Willey, Salmon Falls, N. H., to Irving M. Dewey, New Haven, Conn.

Rock Bondhu. Black, white and tan English setter dog, whelped Feb. 27, 1884 (Gus Bondhu—Countess Mollie), by D. A. Goodwin, Jr., Newburyport, Mass., to Gen. John T. Richards, Gardiner, Me.

Gus Bondhu. Black, white and tan English setter dog (Dashing Bondhu—Novel), by J. W. Orth, Pittsburgh, Pa., to Luther Adams, Boston, Mass.

Rory O'More—Gay whelp. Red Irish setter bitch, age not given, by W. N. Callender, Albany, N. Y., to H. D. Ward, Newton, N. C.

Miss Otho. Rough-coated St. Bernard bitch, whelped Nov. 7, 1884 (champion Otho—Novice), by Fred. W. Rothera, Simcoe, Ont., to Forest City Kennels, Portland, Me.

card receiver from T. J. Moffatt, by a score of 8 out of a possible 10; second was won by Charles Longdon, W. T. Smith and Wm. Kent, each having 7. The prize, a set of loading tools from N. D. Folsom & Son, was not awarded. H. A. Sanford won the third prize, an inkstand presented T. J. Moffatt, by a score of 6; B. B. Penn the fourth, 100 brass shells from A. L. Howard, by a score of 5, and the fifth was won by Folsom & Son, by a score of 4. Longdon's sweepstakes stakeholder, Reginald R. Meacham scored 6; C. C. Longdon 5, C. W. Foster 4, and Wm. Hanson 3. In the 10-pigeon sweepstakes, Wm. Hanson scored 10, Dr. Carver and E. A. Folsom 9 each, and C. Adams 8.

LOADING FOR CLAY-PIGEONS.—I have used the shotgun about twenty years, and have always supposed I held ahead if I hit the bird or pigeon; but I am ready to be convinced if I am in error. After trying both 12 and 10-gauge guns, varying from 7½ to 10 pounds, I am convinced that a 10-gauge, 30in., full-choked gun, weighing 9 to 12 pounds, is best for the clays; but I do not use "6 or 7 drams of powder." My load is 4 drams of powder and 1¼ ounces shot No. 7. With this load I have made a score of 48 out of a possible 50 (an account of which appeared in *FOREST AND STREAM* of Aug. 7, 1884). With a 9½-pound gun, I can fire 50 or 100 shots without any unpleasant effect from the recoil, and the aim is steadier than with a light gun.—S. S. W. (Osborn Hollow, N. Y.).

CARVER AT NEW HAVEN.—Next week Dr. Wm. F. Carver proposes to attempt the herculean feat of breaking with a rifle sixty thousand glass balls thrown in the air in six days. It will readily be seen what a tremendous effort will be required to accomplish this feat, as he will be required to shoot ten thousand balls a day and to lift with his left arm several tons. The enormous recoil for this number of shots and the great amount of ammunition used are also worthy of consideration. As an evidence of the amount of ammunition used by Carver in his contests, we may mention that the Merino Elastic Felt Wad Company have just shipped him as a first order for the year 86,864 wads.

Duckting.

THE BARNEGAT SNEAKBOX.

THE various requirements of hunters, fishermen, surfmen, and others who dwell along the great Atlantic sea coast, have brought into existence a number of curious craft, some of local use only, while others have become popular in many places. The dory of the Eastern fishermen, the sharpie of the New Haven oystermen, the oyster skiffs used about Staten Island, the sneakbox of Barnegat Bay, the duck skiff of the Lower Delaware River, and the peculiar canoes of the oystermen of Chesapeake Bay are all examples of such craft. As a rule, each is marked by its adaptability for the purpose for which it was designed, and, while crude and unfinished in many respects, has some noteworthy points. The origin of the boat here illustrated, the sneak-box of Barnegat Bay, may be traced back easily to the "sinkboxes" or sinkboats. These were at first mere boxes sunk in the marsh and covered with a blind, from which the hunters shot at the flocks of ducks for which the bay is famous. The box was improved into a scow, or floating blind, and in course of time the boat shown in our illustration was evolved. In order to float in little water a flat bottom was necessary, and as the boat had often to be beached and dragged through the marsh, the end was well rounded up, until the bottom was nearly the shape of a spoon. This form also proved easy and buoyant in the rough water often met with on the bay, and, coupled with a well-cambered deck, the little boats were found to be excellent for sailing and fishing, as well as for ducking, being fast, stiff and weatherly. At present they are used in many places besides the Jersey coast, and are general favorites with the duck hunter, the fisherman and the pleasure sailor.

When used for hunting, they may be drawn up on shore, as a sneak box, being covered with brush or sedge; or hidden in the same manner, they may be sculled close to a flock of ducks. The stern is usually provided with a rack to hold the decoys, of which forty or fifty are sometimes carried; therefore they are made wide and full aft.

The centerboard is either of the usual pivoted type, or else what is called a "dagger" board, narrow and long, curved somewhat like a scimeter, and sliding in a narrow trunk, as a sword in its sheath. Of course, the board is not hinged in any way, but is slid into the trunk, projecting down and aft, and giving a good hold on the water. When not in use, it is withdrawn entirely, and laid flat on the floor boards. The usual rig is a small sprit sail, and an oar is used for steering and also for sculling; but when used entirely for sailing, the boat is fitted with a rudder and tiller. Several of these boats, used in the vicinity of New York, are rigged with a balance lug the same as a canoe, which sail is much superior to the old rig. The boat shown in the drawing was built for pleasure sailing only, by J. Kilpatrick, of Barnegat, and is larger than the size used for gunning, being 16x5ft., while the latter are usually about 12x4ft. The cockpit is large enough for three or four persons, all sitting on the floor, as no thwarts are used; and below deck, and at the sides of the well, is room for stores and cruising outfit. In cruising, a bed for two can easily be made up on the floor, the latter being nearly flat.

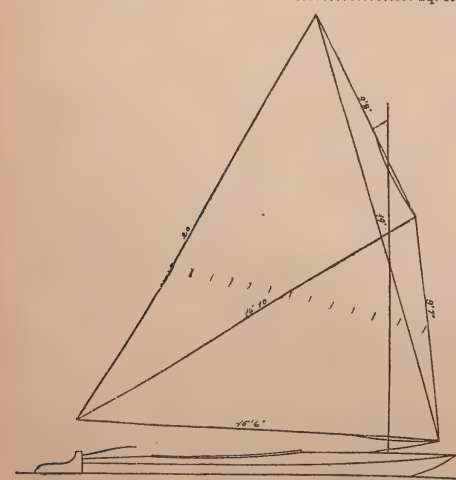
The dimensions of this boat are:

Length over all.....	16ft.
Length on waterline.....	13ft. 11in.
Beam, extreme.....	4ft. 11in.
Beam at waterline.....	4ft. 4in.
Draft.....	8in.
Depth amidships.....	1ft.
Sheer, forward.....	7in.
Sheer, aft.....	3in.
Crown of deck.....	8in.
Mast from fore side of stem.....	3ft.
Centerb'd trunk, fore end, from fore side of stem.....	3ft. 5in.
Centerb'd trunk, after end, from fore side of stem.....	7ft. 11in.
Fore end of well, from fore side of stem.....	6ft. 8in.
After end of well, from fore side of stem.....	13ft.
Width of well.....	3ft.
Height of coaming above deck.....	2in.
Breadth of rudder.....	2ft.

The keel is one piece of oak, 5in. wide amidships, and 1½in. deep, turned up at the fore end. The slot for the centerboard is 1½in., and the board ¾in., the latter being of oak, through bolted. The headledges will be also of oak, 1½x1½in., with a bolt through the keel and the lower end of each headledge. The bedpieces will be also of oak, 1x2in., bolted down to keel, with painted cotton flannel between, and the sides of the trunk will be of 1in. pine, well seasoned. The stern is of oak, 1in. thick, and the planking is 9-16in., carved built, with copper nails riveted, if for salt water. The frames are of steamed oak, 1½in. sided and 1in. moulded, spaced 13in. No gunwale is needed, the deck plank, ¾in. thick, being screwed to the upper streak, along the adjoining edges. The deck beams are 1½x ¾in., spaced 12in. The deck may be covered with canvas, laid in paint, and thoroughly painted outside. For rowing, oarlocks are fitted to the gunwale outside of the coaming. They are of either wood or brass, and are fitted so as to fold flat on deck, when not in use.

The dimensions of sail and spars are as follows:

Mast, deck to hounds.....	15ft.
Mast, diameter at deck.....	3in.
Boom.....	16ft.
Yard, diameter.....	2in.
Yard, diameter.....	10ft. 2in.
Foot of sail.....	15ft. 6in.
Luff.....	9ft. 7in.
Head.....	9ft. 8in.
Leech.....	20ft.
Tack to peak.....	19ft.
Clew to throat.....	16ft. 10in.
Area.....	160 sq. ft.



The sail is hoisted by a halliard, with a parrel on the yard to hold it to the mast. Instead of the tack, as used in canoes, a line

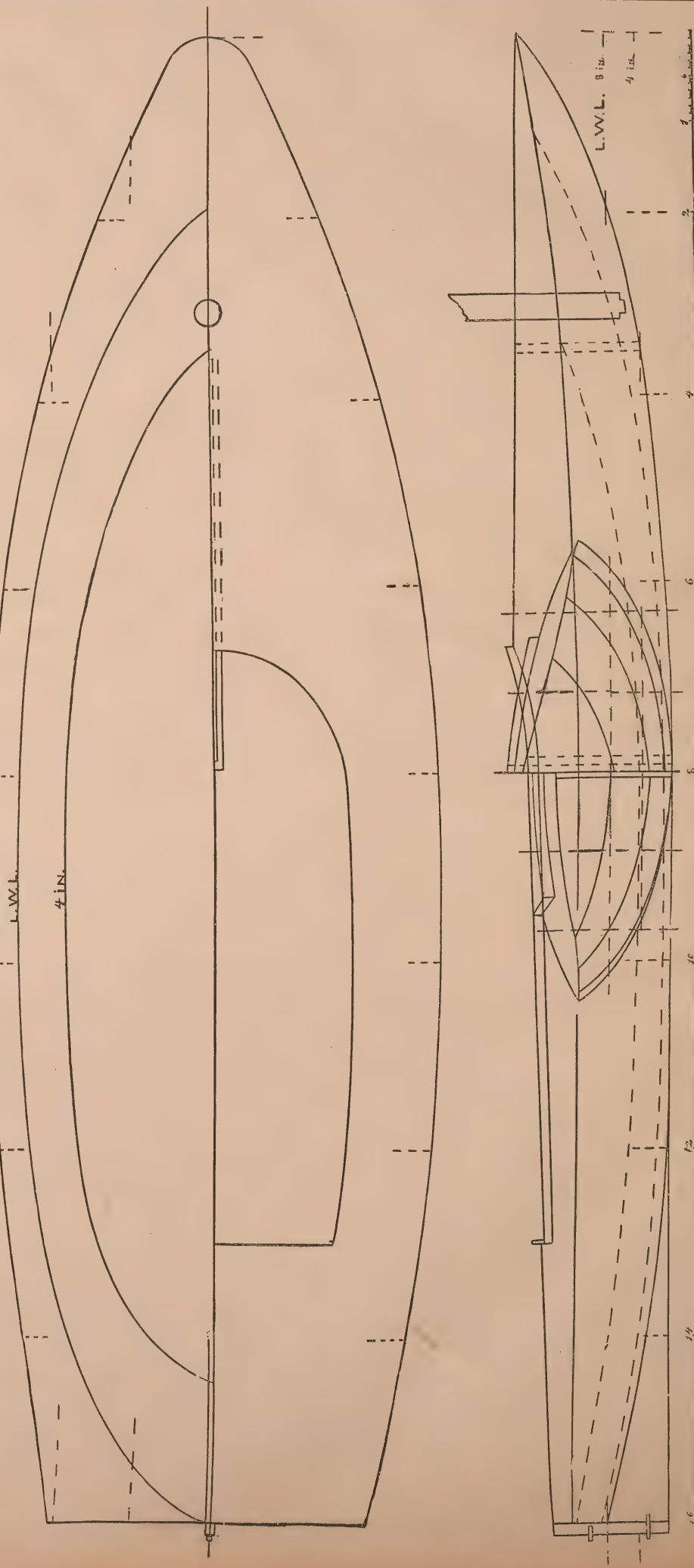
is fastened to the fore end of the boom, leading down to an eyebolt in the deck just abaft the mast, thus preventing the tack of the sail from falling forward. The sheet may be made fast to one quarter, leading through a block on the boom, and one on the other quarter, to hand, thus being out of the way of the tiller.

The Barnegat Bay boats usually have a canvas apron or screen forward, fastened to the deck, so as to keep off all spray. Being very stiff, the sneakbox is an excellent boat for young sailors, and also for pleasure sailing on the shoal bays that abound along our coasts.

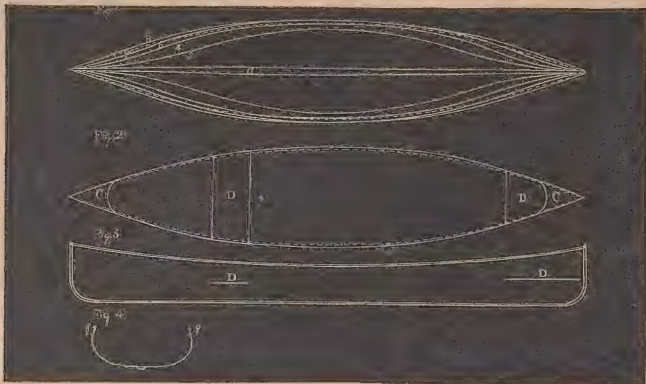
The prices given in another column are for the best boats built to order, but for ordinary hunting purposes a cheaper boat may be found at Barnegat, for about half the price there given.

A VISIT TO A SNEAKBOX BUILDER.

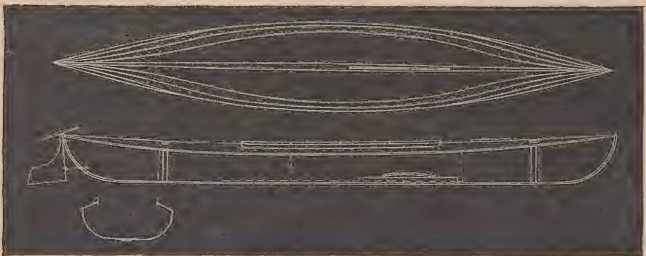
THE builder of the best sneakboxes found in Ocean county, N. J., is Capt. George Bogart, who has turned out, during the past twenty years, many successful specimens of this class of ducking boats. Capt. Bogart has been employed for eleven years as captain of a life-saving crew, located on Long Beach, opposite Manahawken, Ocean county, N. J. This severe service results in rheumatism, and the pay is very small when the great risk to health and life is considered. Capt. Bogart having left the life-saving service of the government, has built himself a shop one mile south of the village of Manahawken, and under the encouragement of the Single-Hand Cruising Club of Ocean county, proposes to give his whole time to perfecting



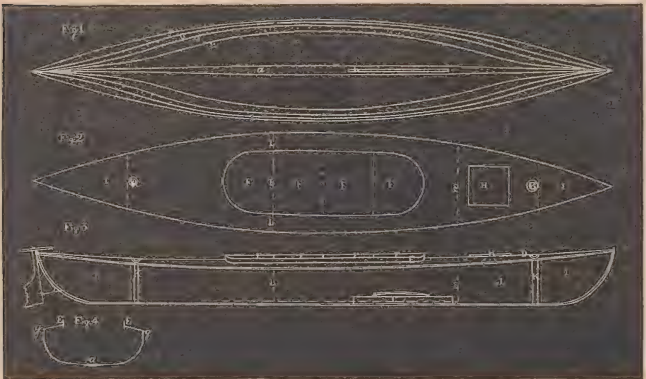
The Bedouin 70, ft., becomes 72.13, or 2ft. longer. The Leen 55.12ft., becomes 55.78, or 8in. longer than the waterline. As to the Genesta I do not know what she will measure, but it does not seem probable that she will receive much advantage, if any, from a rule which produces a gain of a few inches in length, and which in the case of our present larger yachts will change the allowance over the course from that due to difference in waterline by only an inconsiderable number of seconds. I am not an advocate of the extreme features to be found in the modern English cutters, and, since we can see the Genesta or any other yacht which may come over confronted by a vessel of the same type, but the Genesta is not the product of any such rules as those of the New York or Seawanhaka yacht clubs. On the contrary, to those who have watched the disappearances of yachts from the racing fleet in English waters after two or three seasons and the advent of new ones, the corresponding features have been the increased length and smaller area which the rules permit, and the fact that numerous letters that may be read in the *Field* seem to show a widespread discontent with the present rule, and an increasing demand for a rule



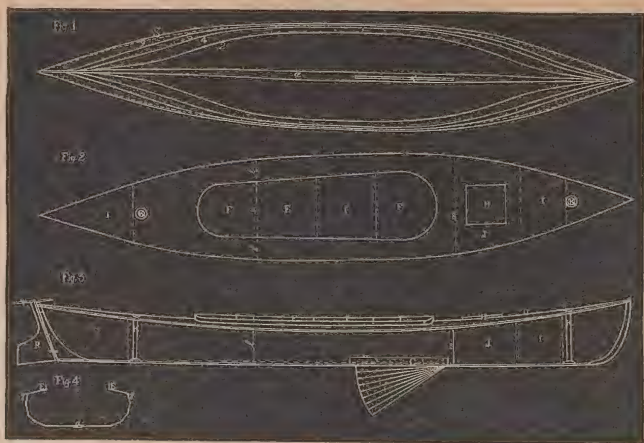
OPEN HUNTING CANOE.



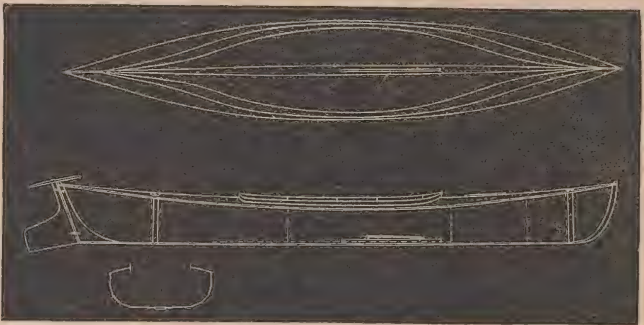
14x27 CANOE, GRAYLING.



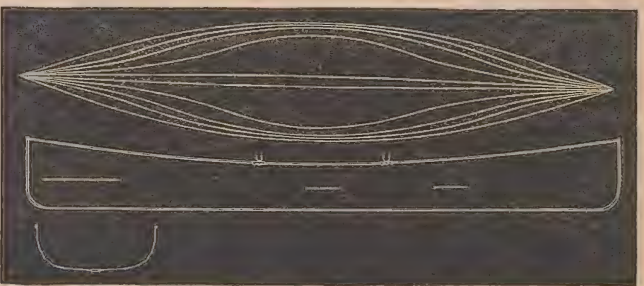
14.6x30 CANOE, ELLARD.



15x31 1/2 CANOE, PRINCESS.



14x30 CANOE, ST. LAWRENCE.



ROWBOAT.

n which sail area shall be an element, but the opposition appears to come largely from the modern racers.

If it is conceded that the rule favors a certain ascertained or ascertainable type of yacht, or character of rig, and if the challenging yacht was not designed to take advantage of the rules' provisions, and if, furthermore, it is allowed that a fit competitor for the coming vessel does not now exist here, but that one must be built or changed to fit her for the contest, perhaps Mr. Pragne will tell us why the advantage should not be with the yacht which is expressly fitted to the rules' conditions. It may be, however, that the rule of thumb which he contends for, is not adapted to this style of work. This I can believe more readily than that it requires its advocates to indulge wantonly and without provocation or use, in a calumnious and unwarranted attack, which, as far as it affects me personally, may be regarded with the utmost complaisance, but which in the interest of yachting and the virtues I must resent.

As to the depreciation of what Mr. Pragne calls science in yacht designing, it would appear idle and unnecessary to answer such assaults. It may well be allowed that respectable results have been attained by individuals in various branches of architecture and art as the result of individual experience, and with little aid from rules and methods formulated upon a common observation; but why single out yacht architecture as the one thing that can dispense with "science?" Mr. Pragne will surely not claim that our large buildings and bridges can be put up without advantage from a knowledge of general principles governing form, and the proper disposition of weight, strength and material. If a man does not find it convenient and practicable to use a foot rule or other accurate measure, let him use his thumb, or if he prefer it, a piece of the galley stovepipe, and if the practical results are all right they can speak for themselves, and will doubtless be appreciated at their just value. It is to be hoped, however, that his promises of speed to be obtained by some sloop to be built on his favorite method, to defend the America's Cup, have some better warrant than his detractors in respect to, yours truly, JAN. 5, 1885.

J. HYSLOP.

MEASUREMENT AND CLASSIFICATION ABROAD.—The discussion over the present condition of yacht racing and of a change in the rules still continues in England, many being in favor of the adoption of the sail area and length rule. At a meeting of the Council of the Yacht Yacing Association, held on Dec. 18, a scheme was proposed for classifying existing yachts as racers, ex-racers, and cruisers, according to the areas of their mainsails. Tables were presented showing the actual areas of mainsails of existing yachts in all three classes, for the various sizes from which a maximum area for any class can be computed. After discussion a committee was appointed to report on the rule at the next meeting, on Jan. 23, 1885.

RACING CUTTERS AS CRUISERS.—The 40-ton Sleuthhound is now fitting out in the Solent for an extensive winter cruise to the Mediterranean. This cutter is very much like the Ileen in proportions and style, and is another instance in which the modern narrow beam racer is being drawn upon for sea cruising. In the meantime, no one in England is predicting all sorts of terrible catastrophes to the Sleuthhound for want of enough buoyancy, but on the contrary, her proposed voyage across stormy Biscay is looked upon as an ordinary matter, scarce deserving notice.

BOUND FOR A CRUISE.—Mr. Arthur Clarke Jervoise has purchased the cutter Cythera, 117 tons, from her former owner, Mr. David Richardson, and is now fitting her out for a three months' cruise in the Mediterranean, after which she will proceed to the Gulf of St. Lawrence, where her owner proposes to do some fishing, and from there she will return to England, visiting New York on the way, this fall. Cythera is 87.8ft. registered length and 17.7ft. beam, and was designed and built by the elder Fife.

CRUISING YAWL.—Mr. Dixon Kemp has lately designed a cruising yawl for Mr. C. W. Prescott Westcar, which will be built by Alfred Payne & Son. This vessel, of 106 tons, will be 83ft. on waterline, 18ft. beam, and will draw 12ft., with a keel of 15 tons. Although intended for a cruiser, she will have nearly 494 beams, in fact, will be of exactly the proportions as Bedouin.

THE AMERICA'S CUP.—The London *Field* of Dec. 20 contains a long and exhaustive letter from Mr. C. F. Kunhardt, reviewing the changes in American yachts and their present condition, and summing up the chances on each side.

GITANA.—Mr. Weld's schooner is now at anchor off Stapleton, but will sail in a few days for the West Indies.

Canoeing.

CANOEISTS are invited to send us notes and full reports of cruises club meets, information about canoeable waters, and other communications of interest.

Secretaries of canoe clubs are requested to send to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with name, membership, signals, etc., of their clubs, and also notices in advance of meetings and races, and reports of the same. Canoeists and all interested in canoeing are requested to forward to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with logs of cruises, maps, and information concerning their local waters, drawings or descriptions of boats and fittings, and all items relating to the sport.

THE RUSHTON CANOES.

NO better index of the growth of canoeing can be given than the fact that while in 1871 the newly founded New York C. C. had some trouble to find any one to build their boats from the lines sent them by Mr. Baden Powell, there are now (besides a number of small builders and amateurs, who build many boats each year) several large establishments devoted largely or entirely to canoe building. The principal one of these, and the one best known to canoeists, is that of Mr. J. H. Rushton, at Canton, N. Y. Starting in 1875 as a builder of light boats in a small loft, Mr. Rushton now occupies a large building erected specially for boat building. From this shop a fleet of boats, of all varieties, rowboats, canoes, sporting boats, sneakboxes, together with equipments of all kinds, is sent out every year to all parts of the country. Besides the method of building employed by Mr. Rushton, and which is peculiarly his own, he has made a special study of the many requirements of canoes, and has now a list of models comprising craft for every sort of canoeing, and in which are incorporated the ideas of our leading canoeists.

The claims of such a business on a man's time make it impossible for him to try personally all canoes and all the different localities where canoeing is followed; but to compensate for this, Mr. Rushton has availed himself of the experience of canoeists of all classes, for whom he has built boats and altered them, with the result that he has now a selection of representative models of all dimensions and styles. The lines of these boats have never been published, but we give for the first time those of some of the best known craft. Of the smaller boats the most popular is the Grayling, an improvement on the well-known Stella Maris model, a Class A boat, 14ft. long, 27in. beam, depth amidships 9in., sheer at bow 6in., ditto at stern 5in. Load at 4in. draft, 175lbs. She is fitted with a folding centerboard, of the Childs or Atwood pattern, so placed as to permit the crew to sleep on board. This model is well adapted for river cruising, especially with a light crew. The Marion, of the Mohican C. C., is a Grayling, and has made a creditable record, both as a cruiser and racer.

The tendency of canoeists at present, especially under the present A. C. A. rules, is toward the average or all-round boat, the lighter Class B canoe, in which class is the Ellard, designed by Mr. Rushton for Mr. George B. Ellard, Cincinnati C. C., from dimensions given by the latter. As first built the beam was about 36in., but it has been increased to 30in., the length being 14ft. 6in. The depth of 11in. is a little greater than common, and an improvement over similar boats of a few years since. The sheer forward is 6 1/2in., and aft 4 1/2in. with a draft of 5in., about 270lbs., and with a draft of 6in. 385lbs. can be carried. As usually built the stem and stern are both curved, but when desired the latter is made straight, the model being then known as Mohican No. 1, after the Snake, owned and sailed by Mr. R. V. Gibson of the Mohican C. C. Being flat in the floor, and having no projecting keel, this model and the preceding one are well adapted for river work, rapids and camping, as the canoe will set level without chocking the bilges. She is also fitted, if desired, with a Childs board, which may be nearly underneath the floor. The rig carried on the Snake, which we will illustrate in another article, consists of a mainsail, mizzen and jib. Mr. Rushton also builds the old Shadow, 14x30; depth, 10 1/2in.; sheer forward, 8in., aft 7 1/2, and the St. Lawrence, of similar dimensions and model, but without the tumble home to topsides. Of the larger craft, the favorite is the Princess model, designed by ex-Commodore Longworth. This canoe is 15ft. long, 31 1/2in. beam, 10 1/2in. depth, with 10in. sheer forward, and 7 1/2in. aft. She is built up to the limits of class B, and is a fine boat for long cruises and open water, the Aurora, in which Dr. Neide made his long cruise, being built on this

model in 1882. She will carry a large load, drawing but 6in. with 480 pounds. We also illustrate two other boats, an open hunting canoe, 13ft. long by 30in. beam, and 12in. deep, and weighing from 33 to 45 pounds. This canoe will also be built very light and decked over, making a fine boat for ladies, or for those who paddle entirely. The name of this new boat will be the Daisy.

Besides these boats Mr. Rushton builds some 40 different sizes and models of rowboats, of all classes, from the plainly built and painted craft of the guide or hunter to the elegantly finished pleasure boat, all being built after his method of light siding and many ribs. We shall give shortly the results of a number of experiments made at the factory, to test the floating power of boats and canoes.

"CANOE BUILDING FOR AMATEURS" is now ready, and can be had at the office of the Forest and Stream, or will be sent by mail on receipt of \$1.50.

PROGRAMME OF THE A. C. A. REGATTA, 1885.

IN submitting the following draft programme, the result of careful deliberation, the Regatta Committee make the following introductory remarks:

First—This draft is not yet to be taken as final in all details.

Second—The principal changes from former programmes are the introduction of a new set of paddling races in "cruising trim" (viz., loaded) to give a paddling canoe a better chance on the record as compared with a sailing canoe. If this were not done the former would be eligible for only one race as compared with three for the latter. The new races will also give decked canoes an opportunity to compare with the lighter open ones, the weights being equalized. The upset race is put on the record as being a test for a valuable qualification for an "all round" canoe and thus every classified canoe has the same greatest possible record, and a paddling canoe which does not sail has the same possible record as a sailing canoe which does not paddle, viz., 30 points as first in three races, while the all-round canoe has a possible record of 70 points is first in seven races, and a mean, of course, of 35 which is a little above the highest of either of the special types.

Third—The increase in length of programme is more apparent than real. Every event is separately numbered and much confusion thereby dispelled. If this be done on the 1884 programme there will be found 19 events, and the 1883 (Stony Lake) programme, so counted, has 27 events, so that for 1885 with 21 events, is not at all immoderate. The possibility of delay on account of weather is recognized in the appointment of Monday as the first day and provision is made for postponement of the second day without confusion of the programme, but of course we may have to fall back upon the bulletin board if last year's calms are repeated. The order in which the races are called has been carefully studied to give paddlers time to rest and sailors time to rig. A short swim has been introduced in the hurry scurry race (not to be on record). This will save the canoes the rough usage in launching and will give additional interest to the race. Fouls should not be claimed in the race unless wilfully caused to influence the result.

This draft has been submitted to Commodore R. S. Oliver and meets with his ready approval.

The Regatta Committee trust that this result of their labors will be received by the A. C. A. as an earnest effort to meet the views of the greatest number with a conservative regard for the already established rules and customs.

ROBERT W. GIBSON, } Regatta Com.
R. J. WILKIN, } A. C. A.
J. S. WELLES, } 1884-5.

DRAFT OF PROGRAMME, SUBJECT TO REVISION.

First day, Monday Aug. 3.

- | | |
|--------------------|---|
| 9:30 A. M. No. 1. | Paddling Class III., 1 mile. |
| 9:45 A. M. No. 2. | Paddling Class II., 1 mile. |
| 10:30 A. M. No. 3. | Novice sailing, any classified canoe, no limits trim or rig, 1 1/2 miles. |
| 11:30 A. M. No. 4. | Paddling Class IV., 1 mile. |
| 11:45 A. M. No. 5. | Paddling Class I., 1 mile. |
| 1:50 P. M. No. 6. | Sailing Class B, no limits (trim or rig), 3 miles. |
| 2:00 P. M. No. 7. | Sailing Class A, no limits (trim or rig), 3 miles. |
| 3:00 P. M. No. 8. | Combined paddling and sailing, on sailing course, 3 miles. |
| 4:00 P. M. No. 9. | Tandem Paddling Classes III. and IV, decked, |

mile. Decked canoes for this race must be decked on one-half their length at least.

4:15 P. M. No. 10. Tandem Paddling Classes III. and IV. open, and for canoes with short decked ends, 1 mile.

4:30 P. M. No. 11. Upset, any cruising canoe, 200ft. No special appliances to be allowed unless usually carried in cruising.

Second Day.

9:30 A. M. No. 12. Paddling Class IV., cruising trim, canoe and load without crew to weigh 200lbs. or more, 1 mile.

9:45 A. M. No. 13. Paddling Class I., cruising trim, canoe and load to weigh 80 pounds or more, 1 mile.

10:30 A. M. No. 14. Sailing Class B, no ballast, 3 miles.

10:40 A. M. No. 15. Sailing Class A, no ballast, 3 miles.

11:40 A. M. No. 16. Paddling Class II., cruising trim, canoe and load to weigh 120lbs., 1 mile.

2:00 P. M. No. 17. Sailing Class B, cruising rig, sail limited to 75ft., any ballast, 3 miles.

3:10 P. M. No. 18. Sailing Class A, cruising rig, sail limited to 50ft., any ballast, 3 miles.

3:30 P. M. No. 19. Paddling Class III., cruising trim, canoe and load to weigh 160lbs. or more, 1 mile.

3:15 P. M. No. 20. Sailing, unclassified canoes, any ballast, 3 miles.

4:15 P. M. No. 21. Hurry scurry, with swim, 100yds. run, canoes moored 50ft. from shore, 300yds. paddle.

4:30 P. M. Gymnastics.

Second day of this programme will be Tuesday the 4th if weather permits, and if none of Monday's races are postponed, in which case Monday's programme will be finished and the remainder of the day devoted to special races, and the second day of programme races will be Wednesday the 5th. In the absence of wind the paddling races will be called at their appointed times.

Punctuality will be insisted on. No race will wait for any member. All A. C. A. rules will be enforced.

The record with five prizes will be based upon all races in this programme except events No. 3, 9, 10, 20, 21, 22, that is, upon 9 paddling, 6 sailing and 1 combined, every classified canoe being eligible alike for 3 paddling, 3 sailing and 1 combined. Any canoe finishing very late must report to judges if they are engaged upon another event, and the competitor wants to be sure being recorded.

First and second prizes in all events (except gymnastics), see Rule V. The Committee recommend as desirable subjects for special prizes under Rule V. long distance races both in sailing and paddling sailing races for open canoes and paddling races for decked canoes, and portage or obstruction races to encourage portability.

R. W. GIBSON, Regatta Com.
R. J. WILKIN, A. C. A.
J. S. WELLER, 1884-5.

THE SPRING MEET.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have read with much interest the excellent suggestion made by Commodore Oliver regarding the spring local meet on the Hudson, and having thought over it, this question presents itself to me, viz.: Will a movable or stationary camp invite the attendance of a larger body of canoeists? It seems to me that there is but one answer to this and that is in favor of the latter, and to carry that idea out, canoeing will make a greater advance than with the former. Another thought suggests itself: Will it not be very hard to find suitable camping places for forty or fifty canoeists each night?

Commodore Oliver in his suggestion proposes, as I understand it,

for one day a stationary camp and the following two or three days cruising camps. That takes up say four days. How would it be to make Friday, Saturday and Sunday stationary and then Monday, Tuesday and any other days for those who wish to cruise.

It strikes me that very few men can leave business for more than Friday and Saturday (May 29 and 30) and while many of us older "canoeers" could manage very nicely, I think a movable camp, except as suggested, would deter many from attending, and thus one of the best features of the meet—converts—would be neglected. I am in favor of a camp on Plum Point or in Peekskill Bay on Friday and Saturday, and then possibly a cruise up or down the river on the following days. I am, however, with the majority and will endeavor to attend wherever the meet may be held.

ROBERT J. WILKIN, Knickerbocker C. C.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Jan. 3, 1885.

"CANOE BUILDING FOR AMATEURS" is now ready, and can be had at the office of the Forest and Stream, or will be sent by mail on receipt of \$1.50.

A TIMELY HINT TO CANOEISTS.—About 3:30 on Christmas morning the bells of West Troy rang out on the frosty air, but not to tell of glad tidings. Oh, no. The peal was too wild and fast for that; misinterpretation was impossible, for the fierce peal was supplemented by a bright glare in the sky which told too plainly: Fire. The club house of the Watervliet Boat Club, which on Christmas eve had been the scene of a hop, was now enveloped in flame from cellar to roof, and in a short time everything—house, boats and furniture—was entirely demolished by the fiery element, and nothing remained but a blackened wreck. The fire, which is supposed to have originated on the ground floor, through a lighted cigar carelessly thrown away, had gained great headway before being discovered, and the only occupant of the building had to jump for his life from one of the lower windows, a distance of about ten feet, to the ground. The loss to the club is partly covered by insurance on the house and boats. The canoe Dandie Diamond, in her winter quarters in the club house, shared the fate of the club boats, but by want of forethought on the part of her owner she was not insured, and is thereby a dead loss. The only satisfaction derived being an opportunity to warn fellow canoeists, and a de-ermination by the crew never again to be caught unawares by a mishap similar to that of—THE DANDIE DIAMOND.

DESERONTO C. C.—Vice-Commodore F. S. Rathbun gave a dinner to the Deseronto C. C. at his home, on Dec. 19, at which fourteen members were present. The table was ornamented with several small birch bark canoes filled with flowers. The A. C. A. club and Vice-Commodore's flags being hoisted on each, while the club flag, on white satin, was laid by each plate. Vice-Commodore Rathbun gave a brief history of canoeing in Canada and the United States, and of the formation of the A. C. A. and also the Deseronto C. C. after which other speeches and toasts followed. The club will be present at Grindstone this year in full force. We have received from Vice-Commodore Rathbun the words of the French Canadian song sung by the cook of the Deseronto camp last summer. Mr. R. also writes us that he has been out on skates with a canoe mizzen set, but failed to work well to windward.

THE WESTERN MEET.—The location suggested last week should have been west of Cleveland, instead of east. The islands mentioned vary in size from one or two acres up to seven or eight thousand, and are situated from one-half to twelve miles apart, camp sites and all necessary conveniences being found on all of them.

SAILING DIRECTIONS.—"Now," said I, as we stepped into the boat at the head of Sisson's River, on the Intermediate Chain, "it's growing dark, and I am going down this river in a hurry. Suppose you act as pilot, and tell me how to steer." "O! yes," said she, as we seated ourselves, and I assumed the oars. Down we went past the snags and "sweepers." "This chair seat in a boat is perfectly lovely. Turn a little more to the right." "Do you mean your right or my right?" "I mean my right, of course. Now a little to the left—a little more—there's an old log right ahead of the boat—there—you've just missed it." "Suppose you should say 'port' and 'starboard,' then I should the more easily catch your meaning." "But I can't remember which is which. Now pull toward Caleb Green's—there—that's right." "Very good; we'll call 'Caleb Green's' for 'port' and 'John Jackson's' for 'starboard.'" "But we've passed Caleb Green's now. Steer more toward Phil Tyler's." "Ay, ay, sir." "Now toward John Jackson's—no—Thomas Rushton's—now head for the new church—John Green's—Bobby Hastings'—here we are—safe." (Unanimous vote of thanks to the pilot).—KELP.

DEATH OF FREDERICK SHERMAN.—Dec. 29.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I feel great regret in announcing the death of Frederick Sherman, a member of the Knickerbocker C. C., who died on the 14th inst. in the 37th year of his age. Mr. Sherman had lately become one of us, and his amiable and manly disposition had endeared him to all his friends.—E. FOWLER, Secretary Knickerbocker C. C.

"CANOE BUILDING FOR AMATEURS" is now ready, and can be had at the office of the Forest and Stream, or will be sent by mail on receipt of \$1.50.

Answers to Correspondents.

No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.

J. H. W.—The open season for rabbits (hares) in New York closes Feb. 1.

F. H. D., Providence, R. I.—We know of no such book. May publish article on the subject.

T. X. S., Muskegon, Mich.—Make canoe 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. deep at gunwale and 13 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. at center of deck. You can use paint in seams, but it is not usually done.

E. R. Dubuque, Ia.—The sleeping bag is described in "Amateur Canoe Building." You can obtain the alcohol lamp from dealers in sporting goods in any large city. For mahogany, write to Geo. Reed & Co., Sixth and Lewis streets, New York.

CRAB APPLE, Sharon, Pa.—The law of your State relating to ferrets is as follows: "No person shall hunt, or cause or permit the hunting of hares or rabbits with a ferret or ferrets, under a penalty of ten dollars for each and every hare or rabbit caught or killed by means of a ferret or ferrets."

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The only pocket hunting knife worth a son. Full sized knife, 9 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. long open, and 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. long shut. Blade 1 in. wide, and equal to the best razors, but not so hard. If you want one by mail, send plain address to GEO. ROCKWOOD, Wellsboro, Tioga Co., Pa., with postal note for \$1.50. P.S.—See Forest and Stream for Sept. 18, page 147.

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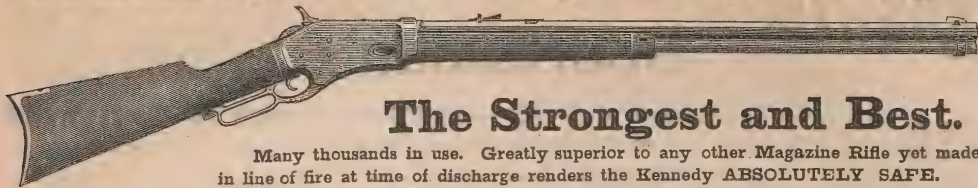


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VOL. XXIII.—No. 25.
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A NATIONAL SHOOTING CLUB.

ANOTHER effort has started in the Southwest toward the formation of an association which shall embrace all the trap-shooters of the country. The main idea is a good one, but is not new, and the practical difficulty lies in the preparation of such a schedule of work, such a plan of organization, as shall not strangle the body by too much law, nor allow it to drift away into nothingness through a too flimsy constitution and working code of laws.

Those who love the exhilarating and manly sport of trap-shooting ought to give an hearty support to any such effort as this last, showing as it does an earnest desire to reach the objects aimed at. There is no doubt that such an organization would lead to a largely increased popular appreciation of this special line of sport, and not only at the score, but among the ranks of spectators, large accessions to the present showing would be had.

The plan for the new organization is sufficiently outlined in the circular issued by its suggestors to be open for popular discussion, and this we invite through our columns. Many of our readers have practical general acquaintance with the growth and failure of similar efforts in the past, and can contribute of their experience in the way of warnings against the particularly dangerous snags liable to be met. It is certain that the body should be of the most democratic type, with the minimum of dictation from managers, and the entire absence of anything like a ring. Those who support it must manage it, which means that the control must be in the hands of the shooters, and to keep it there as little as possible of routine work should be put upon those whose first and final aim is to have a good time before the trap.

Large attention should be given to the encouragement of local clubs and the development of local pride in the outcome of the matches. A big pot of money in the way of tempting individual prizes will bring a big crowd of shooters, each expert in all the little tricks and dodges which will help him to get into possession of the purse before him; but

such a company soon shoots itself out, unless a carefully devised scheme of handicap be fixed. On the other hand, prizes for the best display of skill from this or that locality will often bring out a fine class of shooters, provoke an interest in people and press over the matches, and place the competitions on a more enduring basis than possible by any other plan. It will bring an entirely different set of men to the front, and a very desirable set, too, and the two different classes of matches might readily be combined with a very successful meeting. It is certainly true that a rivalry must be excited, and the best and healthiest is that which springs from some other motive than a sole wish to get possession of the stakes. It is, of course, absurd to think for a moment that such a national body can be run on a capital of glory only; there must be cash prizes, and liberal ones, too, and there would be, we think, no trouble in raising them, but the effort should not begin and end there. Some men think they are best paid when they hear the jingle of coin in their pockets, others are far better paid in the satisfaction of carrying off a championship against a field of worthy competitors.

Such a national organization may do good in fixing upon a set of rules broad enough to take in all varieties of matches, and exact enough to meet every possible complication which may arise. The experience has already been had, all that the association needs to do is to gather up hints from all quarters, take all the existing sets of rules and codify them into a working system, short, plain and just. At present there is a continuous wrangle over every possible interpretation of the existing shooting regulations, and there is no central board whose authority would be recognized, to whom the disputed questions may be sent for adjudication. The sporting press does something in this line, but it would be as well done and better by a board springing from and constituted by the sportsmen themselves.

FOREST FIRE LEGISLATION.

UPON one or two things the advocates of forestry and the lumbermen are agreed. One of them is that to cut such trees as have reached a certain maximum growth does not of itself hurt, but on the contrary, it benefits a forest. Trees which fall from age are apt to breed destructive insects, and sometimes make very inviting tinder for fires. If only these fires could be kept out, cutting would soon, in most cases, be followed by new growth that would store rainfall and help to prevent floods and climatic extremes, though not always as well as larger trees.

All are agreed, then, that it is not so much the lumbering as the fire that is so apt to follow it that threatens to destroy the forests. It seems clear, then, that a good fire-prevention act should be pushed through the New York Legislature as early as possible, and to make sure of its passing without avoidable delay, it should, perhaps, only cover those causes of fire and those means of prevention which those conversant with the subject are agreed are most important and most practicable.

It is not denied that certain prolific causes of these fires can, without seriously interfering with any lawful industry, be done away with. One such prolific cause is the burning of brush, etc., in clearing land which lies near the woods. In this way was started some of the worst of the fires that raged in Pennsylvania last season. It is an easy matter to burn brush in such ways and at such times that it will not be dangerous. Another such cause, conceded by all to be at the same time very prolific and very needless, is carelessness in leaving camp fires that are not thoroughly extinguished. There might be difference of opinion as to the most efficient means of preventing this, as well as the occasional practice of burning over the woods to improve the feed of cattle. Many think that the only thorough means in the Adirondack region will be for the State to license the guides, and then allow none to go into the woods without a licensed guide, allowing no others than those licensed to practice the calling. Such guides might be employed by the State as patrols, and the continuation of their license and employment be made contingent on their fidelity and efficiency in discovering and extinguishing fires, and in furnishing evidence against any who had set or caused them.

It is not clear, however, that such an organization of the guides as a fire patrol is practicable, at least at present; and even if that is the best plan, it is not certain that the Legislature will readily agree to it. If not, let us secure as good a law as we can, and as soon as we can. This is a "Senatorial year," and all experience shows that at such times a small and compact minority have peculiar opportunities, by deals and log-rolling, to prevent legislation which they do

not like. An act passed this year can be amended afterward, as experience and the growth of public opinion may demand. What appears adequate now may not be found satisfactory in practice.

THE GAME DEALERS ORGANIZE.

THE marketmen of this city who deal in game have formed an organization called the "American Association for the Protection of Game, Game Dealers and Consumers." The object of the movement is to secure legislation which will extend the lawful time for the sale of game that has been killed in the open season, and "to enforce the laws for the protection of game." This last clause is either idiocy or else it is meant for a blind. All that the dealers want is permission to sell game all the year around.

It is hardly necessary at this time to say what everybody clearly understands, that when these men pretend to desire the protection of game, they are making false pretenses. They know, as everybody knows, that an open market all through the year means a game killing all through the year.

Nor is it necessary to consider at any length these arguments. The market is now glutted with game, they say. Unless they have more time to sell it, it will spoil. The answer to this is that they ought not to have so much game. To the plea that the hunters and snarers persist in sending it in to them, the answer is that the game comes only because they seek it. They have the full control of the traffic in their own hands, and are perfectly able to conform it to the law without any loss, and they can do this without incurring any hardship whatever. If they can sell only so many thousand dozens of quail in the time now allowed by law, let them stop receiving quail when they have that supply. If only so many tons of venison can be disposed of, let them refuse to buy an over stock. The argument that they are compelled to take more than they can sell is simply a dishonest pretext.

The market is the bane and curse of American game. All other agencies put together are trifling in comparison with the persistent, unsparring, universal slaughter for the market stalls. This is well understood; and the combining of these men to extend the selling season ought to be a signal for public action, not only in New York, but in every other State of the Union, whose game is sent to the insatiable New York market. The dealers have money and influence, and they mean business. To defeat their attempt will require something besides blow and bluster and idle talk. Talk is cheap, but it won't protect the game; and the occasion demands something efficient.

ADIRONDACK DEER HOUNDING.

IT is pretty well understood that the hounding of deer, as practiced in the Adirondacks, is destructive, unsportsmanlike and brutal. And it is high time that it were abolished. Visiting sportsmen and Adirondack residents are agreed on that point. The guides would be glad to see every hound killed or driven out from the woods; as it is now, one man will dog deer because every one else does. But once let a non-hounding law be passed, and there would be found no more earnest supporters of it than these very guides.

The time has come for a change. The necessary amendments ought to be made this winter. The sooner the endeavor is made the better will be the chance of success. The proposed amendment has friends at Albany; one of the members of the Senate is pledged to make an effort to secure the change asked for. There will be opposition. It will come from the game butchers of low degree. It will come from the game butchers of high degree. But with energetic action by the friends of proper game preservation and of decency the day may be won. Each man must do his share. Every legitimate means must be brought to bear on the Assemblymen and Senators to give their support to the measure. One way of working is to secure signatures to the petition which we have printed on blank forms. It reads.

To the Honorable, the Legislature of the State of New York:

We, the undersigned, residents of the county of N. Y., respectfully petition that Chapter 543 of Laws of 1874, entitled "An act for the preservation of moose, wild deer, birds, fish and other game," be so amended as to absolutely prohibit the chasing, running and hunting of moose and wild deer with dogs, at any season of the year, on the ground that such chasing, running and hunting with dogs is very destructive to such game and is rapidly destroying the same.

This petition has already been largely signed. It ought to go to Albany with thousands of names. We will supply the blank forms to any one upon receipt of addressed envelopes. Prompt action, with a very slight amount of individual effort, will secure for the bill an indication of public sentiment that will carry it through.

SPARE THE FORESTS.

IV.

IT is now some years since sportsmen, tourists and others finding the area of the sylvan glades contracting from year to year, endeavored to startle the nation with the warning that our forests were rapidly and hopelessly disappearing. The public aroused itself at the first note, inquired of the lumbermen as to the truth; were told that most of them had twenty or thirty years' timber in sight, and that when that was exhausted there would probably be more timber grown up to take its place. The people then turned themselves once more to the development of the resources of the country, and turned a deaf ear to all subsequent reiteration of the warning. But at the seat of government there were some good men and true (all honor to them) who determined to ascertain if there was any foundation for the warning. They set to work to collect statistics of the remaining available timber stock all over the country. The result of their labors was the publication of Professor Sargent's illustrated report of 1880, a small document, but perhaps the most important that has been issued from the Government press within the last twenty years. In this report we have an outline of the remaining timber area, with not absolutely exact, but approximate and fairly reliable estimates of the pine timber on it, and these estimates compared with the current output indicated a thirteen years' supply in 1880. The donothings said this was very satisfactory, as it showed an improvement on the estimates of ten years' supply which had been announced and widely echoed for some years previously, but the report set many men a thinking.

Since that date the matter has been taken up by all sorts and conditions of men; by some in the interests of the general public, by others with the idea that the advancement of the interests of the individual is an advancement to a limited extent of the interests of the whole. There is a loud demand that something should be done to spare the forests from annihilation, and every leader of the movement is fired with patriotic sentiments, although some of course have their own axes to grind. To every man the advancement of his personal welfare is a necessary part and evidence of the advancement of the general welfare.

There are lumbermen, who have cut out their forests, loud in their assertion that the government ought to buy up the waters and restock them. They are loud in their demand for immediate action, for they are determined not to give up their lands until some conclusion shall have been arrived at, and meantime they are burdened with taxation. Other men who have timberlands for sale denounce the suggestion of resumption by law of eminent domain as iniquitous, but they are just as active in fanning the discussion into a blaze; they have no idea of impeding a great national movement, they only seek to place the recognition of their own claims to compensation on a satisfactory basis. Others again are conscious of the will and capacity to render the nation good service in the administration of the State forests, and these too display a lively anxiety to urge forward a movement which promises them an opportunity of serving their country.

We, too, have our axe to grind. We stand forward as representative and mouthpiece of a, by no means, inconsiderable section of the public, of a host of practical, energetic citizens, who seek their diversion in forest and stream. Destroy the last vestige of the forest, and their occupation will be gone and ourselves with it. But it would be wrong to infer that because we have our own axe to grind we are animated by no broader motives. In common with every citizen worthy of the name, we desire to preserve to our country the evergreen pines which adorn our mountain crests with a glorious halo, and cast their somber shadows in the glassy lakes. In common with every citizen worthy of the name, we deprecate the extinction of one of the chief sources of the nation's wealth and progress, and hold the man who fails to raise his voice to avert so great an impending calamity a traitor to his country, and the Government untrue to its responsibility that would sit by supinely and allow matters to drift.

But, as we have said before, it is a matter the solution of which rests with no government, no individual, no clique. It is a question for the people at large. It rests with the people to decide whether the ship of state shall be allowed to drift on to an inevitable commercial crisis, so widespread that none may hope to escape its consequences, or whether energetic measures shall at once be taken to steer clear of it. There are statesmen at the helm, and no statesman would recklessly imperil the ship's safety, but the crew command—the ship bears their fortunes and the final responsibility is theirs. But it is the duty of statesmen to indicate the danger and seek public support for remedial measures.

And what is to be done? Giving to the economic aspect of the question the prominent place, we want, at least, an assured supply of twenty billions of pine lumber besides hardwood, in perpetuity. The nation's forests are unable to sustain such a drain or any approximate to it, and no foreign countries are in a position to eke out the deficiency permanently. Twenty-five years ago we had forests which, prudently administered, might, with economy, have covered the current national requirements, while being improved up to their full capacity. The bulk of those forests are destroyed; their area diverted to agriculture, or partially restocked with inferior timber. There is more or less of a timber famine ahead, which the nation must meet as it best can. No coun-

ning statesmanship, no skilled forest administration, no ledger-deman can enable us to avoid it, but by prudent measures the worst consequences may be averted, and the ship of State tided over in safety. This can be achieved by no small tinkering or half measures. The threatened evil can only be met by broad comprehensive measures, measures so broad and sweeping that no statesman could undertake them unless assured of universal and energetic support. There is a bankrupt estate to be administered in such wise that the balance shall be secured, the lost area redeemed, and the whole property restored to its original value and capacity. This has been done in private life, and can be done with the State forest, but it never has been and never can be done without some present sacrifice, without retrenchment. Above all, it can never be done unless it is taken out of the spendthrifts' hands and placed under prudent administration. The man who raises money on post obits at twenty per. cent compound interest is no more chargeable with recklessness than the State that alienates its forests at one-hundredth part of the sum it would cost to reproduce them.

To indicate the most prudent line of action for adoption in this matter, it will be convenient to regard the whole forest property of the country as the monopoly of an individual or corporation, for such an individual or corporation, unhampered by competition, would see at a glance that the present market price of timber in this country is not its intrinsic value, but an arbitrary price imposed by purchasers in an overstocked market. The real value of an article of national necessity is not determined by the price at which it was obtained (our forests were a free inheritance), but by the cost at which it can be reproduced, tempered by competition with supplies from foreign sources.

Accepting Prof. Sargent's estimates of available stock, and determining to preserve that, at least, intact, the output should be immediately reduced to the capabilities of the forests—say four billions annually. Natural forests are not fully equal to a drain of 2 per cent. per annum, but there is a considerable second growth, especially in the New England States, which were earliest cut over, which is not included in the estimates. We have, moreover, a considerable area of forest, which, if thinned out systematically instead of being ruthlessly laid low, would keep the forest in productive activity.

Under prudent and careful management we may assume that four billions a year could be taken from our forests without materially lowering their capacity. This reduction of expenditure to income would create such an active demand for Canadian pine as to divest the whole of her exports to this country, prices would rise with the demand, and Northern Europe, relieved from American and Canadian competition in the English and other foreign markets, would be able to command prices rising in sympathy with ours. As regards the hypothetical monopolist of our forests, he would be gratified to recognize that the whole rise in value was a rise in value of stumpage—his costs of sending his timber to market would be the same, and a rise of twenty dollars a thousand would mean that his timber in the forest, instead of being worth two dollars and a half a thousand, as at present, would be worth twenty-two and a half dollars, a price offering every inducement to devote a portion of the proceeds of his annual four billions to the growth of fresh forest. We believe it may be concluded safely that on the reduction of the American output to four billions, there would be a rise in value of which twenty dollars a thousand would be but the beginning.

As the Canadian supply tended to exhaustion, Northern Europe, aware that large areas had been restocked in this country, and tempted by high prices which could not be expected to prevail after their forests had begun to come to the axe in rotation, might be induced to deplete her forests, to minister to our needs, and such supplement to our home supplies proving inadequate, there would be an active demand for hemlock, maple and every species of hard and soft wood, which would command a good price. The exhaustion of the Canadian timber, when it occurs, would make itself sensibly felt, but our absolute necessities in pine timber could still be met by Northern Europe at a price, and with a home supply of four billions, supplemented by hardwoods and an adequate area of growing forest yearly added to, the nation would tide over the difficulty without paucity—possibly at the sacrifice of two or three hundred millions a year.

Would it be a piece of wise statesmanship, of prudent policy for the people, to become the monopolists of their forests, as the governing power in other countries has done? Would it be wise to stop the sales of timber lands in the pine regions, to buy up all the available standing stock of timber at present market value, and to administer the forests thus monopolized in the public interest?

We say unhesitatingly that if a corporation could secure all the forests of the country, at current rates, it might be made the most profitable speculation that ever corporation or individual embarked on. The actual value of the timber, the cost at which it could be reproduced, is moderately estimated at twenty dollars a thousand on the ground. A monopolist would have no difficulty in realizing it. Present holders cannot put up prices for want of co-operation.

Let us look now at the consequences of leaving the problem to solve itself, of standing by with folded hands and letting the ship drift. We have ten, perhaps twelve, perhaps with second growth timber, fifteen years' supply.

When this would be cut out, there is every ground to believe that Canada's supplies would be already exhausted. There is only Northern Europe to appeal to, we compete with England and other nations for her surplus, and if we are prepared to pay high enough, she will spare us what she can, but she cannot spare us twenty billions at any price. She has no such surplus to dispose of.

The standing forests of America, estimated at two hundred billions of timber, consist in great part of southern pine in the hands of the State, and the balance could be bought up at an average of say three dollars a thousand.

An outlay of five hundred millions would probably secure the monopoly. If this measure resulted as we confidently anticipate, in a rise of twenty dollars per thousand on the value of the timber in the forest, then would result a net revenue of eighty millions as a return upon the outlay—a revenue more than sufficient to justify the annual restocking of an area proportioned to future requirements.

Nor would there be any injury inflicted on any one by the acquisition of the forests by law of eminent domain liberally carried out. A private corporation could go into the market and buy up the State forests and the great bulk of those in private hands at lower figures than here indicated, or at least could have done if such a gigantic corner had not been discussed or suspected. The State should operate this corner in the people's interest, and the assured results of the measure would justify it in dealing liberally.

The Sportsman Tourist.

CAMP FLOTSAM.

X.—WHERE SABATTIS LED US.

THE camp was astir bright and early the next morning, breakfast was had and the lunch prepared and packed, for our cruise would, in all probability in thought, detain us abroad until nightfall. The bait and landing nets were seen aboard and the whole party, including the Madame, with rods in hand, embarked. A cast consisting of a scarlet ibis, Montreal and a Lord Baltimore were adjusted and we set about trying the virtues of the new rod. Following the trend of the island its whole length, then across the passage which separated it from the next, and along the rocky shore of the latter to its upper point, we drew the flies over every foot of the water without a rise. Then, leaving the land, we followed and cast over and along a ledge which was three feet under water and ran some four hundred feet out into the bay. Next we tried a large shoal, something like a quarter of an acre in extent, and worked over every part of its surface. From this we went up toward Knapp's Point, where we found Sabattis and David, each with a skiff, waiting to lead us to the promised fishing ground. In the boat of the former, resting across the gunwales, was a rudely constructed box about three feet square and a foot deep, the car in which he kept his captured fish alive by setting it afloat alongside. Our party was broken up and distributed in the two skiffs, and then while David led the way up the lake with the rest, we ran over to Griffin Island midway of the lake, which was here about a mile and a half wide, to try our flies along its southern shore. It was a peerless morning, and as we rounded the point we caught the gentle breeze from the west which was sending a glorious ripple over the lake and among the islands which stood out above, below and in front with their gray rocky shores backed with a ground of living green. On the further shore, a range of barren cliffs loomed up against the sky which, with an occasional dead pine from which the limbs had been stripped on their summits, looked like some deserted stronghold whose flag had been lowered to an enemy which it could not withstand. The bold and well-wooded shores of Griffin Island soon shut out the view, and following along a full mile without sight of a scale, we came to the upper point, on the very extremity of which stood a venerable and majestic pine. Here we found Sabattis awaiting our arrival, and, thinking it was time to change the flies, we halted to replace the Montreal and Lord Baltimore with a Canada and great king. While rearranging the cast we listened to the legend of the island and its pine tree. It was not a tale of the love of an Indian maiden nor an Algonquin myth, through which could be traced the thread leading back to the common nursery of world separated races, but a simple prosaic tale too commonplace to be deserving of a page in history. It was that of Griffin, a minor chief in some tribe, who had become a steadfast friend to the few palefaces who had penetrated here into the wilderness. The kindly offices done the old man by these roused the ire and jealousy of his people, by whom he was branded as a traitor to his race. Whether doomed in open council or by some secret tribunal was never known, but the dead body of the chief was found one day by a couple of hunters here on the point, where he had been shot to death. Inquiry was useless, and retaliation, at the time, impossible; but the white men made the grave of Griffin under the pine tree and laid him to rest among the boulders which, granite though they were, yet were less hard than the hearts of his people. These latter have passed away to other hunting grounds and to death, while the old chief remains to possess the land, whose title none disputes with him, and to live in the memories which the island name brings up.

Leaving the island we crossed to the southern shore, and followed its windings around another point without success, and after casting through the channel between the Twin Brothers and along the shores of these, we reeled in. Four miles of steady casting had brought something of weariness, so arranging a comfortable seat low down in the stern, with its rounded end for a back, we settled down to rest. At the extremity of a wooded point, which projected into the lake, a pile of five blackened stones and the remains of a table marked the spot where some native had been in camp. With what an interest are these vestiges regarded by those of the craft, who come upon them in the solitude of the forest and on lonely lake or river. With what curiosity is read the history of that camp and the lives of its members, for these are written in everything that is left behind. The score of empty tin cans scattered about tell that the art of cooking was little practiced, and that meals of corned beef, canned salmon, turkey and chicken made camp life a burden. Here the cast away poles denote that to some sport was a matter

of secondary importance, and that to these the generous number of empty bottles piled under a bush near by now probably constitute the chief memory of their summer camp. Sometimes a stray leaf or two from a magazine tells that all has not been roistering and bibulous conviviality, while the enormous head of a pickerel, nailed to a tree, with mouth wide agape, marks what will be theme of many a tale at home, when the camp shall be lived over again by the fireside of winter. Once we found on a deserted camping ground a leaf, which had dropped from a volume, in the original of *Æschylus*. It was the tale of the messenger told to the sorrowing mother of Xerxes, bearing the news of Persian disaster and the woeful defeat of her son at "sea born Salamis." It was a hopeful sign this, that some one had carried with him into the woods a love for the gloom and intensity of the father of Attic tragedy. Would that signs of the same sort were more abundant among the debris of our camps. It invested the heap of ashes that marked the site of the camp fire with a glamour, and made us wish that we too had been permitted to see its nightly flashings, and in such goodly fellowship to watch its embers grow gray.

Beyond the point, a deep, broad cleft in the hills inclosed Cady's Bay. A quarter of a mile further on and within the bay, we found Sabattis at anchor on his favorite ground. It looked fishy enough, but we were not in the humor for still-fishing, so telling him to await our return we pulled on up the lake to find the bridge of which he had told us, a mile and a half above. The truth is, we were determined that the first victim of the new rod should be taken on a fly. Leaving the party under the guidance of Sabattis to revel in bait-fishing, we turned a bend in the shore which shut them from our sight, and a broad sheet of water opened once more in front. We could see the bottom, or rather a heavy growth of moss and water plants, not more than three feet from the surface all about us. It did not strike us as being inviting ground, nevertheless we took up the rod for another trial. Three times the great king fell lightly on the surface, once more, and there came a tug and a rush as a three-pound bass took the dropper, and, feeling the prick, went down into the moss and weeds beneath. In quick answer to our call George stopped the headway of the boat, backed a little, and, while there was a cessation of hostilities, we looked over the ground. The outlook was not promising, it was doubtful whether the single gut leader would stand the strain of lifting a peck or two of moss, a task which it seemed highly probable it would have to perform or break. An unsteady pull quickly brought the fish from the weeds, and fortunately near the opening where he had entered, so the leader caught nothing. Away went the fish through the open water until he was checked by the strain of the nearly doubled rod. Now entered a new factor to render the issue of the contest over the deep weed bed more doubtful still. A pound and a half small-mouth, probably thinking that his big brother had struck a good thing, joined in the venture by taking the red fly and and to the weeds at the same time. But the rushes of the other brought him out and we soon found that we had gained an important auxiliary. There seemed to be a want of unanimity as to the proper time to take to the weeds, whenever one made the attempt he was sure to be balked in his plans by the other. Thus with the aid of the rod we overcame the smaller by pitting the larger against him and *vice versa*, until we brought the pair, tired out, within reach of the net and landed them. The pocket scales showed them to be of the weights respectively given above.

It was a good place to test a rod right over that weed bed, so at it we went again. The first cast brought up another small-mouth, a mate to the last, to the front, and we determined that he should not nose the weeds unless he first smashed the rod. With the strike we gave him the full strain of the rod, and kept the reel taking in the line as rapidly as possible. It might have been a trifle foolhardy, but if the rod was going to fail us, we wanted it settled right there. Twice George shouted, "Look out, Captain," and then, as under the strain of a fresh dash the tip came over and passed a couple of feet beyond the butt, he gave a whoop and an exultant cry of "Mitchell to the front." Under such vigorous tactics the fish was brought to the net before the fight was half out of him. Casting over that immense weed bed and keeping on a straight course, out of a dozen strikes we took nine small-mouth bass. We were now approaching the bridge, a log structure some three hundred feet long, which spanned a narrow neck in the lake. Above the bridge the lake widened into a sheet of water three miles wide, in the depths of which, Sabattis afterward informed us, he had taken salmon (*S. namaycush*).

It was now past noon, the sun was hot, and we were tired and hungry, so we landed on a mudbank at the north end of the bridge, and taking the lunch basket made our way up the steep road to a structure called a hotel, which stood a quarter of a mile from the water. In the corner of a large room was a scantily furnished bar, on two sides long rough benches were arranged for the convenience of guests, while on the walls, pictures of two pugilistic heroes in the various positions common to a slugging match, cut from some sporting paper, and a horse bill, were the only things suggestive of art decorative. Through an open inner door we could see across a couple of rooms, but no signs of life were visible. Our tramping, however, soon brought a boy from somewhere within, who proceeded to do the honors. With his permission we spread our lunch on one of the benches, and to it was added by him a pitcher of fresh buttermilk, cold from the rock-hewn cellar beneath. While quaffing the delicious beverage, we thought with an inward chuckle that we were scoring a point on the kindly King-fisher and his cold spring water. Our entertainment was generous, and before our departure we were greeted by a son of the house, a junior at the University of Kingston. We were not a little surprised to find in this isolated spot the young man of books, the scholar of Horace and Xenophon, and we lounged away a pleasant hour upon the benches while exchanging tales of American and Canadian student life. He was fresh from the recitation room and his student pranks, and we queried, as we looked into his clear hazel eyes, what will have been accomplished by him in his grapple with the sterner realities, when the faint, far off tones of the college bell sounds to him across the memories of half a life. He saw us to the boat, and accepting our invitation to visit the camp, which he afterward did, bade us good-bye.

It was now well on in the afternoon, and after casting once more over the weed bed, by which we added four bass to our score, we hastened to join the rest of the party. We found them at the anchorage of the morning, sun-browned and blistered, but with more than sixty bass, among which was a fair sprinkling of 4-pounders. We cast in their neighborhood for an hour without a strike, while they added a

dozen to their catch. The methods of Sabattis were of a very ancient kind. His poles were of hickory and about half an inch in diameter at the small end, while his hooks and lines were in due proportion. He landed his fish into the boat with a single jerk and lift. Sometimes he would look in a kind of pitying way at our rods, but never once offered a criticism. The boys never laughed at the old man though, for he was always in the lead, both in numbers and in weight, and, no doubt he thought, in sport too.

It was getting late and we suggested a move in the direction of camp. As the towing homeward of the huge fish car would be a tedious task over the five-mile course, we relieved Sabattis of his passengers, and with two pairs of oars and a man at the wheel, soon left him out of sight. It was a tiresome ride, but we got to camp with enough of daylight left to prepare a supper equal to the demands of the hungry fishermen. That night there was none of the usual lounging by the camp-fire. Four noses glistening with vaseline were soon peeping out from beneath the blankets, and adding their notes to the chorus of the voices of the night.

WAWATANDA.

UNDER THE BALSAMS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In reply to "Nessmuk's" question in your paper of Nov. 27, I have not read the account of the cruise of the Sairy Gamp, having only commenced taking *FOREST AND STREAM* last March, but I read with much interest the "Log of the Bucktail" and some other articles by "Nessmuk," and will be glad to meet the writer if ever so fortunate as to find myself again under the bright skies of America. I sincerely trust that his experiments in reducing the size of canoes will not result in anything worse than a capsizing. For myself, being 164 pounds weight, I must draw the line at the heaviest canoe described in "Woodcraft," and its size will give the advantage of allowing me to twist in any position for a shot at a duck without being troubled about keeping the balance.

"Nessmuk's" account of the physician's advice to himself reminds me of an instance in my own experience of the healing effects of forest life. About nineteen years ago I spent the months of August and September in the bush to the north of Lake Simcoe. On returning from a week's solitary cruise in my birch canoe to the little village of Orillia on Lake Couchiching, I found two friends, S. and B., lieutenant in the British forces then stationed at Toronto. B. said he had been sent there for ten days by the doctors of his regiment, while they made up their minds about ordering him home to England to die, as they believed, from consumption. He certainly was in a bad state, coughing fearfully, scarcely able to eat, wasting away rapidly, and so weak that a walk of fifty yards caused him to pant for breath.

I remembered reading of consumption having been cured by encamping for a year in the Rocky Mountains, and knew of an English gentleman recovering after his physician had lost all hope, by leading a very similar life in a wild part of the British Islands, so a lucky idea struck me. I said to B., "If you will throw away that beastly medicine that the doctors are giving you and live with me in the bush, you will get well." He reflected for a short time and replied, "I must die if I do not go and can only die if I do go, so I will try your remedy."

I paddled across the lake to an Indian village, and hired an Indian with a good birch canoe to carry B. S. went in my canoe and we started the next day.

The provisions consisted of tea and sugar, flour and fat salt pork, with a stone bottle of whisky. For cooking purposes we had my frying pan and three oval pots of black tin, one fitting inside the other. Each of us also indulged in the luxury of a tin cup and plate, a knife, fork and spoon.

At night we made a bed of hemlock or balsam fir, turned a canoe bottom upward, rested some poles from the gunwale slanting toward the fire, and covered them with a sheet of tarpaulin so as to keep off the dew or rain. Rolled in blankets, we slept under this with heads inside the canoe and feet to the fire. Of course, such an arrangement will be familiar to woodsmen, but I mention it in order to show that the consumptive patient had no unusual shelter.

We went to Muskoka Lake, which then had only one clearing and log house on its shores, and amused ourselves for a month, living upon ducks, ruffed grouse, venison and fish, all being cooked with a portion of the fat pork. The scenery was exquisite, and the sport, although not what would be called good by mere game slaughterers, was always enough to keep us supplied with plenty of food.

Now for the results. From the first night that B. slept in the open air his cough began to get better. He soon had a fair appetite, and in a few days was able to help a little with the paddle. At the end of the month he carried for his own amusement a load of thirty pounds over a three-mile portage. On returning to "civilization" I advised him to use plenty of warm clothing on his bed, but to sleep with the window open in winter as well as summer. He remained in the army for years afterward, and I believe is still alive. He always attributed his recovery to that month spent in the bush.

If this rambling narrative be considered worthy a space in your paper, it may perhaps induce some unfortunate, condemned to early death by that terrible plague consumption, to try nature's remedies, *i. e.*, pure air, brilliant sunshine, beautiful scenery, and rich, plain food, all to be obtained in the fullest degree by wandering through forests and streams.

J. J. M.

London, Dec. 18, 1884.

THE MYSTERY OF IT.—Oak Shade, Ohio.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* What is the secret of wing-shooting? I have made some remarkable misses and some good shots. For instance, flushed a bevy of quail, covered one and waited until two more merged in line and killed three; then fired three careful shots at a single quail standing on the ground, the last shot only taking effect. At another time my dog flushed a quail, which perched on a fence near dense cover, so I shot right at it with great care, and that quail flew as though it were going to the top of the Licksiddle Mountains. Then as I stood pondering on the uncertainty of bird shooting, I heard a quail get up behind me, and as it flew down a fence bordered by trees, I failed to see it until fully seventy-five yards off, but dropped it and my dog retrieved it. Why do I and others miss some of our best shots when birds rise and fly straight away, and we cover them and sight with the utmost care? I have asked old sportsmen about it. One says: "Command yourself, get it right on to 'em, don't shoot too quick," etc. And still my anxious spirit cries, Why can't I shoot him as he flies?—BUCKEYE.

Natural History.

THE BIRDS OF MICHIGAN.

BY DR. MORRIS GIBBS.

Prefatory Note.

MY reasons for presenting a new list of the birds of Michigan so soon after the publication of 1879 are threefold. Several species were then embraced which were not well established as Michigan birds. There are now about fifty species to be added to the old list. Lastly, repeated requests have been made that more complete annotations be given, especially as regards the breeding habits of many species little known in the State.

It is hardly necessary to refer to a criticism on the list of 1879 relative to its completion; but I would say that the issue of 1879, as well as the present list, are compiled from the best of authorities, in addition to my own observations.

I am especially under obligation to Benjamin F. Syke, Esq., for valuable information, also to Dr. H. A. Atkins, C. W. Gunn, W. A. Gunn, Jason E. Nichols, W. H. Collins, J. B. Steere, F. H. Chapin, N. A. Eddy, A. H. Baies, J. B. Trombley, A. B. Covert and others. In all cases of aid credit is duly acknowledged.

My own observations extend into Wexford, Lake, Montcalm, Newaygo, Kent, Ottawa, Barry, Allegan, Washtenaw and Van Buren counties, and cover my trips or places of residence in the last eighteen years. My principal observations, however, are the result of work accomplished at my old home, Kalamazoo county.

In addition to the above sources of information, access has been accorded to many valuable lists ranging back to 1839, and covering every portion of the State, from the extreme northern point of the Upper Peninsula to the most southern portion of the State.

Michigan, nearly surrounded by water as she is—the great lakes aggregating one-fifth of the fresh water of the globe—offers an extensive and varied territory. Her shore line exceeds that of any other State in the Union. In area almost equal to New England, reaching further north than the State of Maine and about as far south as Rhode Island. In extent over five hundred miles from northwest to southeast, and of diversified character, our State presents a territory certainly not surpassed and probably not equalled by any other State, excepting, perhaps, Texas, California or Florida.

Michigan extends through six degrees of latitude and over eight degrees of longitude, and her avian fauna must be exceedingly varied. The variety of surface is not so diversified as is found in many other States, still prairies, high and dry sections, low swampy localities, heavy forests of both pine and hardwood, river flats in abundance, marshy lakes, and in the northern portions rocky sections are found within her boundaries.

Michigan lies within those degrees of latitude that permit of the visitation of nearly all of the northern forms of birds, while southern visitants and stragglers are found within our southern boundary, and migrants pass through the State in myriads. Many species of maritime and littoral birds frequent the lakes in vast flocks unknown to more sterile and less watered localities. A marked variation exists in the temperature of the extreme northern portion and our southern confines, and vegetation in the Upper Peninsula is at least four weeks later than in the southern counties. As an illustration of the meeting of the southern and northern species of birds, the instance of the finding of the *H. vesperina* and *Z. ludoviciana* frequenting the same woods in the spring of 1879 is a peculiar one. Two species of birds of the same family, which, in their range of migration are separated to the extent of four thousand miles at least, the evening grosbeak breeding in the far north, while the rose-breasted grosbeak frequently winters in South America. It is thought best that this slight sketch of Michigan's topography should be given in order that the nature of the country in relation to her bird life may be more fully understood.

Hylocichla mustelina (Gmel.) Baird—Wood thrush, song thrush.

Who that is a lover of our feathered friends, in walking in the budding woods during the month of May, has not heard the clear resonant notes of this charming singer? The air is full of the joyous notes of myriads of happy songsters, and by careful attention a practiced ear can detect the songs of twenty well-known species. Even the faint chirping notes or an occasional burst of song can be heard from the migrating warblers as they pass from tree to tree above us, or the cheerful songs of the little vireos deeper in the sylvan shades. But at regular intervals the ringing bell-like notes of the wood thrush rise above the harmonious babble, penetrating to us in veritable sound waves of liquid melody as we rest on the decayed log or grassy bank.

The song varies apparently in its source, the singer being a shy bird at this season of the year, and easily made anxious by our presence, is circling around our seat with a view of closer inspection. Frequently one comes so near us that we see it for a moment as it hastily leaves a branch and drops terrified into the brush uttering a cry of alarm as it disappears, and then after a few guttural sounds like *chuck, chuck*, it dashes off and its beautiful song can be heard again a hundred yards away.

I shall not attempt descriptions of the songs of birds, for though a few notes are uttered so plainly that they can be described on paper, still the true music issuing from the throats of most singers is above comparison or criticism, and the songs of the thrushes are especially fine in harmonious blending. It would indeed be ridiculous to attempt a description of the songs of the mocker and thrasher.

In Kalamazoo county the wood thrush has appeared during a dozen years from April 24, the earliest date, to May 4. Soon after reaching our boundary it spreads over the entire Lower Peninsula, and bursting into full song begins deciding on a partner for the season and a suitable nesting place.

We are inclined to think, contrary to the opinions of most writers, that the thrushes secure new mates each season, at least pitched battles occur between the males of this species soon after arriving from the south, as is also the case with the robins, catbirds, and brown thrushes. It takes some time for affairs to be settled, although I am happy to say that encounters between birds are seldom severe, and resemble the boyish squabbles of school urchins, in which a little extra effrontery is more than equal to puerile blows, and after a few flappings of the wings and pursuits in which both appear to have equal victories, the vanquished give way.

That some thrushes are mated on reaching us is certain, for repeated observations have shown that the same pair has sometimes occupied the same site for years during the nest-

ing season, but in such cases the old birds are frequently seen to go through with the vernal courtship preparatory to building or repairing the old nest.

After mating, the pair at once begins the construction of a nest. The site usually chosen is a small tree in a beech and maple woods, not too deep or dense, but oak woods are frequented, and I have often found nests in pines in central and northern Michigan. Nests are also built in low tracts of sparsely covered land, or at the edges of deep woods near lakes and rivers. However, in my experience, beech and maple woods are generally preferred, and I think that more nests have been found in beech trees during my trips than in all other trees together. The nest is placed from five to forty feet from the ground, and generally next the body of the tree, a beech, white oak, small maple, or rarely an elm. On June first of the present year, a number of nests were observed and the heights from the ground taken. One nest was seven feet from the ground, and others ten, fifteen, eight and twenty-five feet up respectively. The average height may reasonably be placed at from eight to ten feet. The nest is a compactly built structure, composed almost entirely of mud, dead leaves of the previous season, and some grass. A few small twigs are occasionally found in its make up. The nest, withstanding the storms of the season, is sometimes reoccupied the following spring.

The nest approaches in construction that of the robin, but has less mud in its body and lacks the rags and string so commonly used by our familiar bird, though the dead leaves are an addition to the material used by the civilized redbreast.

The eggs are usually laid from the 20th to the 25th of May; sets are taken, however, by the 15th of the month. In color the eggs are similar to the robin eggs, but in size are considerably smaller, approaching in this respect those of the catbird, from which they may be readily distinguished, however, the eggs of the latter being of a decided green shade. Three eggs seems to be the number usually laid, but many nests are found containing four. The finding of five young in nests at various periods caused me to think that occasionally five eggs were laid, but never having discovered five eggs at one time, the conviction became established that the odd young one was that of the cowbird, and the finding of so many nests of this thrush containing one and in some instances two eggs of *Molothrus*, only strengthened the belief.

If the nest is approached, the old bird only leaves when the hand of the despoiler is very near it. Frequently one may climb to the branch on which the nest is built and shake it before the parent will fly. After leaving the nest the old bird usually flies to some distance and then returns and makes a great fuss, but many pairs are in no way demonstrative.

It is quite probable that two broods are reared in a season, as fresh eggs may be found in July. After the nesting season is over the singing ceases, and the birds are so silent that one can scarcely find an individual. In late summer a few may be heard scratching among the dead leaves on the ground, and if disturbed will silently flit to the nearest thicket.

By September 15 most of the wood thrushes have departed for the south. This species is, next to the robin, catbird and thrasher, the best known member of the family that visits our State, and is very common during the breeding season. A dozen nests can be found in a day's tramp. Hardly a schoolboy's collection but contains the mutilated eggs of this interesting thrush, and I am sorry to say that yearly many eggs of the song thrush, as well as eggs of others of our common birds, are festooned on strings and adorn (?) walls to gratify the caprice of amateur collectors, very few of whom know the names of half the eggs in their miserable collections.

KALAMAZOO, Oct. 12, 1884.

MOOSE AND BEAR NOTES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have been much interested in the articles of you correspondents "Nessmuk" and "Penobscot," and while my experience in the main agrees with theirs, there are some points in which it differs. I agree with "Penobscot" in his statements of moose running, and also that our Maine moose are not capable of taking any such strides as Mr. Phelps describes. If they had been I should not have been writing this to day. In regard to scent I have never observed the acuteness that I have in deer. I remember five different moose which I approached with moccasins, on bare ground within thirty feet or less, in one instance being so near that I could almost touch an old bull which stood in the thicket rubbing his horns. I have had one when shot at by another person come directly toward me when I was standing in fair sight, and showed no sign of either seeing or smelling me till, finding she would run over me, I shot her when not over ten feet distant. It is very often the case that when feeding in the water on a dark night, or when called in, they will allow a canoe to come within a paddle's length. I have known a hunter on a bright moonlight night to lay a long time under the shade of the bank listening for moose in the water, and then have one of whose presence he had not been aware, spring entirely over his canoe into the water beyond.

In regard to the "bell," as "Penobscot" calls it, or "tassel," as it is more commonly called, it has been my fortune in my business to handle some thousands of moose hides, and while I have seen them in the shape of a pouch, as described by "Penobscot," the cases have been very rare. Usually it is simply a tassel hanging from the throat without any enlargement whatever at the base; it is, when the hair has been shaved from it, merely an appendage of skin, as though a piece of green hide an inch wide had been folded and united at the edges. The hair can be erected at the animal's pleasure, and is always so when he is enraged. It seems like the tassel on a turkey, intended for ornament. I have opened a great many, have never noticed that they contained anything, but they were wet on the inside as are all green skins. The bell-shaped ones are like a pouch of two thicknesses of skin, which can be easily separated, and I have seen one so large I have pulled it on my head for a cap when green. Cases of this kind, however, are very uncommon. I have known one to have a second tassel below the first, but much shorter. An extremely long one measured to-day (Dec. 22) measures sixteen inches to the end of the hair and starts directly from the skin of the neck. Much to my surprise it was only eight inches by measure from the lower corner of the mouth, being almost under the jaw; without measuring I should have said they were much further down on the neck.

"Penobscot" is right about bears hibernating. It depends almost entirely on food supply. A few years ago when there

were no beechnuts nor berries, bears, which were very plenty, dened early in October. Taking pains to write acquaintances, I found that they disappeared at about the same time all over Penobscot, St. Johns and Tobique waters, also in Nova Scotia and on the Gaspé coast in Canada east. This year, so far as I have been able to learn, few have been heard from since Nov. 1, and they are seldom plentier in this State than at present. In beechnut years it is very common for them to be out as late as this date. Of course, as all hunters know, there are exceptions to general rules, as there is now and then a bear that does not den regularly, but comes out at any time in thawing weather, when not hindered by deep snow.

Last season, after seeing inquiries about white-breasted bears. I tried to ascertain the proportion by actual count. Most of my skins had been shipped, but an examination of thirty-seven, coming from various points between Rangeley Lake and Baie de Chaleur, showed eleven with white breasts. Those coming from east of here showed a greater proportion, though it might not always be so. One lot of five from Breadalbane, N. B., contained three white breasts. Usually it is simply a straight mark of white three to six inches in length and one to two in breadth, sometimes it is in the shape of a Y, occasionally in a perfect crescent with the horns pointing upward, as in one which the writer supplied to the Boston Natural History Rooms. I have seen them with a heart-shaped white spot. It may be safely said the much-talked-of whiteface bear exists only in imagination, as in many thousand skins handled, I have only in one instance seen anything approaching this. In this one exception the face was thickly sprinkled with silver hairs, but not white. We occasionally get skins in this State or New Brunswick, which, if they came from the Rocky Mountains, would be called brown bear, and I received one last year which was as good a cinnamon as I have ever seen. These were undoubtedly freaks of nature, as the last mentioned had white claws. Have seen one partial albino, the wool being mostly white, the long hairs black.

"Nessmuk," in your issue of Nov. 20, page 323, asks: "And is the short-legged glossy black bear the same as the dingy, long-legged brown bear?" On page 381, Vol. V., "Standard Natural History," just issued by S. E. Cassino, it is said: "Speaking of two tame black bears cubbed by the same dam, says Henry Clapp, 'One was what is called the "ranger bear," that is, it was long-legged and long-bodied, and not so black, with a little coarser fur than the other variety. The other was what was called the "hog bear," and was shorter-legged and blacker.' So I am sure the hog bear and the ranger are one species."

The writer of the present article was intimately acquainted with Mr. Clapp, and also saw the bears above mentioned from the time they were cubs till they grew up, and knows the statement to be true. I have had scores of sets of cubs brought in to me which were killed with the mother. Sometimes both are like the mother, sometimes one, sometimes neither. They neither invariably follow the mother either in stature or color of hair. It is just as correct to talk of a class of long-legged, red-haired men as to speak of brown-nosed, long-legged bears. To prove the thing I have just sorted over a large number of skins, throwing the long-legged ones into one pile, and the short-legged into another, and then looked at them with reference to the noses and fineness of fur. There were in both those that had brown noses and those that had not; there were fine, soft-furred, short-legged, and others which were coarser: there were also the same differences among the long-legged. As a rule the long-legged are the coarsest haired, but they are all of one breed, as "Nessmuk," if he were to examine a large pile of skins in any furrier's store, would be convinced. Many hunters hold the same opinion that "Nessmuk" does, but the positive proof that the two cubs of one mother can belong to both the so-called varieties, and having many times seen the skins of cubs differing from the parent, obliges me to differ from one with whom I should prefer to agree.

MAINE.

A MULE BIRD.—It was the good fortune of Mr. Herbert Brown, on Dec. 14, while collecting birds in the vicinity of Tucson, especially the gilded woodpecker (*Colaptes chrysoides*), to kill a bird which, while alive, he believed to be an individual of the above species. On picking up the bird, however, he at once noticed that while there were certain characteristics of that species apparent, yet on the whole the bird in question more closely resembled the Mexican, or red-shafted woodpecker (*Colaptes mexicanus*), an allied species. In fact, the bird had all the characteristics of an adult male Mexican woodpecker, except that two of the secondary quills in one wing and four in the other, as well as the three outer tail feathers on each side of the tail, were identical in coloration and general character with those of the gilded woodpecker. There seems no reason to doubt that this bird is a true hybrid between the gilded woodpecker and the Mexican woodpecker. There are several reasons why it seems probable that this is the case, rather than to refer the bird in question to the so-called hybrid woodpecker (*Colaptes hybridus*). First, the juxtaposition of *chrysoides* and *mexicanus* during the breeding season, both species breeding in the giant cactus on the high mesas about Tucson. Second, the specimen in question has no tendency to fusion of color on the quills or tail feathers, and there is no admixture of black feather in the cheek patch which is so characteristic of *hybridus*. The few feathers mentioned as being like those of *chrysoides* in the wings and tail are as clear and bright yellow as can be found, while the rest of the feathers of the wings and tail are typically those of *mexicanus*, being reddish pink, with no tendency to an orange or yellowish cast. Curiously, too, the feathers of the *chrysoides* portion of the bird are in size like those of *chrysoides*, and thus in strong contrast to the feathers with which they are associated which are so much larger. It is possible that the feathers spoken of are not full grown, though it is improbable, the rest of the moult being perfect and the season so far advanced. The rest of the plumage, even to the shading of the head, is typically that of *mexicanus*. The above notes are made from a careful comparison of a number of each of the two species found here.—W. E. D. Scott, in *Arizona Daily Star*, Tucson, Dec. 16, 1884.

RECENT ARRIVALS AT THE PHILADELPHIA ZOOLOGICAL GARDEN.—Purchased.—One male wildcat (*Lynx rufus*), one opossum (*Didelphys virginiana*), one bald eagle (*Haliaeetus leucocephalus*), two pairs of bullfinches (*Pyrrhula rubicilla*), one mountain finch (*Erythraea monticola*), one starling (*Sturnus vulgaris*), one red-throated diver (*Colymbus septentrionalis*), and one Canada goose (*Bernicla canadensis*). Presented.—Three capybaras (*Hydrochorea capybara*), one hairy armadillo (*Dasypus villosus*), one raccoon (*Procyon lotor*), one screech owl (*Scops asio*), one herring gull (*Larus argentatus*), one red-tailed hawk (*Buteo borealis*), one song thrush (*Turdus mustelinus*), one white crow (*Corvus americanus*), and one water snake (*Tropidonotus fuscatus*). Bred in the Garden.—One moor macaque (*Macacus maurus*), and four male dingoes (*Canis dingo*).

Game Bag and Gun.

IDEAS OF A QUAIL HUNTER.

Editor Forest and Stream:

When our splendid Virginia autumn came, I dotted you down in rhyme a woodcock hunt, and the scenes and surroundings incidental, as nearly truthful as a little fancy would permit. I have not seen it since—found the waste basket, perhaps—but you have treated us to worse many a time. I concluded likely the piece ("A South-land Autumn Hunt") was not practical enough, especially for your latitude. I shall now give you a rugged, practical sketch of a Southwest Virginia partridge (quail) hunter with dogs and gun in action in the field.

My home is in the Clinch Valley, where we have sharp, straight, high mountains and beautiful valleys between, covered with indigenous blue grass, the mountains when cleared being clothed with grass to their very tops. To-day is the 13th of December, and while we see snow sometimes in the high mountains, none to this day has been in our valleys. Our country being strictly devoted to grazing, we have no extensive grain fields, but partridges (quail) are nevertheless very plentiful in the cover we have. They are strong, large, lightning-flying fellows, and when pursued do not tamely hang around the smooth, open ground. So I have to deal with these birds just as we all do in briery wooded countries, shoot at them once or twice in the open, then in red brush, briars, briery fence rows, hedge, rose patches, saw grass and the like. This is "Bod White" as he is.

I have two dogs, about like other people's dogs, or a little worse trained than newspaper dogs. One about six years old, a rip-slash, liver and white dog, hard-headed, and a dog of his own head; never tires from morning till night; goes right where he knows birds stay; believes that he can go like the wind and his nose never fail him; and will hang to a point as long as you want him, and in a day take every position, from a high-headed stand to a dead drop point, and now and then try his pluck on catching a bird I miss. He's not perfection. The other is a puppy of the old dog; cross on a red Irish bitch I purchased in Northern New York, now seven months old and trained from the essays of Mr. Hammond—a staunch large fellow and beautiful retriever. I never trained the old dog, and no one else ever did. I storm at these dogs and thrash them just as all truthful men do their dogs. They are both dreaming at my feet now about my slapping them for wanting to chase the "cotton tail" starting under their nose.

I use a J. Manton & Co. 7½ pounds, 12-gauge, 30-inch double breechloading shotgun. It is a side lever, too. It is a beautiful gun and looks to me that it ought not to be so cheap, as it seems this make is now selling for. Now as this is a cheap make of gun, no one will accuse me of affectation; but I simply want to tell how a backwoods "hunter" goes armed. But this gun shoots, let me assure you, in earnest.

In my ups and downs I have acquired brass shells of the following make, Remington, Parker and Winchester. Of these I prefer the Winchester, because the base is solid and strong and the primer is simply perfection, having its own anvil, and do not believe I ever had one to fail fire. See no difference in the shooting qualities. There is no question but what the brass shells far exceed the paper ones in shooting qualities. They take a number larger wad, are thinner and save the gas better, by properly fitting shell chamber, and are at least cheaper. I find the best shooting of my gun is had by 3½ drams of No. 2 Latin & Rand's eagle ducking powder. Over this two wads are put. I put the wads over the powder with a rammer with convex end, which makes the face of wad, receiving shot, concave, throwing them concentric. This I caught from a correspondent of your paper. The single wad on shot is sent home with smooth-faced rammer. The Ely pink-edge or Winchester felt wad preferred, and just one kind used, for who wants to bother with different kinds in one shell? The inside of shell should never be cleaned, the better to hold wad, which wad should be two sizes larger than shell. One ounce of No. 8 chilled shot is just the load. It is predicted that in a few years none other than chilled shot will be used. They break neck, wings and bone, and your dog finds the bird where it falls. It is astonishing what variety of game this load will kill and yet not tear up the smallest. I have actually seen gentlemen use the Barclay loader in loading brass shells. I don't suppose it was made for this, since the springs inside so compress the wad as to render it liable to be loose in shell. It is perfection on paper shells.

Let it be understood that I have to pay like the mischief for all the above described ammunition, am under obligations to none of the makers, never saw them and advertise for none, and mean nothing of the sort, just give actual experience.

In apparel in the field I would teach as the elocutionist—be natural. Make as little change as possible, as it impedes walking, action and shooting. Corduroy pants of the best quality, brown color, are preferable. They completely resist briars, thorns and burrs. A pair of gaiters of best leather, that have been worn to the easy old shoe, with canvas-buckled leggings, are perfection for the tramp. The business, old, well-worn, close-fitting, cutaway pattern of coat. Have some pockets sewed below the cartridge belt to put empty shells in; have pockets larger at base than top to keep from losing contents. I use the cloth-woven cartridge belt that will safely hold cartridge without being stuck far in; shoulder straps. This beats pockets, which are in the way of quick handling of gun. Did you ever have full pockets on the breast, or just under arm, derange the breach movement of your gun? Have all pockets below belt. Did you ever have your hips worn sore by pocket full of loaded cartridges? Did you ever walk with aesthetic chap—tight-buttoned white corduroy breeches, heavy boots, cold neck, chafing canvas coat, wholly new all over, and see him bang and miss—curse his powder, lead, gun, and finally himself and wilt? See the heel blisters, the red, chafed neck, and badly done up fellow. Give me the old-fashioned network game bag; leather next you, partition in it, a place for game and lunch and—well, just anything. If you have this bag you can very frequently have some youngster along who can carry; and while I never owned the coat with game bag worked in, it does not seem "hunter like" or agreeable. I want the low-crowned black slouch hat worn by us in the South, as it both screens the eyes and keeps off rain, while the cap invites the latter down the back of your neck, is not easily knocked off.

I have truthfully aimed this for a practical sketch, telling our hunter friends that the every-day dog is not always the

perfection we see described in newspapers, that a man can have a pretty and good gun without costing him a fortune, and can shoot better in his common apparel than he can in the costume of the sporting dude. However, I can scarcely handle the pen in field sports, and simmer down as dry as you seem to prefer. The great enjoyment at last of the sportsman is in the imaginative and fancy part. To simply shoot and kill is not the enjoyable. Bright anticipations; the indescribable influence of crisp, autumn air; the rich, golden hue of the receding sun, rolling low in the clear blue sky; the richest of perfumes distilled from fading plants and melting frost; the blustering whirr of the winged pheasant; the weird whistle of the selfish woodcock's flight; the flashy dart of the startled quail; the fluttering, foaming splash of the ducks in the river, their rise higher and higher until they become dotted strings far against the sky; the graceful, gamy gallop of your laborious setter; the twirling downfalling leaf. What a pity to grow old! GRAEME.

DEER IN THE ADIRONDACKS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

My personal knowledge of this subject extends back only to the year 1870. Previous to that time, I am credibly informed by men born and brought up in that country and who made hunting and trapping throughout the winter season a specialty, there was seemingly no end to the numbers of deer and fur-bearing animals all through that locality. One of my informants—a gentleman of unquestioned veracity, who has always resided in the eastern part of Lewis county, and whose father was one of the earliest settlers— informs me that he used to kill as high as fifty or sixty deer during the fall and fore part of winter by still-hunting, shipping the same to Albany for a market, and that the deer continued equally plenty, notwithstanding those killed by still-hunters, until they commenced hounding. This same gentleman, last fall, undertook to supply himself with a quantity of venison for winter's use, and succeeded in bringing to bag during the entire month of November last the total number of four deer. This feat was accomplished upon ground so well stocked with deer four years ago last fall that he would not have considered it worth boasting of had he killed that number in a single day.

Two of his neighbors living near have for years past acted as guides through the summer season, and still-hunted later on in the fall, but since the introduction of dogs have each been led into using them in driving deer. In talking with these men, I learned that they did not approve of hounding; were convinced that it was annihilating the game of the whole country; both were sure that it had already caused such havoc with deer in their section that it was nearly useless for them to devote any more time to still-hunting, and also confessed that it was only a question of a few years longer at best, unless the law was changed, before the whole deer family would be exterminated. Why, then, do you follow hounding, I inquired? Because so long as it is lawful and every one else follows it, we must fall in while they last and try and get our share. This was their reply, although they each would sign a petition to have the law changed, knowing full well that they were helping to "kill the goose that laid the golden egg." Now, I believe this to be the case with most of the hotel men, guides and hunters throughout that whole wilderness. They can but see the steady decrease of game, and must realize that when it is gone one great inducement to the tourist, invalid and sportsman to make their annual sojourns to the woods has thus been cut off.

Of course, we ever have and always will find a class of men styling themselves sportsmen that love the music of the hound. I cannot say that it is unpleasant to my ear when I know that reynard is being put to his trumps to evade the pack. But to use them on game as harmless and innocent as the deer, especially when its flesh is to be used as food, at a time when they are out of condition, bestowing their attention and care upon their helpless young, at a season when the game thus killed must be rapidly disposed of if it ever leaves the forest untainted; at a season when shipments to the central part of the State and much less to any of the southern half thereof, are completely out of the question; at a time when but a very few out of the great mass of our citizens can or would ever think of participating either in its capture or the fruits thereof is, to say the least, sanctioning a law as ungenerous as it is odious. Man may argue until the last deer is exterminated of the fair show it gives the game by running it down before the hound, that it thrives by dogging. That hounding does not scare, injure, nor materially lessen the numbers; and that the country is too full of brush, rocks, or something else that retards the successful hunting of them in any other manner. But I have seen a section of country filled with deer signs as was that portion of Herkimer county lying north of the Beaver River only four years ago last fall. Valleys that contained hundreds of acres where the deer had congregated to winter, where the tripshin and other low brush had all been trimmed up like a sheep yard, where the trucks were so plenty that one could not follow out a single deer after the snow had laid upon the ground twenty-four hours, where the hunter could start ten or twenty in a day and frequently half that number in a single drive, all of this upon ground which I know that the still-hunters have not for the past four years killed and taken from the section to exceed fifteen or twenty deer per year, and where last fall they had become so scarce that a man on good snow failed some days in striking a single track to follow, and succeeded only in bagging four deer during the month of last November, the same man who used to kill as high as sixty in a winter; knowing all of this to be a fact, how do I solve the mystery? Simply by saying that for three summers past there has been a constant scouring of that locality with dogs, not only all summer long, but covering a good share of the month of November each year, and principally by one set of Dutch that came in from Croghan. This company having cut trails from Crooked Lake over to the Mosier Ponds of sufficient width to carry in boats, built several camps along its route, cruised, floated, hounded and fished the whole section to its utter ruin. South of the Beaver River and along the highway leading easterly from Lewis county through Herkimer, also north to Albany and Smith's lakes, including the Red Horse chain, may be found camps and trails in all directions. In passing along that road one usually meets loads of venison on its way out and other parties going in, hears the baying of hounds and the constant report in volleys of guns in the distance on either side of the road any day during the open season that he may choose to travel over it, until he wonders to himself how it can be possible that a single head of game can escape the fusillade.

To my mind, the fatal mistake was in passing a law to

suit the convenience of men that wished to combine hunting with trout fishing and other amusements, entirely overlooking the more essential points necessary for reserving an ample stock of game for future wants. Unless the law can soon be materially changed in regard to length of open season for hunting, cutting off crusting, floating, driving with dogs, watching of salt logs or licks, natural or artificial, and perhaps a clause limiting the number to be killed by any one person during the year, the last of the deer family left in the Adirondacks can be counted as doomed.

It is not unreasonable to expect that, should the subject come before the Legislature for amendment, a class friendly to hounding may argue, in connection with other redeeming qualities as heretofore, that if driving with dogs were entirely prohibited many of that class would be cut off both from participating in its capture or their just share of the game, and for this reason strenuously contend for a short space of time to be allowed them, lest the still-hunters would monopolize the whole trade. Such, however, to my own personal knowledge, would not be the case, for the simple reason that this same company of men referred to above, notwithstanding all they have accomplished by hounding and floating for three summers past, were not satisfied, neither were those who followed it south of Beaver River, as all the deer killed up to Nov. 1 were gathered in and sent out of the woods to the nearest market, disposed of for what they would bring.

After the first snow fell in November, where did we find these hounders? Right back again, occupying their old camps or new ones built upon more favorable grounds. My camp was surrounded upon three sides this last November by men that bounded all summer long and had taken out of the woods several loads of deer driven to water by their dogs and killed. But they all stayed and still-hunted through the last month just the same for all that. They came to kill some that they could hang up and cut from during the winter. Did they succeed without dogs? Why, certainly. I found out they were good still-hunters and bagged as many deer as the best of hunters. That is just the mode adopted by the hounding fraternity years ago by those that followed it in the State of Pennsylvania. They always hounded through the summer and fall months, claiming that it was the only way to get a deer, but they also came in for their share of the balance left upon snow, and usually succeeded in obtaining it. The little game we now have left should be guarded and protected by a law similar to that in force in the State of Maine. CAP LOCK.

FREWSBURG, Jan. 4, 1885.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I think more than one-half the deer killed each year in the Adirondacks are killed by hounding, and many are also killed each winter by dogs on the crust, when deer are unfit for eating. Quite a portion of this poor venison is "jerked," brought out and sold for 25 cents per pound. Of the deer killed with dogs in season allowed by law much is wasted; the foreparts of many being skinned out and thrown away, especially if they are killed where it requires much work to get them to a road, in such cases only the saddles and hides being saved. I know of one instance where a party of four killed eighteen deer in a few days on a back lake, and only brought out the saddles and skins. This year on the last day of the hounding season eight deer were driven into Beaver River at No. 4 and killed. The estimate of good men, who are in a position to know, for last year is that three hundred deer were killed by hounding or driving on the Beaver River alone and two hundred were killed in the same way in the same section this year; and when to this you add the number of deer which escape so nearly run to death that they crawl away and die, the slaughter is great. I know of two instances the last fall when deer have been found dead and spoilt, which undoubtedly had been run by dogs. Of the deer driven in by dogs and killed, I think three does to two bucks is about the average.

There is hardly a lake in the woods where deer are left but what is hunted around in this way. The usual way of hounding or driving is for one man to take the dogs away from the lake and put them on deer tracks, the rest of the men remaining at the lake, two in each boat, at points where, with the aid of a field glass, the whole lake can be watched. When a deer enters the water to escape from the dogs, it is allowed to swim out, and then the nearest boat is rowed so as to cut the deer off from shore, and as it swims for some landing, the boat is generally run so as to force the deer's head under water, and when it comes to the surface, half strangled, a charge of buckshot or bullets from a repeating rifle soon finishes the brutal work; and this is called sport, which good hunters and sportsmen can only condemn.

Deer are run from two to five hours, and when they enter the water it is their last resort, and they are so heated and tired that the venison is wholly unfit for eating. The water is cold; the deer are chilled before they are got out; hardly a drop of blood will run from them, and the meat is stiff and black within a very short time, and if the weather is warm, will spoil even for market in forty-eight hours. I would not eat venison so killed. Would any one buy and eat beef or mutton that was killed after having been worried by dogs even for one hour? Would a butcher be allowed to sell such meat?

I am of the opinion decidedly that hounding ought to be wholly abolished, and if it is not done the deer will be nearly or quite exterminated inside of six or eight years. I am satisfied that there is not one deer now where there were three ten years ago, and I think the decrease is due mainly to hounding. More dogs were taken into the woods this fall than one year ago and less deer by thirty per cent. were killed with them than the year before, which indicates a large decrease. Still-hunting is only done through a portion of November, and the estimate is that from fifty to sixty deer were killed by still-hunting this season on the Beaver River.

I am informed that hounding has been prohibited in Potter county, Pa., for the past five years, that the increase in deer has been very marked and that the number is estimated to be as great as it was twenty years ago.

I decidedly think a non-hounding law practicable, as the guides, hunters and hotel men through this section, as a rule, desire it, and while many of them keep dogs and drive deer for market, they generally say, "I know it is ruining our business and I would kill my dogs and help keep them out of the woods, but as long as the law allows it and others hound deer I must also and get my share while they last."

Besides this, dogs are used up to Dec. 1 for market venison, when the law only allows it up to Oct. 31. This I know, as I have guided and still-hunted each November for many years, and I saw on the 1st inst. when coming out of the woods, six places in nine miles where dogs had run deer

across our camp trail, and they were made that day, as snow had fallen the day before.

I would have a law prohibiting the use of dogs at any time, with a \$50 penalty to be paid by the owner of the dog, or in default of payment, 30 days' imprisonment; any one catching a dog running deer to have the right to shoot the dog, and the dog's carcass when produced in court, to be evidence as against its owner. Deer are killed by dogs eight months out of the year. Make the law so there is no excuse for keeping dogs and many deer will be saved that the present law attempts in vain to protect. From my talk with guides and hunters I think they would see that no dog lived long in the woods if the law gave them a right to shoot dogs running deer, and that they would also take the trouble to see that the owners of the dogs were properly prosecuted according to law. C. W. PUFFER.

WATKINS, New York.

[See notice of petition elsewhere.]

NOTES FROM WORCESTER.

SURELY the sportsmen hereabouts cannot complain of the shooting season of 1884. The season just closed has been one long to be remembered on account of the abundant supply of game, and the delightful weather extending half through the month of December.

If we could have a fall of snow deep enough to render bird shooting impossible a month earlier than the time prescribed by law, I think it would be better for all concerned, for we all know that bare ground and pleasant weather in the month of December means fearful havoc with the grouse. There is something peculiar about late grouse shooting which I do not understand and which I wish could be explained. Why is it that a much larger proportion of hen birds are killed than in the earlier months of the shooting season? This is not only my own experience, but is the subject of common remark among our shooters. Some of the members of our club were inclined to believe in the early part of the season that grouse had not bred as well, and were not as numerous as a year ago, but their aggregate scores and also their average per day does not confirm this belief, and it is a fact beyond dispute that we have enjoyed the best grouse season that has been known in this section for many years. The two previous years had passed with no woodcock to speak of, and we had almost come to believe that good flight shooting was a thing of the past, when this year we had a splendid flight covering a period of about ten days, from Oct. 18 to 28. Those who could attend to them had rare sport and many fine bags were made. I doubt if we see the like again for some years to come. There are never quail enough in this part of the State to consider them of much account, but I think we have had the usual quantity.

The "fur company" commenced operations as usual Oct. 1, and have had fair success. This time-honored company of sportsmen is composed of men of all ages and almost every station in life. Gentlemen of wealth, professional men, business men and working men, all meet at the rendezvous on common ground and talk over the events of a foxhunt like a band of brothers. The harmony that exists and the discipline that is maintained, is really refreshing. Any little matters of dispute that arise are generally referred to "Uncle Nathan," whose decision is considered final.

A man must kill a fox in a legitimate manner before he can become a member, and to be eligible to office must be the owner of a well bred foxhound. While there is a peculiar fraternal feeling existing among sportsmen generally, I think it is a little more marked among fox hunters than any other class. The individual scores to Jan. 1 are: N. S. Harrington 2, John M. White 7, Henry Locke 2, Leonard Rad 5, John Slocum 2, Horace Adams 2, A. P. Cutting 1, A. H. Perry 1, total 22. The season closes on the last day of February, when I will endeavor to give the readers of the FOREST AND STREAM the season's score complete.

With the close of the bird season trap-shooting revives and it is again lively at the club house on Thursday afternoons. Several members contemplate attending the international tournament at New Orleans and are looking forward to that event with pleasant anticipations.

One of the newly elected members of the "fur company," who shot his first fox the present season, is under indictment for a misdemeanor, and the case is to be tried at the rendezvous on Saturday evening, Jan. 10. It is expected that Alderman ———, one of our most prominent lawyers, will appear for the plaintiff. The offense is a grave one, but as the youthful defendant has hardly had sufficient time to get "read up," it is barely possible that "Shattuck's" best cigars for the company may settle it. Sprague is expected at the trial. E. SPRAGUE KNOWLES.

WORCESTER, Mass., Jan. 2, 1885.

SMALL-BORE SHOTGUNS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In looking over the article on small-bore shotguns, in FOREST AND STREAM for Dec. 11, I find that I forgot to give the charges of shot larger than No. 4 for 16-gauge guns. As the whole gist of my article was to refute the error, common in this country, in relation to small-bores and the proper loads for them, it may not be necessary to add anything more to what I have said, but the error is such a prevalent one that I will give in detail the charges I have found best for the 16 gauge cylindrical bore. I use for wild turkey BB shot, for ducks No. 4 and sometimes No. 3, for quail and snipe No. 6. The powder charge is 2½ drams; 1½ ounces of Nos. 6 and 4, 1½ ounces No. 3, 1½ ounces BB.

I cannot insist too often, however, that to get good results out of a 16-gauge not more than 2½ drams powder must be used, as in the small-bore this gives force enough, more penetration than 5 drams in a 10-bore, and a larger charge scatters the shot too much.

Of course every gun differs more or less, even when of the same gauge, and to get the exact load suited to a gun requires much patient shooting at a target. One cause of the errors prevalent in reference to small-bores is that users of large bores, finding that big charges of powder were absolutely necessary to get any penetration out of their cannon, had to use very fine shot, the coarse sizes containing too few pellets, and scattering too much with their big powder loads. Then by the falsest method of reasoning, "reasoning by analogy," they jumped at the conclusion that as coarse shot was inefficient in their guns it would be still more so in the small-bores. For instance, witness the following idiotic twaddle from a standard book on shooting, published a few years ago:

"With a 14-gauge gun, the heaviest shot that could be used with any degree of good judgment would be No. 2."

I am aware that many of my statements are in direct con-

tradition to the received opinion among sportsmen in this country, but my experience is the result of over twenty years use of the shotgun in the United States and South America, and of very many different guns at game and the target. I have known a deer to be killed by a 24-gauge muzzleloading shotgun at 80 yards, and a couple of years ago a wildcat (*Lynx rufus*) was killed near this place with a 20-gauge shotgun, at 65 yards, and any one who has hunted them knows the tenacity of life of a wildcat. In using buckshot out of a small-bore, it is imperative to get sizes that chamber, and if the intersizes between the shot are packed solid with bone dust, or bismuth or even dust shot, much better shooting is obtained than with loose buckshot.

A typographical error makes me say in the article referred to, "the best length for a 16-gauge is 31 inches." I wrote 32. For good shooting I would even prefer 34 inches to the 28 of most of the 16-gauge guns imported from England. The statement that short guns shoot as well as long ones, which is found in most modern works on shooting, is another error following in the wake of the big-bore heresy. It is often said that long barrels are unfit for wing-shooting, on account of their unhandiness. This is not true. It is a mere matter of practice and education. I have used a 34-inch, and found I could throw it on a bird just as well as I could the ordinary short barrels. There is one more fallacy I wish to call attention to, that is, that small shot penetrate further than coarse shot, as it has less resisting surface. This is as mistaken a statement as could well be composed. A few practical trials will prove its falsity to any one, and I refer to Long's "American Wildfowl Shooting" for some good remarks on this very subject, page 31-32, Chapter I.

Prejudice is hard to overcome, and there has been an unreasonable amount of prejudice in favor of the large-bores since the introduction of breechloaders in this country, but—

"Truth crushed to earth will rise again."

and I am confident that sportsmen who try the small-bores, and load them intelligently, will soon be convinced that they are much more sportsmanlike weapons to use than 10 or 12 bores, as they require greater skill to hold on the bird, while at the same time having equal killing power and range. Much of the prejudice against small-bores is due entirely to ignorance, and it is for the purpose of throwing some light on the subject that I have written these articles.

CYRTONYX.

FORT STANTON, NEW MEXICO.

A SHOT WITH BOTH EYES SHUT.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I am fearful you will think that in putting out the fire in my cabinet last summer, your humble servant was also "extinguished," and I write to say he still kicks with every prospect of continuing the exercise for some time to come. I must acknowledge, however, that to see so much of a life work go up in smoke, is one of the toughest strains human fiber is called to endure. There is one comfort left, no other person will ever know what I have lost.

Dr. Johnson once said: "That the man who so purposes should make haste to give while he has power to do so, that his gift may be enjoyed." You will doubtless appreciate my regret that the black racer (*C. cursor*) was not given while I had possession and the will to send it to you; now both reptiles, with two ground snakes, are gone, the opportunity is forever lost, because another like possession who can insure me?

I spent the summer, as I have done the past ten years, at my birthplace far up the Connecticut River, sporting and gathering reminiscences of early life. Here the white pine grows at its best, and here *Turdus imperialis* pours out a flood of song inimitable and unapproachable by any other living bird. During the month of October I was out every day with my gun (except Sundays), and, although not going a mile from the house, we feasted on fifty grouse (partridge) without sensible diminution of the stock, a dozen Northern hares, gray squirrels without number; while hawks, jays, owls, pileated woodpecker, porcupine and smaller animals were added to preserved specimens of natural history.

Partridges were never so abundant in New England as at present. Never before had the birds such "protection" as the white pine covers afford and will afford in coming centuries. The whole Connecticut Valley is being filled again with that tree as it was one hundred years ago. The natural history of the white pine, its growth in just a century, the profit of that growth on two acres of ground I have gathered from actual survey and figures. The grove was not a rifle shot from my birthplace, and consequently under my eye all through early and middle life.

There has been occasional discussion in the FOREST AND STREAM on the propriety or possibility of shooting with both eyes open as against shooting with one eye closed. I do not know that any one has recommended shooting with both eyes shut, but the facts I relate go to show the thing has been done. I never tried the experiment myself. I wanted, as I have a thousand times done, to see the shot ruffle the feathers of the game. First an instance of shooting with both eyes open. I have read somewhere that "an honest man's the noblest work of God," whatever that meant in olden times, it is little used at the present day. At any rate, I assume that my grandfather was an honest man (presuming you have studied logic). When the region was first settled, betwixt bears, wolves, catamounts and Indians, the scattered settlers had rather skittish times, and the few sheep they possessed were hardly safe, although penned against the house. One night my grandfather was awakened by trouble in the sheep pen. He stepped to the door and uttered such words of disapprobation at the proceedings, that an old bear gathered herself out of the pen with the least possible delay. He went back saying, "Eestar [giving Esther the true church accent] Eestar, I'll give that bear a shot if he comes here again," took down an old Queen Anne, a relic of the French war, loaded it with a handful of powder and two balls, and went to bed. Soon there was another disturbance in the pen; he stepped lightly to the door, thrust the muzzle of the gun between the logs, then looking over the fence, let drive at some dark object inside.

We all know the deliberate proceedings of the flintlock. There was a click, a whisk, and this was followed immediately by a *whang*, which a mountain jack back of the house sent broadside against one across the river, and which in turn re-echoed the sound with change and interchange, until it finally died away in the distance. The bear again mounted out of the pen, my grandfather returned the gun to the hooks, went again to bed, and was undisturbed till morning. The bear walked a few steps and "passed in her checks," where she lay at daylight in the morning. A fatal shot,

you will see, with both eyes wide open, and some two feet from the gun.

His son, contemporary with my own father, was one of those boyish, timid men "afraid of everything." I don't believe he ever rode a horse at gallop, certainly in a lifetime I never saw nor heard of his doing so. After growing to manhood he one morning discovered in a pond of backwater from the river, just beyond the barnyard, a pair of black ducks. Wishing to do something worthy of record, he took down the old gun, already loaded, crept across the yard, thrust the ordnance between the logs, and took aim at the ducks. Then turning his face clear around in an opposite direction, he shut both eyes and pulled. There were the same preliminaries, followed soon after by an explosion, which, as on a former occasion, shook the hills and finally died out. After all was quiet my uncle opened one eye, then the other, and then looked around. The ducks lay dead, as would a dozen had they been in the neighborhood. This I had from his own mouth while living.

B. HORSFORD.

NORTH THETFORD, VT.

THE MAINE DEER LAW.

Editor Forest and Stream:

A word in answer to the communications of Mr. Henry P. Wells in your issue of Dec. 25 may be timely. The praises bestowed upon John Danforth no one, to my knowledge, has any wish to controvert. They are public advertising, however, and utterly foreign to the subject. In point of personal honor, courage, and both intellectual and physical strength, I would give all credit to the two leading guides of the Parmanchee region, but one of them favors jack-shooting out of season, and the other hunting with dogs; and in fact every other guide has his own pet ideas and urgent wishes. It would be as just to grant the requests of one as of another, and to grant all would be simply to exterminate.

Says Mr. Wells, "Some of your correspondents virtually assume that the addition of this single month [meaning September] to the open season would annihilate the game of the Maine wilderness." No one has said any such thing. The only assumption of those who denounce the addition of the month of September, is that the general tendency is toward annihilation now, and that we need greater restriction and not greater license.

In the quotations from Mr. Danforth's letters as given by Mr. Wells there is some truth. The charge is made in the quotations mentioned, that the French Canadians employed as lumbermen kill more game and fish than all the sportsmen put together. If this be true it certainly behooves the authorities to be on the watch, and the author of this statement can give his evidence just as well without the month of September being an open month, and he would be just as likely to do so. But Mr. Wells, in his comments on Mr. Danforth's statement, goes on to say "these Frenchmen come over the boundary from Canada and return the same way through the woods. They can never be caught in or near a Maine settlement. Screened by the dense forest, blocked by impassable snow, they continue the work of slaughter among the game and fish, year after year." Does the gentleman stop to think that the French as a class are neither hunters nor inclined to a solitary life? They come from Canada into Maine, it is true, but they come by a few well-traveled routes, and rarely, if ever, stray into the wilderness alone. They settle in our cities and towns and labor in our factories and on our farms, and also at lumbering. When at the latter employment, they are neither experts in the art of game destruction, nor greatly inclined that way. There are a plenty of lumber camps even now located in the Maine woods that will be supplied with fish and venison during the present winter, but it is not the Frenchman who will furnish the supply. It is rather the live Yankee who is employed by the lumbering company at better wages as a head man, and who delights in hunting. He is the one who combines the business of a guide for sportsmen in the summer and fall, with that of a lumberman in winter and a river driver in the spring. There are many such. Don't swallow the camel with a single gulp and yet strain so hard at the little gnat of a Frenchman. All that may be said in charity for the poor of any race may be said of him.

The same writer asserts that the season has opened in New Hampshire on Sept. 1 for several years, and yet he is informed on the very best authority that the deer there have constantly increased in number. What does that prove? The gentleman is probably aware that whatever forests there may be in New Hampshire are but a supplement to those of Maine, and with no natural or marked divisions. As long as deer are well protected in Maine, New Hampshire will still have them to some extent, no matter how poorly the Granite State may make and enforce its laws.

In another paragraph of Mr. Wells's article we find the assertion that the Maine trip is one of the most expensive that a sportsman can take, that the fishing for the last three seasons has greatly deteriorated, and that it is not the sport but the character of the guides that brings "the millions" into Maine. Can a trip be called expensive when thirteen dollars will cover all the expenses of travel from Boston to the very center of the Maine fishing ground and back to Boston again? Or will he in any way benefit those very guides whose cause he presumes to defend, by crying up the expense and the deterioration of the sport to be obtained? Besides the fishing in the Androscoggin region has been better for the last three years than in the three years preceding, and the same may be said of all places where the Commissioners have been supported passably.

Another statement is that there has been recently opened up a new country, where the trout are much larger and more abundant than they are in Maine, and which can be visited at far less expense and with less sacrifice of personal comfort. Where is this paradise of the sportsman, so cheap, so convenient? Again, are the interests of those guides greatly advanced by such assertions as the above, even if true?

The scene of the little clearing and humble cabin of the guide, and his little ones to be fed, clothed and educated, may exist in the writer's imagination, but very rarely elsewhere. The guides of the Maine forests as a class are men of energy, often well educated and living in the villages, and with comfortable means. Mr. J. G. Rich is perhaps the oldest and most widely known of them. He is a hale old man of eighty years, and though removed recently from the woods and a member of the school committee of the town in which he lives, he retains all his old love of a forest life. He has a comfortable and happy home and a family of grown up children, all well educated and occupying honorable and prominent positions. The life of this man is but an illustration of what the lives of many younger men who are now employed as guides will be, especially if they shun the temp-

tations to dissipation presented to them by too many of the parties whom they accompany. I admit all Mr. Wells would claim for many of the guides—who does not?—that they are men in every quality that goes to make up a man.

The same writer displays indignation at the sentence he quotes from the Maine Game Commissioners' report: "Every penny expended by our visitors is upon themselves in pure selfishness, and in the indulgence of a license they would not care to exhibit elsewhere." The words of the Commissioners but portray the truth. The actions of too many in the years past have given ample provocation for the expression of the Commissioners. When legislators of high rank, college professors, principals of schools, and professional men of every grade, not excepting the clergy, break the laws of a commonwealth at their caprice, it is time that they were reminded of it.

It is yet to be shown in what way the addition of the month of September to the open season will benefit any class of men. The business man who wishes to indulge in deer shooting can do so in October as well as in September. As far as any good to the guides from such a change is concerned, or of any more money being turned into the State, it would be just the reverse. Under the present law the season is longer; for many, after the September fishing, stay into October for the sake of the hunting. Make September an open month for shooting deer and it is easy to see that the season would be shortened which gives the guides employment. On the other hand, every license that is given adds one to the list of dangers that are already too great for a variety of game that hold at present too short a lease of life. I can but state again what I have before stated in these columns: it is greater protection that is needed and not greater license to destroy.

From a personal acquaintance with many of the members of the present Legislature, I have no doubt but that the acts of that body will be governed by reason, and that all classes will have a fair and impartial hearing. The best good of the public as a whole will, of course, receive the preference in these matters. If it should happen that the interests of a few, whether such interests are fancied or real, are at variance with all others, then such interests must of a necessity be sacrificed.

NORTH BRIDGTON.

A SHY AT A BUFFALO.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Among the many remarkable shots recorded in the columns of FOREST AND STREAM, I would like to record one of the most singular occurrences, whereby three very sanguine hunters were terribly disappointed. A few years ago a party of three determined upon a buffalo hunt on the plains, north of the Arkansas River, on what is known as the White Woman. Our base of supplies was to be Lakin, Kansas, about eighteen miles from the Colorado line, on the A. P. and Santa Fe Railroad. We secured a noted guide and two teams to transport our camp equipage, and the necessary rations for a week's outing. The weather was of that peculiar hazy, sunless days that proclaim approaching storm in the States, but for our latitude could not be taken to mean anything during these first days of November. Our first night out was rather pleasant, except as day came on we were decidedly chilled, but as we had brought with us a few old barrel staves and pieces of pine boxes, we managed to warm up and make some coffee, which put us all into good humor. About noon of the second day the wind commenced to blow a perfect tornado, and when we arrived at White Woman we concluded to go into camp and wait for the storm to blow over. During the afternoon, the wind having ceased somewhat, we pulled out down stream about fifteen miles and put up our tent in a low piece of ground sheltered somewhat by a sandhill. The night was fearfully cold, and Dr. P. and myself got up and tried to keep warm by pulling up and burning some coarse marsh grass, as all our fuel was exhausted, and no buffalo chips were to be had. The next day dawned with the appearance of milder weather. We soon had our coffee, and after being assured by our guide that we were right in the buffalo range, we all cheered up, and soon pulled out in search of game.

After traveling about three or four miles our driver discovered a herd of wild horses off to our right, and notwithstanding the distance between our party and the herd of horses could not have been less than five miles, the herd began to show uneasiness and soon moved off to our rear at a good speed. In peering over the plains one of the party espied some black object ahead of the teams, and not to exceed six hundred yards distant. Our guide mounted the seat and soon jumped down as though he was shot, and in a loud whisper said, "Buffalo, boys." The rifles were soon out, and the guide forming us in line, all abreast, told us that we must walk straight forward until within shooting distance, when we must all be ready at the word "Fire," to give them a volley. We had no sooner reached the top of the rise than away scampered the buffalo, six in number, all old bulls, and I thought that I never saw such fleet-footed animals in my life; and before we got back to our teams, it seemed as though these old bulls were at least twenty miles off and still going for all that was up. "Well," says we, "What next?" "Follow right on," said the guide, "and they'll soon get tired and let us get up with them." So we followed on, all day, no stopping, no eating, the wind blowing a regular Arctic winter, and the sky completely overcast with dark clouds. About 4 o'clock the herd began to stop at short intervals and turn and look after us. Finally we suggested to the guide that, as the distance could not exceed four hundred yards, and as we were all armed with heavy guns, we could do no better than give them a shot anyway. So we got in line again and had the teams wait until we would try a shot. One old fellow was standing broadside; we elevated our sights and at the word fire let drive, and of all the kicking up you ever saw, that old bull did it. It seemed to me that he had the regular broncho straddle, and as to running, far outstripped his companions. This caused the herd to separate, and one wounded one, with one other, started in a circle back the way we had come. The remainder of the herd started for the setting sun. This excitement warmed up our blood, and while standing watching the fast receding game, our guide called out, "Look, boys, to your left." Turning we saw a buffalo calf about a mile off coming up the swale. "Now, boys," said the guide, "go out about three hundred yards and lie flat down and wait, and that calf will come right up to you." We did as ordered, and sure enough Mr. Calf came right on to within fifty or sixty yards. Dr. P. says, "It's a pity to shoot that calf." Mr. H. said that he had come out to kill buffalo, and he was going to shoot. "Hold on," says Dr. P., "if you shoot we will all shoot." So I was to give the word, and at the word "three" bang went all three guns

The calf raised its tail gently over its back and turned off at right angles without being touched. Dr. P. jumped to his feet, and by the time that the calf had got fairly under way a shot from Dr. P.'s .50-caliber rifle broke its neck. We cannot account to this day how it came that we all missed that calf the first volley. OCCIDENT.

-SEDALIA, JAN. 6.

CAMP TENTS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Quite an interest is now being shown in camp building. A great deal of ingenuity was exhibited by the soldiers of the late war, and many of them could furnish the campers-out of to-day with points and details of different camps occupied by them. During the active operations of both the Northern and Southern armies the soldiers seldom occupied a canvas tent.

I have built the camp described by "Nessmuk," and, like him, had a snake for a bed-fellow. One crawled across my hand, but I had not the nerve to lie still, and retreated in bad order. His camp is first-class. One camp occupied by my messmate and self was built of chestnut bark. In spring the bark peels off like sheets of leather. A very convenient, roomy camp was built by us whenever we were long enough at rest, by using the two parts of a shelter tent for the roof and using burlap for ends and sides, forming a wall tent. The shelter tent is a piece of heavy drilling about seven feet square. When no burlap was to be had we wove sides and ends of evergreen boughs.

The camp was about seven feet long by ten feet wide. On each side was built a cot by driving two crocheted sticks at the head and two at the foot of each cot, and resting four sides of the cot poles in the crochets. Across these we placed barrel staves. They curve just enough to make an easy bed, and serve well to use as a seat. The room beneath can be utilized for dunnage room. The space between the cots is enough to stand and move about in, and being in the highest part, affords ample room to stand erect. When a barrel could not be obtained we made the berths of small poles.

The weight of the shelter tent is so small that it is easily carried, and in case one does not wish to build a camp, furnishes, with the rubber blanket, enough to roll up in beside the fire.

When in winter quarters we built log houses the size of a wedge tent, about seven feet square, and fastened the tent to it for a roof. The winter tents were of duck, and, in fact, the regular wedge tent of to-day. A shelter tent was not strong enough for a winter roof. НОССНОК.

CALIFORNIA WILDFOWL.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your issue of November 13, "Alki," of Seattle, W. T., has an interesting letter concerning the black brant (of which I wrote a description which was published in FOREST AND STREAM of Oct. 16), and in which "Alki" excuses himself for correcting an assertion of mine, viz.: "The black brant is found from October to May solely in San Diego Bay."

My letter was written more with the desire that it would awaken just such a man as "Alki," and that the many readers of your valuable journal, would be enlightened upon a point which I am glad I have at last found some light myself.

It has been a sorely discussed question here for many years as to the feeding grounds of our favorite bird, and while I, for one, have searched far and near in our Pacific Coast journals for some information relating to them, I was always disappointed. Never a word concerning the black brant could I find.

It was with delight that I read "Alki's" letter, and this morning I took FOREST AND STREAM of Nov. 13 down town and showed it to its many friends, who are always on the alert for anything new. And many were the comments on the subject, and I want to express my thanks to "Alki" for settling a point long disputed among our local sportsmen.

While at once congratulating "Alki" upon having the amount of game he claims at home, I am in the same box with himself. I don't want him to monopolize all the hunting in Washington Territory and Oregon, for I am an old "webfoot" myself, have dug "razor clams," lived on "ohallies" and "camas" root, and can "cumtux chinook waw-waw" along with the best of them. In other words, "I've been there," and while I agree with "Alki" that he has one of the finest countries under the sun to hunt and fish in, he must not throw "semi-tropical California" in the shade. "Alki" claims that outside of the vicinity of Puget Sound in winter, the snow goose, or lesser snow goose or Ross's goose (which ever he means) is quite rare. Both the snow goose and lesser snow goose and Ross's goose are quite common here, much more so than any other goose we have, and they are so plentiful and easy to procure that they command lesser prices in the market than any other.

Our most common ducks are shovellers or broadbills, all the varieties of teal, widgeon or baldpate, gadwall, pintail, blackjacks, with a sprinkling of redheads, canvas-backs and mallard. About a month ago I killed a fulvous tree duck, the first I ever saw, and we had quite a discussion until we hunted up Dr. Coues's book and located our bird. That beautiful duck, the summer or wood duck, is occasionally killed here.

Our family of *Fuligulina*, or sea ducks, is varied. Almost every variety is common here, and many are the discussions as to the different names of different birds we have. Of the family of *Rallidae* we have the clapper rail, Virginia rail, black rail and corn crake. Of the sub-family of *Gallinulina* we have killed one specimen of the Florida gallinule.

The surf duck or sea coot is so common here as to be a nuisance, and any one sailing on the bay is kept continually wondering what makes the peculiar drumming sound that the coot makes when taking flight from the surface of the water. The little ruddy duck puzzled us all for quite a while, but we finally located him, and as we formerly knew him by the name of "hard head," "stinker," etc., the change of names is quite agreeable.

Five trumpeter swans have been killed here in the past five years, of which I secured one. They are a very rare bird, and it seems strange that so beautiful a bird, the most beautiful of all waterfowl, should be so worthless for the table.

The trumpeters seem to be the only variety of swan here, at least, that is the only variety I have ever heard of in this vicinity.

Can any California reader of FOREST AND STREAM name any variety of ducks common to our State that I have overlooked? I forgot to include in my description of our water-

fowl several varieties of geese, among which the American white-fronted goose, and the Canada goose and Hutchins's goose, the last rather scarce.

We also have a few Wilson's snipe, or "English Jack snipe," as many of the boys erroneously call them.

The family of plover is large, and so numerous I shall not attempt to describe them. Next? A. B. PEARSON. SAN DIEGO, CAL., NOV. 21, 1884.

FROM THE FAR NORTHWEST.

IT is with much pleasure that I read the letters written to your valuable and eagerly looked for journal. A man who sees and recognizes the glorious beauty of the handiwork of the Creator, who picks up a leaf or a pebble, who stoops over a tiny blossom to admire its wondrous beauty and perfection, who loves the woods and all their sweet perfumes, who feels a sense of rest when listening to the melody of running waters, who loves to feel the spray dash against his face; such a one I am sure is always welcomed by the choice spirits who form the circle around the fire of the FOREST AND STREAM. From all quarters of the Union they come, and even from across the water, but almost always are they found to bear the stamp of the true gentleman.

How I would like to grasp some of these dear fellows by the hand, look into their faces, and I am afraid I could not rest easy until I had examined their whole outfit—guns, dogs, shooting rig, all. There is some subtle charm for me in the sight of an old brown shooting coat; I wonder if there are others who have the same feeling.

I write you from the northwest corner of Uncle Sam's domain, on the banks of the mighty Columbia, within sound of the roar of the surf as it breaks over the bar at its mouth. I have my gun, a boat, a dog, and at present, as my business duties are light, almost every day finds me taking a pull on the river, or a run in the woods. If at home, ten to one I am skimming the cream from the pages of FOREST AND STREAM.

Small game is not very plentiful in this immediate vicinity, but by going into the interior a few miles and following up the small rivers, wildfowl of all kinds are found. Elk and bear have been found within a short distance of this place. During the months of June and July the latter come down to the water attracted by the enticing odor of salmon heads.

I set a trap of logs for bear the past season and caught one successfully, but as I had to cross a strip of water and then climb a steep bluff in order to reach the trap, I neglected to visit it regularly. I went up to it one morning after an interval of about thirty-six hours, and found to my chagrin that a black bear had been fairly caught, but had gnawed, clawed and torn his way out and escaped. The trap was a pen made of logs of about eight inches in diameter, notched at the end and laid closely together, the top of course being also inclosed and weighted. A sliding door of two inch plank held up by a cord running up over and back to a sliding spindle of about one inch in diameter, said spindle running through a hole to the inside, and had fastened to it securely a large piece of raw beef. The logs, however, were somewhat spongy and soft from the winter rains, the trap having been built a season or two previous. The only souvenir that he deigned to leave was a tuft of long black hair.

At another time I had a shot at one not more than fifty yards distant. Most of your readers would think that you could hit a bear at fifty yards, wouldn't you? Well, I am inclined to think that I did touch him, but not to hold him. But talk of bruin being clumsy and slow! He gave one turn as though on a pivot, struck his forelegs out like a greyhound in full leap, and like a flash disappeared in the forest.

It is growing late, my blankets look inviting, so to all good night. TAM O' SHANTER. DEC. 2, 1884.

SOME REMARKABLE SHOTS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The many accounts of "Remarkable Shots" as recounted by your contributors, remind me of a most unusual shot made by me some fifteen years ago, when on an autumn's afternoon, in company with another boy, I was out with my muzzleloading rifle after squirrels. My dog treed one up a good-sized pine tree, and seeing the squirrel on a limb, I fired off-hand, when, to our surprise, the animal began a series of antics which, to say the least, amused us. It seemed to be unhurt and anxious to escape, yet unable to get away from the spot, though springing clear of the limb. At last we saw that the squirrel was fast to the limb, and my friend being a "climber," immediately "ran out" of his shoes and stockings, and, cat-like, went up to investigate. Upon reaching the spot he found the squirrel perfectly lively, but as secure as though he had been shot through the head, for the bullet had split the limb and carried the tail through, thus fastening the game after the fashion of the Virginia negro in securing opossums, viz., "putting his tail in a stick." I had not seen the boy who was with me at the time for several years until last summer, when I met him at the seaside, and his first question was to know if I remembered that squirrel which was "shot at and secured without being hit." A. F. R. BELVIDERE, N. Y.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The following not so remarkable as to be incredible: I was in the inner bay at Nantucket, Mass., which runs up in the direction of Great Head Light, sailing with a party in a small yacht. Rounding a point I saw, about two hundred yards away, a pair of shell ducks. I saw by the course we were taking that soon the two heads would come into line, and raising my rifle to my shoulder, I waited for that moment, while my companions, one with a glass to his eyes, watched. I fired and brought down both with a center through the heads. Our skipper went wild over it and nearly ran his craft aground in his anxiety to prove the shot by securing the birds. B. G. W. Boston, Mass.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Last winter I was out hunting with a friend. We were walking one on each side of a hedge, and as we approached the terminus, I, looking ahead, saw a rabbit start from the hedge. I covered him and shot, but just as I pulled trigger two more rabbits started, and the consequence was three, instead of one rabbit, came to a sudden death. I have also at two different times killed two jack snipe at one shot, they flushing and crossing just in time to meet the charge from gun as I fired. Game is not so plenty in this section as it has been hereto-

fore; quail very scarce, and have had to succumb to the cold weather in large numbers. B.

TESCOLA, ILL.

Editor Forest and Stream:

If I had time I would tell you how I killed over one hundred crows in one clatter. The most remarkable shot I ever made was when I missed a snipe and killed another that happened to be in line over sixty yards away. The nicest double shot I ever got was a duck with right and a pigeon with left barrel in month of September. H. E. W. LA CROSSE, WIS.

A REMARKABLE COINCIDENCE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I was sitting at the famous sycamore crossing, West Virginia, with two others in November, and had just killed a four-pronged buck with a rifle, when a much larger one came in over a hundred yards below us. My first shot went through behind the shoulder and struck the smooth water 100 yards below. The deer sprang into deep water, and I again fired at his neck. At the crack of the rifle he turned over and floated down the river—dead. Upon examination there was found a hole through the body in a vital place and also in the neck at the identical spot I had aimed at, but the ball was cut out and found to be from some still-hunter's rifle, lodged against the skin on the opposite side of entry, where it had been several days, and the wound was beginning to heal. This was considered a remarkable coincidence by the old hunters present. H. BALTIMORE, MD.

MAINE WOODCOCK.

IN Maine woodcock put in an appearance with the robins in March, occasionally during the latter part of February. Sometimes first learn of them by being found dead under telegraph wires. Two years since a woodcock was caught in June by hand and brought to town, with one wing reversed, pointed forward. Had been broken, perhaps as above, and the wing bone was firmly knitted together in the reversed position. Could not fly forward, only roundabout.

Woodcock appeared as usual in numbers. Were noticed all through the summer, and thrived well. This is usually the case, unless the season is too dry, and then they disappear, as in the moulting season, from their feeding grounds, to the wonder of young hunters, and then annually, "where are the woodcock?" Moist lands pick them up in dry times, but in the moulting season they must be looked for in the woods and under the pines and spruces.

Our legal shooting season commences in September. The past season having been fair for the birds, there were some shot, but not large bags during the month. Many gunners appreciate good birds, as well as good sport, and wait for October. One gunner, three miles from Cortland, bagged eighty-five woodcock, besides fifteen grouse, for the Boston market, where they are sent underground. One can not distinguish by taste a poor woodcock from a poor robin or yellow-hammer. No other woodcocker about here shot so many. Do not think that our gunners averaged over two to a man a day for the month. Our woodcock are in good condition in October, and the shooting for birds in good condition is only from first of October to first of November, when they leave for better feed further south. Remain in Southern New England during November. Scattering ones are usually found here throughout November. Ten years since one was shot December 25. Woodcock are moving in their migrations as early as Oct. 10, when snipe begin to come. But the principal migration is generally during the last week of October. Owing to the dry weather during the latter part of September, woodcock were scarce in early October. Not through moulting and scattered.

Four gunners from Boston, who annually locate in Readfield for a few weeks and scour the adjoining towns, could not supply their own table and postponed further efforts for two weeks, preferring in the mean time to try landlocked salmon on Grand Lake streams.

The last and principal flight of woodcock, the plump, small male birds, occurred on October 30 (rather during the night of the 29th) and a few bags of fifteen and sixteen were made by sportsmen who were willing to brave unpropitious weather on the 30th. The last flight of 1883 occurred also on the night of October 29. Twenty years since we had but a very few who affected woodcocking. Now there are forty in Cortland, and as many more throughout Cumberland county. I have a record of 1,100 woodcock shot in Cumberland county in 1869, 500 of them by two market gunners, good fellows and good shots. They resided in Saccarappa, a village in Westbrook, five miles from Cortland. The shooting season then was from July 1, allowing four months. Most of the birds were miserably poor, but brought a good price in Boston. Their covers were mostly in Gorham and Standish, probably the best of any two towns in Maine. Cumberland county is perhaps superior to any other in Maine for the number of woodcock, and it is severely hunted. Two thousand woodcock could have been shot in Cumberland county twenty years since by our present number of gunners, and with their zeal and persistence. But for the past five years 500 will cover the number brought to bag.

Hardly a day but every cover in the county is gone over by one or more hunters. No wonder game is scarce. The birds are too closely hunted to afford even a chance for existence, much less for increase. Grouse were comparatively plentiful. Woodcockers would bring in one grouse to four or five woodcocks. Three years since, from the yet unknown cause—parasites, snow or foxes—grouse were nearly extinguished in this section, as well as in some other parts of the State, especially the Rangeley and Moosehead Lake sections. For the past two years they are largely on the increase, but we have not such shooting as your New Hampshire and Vermont correspondents report.

I do not like to close without expressing the gratification of your Maine reader for your commendation of our game laws. We intend to protect our game and fish for the equal interest of our own people and of those who enjoy it in common with us, and we claim and take no privilege that we do not grant to others. Our worthy commissioners Messrs. Stillwell and Stanley thoroughly understand their business and are in earnest in season and out of season to protect our interests.

Col. George, of Concord, four years since, estimated that the amount expended for travel by people of the United States to New England, principally to New Hampshire and Maine, to pleasure resorts and for fish and game amounts to \$5,000,000 annually. It is estimated that Maine's share is \$3,000,000. We are not unmindful of this benefit, the money value of our wild treasures. During the winter of

1882-'83, 1,500 carcasses of deer were shipped to Boston from Maine, principally from the Machias section. Mr. Stillwell notified Supt. Tucker, of the Maine Central Railroad, of this fact, and he at once issued orders to stop all illegal transportation. It was stopped. The superintendent appreciated the damage to railroad travel by the destruction of fish and game by wholesale out of season.

Our commissioners have just seized a lot of black ducks which had been netted. The heads and necks had been punched uniformly, with holes to represent shot holes. No holes in the body. The crops contained fresh corn. The commissioners have had most trouble with men of means from Massachusetts, principally Boston, who have no regard for the laws of God or man, and care not for expense, provided they can shoot a few deer or caribou, but especially moose. One such citizen, a few weeks since, shot four moose, entitled to but one. The detectives were after him, and he departed hastily with neither head nor horns. The commissioners hold the trophies and hope to know when the gentleman sportsman comes into the State again. The Indian murder at Moosehead was by one of this party's guides. AUSTIN.

INDIANA NOTES.

THE quail season in this State closed Dec. 20, with plenty of birds left. We have had some snow and very cold weather, but not enough to diminish the supply. Under favorable conditions next year's crop of quail will be the largest known for six years.

Partial albinism is becoming quite common among the English sparrows in this city.

While quail hunting, Oct. 28, I saw violets in bloom, and on Dec. 9, after the earth had been frozen and covered with snow for a week, I killed a small snake in a meadow.

A friend, whose word cannot be doubted, informs me that several times during the summer he saw a nest containing twenty-seven quail eggs, and that all were hatched.

HOOSIER.

INDIANAPOLIS, Dec. 31.

THE GAME DEALERS.

THERE was a meeting of game dealers in this city last Thursday at the New York Mercantile Exchange, No. 186 Reade street. Among the firms represented were M. Travis & Co., C. Mahr & Co., Phillips, Henry & Co., Drohan & Powell, Gilman & Co., French & Co., Shimer & Laing, H. Dowin & Co., H. Josephy, A. & M. Robbins, Knapp & Van Nostrand, Chamberlain, Hartman & Co., Thurston & Moore, R. B. Poucher, Henry Combe's Sons and N. Durham. A temporary organization was formed by the election of N. R. French as chairman, and Theodore P. Gilman, secretary. Mr. French said:

Twenty-five years ago, when I was in business in Barclay street, game dealers found that doing business within the law was almost as hazardous (for it was almost impossible to make money) as doing it in defiance of the law. Combined effort enabled us to have the law modified. In some respects the game laws of the State are all right. In others they are unjust and absurd. The killing of venison is allowed in August and September, when nobody wants it, when it can't well be brought to market and when much of what is killed is allowed to rot in the woods. After Dec. 1 deer cannot be shot and after Jan. 1 venison can't be sold—just when it is wanted. The same may be said of quail. The sale of quail is prohibited after Jan. 31. The supply may be greater than the demand. There may be thousands of dozens in the market on Jan. 31. What is to become of them? According to law, they must be destroyed in some manner. According to the law, if a man buys a dozen quail on Jan. 31, he must cook them and eat them on the same day. If he keeps six of them for dinner on the next day, he is liable to be fined \$5 and imprisoned for six days. Now this can't be right. I am in favor of protecting our game. This association desires to work in harmony with those who have labored to protect our game. It is more to our interests than to the interest of sportsmen that game should be protected. The food question is far more serious than the question of sport, and all we want is protection for ourselves as well as real protection for our game.

Mr. Durham said that the game laws of the State were made "for the pleasure of dudes who spend their vacation in the Adirondacks in August, and shoot dogs with udders full of milk and fawns running by their sides." A number of others spoke of "the urgent necessity that exists for amending the game laws." Several expressed the opinion that not only would all the game dealers of the city join the organization, but that hotel and restaurant keepers would also be glad to join hands in the movement.

N. R. French, Jacob Shaffer, John Drohan, J. V. Inglee and N. Durham were appointed a committee to draft a constitution and by-laws. They were instructed to inform all game dealers and others whose interests were identical of the action taken.

It is not the intention of the Game Dealers' Association to limit membership in it to the city. Mr. Shaffer and others thought that it would be better to extend the association throughout the Union. This idea gained ground quickly and will be put in operation without much loss of time. The membership fee will probably be \$10.

The game dealers of the Mercantile Exchange met yesterday to the number of about fifty, at the rooms of the Exchange, for the purpose of further completing the arrangements for the formation of an American Association for the Protection of Game, Game Dealers and Consumers. Everything was cut and dried in advance of the meeting, and after the reading of the minutes a list of half a dozen or more vice-presidents were read and accepted. Mr. N. R. French, the chairman, read an address defending the aims and objects of the embryo association, and charging that the present laws were for the ostensible protection of game at the expense of the legitimate dealers in the same, the result being that the State of New York suffers for the profit of surrounding States. Deer, he claimed, was legally killed when it was not wanted and while the does were in milk, while in January, when the meat was yet good and no reason of a breeding sort to be alleged. Under pretense of protecting prairie chickens which did not exist as a game bird in the State of New York, a law was passed making game dealers felons. The possession of quail even from Egypt was regarded as a menace against the birds yet remaining in this State. The way of administering the law is almost as erratic as the law itself, and after a long lapse of time there was a sudden show of energy. Mr. French instanced the quail-eating feat of last season, when quail was eaten publicly out of season, and yet a search warrant found in February a number of barrels of quail, and for them a judgment of \$63,500 at first sought, though it was at a later date reduced to \$5,000, and so secured. In one case there was an open violation, while in the other, a consignee having no ownership in the bird, was brought into court and severely punished.

Secretary Gilman read a draft of a constitution providing a corps of officers and an annual meeting each January, with initiation fee of \$10, and yearly fee of \$5. This was adopted and a nominating committee made up of Messrs. Powers, McDougall and Okie to name permanent officers. The follow-

ing were reported and made permanent officers for the current year: President, N. R. French; Vice-President, John Drohan; Secretary, Thos. P. Gilman; Treasurer, W. J. Phillip. Executive Committee, J. V. Inglee, Jas. B. Laing, G. Higley, N. Durham, John Elsey. Judy & Co. of St. Louis wrote advocating the enactment of a national game law, and a similar letter was read from Boston.

PHILADELPHIA NOTES.

THE West Jersey Game Protective Society held its annual meeting last week at Gloucester City, N. J. The report of the treasurer shows that expenditures have been made during the past year amounting to \$1,034, and that there is in the treasury the sum of \$1,899.60. The game committee appointed for the ensuing year is composed of F. Klenitz, Esq., and Messrs. W. Weber and Chas. Foster. \$1,000 will be expended this year for the purchase of quail, to be liberated in the spring in Camden, Gloucester, Cumberland, Salem, Atlantic and Cape May counties, which are the districts over which the society has jurisdiction.

It was decided at this meeting to offer and pay a reward of fifty cents for every hawk killed in either of the above named counties. The report of game detectives Ore and Platt was a very interesting one, and showed that during the months of September and October (the rail and reedbird season) they had overhauled two hundred boats, and arrested five persons for shooting without a license. Nearly twelve hundred snoods had been destroyed, and several pleasant fences torn down. They reported that the woods near Clayton, Glassboro, Malaga and Franklinville had been the field of work of numerous poachers, which had given them much trouble. A resolution was passed dispensing with the special officers after the 17th of January.

Game was reported very plentiful still in the six named counties of New Jersey, and much will be left over for breeding purposes. Altogether, the West Jersey Game Protective Society is in a most flourishing condition, and the organization is keeping up its reputation as that of a live association for protection of game.

The flats at Havre de Grace, Md., are covered with stranded ice which has come from the Susquehanna River since the break up of the gorge up the stream, and consequently duck shooting is not inviting there. Fowl are scarce in our Delaware River, and local gunners have about quit until March.

Your correspondent learned during a late trip to Baltimore that many point shooters are discarding the old-fashioned blinds of brush and are adopting a box built much after the model of a battery blind. These boxes are moored within the distance from land prescribed by law, the shooter being taken to them by boat and the decoys put out. It is said to be but little less destructive to the fowl than the ordinary sinkbox, and is but "the beating of the devil round the stump" in waters where the sinkbox is not allowed by law.

It really looks as if we were to have an open winter. Here it is almost the middle of the season, and no snow of any account has thus far fallen. Let us hope it may continue so. HOMO.

NEW JERSEY.—At a meeting of the Passaic County Fish and Game Protective Association, at Paterson, last week, the draft of a new game bill was presented, no change being made in the periods of time in which game can be shot and fish caught, but giving jurisdiction in all cases to justices of the peace, police magistrates or justices, recorders and judges of district courts; the penalty provided for violations of the law is a fine of \$25 for each and every offense. As the law stands now it is impossible to tell whether the proper procedure would be by indictments—which are hard to secure—or before some justice of the peace. It is expected that the Legislature will pass this bill, as it only provides for some manner of enforcing already existing laws. Another bill submitted was for the preservation of song and insectivorous birds. It has been discovered that the State law which once protected song and insectivorous birds had been repealed and that there was actually no protection whatever for song birds in this State, although prosecutions have resulted in conviction under this law. The bill imposes a fine of \$10 for every bird caught or killed and every nest robbed or eggs stolen or offered for sale or bird or eggs had in possession. A third bill was to protect pike, pickerel and perch. The bill prohibits the capture of these fish during the months of March, April and May, the three principal spawning months. This will allow a continuance of winter fishing through the ice, of which a number of persons are very fond. The Association has been promised the hearty cooperation of similar organizations and of sportsmen in other parts of the State in its efforts to have the laws properly prepared and then enforced. Considerable quantities of game are still offered for sale in the Paterson markets. The Association resolved to notify the dealers that they are violating the law, and that they will be prosecuted unless they dispose of their stock at once. Now that the season for shooting quail has passed it is time to purchase birds for stocking. As the treasury of the Association was rather run down—there being only about \$30 left—and as this might be called for at any moment in looking after offenders, it was resolved that an independent subscription list be started. This was at once done and in five minutes about fifty dollars had been secured. This list will be passed around among the sportsmen of the county and the birds purchased will be released in time for their breeding season. If shooting is not good in Passaic county next season it will not be the fault of the Passaic County Fish and Game Protective Association.

IN THE CHILLY NORTHWEST.—A private letter from Mr. J. L. Rooney, of Spink county, Dakota, says: "I have just returned from a hunting trip on the Missouri River, where we found the weather too cold for sport. We camped in a tent, while the thermometer ranged from thirty-seven to forty degrees below zero. We rode in a wagon over five hundred miles through an open, treeless country where there were no settlers, and did very little shooting." A slip from a local paper says: "Messrs. Mariner, Miller, Rooney and Hoellein returned Monday morning from their Missouri River hunting expedition. The party was laden with the spoils of the chase, said spoils consisting for the most part of frozen noses and experience. But despite the unfavorable weather the hunters each and all assert that they enjoyed the trip. They struck the Big Muddy nearly directly west of here and followed the course of the stream as nearly as practicable, almost to the north line of Campbell county. In the latter county they found extensive river flats heavily timbered and well stocked with game. Here they saw several deer and any quantity of deer tracks, but did not succeed in capturing anything larger than rabbits and grouse.

One who has lived two or three years on these treeless prairies can readily believe that they enjoyed camping out in the heavy timber where the good shelter and abundance of fuel enabled them to keep comfortable despite the extreme cold. The stories they tell and their descriptions of the country they traversed make a person feel like undertaking the same trip earlier in the season."

THE AMERICAN FORESTRY CONGRESS has undertaken to issue a bi-monthly bulletin. The first regular number contains a full account of the annual meeting of the Association and other forestry matters, a statistical paper by Dr. Hough, on the lumber interests of the State of New York. The subscription price has been fixed at \$1 per year. The secretary is Mr. B. E. Fernow, 13 Burling Slip, New York.

EAGLE'S NEST, Stamford, N. Y.—The gun club of Stamford, N. Y., have purchased a fine consignment of live quail, which they will let loose early in March preparatory to stocking our section with the same. Ruffed grouse have been fairly plenty in the season; woodcock and snipe few and far between.—NED BUNTLINE.

RIFLE ON RABBITS.—I shot a rabbit, 100 yards, with my Stevens (.22-caliber) off-hand, short cartridge; killed him deadier than a door nail. Who says a .22 won't shoot or kill?—C. A. J. (Richmond, Ind.).

CAROLINA GAME ABUNDANT.—Greensboro, N. C., Jan. 5.—Our country is filled with quail, turkey and other game.—W. D. McADOO.

VERMONT.—It is reported that a deer was recently killed on Sutton Mountain, near Richford.

Sea and River Fishing.

TROUT BROOKS.

I LIVE in one of the earliest settled parts of Pennsylvania, and the work of the enterprising farmer has long since driven away all native trout. Therefore, when a neighbor told me a few seasons ago that there were trout in a certain brook near his place, I received the information courteously, but with entire skepticism. I knew that trout had been introduced into another brook, flowing into the same stream, as did the brook now in question, and I supposed some ancient remnant of those fish had been caught there. But again the report of fish in the stream came from two other quarters. Still I was incredulous. At last my neighbor sent further word that some one had just caught four trout. This roused me. It certainly meant business. Before many days I was on the bank of the stream, and my lively worm was floating down the rippling current, into the deep holes and under the overhanging banks. My informants had been correct. Trout were here without doubt, for I allured four of them from their hiding-places. My delight was unbounded. Here were trout within a mile of my house, and I had never caught more than a dozen before in my life. Another visit was made a few days later and seven were secured. They ranged from seven to nine inches in length. The first lot were all caught near the mouth of the stream. The second catch were mostly made further up. Other visits followed, and altogether about sixty fish were caught. The largest was eleven and three quarter inches in length, and few were under seven inches.

The season was a very short one, for the grass completely overgrew the water before hot weather fairly began.

The next fishing season was awaited with much interest, as I was anxious to see whether the supply would be maintained. When the time came around again I was soon on the ground, but the numbers were much reduced. I only took about twenty altogether. The next season produced about a similar number, though the size kept up to the previous average. During this coming spring I propose to let the stream entirely alone, lest the stock may become altogether exhausted. I did not confine myself to this stream. All the others in the neighborhood were carefully fished, but in none were trout found.

Now the interesting questions are, how did the trout get in the stream originally? And why do they live there and not in the others?

The first question is easily answered. About twenty years ago a trout hatching establishment was started on one small branch. It soon was abandoned and the escaped fish made their homes in the neighboring brooks. My neighbors tell me that all the brooks around there abounded in trout. But they evidently only thrived in this one stream. Why was it? The probable answer is that in this stream alone was the water cold enough. Various circumstances combine to secure this. Most of the springs are in woods, and on northern slopes. The general course of the stream is easterly, across the line of the hottest sun. The meadow through which it flows is never pastured, and the rank swamp grass completely hides the water before the hot summer weather begins. The stream is quite a small one, its furthest spring being only about two miles from its mouth, in most parts it can be stepped across. It is unbroken by any dams, and the creek into which it empties has a mile or two of unobstructed course in both directions from the mouth.

The trout spend the winter in the larger creek. Here food of all kinds is abundant. When spring comes they make their way toward the little brook. They are now as fat and plump, and altogether excellent, as any trout can be. At first they frequent the lower part of the brook, then they go further up. By the time hot weather comes they are all up in the grass, where the water runs in a hidden tunnel. Here they live thoroughly protected from everything. Here they spawn, and then they drop down to the creek again. Thus they kept up their numbers for fifteen years, and so they will continue, if too many people do not find them out.

I suppose the stream contained 150 trout when I first visited it. Of these I secured 60. This was too many; but I believe that 40 fish could be annually taken without diminishing the supply.

If ever trout are to be found again in the waters of the long settled parts of the country, it will be in the small brooks. The large streams are hopelessly open to the sun; but there are many brooks which are, or might be, as sheltered as the one I have fished. As it supports trout, so may hundreds of similar ones, if the fish are only started in them. The requisites are shaded springs, sheltered course, and unbroken access to larger water.

When our land was first cleared, the swamps were gener-

ally left covered. Into the streams leading in these the trout found their last refuge. Then the swamps were cut off, and the sun blazed down on the spring heads. The water was warmed before it had really seen the light. The trout had nothing left to do except die. But the improved methods of farming are bringing their own remedy; hundreds of stewing swamps have been made dry ground by under drains. These are pouring out the steady supply of cold spring water. If the ditch which receives the water be deep and narrow, instead of broad and shallow, and if cattle can be prevented from trampling it up, there is a trout brook ready made. If the ditch be not more than an eighth of a mile long, it will support a hundred trout; if it have open communication with larger water, the supply will be maintained. If the drains open into a stream too large for them to cool, let deep pools be made between the mouths of the drain and the stream.

Many persons might object to putting trout in such places for fear that they would wander off into adjacent waters and be lost. But my observation leads me to believe that the fish will not go down stream to warm water till cold weather comes on, and when they return in the spring will go back to the place whence they came. There were half a dozen brooks to which the trout of my neighborhood might have traveled, but they stuck to the one stream.

During nine months of the year any Pennsylvania water is cold enough for trout. What remains to be done is to provide for them for the remaining three. For this time they will accept very limited quarters if the temperature is low. I have taken nine-inch trout from places where a nine-inch square would have dammed the whole stream. The fish will range through two miles of stream during the fall and winter and spring, if they can find an eighth of a mile of cold water for a retreat in summer. As they come up stream in spring they may be caught in the larger part of the stream by any means which the fisherman chooses to adopt. In the narrow parts bait only is available, but in these places the fish should be left pretty much undisturbed.

Of course it is essential that the fishing of such streams should be restricted to the amount which experience shows the stream to bear. The general public must be kept off. Hence one person must own the whole stream, or two or three neighbors must join in protecting the water. There are hundreds of brooks in the older parts of the country which are the counterparts, naturally, of my little stream. In nearly all of these trout should be found. The main object of this article is to encourage the owners or neighbors of such streams to shelter them as much as possible, to keep them open for the periodical migrations of the fish, and to try the experiment of stocking them. A few fish will do for the trial.

If as much effort were put in this direction as is being made in the raising of German carp, the result would be better, both for the angler and the epicure. PENN.

THE BEST PANFISH IN THE WEST.

IN a letter sent you last spring I gave you an account of some fishing in Texas waters, not in any way remarkable for fine sport only as a pleasant trip, sufficiently successful to be enjoyable to me and my companions. Now I wish to say a few words to my brother fishermen about the best panfish in the West, a fish not sufficiently appreciated probably because it has no game qualities and is so easy to catch.

I have caught, cooked and eaten this same fish in four States, and bearing four names. My boyhood days were spent upon the banks of Elkhorn Creek, one of the prettiest streams in Central Kentucky. The fish was there called the "newlight," so called from the fact that it made its appearance there about the same time that Alexander Campbell, Barton W. Stone, and others of those noble, grand old men started the religious sect called by themselves Christians, but by their opponents "Campbellites," or "Newlights." The next place I found this fish was in Drennon Creek, in Henry county, Ky., where they were called "calico perch." They were very abundant in Drennon Creek, and a few miles above where it emptied into the Kentucky River I caught some grand strings. This was quite near the home of Dr. Norvin Green, whom I often saw passing to and from his comfortable Kentucky home. He was always pleasant and kind and was a great favorite in his vicinity. That was thirty-six years ago, and I often wonder if the wealth and fame that has come to him has changed that kindly noble nature or when seated at Delmonico's before turtle soup, broiled shad, canvasbacks, venison, oysters, Cluquot, etc., he enjoys it more than the broiled squirrel, the calico perch, the home-made ham and turkey of those good old days.

The next place of my finding my favorite panfish was in Grand Lake, Arkansas; here, as the first settlers were from my old home in Kentucky, it was again called the "newlight," and being in a fine large body of water, the fish were found of fine size, often taking them weighing from one to two and a half pounds. After the war, hearing of the fine bass fishing at St. Mary's reservoir, about half way between Cincinnati and Toledo, Ohio, we formed a pleasant party of choice spirits (no pun intended) in Kentucky, and taking our camping outfit we spent a most delightful week upon its banks. We found the reports not at all exaggerated, as we never failed in taking fine strings weighing from one to four pounds. I made two trips to this place; was successful and pleased on each; here again I found my old friend, but called rock bass. In 1848 I came to Missouri to live and found my old favorite very plentiful in all the lakes and streams, but here called "croppie." Several years since a party of us camped for a week on the banks of Sugar Lake, we averaged about two hundred fish a day, mostly fine croppie with some fine bass.

Now you will see from the above that I have been familiar with this fish for forty years. I have cooked them in camp, have had them cooked at home, and I do not think I am wrong to declare it the best fish in the West and not sufficiently appreciated. The meat is very white and firm and of fine flavor. Take one, say from three-quarters to a pound and a half; remove scales, cut down the back, draw it, sprinkle with meal and salt, and fry in hot bacon grease. I have given it a fair trial upon the banks of St. Mary's and Sugar Lake, and declare them preferable to bass taken from same waters. I do not contend they are better than bass taken from cold, running water. In our Western lakes the bass have a woody taste, while the croppie does not. I suppose the reason fishermen think so little of them is because they are so easily caught, biting freely at red worms, minnow or craw tail and coming to hand without a struggle as soon as hooked.

I hope my brothers of the rod will not think me gluttonish or accuse me of thinking more of eating than of catching

my fish, for such is far from the fact. I think the more letters we have from each other about our fishing trips in the FOREST AND STREAM will bring out many things that will be pleasant and profitable for us to know. I propose soon to give you an account of some very fine bass fishing lately discovered in the bed of an old river within twenty miles of here, where the catch is fine, the place easy of access and the accommodations fine. When Senator Vest sees that letter he will never think of going to the Yellowstone for fishing. JAY.

ST. JOSEPH, MO.

TROUTING ON THE BIGOSH.

AT THE "HOTEL."

IN boyhood days there were both inns and taverns in the land; they now exist in the dictionaries alone, and another generation will stumble on them there marked "obs." In that process of evolution which developed the bar into a "sample room," the ale house into a "beer saloon," and only left the porter house in our vocabulary connected with a beef steak, the country tavern blossomed into a hotel with no trace of an intermediate stage left for the student to follow the transformation by. We know the caterpillar and behold the butterfly, but the pupa-case and the cocoon, if they existed, are not to be found. Whether we lodge in a great cosmopolitan caravansary where one never sees the proprietor, and the diamonds on the chief clerk dim the electric lights, or in a wayside hostel where the landlord makes the fires, tends bar, sweeps out, and has three beds for travelers, it is a "hotel" all the same. While the general tendency is toward the grandiloquent in names, there are those who, perhaps wishing to protest against this tendency, go to the other extreme, or, in a spirit of what they mistake for humor, seek to degrade certain words and phrases, such as calling an angler a "rodster," and when speaking of casting a fly call it "chucking a bug." If these terms were of humorous derivation in the originator they have staled by tedious repetition until they mark the man who tries to be funny without originality.

When we drove up to the "Innovation Hotel," which caused all the moralizing in the foregoing paragraph, the landlord and his wife were on the porch to meet us. The smiling faces they wore were receipts for last year's bills and, better yet, assurances of cordial welcome and of the best in the house. I sampled the best while Jack was seeing to the luggage.

A good supper, tastefully served by the landlady in person, banished the memories of the disagreeable persons encountered in the cars, and the pipe of a stage driver troubled us no more. We read the weekly journals on the tables and tried to take interest in events no longer fresh, and then adjourned to the front porch, where a trio of residents were reclining in arm chairs tilted back against the house, apparently enjoying life undisturbed by cares of business, politics, or other matters that excite the world outside their village. Perhaps they had been discussing our arrival and wondering why we came so far to capture a few trout; but if so, they dropped the subject when we came out. A doctor's gig drove by, and a stout, elderly man, with the appearance of a country butcher, exclaimed: "Hello, Doc. Simmons's got a new horse!"

"Why, don't you know that mare?" asked a spare, farmer-looking young man, "that's the mare Sol. Jenkins used to own down on the flats, she used to be mighty fast and ain't slow now."

"Tain't nother," chimed in an old man in trousers of blue jean and a hickory shirt, "the mare you mean had a chest fender and died last fall. This hoss that Doc. Simmons is a drivin' he traded for with young Jake Peters and gin him the old sorrel with the bone spavin and nineteen dollars to boot. You know that old sorrel, Si, that Doc. trotted agin Bill Jackson's colt five years ago on the Fourth of July; well, that colt was a rattler, and Doc. wouldn't ha' beat him only he had the inside track and Bill didn't know how to drive. He sold him to some fellow who took him off to Baltimore or some place, and they say he beats 'em all now, they give him a name as long as your arm, I disremember what it is now."

"Well, where did Jake Peters get the mare that he just traded to the Doctor?" asked the butcher, "I never seed him drivin' no sich hoss."

"He swopped for her with a peddler," answered the old man; "he gin him that old bay hoss with the white nose and his off hind foot white, and eleven bushels of beans and his old single harness to boot. The beans was wuth mo'n the rest of the lot, hoss and all, I reckon. The old bay was a good hoss once when Ike Summers owned him; let's see, that was eight years ago and he must have been about nine then, yes, he's all of seventeen. Ike Summers got the bay in a trade with Deacon Higgins, over to Smithtown, and I don't know where the Deacon did get him. But this mare that Doc. Simmons just got of Jake Peters looks like the Simpkins mare, only this one ain't got no white fore foot. I tell you that mare of Jo Simpkins ain't no slouch, and if Jo knew how to handle her she would make 'em all take her dust. You know Simpkins mare, don't you, Si, the one he drove over here last summer when he was looking at them calves?"

Jack here proposed that we take a walk and we started, therefore I do not know to this day whether old "Si" knows Jo Simpkins's mare or not. That's always the way with Jack. As soon as a man gets telling a story in which I am absorbed, he wants to go off somewhere and walk, fish, or row, and says he is "tired." He is a good boy, and I sacrifice my own pleasures in order that he may enjoy life, therefore we went. We walked on in the starlight beyond the line of houses that constituted the village and listened to the night sounds of bird and insect without speaking. Finally Jack said, "I suppose you would have stayed and listened to that idiotic drivin' all the evening if you hadn't been called off. I was getting too weary to yawn, it was worse than twenty-four hours travel."

"Jack," said I, "the horse is a noble animal, and one of the most useful servants we have—"

"Infants' Second Primer, page 10," said Jack. "Tell us the story of the Arab's love for his horse some time, not now, for I am sick and disgusted with the whole subject. I would rather listen to that whippoorwill on the hill yonder. That's the same bird we call a night hawk, when it 'peeps,' isn't it?"

"No; they are two different birds, but closely allied. The night hawk, or bull-bat, as it is called South, flies more in the open country at evening than the whippoorwill. Both have the short bill and wide mouth peculiar to birds which catch insects on the wing, but the whippoorwill has the longest bill and it is fringed with elastic bristles, which are very prominent, and there is no large, white spot on the wings, which

the night hawk has. Many people believe them to be the same bird, but they are different."

We turned and walked back toward the hotel, enjoying the night air, which some think unwholesome; as though it was not the proper air to breathe at night, and talking on natural history subjects, of which all boys are fond and which has always made me a favorite with boys. I like a boy if he is bright and wants to know things, and Jack came within the category. We neared the house and he was telling how he had seen a pond tortoise dig its hole to lay its eggs in, when we heard old "Si" say, "She was just a comin' round the quarter pole when she threw the shoe off her nigh forefoot and—"

"Come in," said Jack, "and let's go to bed," and we went. FRED MATHER.

ECHOES FROM THE TOURNAMENT.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your article on the photographs of the contestants in the last tournament, with the remarks on the "back slashing" of the rods, brings to mind a circumstance which I will relate. This was the first contest of the kind which I have had the pleasure of seeing and as I sat with a friend nearly opposite the stand while a famous fly-caster was trying for distance, I remarked how far he threw his rod behind him and called the attention of my friend to it. It is rather difficult to tell just how far back the top of a rod does go under such circumstances, and we tried the experiment of holding up a score book so that it entirely hid the man in order to see the rod as it appeared behind the vertical edge of the book. This was quite successful and showed that it went far behind an angle of forty-five degrees, in fact it often reached nearly to a horizontal.

We were both much surprised at this, for we were familiar with the rule laid down to stop the rod at or near the perpendicular on retrieving the line. Of course, when the hand stops the rod at that point the weight of the line will carry the tip back still further, perhaps to 45 degrees, but not so far as in the case mentioned. In ordinary trout fishing I have followed this rule; but as I never tried to make a very long cast beside a measuring line, it is impossible to say whether the rule would work as well as in actual fishing. I also noticed that most, if not all, the contestants used the shoulder as much as the elbow, while I was taught to keep the elbow near the body, and to bring the hand near the lower part of the ear. The contestants raised the hand to the top of the head, and in many cases above it, they seemed to exert the upper arm more than the wrist.

No doubt they are right, for they practice what experience has shown them will accomplish what they are seeking, to cast a fly the furthest distance possible; yet I have heard it said that the late Reuben Wood could cast as far while sitting in a boat and keeping his elbow on his knee as he could while standing. If this statement is true then it destroys the theory, held by some, that a foot or two in elevation of platform will increase the distance cast, or that a tall man has an advantage by reason of his height, which practically adds to the length of his rod. These are questions on which I would like to hear an expression of opinion from experts, having none to offer myself, not being familiar with fly-casting for distance. I readily see the value of reaching long distances in certain situations, and why one who can add ten feet to an ordinary cast may often find it of advantage.

I was particularly impressed with the exact time observed by Mr. Hawes, whose hand moved with the regularity of a pendulum, forward and backward in the same time, never allowing his flies to more than touch the water. He evidently counted the time each way, for his hand moved forward at the instant the flies were straightened behind him, thus avoiding strain on the leader and the snapping of flies.

It would be very interesting to know from experienced men whether, as you suggest, the rule to stop the rod near the perpendicular is a good one, or whether the experts do not believe in it. BLACK HACKLE.

THE MOST KILLING FLIES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In the last issue of FOREST AND STREAM I notice a communication with this heading, signed "B. A. G." In this he mentions a fly which he claims was originated in Utica, N. Y., and called the B. A. G. From his description, which says, "It has white wings, dark red hackle legs, and a red body; in fact, a coachman with a red body, if such a thing is possible," it appears that some one has invented the royal coachman over again and given it a new and outlandish name. The difference between the coachman and the royal coachman, taking Holberton's plate as a standard, lies in the tip of red on the body.

There is no law to prevent any person taking any well-known fly, like the one named, and by tying on it an infinitesimal thread of a different color, which a trout would never see, and christening it anew. Nevertheless it is not fair to lumber up our brains with the knowledge of half a dozen names for one fly in different parts to please the vagaries of flymakers. Perhaps, now that the Rod and Reel Association have adopted a standard for reel-plates and seats, they may turn their attention to the evils of fly nomenclature. I will venture to assert that, outside of red ibis, white miller, coachman, royal coachman, queen of the water, professor and Montreal, there are not over three more that bear the same name in the different tackle stores. If I send to one dealer for a certain fly and give him the name that I learned from another tackle man, it is ten to one that I do not get what I want, unless it is one of the names in the above list. It seems that every fly-tyer or dealer has a fly which he calls by a name which other dealers do not recognize. Probably all the flies possible have been "invented," if not, they ought to be. We have enough, while the names are too many. POKE-O'-MOONSHINE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

To-day received my first FOREST AND STREAM for six weeks, having just returned from a camping trip through the wildest and most unfrequented paths of New Mexico, where no mail could reach me; I suppose the back numbers are at the Post Office in Crested Butte. You may well imagine my pleasure in once more seeing the familiar and best of papers, and it was literally devoured from cover to cover, "ads" and all. The article by "Cyrtonyx" on "The Most Killing Fly," is so true to my experience, both in Colorado and New Mexico fishing, that I feel I must add my humble testimony to his. In an experience of three years fishing for that king of fish, the *Salmo virginialis*, I found with "Cyrtonyx" that the coachman was by far the most killing fly. The royal coachman is also good, and a black

hackle, black body, ribbed with gilt tinsel and with small red tail, I have found most excellent. It has proved itself almost, if not quite, equal to the coachman. I trust "Cyrtonyx" will try it and let us know the result. There is no doubt that all Colorado trout show, as a rule, a preference for a peacock-bodied fly. Though here my experience differs a little from "Cyrtonyx," as I never had any success with a black hackle with peacock body, or in fact, with any black hackle, save the one I have described. However, I have known these trout to refuse a brown hackle, with red, yellow or other colored bodies, and to immediately afterward take the same fly with a peacock body. Right here I must confess to being a great crank on the subject of trout and bass flies, and I think every kind of fly or bug ever made or thought of could be found in some of my books, and though many of them get very little use, still I have found them to be all important, as I think if any gentle angler would have the patience to go through his fly books, he will often find the most unlikely looking fly will strike the festive trout's appetite when the old standbys will not raise a ripple, at least such has been the experience of

SPORT.

CHICAGO, Ill., Jan. 8, 1895.

SNELL, SNOOD, GIMP.

THE above caption gives rise to a question that exercises many of your readers, and when, a few weeks since, your correspondent asked for light on this much-vexed subject, I hoped for a full answer from Mr. Wells, or some other good angler learned and experienced in the art. But, so far, I have not been gratified. I and my companions have spent thought and money on the matter. Why are straight shanks marked and tapered ones not marked? This question is often asked, and I have not yet heard an answer. Cements, with alcohol as a solvent, are sure to dissolve. Gutta percha is porous, and thus not impervious to water. Wax does not long protect the winding thread from moisture—the thread, it is said, then contracts, and when it dries expands and no longer holds the snell in place. And so difficulties go on *ad infinitum*. Shall we or shall we not "singe" the end of the gut snell? How shall we prevent the wire on the gimp from slipping its hold? Who will give us a remedy for all this sea of troubles? It is not a small matter. The point of contact between a round snell and a round, smooth, tapered shank is small; but when the gamy bass is in question, we want a sure thing. Dealers, anglers, all ask for light; who will give it?

J. W. T.

THE RED BAND ON RAINBOW TROUT.

MUCH is said about the red-banded trout of the mountain regions of the McCloud River, California, as if they were a distinct variety of trout from the others, and one often hears sportsmen inquire whether they can catch the red-banded trout at a specified place, as if they thought that the trout with the red band was not only different, but much better than the other trout. This is a mistake. The red band is not a mark of a better variety, nor, as far as I have been able to learn, a sign of anything in particular except age. It is a badge of maturity, and that is all.

It is not found on trout less than a year old, but I think I am authorized to say that it is constant or nearly so in very old trout. At all events, the absence of the band is not known to be a sign of anything except youth. Neither does the band, nor the absence of the band, appear to be a mark of any special season with the fish, for at all seasons of the year, summer and winter, in the spawning season and out of the spawning season, when prime and not prime, you will find trout with the red band and trout without it, side by side and looking otherwise just alike, and this is true of all ages and of both sexes, except, as just remarked, with trout less than a year old, which never have the red band, and with very old trout, which, I think, always have it.

Perhaps it is also safe to say that the older the trout the more likely it is to have the red band, and the more pronounced it is likely to be. I may add here that very old trout have other distinguishing marks. Their heads and shoulders are very large, compared to the rest of their bodies. Their bodies are not symmetrical, like those of younger fish, but seem to taper almost steadily from the shoulder to the caudal fin. Their mouths will open much wider than those of young trout, and their tails, when stretched, will be less forked; indeed, in very old trout they are almost perfectly square or straight-edged when stretched, instead of forked, as it is in young fish. Old fish also have, in general, a gaunt, ill-favored look, and their flesh is usually a dusky white.

LIVINGSTON STONE.

THE NEW YORK ASSOCIATION FOR THE PROTECTION OF FISH AND GAME had its annual meeting last Monday. It was voted to accept an offer from Middleton & Co. to compromise a judgment against them for having speckled trout in their possession out of season. The judgment was for \$2,000. The compromise was for \$500, provided it be paid before Monday next. A discussion ensued over a proposition to reduce the initiation fee from \$50 to \$25. Mr. James Meyer thought that the club was in excellent condition. The treasurer had reported \$9,041.96 in his possession, and that he did not think others should be allowed to come in cheaply and enjoy the fruit of their past labor. Mr. Corbin said he knew of 100 men who would come in if the fee was reduced. The proposition to reduce the fee was laid over, and the following were re-elected officers to serve for the ensuing year: Robert B. Roosevelt, President; B. L. Ludington, Vice-President; Thomas N. Outhbert, Secretary and Treasurer; Charles E. Whitehead, Counsel; S. A. Main, Alfred Wagstaff and Henry N. Munn, Executive Committee.

EAGLE'S NEST, Stamford, N. Y.—Mr. A. M. Warner, of the club, went fishing through the ice for pickerel and had fair success last week. But his best luck was cutting out an old tip-up that had been set some two weeks before and forgotten. There was six inches of new ice over it, and under it, fast to the line, was a very large pickerel. He had been hooked through the upper lip and couldn't tear loose from his anchor. Sam Stevens's two little sons went out on Odell's Lake, with the thermometer below zero, and caught twenty-eight pounds of pickerel the other day.—NED BURNLINE.

FRANKLIN & MEGANTIC RAILROAD.—I see by the *Lewis-ton (Me.) Journal* and also learn from a private source that the Franklin & Megantic Railroad is so nearly completed that passenger trains are running to Kingfield. This leaves but twenty-seven miles by stage or private team to Smith's farmhouse in Eustis.—J. W. T.

WANTED.—500 black bass for stocking purposes. Address Russell Thayer, Superintendent, Fairmount Park, Philadelphia.—Adv.

A MONSTER STURGEON.—According to the *Oakland, Cal., Tribune*, the head of the largest sturgeon ever caught on the Pacific coast is on exhibition at the fish stall of Camillioni & Company, in the city market. The fish in its entirety weighed 600 pounds, and the head as it lies on the block weighs ninety-four pounds. It is a hideous frontpiece, the gape of its mouth stretching twenty-four inches from corner to corner, and the space across the back of the head being twenty-eight inches at its broadest expansion. Were the sturgeon so inclined, being alive and in its native element, it could easily swallow the head of a man, and, if his shoulders were not too broad, it might possibly stow the greater part of him in its hold, as he measured ten feet from snout to tail. This sturgeon, which is a genuine *Acipenser oxyrinchus*, was captured by Italian fishermen at the mouth of the Sacramento River in the shoal water, where his efforts to escape from the net were hampered by the shoal water. As it was, he broke the net as if it had been a fly-catcher and broke three ribs of the boat with a lash of his tail.

A REMARKABLE CATCH.—H. Jerolaman, the well-known strawberry grower of Hilton, Essex county, N. J., went fishing on Tuesday of last week, at Lake Hopatcong. Arriving there about noon, he put in three lines, attached to long poles, at a place called Sharp's Rock. The hooks were baited with small live fish. After watching them until near night, and not getting a bite, although the day was cloudy, Jerolaman came to the conclusion that he was apt to be struck by lightning as he was to catch a fish. Leaving his lines in the water, he went to his boarding house, and was out gunning the next day until near night. Then he went to see what luck he had fishing. He found a live wild duck fast to one line, to the next line he had a muskrat, and to the other line a catfish. He was disappointed then, that he did not put in more lines, but he defies any one to catch a greater variety upon three lines.

A MATTER OF MOONSHINE.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* It is with pleasure that I learn that the Sultan of Turkey has conferred the Order of the Crescent on that genial salmon angler, Mr. William J. Florence. Whether it was for his excellence in salmon angling, his faithful portrayal of the "Hon. Bardwell Slote," or his diplomatic services, I do not know. Certain it is that Florence has the decoration, and all who have fished with him or have seen him portray the incorruptible senator, in the "Mighty Dollar," will, like myself, rejoice that he has been thus honored, without care whether as angler or actor. Some carping critic may say that the Order of the Crescent is all moonshine, but even so it is then a thing of beauty, therefore a joy forever.—POKE-O'-MOONSHINE.

Fishculture.

A PREPARED FISH FOOD.

A WRITER in *The Angler's Note Book and Naturalist's Record* (London) makes a suggestion that the flesh of fish be prepared for keeping and transportation by converting it into meal and then into cakes. The fact that in transporting fresh fish the greater portion is water and offal is dwelt upon, and it seems to us that here might be made some applications of the investigations of Prof. W. O. Atwater into the nutrients contained in the flesh of different fishes, which have appeared in these columns. The nearest attempt at this suggested mode of preparing fish is the "boneless codfish" put up in America, and which being made into small pieces might contain the flesh of other fishes. The writer referred to says: "Man cannot sensibly diminish the fish in the sea by all his efforts to catch them." Such, in effect, were Professor Huxley's words at South Kensington last year, and they are for the writer, the sole outcome of the Fisheries Exhibition. It is enough. With net and hook then we may gather the harvest of the sea without fear of diminishing it, but gather as fast as we may, we cannot under present conditions, add very much to the food supply of the people. The fishing grounds are distant. Fresh fish travels badly. It comes more than half water and offal. The cooking of it is an art beyond the reach of the poor. Plain boiled, even work-house paupers, by overwhelming vote, reject. Fish can only be rendered palatable by cook or condiment. Burgess and Perry are as far from the working classes as *garum* and *alec* from the modern Taxisis. The fried fish of the shops is held an appetizing viand, but as food, is a luxury, an indulgence. Fish dried, smoked, salted, tinned, hardly escapes the same category. The humble bloater stands alone. It abounds in nutriment and makes with bread a palatable and nourishing meal. Tinned salmon perhaps stands next. The rest are nowhere. Have we exhausted every means of making fish, not simply a shoeing-horn of food, but in itself a cheap article of ordinary diet? Scarcely. Let the ancients furnish a hint as to the *modus*. An old author tells us that a people of Syria dried and ground their fish into meal, made this meal into bread, and thereon fed themselves and their cattle. In various forms the practice has continued to the present. The Spaniards and Portuguese use meal made of the conger, sometimes in the shape of porridge; sometimes to thicken their soups. Cornwall was once the chief source of the supply. With our modern appliances something much better might be effected. Can we not have a fish cake or bread—prepared where our fish are landed from the sea? The flesh of fish, cooked, dried, pounded, mixed with a few simple condiments and compressed in biscuit form. Such cakes would travel cheaply. They could be retailed without waste or trouble. With bread they could be eaten at once like cheese by the laborer; soaked and softened by his wife or child. This would really be food—with bread a complete diet—wholesome and nourishing. The blending of the different kinds of fish, tending to increase the digestibility and nutritiveness and flavor of the cakes, and the addition, may be, of farinaceous substances, are matters to be determined by experiment. Who, possessing adequate appliances, will make the experiment?

EGGS FOR EUROPE.—On Saturday Jan. 10, the North German Lloyd steamer *Salier* took out 1,000,000 whitefish eggs for Herr von Behr, President of the Deutschen Fischerei Verein, Berlin. On Wednesday, 14th, the General Transatlantic Company's steamer *Amerique* took half a million whitefish eggs to Inspector Coaz, Berne, Switzerland. On the same day the Cunard steamer *Gallia* took thirty thousand lake trout eggs, and a quarter of a million whitefish eggs to the National Fishculture Association, South Kensington, London. All these lots were sent by Prof. S. F. Baird, U. S. Commissioner of Fisheries. They came from the station at Northville, Mich., and were repacked at Cold Spring Harbor, Long Island. In each case the steamship companies carried the eggs free of charge.

NO MEDICAL EXAMINATION is required to take out an accident policy in the Travelers, of Hartford, Conn., guaranteeing a sum of money weekly while disabled from accidental injury, and principal sum in case of death resulting therefrom.—Adv.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

Jan. 27, 28, 29 and 30.—Annual Bench Show of the New Brunswick Poultry and Pet Stock Association. Mr. H. W. Wisson, Secretary, St. Johns, N. B.

Feb. 1 to 11, 1885.—New York Fanciers' Club, Third Annual Exhibition of non-sporting dogs, poultry and pigeons at Madison Square Garden, Feb. 1 to 11, 1885. Chas. Harker, Secretary, 62 Corlandt street.

Feb. 15, 1885.—World's Exposition Bench Show, New Orleans, La. Entries close Jan. 31.

March 13, 19 and 20, 1885.—Second Annual Show of the New Haven Kennel Club. E. S. Porter, Secretary, New Haven, Conn.

April 7 to 10, 1885.—First Annual Bench Show N. E. Kennel Club, Music Hall, Boston. J. A. Nickerson, Secretary, 159A Tremont street.

May 5, 6, 7 and 8, 1885.—Second Annual Bench Show of the Cincinnati Sportsman's Club, Cincinnati. O. W. A. Coster, Supt.

May 13, 14 and 15.—Third Annual Dog Show of the Toronto Dog Show Association. W. S. Jackson, Secretary, Toronto, Ont.

A. K. R.—SPECIAL NOTICE.

THE AMERICAN KENNEL REGISTER, for the registration of pedigrees, etc. (with prize lists of all shows and trials), is published every month. Entries close on the 1st. Should be in early. Entry blanks sent on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope. Registration fee (50 cents) must accompany each entry. No entries inserted unless paid in advance. Yearly subscription \$1.50. Address "American Kennel Register," P. O. Box 2832, New York. Number of entries already printed 1987.

ENGLISH KENNEL NOTES.

XXI.—(CONCLUDED).

MY readers will remember that I expressed amused surprise at the astuteness of a Mr. Nutt, who, after his fox-terrier had been claimed for his catalogue price, removed him in the evening, paying the pound deposit, and did not return the dog next day, by which he lost a sovereign and saved his dog. It struck me as very sharp practice—*audi alteram partem*—it appears that Mr. Nutt instructed the secretary of the show to enter his dogs for him. By some mistake one of them was catalogued in Mr. Nutt's daughter's name. As a challenge cup was to be given for the best brace in the show belonging to one owner, Mr. Nutt pointed out the mistake, as he wished this particular dog to compete. One of the members replied, "Oh, that's all right," upon which this dog, Fulborough Jumbo, was led into the ring, and with his kennel mate won the cup. An objection was lodged on the grounds that Jumbo was not Mr. Nutt's property, and Mr. Nutt complains that the committee tried the case with closed doors and refused to hear him, their decision was disqualification, and Mr. Nutt then, to "dish them," removed his dog under the circumstances related. The weak part in his defense, however, when he brings it before the "competent tribunal" will be that he has only oral evidence to offer.

I suppose we may consider this the dead reason, but it is not so defunct as to justify the puerile discussion our *Field* has opened its columns to, "Can a dog become imbecile?" It is a compliment in a way to the dogs that we should be asking if a state of mind is possible to them that we have long been acquainted with in their masters.

The *Live Stock Journal*, too, in its futile effort to keep pace with the times, has unearthed an old subject that was absolutely settled and decently buried many years ago, "Dogs born with short tails." Such cases are of frequent occurrence in breeds that have been docked for generations, such as spaniels and fox-terriers. If the sapient director of that journal's literary (!) pages be really anxious to debate a curious possibility of nature, let him open his columns to calculations having for their purpose the showing how long it will take to reproduce "like and like" by breeding from a dog with a wooden leg.

No introduction is necessary for a quotation from an authority like the *British Medical Journal* on such an awfully interesting subject as hydrophobia: "Something should be done to disabuse the public mind of a groundless, or greatly exaggerated terror. It would be amusing if it were not grimly sad, to observe, not infrequently, the insane evidence of a purely mimetic morbid state set up by the misery and apprehension caused by the consciousness of having been bitten by a mad dog. As a matter of sober medical fact, it is by no means necessary or inevitable that the bite of a dog with rabies should give a man or woman hydrophobia; and if the element of fear could be eliminated, it is highly probable that the proportion of instances in which the dreaded disease supervened from a bite would be greatly reduced." Cut that out my readers and paste it in your scrapbook, you don't know when it may be in your power to comfort, with these soothing sentences, a harassed mind well nigh distraught with fear.

It appears that the question of champion classes and the title of champion has for some time engaged the attention of the Kennel Club. A sub-committee was appointed to give the subject concentrated attention, and they have issued the following circular. It will be observed that the Kennel Club have acted with usual absence of tact in selecting for their mouthpiece a man whose name will for a long time conjure up feelings of indignation in the minds of all fair-play loving Englishmen. Mr. Percy Reid is the aggressive person who took such an unworthy part in the Lochinvar business. It was he who, though a member of the Hertford committee, exercised his right as a K. C. committeeman to sit in judgment on the case in which he was one of the defendants. He further acquired public contempt from his bullying and insulting manner to Mr. Joachim, whom he endeavored to throw out of his line of argument by taunting sneers at his foreign nationality. He possibly hopes, with the aid of this circular, to earn a little cheap and nasty notoriety.

[COPY.]

SM.—The committee of the Kennel Club having for some time had under their considerations the inadequacy of the present rules qualifying dogs for competition in champion classes, and entitling them to be called champions (Rules 15 and 16, K. C. Code, 1884), have appointed a sub-committee to consider the question, with an instruction to obtain thereon the opinion of exhibitors generally. The points in which the present rules are felt to fail are:

Firstly.—That owing to so many shows being now held under K. C. rules, exhibitors who own dogs good enough to win at local shows, but not of the very highest quality, are often deterred from competing, lest, by winning three first prizes at the smaller shows, these should become qualified for competition in a champion class in which they have only a slight chance of success; and,

Secondly.—In making the qualification necessary to obtain the title of champion too easy, so that dogs of inferior merit obtain it. This point is especially noticeable now that so many shows provide champion classes on the sweepstake principle, in which there is generally little or no competition. The alterations which have been suggested are of two kinds:

(1) Those which propose that a greater number of prizes should be won (e. g., six) before a dog shall be qualified to compete in a champion class; and,

(2) Those which would distinguish between the larger and smaller shows, either (a) by the amount of prize money, (b) by the number of classes in the schedule, or (c) by the total number of entries at the show.

In these cases, of course, only prizes won at the larger shows

would count toward the qualifications for the champion classes. It is further suggested that no dog should gain the title of champion that has only won in a sweepstakes champion class.

The sub-committee would be glad to hear from you if you would kindly let them know, at your earliest convenience, your opinion with reference to these proposals, or to any other plan that may occur to you. Kindly address your reply to myself at the above address.

I am, sir, yours faithfully,
(Signed) PERCY C. REID,
Hon. Sec. to the Sub-Committee.

This question is likely to interest American breeders sooner or later, so I may tell you the result of my inquiries. The opinions sifted would come to a very simple solution—it is this: No dog or bitch shall be qualified for the champion class until it has won three first prizes at shows in which there were over 400 entries. A dog may win a champion prize in a class where he is the only entry, but he shall not be accorded the title of champion until he has won in a champion class with one or more entries present.

Our *Daily Telegraph* is helping out the silly season with an appropriately foolish correspondence on the reasoning powers of dogs. Letters are appearing from un-doggy though dog-loving writers relating the most impossible canine feats, or, to doggy men, the most transparent. Those who know most seldom trouble the papers about it. We are quite satisfied with the dog as he is without befooling ourselves with maudlin pictures. "What an unbelieving Jew you are," said a friend to me with whom I was laughingly dissecting the anecdotes. "Can you believe this tale that I lately read in a book of anecdotes of dogs? A man had taught his animal to fetch his hat when he asked for it. One day he was with a friend to whom he had communicated his dog's intelligence. They walked from the house into the garden, first of all indicating their two hats to the dog, whom they from the road 'hied back to the house to 'fetch the hats.' The dog tore back, picked up one hat and saw the other, picked that up and dropped the first—like the clown in the pantomime, you know. This he repeated three or four times, and then an idea striking him, he put one hat in the other and so brought both to his master. Now was that reason?" "Well, no," I replied. "I must confess I don't think that action showed any extraordinary intelligence. Now if this dog had taken one hat in his mouth and put the other on his head, then I—" But my friend was already knocking the coals about with the poker and calling me names.

The amusing individual who signs himself "Setter, Philadelphia U.S.A.," has another "little go" at "Lillibulero." Go to, "Setter," I prefer to cross my sword with finer mettle than you can handle. But a word with you, cousin, why do you call my notes "his lucubrations?" "Here will be an abusing of the king's English." Do you think it sounds big and impressive, more imposing than letters, paragraphs or notes, eh? Yes, certainly; well, I grant that, but then, "Setter," the meaning is not the same. Get thee a dictionary good "Setter," or refer again to the source where you have since discovered the signification of "occult." I am puzzled to imagine why you are anxious to convict me of "working the ropes on the strict Q. T." Who are you yourself when at home, I wonder? Dear me, perhaps that's so, I see, well, be comforted, "Lillibulero" and his collaborators shall not interfere with your business. My editors will smile a sickly smile and esteem it an unlucky shot when I tell them you have hinted my "contributions are unpaid." Why, you have helped to put money into —urse, "Setter," and given me subject for copy, think of that, and moreover in the handsomest manner possible you have certified that "As to the wit and pungency of 'Lillibulero's' letters there can be but one opinion." Give this thine ear, sweet editorial sirs, and "Setter," with countenance beaming and hat on my heart, I incline toward thee, and am, sir, thy obliged and most humble to command, LILLIBULERO.

Dec. 16, 1884.

The A. K. R. pedigree registration fee is 50 cents.

A FALSE PROPHET.

Editor Forest and Stream:

A careful study of the bench show and field trial records of the past year leads me to the conclusion that Mr. Charles H. Mason is a false prophet. Several years ago Mr. Mason came to this country, bringing with him a number of dogs, among them several pointers; at least he said they were pointers. The great field trial champion, Chancellor, was one of them, if I remember rightly. After attending several bench shows, and having a walkover for the honors with his invincibles, Mr. Mason became tired of such easy victories, and longed for new worlds to conquer, and for a change he proposed to tell the sportsmen of America what he knew about pointers. He first told us how ignorant we are; could not find a single man in America, besides himself, that knew a pointer when he saw one, and that the dogs we had imported were nothing but scrubs and mongrels and unfit to breed to. Then Mr. Mason selected Croxeth as the worst specimen in a bad lot, and predicted that if bred to he would beget worthless, ill-favored brutes, worse than himself. It is needless to repeat what Mr. Mason said of this grand old dog. Almost every reader of this journal will remember the controversy between Mr. Mason and the owner of Croxeth, and how Mr. Mason challenged Mr. Godeffroy to name a single good-looking pointer sired by Croxeth.

Now let us look at the record of the past year. At the Cincinnati show, in a large and very strong class of pointers, there were entered three that were sired by Croxeth. They won one first and two second prizes. At Cleveland, four of the entries were sired by Croxeth. They won two first, one second and two special prizes. At St. Louis, two entries, one hundred prize. At the New York show there were entered one hundred and twenty-six pointers, the get of Croxeth competing were ten. These won two first, one second, and one vhe. prizes, and some of these same bench show winners ran in the late Eastern Field Trials, and there also Croxeth's get came to the front. Drake won first, and Scout divided second in the same stake. For additional evidence that pointers can be bred from Croxeth, I will quote Mr. Mason's own words just after the New York show in his critique on the pointers exhibited, he says among other things: "Ht was the best bitch in the show." What proof does the man want more?

Croxeth ran in the field trials, doing a pointer's work in such a brilliant style that he won a place. Then he sires produce that does the same thing, besides winning first honors on the bench wherever shown alongside the best; yet in the face of all this evidence, and after saying he had not thought it possible for Croxeth to beget such superior stock, Mr. Mason says, "My opinion of Croxeth is well known," and intimates that he is of that opinion still. In other words, he still declares that Croxeth is no pointer, and asks the sportsmen of America to believe him. At one time Mr. Mason tried to cast a doubt on the purity of Croxeth's blood by saying, "Who is the dam of Croxeth's sire?" Well, he got his answer, it seems, when a gentleman informed him that the granddam of Croxeth was the dam of Bow, the sire of Mr. Mason's Beaufort. Since Mr. Mason came into the possession of Beaufort, we have heard no more insinuations affecting the pedigree of Croxeth.

Mr. Mason says Vanity, Meteor and Maxim are no pointers (what are they?). Faust, Bow, and Keswick were pointers par excellence, old Bow was by Bang, the sire of Vanity. Will Mr. Mason say that Pride, the dam of Vanity, is no pointer or that she is not as well bred as Beulah, the dam of his Beaufort? Again, if there is a dog that is built on the model of old Faust, that dog is Maxim; he is known all over the West

as Little Faust. Mr. Mason should be fair in his statements concerning the excellencies of his own and other people's dogs, and not distort or exaggerate the faults of dogs, to which he happens to take a dislike; then his statements would have some weight with the mass of the sportsmen of America. As it is, his wild and intemperate denunciations of men and dogs that have incurred his displeasure, but gain him the ill will and contempt of thousands of sportsmen who love a good dog, but who love fair play more. Mr. Mason tells us that Beaufort is not only the best looking large pointer living, but that he is also a great sire. Where is the evidence? The writer knows of but one dog sired by Beaufort that has won a bench show prize, and as far as heard from, not one of his get has been considered good enough in the field, to start in a field trial; while Croxeth is not only a bench show and field trial winner himself, the record proves that he is the most successful sire in America. Mr. Mason must do something besides abusing American sportsmen and their dogs before his words will have any influence with

SAXON.

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THE MERIDEN DOG SHOW.

THE eighth annual show of the Meriden Poultry Association was held here at the town hall, on Dec. 30, 31, and Jan. 1 and 2. The display of poultry and pigeons was very fine. The dog show was one of the best that has been given here. There were about sixty dogs shown, and nearly all of them were fine animals. Dr. Walton, of Boston, judged them very well, I thought, although some of the exhibitors found fault with some of the awards. I suppose that the dog show would not be considered a good one without some kicking. The attendance was good, but I did not see so many Meriden people present as there should have been. There was a good deal of talk that the show would not be held here next year, but I believe that it was finally concluded to continue at least one year more. Below is a list of the

AWARDS.

ENGLISH SETTERS.—Dogs: 1st, G. Edward Osborn's Brant; 2d, F. A. Cannon's Yale Belton. Very high com., J. Thomas's Karl. Bitches: 1st, G. Edward Osborn's Desdemona; 2d, F. A. Cannon's Clara. Very high com., W. Hall's Bell. Puppies: 1st, W. E. Miller's Speck; 2d, L. J. Gaines's Nimrod.

IRISH SETTERS.—Dogs: 1st, J. G. Griswold's Major. GORDON SETTERS.—Dogs: 1st, C. R. Taylor's Gem. Bitches: 1st and 2d, C. R. Taylor's Rhoda and Rose. Puppies: 1st, C. R. Taylor's Topsy.

POINTERS.—Dogs: 1st, J. F. Ives's Pete; 2d, D. C. Burrows's Buff. Bitches: 1st, F. Stevenson's Minstrel; 2d, W. J. Rematt's Fairest. Very high com., O. B. Dale's Susan. Puppies: 1st, J. L. Baker's Shot.

FOXHOUNDS.—Dogs: 1st and 2d, E. A. Birdsey's Music and Sport. Very high com., C. Rockwell's Guess. Bitches: 1st, E. C. Bingham's Fun.

BEAGLES.—Dogs: 1st, E. J. Perkins's Gyp. GREYHOUNDS.—Dogs: 1st, Dr. O. F. Coe's Paris; 2d, J. A. Doolittle's Dan.

COCKER SPANIELS.—Bitches: 1st, W. O. Partridge's Helen. CLUMBER SPANIELS.—Dogs: 1st, G. W. Lovell's Jock. Bitches: 1st, G. W. Lovell's Romp.

BULL-TERRIERS.—Dogs: 1st, T. R. Varick's Dutch, Jr.; 2d, F. F. Dole's Young Bill. Bitches: 1st, F. F. Dole's Scarlet II. Puppies: 1st, K. & W. Livingston's Criterion; 2d, F. F. Dole's Scarlet III.

BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS.—1st, T. W. B. Batten's Tiny; 2d, R. & W. Livingston's Daisy.

ROUGH-HAired TERRIERS.—1st, A. Priestley's Sir Garnet.

SCOTCH TERRIERS.—1st, withheld; 2d, A. F. Hall's Fanny.

FOX-TERRIERS.—1st, Dr. A. Bland's Pepper.

PUGS.—1st, G. Jepson's Nip; 2d, R. V. Clark's Charcoal.

COLLIES.—Puppies: 1st and 2d, W. C. Powell's Lassie and Sandy. Very high com., J. A. Doolittle's Lela.

SPECIAL PRIZES.

Best dog, G. Edward Osborn's Brant.
Best bitch, F. Stevenson's Minstrel.
Best pointer dog, J. F. Ives's Pete.
Best pointer bitch, F. Stevenson's Minstrel.
Best pointer puppy, J. L. Baker's Shot.
Best setter dog, G. Edward Osborn's Brant.
Best setter bitch, G. Edward Osborn's Desdemona.
Best setter puppy, W. E. Miller's Speck.
Best setter puppy in Meriden, W. E. Miller's Speck.
Best bull-terrier, T. R. Varick's Dutch, Jr.
Best collie, W. C. Powell's Lassie.
Best greyhound, Dr. O. F. Coe's Paris.
Best spaniel, W. O. Partridge's Helen.
Best black and tan terrier, T. W. B. Batten's Tiny.
Best fox-terrier, Dr. A. Bland's Pepper.
Best beagle, E. J. Perkins's Gyp.
Best foxhound, E. A. Birdsey's Music.
Best pug, G. Jepson's Nip.

The A. K. R. pedigree registration fee is 50 cents.

THE SCOTCH TERRIER ROSIE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I beg to differ with your reporter on the comment of the Scotch terrier Rosie, in calling her a mongrel at the New York show.

At the Philadelphia Kennel Club show, Rosie is reported a typical specimen of her breed. At the New York show, Rosie is reported a mongrel, but a typical specimen of a breed a great deal thought of in some parts of Scotland. I quite agree with your report of the Philadelphia show, Rosie is a typical Scotch terrier. I am of the opinion the reporter of the New York show and the Montreal show are one and the same. At the Montreal show your reporter speaks of some dogs in a certain class as specimens of the die-hard breed, while at New York he passes over Rosie, a proper die-hard, and those at Montreal were not die-hards. This shows distinctly to me that your correspondent don't know a die-hard when he sees one. The name die-hard is a byname given to the Scotch terrier of exactly the same type as Rosie, just exactly as the name "Never say die" is given to the Skye terrier. Rosie is not a mongrel but a typical Scotch terrier, and the only type now recognized as such by standard, and on the show bench in England and Scotland, and is no more a mongrel than your finest setters. This breed of terriers has been bred for ages in Scotland in parts where bench shows were unknown until of late years, or so far away from shows that specimens of this breed were never seen under these circumstances on the bench, and especially in England until of late years.

I can understand your reporter not understanding this breed, for he never had the pleasure of seeing this, the Scotch terrier, in their native home, and therefore should not be considered a competent critic to pass on the breeding of the dogs. Scotchmen are now showing the Scotch terrier proper, both in their own country and in England; and can your reporter name a noted winner on the English or Scottish bench whose blood cannot be traced down to Rosie and also my Heather and the late Tam Glen? And the blood is still being kept pure and more winners are growing.

Rosie was good enough to win second in a strong open class at Aberdeen when only six months old, beating some of the past cup winners and judged by a competent judge like Mr. James Locke, who understands the breed too well to give a prize to a mongrel, especially in such company as was then shown.

The *Live Stock Journal* says of her: "Second prize went to a promising puppy with excellent head and ears," but not a word on a mongrel. *Scottish Fancier* says: "Second in bitches a promising young one," but not a word on a mongrel. Your reports on the National Breeders' show says, "A man

to be a judge of collies must have owned and bred them, or how can he judge them." He further says: "Notwithstanding this, men presume to judge them who have never so much as seen a first-class specimen." If this is the verdict of FOREST AND STREAM it is a poor rule that don't work both ways. And say a man must have owned and bred Scotch terriers to be able to speak on their good and bad points, or he must have seen some fine specimens of the breed.

If this is a fact, a reporter of a sporting paper must work up to this rule before he is competent to pass on the merits and demerits of a dog. And where is the reporter in America who has seen specimen specimens of the good old Scotch terrier than Tam Glen, Heather, or Rosie? Rosie was not in good coat when shown in New York, as she was shedding and had just had a litter of puppies, but that grand head and ears, nice length of body on good legs, with powerful hindquarters, her sweet expression and general appearance, and her pure Scotch blood, was quite sufficient to carry her to victory over far more powerful opponents.

JOHN H. NAYLOR.
CHICAGO, Ill.

[We cheerfully publish the above letter. Our reporter is not entirely unacquainted with the various strains of dogs that are called and mis-called Scotch terriers. That Rosie is not a purely bred Scotch terrier of the old "die-hard" type we unhesitatingly affirm. True, she closely resembles dogs that are exhibited in Scotland as such, but we venture to say that were Captain McDonald, of Watnish, Isle of Skye, to see her he would at once claim her as closely related to his famous kennel, and not the most captious critic would for an instant dare to insinuate that they are other than worthy representatives of the stock that for so many years has borne the name of its native Isle. George, first Earl of Dumbarton, gave to the Scotch terrier the suggestive and appropriate name of "die-hard," and paid his regiment, the First Scots Royal, the compliment of naming them after his famous pets, and they were better known as the "Dumbarton die-hards" than by their distinctive title. Mr. Locke, who gave Rosie her award at Aberdeen, is undoubtedly a good judge of Dandie Dimonts; his winnings in the best of company show this, but we are not aware that he has made a specialty of the Scotch terrier. Indeed we remember that two years ago he got it hot and heavy from well-known fanciers of the breed by his awards in these classes at the Crystal Palace show. No one, however, impugned his honesty in the case, but found fault with him for ignoring the old Scotch terrier and placing at the front animals of the strain that Rosie so well represents. At the Alexandra Palace show in 1879 Mr. Morison was severely criticised for doing the same thing. Mr. Hugh Dalziel classes these dogs as "the Aberdeen terrier," a name, it seems to us, that should be adopted by dog show committees, for the strain has now been before the public for a sufficient length of time to entitle it to a distinctive name. We meant no disrespect to Rosie by using the term objected to. We believe her to be a cross-bred Skye and Scotch, and used the word as expressive of our meaning, and not as a reproach.]

The A. K. R. pedigree registration fee is 50 cents.

THE LINCOLN MEMORIAL FUND.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The Lincoln Fund—
Amounts previously acknowledged.....\$550
R. & W. Livingston..... 25
Edward Kelly..... 25

Total to date\$600
ELLIOT SMITH.

JAN. 10, 1885.

The A. K. R. pedigree registration fee is 50 cents.

THE NEW HAVEN KENNEL CLUB are getting ready for their spring show, and promise to give even a better one than last year, the managers having had more experience in the business. They have the promise of a great many noted dogs of all breeds, and if the promises are kept there will be the hottest classes in cockers, setters, pointers, as well as others, ever shown in this country. The club intend if possible to have the best list of judges that have ever had the misfortune to be made targets of by the usual "lickers." The managers will do their best to have all classes judged the first day, and thus give the exhibitors a chance to show their dogs while fresh. Woodcock, partridge and quail have either been killed or have left, so the boys now gather around the stove and kill more birds in one evening than an army of shooters could in a month. But then you know that the "boys" must kill birds, even if they have to do it with the tongue; and it is remarkable how good a dog each man has, now that the snow is so deep that they are not afraid to be challenged to a match, but a man who does not think his own crow the blackest is not good for much nowadays. A great many new dogs have been purchased by New Haven parties this last year, all future first prize winners of course. We have all got the fever bad, but will probably recover very fast after our first exhibit, when we get the same luck and advice that I had with my first exhibits. My bitch was quietly passed over at the W. K. C. show, and when feeling rather down in the mouth I was stopped in my walk by the genial Charley Lincoln, who smiled at my crestfallen appearance, and remarked, "Don't be discouraged, my boy, there's a lot more in the same box, but who have been at it for years and have not won yet. There's lots of time yet. Keep at it," and I have, with good success. So I give the same advice to those who "get left."—ROSECRIFT.

The A. K. R. pedigree registration fee is 50 cents.

TORONTO DOG SHOW ASSOCIATION.—At the annual meeting of the Toronto Dog Show Association last Friday, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, His Honor, L. G. Robinson; Vice-Presidents, Hon. G. W. Allan and Major Boswell; Directors, R. S. Cassels, Major Draper, H. C. Hammond, W. Grindlay, C. H. Ooderham, Jas. E. Millett, Ald. Mitchell, Ald. Maughan, W. S. Lee, H. Pellatt, C. Robinson, Q. C., Dr. Ross, Sr.; Committee, A. G. C. Bates, R. W. Boyle, C. G. Harston, J. Henderson, J. F. Kirk, A. H. Malloch, C. W. Postlethwaite, C. E. Robinson, R. Tinning, J. Jno. Wilson, A. Wyness, J. Young. Messrs. Massey and Jackson were re-elected treasurer and secretary. The date for the bench show was fixed at May 13 to 15. The committee will meet every Monday afternoon until the show.

The A. K. R. pedigree registration fee is 50 cents.

A MASTIFF CLUB.—Clinton, Mass., Jan. 9.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Noticing in your last issue an article relating to the formation of a mastiff club, permit me to say that I am heartily in favor of such an organization. Some time ago I wrote to a gentleman prominent among mastiff men, suggesting such a club. I could arouse no enthusiasm, however, and so let the matter drop. I am glad to see that some one else is interested now, and consider me as one of his supporters in anything leading to the improvement and popularity of the English mastiff. If such an organization is formed and I am permitted to be a member, I have several little points to bring up, which I think will interest all hands and make our favorites take a step forward at the bench shows.—CHAS. E. SHAW.

The A. K. R. pedigree registration fee is 50 cents.

THE NEW YORK FANCIERS CLUB'S SHOW.—The third annual show of the New York Fanciers Club, to be held at Madison Square Garden Feb. 4 to 11, provides eighteen classes for dogs, as follows: Champion pug dogs, certificate; bitches the same. Open, dogs, \$10, \$5 and certificate; bitches the same. Puppies, \$8, \$4 and certificate. Yorkshire terriers, dogs or bitches, \$10, \$5 and certificate; under 5lbs. the same; bull-terriers under 10lbs., King Charles spaniels (black and tan), Glenheim or Japanese spaniels, other toy spaniels, Italian greyhounds, poodles, Skye terriers, Irish or Dandie Dinmont terriers, trick dogs and cross bred dogs not exceeding 10lbs., black and tan and smooth-coated terriers not exceeding 8lbs., and litters of puppies, the same. In addition to the regular prizes there will be a number of special prizes given. The dogs will be benched in the large hall at the Madison avenue end of the garden. Entries close Jan. 31. Chas. R. Harker, secretary, 62 Cortlandt street, New York.

The A. K. R. pedigree registration fee is 50 cents.

GLADSTONE'S BOY.—In describing the heat between Lillian and Gladstone's Boy in the All-Aged Stake of the Southern Field Trials, our reporter inadvertently stated that the Boy won first in the National Derby. As may be seen by the record in **FOREST AND STREAM** of Dec. 23, Sportsman won first and Gladstone's Boy second.

The A. K. R. pedigree registration fee is 50 cents.

NEW ORLEANS DOG SHOW.—Special to *Forest and Stream*: Mr. L. F. Whitman, assistant to Charles Lincoln at the Chicago dog shows of 1883 and 1884, has been appointed superintendent of the World's Exposition bench show, which will open Feb. 15. Entries close Feb. 5.—Geo. T. Johnson, Supt.

The A. K. R. pedigree registration fee is 50 cents.

EASTERN FIELD TRIALS CLUB.—The annual meeting of the Eastern Field Trials Club for the choice of officers for the ensuing year will be held at the St. James Hotel, corner Broadway and twenty-sixth street, New York, on Thursday evening, Jan. 22, at 8 P. M. A full attendance is desired.

The A. K. R. pedigree registration fee is 50 cents.

GLADSTONE, RUB, and other field trial winners are included in the series of canine portraits for sale at this office at 25 cents each, or the set of 24 for \$3.

The A. K. R. pedigree registration fee is 50 cents.

"AMERICAN KENNEL REGISTER."—The second volume of the A.K.R. is now ready, bound in cloth, price \$2. Vols. I. and II. bound together, \$3.50.

The A. K. R. pedigree registration fee is 50 cents.

KENNEL NOTES.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Kennel notes are inserted in this column free of charge. To insure publication of notes, correspondents MUST GIVE the following particulars of each animal:

- | | |
|----------------------------------|--|
| 1. Color. | 6. Name and residence of owner, buyer or seller. |
| 2. Breed. | 7. Sire, with his sire and dam. |
| 3. Sex. | 8. Owner of sire. |
| 4. Age, or | 9. Dam, with her sire and dam. |
| 5. Date of birth, of breeding or | 10. Owner of dam. |

All names must be plainly written. Communication on one side of paper only, and signed with writer's name.

NAMES CLAIMED.

See instructions at head of this column.
Obie. By A. W. Griffiths, New Market, N. H., for black cocker spaniel dog, whelped Aug. 19, 1884, by champion Obie II. (A.K.R. 432) out of Rubie (A.K.R. 734).

Bang. By John A. Bush, Flatlands, L. I., for pointer dog, whelped Sept. 18, 1884, by Match (A.K.R. 210) out of Belle (Flake-Lilly).

Bessie T. II. By H. J. Sawyer and T. S. Conlin, Shelburne Falls, Mass., for black, white and tan English setter bitch, whelped Nov. 2, 1884, by Don Gladstone (Gladstone-Juno) out of Bessie T. (Gladstone-Wing).

Flirt. By Irving L. Atwood, Waterbury, Conn., for black and white pointer dog, whelped Sept. 22, 1884, by Sensation's Son (Sensation-Flirt) out of Zoe (A.K.R. 1444).

Flip. By W. L. Crouch, Thomaston, Conn., for liver and white pointer dog, whelped Sept. 22, 1884, by Sensation's Son (Sensation-Flirt) out of Zoe (A.K.R. 1444).

Conny. By Wm. H. Stevens, Plymouth, Conn., for lemon and white pointer bitch, whelped Sept. 22, 1884, by Sensation's Son (Sensation-Flirt) out of Zoe (A.K.R. 1444).

Jackin and Bozz. By E. M. Crouch, Thomaston, Conn., for white and lemon and white pointer dogs, whelped Sept. 22, 1884, by Sensation's Son (Sensation-Flirt) out of Zoe (A.K.R. 1444).

Yvonne II. By W. Hoyt, Cleveland, O., for red Irish setter bitch, whelped Sept. 22, 1884, by champion Elcho (A.K.R. 295) out of champion Noreen (A.K.R. 297).

Gladstone's Lad. By H. F. Amsden, Boston, Mass., for white, black and tan English setter dog, whelped July 18, 1884 (Gladstone-Donna J.).

Young Royal Prince and Scarlet Princess. By J. W. Newman, Boston, Mass., for white bull-terrier dog and bitch, whelped Feb. 26, 1884 (Young Royal-Scarlet II.).

BRED.

See instructions at head of this column.
Girl-Jimmie. The Knickerbocker Kennels' Jersey City, N. J., pointer bitch Girl (A.K.R. 697) to Louis Livesey's Jimmie (A.K.R. 1689), Dec. 25, 1884.

Countess—Hero II. E. H. Moore's (Melrose, Mass.) mastiff bitch Countess (Turk—Joe) to the Ashmont Kennels' Hero II. (A.K.R. 545), Dec. 24, 1884.

Lydia Belle—Nimrod. E. A. Sarkey's (the Battlemore, Vt.) red Irish setter bitch Lydia Belle (A.K.R. 626) to the Ashmont Kennels' champion Nimrod (A.K.R. 631), Dec. 30, 1884.

Floss—Tug. Sans Souci Kennels' (Philadelphia, Pa.) white and lemon English setter bitch Floss (A.K.R. 1316) to Wm. Yewdell's Tug (Thunder-Peg), Nov. 22, 1884.

Scarlet Princess—Young Royal Prince. J. W. Newman's (Boston, Mass.) white bull-terrier bitch Scarlet Princess (Young Royal-Scarlet II.) to his Young Royal Prince (Young Royal-Scarlet II.), Nov. 10, 1884.

WHELPS.

See instructions at head of this column.
Lilly. Ward & Eyletoft's (Boston, Mass.) English setter bitch Lilly (Carlowitz-Princess Nelly), Dec. 2, 1884, six (two dogs), by their Tempest (Pontiac-Fairy II.).

The Riverview Kennels' (Clinton, Mass.) mastiff bitch Rena (A.K.R. 262), Dec. 31, 1884, five (two dogs), by Hero II. (A.K.R. 545); all since dead.

Delph Viva. The Riverview Kennels' (Clinton, Mass.) mastiff bitch Delph Viva (A.K.R. 1432), Dec. 31, 1884, five (three dogs), by Hero II. (A.K.R. 545); two dogs since dead.

Floss. C. A. R. Dimon's (Lowell, Mass.) English setter bitch Floss, eight (four dogs), by Dash II.

Lillie Langtry. Thos. W. Mills's (Montreal, Can.) bull bitch Lillie Langtry (Jack-Venus), Jan. 9, four (all dogs), by his Guillermo (A.K.R. 671); all white, with brindle markings.

Scarlet Princess. J. W. Newman's (Boston, Mass.) white bull-terrier bitch Scarlet Princess (Young Royal-Scarlet II.), Jan. 12, two bitches, by his Young Royal Prince (Young Royal-Scarlet II.).

SALES.

See instructions at head of this column.
Obie. Black cocker spaniel dog, whelped Aug. 19, 1884 (champion Obie II., A.K.R. 432)—Rubie, A.K.R. 734, by Samuel H. Greene, New Market, N. H., to W. Griffiths, same place.

Benedict's Boy (A.K.R. 180)—Lady Bub (A.K.R. 698) whelps. Cocker spaniels, whelped Oct. 1884, by Herman F. Schellhass, Brooklyn, N. Y., a black dog to James Queen, a black dog to F. J. Oakes, a black dog to F. J. Washburn, a liver dog to Fred. Boilett and a black bitch to C. O. Tracy, same place; a liver dog to S. J. Jordan, New York, and a black bitch to Geo. Martin, Washington, D. C.

Main Spring—Chic whelps. Liver and white pointers, age and sex not given, by the Field Trial Kennels, Charlottesville, Va., one to F. R. Hitchcock, New York, and one to D. Beaumont, West Chester, Pa.

Gladstone—Donna J. whelp. Blue belton English setter dog, whelped July 18, 1884, by D. C. Jones, Memphis, Tenn., to H. F. Amsden, Boston, Mass.

Dash III.—Floss whelp. English setter, sex, color and age not given, by C. A. R. Dimon, Lowell, Mass., to E. P. Cutter, Boston, Mass.

Yolande. Mastiff bitch, whelped July 23, 1884 (Hero II., A.K.R. 545)—Madre, A.K.R. 649, by the Ashmont Kennels, Boston, Mass., to Dr. H. T. Groesbeck, Cincinnati, O.

Kent. Mastiff dog, whelped July 23, 1884 (Hero II., A.K.R. 545)—Madre, A.K.R. 649, by the Ashmont Kennels, Boston, Mass., to Dr. H. T. Groesbeck, Cincinnati, O.

Brown. Mastiff dog, whelped July 23, 1884 (Hero II., A.K.R. 545)—Madre, A.K.R. 649, by the Ashmont Kennels, Boston, Mass., to Walter St. John Jones, Cincinnati, O.

Jack—Spotter whelps. Black and tan collies, whelped Nov. 1, 1884, by Sans Souci Kennels, Philadelphia, Pa., a dog and bitch to Dr. Harry Johnson, Kintnersville, Pa., and a dog to S. B. Dod, Hoboken, N. J.

Flip. Liver and white pointer dog, whelped Sept. 22, 1884 (Sensation's Son—Zoe), by E. M. Crouch, Thomaston, Conn., to W. L. Crouch, same place.

Wing. Black and white pointer dog, whelped Sept. 22, 1884 (Sensation's Son—Zoe), by E. M. Crouch, Thomaston, Conn., to Irving L. Atwood, Waterbury, Conn.

Fanny. Lemon and white pointer bitch, whelped Sept. 22, 1884 (Sensation's Son—Zoe), by E. M. Crouch, Thomaston, Conn., to Wm. H. Stevens, Plymouth, Conn.

Sensation's Son—Zoe whelp. Lemon and white pointer dog, whelped Sept. 22, 1884, by E. M. Crouch, Thomaston, Conn., to J. B. Blakeslee, Watertown, Conn.

Rena. Imported Newfoundland bitch, by C. E. Lewis, Suspension Bridge, N. Y., to the St. Bernard Kennel, Clifton, Staten Island, N. Y.

PRESENTATIONS.

See instructions at head of this column.
Bertha. Smooth-coated St. Bernard bitch (A.K.R. 486), by Hon. Eugene Stevenson, Paterson, N. J., to Millbrook Kennels, New York.

DEATHS.

See instructions at head of this column.
Good Princess. Black, white and tan English setter bitch (A.K.R. 820), owned by Wm. H. Child, Germantown, Pa., Jan. 9, from distemper.

The A. K. R. pedigree registration fee is 50 cents.

KENNEL MANAGEMENT.

No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.

C. B. M., Madison, Georgia.—A young setter pup nine months old large for his age and still growing, appetite good, seems to be afflicted in small of back, when lying down he gets near the wall and lies upon his back, in which position he appears comfortable. Can only stand short hunts, after a long hunt next day appears to be in great pain. Ans. It looks as though your dog had some spinal trouble, probably congestion of the cord on membranes, the result of cold or injury. Get a "fly-blister" (*Emplastum cantharidis*) two inches square, and apply to spinal column at the small of the back, having first shaved the hair from the skin over a spot three inches square. Tie or bandage the blister on and let it remain for six or eight hours, until a blister has formed. The matter may be punctured and the surface treated with vaseline. If the trouble is muscular rheumatism the same treatment is recommended.

J. W. S., Liberty, R. I.—A bound pup about six months old. There are many small spots, like blisters, with mottor in them, on the under side of his body and the skin is a bluish purple. On the head the skin swelled in wrinkles and now has broken and there is a bloody matter in them. He has a bad smell about him. When he was about three months old I put the old mustard stalks in for his bed. Do you think that is what is the matter with him or has the dog distemper? There were no mustard seeds on the stalks. I have been giving him burnt oyster shells in his food and occasionally sulphur. Ans. Wash your dog carefully with sulphur soap or carbolic soap and having dried the surface rub gently with vaseline. Do this once or twice daily. Your dog has probably poisoned his head and belly.

WORMS IN DOGS.—One dose a cure. "Rhiwlas, Bala, North Wales, Sept. 21, 1874. I gave a Naldire's Powder to a collie on Saturday last, and in ten minutes he evacuated a tapeworm 30 yards 2 feet in length. I consider the powder much superior to "Lyon's Powder." Naldire's Worm Powders, the great British remedy, are sold by McKesson & Robbins, 91 Fulton street, New York. Price \$1.00. Manufacturers: Wright & Holdsworth, 3 Spur street, London, England.—Adv.

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

THE REVOLVER DISCUSSION.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I wish to briefly state my views in regard to revolvers and their ammunition, having seen the subject brought up in recent issues of your much-appreciated paper. Your correspondent "Thirty-Two Shot" has, in my estimation, a good idea of how a revolver should be made as regards shape, for as I understand him, he wishes an arm with a square handle similar to a Colt's Army .45, but I do not see why it should have a slide ejector, for all of us know the superiority of the Smith & Wesson system of ejecting exploded shells, and I have never found the new style of Smith & Wesson's underjoints to become shaky, as was the case in their old model with the top hinge. The accuracy of Smith & Wesson's arms is so well known, that I deem it unnecessary for me to say anything on that subject.

As regards weight, I think the pistol should, if a thirty-two, weigh one and one-half pounds. I am an advocate of the rim-fire cartridge for small calibers, as I have had a different experience in regard to them than our friend "Center Fire." I have used a number of thirty-two .38 cartridges in the old style Smith & Wesson revolver, and have found that of the U. M. C. and Winchester factories to give good results, the per cent. of miss fires being too small to calculate (possibly two defective cartridges in 50). I have fired the long and short .32 cartridges from a Smith & Wesson revolver (6-shooter, 5-inch barrel) at twelve paces into a piece of yellow pine scantling, and found the short cartridge gave one-quarter to three-eighths of an inch better penetration. I hope some reliable fire-arms manufacturer may be induced to manufacture a good serviceable target revolver.

BALTIMORE, Jan. 7.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Seeing the remarks on revolvers, I thought I would put my say in. "Center Fire" says that rim-fire cartridges misfire. I have shot a great many thousands, but never had a Winchester rim-fire cartridge miss; but can't say the same of the U. M. C. shells. If "Center Fire" will try them he will find this out. My idea of a revolver is a pistol of the size of the Smith & Wesson .32, made to use the .22 long cartridge and we would get good results.

I have used all makes of revolvers, but never found but one, the Standard .22 and manufactured by J. M. Marline, that was good for fine shooting. It shot just where I held it.

The trouble with revolver cartridges is that the bullet is in all cases too heavy for the powder. If this was remedied we would not have the trouble with loading, and a good revolver fire-arms man, for a revolver and rifle, as it is cheap and I can have just as much sport with a .22 as I can with a .45 cal. Besides there is less danger and more skill required, and not so much danger. I shall probably write to more length on this subject when I have more time. —22-Long.

MINNEAPOLIS, Jan. 5.

A CHRISTMAS MILITARY SHOOT.—Fort Bidwell, Dec. 27.—It may prove interesting to some of your readers, inasmuch as it shows what troops in the field actually do; how much successful game shots score at the target; and also how the genuine thoroughbred "Lo" compares in marksmanship with his white brother. The contest was for \$75 first prize, \$25 second. Any team of 6, 10 shots per man. U. S. military regulation target, open sights, any weight trigger, hair or set triggers not excepted, 200yds. off-hand. No entrance fee. The match was shot over the military range, the weather being very unfavorable for good scores. A hard wind blew from the south while the first teams were shooting, succeeded by a very heavy rain storm, during which the remainder of the teams shot. Infantry team used

Springfield muskets; Cavalry team, used carbines and muskets; Citizens teams used sporting rifles. Winchester 45-75 and Marlin 45-70, Indians used Springfield muskets, one Spencer and one Winchester 45-60.

Piute Indian Team.		Co. F, 8th Infantry Team.	
George.....	30344444-34	Major Burt.....	43844445-40
Pete.....	33334443-33	Capt Stewart.....	53444543-39
Nob.....	40234422-34	Capt Cowen.....	34233434-33
Witchie.....	34334434-35	Pvt Love.....	40434444-35
Sam.....	34333433-34	Pvt Myers.....	31434345-37
Joe.....	33323002-19-180	Pvt Streifer.....	44344443-40-224
Troop C, 2d Cavalry Team.		First Citizen Team.	
Lt Huntington.....	34403443-44-35	Lowell.....	44434444-40
Capt Ford.....	33344344-33	Hall.....	44444545-41
Pvt Brainer.....	53434422-35	Buchen.....	43344443-34
Pvt Riley.....	31333445-47	Yesham.....	55444444-35
Pvt O'Brien.....	34014333-30	Rinn.....	33444345-37
Pvt Foley.....	33454445-43-215	Buchanan.....	33344444-34-223
Second Citizen Team.		Anderson.....	43454443-36
Brown.....	34534444-33	Herrington.....	34433444-39
Bachelor.....	34434444-32	Pumlester.....	43444444-39
		Siles.....	244445-51-41-221

PIUTE.

SPRINGFIELD, O., Jan. 12.—The rifle match held to-day between the Springfield and Cincinnati teams to decide the rifle championship of the State resulted in the Cincinnati Club winning by 25 points. The match was for \$50 a side, 200yds. range, at a Massachusetts target. Neither club shot up to its best average, through nervousness or some other cause. The match took place at a fine rifle range in the woods. The day was an ideal day for shooting as far as the weather was concerned. The sun was not shining to dazzle the eyes of the shooters, but the light was sufficiently bright for aiming purposes. The total score of the Cincinnati team was 1,445 and that of the Springfield team 1,420. The clubs are now even, the Springfield team having defeated the Cincinnati team last winter. A return match will be held at Cincinnati in the spring. The prospect of the recently formed union of the team clubs is very flattering. The union is very much on the basis of the baseball league, with a \$5 fee from each club. There is to be a six-day shoot at Indianapolis in July, open to members of the united clubs only.

SARATOGA SPRINGS, N. Y., Jan. 5.—The Saratoga Rifle Club, had two shoots last week, on New Year's day and Saturday Jan. 3. Wind and light were both good. Massachusetts target was used and the distance was 200yds, off-hand. The following are the highest scores of each competitor for the week:

J. D. Roads.....	11 11 11 10 12 10	9 12 12-110
W. B. Gage.....	12 8 11 11 11 10 12 12	109
A. G. Hull.....	12 11 11 11 11 11 11 10	9-105
S. P. Wells.....	12 11 11 10 11 11 9 11	10-105
A. F. Mitchell.....	8 12 9 12 10 11 9 10	11-112
A. C. Rich.....	10 9 11 9 9 10 10 11	11-99
F. A. White.....	10 10 10 7 12 10 10 9	12-99
E. F. Corey.....	10 11 7 10 10 9 11 10	98
S. R. Stevens.....	9 8 9 11 12 9 9 11	98
H. L. Waterbury.....	10 7 8 9 5 9 7 12	12-86

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 8.—There was considerable life at the butts to-day at the final shoot of the year. Company C, Second Artillery Regiment, or, as it is better and more popularly known, the Gatling Battery, held its monthly medal shoot at Shell Mound Park, on which occasion the best scores were made as follows: First class—Lieutenant J. P. Warren, 200yds., 45; total, 29. Sergeant Adams, 200yds., 40; 500yds., 30; total, 78. Sergeant Seaman, 200yds., 39; 500yds., 33; total, 72. Second class—Private Martin, 200yds., 35; 500yds., 30; total, 74. Third class—Private Powers, 200yds., 39. Private Archer, 200yds., 37. On the same day above mentioned, Company C, of the Second Artillery Regiment, favorably known and composed of the former members of the San Francisco Fusiliers, also had its monthly shoot. The bitter cold and accompanying heavy northwest wind militated so much against the shooters that no better scores than the following were made. First class—C. Friedbach, 200yds., 25; 500yds., 28; total, 53. Second class—F. Koch, 200yds., 21; 500yds., 21; total, 42. Third class—Charles Baxton, 200yds., 26. Cummings and Perkins, pitted against Klein and Carson, shot a 100 shot match at 200yds. and the same reasons given above, did not come up to their average in the following scores:

Cummings.....	42 45 47 45 38 44 45 45	43-441
Perkins.....	44 45 42 44 48 43 35 32	428-860
Klein.....	44 44 45 45 43 41 43 44	4-437
Carson.....	43 45 46 46 43 43 41 47	36-326-763

Charles Smith, 50 shots each, Charles Carr winning and the scores being:

200yds. Charles Carr.....	43 44 44 45-220
500yds. Hovey.....	43 44 43 45-216
Smith Carr.....	39 44 43 40-209

WORCESTER, Mass., Jan. 8.—The Massachusetts target was used at the weekly meet at Pine Grove Range to-day. Strings of 10 with a possible 120 were shot, resulting as follows:

C. A. Allen.....	8 11 11 10 10 12 11 11	11-107
S. Burton.....	11 11 12 9 11 9 10 12 11	9-105
M. G. Allen.....	11 11 11 11 11 11 11 11	10-104
A. L. Rice.....	11 7 11 11 12 9 10 8	9-99
A. Williams.....	11 11 9 9 10 10 12 8	9-99
Arthur Mills.....	7 10 10 6 9 11 12 8	9-90

GARDNER, Mass., Jan. 7.—There was not a large number present at the regular meet to-day of the Gardner Rifle Club at Hackmatack Range. The American decimal target was used, distance 200yds., shooting off-hand, with a possible score of 100. The result was as follows: G. F. Ellsworth 89, A. Mathews 85, M. Atherton 86, I. N. Dodge 82, Fred Parker 79.

CLUB SCORES.—Correspondents who favor us with scores are requested to send them in as soon as possible after the matches described. We go to press Wednesdays; and it is necessary that matter for publication should be in hand by Monday, or Tuesday at the latest.

BOSTON, Jan. 9.—The weekly shoot of the East Boston Schweizer Corps took place at the Oak Island rifle range this afternoon. The interest centered in the contest between Capt. J. Garney, Jr., of the corps, and C. M. Gueth. The latter challenged any member of the corps to shoot him for a \$50 badge, and Capt. Garney accepted. The result was a handsome victory for Capt. Garney by a score of 145 to 123 for his opponent. The conditions for close holding were bad, a strong quartering wind blowing down the range. The light, however, was good. The details of the match and the challenge match, as well as in the regular contests, are appended:

Challenge Match.	
Capt Garney.....	17 9 11 22 19 12 16 9 16 24-145
C M Gueth.....	0 22 9 20 12 15 9 10 12 14-123

Ring Target Match.	
C M Gueth.....	17 17 9 18 21 18 24 12-179
Capt Garney.....	12 17 22 19 12 22 19 0 22 21-175

G H Wilfert.....	10 20 20 0 19 16 5 0 19 22-100
F Dennison.....	17 18 9 20 9 25 14 17 18 15-123
N Woodrury.....	24 17 12 14 15 0 18 24 9 9-142
E J Bauer.....	35 15 20 17 10 9 17 9 10-142
F Allen.....	9 11 15 20 19 23 11 7 0 19-135
C M. nfield.....	0 0 9 10 19 10 17 34-132

Man Target.	
E Bennett.....	19 13 16 16 18-55
C M Gueth.....	11 20 15 10 7-55
Capt Garney.....	20 10 14 14 16-74

BOSTON, Jan. 10.—The attendance at Walnut Hill to-day was very slim, the intense cold keeping many riflemen away. A strong north-west wind prevailed since, and poor scores were the result. The scores:

Creedmoor Practice Match.	
C E Berry.....	43585454-43
C O Parker.....	44444444-40

C U Parker44441144444—40	D O Ball3471334334—85
Rest Match.			
C E Barry	:	7 7 7 10 5 8 10 7 10 9—8	

MELROSE RIFLE CLUB.—The four weekly contests at Melrose, Mass., Rifle Club for the handsome silver tankard ended on Jan. 8. Mr. Fielding scored a fortnight ago 219 out of a possible 220, and has not contested for it since, as none of the riflemen succeeded in tying his score. Mr. Shaw, of the Highlands, came very near with the admirable 218 and Mr. Marshall with an excellent 216. Mr. Fielding feels proud in having won the beautiful trophy, and will treasure it as a souvenir instead, especially when sipping therefrom a little of that good old mulberry tea.

THE TRAP.

Correspondents who favor us with club scores are particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only.

NATIONAL TRAP-SHOOTERS' ASSOCIATION.

A CIRCULAR has been issued giving the details of the proposed National Association. The prospectus says: For some years the question of organizing a National Association among the shooting fraternity has been extensively agitated. The main objects to be attained thereby are: first, the adoption of a national code of shooting rules, whether for live birds, clay-pigeons, glass balls or what not; and secondly, the organization in different cities of interstate and international tournaments. The advantages of having such an association with such objects are manifest. Two questions have arisen in this connection: first, how best to effect the organization; and secondly, how to keep the Association alive when once organized. Many plans have been suggested; some tried and discarded. A number of reliable "workers," such as J. M. Barbour, of Louisville; K. E. Bloom, of Cincinnati; O. John Wheatstone, of Cincinnati, O., have resolved to attempt a plan which they think will answer these queries satisfactorily, and which should actively interest every trap-shooter, every sportsman's paper, and every dealer in guns, ammunition, etc.; in fact every interest in any way connected with the gun.

This plan is briefly outlined as follows: To incorporate a stock company under the laws of the State of Kentucky (where there is no liability beyond the amount originally subscribed), whose name shall be "The National Trap-Shooters' Association." The capital stock to be \$1,000, \$2,500 or \$5,000, depending on number of subscribers, divided into shares of \$5 each. The objects of the Association shall be:

First.—To adopt national standard of rules for live pigeon, clay-pigeon, glass-ball shooting, etc.

Second.—To organize annually an international shooting tournament.

Third.—To organize annually two or more interstate tournaments.

Fourth.—To organize proprietary gun clubs in various cities, the principal one to be located with the main office of the Association.

Fifth.—To publish an annual report, giving list of members, rules, reports of the years, principal shooting events, etc., announcements for the future, etc.

The affairs of the company shall be managed by a board of five directors, elected annually by the shareholders, and who shall serve without salary, and who shall have full power to appoint an executive committee and salaried officers to carry out the objects of the company; though no such salaries shall be taken from the above capital, which can only be used for other and necessary expenses incurred in carrying out the objects of the company.

Any reputable citizen can become an active member of the Association (subject to the vote of the Executive Committee); initiation fee \$5, annual dues \$1. Any one subscribing to an original share of the company, viz. \$5, need not pay any initiation fee to become a member; he becomes an active member by paying \$1 annually, though he does not lose his stock by failing to pay his annual dues, in which event he becomes an inactive stockholder merely.

When the original shares are all subscribed the initiation fee of \$5, required from subsequent subscribers, is forfeited when the annual dues are not paid.

The board of directors, by unanimous vote, can confer honorary life membership upon any one.

Every individual holder of five shares (\$25) of stock shall be a life member of the Association, free from all further dues.

Life members and active members of the Association and invited guests only shall be allowed at its various tournaments. Life members and active members of the Association shall be allowed all the privileges of the members of the proprietary gun clubs (established by the Association) on the grounds and club rooms of the latter. (That is, if a member from Louisville, etc., visits New York, he would receive the hospitality of the club there, use of grounds, club rooms, etc.)

The officers of the Association shall be: A President, three First Vice-presidents and Second Vice-presidents, one for each State and Territory in the United States, also a Treasurer and Secretary.

Subscriptions will be received by either of the above named parties. The subscription books will be opened Feb. 10, 1885, at 8 P. M., at No. 19 St. Charles street, New Orleans, La., and remain open there until Feb. 17, after which date, subscriptions can be sent to the main office *pro tem*, in care of J. E. Bloom, Box 1,293, Cincinnati, O.

Ten per cent, or fifty cents a share shall be payable at the time of subscribing, the balance being payable in monthly instalments of \$1 per share, or where more than one share is subscribed in monthly instalments of 10 per cent, until paid in full.

This project is confidently presented to the shooting world, with the assurance that the objects will thus be practically attained, and that the subscriptions will prove a good investment; for the reason that the profits made at the various tournaments will be divided annually (about January), among the subscribers or shareholders of the Association.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The incorporation of the above Association, outlined in the last issue, seems to meet the approval of many sportsmen. The following, among other letters, has been read:

SPRINGFIELD, O., Jan. 8, 1885. The circular at hand and contents carefully noted. It meets my full approval. I am quite enthusiastic about seeing such a scheme in vogue. Last year I formed a hat we called our Central Ohio Shooting Association and we held monthly shoots at Kenton, Bellefontaine, Greenville, Urbana and Springfield; we always had a good attendance. We charged \$3 admission, and at any shoot we allowed a shooter the privilege of becoming a member by payment in advance of action of association. We charged five cents each for live birds. We always made a nice little profit from each tournament. The only thing in the scheme that I have seen their stock double—that is to say one \$3 share worth \$4—and are only in our first year. We charge \$1 yearly dues, always payable in advance, and before a shooter is allowed any privilege in the tournament. Go on with the scheme, it will receive the support of our boys.

L. E. RUSSELL, M. D., Pres. Central Ohio Shooting Association.

It is hoped that every club will send us the name of an active "worker" to add to the committee list, by mail or by telegraph, so as to reach me before Jan. 20, to enable us to publish same on programme of the New Orleans tournament, where final action will be taken.

For the Committee, J. E. Bloom.

TRAP AND FIELD SHOOTING.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I claim that after one season of practice at the trap for a new beginner, further practice is a hindrance rather than an advantage to become a good wing-shot in the brush. I have come to this conclusion from my own experience, and from what I have seen in others. I claim if a man is a fair wing-shot in the brush, he is not benefited by shooting during the summer months once or twice a week at clay-pigeons or glass balls. The two best wing-shots I know of in this country are men under fifty years old, and I never heard of their shooting at the trap; while one of the very best men at the trap that I am acquainted with in this vicinity told me recently he had not killed a bird this season, and I know he has been out hunting since that time, and that he has not hit a bird since he misses the easiest kind of shots to make. If this is so, why is it? S. H.

THE NEW ORLEANS TOURNAMENT.—Mr. J. F. Ives, of Meriden, Conn., has kindly donated one leather ammunition case to be awarded as a special prize at tournament. F. L. Chamberlain, of Cleveland, Ohio, writes: "I hope to be with several of our club at the N. O. shoot," etc. W. H. Shawhan, of Petersburg, Ind., writes: "About eight or ten of our club will attend the tournament," etc. Besides these numerous names, there will be also a team from Cincinnati and one from Kenton County Gun Club, Ky. Fred Erb, of Kansas City; J. F. Ives, of Meriden, Conn.; J. Stice, of Jacksonville, Ill., besides numerous others, have lately announced their intention of attending the tournament. Dr. L. E. Russell, of Springfield, O., writes: "We shall have a team at New Orleans."—L. C. P. Co. In consequence of the following letter the meeting called at St. Charles Hotel is hereby adjourned to the office of Leon Marthe, 19 Charles street, where sportsmen are requested to meet nightly, beginning Feb. 10; New Orleans, Jan. 2, 1885. J. E. Bloom, Esq., Dear Sir: In reply to your favor of Dec. 30 will say at the time you mention it will be impossible to promise any parlor as cots will be used in all rooms.—R. E. Rivers, Proprietor St. Charles Hotel.

CLAY-PIGEON PATENT.—The Ligovsky vs. Fischer suit in re flying targets before the Commissioner of Patents has been decided in favor of the former.

BOSTON GUN CLUB.—Wellington, Mass., Jan. 7.—The wind blowing in every conceivable direction, did not prevent a spirited attendance of the best trap-shooters belonging to all surrounding shooting clubs at the above tournament. Full scores were the exception, the birds were terrible drivers, and tested thoroughly the powers of the different makes of guns. This shoot and the next one on the 21st, are looked upon as being the best practice for New Orleans. We think three clubs from the New England Trap-Shooters' Association will attend at that meeting; if so, our Southern friends will find foes men worthy of their steel.

First event, 7 singles, 18yds. Prizes, 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent.:

H W Eager	1111110-6	J F Hart	0000001-1
C H Gerrish	1111111-6	W S Perry	1111111-6
C Wilbur	1111110-3	C F Steele	0000000-3
W L Davis	1111110-5	R Hunter	0100000-3
E W Allen	1111111-5	C J Goodale	0000100-1
E W Tinker	1111111-5	D Kirkwood	1111111-6
A F Cooper	1111111-5		

Eager first, Kirkwood second, Wilbur third.

Second event, 3 pair doubles, 18yds. rise:

Perry	11 11 11-5	Tinker	11 11 11-6
Gerrish	11 11 11-5	Cooper	11 10 10-2
Allen	11 10 11-5	Kirkwood	11 11 11-6
Wilbur	11 10 11-3	Steele	11 11 11-6
Davis	11 11 11-6	Hunter	00 11 10-3

Davis and Cooper first, Perry second, Hunter third and Kirkwood fourth.

Third event, 5 birds, 5 traps:

Eager	11111-4	Allen	10000-3
Gerrish	11111-4	Goodale	10011-3
Davis	11100-3	Hunter	10101-3
Wilbur	10101-3	Hart	00101-2
Perry	10100-2	Cooper	11101-4
Steele	10000-1	Tinker	10110-3
Kirkwood	11111-5		

Eager and Kirkwood first, Gerrish and Cooper second, Tinker third.

Fourth event, 5 birds, 1 trap:

Wilbur	11110-4	Davis	01100-2
Perry	11111-4	Tinker	00111-3
Gerrish	10011-3	Dodd	10010-2
Cooper	11101-4	Kirkwood	00111-3
Hunter	01101-3	Hart	00011-2
Steele	01110-3	J Snow	00111-3
Goodale	01101-4	Eager	11101-4
Allen	11101-4		

Cooper first, Gerrish and Tinker second, Davis and Dodd third.

Fifth event, 3 pair doubles, fixed traps:

Perry	11 11 00-4	Davis	10 11 11-5
J Snow	10 10 10-3	Steele	11 11 01-5
Gerrish	10 10 11-3	Cooper	10 11 01-4
Eager	11 01 11-4	Dodd	11 00 01-3
Tinker	11 01 11-5	Allen	10 11 11-3
Allen	00 11 11-4	Kirkwood	11 11 11-6
Wilbur	01 11 10-4		

Kirkwood first, Tinker second, Cooper third and Snow fourth.

Sixth event, 2-man team match, in 7 singles and three pair doubles:

Eager	111110-6	10 11 11-5
Perry	110301-4	10 11 11-6-11-21
Gerrish	010110-5	10 11 11-6-11-21
Davis	110101-5	9 10 10 10-4-6-13
Tinker	1111001-5	11 10 10-4
Dodd	0000001-1	6 11 11 10-4-8-14
Davis	1111010-5	11 10 11-5
Wilbur	010111-5	10 11 11-6-11-21
Allen	001101-4	10 01 11-4
E W Law	110111-6	10 11 11-6-10-20

Eager and Perry first, Allen and Law second, Gerrish and Cooper third.

Seventh event, 7 singles, 5 traps:

Eager	1011001-5	Tinker	0111011-5
Kirkwood	0111001-3	Wilbur	0011111-5
Gerrish	000110-3	Dodd	1011111-6
Perry	0011000-2	Davis	1011111-6
Cooper	1001100-4	Allen	1001010-3

Dodd first, Eager and Tinker second, Cooper third, Allen and Kirkwood fourth.

Eighth event, 3 pair doubles, 5 traps:

Eager	11 11 11-5	J Williams	10 10 10-3
Gerrish	10 11 01-4	Snow	11 10 10-4
Law	10 11 10-4	Kirkwood	01 11 00-5
Perry	11 11 11-5	W Robinson	00 10 11-4
Dodd	11 11 11-5	Dodd	00 00 00-0
Cooper	11 11 11-6	J Nichols	10 10 11-4
Davis	11 11 11-6		

Davis and Cooper first, Perry second, Robinson third, Kirkwood and Williams fourth.

Ninth event, 20 singles:

Eager	101101001111101111-15	Cooper	111111001111110011-16
Dodd	101101001100110-17	Gerrish	100110101101101010-12
Perry	1011010111111111-17	Davis	110101110111010100-10
Tinker	0011001011101101010-11		

Perry first, Cooper second, Eager third.

Tenth event, 7 singles, 18yds. rise:

Kirkwood	11 1011-6	Eager	1011010-3
Law	1110000-3	Perry	1110111-6
Robinson	000110-5	Davis	1011111-6
Snow	000110-3	Arkinson	0000000-3
Gerrish	0001101-3	Cooper	1011111-6
Wilbur	0110011-4	Williams	0001000-1
Allen	0110011-4	Allen	1111110-6

Perry first, Robinson second, Wilbur and Davis third, Snow and Eager fourth.

Eleventh event, 3 pair doubles:

Eager	11 11 11-5	Snow	00 11 11-3
Dodd	01 11 11-5	Gerrish	01 10 11-4
Wilbur	01 10 10-2	Law	11 11 10-5
Kirkwood	10 10 10-2	Robinson	11 10 11-5
Davis	00 10 01-2	Tinker	10 10 10-3
Cooper	11 10 00-3	Nichols	10 10 10-3

Eager and Law first, Gerrish second, Snow third, Dodd, Kirkwood and Davis fourth.

Twelfth event, 5 singles:

Eager	10000-1	Williams	00111-3
Wilbur	10100-2	Sno x	11100-3
Law	00000-0	Tinker	11011-4
Cooper	11111-5	Hart	00000-0
Perry	11111-5	Kirkwood	01111-4
Gerrish	11100-3	Allen	01111-3
Dodd	01011-3	Davis	10110-3
Nichols	11011-4		

Cooper first, Kirkwood and Nichols second, Gerrish, Davis and Allen third, Wilbur fourth.

Thirteenth event, 3 pair doubles:

Perry	10 00 00-3	Robinson	01 11 11-5
Davis	10 00 00-3	Kirkwood	11 01 10-4
Eager	10 10 11-4	Wilbur	10 11 11-5
Cooper	10 11 11-5	Gerrish	11 11 10-5
Law	00 00 00-0	Allen	01 00 11-3
Snow	11 10 10-3	Dodd	00 10 00-1

Wilbur first, Eager and Kirkwood second, Snow and Allen third, Dodd and Davis fourth.

Fourteenth event, 5 singles—Law and Perry first, Davis second, Kirkwood and Eager third.

Fifteenth event, 5 singles—Eager first, Kirkwood second.

Sixteenth event, 3 singles, straightaways—Dodd first, Kirkwood second.

Seventeenth event, terms same as in fifteenth event—Kirkwood first, Perry second.

Eighteenth event, where shot while nature was drawing closer the curtain for the day, and darkness had well set in before the last shooter left the cosy structure. All expressed approval that a similar shoot will be repeated on the 21st. There will then be a match between H. W. Eager of Marlboro, Mass., and C. M. Stark, Dunbarton, N. H., fifty singles and twenty-five pair doubles each shooter. It will take place about 12 o'clock.

CLUB SCORES.—Correspondents who favor us with scores are requested to send them in as soon as possible after the matches described. We go to press Wednesdays; and it is necessary that matter for publication should be in hand by Monday, or Tuesday at the latest.

UNKNOWN GUN CLUB.—The annual meeting of the Unknown Gun Club of Brooklyn was held at 715 Myrtle avenue January 6. The following officers were elected: President, H. Knebel; Vice-President, M. Chichester; Secretary, E. Layton; Treasurer, H. Van Staden, Sr.

NEW ORLEANS, Jan. 6.—In his exhibition shoot at Oakland Park to-day, Capt. Bogardus broke 100 clay-pigeons in five minutes and thirty-three seconds. On account of the cold weather the bat match has been postponed to during the clay-pigeon tournament in February. He will then also undertake to break 1,000 clay-pigeons in an hour from six traps, and load his own gun. He is trying to get three hundred pigeons so as to get up a sweepstake match to shoot at hot bats and half pigeons. He also intends giving a silver cup to be

shot for by the New Orleans Gun Club, the conditions of the match being that a man has to win it three times before it becomes his personal property.

NORTH SIDE GUN CLUB.—Woodside, L. I., Jan. 7.—Regular monthly shoot; 25yds., except Kroger, who shot at 37:

Kroger	1101010-4	Tappen	0101010-3
Whalen	1101011-4	Barlow	1110001-4
Krumbeck	1110100-4	Dr Franz	0111101-5
Grau	0001011-3	Helmen	1110101-5
Bullwinkle	100101-3	Manning	110101-4
Lyons	111101-6	Eberhardt	011111-5
Chevallier	111110-6	Skelton	0101010-3
Seims	111000-3	Stokey	100101-4
Ties, 25yds.—Lyons, 010; Chevallier, 110.—J. N. RIKER, Referee.			

CLUB SCORES.—Correspondents who favor us with scores are requested to send them in as soon as possible after the matches described. We go to press Wednesdays; and it is necessary that matter for publication should be in hand by Monday, or Tuesday at the latest.

SOLOMON CITY, Kas., Jan. 5.—The Solomon City Gun Club is now in its second year, and is presided over by Mr. H. B. Aldrich, late of Locomotion Gun Club, Pa. This club, I believe, is made up of good sportsmen and not of pot-hunters, which our county has had to suffer from during this past season. Following are scores made by the Solomon Gun Club at their last meeting, shooting glass balls, screened, 3yds, Mole's battery trap:

H B Aldrich	1111011-3	Joo Krum	1011011010-6
T J Edworthy	1111011-3	P Haline	100100001-4
R Robertson	01101111-7	C H Dewar	11101111-8
C F Dewar	111010111-8	M Wall	0001000011-3

AGENDA.

CLUB SCORES.—Correspondents who favor us with scores are requested to send them in as soon as possible after the matches described. We go to press Wednesdays; and it is necessary that matter for publication should be in hand by Monday, or Tuesday at the latest.

CHARLESTOWN VS. PRINCIPIO.—Charlestown, Md., Jan. 12.—The Principio and Charlestown Gun Clubs shot a match at the latter place, losers to pay for oyster supper; 15 glass balls, 25yds. Weather was fine and attendance good. Richardson made the only clean break. A return match will be shot next week.

H K Barnes	.11111111111111-13	A H Kutter	.111101011111-13
R K Barnes	.10100110111111-11	J Rutter	.01110111011111-13
R B Gibson	.011111110011101-11	H M Sentmen	.01011011011011-10
W Heverlin	.11010101111111-12	O Sentman	.111101011101010-10
W Wilson	.11111111100111-13	A P Jackson	.01111111111111-13
J Graham	.11111111111111-13	V Sentmen	.111011111100111-13
W H Graham	.10100110110111-9	W T Jackson	.01100010110111-8

Canoeing.

CANOEISTS are invited to send us notes and full reports of cruises club meets, information about canoeable waters, and other communications of interest.

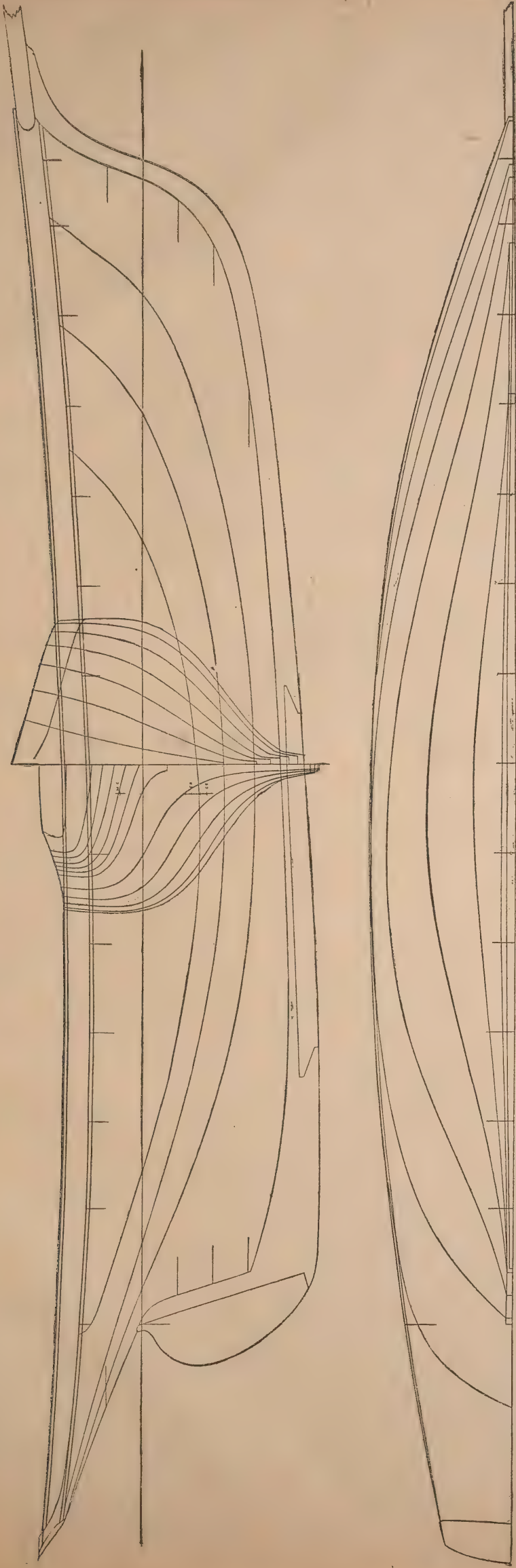
Secretaries of canoe clubs are requested to send to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with name, membership, signals, etc., of their clubs, and also notices in advance of meetings and races, and reports of the same. Canoeists and all interested in canoeing are requested to forward to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with logs of cruises, trips, and information concerning their local waters, drawings or descriptions of boats and fittings, and all items relating to the sport.

THE SOCIAL SIDE OF CANOEING.

I LIVE and always have lived in a large city. Whether that city is Chicago, Boston, New York, San Francisco or Philadelphia does not concern you. Moreover am I a canoeist. Not one of my fellow club members did I know or ever met socially before I joined the canoe club. Not one of them ever belonged to what I may be allowed to call—my social set. This I regret. I also know that not more than any two of my fellow members knew each other or moved in the same set before they joined the club. Yet have we done well, and as a club hold a recognized place in the A. O. A. The members who have pushed the club's interests and formed its nucleus of workers, have constituted themselves into a little social club of their own, and are socially for each other, if it is applied to individuals who really do not go very far from home, but who are pretty much, canoesically speaking, at home wherever they are. They are the ones "who plan new rigs, new cruises, new rules, and improve with new devices their old canoes. Without them the club would be a conglomeration of widely different molecules and not the unit that it is. And yet the forces are at work all the time to separate these working bees—business engagements, society ties, family duties, political affiliations, and many other forms of pressure exerted on each one differently than on his associates. The canoe brought them together and the canoe holds them together—almost nothing else. Thus it is in the city. Let him lose for a time his burning interest in the canoe, and that member is lost to the club and his club associates. This is the great disadvantage the canoeist experiences in the large city.

In the smaller cities as a rule the canoe clubs are formed of men already fast friends and having like interests other than those of the canoe. The Cincinnati club was formed of a social set of men of long standing and close intimacy; likewise the Albany and Rochester clubs. The members of nearly all such clubs, and the members who are best known in them and who govern them, are firm friends, and have been for years before they ever saw a canoe—as a rule. Without some social bond to cement the city club member never sees a fellow member, or his club house, for five or six months of the year, and he must be an enthusiast indeed to keep up his interest unabated during all this time. The social wheels within wheels of the large cities move almost independently of each other, and rarely touch more than at a single point. Therefore ye wise metropolitan wield

Mr. Claydon also alludes to the completeness of the inventory of the modern yacht, especially the smaller sizes, in which almost every article is designed with the greatest care and made of the best materials. Lamps, anchors, signals, binnacles and compass, blocks, windlass, buffers, that are a matter of course to-day, were but a few years since either unobtainable or of inferior quality. In the use of lead and copper, of better woods, and in sails, yachtsmen are to-day far in advance of twenty years ago, while their craft, size for size, are superior, both in accommodation and ability. It is true that the older boats have more room and more than enough sail, but it is to make any fair comparison, it is necessary to consider the great difference in quality of material and workmanship, the relative accommodations, and the completeness and excellence of rig of the former compared with the faulty and slipsided outfit only too common with the latter.



CARMELITA.

THIS schooner, whose lines are reproduced on this page, is now nearly ready for her long voyage from New York to San Francisco. She was designed by Mr. A. Cary Smith for Mr. James V. Coleman, of the Pacific Y. C. of the latter city. This little craft is a fine specimen of a seagoing cruiser, being intended for use on San Francisco Bay, and along the Pacific coast. Mr. Smith has endeavored to combine the good seagoing features of a cruiser with the greatest possible accommodation, in which he has been very successful, as a look below will testify. The new boat differs from her future competitors, being of moderate beam and deep draft, while they are mostly wide and shoal with centerboards and inside ballast, the few keel yachts in San Francisco also being wider and shoaler than she. The deck is broken by a low house over the main cabin, and a large cockpit aft. Below is a handsome cabin, forward of which is the owner's stateroom. Forward of these on each side are two of more staterooms, the smaller, to port, being the captain's. Forward these is the galley, very conveniently fitted up, and in the bows a good forecabin. On each side of the companion is also a stateroom opening into the cabin. The latter is roomy and comfortable and very neatly finished. On deck forward is one of Thayer's patent windlasses, for chain and rope. The yacht will be steered with a wheel, but a strong iron tiller also forms part of her equipment. Mr. Driscoll, her builder, has turned out a strong, substantial and finely finished craft in every particular. Her wood keel of white oak is 10½ in. deep and 20 in. wide, to admit of as great a weight as possible outside. The lead keel of 11½ gross tons, is bolted up with composition bolts. The floors, which are sided 4½ in., are of hackmatack knees, doubled and bolted to the wood keel with galvanized iron bolts in addition to the metal keel bolts. The frames are of double sawn white oak spaced 20 in., except at the bow, where they are single and of hackmatack. They are sided 3¼ in., and moulded 8 in. at heels and 3 in. at heads. The keelson is of yellow pine, 3×9 in., in one length, and the shelf, also of yellow pine, is 5×5, tapering to 3×3. The clamps are 2×6 in., the deck beams 5×5, and partner beams 5×6 in., with 4 in. hanging knees at each beam. The yacht is planked with white oak, 2 to 2¼ in., with deck of white pine 2¼×14. Her sail plan will appear next week.

ELEMENTS OF SCHOONER YACHT CARMELITA.

	Ft.	In.
Length over all.....	79	10½
Length on water line.....	65	
Beam, extreme.....	16	5
Beam, moulded.....	16	1
Draft of water, extreme.....	10	
Rake of sternpost in 4 ft.....	1	3
Midship section abaft center of L. W. L.....	6	2
Center of buoyancy.....	2	8
Center of buoyancy below L. W. L.....	2	9
Meta center above C. B.....	4	
Ballast outside, gross tons.....	11.5	
Ballast total, gross tons.....	36	
Register tonnage.....	41	78-100

POCAHONTAS.

THE question of Pocahontas's failure was thoroughly discussed long ago, and we cannot give space for any renewal of the controversy; but as she has been mentioned as an available champion of the Cup, we publish the following letter from her builder. Even admitting that she was equal to or a little better than the other sloops, she would be no match for a boat 13 ft. longer, and superior to her in rig and equipment:

Editor Forest and Stream:

In FOREST AND STREAM of Dec. 18, 1884, I notice you give a list of yachts, available or otherwise, for the defense of the America Cup, in which you say, "Pocahontas began and ended her career in the same week," which is entirely too true. After but two trial trips within the week, and under the most adverse circumstances and conditions, she was cut down and abandoned, after shivering around a little, with but little, if any more than a reefed sail. The cutting down was done without consulting her designer and builder, and without his knowing of it until an account was seen in the public prints. Now I ask you and all who understand this business, how long it takes to get everything about a large sloop yacht in trim and in fit condition to sail in races with other boats that it has taken years to perfect? Let us see how long it has taken to get some of them to do the best they have done. It took about four years to get the Hildegarde to go right, Mischief two, Gracie six or eight, Fanny six or eight, Oriva two, Arrow one, and so one may go through a long list, and not find one that was made perfect short of one year's training, yet Pocahontas was pitted against the fastest of these sloops in these two trial trips, and was expected to beat them.

Now, before I say anything about Pocahontas's condition and performances in those two trial trips, I appeal to all fair-minded yachtsmen to know if, in their judgment, such treatment was fair, either to Pocahontas or her designer and builder, and if they think there was given her a fair chance and time to show what she could do with two trial trips, both in one week? But what were the circumstances under which these trial trips were made? What her condition and performances in them? After being completed she was allowed to lie in the creek for two months and grow a fine crop of young oysters, barnacles and grass on her bottom, which she effectually did. Then a lot of lead was pitched into her, no one knows how much or how little; her sails bent on, when a week or more of a long, drizzling rain set in. But she was put on trial on one of these rainy days. She had all of that two months of marine crop on her bottom, her sails were soaking wet, so they could not be stretched out, and her centerboard was found to be so light that it could not be kept down. In this condition she was pitted against two of the fastest sloops, Hildegarde and Mischief. It rained all day, wind light, with occasional fresh squalls from the southwest. It was claimed that Hildegarde's bottom was not very clean, but Mischief had just come off the ways, when the others had started, with her bottom potlead. The trial was made, up and down the upper New York Bay a number of times, to windward and back. When the wind was light there seemed to be little or no difference between the three, either on or off the wind; but when the fresh squalls came it was found that neither of the other sloops were any match for Pocahontas to windward.

A few days later came the second trial trip, when she was pitted against Gracie, also with the other two sloops. In the meantime Pocahontas was hauled out, scraped and some potlead put on her bottom, and some more lead put in her, but as the wet weather continued, nothing could be done to her sails. The other three sloops were also potlead. This time it was decided that they should go around the lightship and back. The morning they were to start was still cloudy and damp, but cleared off after the start, and the sun came out bright. The four started with the wind southwest. In a few minutes after the start a fresh flaw struck Gracie and carried away her topmast. Pocahontas being to leeward of Gracie was struck a few seconds later by the same flaw and had her topmast taken out. Of course they were then out of the race with the other two sloops, but had a tussel between themselves. By the time they had got down to the fort the wreck had been cleared away, and as Gracie's topmast was broken about half way up, she commenced to rig up a pole so as to set her topmast again. But Pocahontas's topmast was broken close down to the cap, and so no topsail could be set. As soon as they cleared the high bluffs of Staten Island the wind struck them so much ahead that they had to close haul. Pocahontas was then on Gracie's leeward quarter, and close to her. In a few minutes she luffed up across Gracie's stern, and quickly passed her to windward, outfooting her and running several points closer to the wind. About half way to the Spit buoy Gracie got her topsail up. The wind then shifted free, and both boats had to start sheet. Pocahontas thus losing all she had made to windward of Gracie, having left only what she had outfooted her. Gracie then, as soon as she had her topsail up and the wind free, began to gain on Pocahontas, yet Pocahontas got to the Spit buoy 7½ minutes ahead of her antagonist. All this and more was gained while on the wind and footing only, and in going about half way to the Spit buoy, Pocahontas's sail did not bax much when it was wet, but was full of wrinkles, having never been used when dry. But now the sun had been shining bright for some time, her sail had begun to get dry, and bag accordingly.

The wind was directly astern, and Gracie still gaining. She passed Pocahontas in rounding the lightship. By this time the canvas in Pocahontas's sail having dried out much more than the rope, became nothing but a great bag. Yet with that and without a topsail she held her own with Gracie far in as Sandy Hook, when Gracie got away from her, beating her in about seven minutes. In this trial Pocahontas seemed to have entirely too much weight in her, as she was very low in the water, but no one knows how much she had in. Now, Mischief and Hildegarde beat the other two sloops in, over an hour, which was of course due solely to their topsails. Then it follows, as Gracie had her topsail seven-eighths of the distance sailed while Pocahontas had none, she would, if as fast as Pocahontas, have beaten her more than forty minutes, or more than five times as much as she did. All this time Pocahontas's centerboard could not be kept down where it belonged, as it had not weight enough in it to sink it. Now I insist upon it that these two trial trips proved that neither of the other sloops, Gracie, Mischief or Hildegarde was any match for Pocahontas to windward, notwithstanding the bad condition she was in. They may, perhaps, have been as fast with a free wind, but that is uncertain. What then could they have done with Pocahontas had she been trained long enough to get everything

in proper trim? But immediately after this second trial Pocahontas's sail was cut down, until it was only just the size of the Arrow's sail when that was new, while the Pocahontas is twenty-two tons the largest. Any trials she may have had after being cut down are of no value whatever, unless it be to show that she could go almost as fast with but little, if any, more than a reefed sail. The true inwardness of this cutting down business I have never yet been able to obtain. The talk of some that she could not carry sail is sheer nonsense. There was nothing in those trial trips to indicate in the least that she could not carry it. To the best of my recollection she did not once wet her heels in either of those trials. She appeared to be much more able than Arrow or any other of the large sloops I have built, for the first year.

It is a well known fact that no wooden boat will carry sail the first year as she will after that, because the bottom is getting heavier, while the top and spars are getting lighter all the while. Pocahontas would have carried that sail as long as the other sloops, but she has carried theirs. Then why was she cut down until something more was known about her? Verily there is a mystery about it. But rig her up as she was, get her in proper trim, and she will be very much the fastest sloop in New York waters to-day, in going to windward and back. It need not be expected that she will go with that cut down rig, for she has not sail enough to drive her. Give her the chance and the other sloops will have to have her, and she will be much better able to defend the America Cup than any of them.

This is not intended as any reflection on the other sloops, but is only to show that Pocahontas has never been given any chance whatever to show what she can do, and is wrongly condemned. That what little trials she had gave indications that were entirely in her favor.

NY, N. Y., Jan. 6, 1885.

TIMELY PREPARATIONS.

THE blind self-confidence and the belief that any American sloop was more than a match for a cutter which prevailed in certain quarters at the time of Madge's advent, has now disappeared under the light of recent events, although the bluster still is heard. The evidence of what the cutter can do has at length shaken the firm belief of the false and unwarranted confidence that was the result of some preparation to meet the expected challenges. The first step in such a direction would seem to be to measure the power of our probable opponents, and look about at once for something new or old, capable of meeting them. Such an open and common sense course has little to commend it, however, to a certain class of our yachtsmen, and instead of carrying out a careful and careful consideration of the subject, they have chosen to ignore it. The result is shown in various interviews in the daily papers. Their first effort is to mix up the entire subject of measurement to such an extent as to create an opinion in the mind of the general reader that the odds are entirely in favor of the English boat, to do which they stop neither at open falsehood, misrepresentation nor personal abuse.

The statement is publicly made that the measurement rules of the New York Y. C. as well as the Seawanhaka C. Y. C., were not only based, but stolen without credit from Mr. Dixon Kemp's proposed sail area and length rule, for the purpose of allowing the cutters to win, and only by this rule did Madge defeat her rivals, while it is claimed that the present rule of the New York Y. C. is "greatly in favor of the long, narrow cutters." The statement that Madge won only under the old rule is entirely false as the race was run under the rule in vogue in the Seawanhaka C. Y. C. in 1881, length multiplied by beam, a rule adopted by the club years before a cutter was even talked of, and when their fleet consisted of small open boats. This measurement was taken from the New York Y. C., who were using it at the time. Madge won her races, however, without using the time allowed her by the rule, by 5 min. 14 sec.; Wave, 1 min. 45 sec.; Mistral overpowered and gave up; Schomer again 5 min. 45 sec.; Schomer forfeited the fifth race; Shadow, 9 min. 35 sec.; and Wave again 2 min.; while on the other side Shadow took one race by 2 min. All of these times are "flat," the elapsed time from start to finish, independent of any system of measurement, and by them Madge won 7 out of 8 races, most of them from larger boats. As to the racing of Wave and Shadow, the latter was by no means a prize winner, and considered fast boats, and were sparred, canvassed, ballasted and sailed in the same manner as all our sloops. The source of these misstatements concerning Madge is betrayed by the continual allusion to mean length which always appears in connection with them, showing the handiwork of a certain clique whose ideal of measurement seems to be to measure overhang only, to the exclusion of everything else. The present rule is based on the length of the hull, and is a rule quoted from the New York World of Oct. 1, 1881, the bitterest opponent that the cutter has ever had. "The last of the club races between the Scotch cutter Madge and the sloops of the Seawanhaka Y. C. was sailed yesterday, and was as fair and square a contest as was ever witnessed. The weather and wind were as favorable for the Schomer as they could have been, and she was beaten 5 min. 45 sec. without assistance of the time allowed her by the rule. The aged and infirm Schomer, under the rules of the New York Y. C., by which it is said the Madge has to allow the American boat about two minutes." The effect of the present rule of the Seawanhaka C. Y. C. on the measurements of Madge, Wave and Schomer, would be to increase the length on waterline 11 per cent, 104 per cent, and 14 per cent, respectively, making Madge the largest boat in the fleet.

After the Madge races it was deemed advisable to alter the rule so long in use, as it favored too much the narrow deep yacht, and another was adopted, being practically length, including one-fifth overhang, multiplied by sail area, with such a divisor as would make the nominal tonnage nearly approximate to that under the old rule. The following year, 1883, the New York and Seawanhaka clubs both took up the subject, and discussed it thoroughly, with the result that both changed their rules, and adopted new ones of nearly similar tenor. The bulk rule of the New York Y. C. was abandoned in favor of twice the waterline length plus the square root of sail area, divided by three, or practically a length measurement with a corrective in the case of extreme oversparring. This rule is harder on the cutter than the alternative length and sail area rule proposed by Mr. Kemp, and adopted by the Racing Association in 1884, which would divide by 6,000 and under 1, the cutters would receive less time than under the English rule.

The Seawanhaka Y. C. was desirous of adopting a rule which would find favor with other clubs, as they realized the importance of a uniform system of measurement, and to this end they settled on length multiplied by square root of sail area, divided by two, thus giving the cutter a great advantage over the sloop.

Both of these rules were adopted at the time when there was immediate prospect of a challenge for the Cup, and in consequence of the demand for a reform in the ratings then in use, and the changes made have been approved of generally by the most intelligent yachtsmen, both here and abroad. While the rule proposed by Mr. Kemp had long been in use, it was never applied, but so altered as to favor American yachts, and that Mr. Kemp himself has never considered that it was "cribbled," "pillaged" or stolen, is proved by his comments in the *Field* at the time of the adoption of both of the new rules, as follows: "By a singular coincidence the committee of the American yacht clubs called together by the New York Y. C. have decided to recommend the adoption of a rule for the rating of yachts which is identical with the one which I have proposed. I recently put into the appendix of the Y. R. A. code a rule for rating yachts. We are bound to take into consideration the fact that the committee of the New York Y. C. was composed of men of scientific training as naval architects, and of picked men who have treated yacht racing as a scientific pursuit. With an exception or two, we have no men on this side of the Atlantic who have handled the subject in a thoroughly competent manner. I have no doubt that the committee ought to pay a liberal respect to the work of the New York Y. C. committee. This we link has already undesignedly been done by the Y. R. A. in bringing the rule forward for discussion; and it is to be hoped that sailing committees will boldly use the rule when opportunities permit, in order to justify the closing words of the report of the New York Y. C. committee.

This commendatory comment from the source it does, is a sufficient answer to the charges of theft, as well as to the attacks on the professional standing of the gentlemen concerned.

As noticed last week, Gracie's waterline is increased 1 ft. 9 in., while Bedouin is made 2 ft. longer. In the case of Mischieff, 6 ft. 11 in., and Ileen, 65 ft., the former is compelled to pay for an area of canvas furnished by the designer to be too much for her, and the latter, though she has raced successfully for five years, and has reduced sails she would receive time from Ileen and still be as fast a boat.

with small above water bulk compared with the under water bulk. The Y. R. A. sail area rule apparently met the difficulty, but was still considered too favorable to yachts of the English type. Hence, these extracts clearly show the opinion abroad concerning the action of the New York Y. C. in adopting the rule, and also of its probable effect on English yachtmen, and should of themselves be sufficient answer to the style of defense we have noted. Another point in favor of the American yacht, if one be built, is that the challenging boat is already built under certain rules, and must come here to race under conditions she was never designed for, while a boat commenced now to defend the Cup may be planned to obtain the greatest possible advantage under the rule. If, as many contend, cutters of the Bedouin type are better than the narrow ones necessitated by the Y. R. A. rule, then Genesta is deprived of certain advantages to be had by extra beam, for which she would have had to pay nothing but the advantages to the fullest extent.

It is too late now for any such tactics to avail. Our yachtmen as a body understand too well the points involved to have their eyes blinded by any such dust. The battle must be fought aloft next summer, and must be won or lost squarely, and without any crying over any unfair rules of measurement.

SASSACUS.

THIS little sloop, the property of Commodore Bennett Griffin, of Cape Ann Y. C., for whom she was built, by Messrs. Higgins & Gifford, has made a most successful record, having sailed in 23 races, winning 22, or 23 first places, and 6 third prizes, besides one not placed. The full list is as follows:

Date.	Where Sailed.	No. in Class.	Prizes.
July 4, 1878.	* Gloucester Harbor.	8	First.
Aug. 10, 1878.	** Essex River and Ipswich Bay.	13	Second.
June 23, 1879	** Squam River and Ipswich Bay.	9	First.
July 4, 1879.	** Ipswich Bay.	7	First.
Aug. 25, 1879.	** Ipswich Bay.	10	First.
July 4, 1880.	** Gloucester Harbor.	6	Third.
Aug. 5, 1880.	** Newburyport.	13	Second.
June 30, 1881.	** Gloucester Harbor.	10	First.
June 30, 1881.	** Gloucester Harbor.	10	First.
July 4, 1881.	** Ipswich Bay.	6	Third.
Sept. 9, 1881.	** Ipswich Bay.	6	First.
Sept. 16, 1882.	** Ipswich Bay.	12	Third.
Aug. 2, 1882.	** Gloucester Harbor.	10	First.
Aug. 11, 1882.	** Amisquam River.	5	First.
Sept. 16, 1882.	** Marblehead.	22	Second.
July 4, 1883.	** Ipswich Bay.	8	Third.
July 27, 1883.	** Ipswich Bay.	9	First.
Aug. 18, 1883.	** Marblehead.	47	First.
Aug. 31, 1883.	** Gloucester Harbor.	6	First.
June 10, 1884.	** Rockport.	9	First.
June 10, 1884.	** Ipswich Bay.	15	Third.
Aug. 30, 1884.	** Marblehead.	11	Second.
Sept. 12, 1884.	** Rockport.	3	First.

* Gloucester Y. C. and Gloucester boats only. ** Open regatta to any boats. The Champion regatta of Cape Ann Y. C. (penchant for prize), Grand Union regatta, &c. In this race the famous yacht *Cruiser*, of New York, sailed over the same course (but in a higher class), and was only a few seconds ahead of the *Sassacus*. The other two boats competing, one was 26 ft., and the other 23 ft. *a* was one of the leading boats, but was run into and disabled. The *Sassacus* is sloop rigged; length over all, 18 ft. 4 in.; beam, 7 ft.; area of sails, 390 sq. ft.; ballasted with lead; Gaffney & Norwood's plan; sails attached to the mainmast, reefing and setting the sail in five seconds.

SCIENCE AND RULE OF THUMB.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

I see in your paper of last week my letter to you is headed as above. Why cannot inquiry be made of the yachtsmen of this country as to what is their opinion as to the value of the "rule of thumb" as compared with the "scientific" rule? We hear of wave displacement theories (cribbed from "Archer") upon which something wonderful, better and faster than anything afloat is to be produced. Not having the model of a fast yacht on hand, this theory develops itself into a disappointed owner whose money has been put into a vessel in which everything has been sacrificed to speed, but which latter, unfortunately, has been left out. This theory, however, may be further developed when something exceedingly good is wanted to go to England for America's Cup. Other designers tell of what can be done by a scientific vessel, completely finished, of course, scientifically, from keel to truck. This science, after many opportunities, produces vessels which have the disagreeable habit of being in good company of being run up the rear, in fact, science as far as speed is concerned is left out. These so-called scientific designers, however, have exceedingly buoyant qualities within themselves, and will almost immediately after a dismal failure tell of the wonderful and beautiful vessel of mild steel or composite build they have in their scientific eyes, which they will design for speed only, and astonish the yachting public.

The fact is gradually dawning upon yachtsmen that these designers either display too much scientific "fancy" or "Dixon Kemp" theory, or that their scientific attainments were acquired too late in life, and will perhaps be only developed by a future generation. As regards the so-called rule of thumb, can you mention a prominent American vessel noted for its speed designed by a so-called scientific designer? The *America*, *Julia*, *Monticello*, *Sappho* and *Vixen* were built from whittling with a rule, and the *Scotch* and *Elephant* were built from whittling with a rule. The last six vessels have no rivals upon any fair measurement in these waters, a fact, I believe, acknowledged by all yachtsmen about New York. These vessels, to my mind, from their performance, are the only ones produced of late years by any American designer which attain the end intended in their conception. It seems to me that the care and care of the hull, and the collection of the hull entered into their design, since the chief of the science is attained. Not that I consider these by any means perfect vessels (since perfection is rarely attained, but only by comparison with so-called scientific vessels can they be compared. They certainly by no means equal the yachts which will probably be designed in his eye by some of our scientific or amateur yacht designers, which will always leave to science the best in two or three orders of eight behind, have large seagoing accommodations, very little sail, cost little or nothing to build, and amateur crews will man them.

New York, Jan. 3, 1885.

JOHN G. PRAGUE.

[Mr. Prague's statement that the wave-form theory was "cribbed from Archer" is totally at variance with well known facts. The credit for its discovery and practical application belongs to Mr. John Hyslop, who fifteen years ago made a thorough investigation of the subject, as a result of which he proposed the theory in its present form. It is a well known fact that the *Scotch* and *Elephant* were built from whittling with a rule, and the *Scotch* and *Elephant* were built from whittling with a rule. The last six vessels have no rivals upon any fair measurement in these waters, a fact, I believe, acknowledged by all yachtsmen about New York. These vessels, to my mind, from their performance, are the only ones produced of late years by any American designer which attain the end intended in their conception. It seems to me that the care and care of the hull, and the collection of the hull entered into their design, since the chief of the science is attained. Not that I consider these by any means perfect vessels (since perfection is rarely attained, but only by comparison with so-called scientific vessels can they be compared. They certainly by no means equal the yachts which will probably be designed in his eye by some of our scientific or amateur yacht designers, which will always leave to science the best in two or three orders of eight behind, have large seagoing accommodations, very little sail, cost little or nothing to build, and amateur crews will man them.

entirely a thing of the past, as far as yachts are concerned. One American modeler, Mr. Phillip Elsworth, has certainly a wonderful appreciation of the qualities that go to make a successful boat, and in his case the success is far outnumbered the failures, but of how many more can the same be said? Here and there a Vixen or Gracie, successful only after years of tinkering and alteration, stands out beside a host of forgotten failures. Because Mr. Elsworth turns out a fast boat by his peculiar method, does not prove that others can do so, or that with such a thorough scientific training as is now considered necessary in any pursuit, his yachts would not have been much better off in the past. The success of his yachts is due to the same as those followed in all other trades to-day. A knowledge of the laws governing the subject, a thorough understanding of all its principles, a familiarity with the materials used and their qualities, a knowledge of what others have done, comparisons of results in known cases, and a careful planning in advance of all, down to the minutest detail. These are the tools employed by the successful engineer in all departments of engineering, shipbuilding, bridge and engine building, and especially in Mr. Prague's own profession of architecture. Certainly he will not contend that the problem of producing a successful yacht is any less difficult than that of building a store, church or dwelling, but the architect avails himself of carefully worked out plans, calculations of strength of materials, and of the most advanced science in his profession, in the literature of his profession, in the form of not only tables and treatises, but of published designs, while Mr. Prague denies to the poor yacht designer all similar aids in his no less difficult task.]

THE NARROWEST THE MESS.

SOME people think my letter in your paper two weeks ago perhaps a little rash, and my unreserved predilection for narrow boats taken a little "out of hand." That I am correct in my estimate of the superior power and ability of narrow beam in rough water is substantiated by the following extract from the *Field*, written by Captain H. E. Bayly to the *London Field*, of Dec. 30. It runs as under:

"Now if 'L. W.' will turn to the *Field* of the 14th of June, of this year, he will find in the report of the Dover Regatta, of the 10th of that month, an account of the respective performances of the 3-ton Currys, and the 30 ft. Eclipse, far and away the best boat of the length classes yet built, with racing to leeward to windward in what was to craft of the size, the latter was 1 ft. 6 in. longer, 1 ft. 6 in. beam, the former, besides being 1 ft. 6 in. shorter, is what 'W. L.' would probably term Euclid's definition of a line, and yet the result of the bout to windward was not altogether to the advantage of the wider and far bigger boat."

Testimony like this is good, as it recalls facts, not flights of fancy or pure imagination. The *Field* of the 14th of June, 1884, measures, according to Lloyd's Register, 36x10x27, and the Currys 31x24x65, consider this enormous difference. In point of size the two boats compare as 2,264 and 655 or roughly as 3½ and 1. Yet the narrow cutter, but 4 ft. 7 in. beam, proved more than a match for a boat over twice the beam and probably three times the size. An idea is current here in America that the wide Itchen length boats are superior, length for length, to the narrow cutters, and many a yachtsman in question seems to prove the contrary. It may be added that the narrow cutter has practically the same available or useful stowage room inside and is as smart in a breeze upon little more than half the first cost and also with much smaller rig to work. Give me the narrow boat every time.

C. P. K.

IN TROUBLE.

OUR Canadian neighbors have evidently not yet forgotten the Atlanta races, and now are looking across the lakes with a broad grin at the alarm of the sloop men over the coming of Genesta. Under the above heading the *Belleville Intelligencer* sums up the matter as follows:

Our neighbors of the United States are in trouble. Their supremacy in yachting is threatened. Two of the "cosmopolitan" Britishers, namely Sir Richard Sutton and Lieut. Henon, owners respectively of the cutters Genesta of 80 tons and Galatea of 100 tons, have challenged for the America's Cup—that bauble which the Yankee schooner America won from the British thirty-three years ago, and which was for many years emblematic of the yachting championship of the world, but is now typical of the championship of salt water. Challenged by the Americans, the British yachtsmen usually neighbors down into their boats, because, as they have been driven to acknowledge, the New York Y. C. have not a vessel in their fleet which would have any chance of defeating either of the cutters whose owners have thrown down the gauntlet.

Alas! how have the mighty fallen! But a little more than three years ago, our neighbors would have been hugely delighted by the receipt of a challenge on behalf of a cutter, but that they were by them considered slow in all kinds of weather and totally unfit to compete with the skimming oish. She was derided as a "plank on edge," a "lead mine," "with no bottom for to sail on," "totally unsuited for our wind and waters," and one self-opinionated genius even made himself so ridiculous as to assert, in face of all received experience elsewhere, that the cutter would certainly then be building in New York from a design by an English naval architect proved fast, he would eat her. The cutter did prove to be a good one, but this apostrophe of an almost defunct faith has not as yet either acknowledged his error or attempted to make his boat good. The advent of the little Scotch cutter Marge in American waters and her easy victories over the pick of the centerboarders somewhat larger than herself, opened the eyes of the much abused "British yachtsmen" to the fact that their day of supremacy had passed. The subsequent defeat of their larger sloops by two cutters of cruising dimensions built in their own yards from English designs, showed to the great body of them that the cutter is the fastest type of yacht taking all sorts of weather into account, and to-day there are only a few—a very few—among the yachtsmen of America, and these of the "spray eagle" stamp, who still shrink from the suggestion to accept a correct result which have been achieved under their very noses. Hence we have the candid acknowledgment from leaders in yachting circles in the United States that the sloops of the New York Yacht Club, which, before the coming of the Madge, and even long after, their admirers thought could "whip all creation," that they could have no hope of success against the much abused "British yachtsmen" with their former idols as their representatives in the forthcoming contests.

Under the circumstances it is creditable to those of the American yachtsmen who were interviewed on the subject, that not one of them expressed himself in favor of building a cutter to match the challengers. All seemed resolved, as a point of honor, to fight the battle of the types out to the uttermost. The construction of a new yachtsman, of the kind almost to represent the United States in the contest, provided the new craft proves faster than the old ones, and in case she proves a failure to fall back upon one of those now in existence. This may be more chivalrous than wise, but our neighbors deserve credit for the spirit they have shown in circumstances so unwarlike.

The New York Y. C. will prove equally fair in refusing to accede to the clamorings of those sea lawyers who are urging them to so alter their rule of measurement as to discriminate against the challengers. Heretofore the club has been tolerably fair in their dealings with contestants for the Cup, and we cannot believe that they will now stoop to anything which that portion of the community who admire mainly sports would consider mean or dishonorable.

THE AMERICA CUP.—The longer the discussion as to the challenge for the Cup proceeds, the more evident does it become that our yachtsmen are utterly unable to retain the trophy in this country. All of the makeshifts proposed, such as the altering of the Graying or the coming to Canada to race, are of no avail. The English yachtsmen are useless. American yachtsmen must bear this in mind, that yachting in England has undergone a complete revolution. The racing craft there is an entirely different structure from the pleasure boat. Here we try to combine both. Yachting has got to be conducted on the same principle as horse-racing. A man would no more attempt to use a saddlehorse as a racehorse, or vice versa, than wear his dress suit by day, and if race horses were to wear the same suit with the times and hold their own in aquatic sport, the sooner they would be the better for them. Under existing circumstances, it would be a positive benefit to the yachting interests of the country if the America's Cup were won by a British boat, as then special efforts would be made to win it back.—*N. Y. Mail and Express*, Jan. 9.

SEAWANHAKA C. Y. C.—The annual meeting of the Seawanhaka C. Y. C. was held at Delmonico's on Monday, Jan. 12, with Com. Rogers in the chair. The following officers were elected: Commodore, Archibald Rogers; Vice Commodore, W. A. Stewart; Racing Committee, Bryant Alley, Secretary, L. F. Donnelly; Treasurer, John Hyslop; Fleet Surgeon, J. M. Woodbury, M. D.; Chaplain, Rev. Geo. H. Vandewater; Sailing Committee, L. P. Bayard, F. O. De Luce, S. Nelson White, Robert Centre, J. W. Beckman; Trustee, J. F. Tams. A motion was made to classify yachts by loading length, of course retaining the same system of time allowance as at present. It was also proposed to grant discretionary powers to sailing committees, allowing them to class different rigs together to avoid sailing over, with an allowance of time to the schooners or yawls. The Seawanhaka C. Y. C. has now a larger membership and more yachts than ever before, and is second only to the New York Y. C. in these waters.

A CRUISER'S CABIN.—The Godolphin is a cutter built on the east coast of Scotland, and measures seven tons. She is 32ft. long by 8ft. beam, is fully decked, with small watertight well, and draws about 6ft. of water. * * * * The cabin is 14ft. long, having the *sine qua non* of a comfortable cruiser, a perfectly watertight deck; there are two folding iron hammocks in the after part, and broad bunks forward, making four comfortable beds; there are also plenty of lockers for grub and clothes. The forecabin is large with good head room, and has an iron-framed hammock for cook or crew when such is carried. The cooking (a most important element for cruising) is done very handsomely with a large paraffin oil stove, having two four and one quarter inch burners, and an oven capable of roasting a four-pound joint.—*Hunt's Yachting Magazine*.

FAILURE OF A SHIPBUILDING FIRM.—Messrs. Ward & Stanton, of Newburg, N. Y., lately made an assignment to Mr. Jas. Beggs, of New York, their liabilities being about \$100,000. The firm, which was established in 1872, have a yard just below Newburg, and for some years past have built iron vessels, the yachts *Polynia* and *Namont* being constructed by them. They also built the *Rhoda*, *Vedette* and *Henriette*, besides many tugs and ferryboats. Two years ago a fire occurred in the yard by which the firm lost heavily, which was the cause of their present embarrassment. The work at present under way will be completed by the assignee, and the firm will probably be able to resume.

MISCHIEF IN THE CUP RACES.—Several small lithographs of Mischief in one of her races with *Atlanta* in 1881 have been published, showing her balloon jib set with a pole on the foot, and one has lately been sent to us with the inquiry whether the pole was ever carried in the manner shown. In this race a watch tackle was made fast to the stay, about 6ft. above the bowsprit end, by which tackle the fore end of the booming out pole was hauled out, so that its position was not, as shown in the pictures, at the bowsprit end, but on the stay, about six feet up.

MR. WARREN'S 40-TONNER.—The *Shipping World* again states in the February number that Mr. Warren will challenge for the Cup, as follows: "It will be with considerable interest, and deep expressed hopes of success, that we shall follow the fifth attempt to recover the America Cup, to which the well-known Liverpool yachtsmen Mr. Warren has pledged himself."

YONKERS Y. C.—At the meeting on Jan. 8, Commodore A. J. Prime was re-elected, but declined to serve, although balloted for three times. Mr. Jas. Martin was elected Vice-Commodore; John Dickson, Fleet Captain; Gabriel Reers, Secretary; John Nesbitt, Treasurer; J. Howard Clapp, Measurer; A. W. Serrell, Trustee; W. H. Veitch, Steward.

ECLIPSE Y. C.—The annual meeting of the Eclipse Y. C. was held on the 5th inst., and the officers chosen for the coming year were Peter Krumeich for Commodore; Joseph Strobbe, Vice-Commodore; Edward Hammer, Rear Commodore; James McLymont, Secretary; Thomas Calvert, Treasurer, and John Calvert, Measurer.

ANOTHER CUTTER FOR AMERICA.—Mr. G. L. Watson has just contracted with the Culzean Shipbuilding and Engineering Co. for the construction of a 20-ton fast cruiser to be built of wood. She will be sent to America on the deck of a steamer, a mould for her keel going with her, to be cast and boited on here.

REMOVAL.—Mr. E. L. Williams, late of Lowell, Mass., removes this week to South Boston, foot of East Ninth street, where he has a new shop. Mr. Williams will devote himself mainly to snail cruizers. We will publish soon the lines of a craft of the Fendear type, built by him last season.

SAN FRANCISCO.—The Pacific yachtsmen have had greatness thrust upon them in the shape of a double page cartoon in the local edition of the *Wasp*. The fleet are represented as starting to recapture Honolulu.

HARLEM Y. C.—The second annual reception of the Harlem Y. C. will be held at Lexington Avenue Opera House on Jan. 20. The committee are Messrs. Fitzgerrald, Parker, Austin, Baxter and Conlin.

AMY.—Mr. E. D. Morgan's steam yacht Amy arrived at Bombay, after a run of seven days from Aden, on Friday last, and was to leave on Monday for Colombo and Singapore.

MIGNONETTE.—The capital sentence passed on Captain Dudley and Stephens has been commuted to six months imprisonment without hard labor.

CRUISER.—We have received from Mr. Alley the sail drafts of Cruiser, and will publish them shortly.

Answers to Correspondents.

No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.

- A. N., Baltimore.—We expect to publish the sail plan shortly.
- J. L., New York.—The lighter sample is strong enough. The other seems heavier than the "yacht drill" mentioned.
- W. B., Toronto.—The safety of the yacht would depend on her model and ballast. She might be safe with the dimensions named.
- SEEKING.—I would like some hints on black bass rods, flies and fishing. Ans. Get "The Book of the Black Bass," by Dr. Henshall. We can furnish it. Price \$3.00.
- G. P.—The term "sportsman" as now used refers to those who practice field sports. The other expression "sporting man" means everything from a turfman to a prize-fighter and bunco steerer.
- H. P., Columbus, O.—With a companion I spent last July, August and September in the Territories of Wyoming, Washington and Idaho. We caught five varieties of trout, but no brook trout. I claim that there is a species of brook trout which has no scales. I claim that the trout in the tributaries of Cheat River, West Virginia, have no scales visible to the naked eye. Am I correct? Ans. All trout have scales. Those on the charrs, to which the eastern brook and lake trout belong, are very small, but are plainly visible when the skin is dry. They can also be seen in certain lights, but are not only small but so covered with mucus that they are not readily seen.
- H. F., Jr., New York.—1. Did not Mr. Harry Prichard make his cast of ninety feet with a rod over a foot shorter and considerably lighter than any other rod used? 2. Did not, at the last tournament, Mr. Thomas Prichard do his casting after dusk? 3. Was there, after the tournament, some amount of money placed, or ready to be, on Mr. Thomas Prichard, to throw against any certain party or parties, and whether these did not back out? Ans. 1. His rod was 10ft. 4½in. and weighed eight ounces. All the other rods were 11ft. 6in. and weighed as follows: One of 8½ ounces, two of 8½ ounces, and one of 10½ ounces. 2. No. 3. We have never seen any money wagered at a

tournament, nor have we ever known of any being "placed or ready to be," on any person, we know nothing of any such transaction.

A. S., Troy, N. Y.—The specimen of fresh-water fish sent us arrived, but with no indication of the locality where it was caught. The fish is well-known in some parts of the country. It is frequent in the Great Lakes and the Atlantic streams of Virginia. Its systematic name is *Ambloplites*. In the Great Lakes it is known as the dogfish and mudfish, in the South it is called bowfin, grindle, John A. Grindle, and John A. It is a ganoid and worthless for food, but it is a fierce, destructive fish.

READER, New York.—While net-fishing last summer at flood tide, in Peconic Bay, we hauled our seine in a creek communicating with the sea in which the tide runs at a rate of four or five miles an hour. We caught thirteen chequit or weakfish, the largest of which weighed ten pounds. No one in the vicinity ever caught one of the size mentioned with hook and line. Since reading your paper I am convinced that this can be done. Will you be so kind as to inform me as to the bait to be used, the size of line and rod, and oblige? Ans. Light bass tackle is about the proper thing, say an 8-foot bass rod, a reel with a hundred yards of fine linen line, 12-thread or smaller; use a leader of single gut, a swivel sinker and hooks on gut. For small fish use shrimp for bait and menhaden for large ones.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

FLY-FISHING FOR SALMON, TROUT AND GRAYLING.—The author of this work dares to dispute some of the generally accepted notions, and in some of his departures from accepted rules we agree with him. He writes evidently from experience, and not from memory of what he has read on the subject. Although bearing an American imprint on the title page, the book is entirely English. The author has decided views on the habits of fish and of angling, and does not hesitate to express them, and whether we agree with him on some point or not we know that he believes what he says. On the whole, it is a good little work, and well worth reading.

* Recollections of Fly-Fishing for Salmon, Trout and Grayling, with notes on their haunts, habits and history. By Edward Hamilton, M.D., F.L.S., etc. Illustrated. New York: Orange Judd Company, 1885.

PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT.

Deer hunters should read Judge J. D. Caton's "Antelope and Deer of America." For sale at this office. Price \$2.50.—*Adv.*

N. W. AYER & SON, of Philadelphia, publish a very complete, useful and well arranged directory of American newspapers. We have had occasion to use it ourselves and can testify to its merits.

ANTHONY'S PHOTOGRAPHIC BULLETIN is now edited by Prof. Chas. F. Chandler, of Columbia College, and is issued semi-monthly. The Jan. 10 number appears with a handsome colored cover and contains a portrait of Prof. Chandler. The *Bulletin* is published at \$2 per year by Messrs. E. & H. T. Anthony, 591 Broadway, New York.

PANTHERS ON THE McCLOUD RIVER.

Editor Forest and Stream:
A panther which for several weeks had made himself particularly obnoxious as well as familiar about both the McCloud fishery stations, California, was shot in the month of September, 1882. After the killing of this panther the rest kept away from the settlements to some extent, and we did not see much of them till about midsummer of this year (1883), when they began to come around again. In the latter part of July of this year (1883) Mr. Radcliff came suddenly upon three panthers not far from the fishery, on the Copper City trail. Not long after a large panther crossed the same trail in the daytime, just after Mr. Barber had passed along on horseback; and about the middle of August "Short Jim," one of our Indians, saw a panther in the midst of a herd of cows trying to carry off a calf, but the cows "horned at it" so, to use the Indian's expression, that the panther had to give up the undertaking. Jim had his rifle with him, but said that he could not shoot at the panther without endangering the cows. A day or two after a panther came down to Mr. Barber's house in the evening, and being chased by his dogs, ran about the vicinity for a considerable time, and crossed the garden twice with the dogs after him. He cuffed one of the dogs finally, and soon after disappeared. This was peculiar conduct on the part of the panther, for usually when chased by dogs they will almost immediately take to a tree. We have not yet ascertained for a certainty whether the panthers ever have or ever would molest the trout in the trout ponds, though the presumption is that if they thought they could take the trout with safety they would do it, as they will, notwithstanding the cat's proverbial dislike to wetting its feet, frequently get into the water of their own accord, and it is not an unusual thing for them to swim the McCloud River. We think it best, at all events, to be on the lookout for them, as well as for wildcats, lynxes, coons, minks, otters and other fish-loving animals. We were not troubled much with panthers again until the following spring, when Mr. Barber treed three at one time close to his house. Treering three panthers at once is such an unusual circumstance that I venture to send you the following very interesting account of it, written by Mr. Loren W. Green, superintendent of the United States trout ponds on the McCloud River, and next-door neighbor of Mr. Barbour:

"The farmhouse of Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Barber was a few nights since the scene of wild excitement. Their residence is situated half a mile above and across the river from the U. S. salmon fishery.

"It was about 10 o'clock in the evening—the family had not yet retired—when they were somewhat startled by what sounded like the heavy tramping of feet. Mr. Barber remarked to his wife that the cattle had probably come down from the mountains, and went to the door. The dogs rushed out in a terrific manner, and he could plainly see by the dim light of the moon three huge California lions; they were skipping and leaping around playfully until the three dogs came upon the scene when, taken completely by surprise, they started for the hills, making two or three leaps, and all three ascended a large oak tree standing about thirty yards from the door. With the exception of the small children, Mr. and Mrs. Barber were alone; but something must be done, and for Mr. Barber to go out alone with his torch and rifle seemed useless, so Mrs. B. bravely proposed taking the torch, and getting one in readiness. Mr. B. examined his faithful old rifle, and finding it cocked and primed, started for the scene. The dogs were under the tree, barking and biting the bark in a furious manner. It was a live oak tree, the trunk large with heavy limbs, but not very high. The leaves and darkness prevented the monsters being seen readily, and it was necessary for both to get up close, when Mrs. B., looking up, plainly saw three pair of eyes some twenty feet above and directly over her, and which shone like balls of fire. Mr. B. caught sight of them about the same time, and also saw that one of them was about to spring upon his wife; but quicker than it takes to tell it, he raised his rifle and sent a leaden messenger of death crushing through the animal's back, and he fell a helpless mass at Mrs. Barber's feet, and the faithful old dog, Hunter, was soon at his throat. The firing and flash of the rifle excited the remaining two, and one of them, before Mr. B. could shoot again, made a wild spring at his wife, missing her by about two feet, and striking the ground with such force as to jar the very earth. He stopped for a moment, but the old dog Hunter was upon him, and he fled to the hills with lightning rapidity, the dogs following. The third and last one jumped from the tree in another direction and made good his escape. The dogs brought to bay the one they followed, in a thicket of chaparral, at the base of the lime rocks, and Mr. Barber and wife concluded to follow. Arriving at the scene, they found the brush so thick that it was impossible to see him. He was fighting the dogs, and the brave old Hunter ventured too near, and soon returned with some fearful wounds. Mr. B. made a large fire, which drove the animal from the brush and down toward the river, with the dogs in pursuit. He was again brought to bay, this time where the brush was not so thick, and while the dogs kept him busy, Barber crawled on his hands and knees to within about eight feet of him, and as Mrs. B. held the torch, he fired, when the lion and dogs went rolling down the hill together. Thinking that he had fatally wounded the animal, Barber concluded to leave him until daylight, and with his wife repaired to his home, which they reached about two o'clock in the morning. At daybreak Barber returned to the scene of conflict, but the dogs were so badly wounded that they refused to follow. He found the lion dead within a few feet of where he had shot him, and dragged him to the house. He weighed 150 pounds and measured about nine feet. The other, which was a kitten, weighed 120 pounds. The one that escaped came around the next evening, but the dogs had lost no more lions, and he was allowed to go his way in peace and safety." LIVINGSTON STONE.

POT LUCK FROM EXCHANGES.

The Supreme Court of Tennessee has decided that a domestic canary bird is property and may be subject of larceny. The learned court was, of course, not ignorant of the law; the court erred as to the facts. Judging from his sad bachelor condition, Judge Cooper has never chased, at the bidding of fair damsel, the vagrant canary through field and forest. There are Benedicks on the bench, however, and some one of these ought to have known that there is not a bird or beast kept as a pet or for profit or use so absolutely lacking in the *animus revertendi*. We have suspected its small corpus of being moved and instigated by the devil. It is painful to see a learned court fully in the law thus slipping up on a matter of fact.—*Memphis (Tenn.) Avalanche*.

"James Hogan, of Danbury, Conn.," says the *News* of that town, "is the owner of a Mexican terrier. The peculiarity of this breed of dogs is that their bodies are not covered with hair, but are smooth and much the color of a rat. Winnie, for such is her name, possesses the most beautiful eyes imaginable, being a peculiar shade of green. She is prepared to swim, for duck-like she is web-footed. But the strangest part of this animal is her appetite and love for fruit. She will eat watermelons, tomatoes, apples, pears, oranges, dates, etc., and seems to relish them all equally well, with perhaps a preference for watermelons. Although constantly in the fruit store of her master, she will not touch anything till given to her out of her master's hand."

But of all books be sure to read "Woodcraft." See advertisement elsewhere.—*Adv.*

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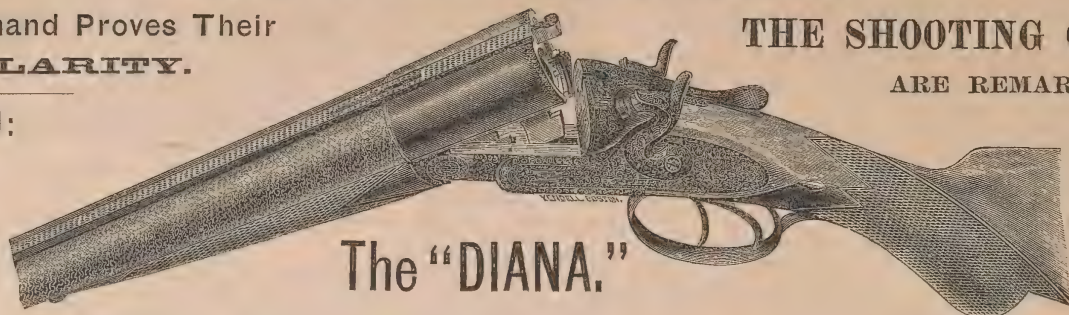
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605—Same, with good Damascus barrels, engraved locks and mountings.	\$57 00	\$60 00
610—Same, with fine Damascus barrels, and fine finish, extra selected stocks.	70 00	75 00
615—The best quality in every particular.	100 00	105 00
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No. 588—Stub twist barrels, back action, steel rebounding locks, double bolt, scroll fence, pistol grip, patent fore end, rubber butt.	12g.	10g.
598—Damascus barrels, rest same as No. 588.	\$37 00	\$38 00
599—Stub twist barrels, bar rebounding locks, rest same as No. 588.	40 00	41 00
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DOG TRAINING;

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Arma virumque cano—"Arms and the man I sing." And, indeed, it would take the genius of a Virgil and the roll of Latin hexameters fitly to tell the deeds of this man, whose arms are shotgun and fishing rod. Go where you will, he is there. You run into him on the crowded city street, encounter him on cars and steamboats; he perches atop the country stage, bestrides the burro, and doubles up like a jackknife in the kanim. Seek out the most distant, most tortuous streams, his live has been wet in their waters; penetrate into the wilderness, the tin can of the sportsman's camp is yet further on. He goes for game—if the fates shall send anything within reach of his ammunition; for fish—if by good fortune a trout shall rise to his fly or descend to his worm. But, good luck or bad luck, game or no game, fish or no fish—fun always, fresh air, ozone, quicker pulse beat, brighter eye, more elastic step, all the multitudinous rewards, which, after all, outweigh the biggest "bags," and tip up the longest "strings." Is it not true that only a poet could tell his deeds as they ought to be told? Perhaps so. Perhaps not. He can usually tell them himself. And he does, with a thousand different pens, in a thousand different ways.

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One who does not understand these things might imagine that after being told so often, this story of the man—him with the rod and gun—might in the end become hackneyed. But it is not so. Why? Well for pretty much the same reason, we venture to say, that the fields themselves and the woods and the lakes and the streams never become hackneyed. However that may be, one thing is certain. Our columns every week, and month after month, give ample proof that there is still an abundance to tell of what is seen and what is done afield and on angling waters; and that hosts of people still delight to read the telling, our subscription books show with ever increasing emphasis. The FOREST AND STREAM is in the best sense

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A Word About 1885.

For fifty-two weeks of the year 1885 we propose to publish the FOREST AND STREAM, and to fill each number with the same rich abundance and variety of reading that may be found in this present number or in any one of the five hundred numbers that have gone before it.

There will be the same delightful accounts of the adventures and misadventures of the *Sportsman Tourist*, and whether the "tour" be across a continent or only across the pasture lot into the woods beyond, the story in either case will be well worth the time it takes to read it. We shall have, now and then, a description of such excursions in foreign lands, but for the most part these columns will deal with what is seen and done in our own country, for that, after all, is what the readers of FOREST AND STREAM are rightly presumed to be most interested in.

The *Natural History* columns will give attention to varied forms of animal life, more particularly such as may come under the observation of sportsmen in their rambles. This department of the FOREST AND STREAM we believe to hold a place altogether unique. It is neither the dime-museum sort of un-natural history affected by the newspapers, nor the abstruse, fine-spun and terribly dry lucubrations of the scientific associations. It is intelligent talk about animal life, intended for intelligent readers.

In the *Shooting and Angling* columns (we need hardly say it) will be accounts of hunting excursions and fishing trips—with luck, good, bad and indifferent; discussions about matters mechanical, ethical, sentimental, fanciful and practical; some, after much debating, will be settled; others will be left (and the reader with them) at the end just where they were at the beginning.

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The *Yachting* columns are in charge of an expert, whose highest ambition will be to keep these departments in the place already won for them in the recognized lead of journalism. Though the *Canoeing* interest of the country is of comparatively recent growth, the FOREST AND STREAM fully appreciating its importance, has provided for those who sail or paddle (a pretty generous) corner, which is so full of practical suggestions and recountings of cruising experiences, that a canoeist might almost as well try to get along without a paddle as without the paper in his mail every week.

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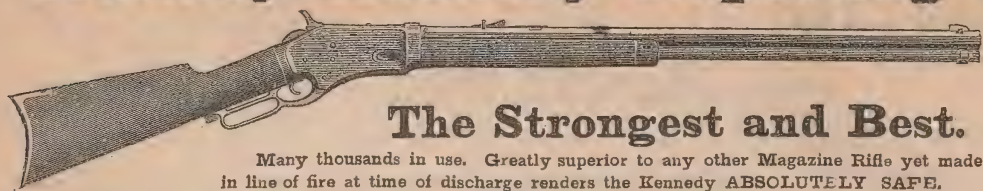
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FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

TERMS, \$4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY. }
SIX MONTHS, \$2.

NEW YORK, JANUARY 22, 1883.

VOL. XXIII.—No. 26.
{ Nos. 39 & 40 PARK ROW, NEW YORK.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. Communications upon the subjects to which its pages are devoted are respectfully invited. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. No name will be published except with writer's consent. The Editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

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May begin at any time. Subscription price, \$4 per year; \$2 for six months; to a club of three annual subscribers, three copies for \$10; five copies for \$16. Remit by registered letter, money-order, or draft, payable to the Forest and Stream Publishing Company. The paper may be obtained of newsdealers throughout the United States, Canada and Great Britain. Newsdealers in the United Kingdom may order through Davies & Co., No. 1 Finch Lane, Cornhill, London. General subscription agents for Great Britain, Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston, Searles and Rivington, 183 Fleet street, London, Eng. Address all communications,

Forest and Stream Publishing Co.
Nos. 39 and 40 PARK ROW, NEW YORK CITY.

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THE SALE OF GAME.

THE dealers of this city are attempting to make it appear that under the present law they undergo great hardship. They complain that the season for the sale of game is not sufficient to dispose of what they have on hand, and that they incur severe loss because compelled to get rid of the game. They profess to be anxious to see the game protected, and protest that they observe the several statutes for that end. Their complaints, professions and protestations are alike unfounded and untrue. They are no more sensible nor honest than they were in 1859. Then in a paper, almost similar to that read by Mr. French last week before the dealers, was delivered by a gentleman of the same name before another meeting of like character.

What reason is there in the argument that the market is glutted with game? It is perfectly within the power of the dealers to regulate their receipts of birds and venison. Their cry that the game is sent to them and they are compelled to receive it, is all bosh. If in the lawful season a commission merchant can dispose of only one hundred carcasses of venison from a given source, let him advise his correspondent not to send two hundred instead. If he can sell only one thousand dozens of quail, let him refuse to take two thousand dozens. It is a very plain, simple and practicable rule of demand and supply. The dealers are not forced to receive more game than they want, no more than a newspaper publisher is forced to take from his paper manufacturer ten thousand reams of paper more than he can use.

The season is now ample for the sale of game lawfully sent to market. The glut is caused by the piling up on the stalls and in the storage rooms of game which has been killed unlawfully or shipped unlawfully. The dealers know this. They advertise for snared birds. They encourage pot-hunters to transgress the law by offering to them a better price for birds illegally snared than for birds that have been shot. The great stores of venison are on hand only because men have been induced to evade the laws in shipping it. In fact the glut in the market is a glut of contraband goods. The plea for an extension of time is a plea for greater license to carry on an illicit traffic. While game associations and State Legislatures are devising means to suppress the trade

of the grouse snarers and the deer butchers, these market men are seeking to stimulate that very trade.

It is a rule perfectly well understood, that an extension of the open season for the sale of game means a continued killing of game after the date when such killing is forbidden. The sale of game all the year around means that birds and deer will be killed all the year around.

The market dealers' plea is the plea of the pot-hunter and the snarer.

"NESSMUK" found his way into the FOREST AND STREAM last week. He was on his way to Florida, and accepted the shelter of a tin roof during a rain storm in the city and pending the arrival of the Bucktail canoe. Putting into practice the preaching of "Woodcraft," he was "going light." The "ditty-bag" and four jack-knives completed the equipment. The hatchet had been stowed in his sea-chest, somewhat unfortunately, too, for, lost among the devious ways and intricacies of the stairways and hall passages by which this office is reached, the old woodsman's instinct was strong to blaze a trail. The muzzleloader, too, was stowed in the chest, but we had the pleasure of inspecting the powder horn, the loading tools and other duff of the "ditty-bag," a receptacle that proved to be wonderfully capacious. "Nessmuk" is brimful of mother-wit and wisdom. His story magazine is set with a hair-trigger, and never a misfire; and St. Paul's had sounded out the midnight hour long before the last "That reminds me" had been told, and the FOREST AND STREAM meeting broke up. We take this first opportunity of declaring that the portrait in "Woodcraft" is a libel; the wrinkles there shown are not to be discovered in "Nessmuk's" countenance, and may they not be put there by his Florida cruisions. What the Bucktail skipper finds this winter will be told in our columns.

THE CARVER SHOOT.—For some reason of no special consequence, Dr. Carver felt called upon to make a test of endurance in the shooting line, and according to report, and more or less accurate scoring, has fired at an immense number of small objects thrown up by trained assistants, and within six days hit 60,016 of these moving targets. It was a magnificent example of what will power may enable a man to accomplish in the way of getting through a great feat of endurance; as a shooting spectacle it was not so great. There is not much marksmanship over a range of five yards or less, and with everything carefully arranged in advance, there was not much of interest on the purely technical side of the struggle. It was interesting in many ways; in showing where the strain of gun handling falls in a long protracted trial; in drawing the attention of the general public to the somewhat neglected subject of snap-shooting, and in demonstrating to what accuracy and reliability the art of gun-making has advanced. Dr. Carver has indeed capped the record for wholesale marksmanship, and it is not at all likely that any one will care to add anything to such a performance, or even to equal it.

MASSACHUSETTS FISH AND GAME PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATION.—The annual meeting of the society will be held at the Parker House, Boston, this evening. These occasions are always most pleasant reunions of the New England gentlemen interested in the preservation of game. The election of officers for the current year was held last week and resulted as follows: President, Edward A. Samuels; Vice-Presidents—Hon. Thomas Talbot, Hon. Daniel Needham, Walter M. Brackett, Charles W. Stevens, Horace T. Rockwell, John T. Stetson, H. H. Kimball; Treasurer, Frederick R. Shattuck; Secretary, Henry J. Thayer; Librarian, John Fottler, Jr.; Executive Committee—Charles Levi Woodbury, Warren Hapgood, Wm. S. Hills, Walton C. Taft, Edward S. Tobey, Jr., Edward E. Small, John P. Woodbury, Joseph W. Smith, John Fottler, Jr., Benjamin F. Nichols, Henry C. Litchfield, Charles Whittier.

THE TRAP-SHOOTERS are organizing an association, and we are assured that the details will be arranged at the New Orleans tournament. We notice in the prospectus that there is some talk of attempting to combine the interests of trap-shooters and dog show clubs. As we have repeatedly said, it is a wise course to confine the scope of the proposed association to the single sport of trap-shooting. Other movements have failed because the promoters tried to cover too much ground. There is nothing in common between the two classes it is proposed to combine. If the trap-shooting society succeeds at all, it will find all it can profitably attend to in the shooting interest alone.

FORESTS AND FORESTRY.

V.

IN our last issue we suggested the heroic measure of the resumption by the State of all the remaining forests, cutting down the extravagant annual output of twenty billion feet of lumber to four billions, the estimated capacity of the forests under proper management. This measure we endeavored to support by taking up the position which we hold to be unassailable, that the withdrawal from the market of the whole or great bulk of this country's enormous timber supply, whether by exhaustion or monopoly of stocks, would create such a revolution in the world's timber markets that an advance of twenty dollars a thousand in prices would be but the beginning of the rise which might be confidently looked for. That the existing forest area under skilled management could be maintained permanently stocked, and improved while yielding a revenue so large, that after reduction of a legitimate interest on the outlay, there would be a surplus sufficient to plant up a forest area equal to the lasting requirements of the country.

If the State were to temporize with the problem until the existing standing stock should have been cut out, the necessary enterprise of planting up seventy million acres of forest (the area necessary to insure a return to existing annual timber requirements) would be a sorry uphill task. On the shortest admissible rotation of seventy years, there would be an annual outlay which cannot safely be put at below ten millions, accumulating at compound interest to the end of the rotation, with nothing to set off against it but the proceeds of the thinnings between the fiftieth and seventieth years. But if our suggestion were adopted the first outlay of five hundred millions would give a remunerative return immediately. If we assume, for purposes of illustration, that the curtailment of supplies resulted in an advance of ten dollars per thousand only, there would still be a return of forty millions annually on the four billions of lumber explicated, which, after deducting ten millions for planting up fresh forests, would still return a very large interest to the treasury; an interest, in fact, so large that the States having forests could advantageously borrow the funds necessary for their resumption from the Central Government, or raise them on bonds, and still render their forests an important source of revenue, while restoring them to their original capacity. There is no legerdemain about this, no dramer's fallacy. The whole argument rests on the indisputable fact that in consequence of excessive competition, and the short-sightedness of the Government in surrendering its timber lands at a nominal price, standing timber is valued at a fraction of the cost of production.

The cut of this country in pine timber is a very considerable fraction of the world's cut, and in excess of the world's available surplus. When the forests of this country shall have been eradicated, and the day is drawing near, the supply being far short of the demand, sellers will control prices, and will certainly fix them at a profit on costs of production, which is about fifteen dollars a thousand for standing timber in the European forests on the short rotation of seventy years, and for first-class large timber on a long rotation of a hundred and twenty to a hundred and fifty years the costs exceed twenty dollars a thousand. The cost of planting a forest is inconsiderable, but swollen by compound interest for fifty years before there is any material return from thinnings, it amounts to eight or twelve or twenty or more times its first cost before the forest comes to the axe.

Will it pay to grow forests is a very pertinent question which may well be considered here. The general reply is that many governments have spent hundreds of thousands of dollars before they had hundreds of acres of well-stocked plantation to show for it, but every State that has taken up forest planting has eventually got down to skilled management with economic measures and made it pay. For this, as for every other necessary of life, the price is regulated by cost of production. In this country labor being higher, cost of production will be higher than in Europe, but since Europe has no available surplus stock to send us, and no available area on which to raise increased stocks, our future home prices will be regulated by home costs of production.

To descend to details, the most perfect and at the same time the most costly system of stocking is by nursery-raised plants, and on this method it would be unsafe to figure on less than ten or twelve dollars an acre. The forest should be thinned at thirty years, and in this country it is very questionable if the small poles thinned out would find a market. Compound interest would consequently accumulate on first costs of planting, of supervision, on price of land, and on taxes for fifty years before there would be any remarkable return from thinnings. Reckoning compound interest at five per cent.

on fifteen dollars for fifty years, we find the costs have exceeded two hundred dollars. At this stage there should be a stock of from twelve to fifteen thousand feet of lumber, which, at a valuation of twenty dollars per thousand standing, would show two hundred and forty to three hundred dollars. The thinnings sold at eighty or one hundred dollars would leave from a hundred and sixty to two hundred dollars to accumulate at compound interest for another twenty years, the lowest advantageous period of rotation. The costs again accumulate to from three hundred and fifty to five hundred dollars an acre, when the crop of eighteen to twenty thousand of good marketable timber would have to realize twenty-five dollars a thousand standing to cover costs. Five per cent. is the lowest rate at which a merchant could be expected to lock up his money, but a government can well invest money at two and one-half or three per cent. for works of public utility, and with the first cost accumulating at these lower rates of interest, a selling price of twenty dollars a thousand stumpage would leave a large margin to cover insurance against windfall, blight, fires and other casualties, and still show a fair profit.

Planting with nursery-raised stock is not the only means of growing forests. In Europe natural reproduction is still largely resorted to. The nearly mature forest has about one-fourth of its trees removed to let in light and prepare the ground. At the first good seed year, perhaps four or five years later, another fourth is cut out to afford the seedlings light enough for development; three or four years later another cutting to foster the young growth, the last remnant being allowed to stand to seed gaps, or in some cases during the whole growing period of the young forest, to admit of its attaining to first-class timber. On this method of allowing the forest to seed itself the costs appear to be nothing. As a matter of fact they represent the inconvenience and consequent loss of cutting out the forest in instalments instead of at one swoop. The method is resorted to in Europe, because their pine seedlings cannot withstand the sharp northwest winds without forest shelter, but as far as the writer's experience goes, our white pine seedlings flourish as freely in the open as under forest shelter, and if this were found to be the rule the stripped area could be sown broadcast with collected seed, first steeped in some nauseous liquid to render it distasteful to the squirrels which store it up for winter supplies. The fundamental principles of forest management are the same in all countries, but the trees of every country have their individual habits and peculiarities which have to be studied and turned to account by the forester.

The system of reproduction, as of every other detail of forest management, including the all-important measure of suppressing forest fires, must be left to the discretion of the Forest Department, it is hence of first-class importance that the officers of this department should be competent, recognizing what ought to be done, and knowing thoroughly how to do it. Like the forest officers of France and Germany, they should be men of broad, liberal education, not slaves to routine and system, as the subordinates of the department may be expected to be, but men capable of adapting general principles to changed conditions. If forest operations are to be conducted on a scale commensurate with the requirements of the country, it would in the highest degree inexpedient to vest the control of the vast expenditure in the hands of any but thoroughly experienced men; and pending the theoretical and practical training of young Americans who will require ten to fifteen years to fit them for the responsible posts of the service, such skilled management can only be procured from abroad.

To husband the existing timber stock and make provision for our future timber requirements is of the first importance, and in using the term timber we mean not only pine, but timber of all kinds. It is false economy to transport timber from the Atlantic or Pacific to the Central States. Every State should grow at least a proportion of its own forest at home—private enterprise cannot be relied on to carry out the enterprise on an adequate scale, while the measure is financially sound one for the State or Government to embark in.

Scarcely second in importance to this is the restoration and maintenance under efficient control, of the denuded mountain tracts on which forests are of first-class importance in regulating river flow, and of all those tracts on which the destruction of the forests threatens to influence rainfall and general climatic conditions prejudicially. With regard to the wrecked Adirondack forests in this State, the public interest is aroused and its preservation demanded, if only on aesthetic and sentimental grounds. The report of the committee of inquiry will come before the local Legislature at its next sitting, and probably one or more New York bills will be introduced to replace the last year's compromise bill, very properly rejected by the Governor, presumably because it was altogether too vague and inadequate. It would be a national shame if the wealthy Empire State, owning one of the most picturesque regions of mountain, forest and lake in the world—a popular summer resort, patronized by thousands from all over the country—a region unsuited to agriculture, but producing excellent timber, should allow it to be and remain denuded of its forests. There are some parts of it which have escaped the axe only because at present prices the timber will not bear the cost of getting out; but in the not distant future, every acre of such forest will be a valuable acquisition, and we may hope that, urged on by popular sentiment, the Government will take adequate measures to

render the region what it should be, a well-clothed, economically administered timber reserve, an important source of revenue to the State, a scene of beauty for the tourist, of healthy, pleasurable excitement for the sportsman, and of pride to the people who possess it.

The Republican party came into power with a national timber estate, which required only prudent administration to render it equal to the permanent needs of the nation. They have squandered it away and thereby invited national calamity, but they have left in the Treasury an amount of money sufficient to remedy the consequences of their neglect, excepting that the country will have to spend millions for its timber before stocks now planted can be brought on the market. Will the Democrats remedy the consequences of the shortsightedness of their predecessors in office, and appropriate the surplus in the Treasury, or as much of it as may be necessary to this great work of humanity and progress, a work justified both by its financial prospects and by every consideration of patriotism and expediency, or will they allow the last remnant of our forests to be destroyed, and content themselves with spending a few score thousand dollars, not in planting forests, but in collecting data as to how much per tree it would cost to raise forests by unskilled agency.

The Sportsman Tourist.

AT ANCHOR.

I AM going a journey, brother. Or would it be better to say, I am just ending up a long voyage, and dropping my keel in the bay.

Coming home: and in debt to the purser, with never a dollar to pay. Six decades. 'Twas a wearisome voyage, made over a mystical sea. In a poorly rigged, plebeian lugger, that always was drifting alee; And where are the lofty square-riggers that started the voyage with me?

They passed me far up to the windward, with stunsails aloft and a low, Some heading for tropical islands, some bound for the islands of snow. And where are the weatherly clippers the merchants delighted to know?

Some drowsily swing to their anchors, as the meandering tides go by; Some battle in frozen oceans, where the northerly gales are high; Some drift in the seething tropics, with keels upturned to the sky.

Oh, grand is the lofty clipper, as she dashes the yeasty brine From the crest of the midnight billow, where the waters flash and shine. But I love the plebeian lugger—the little lugger is mine.

And lofty clipper or lugger, it comes to the same at last, Or whether we count as wreckage, or hold to our moorings fast, When we swing to a final anchor, and the voyage of life is past.

WELLSBORO, Pa., October, 1894.

NESSMUK.

CAMP FLOTSAM.

XI.—A DOGMA.

T IRED and sore the camp slumbered well into the morning. They who on the preceding day had passed ten hours in the boat, were willing to forego the pleasure of an hour's fishing before breakfast, and when we arose no sound of any one stirring about the camp could be heard. All was silent as midnight. We passed out at the landward end of the tent into the open air and turned the corner to cast an eye to the boats. There, below us on the water within a short stone's throw, sat a pair of loons, sailing majestically about, unconscious of the presence of man. Having no desire to kill or maim the graceful creatures, though a rifle stood within reach, we gave a whoop which startled them, and with a quick turn of their heads toward us and a glimpse of the figure on the bluff, they disappeared like a flash beneath the water. We scanned the bay in front long and carefully, watching for them to reappear, wondering meanwhile whether they would be able to keep each other's company in their flight under the water. When they came to the surface it was at the same moment, side by side and full four hundred yards away.

Our whoop had aroused the camp, and in a few minutes all were astir and gathered under the table fly watching the process of getting breakfast. No one was in the mood to suggest a programme for the day, and after the morning meal had been dispatched, there was a manifest inclination on the part of some to go to bed again. One of the loafers found just beyond the dining table, the nest of a whippoorwill, or rather the place where a nest would have been, had the parent bird provided such a luxury for herself. On a bed of brown leaves a little and almost featherless bird was lying as motionless as though it were dead. At a touch it lifted its head and opened its mouth for food. The mother bird was flitting about uttering sharp querulous cries. From that time daily visits were made to our novel neighbor until one morning when we found it gone.

During the forenoon the camp was thoroughly swept and put into shipshape. The mossy knoll under the big pine had become the favorite lounging place; here one could lie and watch the flashing water, hear the ripples on the beach below, and drowse into forgetfulness, lulled by the low moan from the branches overhead. How many cars have been thus gladdened by the song of summer; how many tired souls have thus found rest and peace; but alas, how many more there are to whom all this has been denied; of the latter, the most wistful, perhaps, have been the wives and daughters of those who, while themselves enjoying the health-giving outing, hold the dogma that "a camp is no place for a woman," and so leave that portion of the household to pass the days at home as best they can. And so it comes that the views of the woman camper has no place in the columns of FOREST AND STREAM, and all from an old-fogy notion that somehow woman and the camp are unfitted to each other. It is a great mistake. In every camp which goes out to smooth it, the comforts are or should be such that the most delicate woman can enjoy its life. Many a camp would be elevated, many a heart made glad, and strength, appetite and rosy cheeks brought back to many a languid, pale-faced woman, were she permitted to join her husband or father in those outings, which she would soon

long for and dream of with the veriest veteran of us all. If she had no taste for angling, she would soon acquire it, while her penchant for botany, sketching or anything that pertains to out-door life can be fully gratified, while an attack of camp fever would be certain to add a pound a day to her avoirdupois. Let every lady reader insist upon joining the camp of her lord, and if she be denied, let her make her plaint in the open court of FOREST AND STREAM, and she will find a champion.

The camp had gone to housekeeping with a larder insufficient for the needs of the campaign, and an order had been sent to Kingston for a liberal supply of hominy, bacon, coffee and flour. A call for volunteers to go to Battersea to see if these had arrived brought every member to the front, and accordingly tents were tied up, the boats manned, and we were soon winding down the tortuous channel of the muddy creek to the no less muddy landing. Our supplies had arrived and also a mail, which brought the long-looked-for FOREST AND STREAM. There were tear stains on the wrapper, and we regretted that we had abused the editor by postal for its long delay. The shaft had evidently gone to the mark, and we feared lest the sad-hearted author of the Bigosh papers had somehow become involved in the catastrophe.

While on shore we made the acquaintance of two or three deer hunters, native sportsmen, who despised such small game as woodcock and ruffed grouse, which were plenty. One of these told us of a day's shooting last fall, with a single companion, in which three deer and a bear had fallen to his lot and four deer to that of his mate. Another party of four, of which he was one, in a single week shot twenty-three deer. We were informed, however, that owing to the stringency of the game law, Americans who came over for deer had a sorry time of it, and their visits for that purpose did not seem to be encouraged. With deer and fox talk mingled, we sat most of the afternoon out in the shade of a building, near which a couple of fine deerhounds were lying, whose good points were discussed and their exploits narrated by their respective owners with no little pride. When we were ready to return, the Madame, with a fondness for the canine, easily induced Dan, one of the hounds, to accompany us, not, however, without the warning from his owner that the dog was a "born thief" and would steal everything in camp. Dan slept that night on the floor of the tent in a state of bliss. The next morning, the absence of three pounds of bacon and five pounds of salt pork, which had been placed on the cupboard for safe keeping, at least eight feet from the ground, forced us to recognize the ability of Dan as a gymnast, and his predilection for cold lunches, of which he had evidently partaken liberally and frequently during the night. He was escorted home early in the day, and his master said: "I told you so." Before noon the dog was back in camp, having accomplished the journey by going a couple of miles along shore and then swimming from island to island until he came to our own. His apparent fondness for us won him forgiveness and he was allowed to remain. That afternoon, while fishing about eighty rods away, a crash was heard in camp which caused some uneasiness, and we hurried in to learn the cause. It was Dan again. In one of the tents some crackers and cheese had been left on the table which, enticed, by the odor, Dan had mounted and overturned, and we found paper, ink, medicine, field glasses, books and a box of cartridges well mixed in with a jar of preserves on the floor. The crackers and cheese and a box of sardines had made a light lunch. Dan was forthwith tried before Judge Lynch and led to the bluff for execution, when the appeals of the Madame saved him, and he was taken to his master under sentence of death, which we promised to carry out if he was again found on the island. After that he was kept at home chained.

In our fishing of the afternoon we encountered a genial native fisherman in pursuit of "swageos." We watched the "bobbies" and discoursed of men, things and fishing. At last the conversation turned on fish nomenclature, and nowhere did we ever find the same more terribly out of joint. The small-mouth bass was known as black bass, but the big-mouth was called by every one yellow bass. Oswego bass, or "swageos," was the only name by which the strawberry bass (*P. sparoides*) was known. Canada pickerel was the name for the pike (*E. lucius*), while trout (*S. namaycush*) were salmon. There was another variety known as pickerel, but was described to us as wanting the long jaws and form of the family *Esoxidae*, and having an adipose fin. Of this latter variety we were unable to find a specimen, but believe it to be the whitefish (*Coregonus*).^{*} The aforesaid native was very anxious to be set right on the common names for his fish, indeed, we find everywhere among anglers a growing interest in this subject of fish nomenclature. The labors of Jordan, Cope, Gilbert and others are being appreciated by most of those who go into the woods, and the "Manual of the Vertebrates," by the first named, is fast becoming a classic and an indispensable companion to the outer.

For the next few days the camp was in a state of unrest. The Reformer had been summoned home, and we were preparing to speed the parting, and to hail the coming member, for a postal gave notice that Truthful James was about setting out to join us. The morning of the departure of the former broke sad and dismal. The early breakfast was dispatched in haste, and, under a lowering sky, the mournful camp accompanied him to Battersea to bid him God speed. We were somewhat tardy, and the lumbering stage had been awaiting our arrival for twenty minutes, the driver was in a pet, so farewells were quickly said, the stage was out of sight in a moment, and the camp life of the Reformer was a memory.

Breaking camp at the appointed time is generally an exasperating piece of business, but to be snatched out of camp before your time is unbearable. We have long made it a point to go into camp without having the time fixed for breaking up. When the time comes—as it will—let it be like a thief in the night. The Reformer had been fortunate in this respect, at least.

On the afternoon of his departure, with a bucket of perch bait, we essayed the bass once more. A strong wind from the southwest was blowing, and we ran before it to the lower point of the island, where we cast anchor over the outer edge of a weed bed. The first bait was barely in the water before it was taken by a two-pound bass, the second bait was seized by its mate, and the sport grew lively. For two hours there was no cessation in the strikes, and when we lifted anchor we had thirty-eight bass in the car.

When we set out on our return the wind had shifted, a line of dark clouds were lying close to the horizon, and signs of a storm were apparent. There was nothing of discomfort to be apprehended. We were well prepared, as

^{*} Most likely the pike perch, *Stizostedion*.—ED.

every camp should be, to meet anything that was likely to come in the way of wind or rain. A guy rope was attached to the tent poles and the end made fast to a tree as a matter of precaution should a gale come on; the tent stakes were driven a little deeper to insure against their drawing in case the ground should become soaked, and lastly, straw was placed around the edges of the tent to keep out the wind and drip.

There was a vacant place by the camp-fire, and our thoughts went after the lonely Reformer who was rushing along through the darkness and whom another day would bring into the roar and bustle of Broadway, and the dust and heat of the early August days. In imagination we contrasted his disappointment and half-satisfied longings with the enthusiasm and ardor of Truthful James, who likely at this very hour was being whirled hitherward, full of eagerness and dreams of the joyous vacation which had come to him at last. We knew that the thoughts of two busy brains were centered here in the dancing light of the camp-fire, one full of regrets the other of anticipation.

Suddenly there came the sound of a single pat on the canvas behind us, in the darkness beyond and on the lake in front, an audible simultaneous drop everywhere, and then there was a silence. Then came another pat and another, then a sound, at first as though tiny light-footed squadrons were marching through the forest to rapid, countless beats, and then hurrying to the charge, and finally breaking from the coverts on all sides and the storm was fairly upon us. We retreated before it into the tent and there sat and listened to the far-away roar up the lake, which was every moment growing louder as the storm swept toward us. In a moment the walls of the tent bagged and the frail structure quivered as though about to be torn from its fastenings. After a few minutes the gale passed and the heavy fall of the rain on the roof drowned all other sounds. We rolled ourselves in the blankets and were soon lost in sleep while listening to the patter overhead, a music sweeter to the camper by far than all the melody ever born under the touch of a Strauss or a Beethoven.

WAWAXANDA.

Natural History.

NOTES OF A YEAR.

AS I sit in my study the north wind rattles the windows; it is snowing sideways, and the mercury is hobnobbing with the bulb. By way of contrast, memory brings back some of the pleasant experiences of the last year with rod and gun along the streams and in the woods.

A huge nest of the social wasp (*Polistes fuscatus*) hangs on the other side of the room as the only remaining trophy of one of the many days that are recalled with pleasure. I allowed my boat to drift very cautiously under the willow where it was hanging over the water. A charge from a flying squadron of the possible occupants was not to be courted. A gentle shake of the tree, then a virgorous jerk or two was sufficient to prove that that colony of paper makers had moved out; perhaps it was because some hunter, who couldn't hit anything else, had let fly at the balloon-like domicile, tearing open the top, thus letting in the rain; at any rate making a good window, through which I could look down into what had evidently once been a populous tenement. There were four combs within, one above the other, containing perhaps 200 empty cells. It was in the late autumn, and I was not sure but that a hibernating female might have taken up winter quarters somewhere in the inner apartments. I therefore, on the way home, kindly left the paper house with a friend for a few days, hanging it near the glowing grate. The family were all alive four or five days after, so I concluded nothing had thawed out in my wasp's nest, nor would, and it was brought on home.

I had several odd experiences with the yellow-jacket (*Vespa maculata*) during the summer. One day, with rod and minnow bucket, I had toiled through the weeds and woods to a point where I had before caught the biggest black bass I had seen for many a day. Of course I was expecting to get several more like him. You always do expect something of the sort. But the bass did not seem hungry. They had evidently just dined. A few feet away there was a terrible fluttering and floundering in the grass, which I proceeded to investigate. A huge specimen of *Orthoptera*, I could not determine its exact species then, was struggling impotently against the attacks of an insignificant little yellow-jacket. It had possibly been in the tree above when attacked by its active little adversary, which was stinging it with might and main. The big insect was plainly getting faint. All at once it flashed across my mind that the little yellow-coat and I were out on about the same mission, both after game, he being the more successful one of the two. He had come upon his prey, and with his swift lance was giving him a hundred wounds, which must eventually prove fatal. I have never since forgiven myself for not capturing the hunter and his quarry. My failure to bag the bigger and the bagged was probably owing to the profound respect which I had just then for the fighting force of the yellow-coat.

Yellow-jackets seem to feed indiscriminately upon flesh or vegetable. A fish thrown out on the bank will soon attract a swarm of them. On several occasions a piscatorial friend and I had some difficulty in eating dinner so impertinent were these little fellows. Pie and meat and bread were yellow with them, and they tumbled into the jelly cup by the dozen. One day the bass and croppie had taken a notion to bite just a little before dinner time. After catching a dozen or so, S. said he must have something to eat. We threw down our rods, with the bait in the water for stragglers. Dinner was eaten with a lot of yellow-jackets as self-invited guests. At last S. started back to his rod, with a substantial piece of bologna sausage in his hand; but a yellow-jacket had his eye upon that bologna as a shining prize. By dexterous management, S. managed to get an occasional bite and miss the yellow-jacket. Presently the floater on his line shot under the water as a bass gulped down the minnow on the hook. S. forgot his greedy little competitor, thrust the sausage pell mell into his mouth, and made a grab for his rod. But he suddenly changed his mind about the rod and dropped it. The yellow-jacket had followed the sausage into his mouth, and had then gone into "executive session." S. now says that he doesn't like sausage with yellow-jacket sauce, it is "a little too hot." The moral of this story is that the yellow-jacket is a very greedy feeder.

The space that may be occupied by these remembrances is already more than filled, and scores of curious things seen in the water and the woods during the old year have not been mentioned. They must be put aside for the present.

QUINCY, Ill., Jan. 1, 1885.

RICHARD GEAR HOBBS.

THE VORTICELLA.

THIS very beautiful little animal lives, like the hydra, attached to the leaves and stems of water plants in slow-running streams and pools. It was called by the olden observers the bell-animale, from the marked resemblance of the shape of its body to a bell. A large number of them grouped together on a leaf or stem looks somewhat like a patch of white mould, and from this appearance it is generally quite easy to find them. If a bit of the leaf to which they are attached is torn off and placed in water in a watch-glass, they may readily be examined with a hand magnifying glass or a low power of the microscope.

The body of the animal resembles an inverted bell, or, perhaps a little more closely, a wine glass. What answers to the rim of the glass is considerably thickened and turned outward a little, and in one place is bent into the form of a mouth—very much like that of a beaker. The wine glass is also provided with a cover, which is capable of being opened and shut very much as if turning upon a hinge. The cover it nearly round, and so does not fit into the bent-out mouth of the rim, and in this way an aperture is left by which the interior of the body is put in communication with the exterior. This aperture is the mouth of the animal. A rather short tube runs inward from the mouth and opens into the general body cavity. This tube, of course, answers to the gullet or esophagus of the higher animals. The wine-glass shaped body thus far described is mounted upon a long, slender stalk, the foot of which is attached to the leaf or stem. The stalk is quite flexible, so that the animal is able to sway itself about upon it in the water.

There are some other very interesting points of structure in the vorticella, but a high power of the microscope is needed in order to see them. In the first place, perhaps, it will be noticed that both the rim of the glass and the edge of the cover are fringed with circles of cilia, which are almost constantly in a state of rapid vibration. These vibrations give rise to a current in the water which flows either into or from the body-cavity through the aperture of the mouth, the direction of the current being determined by the inward or outward movement of the cilia. It is in this way the animal gets its food. The small organisms upon which it lives are caught in the current and drawn through the mouth and gullet (the latter also being lined with cilia) into the interior of the body. By introducing some finely divided carmine or indigo into the water, not only the movements of these currents may be watched, but also the very interesting process of digestion. As the particles of colored matter reach the free end of the gullet, which is here expanded a little into a kind of crop, they are rolled up into little balls or pellets, and these from time to time are discharged into the interior. They then circulate about in the body, moving down on one side and up on the other. If they are pellets of food-matter they continue this circulation until all the nutritious matter in them has been extracted. The indigestible remainder is extruded from the body through the mouth; but the passage it takes to the mouth is not quite the same as that by which it entered. Instead of passing back through the open end of the gullet, a second aperture is made in this organ at a little distance from the first, and through this the particle passes. As soon as it has gone through the aperture closes and remains shut until again needed.

Of course it often happens that bodies too large to be swallowed or not at all fit for food are caught in the current and carried to the mouth. In that case the animal has a very curious way of ridding itself of them. It ceases vibrating its cilia, draws in its cover and rolls the rim inward, so that the whole body assumes a somewhat spherical shape. It then very suddenly and very rapidly throws its long stalk into the form of a spiral and thus draws itself completely away from the offending object. One can see the creature go through the same movements if the vessel in which it is contained is given a slight jar. After remaining in this contracted state for a few minutes the stalk slowly straightens, the cover raises, the rim becomes everted again, the cilia begin to vibrate, and the animal has regained its former appearance.

In the upper part of the body of a vorticella there appears from time to time a rather large transparent space. When first seen it is very small, gradually it enlarges to its full size and then, after remaining visible for perhaps twenty or thirty seconds, it very suddenly disappears. This space is called the contractile vesicle. It is believed to perform the function of a heart. Some observers have thought they could make out channels radiating out from it, and it is believed that when the vesicle contracts its contents are forced into these channels and thus a circulation of the contents of the body cavity kept up. Sometimes several of these vessels are present in the same animal.

There is still one other structure present in the body of a vorticella. It is quite large, somewhat elongated, and bent upon itself somewhat in the shape of a horseshoe. It is called the nucleus. Its function is probably connected with the reproduction of the animal. Nuclei are almost universally present in the lower animals and plants; but in general, unlike that of the vorticella, they are round or oval in shape.

The vorticella has several ways of multiplying itself. One of these is by what is called fission. In this case the animal splits itself into two like and equal parts; the fissure being made in the direction of its length. Each of these parts enlarges and becomes exactly like the parent animal. The stalk, however, splits only a little way down, and the two new animals are therefore supported by a single stem. Each of these may again divide into two parts, and then in their turn again divide, and so a very large number of vorticellæ may become associated into a community, all being supported by a single stalk. A group formed in this way is sometimes called a colony. In this multiplication by fission the nucleus seems to play an important part. Previous to the division it becomes somewhat larger, and assumes a new position, the direction of its length becoming at right angles to the stalk; finally, when the division occurs, the nucleus separates into two parts, one going to each of the new animals.



Another method by which the vorticella multiplies itself is that of gemmation or budding. This is a similar process to that which occurs in the hydra, except that in the case of the vorticella the bud grows on the side of the body of the parent and not on the stalk. A new animal formed in this way does not long remain attached to the parent. Before loosening itself, curiously enough, it develops an extra fringe of cilia. This fringe grows at the base of the body, and so the creature is now provided with a circle of cilia at both ends of its body. By somewhat violent movements of these wreaths of cilia it loosens itself and swims away a free animal. It then undergoes another change and a very remarkable one. It loses the older wreath of cilia, and the rim from which they have been taken folds inward until the end of the body is entirely closed. It retains the cilia at the opposite end of the body, and by means of them continues to swim about. But after a time it attaches itself by what was originally its upper end—the end from which the cilia have been lost—to the side of the body of an ordinary fixed vorticella. A process now occurs which is perhaps more wonderful than any yet described. The two animals slowly and gradually unite by a kind of fusion into a single being. The creature thus formed is exactly like an ordinary vorticella, and when its turn comes to multiply will do so by the process of fission.

The vorticella has still another way of multiplying itself. Sometimes an animal will roll its body up into a ball in the manner already described, and by a process of secretion surround itself with a hard case or cyst. It has now passed into what is called the "still" condition, there being little or no movement of either body or stalk. But after remaining in this state for a while, an activity begins to show itself in the interior of the body. Eight or ten dark spots appear and gradually increase in size until the whole interior is pretty well filled with them. The cyst now thins away on one side, and by and by bursts, allowing the bodies which have been formed inside to escape. They swim about in the water, and are in fact a generation of young vorticellæ, but as yet in a rudimentary stage of development. In a short time, however, they become full grown animals of the ordinary type. To this method of multiplication the term cell-division has been given.

Vorticellæ have, therefore, four ways by which they may reproduce themselves, viz.: fission, gemmation, fusion and cell-division.

There are several species of animals closely allied to the vorticella. One of these, the stentor, differs principally in being able to detach itself at will and swim about in a free state. Another, the cothurnia, has only a very short stalk, but is provided with a cup or envelope, into which the body can be retracted. The epistylis closely resembles the vorticella, but unlike the latter is not able to contract its stalk. Some of these forms, curiously enough, are often found attached to the backs of water beetles and other aquatic animals. It is not probable that this peculiar location is made by choice. More likely it is altogether a matter of chance to what objects they attach themselves; but moving bodies, as animals, are more favorable than stationary ones, since in this way a greater quantity of food is likely to be caught in the currents formed by the cilia.

UNION COLLEGE.

S.

THE CRANBERRY BEAR.

Editor Forest and Stream:

"Eureka! here is 'Nessmuk's' cranberry swamp bear," thought I on entering our city market house to-day. On a butcher's table, surrounded by a group of interested spectators, lay a veritable red bear. It is only a few weeks since "Nessmuk" threatened to scour the wilds of Minnesota and half a dozen other States to secure this bear, and now it is shot in the northern part of Lycoming county, Pa., perhaps forty miles from "Nessmuk's" home as the crow flies. Can he have been on his way to deliver himself up to the old hunter to help him prove the scientific men wrong on the bear question? But to be serious, the bear was a beautiful animal with a pelt as red as that of any fox. There were no markings nor varying shades of color, but the same uniform red all over its body, excepting from the eyes forward to nose, where the color was somewhat lighter. The nose proper was the color often seen in liver-colored dogs.

The bear was apparently about two years old (incisor teeth somewhat worn), was in moderate condition, and weighed ninety pounds. There was no perceptible difference in its shape, length of limbs, etc., from ordinary black bears of the same size. If I may venture an opinion without any scientific knowledge on the subject, I would call it a case of albinism (or rufus-ism) of the ordinary black bear. It was purchased by a gentleman of this city, who sent it away as a present to a friend. Whether it is to be mounted or not I have not learned; it would be a desirable acquisition for one of the first-class museums.

A local paper says: "The red bear of which brief mention was made in yesterday's *Gazette and Bulletin*, was killed at Laurel Hill, this county, by Peter O'Brien. Mr. William Fry purchased it for Mr. Hiram A. Merriman, who shipped it last evening to a friend in Philadelphia. The animal is a curiosity, being of a bright red color, with head like that of a fox, and fur as soft as the wool of the sheep. At least one thousand persons visited the market house yesterday to see this bear, and old hunters said they never saw anything like it before."

WILLIAMSPORT, Pa.

BOBOLINK.

SOME CHRISTMAS BIRD NOTES.

CERTAINLY the hand of Nature had a clear page to write on the night before Christmas, and if he who has studied her ways went out early in the morning, the record of the night was made plain.

Here a rabbit industriously searching for food, selects from a thousand the sapling whose root is nourishing and digs down to it. Then going on, he passes by hundreds of others, until again selecting the right one, he scratches the snow from it and takes his moonlight meal, not a very hearty one for Christmas eve; but a little further on he finds an apple, frozen, to be sure, still to him a dessert unapproachable.

Down in the woods a flock of quail had roosted. Rather chilly, one would think; but they had huddled close together, and undoubtedly were warm, for they all started early to a little unfrozen pool and took their morning bath, each one showering his neighbor and wishing him a merry Christmas probably, for they were a right lively set of fellows, and no sooner was the morning toilet finished, than each one started on a hunt for his breakfast, as the lines in the snow show, till startled by some unknown sound, they all took wing together, and flew into the thicket beyond.

Many other signs are left to the uninitiated; not simply

"tracks," but each a story in itself to him who knows and thinks. Now a squirrel, out perhaps to make his neighbor a present of nuts; again a flock of snowbirds, as the sun was rising, have chirped a merry Christmas to each other, as they shook the seeds from the grasses left uncovered by the snow.

The day was bright, and in my ramble I saw these birds:

Winter chippy, *S. monticola*.
Snowbird, *J. hiemalis*.
Chickadee, *P. atricapillus*.
Yellow-rumped warbler, *D. coronata*.
Bluebird, *S. sialis*.
Bluejay, *C. cristata*.
Butcher bird, *L. borealis*.
Golden-winged woodpecker, *C. auratus*.
Downy woodpecker, *P. pubescens*.
Crow, *C. americanus*.
Wild pigeon, *E. migratorius*.
Quail, *O. virginiana*.

I heard a blackbird and fancied I heard a robin, but a flock of pigeons passing, my attention was distracted, and I lost track of him. There was only one quail; they are very scarce and are hunted continually.

CHIP.

ENGLEWOOD, N. J.

Game Bag and Gun.

DUCK SHOOTING ON LAKE BISTEREAU.

BY COL. GEO. D. ALEXANDER.

TUESDAY night, the 29th of October, 1884, my friend McElliott came to my residence to tell me he thought it was just the proper time to go to Lake Bistereau for a duck hunt. He was ready to go the next morning if I could accompany him. His proposal was immediately accepted, as he had a good buggy and had made himself the nicest and most convenient little boat, to be used as a body to take us to the lake, and then to be taken off and used for carrying us to an island celebrated for being the best point for shooting ducks.

The beautiful little boat did not exceed fifty pounds in weight, was capable of conveniently seating and carrying three persons, and was so nicely fitted to the buggy that it could be put on or taken off in one minute. It was arranged on the inside for having bushes inserted for forming a blind to approach the wary ducks, and it could be easily moved by sculling, so as not to attract their attention.

We left Minden quite early, full of bright anticipations of bringing back a boatload of mallards. A fleet pair of horses took us to Mercer's store in three hours, the distance being eighteen miles. There it was our expectation to get Mr. William Mercer and Mr. Dan Cole to accompany us. Unfortunately the former was not at home, but Cole proffered to go. He reported the ducks as being more numerous than he had ever seen them on the lake. It was only some three miles from the store to the point we desired to reach. The report made Mac and myself so eager to get there that we could not wait for Cole, but requested him to follow on as speedily as possible. It was not often that I was as much excited in getting to the desired place to commence shooting as I was on this occasion. The horses did not go fast enough. I wanted a speed of a mile a minute, and when we came to a log across the road, and had to be delayed some time in getting by it, the delay was almost insupportable. When we reached the bluff bank of this lovely sheet of water our eyes were gladdened by the sight of countless ducks. From various points we could see puffs of smoke and then hear the boom of two heavy guns, showing many others were, like ourselves, taking advantage of the great number of ducks to have an enjoyable hunt.

There were numerous flocks with many thousands in them to be seen in every part of the lake, some lighting, some rising, and others flying from point to point. As each gun was heard the flocks on the water engaged in eating the water parsley, would rise with a roar like distant thunder and fly to some other place, while another would light in the same place. There was one incessant quacking, quack, quack, that quickened the desire to be among them to such an extent that the minutes seemed hours before we got the horses unhitched, the boat put on the water, ammunition stored away, and our rubber boots drawn on.

At last Mac with his Pieper, and I with my Greener, took our seats and prepared to row about half a mile to Peggy's Island, our proposed rendezvous. But we soon found there was no rowing, the water was not eight inches deep, except in the channel, which was not over fifty yards wide. Nothing was left but to wade and push the boat ahead of us. The mud was over a foot, to two feet sometimes, in depth, and as sticky as pitch. I thought we never would get to the feeding places of the ducks. The air was alive with them, but all taking good care either to fly too high to be reached by our guns or to give us a wide berth. The nearer we approached the island the more impatient I got, and when we rowed across the channel I could stand it no longer, but put on the ammunition bag and shouldering my fine Greener, struck off to the nearest feeding point, leaving McElliott to come on and select a point for putting out his decoy ducks. He had brought with him a pair of live gentle puddle ducks, which he intended to tie to stakes, and giving them each a bundle of oats to let them feed, quack, dive, and cut up many antics as they pleased and thus allure many an unsuspecting greenhead to them. As I approached the flocks they would rise and fly off long before I could get in shooting distance.

My India rubber boots were too large for me. I could not stand steady in them, and every time I turned around I would come near falling. Finally I selected a place in the grassy part where the ducks were feeding, and waited for a duck to fly near me. In a few minutes over came a flock. Bang! bang! went both barrels without rumpeling a feather. For an hour I continued shooting at every duck that came, as I thought, in shooting distance, but not a duck rewarded my shots. I was more discouraged than I ever recollected to have been in all my life. McElliott had selected his position far out in the water, his decoy ducks were tied, and soon I saw him cut down three fine ducks in successive shots. Cole arrived at this time, taking his position further into the lake than that of McElliott. Pretty soon a duck flew over him which he cut down in fine style. Again and again I shot without getting a duck. Cole signaled to me to come into his place, which I did. He told me I was shooting at distances far too high to kill; that where I was standing they flew much higher than at his position. Taking my stand by the side of a cypress stump, around which the water was full knee deep, with mud a foot deep, I patiently

waited the approach of a duck. "Look out," said Cole, and just then several came over. Bang went my gun, and down came a fine drake. I was then convinced that I had been wasting my ammunition at distances beyond the reach of any 12-bore gun, and of 7½ pounds weight.

I had barely time to put in another shell when I saw three coming directly to me. "Too high," sang out Cole, but I thought differently. There was a report, and almost at my feet down came a magnificent greenhead. The reports of McElliott's and Cole's guns were incessant, and constantly could I see or hear a duck fall. Before night a flock of some large white fowls came flying over Cole. He fired both barrels with the success of seeing, a magnificent pelican come down with an awful swoop. We had noticed this flock all the evening at a distant part of the island, taking them to be a flock of sheep. This pelican measured nearly eight feet across from tip to tip of wings, and was nearly six feet high. It was white as snow, except the lower edge of wings were black as those of a crow. In the sack below the bill were many minnows not devoured. We shot until 8 o'clock at night, and found as the result of our evening's work that I had bagged eleven, McElliott sixteen, and Cole thirty-one. Mr. Cole had the advantage of us in having a freedman to collect his ducks when shot down. Few better shots than Dan Cole, either at deer or small game. McElliott is a good shot, and one of the most agreeable companions to have in a hunt. He is one of the handiest and most useful gentlemen I ever had along on a hunting expedition.

By half past 9 o'clock we had returned to the store, fed our horses, and having been the recipients of a nice supper from Mr. Cole, we got into our boat and drove back to Minden, getting home by 1 o'clock in the morning.

It was a most enjoyable hunt, not to be soon forgotten; but would have been doubly so to me had I shot as well as usual, and had I not fallen on one knee in the mud and water and gotten my boot full of water. But for this mishap I should have been tempted to have spent another day on the lake. The decoy ducks looked the next morning in fine spirits, as if they would have no objection to going again.

On the following Saturday I was compelled to make a trip to Red River. We went by Mercer's store, and finding Mr. Cole willing to take a jaunt again to the lake, I loaned him my Greener with plenty of ammunition, and requested him to kill me some ducks. Returning the next morning, he had twelve fat mallards for me, and stated he had killed seventeen out of thirty shots, at ducks flying much higher than he shot them when I was along. He was wonderfully delighted with the shooting of my gun, stating he killed a duck sitting fully a hundred yards, and that several parties were shooting near him whose guns could not reach the ducks, and they did not succeed in bagging one.

Of course, this was good news to me. Just as soon as the weather turns colder, I shall go again with strong hopes of doing better shooting.

MINDEN, LA.

ABOUT HUNTERS AND A HUNT.

IN the columns of the FOREST AND STREAM I have had frequent occasion to allude to my sporting companions, and, most generally, have used nicknames to designate them. My *dramatis personae*, whatever the character of the play—farce or comedy—have consisted of Teceel, Bro. Duffrey, Mud, Jim LeG., Dit, Crickett and Tom. We all have our peculiarities, and each is a source of amusement to the others. All of us are "men of family," and some of us are blessed with "quivers full" of the "heritage of the Lord." "In the course of human events," it is not unnatural that even sportsmen's children should have a laudable ambition to add to the pleasures of other's households, and sometimes, even, to constitute the basis of a new one. The present, I believe, is a leap year, and in our section, at least, there is an idea that such years are not unfitted for matrimonial alliances. Occasionally, therefore, one of our boys or girls comes to the conclusion that it is wise to go to housekeeping, and begins to look around to see if he or she can "find an honest gander—or goose—for a mate." The daughter of our friend Dit not long since found the "honest gander," and on the 17th, in the presence of "a large and brilliant assemblage," took those solemn vows which link together a man and a woman. The groom was a sportsman from the northern border of our State, and the rites of marriage were solemnized by Bro. Duffrey, assisted by Bro. W. T. J., who is also one of "Gideon's band."

Among the guests were two brothers of our friend Dit, of whom I had long heard, but whose acquaintance I had not hitherto had an opportunity of making. We hardly needed an introduction. Joe and Bud were familiar names to me, and soon after we had met our conversation drifted into the subject of guns and dogs and game. I found both of them gentlemen, who had left their homes "on old Virginia's shore" to be present at the marriage of their niece to a neighbor and friend of theirs, to be jovial, good-hearted fellows, and generous, as most of ardent sportsmen are. We endeavored to get them to remain awhile and try their skill on some of our birds; but the proximity of Christmas and the consequent demands of their business compelled them to forego the pleasure. We were cordially invited to visit them at their homes, whenever it suited our convenience, and promised not only a hearty welcome to their firesides, but a hard struggle for the mastery in the field. We shall go, if possible, not hoping to defeat them in the contest, but only to make their victory an honorable one. Besides, we are anxious to enjoy their society, and that of their families. We know who they are.

The week preceding the "society event" to which I have referred, Teceel, Bro. Duffrey, Dr. Will and I, with Joe, Bob, Argo and York, and over two hundred loaded shells each, left home to take our annual hunt in the fields of Chatham. We missed connection at Sandford, and had to remain at that place all day Tuesday, the 9th. But we were too keen for hunting to sit about Bro. Page's hotel, and, accordingly, after a hearty breakfast started for the "old Melver place," on Buffalo Creek. We took the railway track for about two miles, and soon after we had crossed the trestle over Buffalo our dogs started a covey of birds and our first salute was given. We got only four birds out of it, and two of them fell before my little Lucy Green. Possibly we could have gotten more of them, but thinking there were plenty ahead of us, we preferred to go on. Our party separated at this point, and W. and I hurried on to the second bridge and got over into the plantation of which I have spoken. We could occasionally hear the guns of the others, and were well prepared to receive the report at lunch of our signal defeat. My companion and I did some very poor shooting even at the birds we found, and only had

seven when we stopped for rest and food at midday. The others doubled us. Rather tight boots having made hunting anything but pleasant, Will and I concluded to wend our way back to Sandford, and rest for the next day's sport. When we reached Page's house I was exceedingly wearied and sought the quiet retreat of a room, where a bed afforded me the much-desired luxury of a few hours' sleep. About night Teceel and Bro. Duffrey returned, having more than thirty birds. All of them were left with Col. Page, our generous host, when we departed from his house the following morning at 5 o'clock on our way to Ore Hill.

We reached the station about half past six, where we were met by J. M. Foust, the proprietor of Mount Vernon Springs, which are situated a little over a mile west of the station, and were escorted to his house. Soon after reaching there, a substantial breakfast was spread before us, to which his guests paid the most devoted attention. The hunt was then arranged. Bro. D. and Teceel had had a private consultation with the proprietor and learned from him the best grounds for sport. Of course they were anxious to avail themselves of the sport which they afforded. In order to assure themselves of getting there, they deemed it wise to resort to strategy, not entirely free from hypocrisy. I had related to them on an occasion how I managed to get a near kinsman to ride "an unbridled colt" from Brownsville, Ark., to my brother's house on the river. In that case, knowing he would refuse that mode of conveyance if the suggestion was directly made, I requested Dr. W. P. S., who was our companion, to offer, so soon as the proposition was declined, his preference for that animal; telling him that it would produce a change of purpose, and we would thus succeed in getting him astride the stallion. The ruse had the desired effect. Bro. D. and Tom remembered it, and put it into practice on me. Says Bro. D. to me, says he, "T. and I have agreed to hunt the old Gowell farm, between this place and the depot, and you and Dr. W. can take down the creek." I very quickly replied, "Not much, Bro. D.; I have selected that locality myself." After the trial of the fields, I saw I was "taken in," and at night the case became too clear for further question. At the close of a hard day's work, in which I did some good and some poor shooting, I emptied my pockets of 22 partridges (I cannot consent to call them quail, for they bear little resemblance to the quail in appearance and far more resemble the partridge of Europe). Dr. W. distinguished himself by very inferior marksmanship, and only got three birds. It is but just to say he did not shoot as I did. Teceel pulled out the scalps of 35 and Bro. D. those of 19. All the consolation I had, was that I beat Bro. D. The next day, however, when I showed only 14 and Dr. W. 6, Teceel exhibited 37 and Bro. D. 25. These two days ended the hunt in that vicinity, and at 12 M. the following day we took the train for "the Gulf," at which place we arrived at 1 P. M.

It was agreed that Bro. D. and I should put some shells in our pockets, and hunt the fields on the way to the residence of Mark Byrum, who lives five miles from the station, while the others should try the grounds nearer the depot. All were to meet there next day and take the train for home. Accordingly, a few minutes after our arrival we were on our way. Leaving the public road after going about three-fourths of a mile, we turned to the left and entered the fields lying along a tributary of Cedar Creek, which we knew had its rise about one mile from the place where we expected to spend the night. Just as we were about to cross the fence, and while our dogs were scouring the fields, I flushed a small covey of not more than six birds. They settled in the woods, where I got two shots, both of which were successful. Entering the inclosure and taking my dog across the rivulet he soon came to a stand. Notifying Bro. D. of the fact, he came over. We flushed the birds and I got one bird. He failed to get one. They took cover in thick woods. I had two shots and missed. He scored his bird after having missed one. Leaving them we soon found another covey in a field. I got two shots and scored both birds. Bro. D. bagged two birds in three shots. It is useless to give the details of the hunt. Suffice it, that when we reached Byrum's at night I had twelve and Bro. D. nine. They were all fat ones.

We were hospitably received by Mr. Byrum, his wife, son and daughter. They were closely related to Bro. G., and are as kind and generous as heart could wish. We got an excellent supper and most comfortable treatment in all respects. I want no better stopping place. When we left next morning an invitation to come again was cordially given, and I propose to do myself that honor before the season has passed, if possible.

On our return to the depot we followed the route of the preceding day. We found birds sufficiently plentiful, but discovered pretty soon that our stock of shells would become exhausted if we did much shooting. I had started with only forty, while Bro. D. had fifty. A hole in my pocket deprived me of several, so that when my dog Argo came to a stand less than one mile from the station, I had but one shell remaining. With this I got one bird. Calling to Bro. D., he soon made his appearance, and I communicated the fact that the "last shot in the locker" had been used. He kindly gave me four, keeping five for himself. Finding where the covey had settled, he walked up and flushed four or five of them. It was understood that each was to "shiny on his own side." Being to the left, I picked out my bird and fired. It fell. Others then rose, and with the remaining barrel I killed another. Bro. D. claimed to have shot at the same bird I did when the first lot flew. If he did, he ought not to have done it, for it was the only one at which I could have shot. Had I been on the right I would not have selected that bird. I was now reduced to two shells. With one of those I got a bird and missed a most excellent chance with the remaining one. Bro. D. bagged another one and the hunt ended. When we reached the station I took nine out of my pocket and he pulled out six, including the one at which he ought not to have shot.

The proprietor of the hotel at the Gulf was at the depot when we reached it, and told us that our friends had left, requesting us to take charge of their baggage and they would get on the train at Egypt several miles below. This did not surprise us. They did not join us, however, at the place named, and we saw them in the "old Melver place," as we sped on our way to Sandford, where we had to remain until 10 at night. Our friend Page had for dinner some of the twenty-four birds which we had sent to him the preceding day. At night our companions made their appearance. Counting up our trophies, we found that we had bagged during the hunt 265 birds. Of this number we took home less than three dozen, having given a large part of the others to the proprietors of the land upon which we had hunted. This plan is not only just, but highly politic. If sportsman ranges fields and offers none of the game to the owner, he is

not apt to be a welcome visitor. I know whereof I speak. In consequence of our division of the spoils, we had free access to fields which are closed to most persons, and in case we visit that section again, we shall find no trouble when we enter the territory of the owners of the soil.

It is but proper that I say, of the 265 birds killed, Teceel got 108, Bro. D. 74, Wells 64, and Dr. Will 19. T. used 184 shells, Duffrey 173, Wells 128, and Dr. Will 69.

If I can so arrange it I will visit that county again during the winter. In case I do I expect to bag not less than seventy-five, without using so many as 150 shells. One bird in two shots we regard as fair shooting. Many persons claim to be able to kill many more. I have thought that some of them are far better with the tongue than with the gun.

Our friend Mud failed to go with us. His wife was not well and he could not accompany us. This I very much regretted, for on 'side of the fact that he is an excellent companion, he has so many ways to afford amusement that his absence is regarded as quite a misfortune. He has the same little Scott which he did not swap off with Dr. Quint Worthington.

In some sections the birds are at present mainly in the woods in search of food. A little later in the season they will come back to the fields, when better sport can be had.

WELLS.

ROCKINGHAM, N. C., Dec. 23, 1884.

SOME REMARKABLE SHOTS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

"Penobscot" tells of bagging three snipe at one shot. I did the same thing under almost the same circumstances. A friend and myself were hunting ducks, when, meeting with no success, we lauded near a mud hole on the borders of the marsh. Just as we did so, much to our astonishment, up went seven English snipe. Two of them settled a few yards distant, one of which I started up and secured at once. Five flew wild and were now circling around, as though they meant to settle. But here they come, going as snipe in the early fall only can go. It was but the work of a moment. Two of the birds are close together, while a third is ten feet away, and almost in range. Bang! and down drop three. I am sure of this, for two only are seen flying away, while I had a kind of indistinct vision that I saw one some distance from the others plunge into the marsh. We found them all.

Among the recollections of my boyhood is a circumstance that was considered quite singular at the time. It was the bagging of a rabbit, a hawk and a partridge in two shots. The way it happened was this: I was looking for partridge, or properly speaking I should say ruffed grouse, when the dog started a rabbit not three yards from my feet. As it disappeared under a brush fence I fired and Ponto went off in pursuit. But just as I was about to pull the trigger a partridge started only a little way from me, a spruce bush hiding it, and at the same instant I saw a sharp-shinned hawk pass as a shadow before my eye, and heard something like a thud and a flop. Well, of course, I had to load (for this was in the days that a boy considered himself happy if he had a single barrel muzzleloader), and while I was doing this the dog brought me the rabbit. And now I would look for the partridge. I had only gone a few steps beyond the spruce bush, where he had started from, when what should I see but the hawk, as he glided up from a log and lit upon a dead limb about thirty yards away. Here was a shot and down he came. But now I must load again. And what is this that the dog is bringing me here? Why, it is a partridge, warm and bleeding, a little piece of his breast is eaten off and his side torn out.

So I once killed two gray squirrels under somewhat singular circumstances. It was in the early morning, and I was among the nut trees almost as soon as the squirrels were. There is one feeding near me high up among the branches; but now he is coming down, seemingly to pass to another tree. I must watch him and sight him along the branches until he is about to jump. Now he is on a long limb—take him just as he gets to the end of it. I am following him with my eye along the gun barrel. But has he stopped? for the sight leaves his head and comes upon the head of one pointing the other way. I see, I see, they are smiling noses. Bang, and two squirrels at one shot are mine, and my friends, who are so fond of the pretty creatures, will have a stew for dinner.

STILLABOV.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Some twenty years ago I owned a long-barreled, fair-shooting, muzzle-loading rifle. One day I saw two crows in the cornfield pulling the young corn, a trick they are pretty handy at. I took the rifle and crawled along a fence to get near enough to the crows for a shot. When not closer than 150 yards the crows took alarm and rose on the wing. They flew high and from me toward some woods. I stood a moment looking at them sailing away, then thought, as the rifle had been loaded two or three days, I would shoot it off and clean it. I raised the breech of the rifle to my hip, pointed the muzzle generally in the direction of the crows and fired. I shot one crow through the body and he fell dead about 600 yards from where I stood.

G. F. W.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Under the head of "Remarkable Shots" I think the following might be worthy of note:

In 1872, being attached to the engineering force of the Northern Pacific Railroad, I was on the marsh across the wilderness that then lay between Fort Abercrombie, on the Red, and Fort Rice, on the Missouri rivers. I carried a .45-caliber rifle, chambered for the then Govt. cartridge, 70 grains powder, 450 grains lead. Seeing a flock of sandhill cranes standing in line on the prairie, at a long distance off, I raised my rifle to the shoulder and elevating the muzzle at about fifteen degrees or so. (It was far above the ranges of my elevating rear sight.) I fired. The flock rose when the sound reached them, but in a moment one of the birds dropped out of the string and fell to the ground. I found he had been shot through just below the wings. It was a large bird and proved a delicious addition to our camp fare next day. The distance must have been near half a mile.

KEOKUK, IOWA.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I was skirting the edge of a large bush swamp on my right, a hill rising to a height of fifty or sixty feet on my left, my dog at heel, one pleasant afternoon, when I noticed a quail run quickly across my path into the swamp at about sixty yards in advance of me. Starting at a trot, intending to flush him myself before he could run out of shot into the swamp, I had nearly reached the spot of his disappearance,

when sharp to my left and behind jumped two quails. Checking myself quickly, to my first barrel the bird fell dead at twenty yards; my second dropped the bird in the swamp after his holding up for short distance. My dog going, as I supposed, to retrieve the first bird, passed by and up the hill fully forty yards, returning to me with two quail that I had killed sitting, with the first on the wing. As none arose from that vicinity they were the only birds there.

One morning when point shooting I was lying low for a red-breasted merganser (or sheldrake, as locally known) that was coming up against the wind, when as I arose from my blind to shoot, another caught my eye coming across the point from behind me and before the wind. Thinking instantly to take the faster bird first and then throw back for the other, and having given him a liberal forelay and about to pull, I noticed the other on a direct line, but nearer. Holding my forelay for an instant, I pulled, shooting both birds dead.

While boat shooting one day on Vineyard Sound, I saw coming four or five white-winged coots (or velvet ducks), about fifty or sixty feet in the air, and following after at forty or fifty yards, just clear of the water, a single of the same. The former passed out of shot, and as the latter commenced to cut in when nearly opposite, I let him get well past me, and when at about forty yards distant shot him dead. A more surprised sportsman never sat in a boat, for at eighty or one hundred yards distant, and fifty feet in the air, out tumbled one of those that had just passed. As he dove instantly upon striking the water he was probably winged and I could only account for it by a shot changing its flight from striking the water, which retained remarkable force for a No. 3 shot.

I started out from St. Louis with a friend several years since for a day's shooting on the Illinois side, and although it was late when our train dropped us, we started to the lake for the evening's shooting. Returning to the gunning house when too dark to shoot, I sat upon a fallen tree for a moment awaiting my companion, when the rush of wings attracted me, and I saw what I took to be a bunch of ducks passing into the lake, and a dark object following. I threw up and shot at the latter, and although the shot struck, heard no fall, and thought no more of it. The next morning we were out before it was light enough for ducks to fly, and as I stepped into my blind I noticed several objects which, from their size, I took to be geese, cross a narrow band which the sun was gilding in the east and disappear. A minute later, hearing wings, I looked up, and seeing a dark object passing over, I shot, hearing my shot strike as the night before and no thud. About noon, having wounded a mallard that set his wings for a strip of timber about a quarter of a mile distant, I thought as ducks were not then moving, I would walk over and see if there was any water there. Just as I entered the timber before me lay a fine goose, still limp, with a single shot in his breast—the result of my shot of the early morning. Finding neither water nor my duck, I returned, agreeing, however, with my friend that I had no reason for complaint. I then went a little way up the lake to a point that ducks frequently passed near, and after sitting there a few minutes a teal passed back of me and I shot him down into the grass. In going to pick him up I stumbled upon my goose of the night previous, which, having been wounded, had crawled ashore and died.

On one occasion when out for a day's coot shooting with my friend S. A. F., of Boston (one of the best shots I ever saw raise a gun upon a duck), our best shot was at a large V-shaped flock, which we took in such a position as to rake one arm and across the other, expecting a dozen to fall to our first barrels. Each shot at the same instant, but not a bird fell at first discharge; yet at the hotel we were told that we had the largest bag of the season, which was then past its height. At a similar shot with a companion we brought down fourteen, using Nos. 12 and 15 guns.

F. J. C. S.

FALMOUTH, MASS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

When I was a lad, in Vermont, I was one day walking along an old wood road with the brush very thick on either side. Looking through the bushes I saw a partridge sitting high up on a log a few rods away. I was too young to realize the enormity of a "pot shot," so I covered the bird carefully and fired. When the smoke cleared away I saw my partridge sitting in the same place. I was very much astonished and gave her the other barrel. I then walked over to the log, and there I found two dead partridges lying close together on the further side of the log.

Editor Forest and Stream:

My experience with the gun, an old flintlock musket, commenced further back than my memory runs clear. But my first partridge (ruffed grouse) and my first rabbit (in importance far outweighing my first buck), were epochs of such interest that none of the attending circumstances are blotted from memory's tablet, nor ever will be, while fond recollection returns to the scenes of my childhood.

I made a remarkable shot more than fifty years ago. Circumstances: Corn planted, crows plenty and destructive to the sprouting corn. Scene: Cornfield; a single crow on fence stake, henhawk on next stake; country boy with big musket creeping behind stone wall running at right angles to the rail fence on which the marauders were sitting. Favorable situation gained, arguments were weighed pro and con, crow or hawk, which shall it be; hawks kill the chickens, crows pull the corn. Verdict: Corn has it, crow must die. Noise and smoke. Smoke passes off. Crow and hawk both in their death struggles, though twelve feet apart and not in line while sitting on the fence stake.

One more. Lightning strikes a tall hemlock in the Adirondacks, and kills a porcupine sitting at its foot. Saw the lightning stroke and the dead porcupine, as did others.

J. H. D.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Some years ago I had a rifle pistol, 13 inches long in the barrel, muzzleloader, globe sights, about 65 conical bullets to the pound. With this accurate little weapon, which did not weigh two pounds, I killed two pigeons at one shot at 100 yards distance, a yellow-winged woodpecker at 120 yards, a muskrat at 140 yards, and squirrels continually from the tops of the highest trees. On one occasion I put seven bullets into a 6-inch ring at 220 yards, and in the old days of turkey matches I killed many a turkey at 150 yards with the same little gun, without even a skeleton stock.

The last double shot I ever made with a smoothbore was at ducks. In an open place, covered by patches of low weeds, I saw three black ducks feeding. I paddled to within about 80 yards, not an inch less, and not being able to get

any closer, I "let drive" at them. Just as the shot went off a flock of about fourteen blue-winged teal arose about 40 yards off, and with the second barrel I brought down seven of their number. On going over to where the black ducks were when I fired at them, I found all three stone dead. The first barrel discharged was loaded with a No. 4 Ely wire cartridge.

ALGONQUIN.

OTTAWA, CANADA.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I am glad to see the boys are beginning to tell the truth about their shooting. In the first place, because it is always well to be good and George Washingtonian, and secondly, because it is just as well as not to be believed occasionally. Your readers are sportsmen, and when contributors talk about killing every time or at a hundred yards, most of the former lay aside the articles of the latter, or mutter to themselves a short, but uncomplimentary adjective implying want of veracity or intelligence. I was brought up as an upland shot, and acquired my education on quail, woodcock or partridge. When the scarcity of these reduced me to the inferior sport of the water, I made some queer work of it. Before this fall I used to read of the men who killed every quail that got up before them, and could produce a woodcock for every cap; but noticed that as a general thing I brought home as many birds as my companions, although I never pretended I could average over half my shots as kills. The men who kill every time are paper knights, or only shoot at about one bird out of three that rise. But to my contribution of "wonderful shots."

I was once in my blind waiting for ducks when two mallards came along. They were evidently a pair, for the foremost one was a female and the rear one a male. They were flying at least ten feet apart and the second was two feet below the first. They were a long shot off, between forty and fifty yards—let your hundred yarders note my words—and I aimed deliberately at the head bird, intending to take the second with my other barrel. I fired, but the object of my evil intentions moved majestically onward, not sufficiently scared to hurry herself nor to dodge. She evidently did not know that there were any sportsmen about, did not seem to hear the report, and as for the shot they did not go her way. But the second bird, the male, ten feet behind the one I had fired at, doubled up, turned over and came down with a "swash" that drove the spray in a sheet toward high heaven. I was so startled at this unexpected result that I stood open-mouthed and did not even fire my second barrel, but a friend of mine who was in a blind a few hundred yards away, pushed out in his boat and came over to me to congratulate me on my "splendid shot." "You killed him dead as could be," he cried enthusiastically, "one of the neatest things I ever saw, the other was too far off I suppose, although I did hope for a minute that you were going to make a double of it." I did not utter any exculpations. I have made so many good shots without getting credit for them that I ought to have the benefit of an occasional fluke. You see the wind was blowing hard and I was not up in the art of "holding ahead."

My other memorable shot was at a yelper. Mr. Francis, son of the famous life-boat inventor, was in the blind with me, and if he sees this he may recall the circumstances. He was out of the stand, which had been built on the meadow, and had left his gun, when a fine fat yelper came roaring into the stools as though he owned the world. On that day the wind was blowing a gale, so much so that the bird had all he could do to face it, and just hung over the stools, using nearly his entire strength to hold himself poised in the air. He rested there practically motionless, as much so as though he were sitting on a branch, and was near enough to kill easily. When I raised my gun and covered him I did so with the absolute certainty that he would come down heels over head into the grass. I pulled the trigger and dropped the butt from my shoulder sure there would be nothing more to do. To my surprise the bird did not move; he remained in the same spot beating his wings, but no more affected by my efforts than though I had been at some other occupation. So I raised the "death-dealing tube" once more, and drew, if anything, a finer bead on his head. Why! if I had had a rifle, I should have expected to cut his neck or knock his brains out. But again no result whatever followed. There he stood like some enchanted creature, or what they call among gunners when the same happens with wildfowl, "witch geese." It seemed as though powder and shot had lost their efficacy, and I felt as if the best thing to do would be to fling the gun at him. But Mr. Francis, who had been covering down in the grass both to keep out of sight and give me a fair chance, called to me to take his gun which was lying beside me. This I did, and fired both barrels with precisely the same creditable consequences, and the fine fat yelper went off, hardly knowing that he had been within peril of his life; possibly unaware that the fireworks had been gotten up for his especial benefit. The reason of all this was very simple, but not what an upland shooter would find out at once. I held straight enough in all cases, but did not allow for the wind. As every duck hunter understands when the wind is strong enough to retard the flight of the bird, just as much allowance must be made for it as for his flight under full headway.

I think those were the two most "wonderful shots" I ever made, and I describe them to your readers as a sort of encouragement in telling the truth. ROBERT B. ROOSEVELT.

Editor Forest and Stream:

An old lawyer friend of mine, Major Knapp, took a dead rest with an old long single-barrel shotgun at a chicken forty yards distant on a brush pile and banged away. About half way to the brush pile he picked up a chicken that walked into the line of fire just as he pulled trigger. Beyond the brush pile he found the chicken that he aimed at, and hearing something rustling in the brush pile, he looked and saw a rabbit giving his last kick. Bang away again, boys.

J. G. H.

CARROLLTON, ILL.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I wonder what sort of a cannon "Cape Rock" uses to kill squirrels and other small game with, that he cuts the head clean off every time; does he shoot it from the shoulder, or is it mounted on wheels? It seems to me if he could always "place his bullet in any desired spot," such as cutting the cord behind a deer's ear, etc., it would have been better to have creased his squirrels at the base of the brain; thereby paralyzing them without mutilating the carcass. This method would have saved him the head for the table, the head being generally considered the choice part of a squirrel.

Where he speaks of "boring through" the half of seven-

teen wild turkeys at one discharge of his rifle, reminds me of the man who, seeing a dozen Indians sitting in a circle round their camp-fire and wishing to kill them all at one shot, loaded with his ramrod as a projectile and then placed his gun in the fork of a tree, bent it to a half circle, and shooting at the nearest Indian, strung the whole outfit, like so many sardines on a skewer.

I think "Cape Rock" or his friend, "Old Col. F.," must have been the party who, seeing a dozen turkeys sitting on a limb, split the limb with a bullet and let their toes drop in; then after "smutting their heads off at his leisure, respit the limb as in the first instance, thereby releasing their toes and allowing them to drop to the ground.

If I am right in attributing this latter exploit to "Cape Rock," I hope he won't be too modest to acknowledge it.
HIGH POINT, Mo., Jan. 13. OSAGE.

THE GAME DEALERS.

IN conversation with a reporter on the work to be accomplished by the new association, Mr. French, its president, said that there were no authentic statistics touching the matter of game supplies in the New York market. Making a rough estimate, he placed the value of the entire game coming into the New York market at \$1,500,000 per year. This was inclusive of all sorts, birds as well as four-footed game. It was, he said, largely from the West, New York State not furnishing more than five per cent., while the export trade to Liverpool amounted to as much. With the wind up of the game season in New York, there was a rush of the game off to the Boston market, where it could be legally sold on the evidence of the New York bills of lading that it had come from beyond the borders of the Massachusetts commonwealth. The Mercantile Exchange, made up of the provision and produce dealers of the metropolis, includes in its membership the majority, if not all, of the commission men to whom game is consigned. It is not unlikely that some sort of a system of reporting on the game receipts may be attempted in the future, though it is quite as certain that it will be entirely untrustworthy, since there is such a strong temptation to confuse the record and prevent the gathering of statistics, which may be used at any time as evidence of law-breaking in other States, if not in this. The season for game selling is limited to the cold months. November sees the beginning of it, and during December the trade is brisk, tapering off again during January. During those months the game handled includes venison, grouse, quail, ducks, geese, snipe, woodcock, rabbits, bear and antelope.

That the position of the dealers may be fairly presented, we print in full the address delivered by Mr. French at the meeting last week:

The game laws of the State of New York have, as we understand, been formulated and formulated by the Sportsmen's Club, or as it is now called, The Society for the Preservation of Game. With the avowed objects of that society we, as game dealers, game consumers, common carriers, and cold-storage men, are in hearty accord.

Our interests and our appetites prompt us to desire the enactment, and the efficient and impartial enforcement of suitable laws for the protection and perpetuation of food-bearing wild birds and animals. We do not wish to kill the goose—wild or tame—that lays the golden egg, and the reported allegation of one of the highest functionaries of the above named society, that we would willingly strip the fields and forests in our greed for present gain and indulgence, were it not for their conservative oversight, is puerile and unworthy. Our motives may not, to those gentlemen, seem so high-toned, but it is not quite as needful and proper to preserve game for food as for sport.

We object to certain provisions of the New York law; they seem to us needless, tyrannical and oppressive, absurdly attempting, in a roundabout way, to regulate the killing of game at the expense of proper and legitimate trade.

For instance, deer may be killed in August and September, when venison is not wanted and cannot well be brought to market in sound condition, but this is in the interest of sport. The milk-bearing does may be shot, and their fawns, if not killed, must starve. Mr. Bergh should give attention to this. It is much more serious than the pigeon sport to which he objects. The killing of deer is permitted also in October and November, and possession and sale is prohibited after the thirty-first of December, thus compelling the destruction of three months the sale and consumption of this desirable meat, and depriving the community of its use the balance of the cold season, when it is equally wholesome and palatable.

We make no objection to any restrictions upon killing that are deemed needful to preserve the species, but in abundant seasons the supply of legally-killed venison cannot be sold and consumed at reasonable prices before Jan. 1, and this law compels the destruction of any surplus of legally-killed venison, or its exportation to foreign countries or to States, like Massachusetts, where the laws are more reasonable, thus depriving us of the trade, and our citizens of this desirable food.

State laws we have supposed were limited to State territory, and could not interfere with the free sale of trade between States, undisturbed by natural products between citizens of different States. But this law makes the possession of venison after Dec. 31, whether it comes from Minnesota, Mexico or Great Britain a misdemeanor, and by the severity of its penalties makes it rank as a crime.

Every piece of this meat, from whatever State or foreign country, subjects the possessor to a fine of \$50 and fifty days' imprisonment.

The prairie chicken is as its name imports, a bird of the prairies, and as exclusively so as is the partridge a bird of the woods. The prairie chicken, unlike the quail, will not remain in settled and cultivated sections. It retires as the farmer advances, hovering upon the borders of unbroken prairies and fattening upon the grain of adjoining fields. To protect them properly is well, and much to be desired, but this law of New York, at a distance of 1,000 to 2,000 miles, to do about it, nevertheless this desirable bird, whether from a prairie State, from the Indian Territory, or from beyond the limits of any State, is under cover of protecting the game of New York, excluded after the 31st day of January.

Quail flourish everywhere, and in some sections their abundance at times becomes a nuisance. This law, under pretense of protecting the quail of New York, excludes them from this great metropolis after Jan. 31, whether imported from a distant State of this country or from Egypt.

These three varieties of game may be considered representative, and quite sufficient to illustrate the leading characteristics of this law.

Ten or fifteen years ago there might, upon sanitary grounds, have been some excuse for this wholesale proscription of lawfully killed and lawfully possessed game. Then there were no facilities for its preservation under frost, and if kept long after the end of the killing season it would naturally become tainted and unwholesome. Now cold storage is so developed and increased that large stocks of game can be held in perfect condition the year round. Were it not for this law, therefore, game, when superabundant, as is now the case with quail, could be stored and supplied in accordance with the laws of trade, without arbitrary limit as to time.

The Eighth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States reads: "Excessive bail shall not be required, nor excessive fines imposed, nor cruel and unusual punishment inflicted."

According to this game law of the State of New York, if a barrel of quail, say 200 in number, killed in proper season, and consigned from the interior of the State, should through stress of weather or accident not reach the consignee until the sale of game had ceased on the 31st day of January, he would have to utterly destroy these birds before midnight, or be liable to a fine of \$5,000 and imprisonment 5,000 days.

At one moment these birds are the legal property, as they had been made the time they were killed, and at the next moment, at the charge of locality, condition or ownership, they are contraband and subject to heavy fines and long imprisonment as before stated. The unfortunate consignee cannot relieve himself by giving the birds away, except in so far as the recipients of his bounty can dress, cook and eat them before midnight. Under this law the predicament of this consignee would have been all the same, had the birds been imported in perfect condition from any foreign country.

The enforcement of this strange law has been practically in the hands of the Society for the Preservation of Game—formerly called the Sportsmen's Club, and their action has been as erratic and incomprehensible as the law itself.

Long periods have elapsed without any manifestation of their friendly supervision. Suddenly some dealer not specially favored will be pounced upon and unless very strong or very humble, his business and financial standing will be ruined.

When the season prescribed for selling ends, large quantities of game suddenly disappear from view. Either the game dealers and game consumers obey such an obnoxious law, with a fidelity unprecedented, or have remarkable facilities for evading search warrants, or else the servants of the law are remiss in their duties, dull of perception, or willfully blind. Two instances will sufficiently illustrate these statements.

After the close of the last quail season a remarkable feat in the consumption of quail was publicly undertaken. Day after day the champion quail eater devoured his allotted number, and his wonderful achievements were daily chronicled in the public prints.

At least one morning paper specially called the attention of the Society for the Preservation of Game to this violation of the game laws, but the public gourmandizing of outlawed game went on to the successful end.

Perhaps these refined, high-toned gentlemen considered this gustatory performance great sport, and so winked at the violation of their favorite law.

Soon afterward this society caused a search warrant to be issued against a cold-storage warehouse, and there discovered ten barrels of frozen quail. This lot of quail came from a Western State where they were lawfully killed; they reached the consignee, a commission merchant in this city, in January, and under instructions of the owner were placed in cold storage to await his orders.

The consignee had no ownership in the birds, and during the lawful season sent them into cold storage. Suit was brought against this consignee upon the whole lot and judgment asked for \$68,500, the quantity, at a fine of \$25 per bird, no doubt being sufficient to make this sum. Afterward they amended their complaint to include only one barrel, on which they asked and obtained judgment against the consignee for \$5,000.

Exceptions were taken to the rulings of the court and these have just been argued, but the decision has not yet been rendered.

Mr. Whitehead, the attorney of the association, is reported in last Saturday's *Tribune* as saying: "I believe this court will affirm the judgment. We bring prosecutions in the interests of the country's game, which otherwise these people would exterminate. The association does not press its judgments or ask for large ones." From this we conclude that Mr. Whitehead considers \$68,500 a large judgment which he concluded not to press, and that \$5,000 is a small one which he expects to have confirmed.

Mr. Whitehead says further: "We want a hold on people who are liable to break the game laws. The association has been prosecuting such cases for ten years and spends twice as much as it makes. It never puts men in jail. People against whom we win cases throw themselves on the mercy of the association and seldom make a mistake in so doing."

We respectfully object to doing business under such a law at the mercy of this association. Mr. Whitehead graciously adds: "There are some provisions in the game laws which would be better if modified; but game dealers as a rule want the modification to be sufficiently radical to sweep the game of the country into their pockets." We are for protest against this disparaging of us, we must of necessity as business men. We assure him that we think the association he represents has done some good work toward the preservation of game, and this we wish to support and defend. If the modifications he suggests will fairly remove the difficulties we have specified, and meet the reasonable requirements of trade under the changed conditions now existing, we will be glad to work in harmony with his association for the benefit of the country. If not, we must of necessity labor in other ways for such changes as will enable us not only to scrupulously observe the law but to aid in its enforcement. To this end we invite game dealers and game consumers, common carriers and cold-storage men throughout the country to join us in this effort for proper law both here and elsewhere.

DEER IN THE ADIRONDACKS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

All lovers of the woods and believers in the protection of our forests and game should keep agitating this question until we have a radical change in the laws. I agree with the great majority of your correspondents that bounding as now carried on in the Adirondacks, if not soon prohibited by law, will exterminate the comparatively few deer that now remain in those woods. Only a few years since we had in the woods of Cattaraugus county, and along the line of Chautauqua county, N. Y., a great many deer. The woods are there still, thousands of acres of unbroken forests, the nicest covers and abundant feeding ground, but not a deer in all these hills and woodlands. Need I state the cause? I could bring the solid men that live nearest those woods whose testimony is unimpeachable. They have in numerous instances witnessed the wanton slaughter of the innocents, run to their death by cruel dogs and sportsmen (?) so called. The settlers raised their protest against this mode of hunting in many instances, but when the law protects, moral suasion will not stop bounding even though the drive embraces the last and only deer in the wood.

I know, as many of my acquaintances here do (by reputation) of a hunter who has a log camp on one of the tributaries of the Clarion River, in Pennsylvania, who has still-hunted over the same ground for years, I might say beyond my remembrance, for so long a time that other hunters leave him in undisputed possession of that certain locality as by his priority. This old hunter says the deer do not diminish on his ground, from year to year he kills about the same—a large number. Now who for a moment would believe that had this hunter used hounds all these years, he could still find deer on the same ground and in the same quantity. Now, if we are to save what few deer we have left, give us a law that prohibits the use of dogs in hunting deer at all times and at all seasons of the year, and I would be glad to see the same law include floating. Make the offenders in both or either punishable by imprisonment. We all know that a fine of fifty dollars or double that amount does not keep many of the "tourist sportsmen" from defying the law, but say imprisonment for thirty or sixty days and I think the law would be respected. Then we should see no more deer being hauled out of the woods or hanging around the ponds and lakes of the John Brown tract in a decaying condition, as I have seen even in October. Neither would we find, as many of the frequenters of those woods must have done, the putrid carcasses of those that died a lingering death from the buckshot floater.

If deer are only killed by the still-hunter they will increase is the judgment of the guides (and the men of Maine?) so far as I can learn. And if that is so why not give them the cool weather to do it in—cut off one of the warm months and extend the time to include December. Then if a doe is killed, there is no question about the fawn being old enough to take care of itself. Then, too, what deer are killed will be brought to our home and friends in as palatable condition as it is in camp.

I enjoy the woods at all seasons of the year, and would be glad to see the State take active steps for their preservation, especially of our Northern forests, and as a lover and frequent user of these woods I wish our Legislature to pass more stringent laws for the protection of its game. All agree that the deer each year are growing more scarce; that to find a track on leaves or snow requires a great amount of walking as compared with even three or four years ago, and if we get no remedy soon the result will be their entire destruction, it will be too late.

I go into the North Woods from the west side and camp from four to six weeks each fall. While I may not kill as many deer as some others, I may be as successful as the average. What hunting I do is strictly still-hunting, and all who enjoy that kind of sport I am sure will agree with my statement, that it is only a few days at most between

Nov. 1 and Dec. 1 that the still-hunter can follow a deer with any degree of success, and those days are when the ground is covered with wet leaves, or when the ground is covered with light snow and upon leaves not frozen, and those are the exceptional days. Still-hunters, as far as my observation goes, do not kill a large number per man, but from one, two or three, and, in rare instances, five or more deer to each gun or sportsman in camp, during the fall. But on the other hand the hounders—say three in a party with as many dogs—kill two or three deer each day, not being confined to particular days. The hounds will drive a deer on frozen leaves, in dry or hot or wet weather, all the same. Venison captured in that manner is black and none too wholesome when first killed, certainly unfit to eat after a few days, and in scores of instances fed to the dogs or thrown away in the woods.
M. L. F.
JAMESTOWN, N. Y.

We have for distribution a printed petition to abolish deer bounding in the Adirondacks. It will be sent to any one who will secure signatures. The petition reads as follows

To the Honorable, the Legislature of the State of New York:

We, the undersigned, residents of the county of N. Y., respectfully petition that Chapter 543 of Laws of 1874, entitled "An act for the preservation of moose, wild deer, birds, fish and other game," be so amended as to absolutely prohibit the chasing, running and hunting of moose and wild deer with dogs, at any season of the year, on the ground that such chasing, running and hunting with dogs is very destructive to such game and is rapidly destroying the same.

GAME IN MANITOBA.

Editor Forest and Stream:

"I say, Captain, how many lies is 'bout this country—ov yourn bein' jes a crawlin' with game o' all sorts? You've bin mos' everywhere, an' everywhere else through all this precious fine game land ov yourn; an' say, is there any game woth a feller's steel er lead? Ain't there nothin' either as you go up agin the Rockies? Ef I ain't heard the worst snarl o' lies I'll be blowed."

The speaker breathed. He could afford to breathe, for he was rich. Being rich, however, was not his greatest fault; being over credulous and impatient—bad faults in a sportsman—wrought many of his troubles. Well, when he breathed I tried to answer him by an assurance that reports are not always authentic, especially when the reports are not veracious. A nervous haste to launch an opinion regardless of what waters it may sail upon or with what it may collide, and alike indifferent to the injury it may do, accounts for many inaccuracies of report. Again, lack of necessary data and an unwillingness to confess ignorance of game resorts and means of sport contribute to the same end. I explained to Mr. Impatience that we have considerable game, but that game is not "jes a crawlin' plenty." The large game is not so frequently met as the "feathery fowl." Throughout our land from east to west there are to be found moose, elk and "jumpers," and in certain localities mule deer and caribou. Then file in our geese (*Anser canadensis*) and the "waxies." The sandhill crane (our wild turkeys) cannot be overlooked. They are heavier than the Canada goose, and are fine eating. Our duck family is very numerous; the canvas-back being the most rare. Mallard, pintail, blue and green-winged teal, gadwall, butterballs, woodcock, ring-necked and merganser are frequently met. Indeed, we have specimens of sixteen well-marked varieties. The ruffed grouse are plentiful, as are the sharp-tail grouse, called "chickens" throughout the country. An occasional pinnated grouse, with its unmistakable declinate curves or feathery tuft extending back from the head and neck, is to be met. The spruce grouse we have also in every mountain where the evergreens are to be found. Then follow the rabbits, quick and slow, which are "too numerous to mention." They are declared by some to be more than half hare in their nature. Again, we have "grub not game" in the fast and frisky pigeon; and neither grub nor game in the black bear, and they are abundant. Foxes we have and wolves as well; both the timber wolf and the prairie chap, the coyote. As we approach the Rockies, our list is supplemented by the addition of grizzlies, an occasional buffalo or a small herd, antelope and mountain sheep. Martin "cats" and badger are indiscriminate as to locality. The water animals are the regular: bill of beaver, otter, mink and "rats."

Ways and means of capture are a larger question than where to find "some game." The moose has a metallic formation located so as to aid his hearing, a means of much annoyance to the taxidermist, since the difficulty of drilling for the spike which must pass into the ear hole is so great. The formation resembles both glass and flint under the drill. That the exceedingly keen scent and acute hearing of the moose accounts largely for the difficulty we experience in approaching him is conceded by all. The first fact to be learned in moose hunting, I believe to be this, that the moose always travels against the wind and never feeds nor lies without having described a circle, or almost a circle, stopping to feed or lie a short distance to leeward of his track where he crossed the wind. In following his track a careful circling at every point where a halt is likely to be called by the moose is an absolute necessity. It need not be stated that if the hunter follows the track where the circle is described that the game will smell him if not hear or see him and be off at his three-minute trot, which in a day will rather badly distance a hunter. Circling is a good scheme when following any kind of deer. How to hunt moose and elk is a question which every second man will assay to settle in the briefest manner. The infrequency of meeting these animals partly accounts for the difficulty of stating method, together with their marvelous celerity of movement and staying power. It is but a short experience that one can get from a single interview, unless in such a case as that of starting a moose in a thicket without its knowing where you are, and upon your opening fire its circling around you evidently more bewildered every shot.

Whether a moose will condescend to jump or by any means leave the trot is a question of which I should like to hear something from one who really knows. It is believed by many that the elk travel—until the snows are somewhat deep—for many miles, and then retrace across the valley and "over the hills and far away" to another favorite haunt. If this is a fact, light gleams in upon many of the mysteries connected with "good runs" but no "hide or hair."

The methods of hunting the "jumping deer" are various, but not sufficiently refined upon, far as I know, to be reduced to a system. Some hunt them on ponies—in prairie country of course—surrounding the willow thickets in which shelter is often sought. Others try to run them by dogs, but the absence of distinct runways makes this method unsatisfactory. Stalking is what is most common.

A half-breed who kills several jumpers every year, and who hunts them on horseback, states that one of these creatures will jump into a thicket and lie flat in the snow. He professes that he shoots most of his "jumpers" while they are in this position. To come up with the jumpers is not most easy and satisfactory for the reason that they mix their tracks so much. The red deer of Michigan, Ontario and Quebec rarely mix their tracks unpursued until just before lying down. The elk, or wapiti, in my experience, will walk directly up to the crest of a hill and in a thicket lie with the body at right angles with the trail. The moose's plot is the most cunning, lying with head to track and to wind at the same time.

The jumpers are about a third larger than the ordinary red deer. Hearing them spoken of as the "little jumping deer," I have sized dozens or scores, and find that the does run from 120 to 160 pounds and the bucks from 190 to 240 pounds. These are not the blacktail deer, which with us go up to 280; two of ours, bucks, weighing 567. A jumper is terrified by hounds beyond reconciliation. Moose and elk, when dogged by either hound or man, strike for the mountain, a great distance from which they are not often found.

I have not sought to teach anybody; but stated a few facts which I know, wishing that some one or many, either by way of friendly chat on the same line or by way of criticising what I have stated, may supplement from actual knowledge these few facts. The deer chat is what I most delight in. In the *FOREST AND STREAM*. Let us have much more of it. At another time I shall give some of our camp narratives, in which experience has preponderated over luck.

HURON.

WESTERN NORTH CAROLINA.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Here is a section with us grand mountain scenery as is found anywhere in the United States, with countless streams running with translucent, pure and cold mountain water, teeming with thousands of mountain trout. Save these delicious fishes none other inhabit those streams! Small game, such as turkeys, pheasants, partridges and squirrels, are plentiful, while the opossum, raccoon and groundhog are numerous. Bears are found in the laurel beds near Whitesides and Balsam mountains, while in Horse Cove, east of Lovers' Leap, and Mt. Satula, deer are quite plentiful. A few days since nine were seen in one drove. These killed are in the finest condition, as the chestnut mast was good there. No ordinary animals will ever be found, where of the six lespedeas found in this State, the best of them all, the *stridula*, grows. It is the finest grazing plant known, while its fattening qualities excel those of any other plant or grass, either cultivated or wild. Hence it produces animals of superior size and quality to those of less favored localities. In the center of this fine sporting region is the nine-year old town of Highlands, with its 300 inhabitants, on the summit of the Blue Ridge, at an elevation of 3,700 feet above the level of the sea, and at a greater altitude than any other town east of the Rocky Mountains. It was built as a health resort for consumptives, and its business men and inhabitants are, with a single exception, those who come here for their health, many of whom claim to have regained it, while others are so much benefited as to be induced to remain with the hope of ultimate and permanent relief. The old residents, when attacked with pulmonary affections, used to get a stopping place as near Mount Satula as possible, and there breathe the invigorating atmosphere, drink the pure cold water and a tea made from the bark of a certain tree that grows here, and marvelous are the tales they tell of cures thus effected.

J. W. WALKER.

HIGHLANDS, N. C.

MASSACHUSETTS GAME NOTES.

SOME good scores of partridge and woodcock have been made within fifty miles of Boston during the season just closed. Black, wood and teal ducks and a few Canada geese have been shot from some of the large ponds where they stop for rest and food on their long journey to the South. The partridge is the staple game bird with us, as they can stand the cold and deep snow of winter, and are much better able to take care of themselves than Bob White or the migratory woodcock.

The flight of woodcock arrived about the 9th of October, or soon after a snowstorm in Canada, and as the weather was mild here, they seemed to be coming for some two weeks. If the weather is very cold they make a very short stay with us, and I have noticed that a snowstorm or frozen ground will frighten and hurry them off quickly at this season of the year. Very few breed here now compared with former years, and our gunners depend mostly on the flight birds, and they are fortunate if they find out when they come and what cover they are in, as the ground they stop over a day or two in one season may be deserted by them the next. A few years ago I was out with a friend about the last of October and had hunted over most all the ground and in the cover where we had found them in previous years; but had started very few birds, although we had a good setter, when just before dark we came to the south side of a hill near a large pond covered with a sparse growth of scrub oak, pine and sweet ferns, when the dog came to a point, and as we moved up to flush what we supposed to be a partridge, three or four woodcock started up, which so surprised us that there was some wild shooting at first, for at almost every step they started up from all around us and the cover seemed to be full of them.

We shot as long as we could see, which was not long, and bagged quite a number of fine birds, but were compelled to leave a great many till morning, when we hoped for some fine sport; but the weather was growing colder, and when we returned to the cover in the morning, not a bird could we find. They had departed for their winter homes in the South. I have found it very difficult in some seasons to get more than one or two days, on account of the short stop, caused by cold weather or a snowstorm coming on. My score has been small this year compared with other seasons; but I have enjoyed the woods and the hunting as much as when I spent more time and found game more plenty, and made larger bags in former seasons.

One singular fact in regard to the woodcock is that the female is larger than the male. If I am not mistaken, it is the reverse with all other birds except birds of prey. The heaviest woodcock I ever shot weighed eleven ounces. As the average weight of the woodcock is between six and seven ounces, it must have been a large female. I think if correspondents would send in the weight of large game birds shot, it would interest many readers of the *FOREST AND STREAM*. G. L. B.

CATCHING A FOX ASLEEP.—Several years ago, while out still-hunting one November day for deer, I crept to the top of a sharp ridge. Looking over the ridge beyond, and some sixty yards below me, there on top of a small knoll curled up like a ball, partially imbedded in the snow, lay a red fox fast asleep. Clapping my rifle to the side of a tree and holding full low for the center I killed him. I have shot and trapped many before and since, but never caught any more napping. In answer to several inquiries regarding the attractive qualities or charm supposed to attach by the use of asafetida in trapping the fox, let me say that it is as much superior to gunpowder as the latter is to sawdust, one trial of either being sufficient to satisfy the most skeptical.—CAP LOCK (Frewsburg, Jan. 12, 1885).

Your correspondent, "N. D.," of Swanton, Vt., wishes to know if any one else ever caught a fox asleep. A gentleman in this town was out for a stroll and came to a bowl-like formation several rods across, at the bottom of which was a fine red fox curled up and fast asleep. The man returned home, a distance of nearly half a mile, for his gun, and again returning shot and killed the fox.—C. (West Sterling, Mass., Jan. 12).

FOXES IN TREES.—Franklin Falls, N. H., Jan. 12.—"C. L. S." tells of a fox being shot from the top of a tall cedar. The fox to climb a tree must be a different species from what we find in New Hampshire. Two Franklin men had been into a neighboring town and were feeling pretty well on their return. When within about a mile of the village they espied an animal which they took for a fox. Springing from the buggy, one of them threw a stone, when Reynard skipped up a tree. Without taking into account the fact that this was an unusual thing for a fox of the Granite State to do, they began to pelt it with stones and clubs. In a short time, however, a female voice was heard asking them to "Let my cat alone." As quickly as they had left their team they returned to it, and were mum about the matter. But "murder will out," and if you wish to wake them up you have only to ask if they "ever knew a fox to climb a tree?"—O. A. T.

TO BE PUT THROUGH.—State Game Protector Leonard, of Ogdensburg, is in the city, and entered a complaint to the district attorney against the parties who killed the deer near Chaumont last month, and will make an effort to have them indicted before the next grand jury.—*Watertown Times*. We hope the newspapers all over Northern New York will publish the above item, and add this statement that there is at least one State game protector who has the courage to discharge his duty and enforce the laws of the State. Also, that he has the backing of the St. Lawrence Game Club, whose officers are wealthy, independent men, and are determined that all animals, fish and birds which come under the enumeration of game shall have the season of rest which the law allows them. If the Franklin county people who complained of offenses down that way will furnish the evidence, there will be fewer violations, hereafter, in that direction.—*Ogd. Journal*.

NO QUESTION OF CONSTITUTIONALITY.—The Newark *Call* reports that as the New Jersey game laws are now, "their constitutionality is frequently questioned, and few persons will attempt to push a case to conviction when they know that the very ground-work of the law is weak. An instance of this exists in the law which forbids a man to catch fish or kill game on his own premises at any time he may incline to do so. The best tempered and least blood-thirsty farmer in the State will fight when he is told that he cannot have the birds and fish that are bred on his own land, and would go out and slay them needlessly rather than bow his head to a law which he deems unconstitutional and aggressive." There is no better established principle than the State's right to control the killing of game by individuals on their own lands; and it is full time that land owners in New Jersey and in every other State understood the principle.

WISCONSIN.—LA CROSSE.—Shooting has been good in this locality, still I have known parties to go out and hunt all day and not get a feather. One gun killed 205 mallards one afternoon; another man got 60 in a short time, and said if he had been on the ground a couple of hours sooner he might have had some good shooting. Mallards have been brought in here by the wagon load and sold on the street for 15 cents a head. My score is nil, as when it is the time to go for ducks my business is such I cannot get out. I did get out one day for partridges and killed three, and on Thanksgiving Day got three more.—H. E. W.

THE MICHIGAN ASSOCIATION.—Grand Rapids, Mich., Jan., 1885.—The tenth annual session of the Michigan Sportsmen's Association will be held at Lansing, commencing at 7:30 P. M., on Tuesday, Feb. 3, 1885. Every club in the State is invited to send delegates, and every person interested in conserving the public property composed of the wild animals of the earth, air and waters, so as to continue to the present and future inhabitants this healthful supply of food and recreation, is earnestly solicited to be present.—MARK NORRIS, Secretary.

SPRING WILDFOWL SHOOTING.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have done a great deal of duck shooting in the last twenty years, and I find at present that our shooting grounds, where ducks were once so abundant, are now almost worthless, owing in a great measure to the incessant shooting carried on. I think that unless spring shooting is abolished our shooting here will soon be a thing of the past. Our law, as it is, allows the killing of certain birds in the spring, which I consider is a loose way to protect.—S. (Oshawa, Ont.).

WARY WILDFOWL.—I have often noticed a peculiarity of the bluebill and redhead ducks, that is, their way of sending one of a large flock at rest out in the lake or open water to the feeding grounds or marshes and making a circuit, as if to see that no danger awaits them, and then return to the flock. If hunters are numerous they will repeat it until all is quiet.—S. (Oshawa, Ont.).

STONEHAM SPORTSMEN'S CLUB.—Stoneham, Mass., Jan. 11.—At our annual meeting, Jan. 7, the following officers were elected: President, P. H. Home; First Vice-President, Elbridge Gerry; Second Vice-President, A. O. Emerson; Secretary and Treasurer, H. P. Brett; Trustees—F. M. Sweetser, A. O. Emerson, Frank Lamson.—H. P. BRETTE, Secretary.

NOVA SCOTIA.—New Glasgow, Dec. 27.—I killed a very fine moose early part of the month, largest killed for three years. Weighed 800 pounds; horns measured 4 feet 5½ inches. Sent head to my friend, L. B. Bell, of your city. L. B. B. and self leave here on the 3d prox. for a fortnight's hunt.—GLOBE SIGHT.

A THIRTY-TWO-POUND 'COON is reported from Ellenville, N. Y. Captured by Jack Deyo.

MAINE WOODCOCK.—In article on this subject in last issue, for "Cortland," read Portland.

Sea and River Fishing.

TROUTING ON THE BIGOSH.

WE TRAMP.

AFTER a sound sleep in a good bed, in which, if the sheets did not smell of lavender like those where Walton used to sleep, they were clean and wholesome, we arose and went below. The morning was bright and cool, and on the piazza, the only trace of Old "Si" and his comrades was the tobacco stains on the floor. Old John Naps of Greece, and Cicely Hackett were not as unreal to Christopher Sly on finding himself in the magnificent chamber of the nobleman, than was "Old Si" to us on that June morning; he was like a memory of long ago, and his eulogy on like Summers's bay horse seemed like the faint exquisite music of a dream, if Fadldeen would allow the comparison. It was evident that Jack did not care to remember the conversation on the piazza and, as I had annoyed him sufficiently the evening before by pretending to like it, there was no occasion to allude to it. After breakfast he asked what the programme would be, and when he learned that I proposed to go over to the Bigosh he merely remarked; "Oh! I thought you would stay to find out if Old Si knew Simpkins's mare."

The canned goods and camp equipage had arrived ahead of us, and we decided to take the rods and creels in order to fish before the Colonel and the Doctor came. As it was full fourteen miles to "Uncle Ben's" through a winding path in the hills and at least twenty by the road, we naturally chose the shortest route. The landlord insisted that we could do the distance in four hours and arrive at Uncle Ben's for dinner, and therefore there was no need of putting up a lunch. I insisted on a lunch, and a big one at that, for I knew that we both would find a hundred things to stop for, and that if we reached the house at sundown it would be about all we would do. Had Jack's father, the Colonel, been there he would have covered the fourteen miles in less than four hours, for he would be walking to reach a trout stream and to wet his line at the earliest moment. The Doctor would have taken more time, because he would stop to botanize and gather geological specimens, and then push on. We would travel slowly and enjoy seats on logs, by springs, excursions up hillsides to investigate whatever took our fancies, birds' nests, and the many little things of interest.

Time was made for slaves, we would take no note of it save when certain symptoms should cause a suspicion that it was lunch time, therefore our creels were filled with pilot bread, sardines in mustard, canned baked beans, and bologna sausage. We merely took our rods and creels, leaving all the other impedimenta to be brought down by team. We stepped off lively for the first four miles, which brought us past the cleared fields and fences and to the foot of the mountain to the north of which lay the foot path which cut off several miles from the distance required if we followed the road to the south of the mountain, while nearly due west lay the Bigosh, with the mountain between us. Jack proposed that we take a straight line and cross the mountain, to go as the crow flies, as he said, "for," argued he, "it can't be over ten miles that way, possibly not five if there was a direct tunnel through the mountain."

"Jack, my boy, have you ever climbed a mountain in an American wilderness where no axe has ever struck, and where there is no trail?"

"No; but I've done a little Alpine climbing." "A very different affair. In the Alps it is mainly bare rock, and if you don't break your neck you get through all right. Here there is no chance to break your neck, and no way to make over four miles a day with the hardest kind of work, climbing logs. The mountain itself is a small affair compared with the logs that lie on its sides, and it is nearly as hard to go down one side as it is to go up on the other."

"Well," said he, "this ravine is not the smoothest track in the world; it is crooked, and the trails lead up side ravines in such a way that one gets lost easily. Besides, we have to go around instead of in a straight line, as we could go by the compass."

I cut a long and slender twig, and holding one end in each hand, bowed the middle up. "Jack," said I, "how far is it from one hand to the other, following this twig?"

"About three feet."

Then keeping the hands at the same distance I let the bow drop to a horizontal, and said: "It is just as far now from one hand to another around the twig, and it is just as far to go over this mountain as to go around it; in one instance the curve is vertical and in the other horizontal, and we can go around it with comfort on this trail in four hours easy, and can take all day to do it and enjoy the trip. If we go over it we will work hard, and it will take two or three days, and if there is any fun in it I don't see it. I will not trust you to go alone, but if you are bent on going over I will go along, but you start in and try it half an hour by the watch, while I sit on this stump, and if at the end of that time I hear you whoop for me I will follow. Never fear about side trails leading from this; I know them, and you were over them twice last year and should remember which is the right one."

"All right," said Jack, and we branched off into the trail which was well beaten at the start, but later on was not so plain by reason of the numerous branches leading to streams, settler's cabins and logging camps.

It was very warm now that the timber shut out the air, and the sun was crawling higher, and the first spring of cool water tempted us to lie down near it and enjoy the coolness. A great blundering bumble bee somehow took a fancy to climb up my shoulder and became entangled in the grass by my neck. Jack wanted to kill it but I told him that if he tried it I would probably be stung, while if he let it alone it would go away. It buzzed and droned for a moment and was gone, and to Jack's astonishment it did not use its sting, they never do if unprovoked. We sat in silence

a few minutes when I attracted Jack's attention by a motion of the hand and a signal to keep still. We held our breaths, there was a cock ruffed grouse coming toward us. It was on the side hill and was occasionally hid by the underbrush. It mounted a log and looked about, dressed its plumage, and once raised its wings in a manner that seemed as if it was about to drum, but it did not, and soon after it stepped down and was lost in the forest, unconscious that two pairs of human eyes had been upon it. I have gone into the woods many times for the pleasure of creeping through thickets and getting a glimpse of forest life when the objects of it were ignorant of the presence of one of the tribe of their arch enemy. Many a time when I have had a gun and game was my object, have the things I looked for gone unharmed when they came before me without their knowing it, and my interest in their actions in a state of nature overbalanced the desire to kill. Jack's interest in the bird showed that he had something of this feeling, for he hardly winked while it was near. After it was gone he drew a long breath, indicative of suppressed emotion, and asked, "What was that, a wild turkey?"

"No, Jack, it may have looked as big as a turkey to you, no doubt it did, but the scales would show that it would take many of them to equal a turkey in weight. It was a ruffed grouse, called partridge in New York and East, and pheasant in Pennsylvania and South. It acted as if it was about to drum, but this is hardly the time of year for that."

"What is drumming?"

"A call for its mate. The male bird gets on a log, and with its wings makes a noise like distant thunder, beginning slow, with a noise like 'bump, bump,' it increases the sound until the strokes run together in a long roll. I don't know whether it is made by the wings on the air or by striking the sides with them. I was once watching for ducks on a lake in Northern Minnesota, when a 'black partridge,' a very rare bird, drummed on a log within ten feet of me, and I watched the performance, which was repeated several times, before he went off unharmed."

"Why didn't you shoot it?"

"Had no desire to. The bird was rare and would have gone into the pot, and I preferred to let it go and breed. Certainly I never saw it again, never expected to, because the chances are all against it; but it was a handsome bird, and if it had choice would have preferred to live. I think the so-called black partridge is not a species, but merely a melanistic form of the common ruffed grouse, just as the black squirrel is the same as the gray one; in some parts there are no black squirrels and in others there are black and gray in one nest. I believe often in one litter."

We started on, but this portion of the trip has been spun out so long that if it is of interest I will tell you how we got on in another issue of *FOREST AND STREAM*.

FRED MATHER.

SNELLING OR GIMPING HOOKS.

IN reading up the back numbers of *FOREST AND STREAM* I discovered the inquiry of Mr. H. P. Ufford regarding the caption of this letter, and in the last issue of the paper "J. W. T." also asks that anglers throw such light upon the operation as experience has taught them. I gladly send my contribution, premising that for a score of years and more I have tied each year "dizzens on dizzens" of bass, pike and perch hooks, and like trout gangs for my own use and the use of friends and guides, and I do not now remember that I have had to lament the loss of a fish through the defective whipping of a hook. It is pleasant work, and during the close season, when an angler has to live upon the hope of the future and the recollections of the past, many an evening can be spent not only pleasantly, but profitably. Not to take into the account the satisfaction one has of fishing with his own handiwork, the angler will secure more fish with his home-tied hooks than with those sold at some tackle shops. Tackle dealers cannot afford to devote the time to tying hooks for the "trade" that an angler will devote to the same purpose for his own use. One dealer was frank enough to admit this to me. If one orders his hooks tied for him by a first-class dealer, and pays the price, they will be all that can be desired.

Last summer, while fishing with a friend for black bass he put on a new snell taken from a package bearing the name of a well known wholesale tackle house. He had a bite, struck and found the gut length had pulled out from the whipping. I asked if he had soaked the gut before baiting, and he said he had. I offered him my tackle book, but he wished to try another of his own snells, and declined. In a moment he lost another fish in the same manner, and he took my books. I examined his snells; the hooks were good, and his gut round and smooth as one could wish. The whipping looked perfect, but I tied them all over in the evening and he had no more trouble with them.

Why straight-shanked hooks are marked and the taper-shank not, I cannot say. I have seen marked hooks used like the flattened hooks, *i. e.*, fastened directly to the line by tying the end of the line midway of the shank, and then by a series of half hitches "knitting" the line up to the end of the shank, the free end of the line, left over after the knot, being confined under the half hitches. This description may not be very clear, but I trust fresh-water anglers will not be obliged to resort to it.

One of the most important factors in making a well-tied hook is the wax, and this should be white wax, such as is used by fly-tyers. Owing to the kind offices of a fly-maker I no longer make my own wax, but when I did I used the colorless wax of Mr. H. Cholmondeley-Pennell, which is made from the following recipe:

"Burgundy pitch 120 grains, white resin 60 grains, tallow 20 grains. Powder and mix the pitch and resin and put into an oven in a pipkin. When melted add the tallow and stir all together. Let the mixture stand twelve hours."

The following, which I cut from the *English Fishing Gazette*, I have never tried, but it reads good:

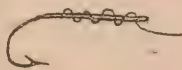
"Take 2 ounces of the best resin and $\frac{1}{2}$ ounce of beeswax, simmer together in a pipkin for ten minutes, add $\frac{1}{2}$ ounce of tallow, continue to simmer for fifteen minutes, then pour the mass into a basin of water and work it with the fingers until it is perfectly pliable."

Pure beeswax is of no earthly account in tying hooks. The wax that I get from my friend the fly-maker is fully as adhesive as shoemaker's wax, is never brittle and always clean. In tying hooks to silkworm gut always use "A" silk. I use red, but the color is of little moment, for when the whipping is completed the color is lost under shellac. If the wax is not used frequently it may become a trifle hard, but this will be overcome by working between the fingers. For the tackle trunk or tackle book only a small bit is required and is nicely kept in a piece of an old kid

glove. I suppose no one will use anything but the best smooth, round gut, free from flat places, free from metallic glitter, and free from a harshness that is discovered by passing the gut length between one's fingers. When the gut is selected cut off the imperfect ends and place it in tepid water until it is thoroughly soaked and soft, then tie the end loop by doubling one end of the gut length and making a common knot in the doubled portion.

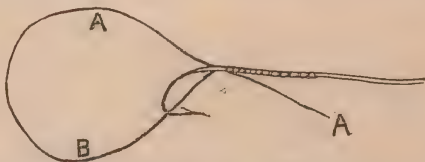


The hooks can now be tied on while the gut is soft—this is what I did for many years, and do now, occasionally—or the gut may, by making a knot in one end and using a pin in the loop, be stretched on a board to dry and then tied. The whipping is the same in either case, but if the gut is whipped after it is dry, the parts to be covered by the silk must be nicked or dented, which is done between the teeth, care being taken not to bite so hard as to split the gut. I find that the whipping is equally secure whether the gut is either wet or dry. Another thing I have found made no difference, that is, whether the whipping began at the end of the shank and extended toward the bend of the hook or *vice versa*. From tying reinforced snells, I have got into the habit of beginning the rounding at the end of the shank; but as I always fasten the silk with an invisible knot, there is little danger of a fish cutting the knot with its teeth, as has been claimed they will do. A snell is quite apt to become weak or even break just at the end of the shank from contact with it. Some shanks terminate in a veritable point; such I cut off with a pair of cutting pliers and then file smooth with a fine file, but all hooks larger than No. 3 Dublin, Limerick (O'Shaughnessy) I "reinforce" by making the gut double for half or three-quarters of an inch above the end of shank. The easier way to do this is to make a long loop with a common knot similar to the loop made for attaching the snell to the leader. If one's gut lengths will not warrant this appropriation, a short piece of gut may be wound on to the shank with the snell, and the free end of the extra piece fastened to the snell with a bit of waxed silk. Having gut-lengths, hooks, wax and silk, wax thoroughly a piece of silk by holding one end between the teeth and the other in the left hand. Holding the hook at the bend between the finger and thumb of the left hand, lay the end of the waxed silk on the shank a little above the point of the hook and take four, five or six turns, according to the size of the hook, with the silk around the shank until the end is reached.



Then make three or four turns of the silk close together, just at the ends, so as to completely cover it, as a cushion or shield against the wear of the steel, should it come in direct contact with the gut. These first few turns of the silk make a spiral ridge around the shank which acts like the marks on the straight shanks when using soaked gut, and with dry gut act in combination with the dents made with the teeth to prevent the steel and gut pulling apart.

When the end of the shank is covered, lay the gut length on the back of the shank and wind the silk closely and tightly to the point of beginning. Notice the silk as you wind to see that it is well waxed, or wax as occasion demands. When the starting point is reached lay the free end of the silk on the winding with the end toward the end of shank, which makes a loop in the silk, then take the slack of the loop and continue winding for three or four turns, but wind over the free end of silk. The following diagram will show the manner:



A A, free end of silk turned back on winding. Take slack of loop at B and wind over silk, A A. Then take free end of silk and draw tight and cut off closely. When the winding or whipping is finished it will be found that the wax has been squeezed to the outside of the silk by the pressure in winding. This must be rubbed smooth with finger and thumb, when it will appear that the silk is nicely coated with the wax. With a camel's hair brush go over the winding with orange shellac and put aside to dry until the alcohol evaporates, leaving a smooth coating of shellac over the silk and wax. It may be necessary to renew the shellac after a time, but one will have had so much fishing with hooks tied in this manner before it is necessary, that it will be done with thanks for past services.

Hooks are tied to gimp in the same way as above described, except black linen thread is used instead of silk, and the loop in the end of the gimp snell must be made by winding the doubled parts instead of tying.

Snell-d hooks ought not to be used until softened in water any more than a leader should. Hooks should always be filed at the points with a small file; this I do to every hook I use, whether a fly-hook or hook on gut or gimp. I have touched up the same hook with a file two or three times in a day's fishing, and it pays, too.

Some one recently said something in your columns about staining gimp. Gimp that I have gotten out from Enroland was stained, but I never discovered that it had any merit over bright silver gimp. Pike, *E. lucius*, are, seemingly, not particular about a shade of color, and I have never used gimp for other fish. If "H. P. U." and "J. W. T." will tie their hooks in the manner I have described, I feel confident that they will have no reason to deplore the separation of hook and gut from defective winding. It may be a little presumptuous for me to have given my mode of tying hooks when the experience of my friend Mr. Wells was called for, but as he never fishes with other than a fly, I ventured from COVET.

A. N. CHENEY.

GLENS FALLS, N. Y.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

"J. W. T." wants to know how to fasten hooks securely on

gut and gimp. He says: "Cements with alcohol as a solvent are sure to dissolve," "gutta percha is porous," etc. I think I can give him a receipt which will enable him to make a wax that is waterproof and will hold a hook of any kind until the snood breaks. The mode of preparation is as follows: Get a common jam pot, and to two ounces of the best yellow rosin in powder, add one drachm of white beeswax sliced in minute pieces. Place the jar in a saucepan of boiling water, taking care that no water gets in the jar. Stir thoroughly with a stick when melted. Add two and a half drachms of lard (without salt), and let the whole remain ten minutes, stirring it the while. Pour it into cold water, and while warm pull and knead it, to give it toughness, until nearly cold. With a pair of greased scissors cut it into twelve balls. Give eleven of these balls to your friends; the one which you keep for your own use will last you a year or more. Keep the wax in a cellar or other cool place. Extra heavy salmon gut makes a good snood. Soak it in warm water, bite the end flat for a distance of three-eighths of an inch. Tie on with heavy sewing silk well waxed. When winding on the silk be careful to draw so tight that the wound part shows a glossy surface. This is caused by the wax oozing through the fibers. If the part that is wound does not show this glossy surface, the work has not been properly done. Either the thread was not waxed sufficiently or it was not drawn tight and kept so until secured. If a fine finish is desired, varnish with shellac dissolved in alcohol. This varnish may or may not hold throughout a whole season; it is a small matter. The wax is there to stay, and will do its work until the snood is worn out. I used this wax last season, tying all of my own hooks and a large number for my friends, and I have yet to hear of the first one to give way in the binding. I have never used gimp, but I believe it would hold on gimp, as it has never failed to hold on to anything with which I have seen it come in contact. It can easily be removed from the hands by using soap and warm water.

E. A. LEOPOLD.

NORRISTOWN, Pa., Jan. 17.

HOOKS ON GIMP.

IN a recent issue Mr. H. P. Ufford asks for information regarding the tying of the snell to the hook and the best material for the purpose.

I am not a fisherman in the common acceptance of the term, and yet I enjoy a day along the streams catching nothing. I fully agree with your correspondent, "Pile," in saying that common shoemaker's wax is the best ordinarily obtainable for the purpose. To tie a saddle's silk, any color, and wax thoroughly. If your hook has been hammered into a flat head, cut it off by means of a file. Take the hook between the forefinger and thumb of the left hand, the point of the hook from and the shank toward yourself. Put the end of the waxed silk at the top of the shank of the hook, or very near it; then begin to wind at the hand—the left hand near the curve of the hook—winding over the thread which was placed at the top of the shank, and winding evenly along the shank. When within about three turns of the top, lay the gimp or gut along the shank of the hook and toward your own person from the piece of wrapping silk that you have covered (this may, perhaps, be made clearer by taking a hook and holding it between the thumb and forefinger of the left hand, keeping the top of the shank up and the point of the hook away from the body). If you use gut, dip it in boiling hot water while you are wrapping the hook as above. Then wrap from the top of the hook over the gut and the previously wrapped hook, drawing your silk tight as you proceed, and observing to keep the wrappings close together, and to re-wax the silk as it may be removed by the heat and the friction of the hand. When within a half-dozen turns of the bottom of what has been already wrapped, throw the silk along the shank of the hook toward your body from the covered gut, leaving a loop with which to complete the wrapping; this will cover a part of the thread and leave you an end that you catch and draw tight. Thus you have no knot in the whole affair.

It is very difficult to describe this matter in words. Ten minutes with a fisherman or an old sailor will show H. P. U. more of what I mean than pages of print.

As regards gut, fine gut is very hard to get; most is scraped. Usually it can be detected by its frayed appearance, but I have known old fishermen deceived. A hook tied as I have mentioned will never pull off, but frequently they become worn. In such case a very good course is to paint them with genuine pine tree tar, and let it dry. If this cannot be done rub them with shoemaker's wax.

Gimp is usually silk covered with brass wire. The best gimp I've ever been able to procure was a bass violin string. They cost, but they are strong, and may be fastened as above. One trouble with gimp is that the metallic winding of the gimp will, through contact with the steel hook, generate magnetic currents and speedily rot the gut, or so corrode the shanks of the hook as to render the fastening ineffective. This is especially the case in salt water, or in water containing any great amount of any mineral matter. The following varnish may be of benefit to others beside Mr. U.:

Alcohol (absolute).....	6 parts.
Gum shellac.....	3 parts.
Gum Benjamin (or benzoin).....	1 part.

Keep in a warm place for a fortnight before using, and apply to hooks, gimp or gut before tying, allowing time for the varnish to dry.

There is a knot—but it is not applicable to tying guts or hooks—so simple and of so frequent use that I give it here: Take two pieces of anything that will tie for practice, of pack thread or twine, place them parallel to each other, make a simple knot, single, with the one next you, around the other, and with the one furthest from you around the first, then draw them together. If you want the knot very strong, draw within a fourth inch of each other, and wrap the intervening space with waxed silk.

AMATEUR.

SOMERSET, Pa.

A BULLET IN A BASS.—In the *FOREST AND STREAM* of Jan. 1 you have an article headed "Injuries to Trout," in which you say, "a clean cut easily heals but a bruise will not." While camping out several years ago, enjoying a very successful fish in St. Mary's Reservoir, Ohio, I was preparing some bass for our supper, when, scaling a pound and a half bass, I noticed an indentation on the back about half way between the back fin and the tail; when I cut the fish down the back, as I always do for frying, I found a small bullet or buckshot imbedded in the flesh perfectly healed over, and the flesh around not at all discolored. Did you or any of my brother fishermen ever have a similar case?—JAY (St. Joseph, Mo.).

TROUT AT MEACHAM LAKE.

IT is gratifying to learn that the efforts of Mr. A. R. Fuller, owner and proprietor of the hotel on this lake in the Northern Adirondacks, in stocking the lake from his own private hatchery, have been very successful. For several years he has hatched and turned out thousands of fish in the lake, but this past winter his health did not permit him to do it as usual. The trout taken there are all consumed on the place, and the laws are strictly observed both in fishing and shooting. Mr. Fuller owns most of the land about the lake now, and this means the preservation of the timber. The past year he has bought 750 acres adjoining his property on the south, and now owns the entire north and west shores and most of the south shore, with the lands both sides the outlet, more than a mile wide. Mr. Fuller has had to forbid camping on the lake on account of the carelessness with which parties leave fires, which have destroyed much timber.

In a private letter to a friend, who permits us to publish a portion of it, Mr. Fuller says:

"Our season began April 27 and closed Oct. 29, and was very busy. I was glad when it was over and I was alone. Our fishing season was an unusually good one and satisfactory to the trout fishers. We were not out of trout on the table a single day after opening while they were in season. The fish were taken in the lake and not in the streams.

"I had a path cleared along the brook that comes in by the house, up to the pond, its head, and on Aug. 2 sent two of the boys off to watch for deer. They heard seven deer and an old bear and two cubs crossed the pond after dark, but they could not get a shot at any of them. They rigged a rod of alder and caught 35 pounds of trout and got home to dinner. A guide sent in another direction brought in a good buck, so that we had trout and venison. As the tramp to this pond, Winnebago, is three miles through the woods, very few of the guests try it; they like fishing in front of the house better.

"On some days as many as three hundred trout were caught by guests of the hotel, many of the ladies amusing themselves by trolling flies. I did no fishing or hunting after the house was open until the guests began to go, when I shot one buck that was running past the house, and caught one two-pound trout and one of my California trout. The catching of the latter did me more good than a basketful of other trout, because it settled the question whether any that I put in lived."

A JUNE DAY ON THE BLACK RIVER.

IT was a June day in the year 1880, and although nearly five years have elapsed, the incidents of that day are as vivid before my mind's eye as though they were the happenings of yesterday. It was the red-letter day of my trout angling, and partly for that reason and partly because of the contrast in the fishing between the ante-lumbering period and the age of saws and axes, I put this grain of sand into the kaleidoscope of forest life, the FOREST AND STREAM.

Our party had passed a pleasant week in camp at South Lake, but as this famous salmon water would not yield up any of its treasure at this advanced season of the year, we had decided upon a change of base, and in the morning in question hid our boats, packed our camp outfit, and set out upon the three-mile carry. Before noon we had our camp re-established at the North Lake dam and disposed of an early and hastily prepared dinner, so as to be in readiness for the afternoon's conquests. The old guide and trapper, Atwell Martin, who is indigenous to this region and who knows more of the woods than of most other subjects, very kindly gave us the necessary pointers and suggestions on the route, but did not encourage us by giving any assurance that we would bring back the coveted trout. We tramped down the rocky but dry basin of the North Fork (for it must be remembered that the North Lake is but a reservoir, and the water is let out only at intervals) until we reached the point where the South Point makes in. At this point we suppose the Black River proper begins. Proceeding a short distance farther down we joined our rods, for here the stream began to assume dimensions and it began to look unmistakably trouty. It would rest for a little stretch under the over-arching alders, and then with laugh and ripple chase down over the white pebbly incline and scoot with froth and bubbles out upon the surface of a long, broad pool; now it would make a graceful curve along the base of an overhanging ledge and the next moment be lost in a tangle of logs and fallen treetops. This stream we knew full well had been made for an abiding place for trout.

We began to reach out into the most promising pools and ripples just to see whether the inhabitants felt kindly disposed toward us or not. The larger ones were evidently suspicious of their visitors, but the smaller ones soon began to send the electric current through our bones by dangling with spirit from our light tackle. We had not come prepared for wading, because we had not anticipated finding so much water; but we soon found that we could not dodge it. The Doctor evidently had no aversion for water, but his beautiful corduroy breeches would present a rather water-logged appearance when he came up out of the crystal element, and his hunting shoes sent out jets of the spray in all directions like an old leaky pump log. But the Doctor had got interested, and was just as happy as though he had had on his rubber wading pants. The Dentist followed in the wake of the Doctor, but I hung off until it came to going back or wading, and then gave in and began soaking my shins with the others.

As we proceeded downward the stream grew larger, the trout grew larger and bit fiercer, the mosquitoes became more intimate, the black flies came and brought their families with them to see the fun, and finally the clouds, which had been gathering for an attack, sent down their watery missiles in such an unmerciful way that we came to the conclusion that all nature had combined against us to thwart our attack upon the beautiful inhabitants of the stream. But the fun grew fast and furious, and as greater grew the difficulties of the situation, the more eager were the great ferocious fellows, the lords of the river, who tyrannized over their weaker brothers, and before whom the fingerlings trembled and often disappeared.

Pool and riffle alike yielded up its beautiful fruit. Our creels grew heavy. At one point where the stream was wide and still, the Doctor, who was upon the opposite shore, reeled in a noble fellow, which elated him so greatly that he sang out to us that he had captured the "granfather." At that instant I noticed the eye of the Dentist dilate; I noted the quick, sharp rattle of his reel; I noted the strain upon his reel and—all the movements of my companion sank into oblivion, for a quick, strong tug, which was conveyed to my nervous system through the slender silk line, had vibrated

through my body and produced a palpitation which threatened to upset me. But my self-control returned, and after a little persuading I had a three-quarter pounder safely in my basket. In the mean time, our friend of the forceps had been wrestling with a bigger snag than he ever had fastened to before, but he proved himself equal to the occasion, and soon had his clutches on the handsomest specimen of the *Salmo fontinalis* my eyes had ever feasted on. But "there is many a slip," etc., for as he was forcing his prize into his creel it gave a mighty flop for liberty, and landed with a sickening splash upon the surface of the water. My companion made an intuitive lunge into the current, and before his troutship had sufficiently collected his scattered senses to swim off, the fingers of his pursuer had shut down upon him like a vice, and he was borne out of his native element triumphantly. That trout tipped the beam at sixteen ounces in camp that night.

It was nearly dark when we unjointed our rods and began to move up the swollen stream toward camp, which we reached long after dark in a wet, hungry and exhausted condition. But the sight of our catch as the bright, plump fellows lay stretched out side by side in a long row was ample reward for all the hardships and discouragements of the trip. There were nearly one hundred, ranging in weight between three ounces and one pound, and darker or more brilliantly colored trout I have never seen. I have not visited the stream since, but I have learned that the ravages of the lumbermen hath wrought its ruin. This is only one of the many rich trout streams which the vandals have despoiled. Must this work go on until in that now grand and natural park, no tree or thing of life shall remain?

F. M. S.

BROOKFIELD, N. Y., Dec. 20, 1884.

DRAG AND CLICK REELS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I think it was last winter that Mr. Wells furnished a series of very interesting articles concerning fishing rods, dovel pins, etc., for which he earned the thanks of all lovers of the rod. In one of these articles he uttered a well-grounded complaint, that anglers do not write as much for their art and its pursuit as they should do. That they do not do so is more for want of time than want of talent or inclination, for some of the most graceful writers of the country are anglers. When they do write, however, it is usually in the tone of genial gentleman; and hence the pages devoted to angling and kindred pursuits always afford the most delightful reading to be found in FOREST AND STREAM.

An excellent way to bring out correspondence is to ask questions. I have a number to ask, but will put only one at a time. Will Mr. Wells or any of your correspondents tell me what is the use of a drag and a click in the same reel? I have been an angler for upward of forty years, and during all that time have not been able to find it out. I understand perfectly well the use of a drag or a click in a reel, but what is the reason for complicating the movements and increasing the expense of a reel by adding both? Here, as it seems to me, is a chance for somebody to make himself useful.

PETRA.

MAMARONECK, N. Y.

BARBLESS HOOKS.—Turning to page 470, I am puzzled to know what "Pete" means by saying "Barbless hooks are not worth a cent, for you lose your fish every time, if the line should get slack." I do not see how the fish is going to get off after he is once on. I have used the barbless hook for several years, and have never known a fish to get off unless the hook was torn from his mouth. I have more than once let a fish play about the boat with a slack line to see if he could unhook himself; but I have not yet seen a fish smart enough to do it. What kind of a barbless hook did you use, "Pete"? It could not have been like mine.—PETRA (Mamaroneck, N. Y.). [We think there has been a misunderstanding between our correspondents regarding what is meant by a barbless hook until our correspondent "Petra" called on us, and in the course of conversation explained that he meant and used the patent "Edgar barbless hook," which has a sort of snap attachment to it that makes it look to us like an implement which is adapted to those who do not care to take risks in landing a fish, and something that we would hesitate to use lest we be mistaken for what we are not. We thought that all our correspondents referred to an ordinary hook with the barb filed off, or in other words, a needle-pointed hook. This latter form is advocated by some, and certainly it is a hook that has no flavor of pot-fishing about it. We object to all snaps, "sock-draggers," "eagle's claws," and all forms of hook that tend to spring something on a fish to hold it after it is hooked, and we never suspected that the term "barbless" meant one of these and must suppose that many of our readers did not.]

Fishculture.

FISH FOR PENNSYLVANIA.

YESTERDAY afternoon the United States Fish Commission's splendid car No. 2, passed through Mechanicsburg with Col. M. MacDonald of the U. S. Commission on board. The car was in charge of Superintendent H. H. Moore, four assistants and a cook. Col. MacDonald is an intelligent, tall, elderly gentleman, a native of Winchester, Va., and has been connected with the Commission for many years. Mr. Moore's car arrived on the noon train from Wytheville, Va., via the Cumberland Valley, having been delayed up the line in putting off a large number of German carp. In the car yesterday, in large tin cans, were 5,000 rainbow trout, propagated in the fresh waters of the Allegheny Mountains at Wytheville, Va. They varied from two to five inches in size. A number of the largest, twenty months old, being five inches in length and as frisky as grasshoppers. These beautiful fish were the first consignment sent out and the fresh water streams of Northern and Western Pennsylvania, where the native trout flourish so well, will receive them. The spawn was extracted from fish captured among the ice cold streams of the Shasta Mountains in California, 150 miles or more from Santa Barbara. The eggs extracted on the Pacific slope from fine large trout, were sent in a frozen state across the continent and successfully hatched at Wytheville.

In its native waters, said Col. MacDonald, the rainbow trout in the sunlight presents all the colors of the rainbow on its speckled sides, forming a beautiful object in the water, hence its name. These valuable fish will be distributed as follows: 1,000 go to Commissioner Duncan, in the Cumberland Valley; 1,000 to Commissioner Spangler, in Philadelphia; 1,000 to Commissioner Gay, in Greensburg; 1,000 to the hatchery at Allentown, and 1,000 to Commissioner McGinness, of Sullivan. They are all to be placed in private streams to be watched for two years and protected. Col. MacDonald is the inventor of

the fishway bearing his name and of certain excellent appliances for fish-hatching purposes.

The carp for the Cumberland Valley will be placed in the Conodoguinet Creek, Yellow Breeches Creek and Silver Spring Dam.

R. W. S.

MECHANISBURG, Pa., Jan. 14.

REPORT OF THE U. S. FISH COMMISSIONER.

THE vast amount of work, both in scientific exploration and in fishculture, which has been accomplished by the U. S. Fish Commission, has tasked its clerical force to keep up with it. The annual reports have been supplemented with a "Bulletin," into which the shorter papers, letters, etc., go, as a relief to the annual report. Until the establishment of the Bulletin, in 1881, the reports fell behind from two to three years, but are now catching up. Within the present year the reports of 1881 and 1882 have been issued, and this is the first instance in which two reports have appeared in the same year, except where they have been comprised in one volume; those for 1881 and 1882 are in two large volumes, which have come so close together that it looks like an intention to make the reports keep up with the work.

In the report for 1881 we learn that the most noteworthy features of the year have been: The production and distribution of German carp on a larger scale than before. The construction of an additional pond and of a transportation car. A change in the policy of distributing fry, larger plants being made in fewer localities. An increased distribution of shad. Experiments in hatching codfish. Embryological work. Experiments in oyster culture, and much other useful work. With the increased interest taken in the supplying of fish to the people, the business of the Fish Commission has augmented to an enormous extent. By careful methods and a thoroughly philosophical system the Commission has been enabled to carry out a work which is always expanding with scarcely any increase of staff. It has had the immense advantage of educating, as it were, its own body, and free from political disturbances, it really does present one of the most industrious, intelligent and painstaking organizations in the country. Uniting the best scientific acquirements with common sense practical work, the results obtained have been in the highest degree satisfactory. It may be asserted, without the least arrogance, that the United States stands first in the world for its knowledge in regard to fish, and it has given the greatest impulse to fishculture. After the whole matter was sifted down, the prime functions of the United States Fish Commission being to make fish on our coasts, lakes and rivers more plentiful, that vast amount of scientific knowledge which has been acquired has helped most directly in arriving at the desired end.

The appendices, as usual, are filled with most interesting material. In appendix B may be found one of the most important contributions to the history of our edible fish, a comprehensive study of the mackerel, the work of Messrs. G. Brown Goode, Joseph W. Collins, B. E. Earle, and A. Howard Clark. This contribution of over 400 pages is absolutely thorough, as it presents not only all that is known of the natural history of the fish, but contains the complete statistics of this fishery. Mr. Harrison writes of the early shad fisheries of the north branch of the Susquehanna River. Mr. Charles W. Smiley treats of the use of fish guano as a fertilizer. Mr. Frank N. Clark reports his experiments for determining the smallest amount of water in which young shad and eggs can be kept, while Messrs. Coutance, Ryder and Forbes contribute articles relating to scientific subjects. Messrs. Rice and Ryder treat of retarding the development of shad eggs. In appendix C Messrs. Smiley, Clark, Stone, Atkins and McDonald report on the practical work under their charge.

In the report for 1882, Vol. 10, Prof. Baird gives a brief summary of the work of the Commission. In its first year the only work intrusted to its care was the investigation of the facts as to the decrease of food fishes in American waters. It was in the second year that the Commission directed its attention to the propagation of food fishes, with "their transfer to, or multiplication in, the waters of the United States."

To accomplish this a most thorough scientific investigation was necessary. The vital question relating to the natural history of both aquatic animals and plants had to be studied, and for the furthering of these researches a corps of specialists had to be created. If the educational advantages of such studies had their special value the practical results were equally great. Throughout the whole country a demand arose at once for specimens for the use of colleges and schools, while at the same time, alive to the practical results, fishermen were anxious to derive benefit from such devices as the Fish Commission might furnish them. As an instance of the latter, it may be insisted upon that the United States Fish Commission, by its advice and instruction, had already added some millions of dollars to the New England fisheries. It has also revolutionized the winter codfishery industry of the North Atlantic States. At first gill-net fishing for cod was thought impossible, even laughed at; but since it was brought to the notice of the Gloucester fishermen, these gill-nets have come rapidly into use, "until at the present time they represent the most important element in the winter fisheries, the number of fish taken being not only much greater, but the fish themselves of finer quality." Not less important is the humanitarian endeavors of the Commission. That terrible loss of life which occurs annually to fishermen, owing to the wreckage of their vessels, the Commission believes, could be much lessened. The tendency on the part of cod, and especially of mackerel, fishermen has been to give more attention to the speed of their craft than their safety. The Commission has been incessant in urging that more substantial and deeper vessels be built, resembling in model those constructed in England and Scotland. One great object of the Commission is to determine the extent and character of the old fishing localities and to discover new ones. "There is no doubt," writes Prof. Baird, "that there still remains many important areas, even in the best known seas, where the codfish and halibut may be found in their old abundance."

So far there has been no careful investigation made, and the banks now fished over have been brought to light by accident. It is certain that by a systematic research the area of good fishing ground will be largely extended. On the Gulf and South Atlantic coast fish abound, but this wealth has not been localized. As a source of income to the fishermen of the South the same chances are likely to be presented to them as to the men of New England. For the better prosecution of these researches the Commissioner advises that an appropriation be made for the building of a proper vessel, fully fitted with fishing implements, which shall proceed to Southern waters, and there practically determine the question. In an economic sense, the labors of the Commission have been particularly directed toward the preparation, preservation, and curing of fish. An industry already worth millions of dollars in the State of Maine can be carried out quite as successfully on other portions of the seaboard. This subject is receiving careful consideration, and numerous facts bearing upon it have been published by the Commission.

It is the effort to increase the supply of valuable fish in our waters which has to a great extent occupied the attention of the Commission. The difficulties of this work are really greater than is apparent at the first glance. "It must be remembered that the agencies which have tended to diminish the abundance of fish have been at work for many years and are increasing in an enormous ratio." While fish do not increase, population does; or, in other words, between supply and demand no such thing as an equilibrium can exist. Every condition is changed, and these changes must increase, all tending toward a greater scarcity of fish. If the subject of the artificial propagation of fresh-water fish seems to have been

solved in a large measure, the attention of the Commission has been of late more particularly directed toward sea fish.

In the appendices of Vol. 10 we find an excellent article entitled, "A New System of Fishway Building," illustrated with seven full page plates, by Marshall McDonald. A list of 1817 of the principal lakes of the United States, with a designation of their locations, by C. W. Smiley. A list of rivers, by the same. Interesting articles on the whale fishery, by Messrs. Sanford and Southwell. A history of the tile fish, by Capt. J. W. Collins. Natural history and articles on biological research, by Messrs. Collins, Bean, Smith, Hensen, Ryder, Blake and Verrill. The oyster is treated of by M. Bouchon Brandy, M. Brocchi, Lieut. Winslow, Prof. Ryder and M. Fysegur.

Under the head of propagation of food fishes is an account of the shipments of eggs abroad by Fred Mather. Operations at Northville, Mich., by Frank N. Clark. Reports on salmon breeding and trout breeding on the McCloud River, by Livingston Stone. Reports on the propagation of Penobscot and Schoodic salmon in Maine, by Chas. G. Atkins. Report of hatching salmon and the distribution in 1883, by Fred Mather. Operations at the central station in 1882, by Col. McDonald. Shad hatching at the Navy Yard, by Lieut. Wood. Statistics of shad hatching, by C. W. Smiley. Distribution of carp, by McDonald and Smiley. The feeding of carp, by Carl Nicklas. Exploration of the Chesapeake, by J. W. Collins. List of fishes distributed by the Commission, by Dr. J. H. Bean. Physical character of the continental border of the Gulf Stream, by Prof. E. A. Verrill, and an alphabetical list index to the principal rivers of the United States, by C. W. Smiley.

These two volumes contain so much that is of interest, that we cannot more than give the titles of the articles which form the appendices. The reports of the Fish Commission have already reached ten large volumes, and are a complete library of fishculture, and contain much valuable biological work. Those who wish to look up these matters are referred to the volumes themselves.

HYBRIDIZING SALMONIDÆ.—As a rule there is no practical utility in hybrids among fishes. If a large, quick-growing hybrid is produced, it will either be sterile or its progeny will go back to the type of one of its parents, with perhaps constitutional defects which will dwarf it. As a scientific experiment to see what can be done and to prove how near the relationships between fishes are, hybridizing has its uses. Dr. Francis Day has discovered in artificial breeding among the *Salmonidæ* that, while all the hybrids between the salmon and the trout had proved sterile, the crosses between the salmon and the charrs had proved fertile.

THE PENNSYLVANIA COMMISSION.—Mr. Seth Weeks, Superintendent of the Western Division of the Pennsylvania Fish Commission, has resigned, and Mr. Wm. Buller, an employee of the Eastern Division for some years, has been appointed superintendent. This week 5,000 yearling rainbow trout were received from the United States Fish Commission and planted in several streams.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

Jan. 27, 28, 29 and 30.—Annual Dog Show of the New Brunswick Poultry and Pet Stock Association. Mr. H. W. Wisson, Secretary, St. Johns, N. B.

Feb. 1 to 11, 1885.—New York Fanciers' Club, Third Annual Exhibition of non-sporting dogs, poultry and pigeons at Madison Square Garden, Feb. 1 to 11, 1885. Chas. Harker, Secretary, 62 Cortlandt street.

March 5, 1885.—World's Exposition Dog Show, New Orleans, La. Entries close Feb. 23. L. F. Whitman, Superintendent.

March 18, 19 and 20, 1885.—Second Annual Show of the New Haven Kennel Club. E. S. Porter, Secretary, New Haven, Conn.

April 7 to 10, 1885.—First Annual Dog Show N. E. Kennel Club, Music Hall, Boston. J. A. Nickerson, Secretary, 139A Tremont street.

April 21, 22 and 23.—Annual Dog Show of the St. Louis Gun Club. W. A. Albright, Secretary, St. Louis, Mo.

May 5, 6, 7 and 8, 1885.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Cincinnati Sportsman's Club, Cincinnati, O. W. A. Coster, Superintendent.

May 13, 14 and 15.—Third Annual Dog Show of the Toronto Dog Show Association. W. S. Jackson, Secretary, Toronto, Ont.

A. K. R.—SPECIAL NOTICE.

THE AMERICAN KENNEL REGISTER, for the registration of pedigrees, etc. (with prize lists of all shows and trials), is published every month. Entries close on the 1st. Should be in early. Entry blanks sent on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope. Registration fee (50 cents) must accompany each entry. No entries inserted unless paid in advance. Yearly subscription \$1.50. Address "American Kennel Register," P. O. Box 2832, New York. Number of entries already printed—1987.

BEAGLES FOR FOXES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have been intending to contribute my mite ever since several articles appeared in your columns under the head of "Beagles for Foxes." It would take several columns of your valuable paper to make myself plainly understood and to do the subject justice; but I will condense what I have to say in a very small space, and perhaps will appear in another paper on the right size of beagles for work.

I don't propose to go back to Queen Bess and tell the origin of the beagle and give his history to the present day; sufficient to know that he is among us, and has been handed down with a pure lineage. One of your correspondents claimed that his pack could catch a rabbit in a few minutes, another that he had never known his to catch one and would not have them to do so. I believe both gentlemen, and believe what they say to be true. I hold that a beagle will run just as you train him. If you break him with some steady dog that depends on the gun, then in nearly every case you will have a steady beagle that will never chatter; when, on the other hand, if you break him with a very fast dog, one that runs to kill, then nearly every time you will have a fast beagle and one that runs to kill.

I think that every experienced lover of the hound will bear me out in this. This is the great reason why so many fox packs can't kill a fox, for they run just to run and not to kill. Now, don't understand me to say that beagles can be trained to make first-class fox dogs (but I believe they can kill a fox), for that is something for which they are not intended; they were never bred for that kind of work.

The one great secret of beagles for rabbits is that a beagle trails entirely different from a foxhound. I have beagles, and have seen them trail as fast as any foxhound, in fact the most of them do, but they trail altogether different. The beagle when he comes to a loss will go back to the place where he last caught the scent, and make it off and follow all the complicated doubles the rabbit has made, but when the foxhound comes to a loss he circles one, two, or perhaps three hundred yards off, and takes up the trail where the rabbit has gone off straight, as she always does after making her doubles, which is a great advantage in fox hunting, but a disadvantage in rabbit hunting if you want a dog to shoot over, and again it depends much on the nature of the country. I have had my beagles to run a rabbit four hours in this section and not catch him, and have caught nine rabbits in six hours, just ten miles above here in the open country, and with the same pack.

Now, in conclusion, I will say that I don't believe beagles,

would make killing fox dogs as a whole. Of course there are exceptions, and take them as a whole, they will seldom catch rabbits. Now, brother lovers of the beagles, I think we should compare notes on this subject, for the beagle is coming and is bound to come into notice, for with the rapid decrease of other game the rabbit seems to become more numerous, and the day is not far distant when a pack of beagles and the rabbit will be our best recreation.

Notes on this subject will be appreciated and eagerly read by many.

FINE VIEW, VA.

HOUNDRY.

DOG SHOW RULES.

There must be government in all society—

Bees have their Queen, and stag herds have their leader;

Rome has her Consuls, Athens had her Archons.

And we, sir, have our Managing Committee.—Scott.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Not many months ago the very serious charge was brought against me of having stated that our dog show rules and a portion of the sporting press are "rotten." What a shocking thing to have said in these days when little "family arrangements" and "deals" reign supreme. But, Mr. Editor, I do not find that the word has ever been used by me in any of my letters to your paper, though I cheerfully confess to having written in private correspondence, and there is no perceptible reason why I should retract it. Perhaps it is more expressive than polite, more emphatic than select, but on the other hand, it seems to be well adapted to the occasion, and the individual who objected to its introduction, will please note that it expresses the truth. Has somebody not proved conclusively that its application to a portion of the press (a small portion I admit) was perfectly in order? If not, what further evidence is required? Pray, advise me, Mr. Editor, if that already supplied was not sufficiently substantial, as I have some more up my sleeve and it's just looking to come down and run off by way of my pen. Beaufort looks me in the face and in the language of dogs says, "Let him have it." No, old man, the next time, or I may be accused by some anonymous scribbler of denouncing an American sportsman (?)

Was the little word (almost as "insavory" as a field trial record) misapplied to several of our dog show rules? I will endeavor to prove it was not, and I will support argument by evidence. Mere expression of thought is not evidence, and it is evidence and evidence of a substantial kind that the public requires before they are willing to admit that during all these long years they most certainly have been—what, fooled? Mr. Gregg's sensible letters clearly demonstrated the absurdity and the injustice of one rule. They did something more than this, for they were the means of eliciting another illustration of the tyrannical (that is the proper word) principles that have been nursed and cherished in certain quarters until they have, it appears, been adopted. The temper of dog lovers is not such as will permit of much further abuse of their rights, and those who so foolishly entertain hope that things will be permitted to continue in the future as they have in the past, labor under an hallucination with which they will do well to sever their connection. Some of our dog clubs appear to be ignorant of the fact that at the present time there is a strong under-current running, and that what two years ago was but a tiny stream, will soon be found to have developed itself into a veritable Niagara, sweeping all before it in its course, and engulfing those who are foolishly enough to risk a passage through it.

Dog shows are comparatively a new institution in this country, and it is only recently people have taken any interest in their management. So long as a man was able to show his dog and win the prize, or see somebody else win it, he never stopped to think what was going on behind the scenes. It was a matter of indifference to him who the managers were, or what they were, if his prize money was paid or he succeeded in obtaining the one dollar silver medal, emblematical of honor and glory combined. It never occurred to him to ask whether the managers were experienced persons, and if those worthies won the prizes at their own shows, under the judgment of men (qualified or unqualified) appointed by themselves; he never thought it worth his while to complain, or perhaps he was not quite sure he understood the points of his own dog, and consequently could not tell whether the judges were acting fairly or unfairly, or whether they knew anything about the dogs they were judging or not. Such a condition of affairs was not destined to long life, and exhibitors soon began to open their eyes to what appeared to them to be an unsatisfactory state of things. A thick coating of white-wash was applied, but it soon wore off. Then the woodwork began to "split," and the curious passers-by thought they would avail themselves of the opportunity to look through the fence, seeing they were not "tall" enough to look over it. They did look through, and a nice picture was for the first time presented to their view. Did you, Mr. Editor, ever see Sir Edwin Landseer's great picture "Bringing Down the Law"? This was a fac-simile of it. Assembled together in congress were big dogs and little dogs, from the dignified Newfoundland down to the fragile but graceful Italian greyhound. All seemed to be in reverential fear of the chairman, who, with one foot on a piece of parchment, was laying down the law. I expected to find the occupant of such an exalted position something that is great and noble and good among his brethren. Picture my surprise when I discovered that he was only a what—a poodle. Yes, Mr. Editor, a trick dog making laws for pointers, setters, deerhounds, greyhounds, mastiffs, St. Bernards, Newfoundlands, etc. What do you think of that? Sir Edwin Landseer has passed from among us. Had he been alive it was my intention to have written him to ascertain where he procured the subject for the performing chairman of his great work, as I have a firm conviction that he came from Chicago.

Well, by and by somebody screwed up the pluck to complain, and after that somebody else had the "audacity" to lodge a solid protest, which, of course, was not entertained. It was brought against too influential a person, and so the complainant was politely told to go to the deuce. What could he do? There was no tribunal before which to bring his case. The rules were amended, but so framed as to allow influential persons who might misconduct themselves, a loop hole through which to escape and avoid punishment. But the outsider, especially if he refused to knuckle down or be bullied, was held safe and sure by the same false rules. They were rules for the rich man and rules for the poor man, but only binding in their application to the poor man, or persons unable to wield a certain amount of influence. Mr. Wade's allusion to Rule 17 of the new club hits right home and in the proper place. He has stated facts. The narrow-minded rule is the offspring of a bitter personal feeling against myself, and was passed to exclude Beaufort from competition, in order that the public may not compare him with two animals owned by members of the club. I am told the little game is to be played as follows: S. and his club own a dog called Slang Slang; M. owns a dog called Gas-Meter. S. and M. are members of the new club (American Kennel Club). S. and his club refuse to accept my entries for their show, and in accordance with the despotic rule, all other shows held under the club's rules must do likewise. I can appeal to the Executive Committee, which may be composed of S. M., and a third party (A.). S. and M. want my dog out of the way, because he can beat theirs; they, of course, agree that I ought not to be permitted to exhibit him. A. dissents from such business, which, however, does no good—two beat one. The club then announce that as they cannot beat my dog, and seeing that I am continually exposing trickery and fraud in the public papers, my dogs are disqualified from competition at all shows held under the rules of the American Kennel Club. Funny, isn't it? That this little plan has been laid out nobody doubts; it is

one of the leading topics in doggy circles. Let me tell Mr. S. and his club that it is not in their power to bury my grand dog in oblivion, any more than it is in their power to stop me writing the truth in this journal. The W. K. C. made a good offer for Beaufort (\$500). I made a better (\$1,000). The only way to get rid of the dog is to find one to beat him. No other kind of business will the public tolerate. But I did not set out to discuss the rules of the new club. Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof.

How about Rule 12 of the W. K. C.? Here it is: "All protests and charges must be made in writing, and be delivered to the Board of Managers or the Superintendent immediately after the awards are made." The absurdity of such a rule would appear to be apparent to an infant in swaddling clothes. A dog with a false pedigree wins a prize. Somebody discovers the fraud, say an hour, a day, a week, or a month after the judge makes the award. A protest is lodged, and the club refer the complainant to their rule as above. A nice thing, truly, for a man to send his dog to a show without any guarantee that fraud is not to be perpetrated, and after that sheltered under the weather-beaten wings of some weak-kneed club. Are the risks *en route* to a show not sufficiently numerous without incurring others? Dogs with "crooked" pedigrees can be exhibited with impunity; several of the like were on exhibition at the New York show last spring. Stolen dogs are admitted, win the prizes, and take them, too. Judges can pass judgment on dogs in which they have an interest. Puppies can be exhibited in classes for aged dogs, and *vice versa*. In fact, almost anything can be done and is done, and unless somebody objects "immediately" after the awards are made, there can be no redress. The owner of a fraudulent entry leaves the show apparently as honest a man as those he has swindled, and not unfrequently is his conduct indorsed by the club that accepts his entry. Yes, all protests must be lodged immediately after the awards are made. If you happen to be so thoughtless as to visit John Barleycorn, and you find you have been swindled during your absence, you are requested to take it as a good joke. You ought to have sent in your protest immediately after the awards were made, and you failed to comply with the very intelligent rule No. 12. You are of course supposed to know that immediately may mean anything from a few months down to a few seconds, and that it is usual to regulate the interpretation according to the position of the individual against whom the protest is lodged. Was the rule framed to protect the wicked or to deprive the innocent of their rights? The funny part of the business is that the rule was made by a club which, in a large measure, is made up of members of the legal profession. The other clubs, evidently cognizant of the fact that a thing being law is sufficient reason to insure its not being enforced, adopted the rule. Perhaps in the future they may prefer to strike out on an independent course of their own, seeing that imitations are seldom good, and that even the law is not immaculate. Perhaps Mr. Smith will, in his usual practical manner, kindly demonstrate the justice, or even the common sense connected with such a flimsy rule. That it answers the purpose for which it was framed I firmly believe, and I am guided to such a conclusion by the following documentary evidence:

TOMPKINSVILLE, S. I., Sept. 12, 1884.

Mr. R. C. Cornell:

DEAR SIR.—The rules of your last dog show (which it appears to me) have been violated, I feel it to be my duty, as one interested in the improvement of dogs and dog shows, to bring two cases under notice of the W. K. C., with a view to having intelligent and just decisions arrived at thereon.

First.—Mr. John W. Munson, of St. Louis, Mo., has publicly stated over his own signature, that he entered for competition (in the champion light-weight pointer bitch class) an animal owned in part by himself and the judge, Mr. E. C. Sterling, also of St. Louis, Mo. Rule No. 2 of your show is as follows: "Every person who enters a dog for exhibition must be the bona fide owner (or the duly authorized agent of the owner) at the time of closing the entries." Your prize list further states, "This bench show will be held under the following rules." Was the entry referred to valid? If so, why? If not, why is Mr. Munson allowed to hold the prize?

Second.—Mr. John W. Munson returns special prize BB, which was offered as follows: "J. M. Tracy, Esq., artist, etc., offers a large framed photograph, from his picture 'The Eastern Fleece Trial' for the best pair of pointers, to be owned and entered by one individual or club." Mr. Munson admits the judge had a half interest in one of the dogs with which he won the prize, at the time the entry was made, and that a third party (Mr. Hughes) owned the other dog. Is Mr. Munson entitled to the prize? If he is, why? Is Mr. Sterling entitled to the prize? If he is, why? Is Mr. Hughes entitled to the prize? If he is, why? If neither of them is entitled to it, why is it not awarded to the owner of a valid entry? Are there legitimate reasons why Mr. Munson should not forfeit all prizes won by him and other people's dogs entered for competition in his name, and be barred from exhibiting at future shows to be held under the auspices of the W. K. C.? If such reasons exist, what are they? I shall esteem it a favor if you will kindly advise me what action, practical or other, is the intention of your club to take.

This letter is written in no antagonistic spirit, neither has it any connection with the questionable decisions in other classes. Faithfully yours,

CHAS. H. MASON.

WESTMINSTER KENNEL CLUB, 54 William street, Sept. 18, 1884. DEAR SIR.—In reply to your letter of the 12th inst., I refer you to Rule 12 in the premium lists of W. K. C. shows, which reads as follows: "All protests and charges must be delivered to the Board of Managers or the Superintendent immediately after the awards are made. Yours truly, (Signed) ROBERT C. CORNELL, Sec'y W. K. C."

Mr. C. H. Mason.

That looks well, Mr. Editor, does it not? But it isn't the worst part of the business; Mr. Munson says the club was aware of the joint ownership of the dogs at the time the entries were made. Further comment is unnecessary. I wonder if this letter will be termed a denunciation of American sportsmen and their dogs. When a man does that which is ungentlemanly and unsportsmanlike he ceases to be either an American gentleman or an American sportsman. Am I right or wrong? If I state the truth in these controversial kind, is it denouncing American sportsmen and their dogs? Methinks not. I call it protecting American sportsmen, protecting society, protecting our dogs. "Saxons" may call it what he likes. Per, protecting our dogs. If his name he might agree with haps if he were not ashamed of a reply to his misleading statements and unpaid advertisement, and though it's hard lines being compelled to shoot sparrows, I won't keep him long in suspense. He must have been in a generous turn of mind when he admitted I am a man. CHARLES H. MASON.

JAN. 19, 1885.

THE COLLIE CLASSES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I was glad to see the letter of "A Roving Highlander." My FOREST AND STREAM for 1884 is being bound, so I cannot refer to my letter to see what I said about color; but if I remember right, it was that the color "was generally" black and white, etc. I should have expressed myself somewhat more correctly if I had said that the Highland collies are almost any color under the sun except green." But I certainly agree with "A Roving Highlander" that the shepherd's dogs are nearly always (what he calls pepper and salt) what I called "gray," dark gray, or nearly black.

These collies have been nearly ruined because they became a fashionable breed, and at one time no other color would suit but a black and tan, and to get that color unscrupulous breeders crossed in the Gordon setter and got the color but ruined the dog. You can always detect the setter strain, however far back, by the heavy ears like Hiram's.

I hope "A Roving Highlander" will come to our show in Toronto on 13th of May, and send his dogs, and if the Ontario Collie Club has any influence, they will secure honest and thoroughly qualified judging.

By the by, Mr. John Davidson is only a friend of mine in so

far as I have closely watched and admired his honest and practical judging, and if he will let me call him a friend I shall feel very pleased.

C. GREVILLE HARSTON.

TORONTO, Jan. 12.

ENGLISH KENNEL NOTES.

XXII.

NOW, dear reader, when by thine own cozy fireside, forget not the stranger at thy gate nor the dog within thy yard. I speak not of the sportsman's kennels built upon principles sound and robust, nor of the exhibitor's housing, scientifically designed for the health and comfort of its valuable inhabitants, but of poor, solitary Don, chained up to his lonely hut. Poor Don, who shares the children's out-door romps, but seldom their in-door ease. When you are feasting in honor of the season, remember that Don also should have more generous food to help his constitution to resist the hard, cold day, and the sharp frost of night; when you add a blanket to your bed, give Don an extra armful of straw. When you stuff up the chinks in your window and the draughty space below the door, don't forget that Don's kennel is wide open at one end. You can make him happy at a very small cost; move his kennel from the middle of the yard to a corner, and let the open end face a wall, and then over the entrance tack a piece of old carpet that Don can push on one side to get out and in. If this has not been done before it was only thoughtlessness, and as you tack the straw up, your face will glow with pleasure as Don comfortably grunts his satisfaction and thanks to you and "Lillibulero."

Your affluent breeders and exhibitors I would remind that biscuits of the eminent firm of Spratts and other excellent manufacturers are not in themselves sufficient to maintain animal heat with the thermometer at freezing point. Well-soured pataches, long-boiled sheepheads, good horse flesh should be added with the warm broth. In winter I would always give food in the shape of messes made into a sort of pudding, and always warm. High-bred animals of delicate constitution should also have daily a tablespoonful of cod-liver oil in raw weather. Not the oil of the chemist, but the cheaper and more substantial cod-liver oil that your fishmonger will sell you.

The smaller smooth-haired breeds, such as Manchester and bull-terriers, toy-terriers and bulldogs also should be warmly rugged. The cloth should be of a porous woolen description, not close and thick. The cut and shape are of little consequence so long as the chest and loins be well covered.

The feeling of regret that fills the hearts of American friends has found its echo in the land of his birth for the untimely decease of Mr. Charles Lincoln. Now that the organization of dog shows is familiar to you, it is not easy to realize the labor undertaken and difficulties ingeniously overcome by the plucky pioneer in these undertakings.

The necessities of his family add a fresh pang to the grief for his loss. May each worthy sportsman at this charitable mystic season open his heart to ease their sad Christmas tidings, and emulate from his abundance the kind deeds of good Santa Claus.

Turning over my last number (Dec. 11) of this paper I have caught sight of a letter from Mr. James Watson, replying to Mr. Greville Harston's charge of superficial and picture book knowledge of collies. Mr. Harston, I remember, in his letter disburdened himself with a very important air of a deal of impressive commonplace. He glibly prattled of the collie of the Cheviots, etc., as if to the manner born. However, I repeat, that all that would be learned talk is nonsense. We recognize on the show bench only three types of sheepdogs. There is the rough collie, the smooth collie, and the old English bob-tailed sheepdog. The rough collie may be black and tan, black and white, sable, or merled, and whether he came from Scotland or Wales, the Cheviots or Cumberland, he is only a rough collie, all other classifications are pedantic fiddle-dee. After all, this is only another instance of the disappointed exhibitor's feverish anxiety to rush into print, but he should contrive to blow off his superfluous steam without advancing pretensions he is unable to support. When a man sends his dogs to a show it is plainly enough his purpose to obtain the judge's opinion of his animals, in that particular he is not likely to be disappointed, because whether it satisfies him or not the award will be made. If you imagine, or we will say you know, that your dogs are the best of their breed, why spend your money for the chance of getting your opinion indorsed or losing your temper. Anyhow this is not the way to become a successful exhibitor. If the dogs you have shown were not good enough to win, go home and breed better. You can't expect the points to be altered to fit the peculiarities of each specimen.

Mr. Harston depreciates book knowledge and yet parades an imposing list of collie varieties. I dare say all these classes exist, but it is of small consequence to modern exhibitors and judges whether they do or not. Of far more value than ancient editions of canine works are the catalogues of our great shows. How many types do the Kennel Club divide the classes into at Crystal Palace? Why, three—rough, smooth and English bobtails. Between the two first there is only the difference of coats; who cares whether that old Carlyle with his enormous coat comes from the Highlands, the Lowlands, or the Cheviot Hills; who inquires for the birthplace of that grand-bodied dog Highlander; would it detract one farthing from Charlemagne's value if his lucky owner could not tell you whether he was a High or Lowlander? Mr. Jas. Watson from his long residence in our midst is thoroughly imbued with English notions of a collie, and I don't suppose your breeders yet imagine that they can teach us.

Mr. Watson could give Mr. Harston a "throw" at his own game. The latter has made his strong point—the various strains of collies—and has most effectively expressed his imperfect stock of knowledge by unaccountably omitting all mention of the second great strain of collies, the Welsh. In coats, shape and character they resemble the Scotch, but there is one color that is almost peculiar to them, that is the merled or mottled. A very handsome specimen of this curious color is Mr. Villiers's Hatton's Blue Peter, so named in respect to his coat.

The collies of the day are Charlemagne (sable and white), Highlander (black and tan), Chance (black and tan), Rutland (black and tan), Eclipse (sable), Monteith (sable), Scottish Hero (gray); the bitches are Peggie II., Lady of the Lake, Lorna Doone, Hastie, etc. The judges are Messrs. Thomson, Shirley, Radcliffe, Pirie, Steward, etc. The most successful breeders are Messrs. Bissell, Ashwin, Boddington, Pirie, Charles, etc. The above is a list composed as the pen runs, so of course not complete.

Public opinion on the champion question has now veered round into another quarter. There shall only be one champion in each breed appears to be the present desire; the championship to be competed for once a year at one of the big shows. This plan would insure the existence of only one champion at a time, but we should soon have a goodly crop of dogs with the prefix "ex-champion." The watchful eye of the *Shooting Times* editor has caught the *Field* walking about in his coat. The *S. T.* reprints side by side their own article on the championship question and that of the *Field*, to show its readers how highly the larger journal values its contemporary's opinions.

The Crystal Palace schedule has attracted close upon 1,500 entries. We hope for a liberal return from the club for this splendid public support. There were many complaints the last time the show was held in the galleries. The dogs' convenience left room for improvement, and it is to be hoped that on this occasion the accommodation of the visitors will be not overlooked. The club will be taking up an inexcusable and insolent position if "return" admission tickets are not granted this year.

The *Stock Keeper* inserted your leaderette on the identity of "Lillibulero," and in its gossip column gaily complimented the humble individual who has on more than one occasion been overpowered by his modesty into denying himself to the interrogating searcher after truth. My *nom de plume* is like a patent medicine, once the ingredients discovered my patients would take no more, belief in its efficacy would be dispersed, and the physician's occupation gone.

I see that it is asserted in one of your journals that the nose of the Irish terrier Garryowen was artificially colored by Mr. Wm. Graham, who is described to the editor, with more humor than truth let us hope, as the "great faker." On one point the editor is quite abroad; it is impossible for Garryowen's nose ever to have been white. A red, self-colored dog is born with a black nose or sometimes a cherry-colored one, but an Irish terrier or Irish setter with a white nose is almost an impossibility in nature. Similar insinuations were once current about a famous prize-winning Irish setter; it was hinted that his red nose (which is a disqualification) had been tattooed with gunpowder. So holla, boys, holla! To the light, Guy Fawkes Graham. Your treason will not be forgot; the lantern of the press is on you; divulge your plot, except you nobody knows as to Garryowen's nose. LILLIBULERO.

Dec. 24, 1884.

"Lillibulero" sent with the above letter a guinea for the Lincoln fund, which has been forwarded by us to the treasurer.]

NEW ORLEANS DOG SHOW.

[Special to *Forest and Stream*.]

EXPOSITION GROUNDS, New Orleans, La.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

After a full consultation with Mr. L. F. Whitman, we have concluded that it is best to postpone opening the bench show until March 5, in order to give time for full arrangements. The entries will close Feb. 23.

GEO. Y. JOHNSON, Sup't Dep't Agriculture.

GREYHOUND CHALLENGE.—Editor *Forest and Stream*: In your issue of Jan. 8, Mr. H. W. Smith invites me to the far-off town of Boston to compete for a silver plate, value \$50. My bitch Twilight is due to whelp to Snowflight March 1. The time between then and May 5 is rather short to wean pups and get her in shape for the Cincinnati show. But still with this disadvantage, I will meet Mr. Smith and Mr. Huntington at that show and compete for a champion cup, each to contribute his portion toward the purchase and have a voice in the selection of a judge. I have attended nearly all the bench shows in the East since 1871, and thus far seen but two judges that knew a greyhound when they saw him. In fact, I don't think there is a single native-born American east of the Missouri River capable of telling the points a greyhound should possess to win a champion cup. Simply because they have not been breeders nor had any opportunity to come in contact with these dogs sufficient to know their good points or tell their defects. The native-born English dog man has had every opportunity to study these dogs in the field as well as on the bench. Mr. Smith has made me an offer. Now I will make him one. I will match my dog Snowflight, winner of second at Chicago, against any dog he may bring, to run three rabbits for from \$50 to as high a stake as he may name, the dog making the highest number of points to take the money, and if he will make the stakes high enough and run a series of races against other dogs I will name, I will agree to pay his entire expenses out here and back again. Thus he will be protected against walking home after the races are over. If he accepts let him name the amount and I will send him a certified check for expenses out.—Q. VAN HUMMEL, M.D. (Denver, Col., Jan. 13, 1885).

MORE ABOUT POINTERS.—Ellicott City, Jan. 17.—Editor *Forest and Stream*: While I do not wish to enter into any controversy with "Saxon," I can't help thinking he reads your valuable paper very carefully. He says he only knows of one of Beaufort's get who has won a bench show prize. I think Guy won first at Washington, under a judge who greatly admires Croxteth. Lady Nixon won first in puppy class at New Haven, and every one knows Fritz's winnings. As regards field trials let me tell "Saxon" that the majority of Beaufort's get are in the hands of gentlemen of moderate means, and as they are at present run, field trials mean that a man must own more ducats than dog. As regards his reasoning about Vanity, it is fatally defective. Even good sires and dams throw poor offsprings now and then, and to say that her sire and dam are first-class is no proof of Vanity's quality. If Maxim is like Faust why did he drop so far down at New York, under a judge certainly not prejudiced against him, and how came Meteor to beat him? A dog "the very model of Faust" ought to beat Meteor any day in the week, even under J. W. Munson, for does he not stand on record as saying, "No dog could beat Faust." I am not belittling Croxteth, and to show that I am not, let me tell "Saxon" that another of his get, Lady Croxteth, should have won the blue ribbon in her class at Philadelphia, in the opinion of nearly every man present at the judging who knew a pointer.—T. B. DORSEY.

TO DRIVE AWAY LICE.—Editor *Forest and Stream*: I notice in this issue a communication from "A. S." asking for directions for driving lice from his dog. My setter had them badly for a long time, but I finally succeeded in getting rid of them by using a solution of common table salt. I tried every kind of dog soap that I could buy, but the lice didn't seem to object; on the contrary I believe they actually fattened on it. First let him comb his dog thoroughly with a fine comb, and he will get off most of them. Then wash him with soap and water, and before he is dry rub him all over with a strong solution of common salt and water, to which a little saltpetre has been added, allowing the solution to dry on. It may be necessary to repeat this three or four times at intervals of about three days, but I venture to say that it will effectually kill every louse and nit on the dog. This is one of the many homely directions given me by an old dog man, and it does not savor of the modern school of "cels." I have never known one of these recipes to fail, and while I have been laughed at on a number of occasions when I suggested a course of treatment, I have always had the pleasure of laughing after it has been tried.—BUB. (Boston, Jan. 15).

PEDIGREE OF BANNERMAN.—In recent issues of *FOREST AND STREAM* I have noticed that the beagle Bannerman is still quoted as Mr. L. D. Sloan's. This dog is no longer the property of Mr. Sloan, as I have purchased him from that gentleman several months ago. In your issue of June 5 appeared a full description of Bannerman by "Rusticus," to which I wish to refer all those who have lately written to me for a description of this dog. In the description the promise was made by the writer to give to your readers the full pedigree of this dog, but as he has so far failed to do this, I hereby offer you the desired information. Bannerman is by champion Marchboy and out of J. Crane's Dewdrop (Dampier-Fleasant). Marchboy is by champion Barrister (Crane's Dampier—Wanderer) and out of Primrose (Hotspur—Lilly).—A. C. KRUEGER (Wrightsville, Pa.).

WESTERN PENNSYLVANIA POULTRY SOCIETY.—Pittsburgh, Pa., Jan. 13.—Editor *Forest and Stream*: The Western Pennsylvania Poultry Society held their annual meeting, Monday, Jan. 12, and elected the following officers for 1885: President, Edward Greger; Vice-President, B. F. Wilson; Secretary, C. B. Elben; Treasurer, C. A. Stevens. Directors—W. C. Meyer, Thos. Booth, Wm. Wade, Howard Hartley, W. W. Speer.—C. B. ELBEN, Sec'y.

DEATH OF DUANE'S CHANCE.—Mr. Arthur Duane, of Bergen Point, New Jersey, has met with a severe loss in the death of his handsome black setter Chance, which occurred last week near his home. The dog was struck by a train and had a leg broken; he might have survived the injury had not an officious policeman, probably pining to test his revolver, come up and dispatched him after firing seven times, without considering whether the dog could have been saved or not, and without thinking of communicating with any of Mr. Duane's friends or family, though he knew them and knew the dog, which was regularly licensed and wore a collar with the owner's name on. Chance was known and loved by every one at "The Point," his intelligence and field qualities were of the highest order (he was trained by Tallman); and as a stud dog he excelled; many of his progeny being scattered throughout New Jersey, and all doing the old dog credit. His owner refused \$500 for him at the Philadelphia show some years ago. His bench winnings consisted of one first and several notices and specials.—TIM BERNDOOLE (Bergen Point, N. J., Jan. 19, 1885).

NEW HAVEN KENNEL CLUB.—Editor *Forest and Stream*: At the meeting of the New Haven Kennel Club, held Wednesday, Jan. 14, J. B. Robertson, Jr., was elected President; S. R. Hemingway, Vice-President; E. S. Porter, Secretary, and L. L. Morgan, Treasurer, for the ensuing year.—ROSECROFT.

KENNEL NOTES.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Kennel notes are inserted in this column free of charge. To insure publication of notes, correspondents MUST GIVE the following particulars of each animal:

1. Color.
2. Breed.
3. Sex.
4. Age, or
5. Date of birth, of breeding or of death.
6. Name and residence of owner, buyer or seller.
7. Sire, with his sire and dam.
8. Owner of sire.
9. Dam, with her sire and dam.
10. Owner of dam.

All names must be plainly written. Communication on one side of paper only, and signed with writer's name.

NAMES CLAIMED.

See instructions at head of this column.

Count Blanc. By H. W. Durgin, Bangor, Me., for white, with dark nose and eyes, English setter dog, whelped Aug. 1, 1884 (Count Paris—Daisy Starlight).

Lady Frisk. By H. W. Durgin, Bangor, Me., for orange and white English setter bitch, whelped Aug. 1, 1884 (Count Paris—Daisy Starlight).

Rococo. By J. J. Phelps, New Haven, Conn., for red Irish setter dog, whelped April 12, 1884, by Rory O'More (Rufus—Friend) out of Gay (Elcho—Fire Fly).

Lancaster Lass. By Jos. R. Trissler, Lancaster, Pa., for mastiff bitch, whelped July 25, 1884, by Hero II. (A.K.R. 545) out of Mastiff (A.K.R. 518).

Daisy. By Dr. N. H. Church, Chicago, Ill., for black English setter bitch, whelped July, 1884, by Davidson's Rake (Mark—Princess Bow Bell) out of Dido (Prince Rake—Nettie).

St. Julien, Dora Thorn, Lucille and Musette. By the Detroit Kennel Club, Detroit, Mich., for black, white and tan English setter dog and three bitches, whelped July 22, 1884, by Nixey (A.K.R. 177) out of Princess Louise (A.K.R. 117).

Midlothian Lassie. By Scotch Collie Kennel Club, Stepeny, Conn., for sable and white collie bitch, whelped Oct. 1, 1884, by Ernest (Rob Roy—Helen Macgregor) out of Tibbie (Cramp—Heather).

Gessie. By Scotch Collie Kennel Club, Stepeny, Conn., for black, tan and white collie dog, whelped Nov. 1, 1884, by Montrose (A.K.R. 891) out of Fannie II. (A.K.R. 881).

Black Jack. By Scotch Collie Kennel Club, Stepeny, Conn., for black and tan collie dog, whelped Nov. 1, 1884, by Montrose (A.K.R. 891) out of Fannie II. (A.K.R. 881).

Mollie O'More. By Dr. W. A. Wadswade, Olyphant, Pa., for red Irish setter bitch, whelped Nov. 1, 1884, by Rory O'More—Lady Erin.

Prince Frost. By Dr. W. A. Strother, Lynchburg, Va., for lemon and white English setter dog, whelped Nov. 18, 1884 (Rebel Wind—Frost).

Gypsy Queen. By Scotch Collie Kennel Club, Stepeny, Conn., for sable collie bitch, whelped Oct. 1, 1884, by Ernest (Rob Roy—Helen Macgregor) out of Tibbie (Cramp—Heather).

Rosette. By Edgar Orgill, Bond, Tenn., for black, white and tan beagle dog, whelped July 1884 (Rambler—Belle).

Rebelle. By W. Henry Colquitt, Richmond, Va., for black and white English setter bitch, whelped Nov. 18, 1884, by Rebel Wind'em (Count Wind'em—Norna) out of Frost (Leicester—Victress).

Bessie Vere. By R. E. Westlake, Olyphant, Pa., for pointer bitch, whelped Oct. 2, 1884, by champion Knickerbocker (A.K.R. 19) out of Lady Isabel (A.K.R. 40).

Lady Kate. By the Detroit Kennel Club, Detroit, Mich., for white and liver ticked pointer bitch, whelped July 22, 1884, by King Bow (A.K.R. 83) out of Sue (Hindoo—Princess Bow).

Lady Flash. By the Detroit Kennel Club, Detroit, Mich., for white, black and tan fox-terrier bitch, whelped July 22, 1884, by imported Belcher out of Fannie.

Gladrock and Gay Gladstone. By J. W. Murnan, Keeling, Tenn., for English setter dog and bitch, whelped Dec. 20, 1884, by champion Gladrock out of Flounce (Druid—Ruby).

Oxford. By D. A. Goodwin, Jr., Newburyport, Mass., for black and white English setter dog, whelped Feb. 14, 1884, by Dash III. out of Model Blue (Druid—Gussie).

Zanita. By Chas. A. Hazeltine, Haverhill, Mass., for black cocker spaniel bitch, whelped Oct. 17, 1884, by champion Obo II. (A.K.R. 432) out of Daisy Zulu (A.K.R. 381).

NAMES CHANGED.

See instructions at head of this column.

Maud to Moth. Irish setter bitch (A.K.R. 1185), owned by Max Wenzel, Hoboken, N. J.

BRED.

See instructions at head of this column.

Topsey—Glen. G. E. Brown's (Dedham, Mass.) Gordon setter bitch Topsey (Bailey's Tom—Fanny Rupert) to his Glen II. (A.K.R. 604), Jan. 11.

Flora—Glen II. G. A. Colman's Gordon setter bitch Flora (Tom—Chloe) to G. E. Brown's Glen II. (A.K. 604), Jan. 10.

Queen Bow—Croxteth. Geo. Hoover's pointer bitch Queen Bow to A. E. Godefroy's Croxteth (Bang—Jane).

Lady Adeline—Priam. Fred W. Rothera's (Simcoe, Ont.) champion St. Bernard bitch Lady Adeline (A.K.R. 482) to his champion Priam (A.K.R. 485), Jan. 9.

Lassie—Lorne. Fred W. Rothera's (Simcoe, Ont.) champion collie bitch Lassie (A.K.R. 445) to his champion Lorne (A.K.R. 446), Jan. 9.

Eva—Rush. Frank Rivers's (Bridgeport, Conn.) pointer bitch Eva (Rake II.—Brown) to Edmund Orgill's champion Rush (A.K.R. 357), Nov. 24, 1884.

Belle of Orange—Clifford. J. C. Vail's English setter bitch Belle of Orange (Thunder—Bessie) to Clifford (Emperor Fred—Fairy Belle), Jan. 14.

Leila—Doctor Duer. Capt. J. W. Foster's (Leesburg, Va.) English setter bitch Leila (Leicester—Kirby) to Dr. W. A. Strother's Doctor Duer (Gladstone—Frost).

Princess Louise—Doncaster. The Detroit Kennel Club's (Detroit, Mich.) English setter bitch Princess Louise (A.K.R. 117) to Doncaster (Druid—Nisson).

Reign—Doncaster. The Detroit Kennel Club's (Detroit, Mich.) English setter bitch Reign (A.K.R. 178) to Doncaster (Druid—Nisson).

Topsey—Mungo. The Detroit Kennel Club's (Detroit, Mich.) imported pug bitch Topsey to Bradley's Mungo.

Toby—Mungo. The Detroit Kennel Club's (Detroit, Mich.) pug bitch Toby to Bradley's Mungo.

Bell—King Bow. A. Korner's (Detroit, Mich.) pointer bitch Bell (A.K.R. 161) to champion King Bow (A.K.R. 83).

Mary Belle—Harry S. W. D. Wilson's (Augusta, Ga.) English setter bitch Mary Belle (A.K.R. 373) to H. May's Harry S. (A.K.R. 233), Dec. 15, 1884.

Gun—Sportsman. Dr. J. N. Maclin's English setter bitch Gun (Gladstone—Gazelle) to J. W. Murnan's Sportsman (Gladstone—Sue), Jan. 15.

Spot—Toots. Frank W. Fitts's (Manchester, N. H.) pointer bitch Spot (A.K.R. 1800) to J. E. Wilson's Toots (A.K.R. 21), Jan. 15.

Queen Maud—Don Gladstone. The Highland Kennels' English setter bitch Queen Maud (Racket—Kelp) to Don Gladstone (Gladstone—June), Jan. 16.

WHELPS.

See instructions at head of this column.

Moostone. The Westminster Kennel Club's pointer bitch Moostone (Bang—Lanna), Jan. 8, ten (six dogs), by champion Sensation (A.K.R. 217).

Flora. Josh W. Gross's (Harrisburg, Pa.) beagle bitch Flora, Dec. 31, 1884, five, by Mark Anthony.

THE TRAP.

1 Correspondents who favor us with club scores are particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only.

AMERICAN SHOTGUN ASSOCIATION.

THE plan of the proposed national association has already been printed in these columns. We learn from Mr. J. E. Bloom, that the project is meeting approval on all sides, and the New Orleans tournament is likely to see the regular organization perfected. It is proposed to adjourn from New Orleans to a meeting at the Cincinnati bench show in May. A large number of clubs and individuals have given their endorsement of the undertaking, and have consented to take an active part in it. Among them are the following: F. L. Chamberlain, Cleveland, O.; F. M. Gilbert, the funny man of the Evansville (Ind.) Argus; Dr. L. E. Russell, president Central Ohio Shooting Association; J. F. Ives, Meriden, Conn.; C. M. Stark, Dunbarton, N. H.; Wm. G. Cooper, president Chatham Gun Club, Savannah, Ga.; C. P. Richards, secretary Southern Ill. Sportsmen's Association, Du Quoin; A. G. Flewelling, Belleville, Ill.; E. S. Holmes, president Michigan State Sportsmen's Association; W. E. Limberg, Cincinnati; W. W. Parker, Elizabeth, N. J.; E. C. Torrington, Portland, Me.; T. B. Davis, Portland, Me.; A. Kirkwood, Boston Gun Club; A. McMurchy, Cincinnati, O.

Communications relating to membership should be addressed to Mr. J. E. Bloom, Cincinnati, O.

MAY BEES.—Brooklyn, Jan. 15.—At a meeting of the Acme Rod and Gun Club, the name was changed to the May Bee Gun Club. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: M. Buchman, President; J. Link, Vice-President; C. Munk, Treasurer; T. Short, Secretary. Monthly shoot Jan. 14, at 20 glass balls each, from rotary trap, 21yds.: H. Knebel, Jr., 15, T. Short 14, C. Munk 13, M. Buchman 11, J. Link 11.

BARRIE, Canada, Jan. 16.—Pigeon tournament for \$500 under the auspices of the Barrie Gun Club. The match was shot under Dominion rules, and at 15 birds each, which were exceptionally good; weather very cold. Following are the full scores: Townsend.....111111101111-13 Pascoe.....111111111111-15 Blae.....111111101111-13 Irvine.....111111111111-15 Blong.....111101101111-13 Bell.....111111110111-14 Cummings.....011111101111-12 Shanacy.....111101101111-13 D L Rogers.....110111110111-12 Grant.....111101111111-14 Pascoe and Irvine divided. Ties for third at 26yds.: Bell 1111-4; Grant 100. Ties for fifth: Shanacy, 26yds. 1101-4, 31yds. 011-2; Townsend, 1110-4, 001. Ties for seventh: Blong, 26yds. 01001; 31yds. 111. Blae, 00011; 101.-M. S.

WORCESTER, Mass., Jan. 13.—The first of a series of handicap matches took place to-day at the South End range. Each man shot a string of ten balls, and only the number broken in excess of the handicap were counted. The best scores were as follows: E. S. Poore, handicap 6, score 3 points; C. S. Day, handicap 6, score 3 points; A. L. Gilman, handicap 8, score 2 points; W. L. Doris, handicap 8, score 2 points; H. W. Weber, handicap 8, score 1 point.

THE CLAY-PIGEON TOURNAMENT AT NEW ORLEANS.—Additional entries have been made. The Tokamah (Ind.) Club will be represented. Two teams are expected from the Chatham Gun Club, of Savannah, Ga. Messrs. Wm. Childs (N. Y.) have donated one of their folding centerboards as special prize.

Yachting.

PUT UNDER THE LEE.

MR. HYSLOP has already taken Mr. Prague in hand for his distortions in his presentation, and in the last issue of the paper he ought not to go uncontradicted, in justice to the person attacked. It seems impolitic to waste your space with letters which contain neither information nor fact, and exhibit a total lack of familiarity with yachting affairs besides. Presumably you publish Mr. Prague's misstatements to avoid a charge of partiality in refusing him a hearing. When I had the pleasure of writing your columns, letters of high caliber and mythical in their allegations were tossed into the waste basket, and I cared not a tinker's blessing what anybody thought in the matter. It seems to me you owe the suppression of a letter like Mr. Prague's last effort to the rest of your readers and to those persons in particular who are made the target of his wild assertions. Some years ago I published in your columns an account of Mr. Hyslop's experiments and the wave-area theory he had formulated therefrom, ante-dating Mr. Colin Archer's deductions, which were given publicity through the London Field. It now suits Mr. Prague to accuse Mr. Hyslop of stealing his thunder from Mr. Archer.

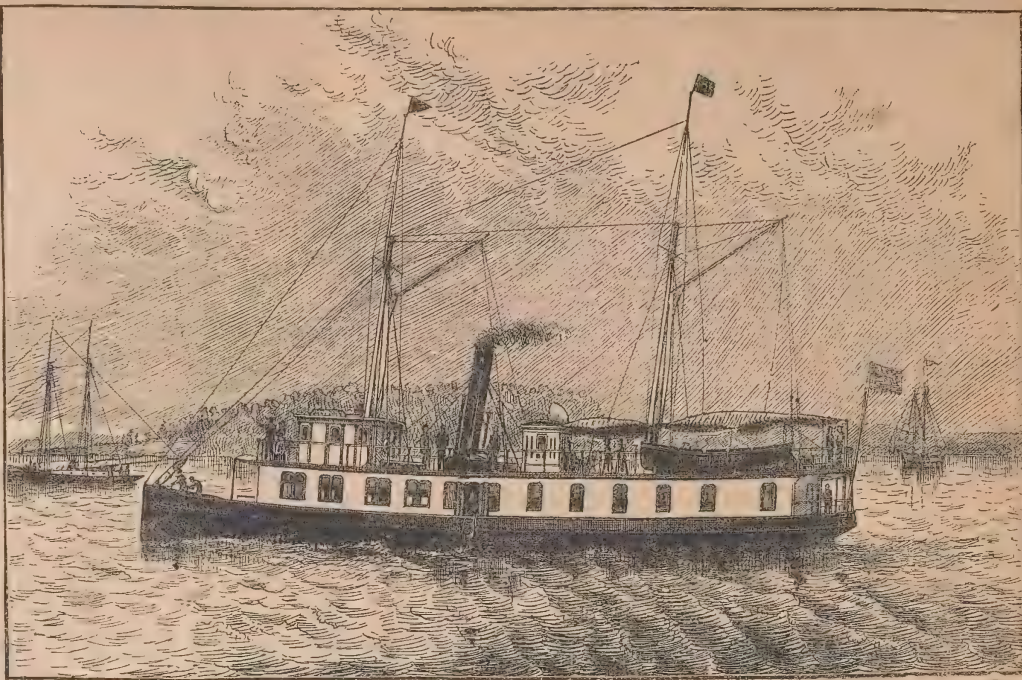
The truth is this: Mr. Hyslop had given Scott Russell's wave-line theory considerable study, and in 1870 began a series of well-conducted experiments upon models, with a view to putting wave line design into practical application. At that time he owned an 18ft. boat called Zephyr. By dropping her garboard and some padding she was brought to conform nearly to wave-area mould, and was found to be much improved. Thereupon Mr. Hyslop cut and built many models for his own use, and for members of the New York Yacht Club, upon wave-area principles. His own model was very successful, and he wears to-day a charm on his watch chain won in a match sailed in October, 1875. In 1876 he built the Petrel, closely following out the wave-area system he had deduced from the afore-said experiments. The Petrel has turned out a boat of exceptional speed and ease. In 1874 Mr. Hyslop was asked by Mr. Cushing, then publisher of the Aquatic Monthly Magazine, to write up an article embodying his discoveries, but was of time prevented by his consummation. In 1878 and 1879 Mr. Hyslop did write an interesting series of compositions on the topic for Mr. Tilston, editor of the Country. To all this witnesses can be had by the hundred. So far Mr. Hyslop had no knowledge of the existence of Colin Archer. In 1878 the latter appeared with a number of excellent papers in the London Field, in which he related precisely the same results as those previously arrived at by Mr. Hyslop, results which were obtained partly from models almost identical with those brought into play here, but without knowledge of Mr. Hyslop's previous success in the same direction.

It has been shown that Mr. Prague is careless with the facts in other issues. In regard to the accusation that Mr. Hyslop stole from Mr. Archer he is equally wide of the truth. He has likewise been found exactly wrong in his estimate, on record in your columns, as to what cutters could accomplish. Wrong on every point, and in every detail. And yet when a person convicted so flatly of incapacity announces that the strictures of the undersigned upon the build of American yachts are of no value whatever, boisterous hilarity wells forth at Mr. Prague's pompous assumption. It is much like the dusky artist who whitewashes a fence, passing judgement on Meissonier's brush. Mr. Prague is now seeking to advertise himself as a savior of his country at about \$25 a save for fanning up Phil. Elsworth's models, which is the milk in the cocoanut. I regret to see such a genius as Elsworth playing "me too" at the coat tails of one who is not yet a master of arithmetic. C. P. K.

SMALL YACHTS.

IN reply to a great number of inquiries concerning the plans of small yachts, we may say that a book treating of the subject is in preparation and will appear in about one month from now. This volume will contain in detail and in full, and in a plain and easily accessible manner, and covering the whole range of type in small yachts by numerous examples. These include many famous and well known boats by the leading builders here and abroad.

A NOTABLE CRAFT.—Mr. Goodwin is an honored member of the Hull Y. C., of Boston, and the experiences of his yacht have been very numerous. The vessel is named the Sinker, and it is justly considered the most remarkable craft on the Atlantic coast. Whenever Mr. Goodwin sets sail in it his Boston friends buy pools on the chances of never returning again. It is worthy of note that the chances of never returning are invariably the favorite in the pools. Mr. Goodwin tells us, and we are inclined to believe him, that his yacht is the only sailing vessel in American waters that can jump a fence. He says that whenever he leaves the Boston wharf and heads the Sinker for the mighty expanse of brine due east, every tug in the harbor gets up steam and gives chase, it seeming to be a friendly rivalry among the tug boats to see which will enter the \$10 and the honor of conveying the Sinker back into port when it staves a hole in its hold, or splits its mizzenmast, or loosens its boom, or disables its rudder, or meets with any one of the misfortunes which appear to be inevitable when Mr. Goodwin is in practical command. "When I have my new yacht built," says Mr. Goodwin, "I shall have it constructed on ingenious plans which are the result of a long and eventful experience. It will be so devised as to be capable of shutting up like an accordion whenever it strikes a yacht or a sandbar. In this way all disaster will be averted, and I will be spared the humiliation and expense of liquidating the damages which now attend every cruise of the Sinker."—Chicago Herald.



THE STEAM YACHT FALCON.

THE CRUISE OF THE FALCON AMONG THE "BLUE NOSES."

I THINK it was along in June when I got the following note: "Dear Croft.—The Falcon will start on her summer's cruise, July 3, and you are wanted to hold down one of the beds and keep the cook busy. You will make the eighth member of the party. We shall be gone three weeks or so. It will tone you up. You will, will you? R. T. Bush, 208 Columbia Heights, Brooklyn." I jumped for joy. In five minutes I telegraphed in reply: "Yes, assuredly yes. Assign to me bunk and grub. Yes, I will be among you. Haven't strength to decline."

Where my friend's yacht was headed was a matter of slight consequence to me. She would skirt the cool sea somewhere, and that was enough for any mere rustic to know.

The afternoon of July 3 was pleasant, and I found the Falcon perspiring and puffing uneasily at a pier in Brooklyn near the Wall Street Ferry, waiting for live freight. Captain Crosby was on deck with his weather eye up the East River, and his crew of ten were swarming above and below, fore and aft, coiling rope and fetching wicker baskets of dry Monopole aboard, and fixing and fussing and pretending to be busy. Presently Mr. Bush, owner and commander, came driving down from his aerie on Columbia Heights with his family, and in half an hour we were all aboard. The "Commodore," as we have dubbed him for euphony's sake, fired a salute of P. E. C. to the friends we left behind, and the Falcon broke away from her moorings and started up the river, her satisfaction at getting away expressing itself in every fluttering flag.



THE FALCON IN THE BAY OF FUNDY.

The Falcon is a steam yacht of 120 tons burden, 106ft. long and 16ft. beam, drawing 7ft. of water. She is five years old, having been built for President Garfield when he was a candidate for the Presidency, and having been owned in part by him and used by him in excursions on the Potomac just before his assassination. All the room for guests is above deck, in a spacious house finished off like a Mann boudoir car, a luxuriously-furnished cabin forward, then a dining-room spanning the boat, then galley or kitchen, engine room, ice locker, and five double staterooms, a bath room and two closets. The floors are of tessellated marble, and the bulwarks are finished in mahogany and walnut with panels of Hungarian ash. Large beveled mirrors multiply the spaces fore and aft. The cabins and all the staterooms look out over the water through square windows, 4ft. x 3, and a party seated at dinner can see all the craft passing on either side. The main gangway of marble steps leads to the upper deck, which extends almost over the entire vessel, and furnishes an ample promenade and lounging place at all times.

There were in the party Mr. Bush and his family and three others, including ladies, who were good singers. Instead of being off three weeks, it was nine weeks or more before we rounded to again at the dock on Brooklyn's water front.

Where did we cruise? Let me name some of the points we touched: New Haven, Shelter Island, Newport, Providence, Fall River, Block Island, Martha's Vineyard, Nantucket, Provincetown, Marblehead, Boston, Portland, Bath, Bar Harbor, Grand Menan, St. John, N. B., Windsor, Nova Scotia, at the head of the Bay of Fundy. The Falcon behaved beautifully all summer. Considering that she was constructed mainly for comfort and luxury, she proved herself eminently staunch and steady in rough water. Several times we were out of sight of land, and more than once were caught by unexpected winds that flung the white caps high and tossed them over our upper

decks. There was not much seasickness about, though some of us were not "good sailors;" for when we felt a coming qualm we flooded and flushed it with Dry Monopole, which we voted, one and all, a perfect panacea against the terrors of an unsteady sea. At night we usually sought the seclusion which a harbor grants, or let the Falcon stick her nose up a convenient river till the dawn. And this, we all voted, is the supreme advantage of a steam yacht; the owner can go where and when he pleases without waiting for capricious winds and tides. And for coasting, I think it gives a steam yacht preference over any sailing yacht in the world.

The marked incidents of the cruise were a social confab which we had with two enormous right whales (at least eighty feet long each, the captain thought) at sea, off the Isle of Shoals, in which we repeatedly got near enough to them to throw a biscuit upon their backs—near enough to harpoon them if we had any way to capture them; the sight of a thresher in the Bay of Fundy, and the coquetry of the yacht with the sixty-foot tides. The thresher sprang out of the water repeatedly its entire length—some forty or fifty feet—straight up into the air, so that we could see the horizon under the flukes of his tail, each time dropping back into the water with a great splash. This is the fellow that fights whales in partnership with a swordfish, falling upon the bulky monster above and preventing his breathing, while the smaller soldier plies his siletto beneath.

Another incident occurred of a very personal nature. I volunteered to instruct our party in canoeing and I did it. They will all say so. I never was in a canoe before, but I managed it with great dexterity, sitting down, sitting up, kneeling, lying down, standing, and all conceivable attitudes; and I paddled it endways, sideways and flatways, right side up and bottom up. I was repeatedly cheered, especially when I skillfully disappeared for a minute or two under the buoyant craft. The most picturesque attitude, perhaps, was that attained when I climbed up on the fractious creature after it turned sunset with me. It isn't everybody that can paddle a canoe. In my pocket I thoughtfully carried my Elgin "Raymond" watch that had varied only four seconds a month for twelve years; half an hour after the exhibition I found it full of water but still going. This shows the force of habit, and it demonstrates the superiority of water to any other sort of liquor for the laboring classes.

The Fundy tides were a source of never-ending surprise and interest. When water drops beneath your feet at the rate of two inches a minute for six hours, you naturally feel some curiosity as to where the craft is to find a resting place. Windsor, where we moored the Falcon, is up the small river Avon, through which the tide rushes like a torrent four times a day. As the tidal wave hurries from Spain and Norway at daybreak and dances into the broad mouth of Fundy with a bubbling sound, it seems as if the promise given to Noah had been temporarily suspended; and when it dances down the Avon and leaves it one vast basin of yellow mud, it seems as if the earth were running dry. You can't have much of a river without some water.

At high tide the Falcon swung at the top of the green wharf, and half the population of the town surged around her, for this was the first yacht of any kind ever at the head of the Bay of Fundy; at low tide she had sunk to the foot of the wharf, and settled into a bed of oozy mud, and every drop of water has run off down the slimy hill so far that there was not enough to float her within six or eight miles! One of the passengers wrote a yachting song, and often we all assembled around the piano and made the cabin ring with the air of "Lauriger Horatius":

Falcon fair, of pinion free,
Bird of flight undaunted,
By the surging of the sea
Be her praises chanted.

CHORUS: As the pleasant breezes fling
Foamy fountains from her,
We, beneath her drowsy wing,
Dream away the summer.

Drifting on from day to day
Past the purple highlands,
Through the shadow-haunted bay,
Round the shining islands.

UNORUS: As the pleasant breezes, etc.

Far away from eager crowds
And the land's commotion,
Dancing with the dancing clouds
Over the azure ocean.

CHORUS: As the pleasant breezes fling
Foamy fountains from her,
We, beneath her drowsy wing,
Dream away the summer.
W. A. CROFT.

SNEAKBOXES.

ON page 474 is a very interesting article by "Skipper." He possesses the faculty of communicating useful information in a very clear and pleasant manner. In reading his article I have learned more about the sneakbox than I ever knew before. It seems to me that with some alterations in rig, it would make nearly a perfect boat for the angler on river and lake. I like it much better than boats I have had built after my own designs, and which I think very convenient.

For the angler the sneakbox should have some kind of a lug sail, with a short movable mast that could be easily stowed. I would have portable thwart that could be placed on the coamings while fishing, and going down to examine one of these boats, and shall then be better able to say what changes I think would be desirable. In the mean time, why will not some of the readers of FOREST AND STREAM who have used a sneakbox for fishing, tell us something about it? and why will not FOREST AND STREAM give us a design for one fitted for angling with some light and easy rig? The rig given on page 474 is not the right thing for an angler's boat. Perhaps "Skipper" or Captain Bogert can tell us something more about the sneakbox as adapted for fishing. PETRA.

MAMARONECK, N. Y.
[A small standing lug or lateen sail would be handier for some purposes than the large balance lug. Boxes are sometimes carried for use as seats, as well as for stowage.]



SAIL PLAN OF SCHOONER CARMELITA.

SAIL PLAN OF THE CARMELITA.

THE above sail plan is that of the new schooner Carmelita, illustrated last week. In addition to the sails shown, she will carry a spinnaker, and also a small squaresail to set when running up the Pacific coast. The principal elements, as furnished by her designer, Mr. A. Cary Smith, are as follows:

Length on deck.....	78.7ft.
Length on waterline.....	65ft.
Beam.....	16.4ft.
Draft, extreme.....	10ft.
Draft, mean.....	8.12ft.
Displacement, gross tons.....	79.4
Ballast, total gross tons.....	36.00
Ballast on keel, gross tons.....	11.58
Center of buoyancy aft center of W.L.....	2.73ft.
Center of buoyancy below W.L.....	2.75ft.
Center of lateral resistance aft of center W.L.....	2.9ft.
Center of effort aft of center of W.L.....	0.9ft.
Area of load waterline.....	716.2 sq. ft.
Coefficient.....	0.676
Center of gravity of L.W. plane from center.....	3.7ft.
Area of midship section.....	38.3 sq. ft.
Coefficient.....	0.48
DIMENSIONS OF SPARS.	
Bowprit, outboard.....	12ft.
Jibboom, heel to gammon strap.....	13ft. 4in.
Jibboom, outboard.....	13ft. 2in.
Jibboom, diameter at gammon strap.....	7in.
Flying jibboom.....	2ft. 4in.
Foremast, deck to hounds.....	44ft.
Foremast, masthead.....	5ft. 2in.
Foremast, diameter in partners.....	1ft. 3in.
Foremast, diameter at hounds.....	10in.
Foretopmast, heel to hounds.....	23ft. 10in.
Foretopmast, heel to truck.....	27ft.
Foretopmast, diameter at upper cap.....	5 3/4in.
Foretopmast, diameter at hounds.....	4in.
Foreboom, length.....	19ft. 9in.
Foreboom, diameter.....	5 3/4in.
Foregaff, length.....	18ft.
Foregaff, diameter.....	4in.
Spinnaker boom, length.....	44ft. 3in.
Spinnaker boom, diameter.....	5in.
Mainmast, deck to hounds.....	46ft. 3in.
Mainmast, masthead.....	5ft. 10in.
Mainmast, diameter in partners.....	1ft. 3in.
Mainmast, diameter at hounds.....	10 1/2in.
Mainmast, diameter at hounds.....	25ft. 10in.
Maintopmast, heel to truck.....	30ft.
Maintopmast, diameter at upper cap.....	5 3/4in.
Maintopmast, diameter at hounds.....	4in.
Mainboom, length.....	47ft. 3in.
Mainboom, diameter.....	5in.
Maingaff, length.....	25ft. 6in.
Maingaff, diameter.....	4 1/2in.
Maintopsailyard, length.....	34ft. 8in.
Maintopsailyard, diameter.....	4in.
Mainjackyard, length.....	20ft.
Mainjackyard, diameter.....	3in.
SAILS.	
Mainsail.....	44ft. 3in.
Foresail.....	19ft. 4in.
Foretop-sail.....	17ft. 8in.
Maintop-sail.....	25ft. 8in.
Jackyard topsail.....	34ft.
Foot.....	44ft. 3in.
Head.....	23ft. 6in.
Luff.....	37ft. 9in.
Leach.....	50ft.

Jib.....	44ft. 6in.
Flying jib.....	56ft. 71ft.
Jibtopsail.....	37ft. 6in.
Foot.....	27ft. 6in.
Spinnaker—Hoist, 68ft.; leach, 80ft.; foot, 48ft. 8in.	
Total area of lower sail, 2,932 sq. ft.	

A SAILOR'S YACHT.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Let me call the attention of all interested in really meritorious work to the new schooner Carmelita. She is now lying at Piepgrass's basin, Greenpoint, and is practically completed. This yacht will commend herself to sailormen at once upon inspection. She comes nearer to an ideal cruising vessel in model, rig, equipment and size than anything recent I can call to mind. As to her "lines" for speed I refrain from positive judgment, the question not being pertinent to my present object. But it may be said in a general way that the Carmelita's lines are good, and that no radical exception can be taken. I wish to refer to this vessel in regard to her type. She is handsome and smart to the eye; graceful yet bold, with a powerful look; sufficiently fine in the ends for ease and weatherliness at sea; high-sided without a suspicion of being "boxy" or topheavy; she has a deep waist capped with a stylish rail and a long, clean-cut overhang of the English pattern; just enough sheer to be in harmony with the fashioning of the vessel; a set of well-proportioned spars, and last, but not least, as fine a flush deck as a sailor cares to walk, with a perfect waste of room in every direction. No homely barn with its structural weakness. Broad gangways in which a mob can fall on to halliards and sheets. Ample passage athwart deck between the skylights, and lots of room abaft the wheel to coil away mainsheet, with space enough along the quarters to accommodate a whole party. The cockpit is of pleasing elliptical round, large enough and yet not a bit too large in comparison with the size of the yacht, and does not cut into valuable deck area.

The finish is plain, but neat and honest, and above all, thoroughly shipshape fore and aft. Skylights are small but ample for the purpose of light and ventilation. Iron work and the rigger's art are seen to perfection in this new vessel. Everything is strong and well-proportioned without being heavy. There is a wholesome, business-like appearance to everything about deck and aloft which a sailor-man knows well how to admire. Jibboom and topmast are of course fitted to house, and house in fact, not merely as a distant possibility. The taffrail is not shut in, but supported by knees with a free water-course between. English fashion, so that a sea shipped forward will rush down the lee gangway and out over the stern at the next "scend," insuring a quicker clearing of the deck than by side scuppers only. The waist, it should be remarked, has been painted white inboard, but as it is of clear oak, it will be scraped bright upon arrival at her destination. This done, there will not be a brushful of paint in sight from on board, and the Carmelita's deck will become one of the handsomest in existence, and that without resort to extravagant moulding and meretricious artifice in decorating the surface.

Equal good sense and good taste is displayed in the cabins below. There is no lubber's humbug about the finish. No loud gilding over head, incrusta or rainbow decorations borrowed from the gin shops ashore. No effort to emulate the Hoffman House corridors in heavy, misplaced wealth of embellishments. No attempt to compete in trashy gaudiness of garishness to advertise the owner's wealth. But in the place of the usual vulgar ostentation, we find neat and attractive paneling, suitable to ship purpose, in concert with the work and wear the vessel may expect to encounter. The most noticeable feature below is the excellent planning and the exceedingly liberal space of the accommodations. It is hard to realize that over 6ft. of headroom, a large saloon and six staterooms, all light and airy, have been bulkheaded off with such great success under the flush deck of

a vessel only 65ft. on the loadline. Besides there is a galley, pantry, forecabin and sailroom, and other requisites without stint. Her cabin will prove an agreeable revelation to those who want plenty of privacy on board without resorting to a huge and unwieldy vessel to attain such end. The Carmelita is large enough to cruise around the world in great comfort. Her depth, easy beam, and a 12-ton talker underneath the keel, make her a most desirable schooner for any and all purposes to which a yacht can be put.

Though she cost no more than the Gracie or Fanny, she is twice the boat and far and away ahead of the flat-floored traps hitherto accepted as all that could be expected on such moderate length. Gentlemen from San Francisco who have examined this new yacht are loud in their praise, and assure me that the Carmelita will rank as the finest in the fleet at home. Her general grace, jaunty overhang, great room and workmanlike equipment, are certain to receive unreserved indorsement from all. To me she is doubly attractive, because in her I discover the march of improvement of the times, a cutting adrift from the baby boats of smooth water, and the ready acquiescence with the standard a sailor would like to see quite general in our fleet. The schooner Ariel, of the old light displacement type, was seven months getting around the Horn, and came near passing in her checks to Davy Jones his locker. She proved a flat failure on the Pacific, for in spite of beam and floor she could not show sail, and now has been got rid of, I think for the paltry sum of \$1,000, to carry loads for pay. I warrant Carmelita will make a fine passage and be worth a big fraction of her cost fifteen years hence. She is well built, just the right size for all-around sport, and need fear no weather nor sea, while as a smooth-water yacht she is equally well adapted.

Her draft of 10ft. is much to her advantage; and but one or one and a half in excess of the draft we now would give to a centerboard vessel of Athlon type of 65ft. on the line. In practice she would navigate the same waters exactly as the centerboard could, and that on several feet less than the latter showing some board and without any danger of twisting the fin, of consequent leaking and the nuisance of a trunk below and a house on deck to make up for the scant height afforded in a boat of high bilge and "peak bottom," like Athlon. Some foolish stuff has been written to San Francisco concerning the Carmelita. It has been heralded by superficial scribes that she would not stand up and that she had no room inside. The latter notion is fully gainsaid by the facts, and of that people San Francisco will soon have ocular evidence. Our friends on the Pacific may rest assured that Carmelita will prove of extraordinary stiffness, and that in the strongest of winds it will be a physical impossibility to carry her rail under and a mighty hard thing to force her even planksheer-to. Of course it is expected she will heel down some degrees more than wide, flat-footed scows to find her proper bearings. And all the better, and more comfortable will she be for that very reason. Her weather side will shield from wind and spray, and her decks will afford a delightful lee without bringing the cockpit into requisition. When the beamy boats of San Francisco, with their scoopy sheer and low freeboard, will have gangways awash with the sea surging fore and aft in big lumps, Carmelita, though heeling forward, will go along dry and in able fashion, with the agreeable knowledge to boot that she may heel as she pleases and in the hardest of puffs sheets need not be stowed nor need the wheel be put down, for no capsizing is in store for such as she. Furthermore, those on board will not be able to experience the additional heel, and will find far more gratification in the easy recline to the body which the heeling affords than the constraint of a position more nearly upright.

There may be slight differences of opinion concerning Carmelita's lines for the highest rate of speed gained by the exacting standard of close competition, but it is safe to predict that she will be no slouch if put through the pranks of a flyer by a spirited crew and competent skipper, who understand this new style of boat. But people in the East as well as on the Pacific will join me in my estimate of the type which Carmelita represents, and also in the astonishing room and cruising fitness of which such vessels are possessed, far in excess of

The following day Mr. C. B. Vaux, whose canoe Dot was not pres-

THE MARIPOSA C. C. of Green Island, N. Y., organized last August, now has some \$300 or \$400 in the treasury and have fifteen active members. They have elected the following officers for 1885: Commodore, C. B. Smith; Vice-Commodore, Arthur M. Johnson; Recording Secretary, Henry C. Schwall; Financial Secretary, Clarence C. Colt; Treasurer, Guy E. Cumner; Purser, Geo. I. Johnson.

ONE IN SEVEN of those insured under the accident policies of the Travelers, of Hartford, Conn., in 1888, were killed or injured by accident, and received cash benefits.—*Ada.*

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598—Damascus barrels, rest same as No. 588. \$37 00 \$38 00
589—Stub twist barrels, bar rebounding locks, rest same as No. 588. 40 00 41 00
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Arma virumque cano—"Arms and the man I sing." And, indeed, it would take the genius of a Virgil and the roll of Latin hexameters fitly to tell the deeds of this man, whose arms are shotgun and fishing rod. Go where you will, he is there. You run into him on the crowded city street, encounter him on cars and steamboats; he perches atop the country stage, bestrides the burro, and doubles up like a jackknife in the kanim. Seek out the most distant, most tortuous streams, his line has been wet in their waters; penetrate into the wilderness, the tin can of the sportsman's camp is yet further on. He goes for game—if the fates shall send anything within reach of his ammunition; for fish—if by good fortune a trout shall rise to his fly or descend to his worm. But, good luck or bad luck, game or no game, fish or no fish—fun always, fresh air, ozone, quicker pulse beat, brighter eye, more elastic step, all the multitudinous rewards, which, after all, outweigh the biggest "bags," and tip up the longest "strings." Is it not true that only a poet could tell his deeds as they ought to be told? Perhaps so. Perhaps not. He can usually tell them himself. And he does, with a thousand different pens, in a thousand different ways.

You may read it in the **FOREST AND STREAM**. And that is better than if it were put into verse between book covers. One who does not understand these things might imagine that after being told so often, this story of the man—him with the rod and gun—might in the end become hackneyed. But it is not so. Why? Well for pretty much the same reason, we venture to say, that the fields themselves and the woods and the lakes and the streams never become hackneyed. However that may be, one thing is certain. Our columns every week, and month after month, give ample proof that there is still an abundance to tell of what is seen and what is done afield and on angling waters; and that hosts of people still delight to read the telling, our subscription books show with ever increasing emphasis. The **FOREST AND STREAM** is in the best sense

A Journal of Recreation.

It tells of the recreation found by busy men, in out-door, open-air life. It *is* recreation to these same men and to others. Explain it how you will, this recreation found in the pages of the **FOREST AND STREAM** is different from the diversion afforded by other papers. Why? Because (it may be answered again) the recreations of field and stream are always ten times more potent for good than are those found in almost any other way.

Look through the pages and you will see that the departments include a pretty large field. It is a wide scope of subjects. But if you look carefully you will see that the paper, from front cover to back cover is homogeneous. What is in it belongs in it. There is not the mistake of trying to foist upon the reader, who is interested in angling and shooting, a lot of stuff about horse racing or base ball or prize fights. There is no sawdust-ring odor. Everything is redolent of the woods. There are plenty of other papers devoted to the other subjects. If you are interested in them, you need hardly spend time to read the rest of this explanatory advertisement. The **FOREST AND STREAM**'s field is broad, but it is not broad enough to take in all creation. The editors are perfectly contented with the scope of the paper as it is at present. And now

A Word About 1885.

For fifty-two weeks of the year 1885 we propose to publish the **FOREST AND STREAM**, and to fill each number with the same rich abundance and variety of reading that may be found in this present number or in any one of the five hundred numbers that have gone before it.

There will be the same delightful accounts of the adventures and misadventures of the *Sportsman Tourist*, and whether the "tour" be across a continent or only across the pasture lot into the woods beyond, the story in either case will be well worth the time it takes to read it. We shall have, now and then, a description of such excursions in foreign lands, but for the most part these columns will deal with what is seen and done in our own country, for that, after all, is what the readers of **FOREST AND STREAM** are rightly presumed to be most interested in.

The *Natural History* columns will give attention to varied forms of animal life, more particularly such as may come under the observation of sportsmen in their rambles. This department of the **FOREST AND STREAM** we believe to hold a place altogether unique. It is neither the dime-museum sort of un-natural history affected by the newspapers, nor the abstruse, fine-spun and terribly dry lucubrations of the scientific associations. It is intelligent talk about animal life, intended for intelligent readers.

In the *Shooting and Angling* columns (we need hardly say it) will be accounts of hunting excursions and fishing trips—with luck, good, bad and indifferent; discussions about matters mechanical, ethical, sentimental, fanciful and practical; some, after much debating, will be settled; others will be left (and the reader with them) at the end just where they were at the beginning.

The *Kennel* will give in 1885 (as it has given in 1884) the earliest, most accurate and the only unbiased reports of shows and trials, and it will be the endeavor of the editors to maintain for the **FOREST AND STREAM** in this special branch the position it now holds away in advance of anything else published in this country.

The *Yachting* columns are in charge of an expert, whose highest ambition will be to keep these departments in the place already won for them in the recognized lead of journalism. Though the *Canoeing* interest of the country is of comparatively recent growth, the **FOREST AND STREAM** fully appreciating its importance, has provided for those who sail or paddle a (pretty generous) corner, which is so full of practical suggestions and recountings of cruising experiences, that a canoeist might almost as well try to get along without a paddle as without the paper in his mail every week.

In a word—this is what we started out to say—in 1885 the **FOREST AND STREAM** will be newsy, bright, wholesome—a journal of out-door recreation.

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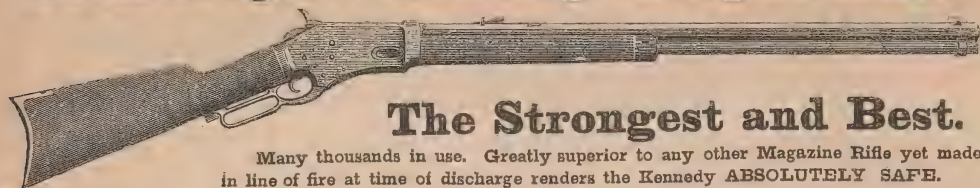
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